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The Right Plesant and Goodly Historie  
of  
The Four Sonnes of Aymon.

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Early English Text Society.

Extra Series. Nos. XLIV, XLV.

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THE  
ENGLISH CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

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PARTS X, XI.

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The Right Plesaunt and Goodly Historie

of the

Four Sonnees of Aymon.

ENGLISHT FROM THE FRENCH BY  
WILLIAM CAXTON,

AND PRINTED BY HIM ABOUT 1489.

EDITED FROM

THE UNIQUE COPY, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER,  
with an Introduction,

BY

OCTAVIA RICHARDSON.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY  
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*Extra Series,*  
XLIV, XLV.

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R. CLAY AND SONS, CHAUCER PRESS, BUNGAY

~~A~~  
~~B~~  
Early English Text Society  
[Publications]: Extra Series  
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*Extra Series.*

XI.V.

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## NOTICE.

THE length of this Romance has made necessary its publication in two parts. Part I, now issued, deals mainly with the adventures of the "Four Sons" in Ardennes, which is really the original idea of the story, and that portion which is connected solely with the Province of Champagne. The flight of the Sons to Gascoigne and their betrayal by King John are episodes which take place in the interior of France, and consequently have no further interest in Ardennes.

Part II, which will be issued as soon as it can be completed (and will contain an Introduction, Glossary, and Index), ranges over a wider area, as the adventures of the two principal characters, Reynawde and Mawgis, occur partly in the East.

The title of the work has been taken from Copland's edition of 1554. From the same source also have been supplied the sheets wanting in Earl Spencer's unique copy of Caxton's "Four Sons of Aymon," which is deficient in all before sig. B. It also wants D. 8. and L. 8.

The original is without folios, though they have been inserted in the present text.

I am greatly indebted to Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who has throughout assisted me in all difficulties connected with this work, and without whose kind encouragement I should never have attempted to edit this Romance for the "Early English Text Society."

O. RICHARDSON.

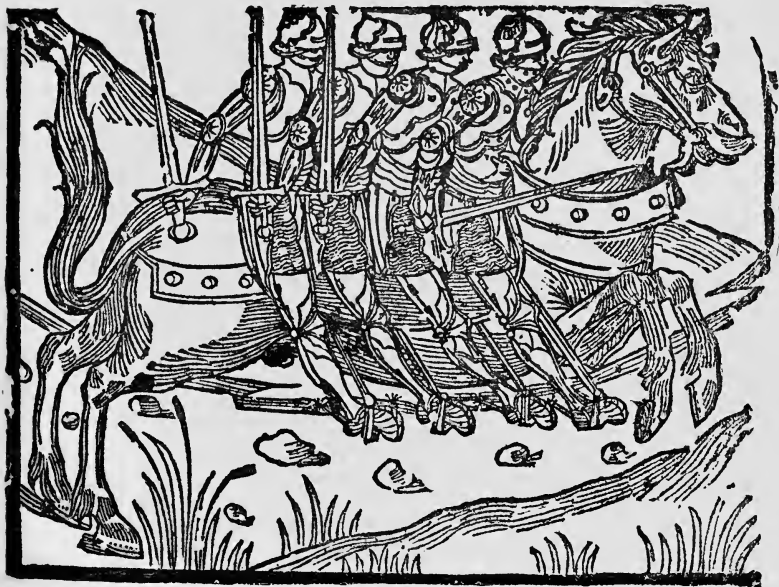
*10, Roland Gardens, South Kensington.*

*July, 1885.*



# The right pleasaunt and goodly

Historie of the foure sonnes of Aimon the which for the  
excellent endyng of it, and for the notable Prooves and great  
vertues that were in them: is no les pleasaunt to  
rede, then worthy to be knownen of  
all estates bothe hyghe  
and lowe,





[Beginning of the four sones of Aymon,

taken

from Copland's edition (C. 12, i. 7),  
British Museum, London, 1554.

The Prologue.

**A**s the philosopher, in the fyrst booke of hys  
metaphysyque, sayth, *that* every man / naturally  
desireth to know / and to con newe thynges : And ther-  
4 fore have the Clerkes / & people / of great vnderstand-  
ynge desyred and concite to lerned sciences, and to  
know vertues of thinges. Some by Phylosophy, other  
by Poetrye, and other by Historyes / and cronyikes /  
8 of thynges passed. And vpon these three they have  
greatly laboured / in suche *that* thanked be God, by  
theyr good dyligence / and laboures, they have had  
greate knowledge by innumerable volumes of bookes,  
12 whiche have be made / and compyled by great studye  
and payne / vnto thys day. And bycause that above all  
thinges, the princes & lordes of hie estate and entende-  
ment / desyre to see thystoryes / of the ryght noble and  
16 hie vertues of the prodecessours / whiche ben digne, and  
worthy of remembraunce of perpetuall recommendation.  
Therefore, late at y<sup>e</sup> request and commaundement of the  
ryght noble and vertus Erle Iohn, Erle of Oxeforde,  
20 my good synguler / and especial lorde, I reduced and  
translated out of Frenche, into our maternall and  
Englyshe tongue, the lyfe of one of his predecessoures,  
named Robert, Erle of Oxeforde, tofore sayd, with

Every man  
desireth to know  
new things.

By command of  
Earl John of  
Oxford

is this history  
translated,

[diverse & many great myracles / whiche God shewed  
for him as wel in his lyfe / as after his death, as it is  
shewed all a longe in hys sayde booke. And also that  
my sayd Lorde / desyreth to have other Hystories of olde 4  
tyme / passed of vertues chyvalry, reduced in lykewyse  
into our Englishe tongue: he late sent to me a booke  
in Frenche, conteynyng thactes / and faytes of warre /  
doone and made agaynst y<sup>e</sup> great Emperour and king 8  
of Fraunce, Charlemagne, by y<sup>e</sup> .iiii. sonnes of Aymon,  
otherwyse named in Frenche, 'Les quatre fylz Aymon.'  
Whyche booke, accordyng to hys request, I have  
endevorde me to accomplyshe / and to reduce it into 12  
our englyshe, to my great coste / and charges, as in the  
translatinge / as in enpryting of the same, hopying &  
not doubtyng / but that hys good grace / shall rewarde  
me in suche wise that I shall have cause to pray for his 16  
good and prosperus welfare. And besechyng his said  
noble good grace / to pardon me of y<sup>e</sup> rude, and this  
simple worke. For, accordyng to the cobby / whyche  
he sent to me, I have folowed as nigh as I can, and 20  
where as, as any defaute shall be founde, I submyt me  
to the correction of them / that vnderstande the cronycle  
& history, besethyng them to correcte it & amende  
there / as they shall fynde faute. And I shall praye 24  
almighty God for them that so doo, to rewarde them in  
suche wyse, that after this shorte / and transytory lyfe,  
we all may come to everlastyng lyfe in heven. Amen.

that God should  
reward those who  
correct and amend  
it.

**¶** Thus endeth the prologue: 28  
Heere foloweth the Table of this presente booke.

Chap. I.

**W**ho that wyl know the history of the foure  
noble and worthy knyghtes / named the  
foure sonnes of Aymon, wherof the fyrste was called 32  
Reynawde, the seconde Alarde, the thyrde Guycharde,  
and fourthe Rycharde, let hym first reade this presente  
table folowyng / In whiche men shall fynde that thys

Names of the four  
sons.



[presente booke conteyneth .xxviii. chapytres, whiche  
 spoken of many faire / and dyverse matters, whiche  
 they that shall reade thys sayde chapytres, shall nowe  
 4 see the history all alonge. And ye shall see in this  
 fyrst chapytre howe, that after kynge Charlemagne / was  
 come agayne / from the partyes of Lombardy, where he  
 had had great and mervyllouse battaylles / agenste the  
 8 sarasyns, he helde vpon whitsundaye, open courte / at  
 Parys, where was a fayre felawshyp of Prynces / and  
 Barons, as ye shall heare after alonge. And in the  
 same chapitre / ye shall also see howe, the same daye /  
 12 the duke Aymon of Ardeyne / broughte to the courte hys  
 foure sonnes, that is to wit, Reynawde, Alarde, Guichard,  
 and Richarde, and howe kynge Charlemagne / made  
 theym knyghtes wyth his owne handes ; also howe the  
 16 duke Benes of Aigremounce / slewe Lohier, the eldest  
 sonne of kyng Charlemain (the duke benes was vnclie  
 to the foure sonnes of Aymon) ; and after, how the  
 duke Benes of aygremount / was slaine coming to  
 20 Paris, by the commaundemente of kinge Charlemagne,  
 after that he had appointed, for the death of his sonne.  
 And also in this first chapitre / men shal nowe see many  
 other faire matters, whiche were to longe for to be  
 24 reherced / in this preambule of this present booke.

Charlemagne  
holds open Court  
at Paris.

Duke Aymon  
brings to Court  
his four sons,

who are made  
knights by  
Charlemagne.

Duke Benes of  
Aygremount is  
slain by command  
of Charlemagne ;

**T**he seconde Chapyter sheweth howe Gryllon of  
 haultefelle, and Guenes, after that they had slayne  
 the duke Benes of Aygremount, returned to Parys,  
 28 and recounted to kynge Charlemagne / the mortall  
 treason that they had put to execucion ; wherof the  
 kynge was ryghte glad ; and syn after he was ryghte  
 sorye for it. For after that, the two bretherne of the  
 32 duke Benes / made great warre agenst him, and so did  
 Gerarde of Roussillon, and Dron, and Mawgys, the  
 sonne of the duke Benes ; and after, they made peace  
 and accorded togyther. But the kinge Charlemain  
 36 accorded not with the foure sonnes of Aymon, nor to

Chap. II.

his brethren  
therefore make  
war against the  
King.

Reynawde slays  
the nephew of the  
King.

[their cosin Mawgys. Item howe Reynawde slew  
the nevew of king Charlemagne with a chesse boorde,  
as they plaied togyther at the chesse, wherof the warre  
began, the whiche was so mortall / and lasted so longe, 4  
that it bare a great dommage to the realme of Fraunce.

Chap. III.

Charlemagne be-  
sieges the castle  
of Mountenforde,

The thirde chapitre speaketh, how after that kynge  
Charlemagne hadde made all his barons to forsake 8  
the foure sonnes of aymon / He went and besyged  
them at mountenforde, where he was dyscomfyted  
two tymes ; but the castelle of Mountenforde was  
taken, after that, by treason. And after, howe Rey-  
nawde and his bretherne avenged them of the tray- 12  
tours that betrayed them, And after saved them  
selfe wythin the forest of Ardeyne, Where theyr father  
found them / as he went from the syege / to warde his  
londe of Dordon. And howe, for to keep his othe that 16  
he had made to kynge Charlemagne / He dyd assayle  
hys sonnes ; so that, of fyve hundred menne that they  
were, there abod on live with his sonnes but xvii.  
persones. But Reynawd and his brethern / had none 20  
evil, but slew many of their fathers men.

and the four sons  
escape to the  
forest of Arden,

where their father  
fights them for  
his oath's sake to  
Charlemagne.

Chap. IV.

The sons dwell in  
Arden,

The fourth chapytre sheweth how, after that the  
olde Aimon / had discomfyted his chyldren, they went  
and dwelled in the depest of the forest of Ardeyne, 24  
and abode there / tyll that they were al counterfayte  
blacke / and roughe / as wilde beastes, for the greate  
hungre that they had suffred ; and after, they went to  
Dordon / for to see their father, that made them good 28  
chere, and feasted them greatly. And gave them of  
hauoyre so mucche / that they myghte well make war  
with agenst the king ; and howe Mawgis their cosyn  
arryved, whan that they should have departed, whiche 32  
went with them in to the realme of Gascoygne / with  
fyve hundred knightes. And whan theyr mother sawe  
them departe, she was for it full sorye.

and then go to  
their father.

Mawgis joins  
them,  
and they go to  
fight.

[**T**he fyfthe chaptre sheweth how, after that Reynawde / and hys brethern, with theyr cosyn mawgys, were departed from theyr mother / for to seeke their  
4 adventure / they went so longe tyll they came to the realme of Gascoygne. And howe / goynge thitherwarde, they made manye evylles in Fraunce. And howe the  
8 kynge of Gascoygn, whan they were come there / dyd receive them in his servise ryghte sweetly, in bourdeux vpon Gyronde, by cause / that than this king of Gascoigne, that was called Yon, had warre agenst a kyng sarasin / that was entred into Gascoyne, that had to  
12 name Portus, that helde Tholouse and all the londe aboute.

Chap. V.

The sons with Mawgis their cousin reach Gascoigne,

and are well received by King John.

**T**he VI chapter speaketh how Reinawde / and his bretherne / dystressed bourgous, a sarasyn that had  
16 distroyed the realme of Gascoign, and had chased the kinge yon / to bordeaux vpon Gyronde, that durste not departe from thence, for feare of the sarasyns. And howe kyng Yon gave his sister Clare / vnto Reinawde /  
20 to be hys wyfe, for the greate servyse / that he hadde doon to hym. And dyd doo make for hym the castell of Mountawban.

Chap. VI.

King John gives his sister in marriage to Reynawde, and also the castle of Mountawban.

**T**he seventh chapitre speaketh how Charlemagne,  
24 for a voyage that he made to saint Iames in Galyce, he knewe in his comynge agayne / howe Reynawde and his bretherne, that were his mortalle enmies, were in Gascoygne / with in a stronge castel, called Mountawban.  
28 And how he sente worde to kinge Yon, that he shoulde delyver to hym Reynawde and hys bretherne. And yf he refused to doo thys, he shoulde come and besyege hym in hys londe / afore X or XII moneths were  
32 passed; Wherof king Yon answered / that he shoulde not doo it. And howe, after that kynge Charlemagne / was retourned to Parys, Rowlande, his neuwes, arryved

Chap. VII.

Charlemagne sends word to John to deliver up Reynawde,

which he refuses to do.

Rowlande arrives  
at Paris.

[at Parys, whiche the kyng made knyght. And after sente him for to reyse a siege afore Coloyne / that a sarasyn had besyged / that was called Estorfawde, the which was overcome by Rowland. And howe Reynawde wan the crowne of Charlemagne / for his well rennyng / vpon hys baye horse at Parys.

Chap. VIII.

Reynawde defeats  
Rowlande at  
Mountawban.

**T**he .viii. chapitre speaketh / how Charlemagne went into Gascoygne / with his host, and besieged Reynawde 8 and his bretherne / within Mountawban ; and howe Reynawde wan the fyrst batail of the king, which Rowlande conduyted, with Olyver and the bishop Turpin ; wherof Charlemayne was so sore wrothe, that 12 he wende to have waxed mad for it / of the great shame that he had of it.

Chap. IX.

King John be-  
trays the sons to  
Charlemagne,

but they escape.

**T**he .ix. chapitre sheweth howe Reynawde / and his bretherne / were betrayed, and solde to king Charle- 16 magne by kinge Yon, that sent theym in to the playne of Walcoloures / all vnarmed, but onelye of theyr swerdes, ryding vpon mulettes / clothed with mantelles of scarlate / furred with ermynes. From the whyche 20 walle / they escaped worthylye, by the wyll of our lorde. But they were sore wounded. Of Charlemaines partye, abode there deade, Toulques of Moxillon, and many other barons, for whome the kyng was ryghte 24 sorye.

Chap. X.

Mawgis saves  
them from death.

**T**he .x. chapitre speaketh howe, after that Goodard, the secretarye of kyng yon, had be-wrayed all the treason to Mawgys / that the kyng yon had doone 28 to hys cosyns, whiche he knewe well, For he had seene kyng Charlemagnes lettres, and had wrytten answeere thervpon from kinge Yon, Mawgys brought to Reynawde and hys / suche a succourses, that by his 32 wyt / they were kepte from death.

[T]he .xi. chapitre speaketh howe, by the succours that Mawgis broughte to reynawde / and to his bretherne / into the playne of Walcoloures, they discomfited kyng 4 charlemagnes folke ; wherof Ogier had manye reproches of rowlande / for some goodnes / and favoure / that he had shewed to reynawde / and his bretherne / at roche mountbron, and was therfore called traitoure, wherof a 8 great inconvenience came therof afterwarde / afore king Charlemagne.

Chap. XI.

The sons by the help of Mawgis overcome the folk of Charlemagne.

T]he xii. chapitre sheweth howe, that after reynawde / and hys brethern / were whole of their woundes that they 12 had had in the playnes of Walcoloures, they returned to Mountawban. But whan kyng Yon / knewe of theyr comynge agayn, he fledde awaye, and made hymselfe to be shorne a monke in a monastery / that was within the 16 woode of the serpente ; where rowlande and Ogyer the Dane / founde him, and wold have made him be hanged for the treason / that he had doone to reynawde / and to his brethern, yf Reynawde had not succoured hym.

Chap. XII.

The sons return to Mountawban.

King John is succoured by Reynawde.

20 T]he xiii. chapitre sheweth how, that after Reynawde had succoured kyng yon, was the same houre a merveyllouse battaylle / betweene / Reynawde and the frenshemen. For Rowlande was there sore beten, and 24 many other, wherof Ogyer was glad, by cause that Rowland had called hym traytoure. And also he knewe / that the foure sonnes of Aymon / were not for to be so lyghtelye overcomen, as men had sayde afore. And for 28 this cause / there had been a sore medle betweene Rowland and Ogyer,<sup>1</sup> yf it had not be the other barons that departed them ; and in this recountre Rycharde, the brother of Reynawde, abode for prisoner of Rowlande.

Chap. XIII.

Reynawde defeats Rowlande.

Richard remains a prisoner with Rowlande.

32 T]he .xiiii. chapitre sheweth how, after that Reynawde, Alarde, and Guycharde / were gone to warde

Chap. XIV.

<sup>1</sup> mais les autres barons les departirent, F. orig. 1480.

[Mountawban / after the battayle, and that they had made full greate sorowe for Rychard / theyr brother, which was in kinge Charlemagnes handes, The sayd Rychard / was delyvered by mawgys greate wysedome. 4

Chap. XV.

The sons with Mawgis capture the Golden Eagle from the King,

who threatens to abandon the crown.

Oliver relates his capture of Mawgis,

which reassures the King.

**T**he .xv. chapitre speaketh how, after that Reynawde and hys brethern / and Mawgys / had discomfyted Charlemagne, they came and overthrewe downe his pavilyon, and bare a waye with theym the Egle of golde / 8 that was there vpon the pavilion ; wherof kyng Charlemagne was sore an angred, in so muche that he wolde yeelde vp his crowne vnto his barons, sayinge / that he wolde be no more kyng, for they had fayled hym and 12 habandoned, for the foure sonnes of Aymon ; and sayde to them / that they should crown Reinawd, that he might be theyr king, for they loved him much more than they dyd hym. Than Olyver sayde to kinge 16 Charlemagne, that he should take againe the crown, and that he shoulde brynge to him Mawgys, that he had taken / whan he was aboute to pylle the pavyllion, for he abode alone. whan kyng Charlemagne hearde 20 the same, he tooke agayne his crowne, and was ryghte glad of the prise of mawgis.

Chap. XVI.

Charlemagne wishes to hang Mawgis,

but he escapes,

and goes to Mountawban with the crown and sword of the King.

**T**he .xvi. chapitre speaketh how the kyng Charlemagne / wolde doo hange Mawgis, Incontynente that 24 Olyver had take hym to him. But by the meane of the Douseperes of Fraunce, that at the requeste of Mawgis, pledgyd hym for one nyght onelye. He made so muche that he escaped, to the honoure / and 28 acquytaunce / of hys sureties / and of hym, and bare a waye with hym to Mountawban / the crowne and the swerde / of kyng Charlemagne / the same nyghte ; wherof kyng Charlemagne was full sory. And ther- 32 fore he sende worde to Reynawde / that he shoulde sende to hym agayne his crowne / and his swerde, and

[all that Mawgys had borne awaye with hym, and he shoulde grant hym his truce for two yeres. To the which thing Reynawde accorded hym; wherof happed  
4 to hym, after that, many great evylles.

**T**he .xvii. Chapytre sheweth how Reynawde faught with Rowland / which he overcame / by the wyl of god, And brought hym to mountawban, wherof kyng  
8 Charlemagne was greatly wrothe. And also sheweth how Mawgys / brought king Charlemayne / into the castel of Mountawban / vpon bayarde all a slepe. And after tooke hym to Reinawd within his bed. And after  
12 wente and arrayed hym selfe / in maner of an Hermyte / poorely clothed. And lefte all his kinnemen / and freendes, by cause that he wolde not let the peace of Reynawde / toward the kyng Charlemagne / for the  
16 war had lasted to longe.

Chap. XVII.

Reynawde subdues Rowlande, and brings him to Mountawban,

and Mawgis also brings Charlemagne asleep to the castle.

**T**he .xviii. chapytre sheweth how, after that Mawgys had taken Charlemagne / in to the handes of Reinawde his good cosin, he went without leave in to a woode /  
20 nyghe the ryver of Dordon, in to a hermitage, where he dyd dwelle as an Hermyte, lyvinge poorely, for to save his soule.

Chap. XVIII.

Mawgis dwells as a hermit.

**T**he .xix. chapitre sheweth howe the barons of Fraunce that were at Mountawban / made great sorowe by cause that they myghte not awake the kyng Charlemagne / that Mawgys by his crafte / had made to slepe, and broughte vnto Mountawban. But whan the  
28 houre of the enchauntemente of Mawgys / was passed, kyng Charlemagne awaked. And whan he saw himselfe in Mountawban / he sware that he shoulde never make peace wyth Reynawde / as longe as that he were  
32 prysoner. And so Reynawde dyd sende hym againe vpon his horse bayard, free and quite. Wherof he repented him sore afterwarde; for soone after this kyng

Chap. XIX.

The hour of enchantment having passed, Charlemagne awakes,

and is set free by Reynawde,



whom he besieges  
at Mountawban.

[Charlemagne made Mountawban to be besyeged of so nyghe / that he famyshed Reynawd / and his bretherne, his wife, his children, and all the people / so that they dyed for hungre and thirst / the most parte. 4

Chap. XX.

**T**he .xx. chapitre speaketh howe / after that Charle-  
maine had besyeged Mountawban of so nyghe / that he  
dyd famysh all them that were wythin, knewe howe

Reynawde escapes  
and goes to  
Arden.

Reynawde was gone / and had habandonned Mountaw- 8  
ban, and was gone his waye, he and his bretherne, hys  
wyfe and hys chylderne, by vnder the erthe, and were

Charlemagne pur-  
sues him,

gone to Ardeyne, where kynge Charlemagne went and  
besyeged them agayne. But afore that<sup>1</sup> he dyd set 12  
his syege / Reynawde and hys bretherne yssued oute  
agenst hym. Whereby manye one loste their lyfe /  
of the one partie and of the other. And the duke

and they fight.

Richarde of Nor-  
mandy is taken  
prisoner.

Richarde of Normandye was taken there / which was 16  
one of the Douse peres of Fraunce / and a ryghte noble  
and a worthy knyght, preu and hardy ; wherfore kynge  
Charlemaine was ryghte sorye.

Chap. XXI.

**T**he .xxi. chapitre sheweth how Mawgys, beyng in 20  
his hermytage / came in his mynde a vysion, that he  
hadde by nyghte in his slepe, for to goe see Reynawde  
and his bretherne. Than in the mornynge he tooke  
hys waye / and founde two marchautes / the which 24  
had been<sup>2</sup> robbed by seven theeves in a wood. Of the  
whiche seven theeves / Mawgys slewe five of theym  
with his palster, and tooke again to the marchautes  
theyr marchaundyses / and all theyr havoyre. And 28  
than he went forth his waye toward Mountawban / for  
to see his cosyns and hys brethern.

Mawgis goes to  
Mountawban.

Chap. XXII.

**T**he .xxii. Chapter sheweth, how Reynawde wolde  
have doon hange Richard / the duke of Normandye, 32

<sup>1</sup> Dordonne, F. orig. a. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> had been: 'he had be,' in original.

[by cause he myghte not have peace with the kinge Charlemagne. And howe / whan the Douse peeres of Fraunce knewe this, they came to kyng Charlemagne, 4 and prayed hym to make peace with Reynawde / for to have againe theyr felawe / the duke Rycharde of Normandy; to the whiche thyng, kyng Charlemagne answered, that he should not doo it; wherof they were 8 so sore an angred that they left him; but kyng Charlemaine dyd sende after theym / and sent theym worde that they shoulde returne agayne to hym, and that he should make peace with Reynawde vnder this con- 12 dicyon / that Reinawd should goe beyonde the sea, beggyng his breade.

The peers entreat Charlemagne to make peace with Reynawde;

he consents on condition that Reynawde should go beyond the sea, begging his bread.

**T**he .xxiii. Chapytre sheweth howe, after that Reynawde was departed from Ardeyne / for to make hys 16 vyage beyonde the sea, poorely clothed as a pylgrym, seekyng hys breade for goddes sake / Rycharde of Normandy tooke Bayarde, and brought with him Alard, Guychard, and Rycharde, bretherne to Reynawde / and presented theym to Charlemagne, the whiche he receyved ryghte honourablye by good love, and after brake his syege, and departed for to goe to Parys. But whan he was in the citye of Lyege, vpon the 24 brydge over the ryver Mewsethe / made Bayard to be cast into the water with a mille stone at the necke of hym; but bayarde the horse escaped, and is yet a lyve in the forest of Ardeyne / as men sayen.

Chap. XXIII.

Reynawde goes away as a pilgrim;

his brethren are brought to the King.

Bayarde is cast into the water, but escapes.

**T**he .xxiiii. Chapytre sheweth howe, that after Reynawde was departed from Ardeyne, from hys bretherne, from his wife / and fro hys chyldrene, for to goe beyonde the sea for to accomplyshe hys voyage to the 32 holy grave, he found in Constantynople / hys cosyn Mawgis, and went both together vnto afore Iherusalem, that a kyng sarasyn / whiche was admyral of percie,

Chap. XXIV.

Reynawde finds Mawgis at Constantinople, and they go together to Jerusalem.

[had taken by treason. but Reynawde and Mawgys dyd so muche wyth the folke of the lond, that the cytye was take agayne of the christen.

Chap. XXV.

Reynawde sends his sons to Paris to be made knights.

**T**he .xxv. Chapytre sheweth how, that after Reynawde was come agayne from the holy londe, where he had doone merveyles, he sent Aimoner / and Yonnet, hys two sonnes / to kyng Charlemaine muche honourably, for to be made knightes of hys hande. For he 8 taughte theym well in armes, in all good maners, and tooke to theym fyve hundred good men / well horsed, for to conduyte them towarde the kyng at Parys.

Chap. XXVI.

The sons fight with the kinsfolk of Toulques of Moxyllon, and discomfit them.

**T**he .xxvi. Chapytre sheweth how, after that kyng 12 Charlemagne had muche swetely receyved the chylden of Reynawde / and made theym knightes, they fought wyth ye sonnes of Toulques of Moxyllon / and discomfited theym in the feeld at Parys, whyche is called 16 the ylle of our lady. Bicause that they had charged theyr father of treason, bycause he had slaine theyr father / Toulques of Moxyllon, in the playnes of Walcolours. 20

Chap. XXVII.

The brethren of Reynawde mourn for him.

**T**he .xxvii. chapitre conteineth how, *that* after Reynawde was gone from Mountawban in maner of a pilgrime / never to have returned agayne, after that he had dealed his goodes to his children, his brethren 24 and his sonne Aymanet / made great sorow whan they wyst that he was gone wythout theyr knowledge, all barefote, with a palster in his hande.

Chap. XXVIII.

Reynawde departs for Cologne, and there works as a labourer.

**T**he .xxviii. chapitre sheweth how, after that Rey- 28 nawde was departed fro Mountawban for to save his soule / he went to Coleine vpon the Rine, and founde that men builded the churche of saynt Peter. And there came to hym a wyll / and a devocyon / for to serve 32

[the masons / that wrought there, for the love that he  
 had to our lorde. But at the laste, the other labourers  
 had so great envye at hym / of that he was more loved  
 4 than they were of all the maysters, for the good service for jealousy the  
 other workmen  
 slay him,  
 that he dyd / that they slew hym ; and after, they put  
 hym in a sacke & caste hym into the water of the  
 Ryne ; but by the wil of our lord, his corps appered  
 8 above ye watir, making so many fayre myracles, but for the mir-  
 cles he wrought  
 he is named a  
 saint.  
 healyng of sykenesses / so that he was named a saynte  
 the daye of hys buryenge.

12 ¶ Here finyssheth the table, and consequently  
 followeth the book heere after.

## CHAPTER I.

Howe duke Aimon of Ardein brought to  
 the courte his foure sonnes, that is to wit, Reynawde,  
 16 Alarde, Guichard, and Richarde, and howe kynge  
 Charlemagne / made theym knyghtes wyth his owne  
 handes ; also howe the duke Benes of Aigremounte  
 slewe Lohier, the eldest sonne of kynge Charlemain.  
 20 the duke benes was uncle / to the foure sonnes of  
 Aimon ; and after, how the duke Benes of aygremount  
 was slaine coming to Paris, by the commaunde-  
 mente of kinge Charlemagn / after that he  
 24 had appointed, for the death of his  
 sonne. And also in this first  
 chapitre men shall now see  
 many other faire matters,  
 28 which were to longe for  
 to be reherced in the  
 preamble of this  
 present booke.

Charlemagne  
holds a solemn  
Court at Paris,

after his victories  
over the Saracens.

Many great nobles  
are here assem-  
bled,

amongst them,  
Aymon and his  
four sons.

The King ad-  
dresses his barons.

**T**ruelye we finde in the gestes & faites of the good kynge Charlemagne / that vpon a time at a feast of Penthecoste, the sayde kyng Charlemagne kept a ryght great and solempne 4 court at Parys, after that he was come againe fro the partyes of Lombardy / where he had had a ryght great and mervaylous batayle agenst the Sarasyns,<sup>1</sup> and suche folke as were oute of the beleve, 8 wherof the cheef of the sayde Sarasins was named Guithelym the sesne. The whiche the said kynge Charlemagne / by hys prowesse and valyauntnes / had dyscomfyted & overcomen. At the which battaylle 12 and dyscomfyture, dyed greate noblenesses of kinges, princes, Dukes, Erles, barons, knyghtes, and squyers; as Salomon of bretayne / Huon, erle of Mauns, syr yves, syr yvoyre berenger, and Haton, syr Arnaulde of 16 Beaulande, syr Walleraunte of Bollon, and many valyaunte knyghtes. The Douse peres of Fraunce were come there / and many Almaynes, and Englyshemenne, Normans, Poeteuyns, Lombardes, and Barnyers. 20 And amonge other Dukes & princes, was come thyther the good and worthy duke Aymes of <sup>2</sup> Ardeyne. And in his felawshyp his foure<sup>3</sup> sonnes, that is to wyt, Reynawde, Alarde, Guycharde, and Rycharde, that 24 were wonderfull fayre, wytty, great, mightye, and valyaunte, specyally Reynawde / whiche was the greatest and the tallest manne that was founde at that tyme in al the worlde, for he had .xvi. feete of length and 28 more. Than at this assemble and feast stood the sayd kynge Charlemagne on his feete, amonge his prynces and barons, sayinge in this wyse, 'barons, my bretherne and freendes, ye knowe howe I have conquested and gotten 32 so manye greate londes / by youre helpe and succours. So many of the Sarasins and misbelievers brought to

<sup>1</sup> et mescreans, F. orig. b. i.      <sup>2</sup> Dordon, F. orig. b. i.

<sup>3</sup> beauh, F. orig. b. i.

[death, & in my subieccion ; how but late agoe ye have  
 seene by ye paynym Guetelym, whiche I have dys-  
 comfyted & overcomen / and reduced to the christen  
 4 faith. Not withstandyng we have loste there ryghte  
 greate chevalry and noblenesse, and for faute of many  
 of our vassaylles / and subjectes, that to vs dayneth not  
 to come, howe be it that we had sent for theym, as  
 8 the Duke Rycharde of Roussellon, the duke Dron of  
 Nantuell / and the duke Benes of Aygremounte, that  
 been all three bretherne Germaine. Wherof vnto you  
 I complayne me and tell you, that yf it were not syr  
 12 Salamon, that worthylye came to succoure vs / with  
 .xxx. thousande fyghtyng menne, and syr Lambreyght  
 bernyer, and syr Geffraye of Bourdelle, with walleraunte  
 of Bullon, that bare our baner / we were alle dyscomfyted  
 16 and lost, as ye all knowe well ; and this by the default  
 of the said three bretherene, that dayned never to come  
 to our sendyng, nor obey, and, above all, the duke  
 Benes of Aygremounte. Ill be it that they be all oure  
 20 lyege menne / that ever owen to me servyce and  
 fydelytie. Now I shall sende hym worde that he  
 come to serve me at this nexte somer with all his  
 power. And in case that he shall be refusyng to  
 24 obeye oure commaundementes / by saynt denys of  
 fraunce, I shall sende for all my freendes and subjectes,  
 and I shall goe besyege him at Aygremounte. And yf  
 we can have him, I shall make hym to be shamefully  
 28 hanged / and his sonne Mawgis to be slaine all quycke,  
 and shall do brenne his vncourteous wyfe ; and I shall  
 sett all his londes in fyre.' Than the good duke  
 Naymes of Bavyere / rose vp dyligently, and said to  
 32 kynge Charlemagne in this wyse: 'Syr, me semeth  
 that ye ought not to angre your selfe so sore ; and yf  
 ye will beleve my counseyll, ye shal sende a messanger  
 to the duke of Aygremount, which messanger shal be  
 36 well and honourably accompanied. And he muste be

The King com-  
 plains of his sub-  
 jects' infidelity,

especially of Duke  
 Benes of Aygre-  
 mounte.

[sage / and prudent / for to shewe wel to the Duke of Aygremounte all,<sup>1</sup> that ye shal charge hym and after whan ye shall know hys answeere and his wyll; ye shall than aduyse you what ye oughte for to doo.' 4 'In good fayth,' sayde the kyng, 'ye counseylle me ryght well and wisely.' Than thoughte Charlemagne what message he myght sende to him. And than he sayde all hyghe afore them all, complayninge him- 8 selfe; 'who shall be he that shall doo thys message; and for doubte of deathe shall not leve nothyng vnseyd of hys message / to the duke benes,' but there was none of them all that aughte answered, for manye 12 of them were of<sup>2</sup> Sybbe to hym / as the duke Aymon of<sup>3</sup> Ardeyne, that was his brother Germayne.

To whom he sends  
a message by

**T**hus were the foure brethern of one father and one mother. Than was kynge Charlemagne ryghte 16 wrothe and angrye, and sware by saynte denys / that the Duke benes should be wasted and destroyed; and no manne shoulde be in the worlde that shoulde keep him therfro. Than he called high his eldest sonne 20 Lohier, saying in this maner, 'ye must doo this message, my dere sonne, and lede with you for your conduyt and suretye / an hundred knightes/ armed and honourably arrayed. And ye shall saye to the duke benes of 24 Aygremounte, that yf he come not for to serve vs thys somer, aboute saynte Iohans daye nexte comynge, as I have saide afore / that I shall besyege Aygremounte, & shall dystroye all his lande; and he and<sup>4</sup> his, I shall 28 doo hange or slea al quycke, and his wyfe to be brente.' 'Syr,' sayd Lohier, 'al at your pleasure I shall doo. And wit *that* it shall not be taryed / for feare of death, but that I shal tel him al alonge all that ye have 32

his son Lohier.

<sup>1</sup> ce que luy ordonneres, et puis quant aurez sceu, F. orig. b. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> du parente du ait benes daigremôt, F. orig. b. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Dordon, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> son filz', F. orig. b. ii.



[charged me of. And I shall depart to morow in the mornynge, by the grace of God.]

4 **T**han should you have sene ye king weepe of pitie for his sonne Lohier; for he repented him *that* he had charged him / for to doo this message; but syn *that* he had so sayd, he must doo it. And the morne was come, Lohier & his noble companye / made them 8 redy, and after lept on horsbacke, and came afore y<sup>e</sup> kyng. Than sayd Lohier to the king, his father: 'Syr, here I am redye and all my folke / for to fulfyll your wyll.' 'Fayre sonne,' sayd Charlemagne, 'I recom- 12 mend thee vnto god, that on ye crosse suffred death and passion, and hym I beseche to kepe and waraunt thee / & all thy felawshyp from evyl / and from any combraunce.' Than departed Lohier and his company; 16 wherof after warde / the kyng made great lamentacyon for his sonne Lohier, and not wyth out a cause; for he shal never see him quicke agayne, as ye shal vnderstand, yf ye wyll herken it. Now go the gentill messangers 20 streyght towarde Aygremount, sore thretenynge the duke Benes of Aygremount, saying / that they should take the head from the body of hym / yf he doo ought to them agaynst his devoyre. But it shall go all 24 other wyse with them; for it haped all contrary <sup>1</sup>to theyr myndes and purpose<sup>1</sup> / wherof afterward / many ladyes abode widowes withoute husbandes, & many gentil women without a lover; and so many churches 28 destroyed, and so many landes brente / and wasted, wherof it is yet pitie for to see. And thus, ridinge & thretynge Benes of Aygremount, a spy heard all that they sayd, and came hastelye to Aygremount to 32 ward Benes / that was in his palays, and tolde hym how messangers were coming vnto hym from kyng Charlemagne, that sore thretened him, and that the sonne of kyng Charlemagne was there in person.

Lohier with an hundred knights departs for Aygremounte.

The King makes great lamentation for his son.

A spy overhears the messengers of Charlemagne on their way to Aygremounte, and tells the Duke Benes,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. ii.

[Than sayd the Duke to hys folke, wherof he had at that houre foi-son with him / in his palays, bicause of the feast of Penthecoste. ‘Lordes,’ sayde he, ‘the kynge Charlemagne setteth lytle by me, that will that 4 I shal go serve him with all my power and my puys- sance; and that wors is, he sendeth to me his eldest sonne for to tel me some message *that* threteneth me greatly; what counsell ye me therto, my bretherne & 8 freendes?’ Than spake a good knyght, that was called syr Simon, & sayd: ‘My lorde, I shall counsel you truly yf ye wyll herken and beleve me. Receyve honourably the messangers of the kynge Charlemagne / 12 for wel ye wote that he is your ryght-wyse lorde, and wit that who *that* warreth agaynst hys soverayn Lorde, he doth agaynst god / & rayson / and have no regarde to your kynne, nor to thys, that your bretherne, Gyrarde 16 of Roussyllon, and the duke of Nantuell, wolde not obey hym. For I advyse you wel that Charlemagn is myghty / and he shall distroye you of body and of goodes;<sup>1</sup> but yf that ye obey him, and yf ye amiablie 20 go to hym, he shall have mercy of you.’ Than answered the duke, that thus he wolde not doo, and that the sayd knight gave him evill counsell. ‘For yet,’ sayd he, ‘I am not so low brought but that I have three 24 brethern / that shall helpe to susteine / and beare out my warre agaynst Charlemagne, & also my foure newewes, the sonnes of my brother Aymes of Dordon, *that* ben full fayre knightes, worthy and well taught in faytes of 28 warre.’ ‘Alas,’ sayd than ye duchesse, ‘my good lorde, beleve your good counsell; for no man shall prayse you that ye make warre agaynst your right-wyse lorde / and wit it well that it is agaynst the com- 32 maundementes of God, & against all equitie. Wherfore, yf ye have misdoone any thing agaynst hym, doo so much *that* ye be accorded with him. And take

who is advised by Sir Simon to receive them honourably.

The Duke refuses Sir Simon's counsel.

The Duchess also pleads with him,

<sup>1</sup> Si ne luy obeisses, F. orig. b. iii. back.

[none heed to your brethern / as syr Symon dothe counsell you, for never good may come therof, for to be evyl in favoure with his soverayne Lorde.' Than  
 4 behelde the duke the duchesse in great wrathe, and bad her that she should holde her peace in ye devilles name, & that she should never more speake to hym of this mater / for in certayne he should not do for the  
 8 kyng Charlemagne the mountenance of a peny. So helde her peace y<sup>e</sup> duchesse, & sayd that she should speake nomore to hym therof. but in vain.

12 **G**reat was the noyse and the bruyte within the palayce of Aygremount, for some counselled the duke, that thus as the duchesse sayd he should doo; and many other sayd nay. Than sayd the duke vnto them that counselled him naye, and that he should  
 16 not accorde / nor make peace / with the kyng Charlemagne, that he could theym thanke. Muche longe they spake of this mater; and the messangers of the kyng Charlemagne duryng the same / have riden so  
 20 muche that they ben come to Aygremount. And the castell was set vpon a rocke ryght hye, and well envyroned with stronge walles / thyecke, highe, and wel garnyshed with great towres, so that for the strength  
 24 and sytuacyon of the castell, it was imprenable, but only by famyshyng. Than sayd Lohier to ye lordes that were wyth hym: 'Lordes, nowe see what a fortress is there / what walles! a ryver renneth at the  
 28 foote of it; I beleve verely that in al christendome is not her lyke. It can never betake by force, but yf it is by famysshyng.' Than spake a knight that was called Savary, and sayd to Lohier his lorde, 'syr,' sayde  
 32 he / 'it semeth me (spekyng vnder correction) that my lorde, the kynge Charlemagne, your father, hath enterprised a great foly, whan he troweth to come<sup>1</sup> to

The Duke decides not to make peace with Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> a chief de ce duc, F. orig. b. iii. back.

[at an ende of this duke of Aygremount, for, in good sothe, he is right puissaunt; and I beleve that he shall make as mani men for to make the warre, as shall my lorde, your father / yf it cam there to that he 4 wolde make hym warre. It were a fayre thyng yf they myght be accorded together; <sup>1</sup>and, of my parte, I should counsell the same, yf it myght be doone.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Savary counsels Lohier to accord with Duke Benes.

‘**B**ut well I wot, that yf your father had hym, al ye 8 golde in Paris should not kepe hym, but that he should do hange hym / or els slea him quycke. So beseche I you, ryght deere syr, *that* ye speake humbly vnto the duke benes of Aygremount, for, in certayne, 12 he is ryght fyers / and outragious, & incontinent might have there a sore meddle betwene you and hym, wherof the losse should tourne vpon vs, for we ben to few folke.’ Than answered Lohier, and sayd to hym, 16 ‘that he sayd well and wysely; but alwayes,’ sayd he, ‘we doubt hym not of any thyng. We be here al redy an hondred knyghtes / well appoynted, and for sothe, yf he say vnto hys anye thyng vnto our dyspleasur, 20 he shal be the fyrst that shall repent and be sory for it.’ Than sayd the knight Savare al softly to hymself / that this were not wysely doone; ‘for wel I swere,’ said he, ‘vpon my fayth, that yf it hap you to say any thyng to 24 hym / that by any maner shall displease hym, he shall make you sorye, and shall wreke it vpon your bodye; and, happelye, we shall all be in a waye for to dy. Syr, advyse your selfe well / & wyll to procede prudently in 28 your message. For well I say vnto you that he is ryght cruell, and of greate worthynesse accomplisshed.’

**T**hus, spekyng of one thyng and of other / rode so longe the messangers, that they ben come to the 32 gate of the castel, which was sone shet by the porter. Then knocked the sayd knyghtes, and the porter

The messengers reach the castle.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. ed. 1480.

[answered to them, 'Lordes, what be you?' 'Freende,' answered Lohier / 'open to vs this gate presently, for we wyl speake to the Duke Benes of Aigremount from  
 4 the kinge Charlemayn.' 'Now abyde you a lytle, and hast you not,' sayd the porter, 'and I wyl goe speake redely to my lorde the Duke.' So went the sayde porter into the halle / where he sawe the Duke his  
 8 lorde. He kneeled incontynent afore him, & tolde him howe downe at the gate was a right great company of men of armes; and that they were well an hondred men or more, ryght well horsed, & well armed. 'And  
 12 with them is the eldest sonne of king charlemagne, *that* strongly threteneth you / and also your folke. My lorde,' sayde the porter, 'shall I open the gates vnto them?' 'Yea,' sayd ye duke, 'for I doubt them  
 16 nothyng, and we ben ynough for them; and many worthy knyghtes and esquyers / ben no where able for to defende vs all, were Charlemagne himself with them with his *puissance*.' So ran incontinent the  
 20 porter downe agayne / for to open vnto them the gate. Lohier & his felowes entred within, and mounted vp vnto the dongeon of the castell, where the duke was, that sayd to hys barons: 'Lordes, heere cometh the  
 24 eldest sonne of the kyng Charlemagne / for to tell me his message; but (bi *that* god *that* suffred death and passyon) yf he speake wysely to vs, he shal do as sage; and yf he sayth anything that shall dysplease vs,  
 28 we shall soone / & without delaye, take vengeance therof.' So was the duke Benes well accompanied, & nobly of wel two hondred knyghtes and more. Thys was in the moneth of May, that all creatures humain  
 32 ought wel for to reioyce *then*, and that folke pren and worthy in armes / taken hert and hardinesse / for to defende them self wel, and warre agaynst theyr enemyes. And this during, Lohier, the sonne of king charlemagne,  
 36 entred into the halle of the Palays of Aygremount

The porter announces their arrival to the Duke.

Lohier and his folk enter the castle.

The Duke Benes,  
with his son  
Mawgis, and all  
his barons are  
here assembled.

[ryght nobly armed, and his folke also, and saw the halle ryght well garnysshed of fayre folke rychelye arrayed. And the duke sittynge right proudlye amonge his barons / and the duchesse, hys wyfe, next by him ; 4 and before hym his sonne Mawgys, that was a great mayster of the science of Nigromancy, that played afore his father of his art of nigromancy, wherin the Lordes that were there tooke great pleasure ; and wit it well 8 that in all the worlde / was not a worthyer chrysten, nor more able, than was the sayd Mawgys, except onlye hys cosyn]

<sup>1</sup> **R**enawde, one of the sones of Aymon / wherof 12  
<sup>2</sup> **H** speeyaHy treateth now this historye / Thenne marched fourthe Lohier, & wente in the firste of alle, and after hym his folke by goode conduyte / And salued the duke Benes of Aygremounte in this wyse / 16 wherby moche grete euyH happed to<sup>3</sup> hym at laste :  
‘That god that created the firmamente, and made aHe thynges<sup>4</sup> of noughte, for the people to susteyne / And in<sup>5</sup> the crosse suffred deth and passyon for alle soutes 20 to be redemed out of the peynes of helle, kepe and saue the / kynge Charlemayne, emperoure<sup>6</sup> of Almayne and kynge of Fraunce, and aH his noble lynee / and confounde the<sup>7</sup> duke Benes of Aygremounte / My fader 24 the kynge by me expressly sendeth to the<sup>7</sup> worde, thou come Incontynente to Parys wyth fyue hundred knyghtes,<sup>8</sup> for to doo to hym ryghte and rayson of thys,

Lohier delivers  
his spech,

<sup>1</sup> B. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Here begins Caxton's print. [14 leaves are out of Lord Spencer's unique copy. It begins at Fol. iii. col. 3, l. 24 of Copland's edition of 1554.]

<sup>3</sup> vnto, ed. 1554. Only a few collations are put, to show how slight are the changes of word in ed. 1554. The spelling varies somewhat.

<sup>4</sup> thyng. <sup>5</sup> on.

<sup>6</sup> ereperour *in text orig.* Emperour, 1554.

<sup>7</sup> thee.

<sup>8</sup> pour le servir la ou il luy plaira toy emploier, et aussi pour, F. orig. b. iiiii. omitted in Caxton.

that thou were not wyth hym in armes in the partyes  
of Lombardye, for to fyghte ayenst the ennyes of the  
crysten feyth. Where, by thy fawte, were ded there,  
4 Bawdoyn, lorde of Melanke / Greffroy of Bourdette /  
and many other grete dukes, prynces, knyghtes, and  
barons. And yf thou wylte not doo it / I telle the  
duke Benes that the kynge shaHe come vpon the<sup>1</sup> wyth  
8 an hundred thousande men of armes. Soo shalte thou  
be take and brought in to Fraunce / And there thou  
shalt be Iudged as a theef and a false tratour to<sup>2</sup> thy  
souerayne lorde. for to be fleyen<sup>3</sup> and hanged aH  
12 quycke, thy wiffe brente, and thi children dystroyed  
and banysshed. Do therfore this that I commaunde  
the in the kynges behalue / for thou knowest weH that  
thou arte his man, vaysaH, and subgette :

and threatens  
Duke Benes with  
the wrath of  
Charlemagne.

16 **W**Han the duke Benes of Aygremounte hadde  
herde Lohier<sup>4</sup> thus speke, Thenne,<sup>5</sup> yf ye hadde  
seen hym change<sup>6</sup> his colour, pouff,<sup>7</sup> blowe / as a man  
cruell prowde and <sup>8</sup>owterageouse, and sayd to Lohier in  
20 this maner, 'I shal not goo to kynge Charlemayne,  
nor noo thyng of his wylle I shaHe not fulfille / For  
I holde nother casteHe ne fortresse of hym / But I shal  
goo vppon him wyth alle my puyssaunce / and shaHe  
24 dystroye aHe the londe of Fraunce vnto Parys' /  
Thenne<sup>5</sup> sayd Lohier vnto duke Benes of Aygremounte,  
'Vassaylle,' sayd he, 'how darest thou answerre thus ?  
And yf the kynge knewe now that thou threteneste  
28 hym thus as thou dooste, he sholde come Incontinente  
vpon the,<sup>1</sup> and sholde vtterli dystroye the. WeH thou  
knoweste that thou arte his liege man / and that thou  
canne not saye ayenste hit / Comme then redeli, and  
32 serue thy souerayne lorde, the kynge Charlemayne.  
And byleue me, yf thou wyHte, saue thyne owne lyffe.

Duke Benes  
refuses allegiance  
to the King.

<sup>1</sup> thee.                      <sup>2</sup> vnto.                      <sup>3</sup> slayne.

<sup>4</sup> filz du roy Charlemagne, F. orig. b. iiii. back.

<sup>5</sup> Than.                      <sup>6</sup> chaunged.                      <sup>7</sup> pouffe &.                      <sup>8</sup> B. iii. back.

For yf thou doo it not, I make the<sup>1</sup> sure and certeyne /  
 that yf he canne haue the by force, that he shalle make  
 the<sup>1</sup> to be hanged there as the ayre and the wyndes  
 wyth theyr grete blastes shaHe drye vppe the bones of 4  
 the.<sup>1</sup> Whan the duke herde Lohyer speke to hym  
 in this manere, he stode vppe anone vppon his feete,  
 And sayd that to his eueH chere he came there for  
 make to hym his message. Thenne<sup>2</sup> came fourthe a 8  
 knyghte, named syre Water, that was a man of the  
 duke of Aygremount, and sayd to the duke / 'My  
 lorde! kepe, for goodys loue, that ye doo noo folie.  
 lette Lohyer saye aHe his wyHe. For ye be neuer the 12  
 worse for his sayenge. And as ye weH knowe, kyng  
 Charlemayne is ryght puyssaunte, and soo moche, that  
 there is nother castell, cyte, nor towne neuer soo  
 stronge / that can holde ayenst hym / Goo then to hym 16  
 by my counseyH. for ye be his man, his vassayH, and  
 his subget / and of hym you holde your casteH of  
 Aygremount, and aH your londes / And yf ye soo doo /  
 ye shaHe doo as sage / and hit<sup>3</sup> shaHe be your prouf- 20  
 fyttte, and also of aHe your lande. And for to werre  
 ayenste your ryghtewys lorde, noo thyng but euyH  
 can come to you therof.' Whan the duke had herde  
 the wyse knyghte soo<sup>4</sup> speke, He coude to hym ryghte 24  
 goode thanke therefore; but alwayes aHe angry he sayd  
 to hym, 'Holde your peas / For I shalle holde noo  
 thyng of hym as longe that I shaHe maye<sup>5</sup> bere armes,  
 and mounthe a horsebake. I shaH sende for my dere 28  
 bretherne, Gerarde of Roussyllon, and Dron of Nant-  
 ueH<sup>6</sup> / and Garnyer his sone. And thenne we shaHe  
 goo vpon kyng Charlemayne / and yf I canne mete  
 wyth hym in ony place, we shaH dystroye hym, and 32  
 shaHe doo of hym that he troweth to doo of me / Wene  
 ye that I am a cowarde<sup>7</sup> / nay, by my feyth / For I

Sir Water en-  
 treats the Duke  
 to hear Lohier,

reminding him of  
 his vassalage to  
 Charlemagne.

Benes bids him  
 hold his peace,

and threatens to  
 destroy the King.

<sup>1</sup> thee.    <sup>2</sup> Than.    <sup>3</sup> B. iiiii.    <sup>4</sup> to.    <sup>5</sup> be able.  
<sup>6</sup> Natuell.    <sup>7</sup> cowarde, 1554.    cowrade, Caxton.



sholde not take aH y<sup>e</sup> golde in Parys / but that I sholde  
slee the messenger. EuyHe was to hym whan he durste  
soo threten me' / And thenne<sup>1</sup> sayd Lohier, 'I nether  
4 prayse you nor doubtte you not.' Whan the duke  
Benes of Aygremounte vnderstode Lohier, he wexed  
for grete wrathe as redde as ony fyre in his face / And  
beganne to ryse vppe and to caHe / 'Now, barons!  
8 vppon hym / brynge hym to me / For he shaHe neuer  
be warraunted<sup>2</sup> but that I shaHe make hym to deye  
shamefully.' And the barons durste not saye ayenst  
theyr lorde, but drewe aHe theyr swerdes, and Incon-  
12 tynente dyde renne vppon Charlemayns folke / And  
Lohier called his baner; & thenne<sup>1</sup> beganne he and  
his folke to deffende theym selfe sharpely; And god  
knoweth how many heddes and armes were there cutte  
16 of that daye / For atte the same owre beganne a  
thyng / wherof afterwarde soo many ladyes and  
damoysselles were wythoute husbondes and wythoute  
louers / Soo many of children faderles, and soo many  
20 churches wasted and dystroyed that neuer syth were  
repayred. What shall <sup>3</sup>I telle you more / wyte it  
that they fought therein<sup>4</sup> soo longe wythin the halle  
of the palays, that the noyse wente thoroughe alle the  
24 towne. Thenne<sup>1</sup> sholde ye haue seen the bourgeys,  
marchauntes, and men of crafte, wyth axes, swerdes,  
and other wepyns / And came to the castelle warde  
aboute vii thousande men and more / But the entre of  
28 the palays of Aygremounte was narowe. And the  
frenshe men were wythin, that kepte theym weH, that  
they entred not in atte theyr ease. Alas! what ter-  
ryble and vnhappy a slaughter was there that daye /  
32 For the folke of kynge Charlemayne were but a fewe  
to the regarde of theym of the other parte / And as ye  
maye knowe, suche assemble was ryght euyH / Soo

He calls on his  
barons to slay  
Lohier.

The fight lasts  
so long that the  
citizens are  
aroused,

great slaughter  
ensues.

<sup>1</sup> than.

<sup>2</sup> wraunted.

<sup>3</sup> B. iiii. back.

<sup>4</sup> there.

The folk of  
Charlemagne are  
worsted by reason  
of their small  
number.

Lohier prays for  
succour,

but is slain by  
Duke Benes.

deffended theym selfe moche nobly and valyauntly the  
folke of kynge Charlemayne / And soo moche that  
Lohier, seenge that he and his folke hadde the worse /  
he smote a knyghte by fore duke Benes of Aygremounte 4  
by suche a wyse that he ouerthrewe hym doun deed /  
'For the,' sayd he, 'goddys curse haue thou' / And after-  
warde he sayd pyteously in waylynge hym selfe, 'Lorde  
god, that wythin the holy wombe of the blessed vyr- 8  
gyne Marye toke thy herbowrynge, and suffred dethe  
and passion for to redeme mankynde / whylte deffende  
me this daye from shamefuH dethe and from tour-  
mente / For I wote weH / but yf that your hyghe 12  
dyuynyte socoure me this daye, I shaHe not see the  
kynge Charlemayne my fader nomore' / Thenne the  
duke called highe vpon hym, saynge, 'Lohier, soo helpe  
me god, this daye shalle be your laste' / 'It shaHe not 16  
be so,' sayd Lohyer. <sup>1</sup>And wyth this he smote the  
duke vppon the hede; but his helme saued hym / And  
the stroke descended to the hele of hym, soo that the  
bloode ranne oute.<sup>2</sup> 'By god,' sayd Lohier, 'ye shaH 20  
not escape' / Then<sup>3</sup>ne came the duke Benes of Aygre-  
mounte to hym as woode and sore an angred / saynge, 'I  
sholde prayse myselfe fuH lytyH yf I myghte not auenge  
me vppon the.' Soo heued vppe the duke his branke 24  
of stele, and smote Lohier so harde vppon his bryghte  
helme that he cleued hym to the teeth / And Lohier  
felle deed afore hym / vpon the pauemente of the halle.  
Ha, god, what grete dommage hathe doon the duk 28  
Benes of Aygremounte, to haue thus slayne Lohier, the  
eldest sone of the grete kynge Charlemayne / For after-  
warde alle the oost of Fraunce was in moche grete and  
Innumerable tourmente therefore / and in ryght grete 32  
peyne contynuaH / And the duke hym selfe deyed ther-  
fore fuH sorryly. That was the paymente that he hadde

<sup>1</sup> Il prit son bracdassier, F. orig. b. v.

<sup>2</sup> Parmi la salle.

<sup>3</sup> B. v. folio of Caxton.

for it, as ye here after shaHe here yf peasily ye wyH  
here me :

4 **N**OW is owtrageously slayne the good Lohyer, the  
eldest sone of kyng Charlemayne / And the  
duke Benes of Aygremounte, full of cruelnes, toke the  
hede from the body of hym. And after that the folke  
of the sayd Lohier, the sone of the grete kyng Charle-  
8 mayne, sawe theyr lorde ded, thynke ye they made no  
grete deffence / Alwayes of a hundred that they were  
entred wythin the palays wyth theyr lorde Lohier,  
abode there on lyue but xx, wherof the duke inconty-  
12 nente made x of them to be slayne. And the other x  
he retheyned alyue. and to theym sayd / 'Yf ye wyH  
promyse and swere to me vpon your othe and feyth  
of knyghthode that ye shaH bere your lorde Lohyer to  
16 his fader, the kyng Charlemayne, and saye to hym  
that I sende to hym his sone Lohyer in good arraye /  
and that in an euyH houre he dyde sende hym to me  
for to teHe me suche wordes : <sup>1</sup>I shaH lete you goo quyte  
20 & sauf <sup>1</sup> / and to hym ye shaH saye, *that* for hym <sup>2</sup>I  
shaHe not doo the mountenaunce of a peny / And that  
I shaHe goo vpon hym in this somer nexte comynge  
wyth<sup>3</sup> forty thousande men / And that I shaH destroye  
24 hym and aHe his lande / They aunswered, 'sire, we  
shaHe doo that. that shaHe playse you to commaunde  
vs' / Thenne the duke dyde doo make redyly a byere /  
and made the corps of Lohier to be putte wythin the  
28 sayd byere. And after he delyuerde hit to his x  
knyghtes that were lefte on lyue, and putte hit in a  
carte to drawe wyth two horses. And the duke con-  
ueyed theym throughe the towne / And whan they  
32 were in the feeldes / the <sup>4</sup>x knyghtes byganne to  
wepe, and to make grete moone for theyr lorde Lohier,  
saynge / 'Alas, my lorde Lohier, what shaHe we nowe

Lohier's followers  
all slain except  
ten.

Duke Benes  
spares the lives of  
ten, on condition  
that they bear his  
defiance to Charle-  
magne.

The Duke delivers  
the body of Lohier  
to his ten follow-  
ers, who have  
been spared.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. vi. back.      <sup>2</sup> B. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> trente, F. orig. b. vi. back.      <sup>4</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. vi.

saye for you to the k[y]nge<sup>1</sup> your fader, that soo grete sorowe shaHe haue / whan he shaHe knowe your crueHe deth. We may weH be in certeyne that he shaHe make vs aHe deye' / Thus wepynge and makyng theyr mone 4 for the loue of theyr lorde Lothyer / They roode on theyr waye streyghte to Parys /

They take Lohier's body back to Paris.

¶ But now we shaHe here leue to speke of the messagers, and shaHe telle you of the kyng<sup>2</sup> Charle- 8 mayne that was atte Parys,<sup>2</sup>

CHarlemayne, that was atte Parys wyth a grete multitude of lordes that were there assembled. And there vpon a daye kyng Charlemayne sayd vnto his 12 lordys and barons / 'Lordes, I am moche wrothe and sory of my sone Lohyer, that I haue sente to Aygre- mounte / and I feere me sore that they haue taken debate wyth the duke Benes of Aygremounte, whiche 16 is feHe and crueH, and I doubte me leste he hathe slayne my sone Lohyer / But by my crowne, yf he haue soo doone, or ony thyng that turneth to dysplaysure or dommage to my sayd sone / I shaH go vpon<sup>3</sup> hym 20 with a hundred thousande men, & shaHe make him to be hanged at a gybet' / 'Syre,' sayd the goode duke Aymes of dordon, 'I shall commende you ryghte sore yf he hathe offended agaynst you, that ye make punysson 24 thereof and wreke on hym grete vengauce. He ys your liege man, and oughte to serue / prayse / and honoure you, and to holde aHe hys londe of you / Alwayes yf he hathe trespassed ayenst you in ony 28 manere / I am ryghte sory for hit. And yf ye haue a cause to be wrothe wyth hym, I haue here my foure sones ; that is, to wytte, Reynawde, Alarde, Guycharde, and Rycharde, that ben ryghte valyaunte, as ye, syre, 32 weHe knowe, whiche shaHe be trusty and true to you' / 'Aymon,' sayd the kyng Charlemayne, 'I conne you

Charlemagne at Paris, mentions to his barons his anxiety for the safety of Lohier.

Aymon offers Charlemagne his services and those of his four sons.

<sup>1</sup> Knne *in text*. <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. vi.

<sup>3</sup> B. vi.

grete thanke of the offre that now ye haue doon to me.

And it is my wylle that ye make theym to come hether presently, to the ende that I make theym knyghtes /

Charlemagne bids Aymon present his sons, that he may knight them.

4 And I shaHe gyue to theym castelles, towres, and townes, and cytees ynoughe' / Thenne sente the duke Aymes incontynente for his children, and made theym to come afore kynge Charlemayne. And whan the

8 kynge Charlemayne sawe theym, they playsted hym moche. And Reynawde was the firste that spake, and sayd, 'Syre, if it playse you for to make vs knyghtes / we shaH be euer redy for to serue you and your noble

They are presented to him.

12 lordeshyppe' / Thenne the kynge Charlemayne called his stywarde, and sayd to hym, 'Brynge to me the armes that were the kynge Cedres, whiche I haue wyth my handes slayne in batayHe byfore Pampelune. And I

16 shaHe gyue theym to the gentyHe Reynawde / as to hym that is as I were, the mooste valyaunte of aHe. And of other goode armes I shaHe gyue to the other three bretherne' / Soo broughte there the stywarde

20 the armes, that were full fayre and ryche; and <sup>1</sup>thenne were armed the foure gentyH bretherne, children to the goode Aymes of Dordonne / and Ogyer of Denmark, that was of their kynne, dyde on theyr spores to the

Reynawde and his three brothers knighted.

24 newe knyghte Reynawde. And the kynge Charlemayne girde hym his swerde / And then he doubd hym to a knyghte, sayenge, 'God encrease in the<sup>2</sup> goodnes / honoure / and worthynes.' And thenne

28 mounted Reynawde on horsebacke vpon Bayarde / that was suche a horse that neuer was his like in alle the worlde, nor neuer shaHe be, excepte BusifaH, the horse of the grete kynge Alexandre; for as to haue ronne

Reynawde's wonderful horse Bayarde.

32 <sup>3</sup> xxx myle togyder wolde neuer haue sweted. The sayde Bayarde, this horse, was growen in the Isle of Brousean / and Mawgis, the sone of the duke Benes of Aygreounte, hadde gyuen hit to his cosin Reynawde /

<sup>1</sup> B. vi. back.    <sup>2</sup> thee.    <sup>3</sup> dix lieux    F. orig. ed. 1480.

that after made the kynge Charlemayne full of wrothe and sory. As ye shaH nowe nere herafter.

**R**Eynawde was a horsbak wyth a shelde paynted hanginge att his necke / and thwerled his swerde 4 by grete fyersnesse. And wytte weH that he was a fayr knyghte, vounderfuH grete and weH founded. and of hym was a fayr sighte / for well he semed one of the most valyaunte knyghtes that men coude fynde in aHe 8 the worlde. And the barons that were there, sayd / 'Ha, god, what a fayre knyghte is he / neuer was, nor shaH be, seen soo fayer a man of armes as Reynawde / god encrease to hym honoure and worthinesse, goode- 12 nesse and pryse!' And after, were moche honourabli and worthyly arayed and armed, the other three bretherne of Reynawde / and syth lyghite alle on horse- 16 backe vnder saynte Vyctor, nyghe Parys / Thenne made the kynge Charlemayne to sette vppe in the grounde a poste <sup>1</sup>ayenste whiche he made the newe knyghtes to assaye theym selfe / They Iousted moche 20 worthyly / but Reynawde / iousted beste vpon hys horse bayarde / And ryght weH lyked and were agreable to Charlemayne, the fayttes of the valyaunt knyghte Reynawde, to whom the kyng sayd, 'reynawde, from hens forth ye shaH come wyth vs in bataylle.' And 24 Reynawde answerde hym in thys manre / 'Syre, god yelde it you an hundred thousande tymes / and I promytte yow in goode feyth to obeye and serue you truly / nor neuer ye shaH fynde my selfe in noo 28 forfaytte, But yf it come of you.'

**T**Hemperoure Charlemayne, after the ioustyng doon, retourned to his palays in Parys / Thenne he resoned wyth his prynces and barons / And there were 32 the duke Naymes of bauyres, Oger the dane / and the archebysshop Turpyn / and sayd to theym in this wyse / 'Barons,' sayd he, 'I canne not merueylle me to

They joust at St. Vyctor, near Paris.

moche of Lohier, my eldeste sone, that taryeth soo longe in hys message. I haue grete fere that some inconuenyence be happed vnto him. I dremed this  
 4 nighte in my slepe, that the thonder bolte felle vpon my sone Lohier<sup>1</sup> / and thenne came the duke Benes of Aygremounte vpon him, and smote his hede of / But by my berde, yf he haue doo soo, whiles he lyueth he  
 8 shaH neuer accorde wyth me / nor I shaH neuer haue ioye atte my herte ; for it is he that I loue best in this worlde.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'I byleue not suche thynges, nor to suche dremes ye shalle not gyue  
 12 noo credence' / 'Alwayes,' sayd the kynge, 'yf he haue doon soo / I shaH neuer leuer hym the value of a peny / for I shaH sende for the normans, the bernyggers, the flamynges / the champenoys / the almayns, y<sup>e</sup>  
 16 banyers, & for englishemen ; so shaH I goo vpon hym, & shaH vtterly dystro<sup>2</sup>ye hym' / And Naymes sayd euer to hym, that he sholde not fraye hym selfe of noo thyng tyll that he knewe the certente. And as they  
 20 spoke this, there came rydyng a messenger vpon a horse faueH, sore, seke and very, and also sore wounded to the deth. He came to Parys afore the palays, where kynge Charlemayne was at the wyndowes. And whan  
 24 he sawe come the messenger, he came doun lyghtely <sup>3</sup>from the palays haHe to the gate / and wyth hym, Naymes of Bauyre and Ogyer the dane / And whan the messenger sawe the kynge, he salued hym fuH softe, as  
 28 that he was ryght sory and sore wounded, and that wyth peyne myghte speke / And sayd in this manere / 'grete folye ye dyde, whan ye dyde sende my lorde, your sone, for to aske trybute and obeyssaunce of the  
 32 duke Benes of Aygremounte, the whiche trybute your sone asked hym shamfully. But the duke, whiche is sore felle and crueH, whan he herde speke my sayd

Charlemagne tells his barons how he has dreamt that the Duke Benes has slain Lohier.

Duke Naymes bids him put no credence in the dream.

The King threatens Duke Benes with death if the dream is true.

A messenger rides up as they are speaking.

<sup>1</sup> si que il estoit tout pasme, F. orig. b. vii.      <sup>2</sup> B. vii. back.  
<sup>3</sup> en bas du palays, F. orig. b. vii.

The messenger  
announces the  
fight at Aygre-  
mount,

and the death of  
Lohier.

The King's grief.

Duke Bauyre  
comforts the  
King.

Duke Naymes  
advises him to  
bury Lohier at  
St. Germaine,  
and then march  
against Duke  
Benes.

lorde, your sone / he commaunded to a meyne of  
knyghtes that were there, that he sholde be take, and  
that he sholde neuer retourne ayen to yow for to  
recounte hys message, nor what answeere he hadde 4  
founde. To the whiche takynge, the medlee was grete  
and crueH / soo that your dere sone Lohier was ded  
there. And the duke Beynes of Aygremounte kyllled  
hym and alle your folke, excepte me and ix other, 8  
that conduytte and brynge your sone in a byere. And  
I myselfe am sore hurte, as ye maye see.' And thenne  
the messenger coude speke nomore / but felle down in a  
swoune, of the grete gryeffe and sore that he felte, 12  
bycause of his woundes / And whan the kyng hadde  
herde these wordes / he felle down vpon the grounde  
for the grete sorow that he toke therof, and wrange his  
handes / and pulled his berde / and tare alle his heres, 16  
saynge, 'Ha, god that made heuen and erthe, ye haue  
brough<sup>te</sup> me in grete sorowe and tournament irre-  
couerable, that neuer shaH cease wyth me / so requyre  
I to you the deth humbly / For neuer more desire I not 20  
to lyue' / The goode duke of Bauyre began to recom-  
forte hym / saynge, 'For goddis loue, syre, tourmente  
not your selfe / but haue goode herte, and hope in god  
and recomforte your folke' / And this wolde saye the 24  
duke Naymes for theym that he sawe wepe there  
for theyr kynnesmen and frendes that were ded wyth  
Lohyer. 'And do,' saye he to the kyng, 'late your sone  
be worshyfully buried atte saynte Germaine of the 28  
medowes / And thenne ye shaH goo vpon the duke  
Benes of Aygremount, wyth aHe your noble power and  
grete puyssaunce / and shaH dystroye hym and alle his  
lordes atte your playsure.' Thenne the kyng Charle- 32  
mayne recomforted hym selfe / and weH he knewe that  
Naymes counseyllled hym truly and lawfully / Thenne  
sayd the kyng / 'barons, make you redy / and we



shall goo ayenste my dere sone Lohier' / And inconty-  
 nente aH the prynces and barons made theym selfe  
 redy for to do the commaundement of the kynge / And  
 4 whan they were goon two myle oute of Parys, they  
 mette wyth the corps / And were there wyth the  
 kynge, Naymes / Ogyer, Sampson of bourgoyne, and  
 many other grete lordes / Thenne sayde the kyng  
 8 Charlemayne whan he sawe the body of his dere sone  
 Lohier / 'Alas, how shamefully am I treated' / he  
 descended from his horse a foote, and toke vppe the  
 clothe that was vppon the byere, and byhelde his sone  
 12 Lohier. Thenne sawe he the hede that was smytten  
 of from the body, and the face that was<sup>1</sup> aHe to hewen /  
 'Ha, god,' sayd he / 'how well may I be madde now  
 aHe quycke. WeH I oughte to hate that duke Benes  
 16 of Aygremounte, that thus hathe murdered my sone' /  
 he thenne kyssed his childe aHe bloody<sup>2</sup> fuH often,  
 and sayd in this wyse / 'Ha, fayre sone, ye were a  
 taHe man and a gentyH knyghte; now praye I the  
 20 puyssaunte god of glorye, that he take your soule thys  
 daye, yf it be his plesure, into his royaume of paradyse' /  
 Grete sorowe made the kynge Charlemayne for the deth  
 of his sone Lohier; But alwayes recomforted hym the  
 24 goode duk naymes. And thenne Ogyer the dane, and  
 sampson of Bourgoyn, <sup>3</sup>toke hym vnder the armes,<sup>3</sup>  
 and ledde hym vnto saynte Germaine of the medewes.  
 And there the body of Lohier was buried and en-  
 28 noynted wyth balme, as it apperteyneth to alle the  
 sones of kynges. Thus was he putte in his graue: god  
 haue of his soule mercy!

Two miles outside  
 Paris they meet  
 the body of  
 Lohier.

The burial of  
 Lohier at St.  
 Germaine.

32 **W**E shaHe leue here to speke of the goode kynge  
 Charlemayne, that was moche sory of his sone  
 Lohier / as ye haue herde / and shaft tell you of the  
 goode duke Aymon, of Renawde his sone / and of hys

<sup>1</sup> tout detrauche, F. orig. b. viii.      <sup>1</sup> B. viii. back.  
<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. viii.

thre bretherne that were at Parys / 'My chyldren,'  
 sayd Aymon, 'ye knowe how the kyng Charlemayne  
 is moche wroth, and not wythoute a cause, by cause  
 that my broder, your vncl, hath slayne Lohier his 4  
 sone. And I wote weH that he shaH go vpon hym wyth  
 all his puyssaunce / but verely we shaH not goo wyth  
 hym / But rather shaHe we goo to Dordonne, and yf  
 the kyng make werre ayenste hym / we shaH helpe 8  
 hym wyth aH our powre / Soo lyghted anone on horse-  
 bak the goode duke Aymon and the foure knyghtes his  
 children, and bayted noo where tyH they came to  
 Laon / and from thens they rode soo long tyH they 12  
 came to Dordonne. And whan the lady sawe her  
 lorde and her foure children, she was ryght gladd, and  
 wente agaynste theym for to welcome theym, and asked  
 after tydynges, and yf Reynawde and his other chy- 16  
 dren were made knyghtes / Thenne the goode duk  
 answered 'ye'; <sup>1</sup>and after, she asked whi they were  
 departed for the kynges courte.<sup>2</sup> And thenne he  
 rehersed vnto her worde by worde how his broder, the 20  
 duke Benes, had slayne Lohier, the sone of the kyng  
 Charlemayn / wherof the goode lady Margerye was  
 wonderfuH wroth and sory; for weH she knew that  
 this deth of Lohier was the totalle dystrectyon of the 24  
 duke Aymon her husbonde, of herselfe, and of her  
 children, and of theyr londe. She herde Reynawde  
 her eldest sone, that thretened Charlemayne the grete  
 kyng / thenne sayd to hym the lady his moder / 'My 28  
 sone Reynawde, I praye the vnderstande me a lityH /  
 Loue thy souerayne and thy natureH lorde / and drede  
 hym aboue aH thyng; but bere hym honour and  
 reuerence / and god shaH reward the for it / and ye, my 32  
 lorde Aymon, I am moche merueyld of you, that are  
 departed from Charlemayne wythoute leue of hym,  
 that hath doon to you soo moche goode and soo grete

Aymon and his  
sons in fear go to  
Dordonne.

Aymon relates to  
his wife the death  
of Lohier.

Reynawde's  
mother counsels  
him to obey and  
reverence his  
King.

<sup>1</sup> C. i.      <sup>2</sup> dauecqs le roy Charlemagne, F. orig. b. viii.

worship, and hathe gyuen to your sones soo noble and  
 soo ryche armes, and hathe made theym knyghtes wyth  
 his owne handes / more grete honoure he myghte not  
 4 doo to you nor to your chyldren' / 'Lady,' sayd the  
 duke, 'we be thus departed from kynge Charlemayne  
 by cause that my broder hathe slayne his sone, as  
 I haue tolde you afore' / 'Ha, god,' sayd the lady,  
 8 'that of the vyrgyn was borne in bedeleyem, how hath  
 y<sup>e</sup> euyl thys daye surmounted y<sup>e</sup> goode / For goddys  
 loue, my lorde,' sayde the lady, 'medlee not wyth afte,  
 for ye shaH see this nexte somer that the kynge shaH  
 12 goo vpon your broder / and by my counseyH serue the She upbraids  
Aymon for  
leaving Paris,  
 kynge, your ryght-wys lorde, nor faylle hym not for  
 noo thyng / For yf ye doo otherwyse, ye shaH be vntrue  
 and false towarde your souerayne and natureH lorde.'

16 'Lady,' sayd the duke, 'by god omnypotente I wolde  
 leuer haue loste my castell & the halfe of my londe /  
 than that my broder sholde haue <sup>1</sup>slayne Lohier. Now  
 the wyll of god be doon therin, and none otherwyse.'

20 **T**O speke of the good duke Aymon of Dordonne,  
 and of his wiff the duchesse, and of theyr sones /  
 we shaH here leue, and shall retourne to speke of the  
 kynge Charlemayne that was come again to Parys /  
 24 makynge grete sorow for his son Lohier. There had  
 you seen many a gowne torne and broken / many a  
 hande wrongen, and many heres of the hede pulled, soo  
 that it was pyte & wonder for to see. <sup>2</sup>'Alas, my dere  
 28 sone,' sayd kynge Charlemayne<sup>2</sup> / 'he that hath slayn  
 the soo crueHly, loued me but lityH. I shaH neuer be in  
 quyete nor in rest tyH that I haue take vengeance of  
 thy deth.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke Bauyere, 'haue mercy  
 32 of your selfe / For it behoueth not to soo grete a  
 prince as ye be, for to make soo grete sorowe as ye  
 doo' / And in the meane while came a messager afore

<sup>1</sup> C. i. back.<sup>2-2</sup> et le roy demenoit le roy qui . . . F. orig. c. i.

A messenger informs the King of the departure of Aymon and his sons to Dordonne.

the kyng / whiche shewed to hym how Aymon / the duke of Dordonne, & his foure sones, were go on in to theyr countree / wherof the kyng was sore an angred & wrothe, And sware god and saynt Denys, that afore 4 he sholde deye, that Aymon and his chyldren sholde abyde fuH sore for it, and that the duke Benes of Aygre-mount<sup>1</sup> shold not kepe them therfro. The dyner was redy, & they wysse their handes, and were sette at 8 dyner / but wyte it that the kyng dyde ete but lityH / as he that was in grete malencolye; and y<sup>e</sup> fayr Salamon serued that daye afore hym the coppe / & grete people was there. After dyner, themperoure 12 charlemayne dyde reyson wyth his barons, & sayd to them: 'lorde[s],' sayde he, 'y<sup>e</sup> duke Benes of Aygre-mounte hath doon to me grete outrage, that soo shamfuHly hath slayne my sone lohier / But, & it playse 16 god, I shall go wreke it vpon hym this nexte somer, & I shaH dystroye aH his londe; and yf I maye take hym, I shall not leue hym, <sup>2</sup>for the duke Aymon that shamfuHly is goon from me / nor for his foure sones 20 that I haue made knyghtes, wherof I me repente sore, but that I shaH make [t]hem to be hanged' / 'Syre,' sayd thenne the duke Naymes, 'now here what I shall saye to you / your sone is ded by grete vnhappe, and weH 24 in an euyH oure was he put to deth, for neuer dethe was so sore solde ne so dere boughte as this shaH be / So sende now for your folke thrughe aH your londes, & thenne from hens towarde Aygre-mount take your 28 waye. And yf ye may take the duke Benes / lete the deth of your sone lohier be to hym fuH dere solde.'

Charlemagne threatens to invade Aygre-mount in the summer.

Duke Naymes counsels the King to summon his folk and march against Duke Benes.

'**N**Aymes,' sayd the kyng, 'ye be a good man / 32 sage, curtois, & valyaunt. euyH thus shaH I doo / for weH wyselli ye haue counseyllid me' / Thenne gaaf he leue to many of his barons and gentyH men

<sup>1</sup> ne ses freres ne ses ěfās, F. orig. c. i.

<sup>2</sup> C. ii.

that were in his courte at that tyme, and tolde theym  
 that eche of theym sholde goo in to his countree for to  
 make theymselfe redy, and that they sholde come ayen  
 4 to hym the nexte somer. Soo was it doon as the kynge  
 had commaunded. And thus wente the barons & the  
 gentyHmen <sup>1</sup>from the courte into their countrey,<sup>1</sup> and  
 by theym were tydynges broughte thurgh the all the londes  
 8 vnto Rome / That kynge / Charlemayne made a grete  
 assemble of men of armes, soo that the renomme therof  
 floghe vnto the duke Benes of Aygremountes court /  
 whiche of that other parte dyd sende for his kynsmen  
 12 & frendes / & in especyall he sente for his bredern  
 Gerarde of roussyllon and Dron of nantueH / soo that  
 they were whan they came togider weH foure score  
 thousande fyghtyng men & moo / and as fayre folke as  
 16 euere were seen / whiche thenne sayd ' I byleue, yf the  
 kynge beseege the castelle that the worsse shaffe re-  
 tourne vnto hym ' / Thenne sayd the duke Benes of  
 Aygremounte to Gerarde of Rous<sup>2</sup>sillon, ' Broder,' sayd  
 20 he, ' be not dyssmayd / for I hope to hurte the kynge  
 soo sore yf he come vppon vs, that he shaH be wery of  
 his bargayn / but lete vs goo fourth towarde Troye <sup>3</sup>in  
 champaigne,<sup>3</sup> and / there we shall fyghte wyth the  
 24 kyng vygorously / for weH I wote that god shaH helpe  
 vs ayenste hym ' / This was atte the begynnyng of the  
 moneth of Maye, and Charlemayne was at Parys / that  
 abode after his men that sholde come for to goo wyth  
 28 a grete puyssaunce vpon the duke Benes of Aygre-  
 mounte. And bode not longe, that Rycharde of Nor-  
 mandy cam to the kyng with xxx thousande fyghtyng  
 men. And of a nother side, came to hym the erle  
 32 Guy, that hadde wyth hym a ryght noble and a grete  
 company of goode men. And<sup>4</sup> after hym came Sala-  
 mon of bretayne, and the erle Huon; and of all sides

The King allows many of his barons to go to their own lands till the summer.

Duke Benes, hearing of the intended invasion,

summones his kinsmen Gerarde of Roussyllon and Dron of Nantuell to his aid.

Duke Benes sets out with his army to Troyes.

Richard of Normandy and Earl Guy and others join the King at Paris with large forces.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. ii. back.      <sup>2</sup> C. ii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. ii.      <sup>4</sup> Amd in text.

ye sholde haue seen come to the kynge Charlemayne, Poeteuyns, Gascoyns, Normans, Flemynges, Bernyers, & Bourgoyns / and so many other grete lordes that it was grete wonder for to see / whiche come all, & lodged 4 theym selfe in y<sup>e</sup> medowes of saynte Germaine.

**T**Henne whan the kyng Charlemayne knewe that his folke was aff arryued, he had of yt grete Ioye / and incontynente made his bataylles to departe / for to go to 8 his enterpryse ; and made of Rycharde of Normandy, of Walleran of bryllon, of Guydellon of banyere, of Yzacar of Nemours, of Oger the dane / and of Esconf the sone of Oedon, wyth theym xl thousande men, his forewarde / 12 There sholde ye haue seen a ryght noble companye, and many hardy men. They departed from nyghe Parys / and putte theym selfe to the waye streyghte towarde Aygreounte. And they thus rydyng after many 16 dayes Iourney, whiche I canne not telle, came there streyghte to Ogyer the dane, that was <sup>1</sup>in the forewarde, a messenger sore hastily rydyng / that asked to whom was this noble companye / And he answered to 20 hym, that they were kynge Charlemaynes folke. Thenne sayd, <sup>2</sup>Syr, the messenger, <sup>2</sup>that he wolde weH speke wyth hym. Thenne went Oger the dane, and shewed hym to the kynge / And assoone as the messenger sawe hym, 24 he made hym due reuerence / and the kyng gaaf hym ayen his salute / and hym demaunded what he was and fro whens he come. And the messenger tolde hym that he was of Troye / and that vnto hym he was sent 28 from Aubrey, the lorde of Troye, that was his liege man, <sup>3</sup>whiche besoughte hym humbli for socoures, for the duk Benes of Aygreounte, and his two brederne, Gerarde of Roussyllon and Dron of nantuel, and wyth 32 theym an hundred thousande fyghtyng men, had beseged

They set out for Aygreount.

After many days marching a messenger rides forward and asks whither the army is bound.

The messenger, brought before the King,

says he comes from Aubrey of Troyes to ask for aid against Duke Benes.

<sup>1</sup> C. iii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. ii.

<sup>3</sup> car il tenoit de luy Troye, F. orig. c. ii.

hym wythin Troye; and that yf he come not to helpe hym, he muste yelde vp the towne, and also the fayre towre that Julyus Cesar dyde buylde there.

4 **W**Han Charlemayne the emperour vnderstode that  
Troye was beseged by the duke Benes and his  
bretherne / he was full sory for hit. And he swore  
thenne by saynt Denys of Fraunce, that he sholde goo  
8 there wyth his army, and that yf he myghte holde the  
duke of Aygremounte, he sholde make hym deye a  
shamfull deth. Soo called he the duke Naymes of  
Bauyere / Goodebew of Fryse / and the duk walleran,  
12 and sayd to theym, 'Barons, ye vnderstond what this  
messenger sayth / lete vs ryde hastely towarde Troy or  
it be take.' And they answered to hym ryght gladly  
that they wolde doo it soo / Soo dyde they rydde a  
16 goode paas till that they came nyghe Troye / And fyrste  
of aHe came the forewarde wyth the Oryflame / of the  
whiche were governours Oger the Dane / Rycharde of  
Normandy: and <sup>1</sup>the duke Walleran / and [with] theym  
20 fourty<sup>2</sup> thousande men / and the messenger of Troye that  
conduytted theym / And whan they were comen soo  
nyghe that they sawe Troye afore theym, a messenger  
came to Gerarde of Roussyllon that was afore Troye /  
24 saynge to hym that the kyng Charlemayne came vpon  
theym, for to socoure Aubrey wyth a ryght grete and  
puyssaunte companye / Thenne sayd Gerarde to his  
bretherne / That is to wyte, duke Benes of Aygre-  
28 mounte and the erle Dron of NantueH, 'that it were  
goode that they sholde goo ayenste kyng Charlemayne  
wyth aH theyr puyssaunce, and that eche of theym  
sholde preue hym selfe a goode man' / They dyde soo  
32 as they hadde deused, and Gerarde of Roussyllon was  
the fyrste in the forewarde; and they roode soo longe  
tyH that the one partye sawe the other. Thenne sayd  
Ogyer the Dane to Rycharde of Normandy, whan he

The King marches  
to succour Aubrey  
at Troyes.

A messenger is  
sent to announce  
to Gerarde of  
Roussyllon the  
approach of the  
army.

Gerarde and his  
men ride forward.

<sup>1</sup> C. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> trente, F. orig. c. ii.

sawe come Gerarde of Roussyllon / 'See,' sayd he, 'how Gerarde of Roussyllon weneth for to fare fowH wyth vs. But now lete vs thynke for to diffende vs weH, soo moche that the worshypppe abyde to the kynge Charle- 4 mayne / and to vs' / And thenne they lete renne theyr horses from one parte and from the other / And Gerarde of Roussyllon went and smote an Almayn wyth his spere soo moche, that he made it to entre thorughe the 8 body of hym, whiche felle anone deed to the grounde. And Gerarde toke his baner and cryed wyth an highe voys / 'Roussillon, Roussyllon!' <sup>1</sup>

The battle begins,

**T**Henne beganne the bataylle sore strong, felle, and 12 crueH. And when Oger the dane sawe thus his folke deye, he was woode and mad wyth hit / Soo wente he, and smote a knyghte named Ponson by suche a wyse, that he putte his spere thorughe the body of hym, 16 whiche felle down <sup>2</sup> deed afore him. And whan Gerarde and rages fiercely. hadde seen the same, he wente and smote one of Ogyers men / soo that aH<sup>e</sup> deed he cast hym afore hym / <sup>3</sup> And thenne he sayd, <sup>3</sup> 'Ye haue this for your maysters sake, 20 Ogyer' / Moche grete and merueyllouse was the stoure, and the bataiH soo fyers. For there sholde ye haue seen soo many of sheldes perced and clouen / and soo many a haubergeon broken / and salettes and helmes 24 vnbocted and sore beten / and soo many men lienge vpon thother deed, that aH the erthe was couered wyth the blood of the deed men, and of theym that were hurte there, soo that it was a grete pyte for to see. 28 And thenne came the duke Benes of Aygreounte, that spored hys horse terryble, and wente and smote Enguerran, lord of Peronne and of saynte Quynntyne, soo harde, that he ouerthrewe hym deed afore hym, and 32 thenne sayd, 'Now goo, goddys curse haue thou!' and cryed wyth an highe voys, 'Aygreounte' / And thenne

Duke Benes slays Enguerran, Lord of Peronne.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. iii. back.      <sup>2</sup> C. iii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. iii. back.



came to him his brother, the duke of NantueH, wyth  
 aH his folke, and they wente aH togyder vpon Charle-  
 maynes folke. And of the other parte came wyth grete  
 4 puyssaunce Almayns, Poeteuyns, and Lombardes also,  
 that were of the parte of kyng Charlemayne / So medled  
 theymselF the one partye among the other / And there  
 was moche harde and horryble assemble / For there  
 8 were slayne many myghty and worthy knyghtes of  
 bothe sydes / And Rycharde of Normandye shewed weH  
 there his grete prowessse and worthynes / for he wente  
 and smote a knyghte that Gerarde of Roussyllon loued  
 12 moche, by suche a streyngthe that he ouerthrewe hym  
 deed from hys horse to the erthe afore the sayd  
 Gerarde / whiche thenne sayd / ‘ Now am I weH sory  
 and wrothe for hym that now ys deed, that I loued  
 16 soo sore. Certes, I shaH neuer haue Ioye atte my herte  
 but that I be a<sup>1</sup>uenged therof shortely.’ Thenne toke  
 Gerarde of Roussyllon his baner in his fyste / but his  
 broder of NantueH came<sup>2</sup> anone to hym and sayd,  
 20 ‘ Broder, I counseyHe you that ye tourne agayn / for  
 here cometh Charlemayne wyth his folke, and weH I  
 telle you, that yf we abyde hym / the losse shaHe torne  
 vpon vs.’ And whyle they were spekyng thus, Wal-  
 24 leron of Bollon smote the neuwe of Gerarde of Rous-  
 sillon soo that he foynd atte hym wyth his swerde  
 thurgh the body of hym, and felle doun deed to the  
 erthe. Thenne trowed Gerarde to haue goon oute of  
 28 his wytte / and sente<sup>3</sup> anone for the duke Benes his  
 broder, that he sholde come soone to socoure hym /  
 And he dyde soo as preu and valyaunte that he was.  
 And of the other side assembled there the kyngé and  
 32 his folke. ¶ Soo shaH you now here of a thyng mer-  
 ueyllouse, of soo grete a noblesse, that at the same feelde  
 were crueHy slayne / This was in the moneth of Maye,

The prowess of  
 Richard of Nor-  
 mandy.

Walleron of  
 Bollon kills  
 Gerarde's nephew.

Gerarde sends to  
 Duke Benes for  
 aid.

<sup>1</sup> C. iiii. back.

<sup>2</sup> *Promptement*, F. orig. c. iii.  
*querir*, F. orig. c. iii.

vpon a mornynge, that kyng Charlemayne dide assemble his folke wyth the folke of the duke of Aygremounte and of his bretherne / to the whiche assemble ye sholde haue seen many fayr harneyses shynnyng, for the sonne 4 that fayr and clere was that daye, the whiche assemblee was wonderfuH stronge / For there were so many feet and hedes smytten of, and so many good horses slayne, <sup>1</sup>and tho ther ranne thurgh the medowes, wherof the 8 maysters leye deed vpon the grasse.<sup>1</sup> And wyte it for trouthe, that there were deed that same daye of the one side and of the other, more than xl<sup>2</sup> thousande men. Ha, god, what slaughter ! there was moche grete noblesse 12 deed. The duk Benes, sore angred, went and smote sire Walter, lorde of Pyerelee, in his shelde, soo that his spere wente thorughe the body of hym, and felle doun deed afore hym. Thenne cryed he wyth an highe 16 voys, ‘his banere, <sup>3</sup>Aygremounte !’

Duke Benes kills  
Sir Walter, Lord  
of Pyerelee.

**G**Rete was the preesse / and the bataylle fyers and merueyllouse. And there shewed Rycharde of Normandy moche worthyly his grete hardynes / For 20 he Iousted ayenste the duke of Aygremounte soo that he perced his sheelde, and dyde hurte hym ryght sore / And sayd to hym / ‘By god, ye shaH not this daye escape dethe. It was an euyH daye for you whan ye 24 dyde slee my lorde Lohyer’ / And wyth that, he dyd drawe oute his swerde / And smote the duke agayne vpon his helme / in suche a wyse that yf it hadde not be the coyffe of stele that made his stroke to slyde / 28 the sayd benes hadde be deed that houre. And the stroke felle doun vpon the horse, and cutte the horse in two, as thoughe hit had be noo thyng ; and thus felle the horse deed vnder his mayster / Thenne was the 32 duke Benes sore abasshed whan he thus founde hym-

Richard of Nor-  
mandy jousts  
against Duke  
Benes.

Duke Benes' horse  
is killed.

<sup>1-1</sup> et les autres courir parmi les prez dont les maistres gisoïet mors par dessus lerbe.

<sup>2</sup> lx, in F. orig. c. iii.

<sup>3</sup> C. v.

selfe a grounde / But he stode vppe on his feete  
 redyly, as he that was preu and valyaunte, holdyng hys  
 swerde in his hande / And wente and smote a knyghte  
 4 named sire Symon, soo that he kylled hym sterke deed  
 in the place / And thenne he called wyth an highe  
 voys / Aygremounte his baner. Thenne came to hym  
 his two bretherne / the duke of Roussyllon and of  
 8 Nantueff / And of the side of kynge Charlemayne  
 came Ogyer, Naymes, Walleran of Bollon, Huon lorde  
 of Mauns, the erle Salamon, Leon of Fryse, the arche-  
 byshop Turpyn, and Escouf the sone of Oedon / And  
 12 thenne sholde ye haue seen there, at that assemble,  
 moche grete and merueyllouse noblesse of knyghtes that  
 leye deed vpon the erthe, the one vpon the other, that  
 it was a pyetous sighte to be-holde.

He fights Sir  
 Symon on foot  
 and kills him.

16 **T**HIS inhumayn occysion was come themperoure  
 Charlemayn,<sup>1</sup> cryeng, 'barons, yf they escape vs,  
 we shal <sup>2</sup>neuer haue honoure' / and thenne he bare  
 vppe his spere to the reest, and wente and smote in to  
 20 the shelde of Gerarde of roussyllon, so that he ouer-  
 threwe bothe horse and man to the grounde / And  
 there hadde be his last daye, yf hit hadde not be the  
 duke Benes and Dron, his bretherne / that moche  
 24 worthyly, and wyth grete deligence, socoured hym.  
 Of that other partye, came Ogyer the Dane, vpon  
 his goode horse Broyforte, that smote a knyghte of  
 the folke of Gerarde, duke of Roussyllon, called sire  
 28 Foulquet, soo that he cloue hym to the teeth, and felle  
 doun deed to the erth. And whan Gerarde of Roussillon  
 sawe thus his knyghte slayne, he called to god and to  
 our lady, sayng, 'Weff haue I this day loste my fayr  
 32 and goode knyghte.' And the duke of Aygremounte  
 was sore abashed, and prayed god also fuß pyetously  
 that it wolde playse hym to kepe hym from deth, and  
 from faHyng into the handes of Charlemayne. Nyghe

Charlemagne  
 overthrows  
 Gerarde,

but Duke Benes  
 and Dron save  
 him.

Duke Benes prays  
 that his life may  
 be spared.

<sup>1</sup> de France, F. orig. c. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> C. v. back.

The battle ceases  
at sundown.

was the sonne vnder, and it was well aboute complyn  
tyme / and the fyghters of the one parte and of the  
other were wery and sore chauffed / And soo wyth-  
drewē the thre bretherne abacke to their tentes wyth 4  
moche wrathe / and in especyaH Gerarde of Roussyllon,  
that hadde loste that daye Aymanoy his cosyn, and a  
hundred other of the beste Knyghtes of his company /  
And he sayd in this wyse / ‘An euyH houre it was 8  
whan the sone of Charlemayne was slayne’ / Thenne  
came to hym the duke Benes of Aygremounte bledynge,  
as he that was horribly wounded / And whan Gerarde  
sawe hym / he began to sighe tenderly, saynge / ‘Fayr 12  
brother, are ye wounded to dethe?’ ‘Nay,’ sayd he,  
‘I shaH soone be hole.’ Thenne swore Gerarde the  
duke of Roussyllon, that to morowe atte the sonne  
rysyngē / He sholde begynne agayne the batayHe 16  
ayenste kynge Charlemayne and his <sup>1</sup>folke, wherfore  
xxx thousande shaH lose theyr lyues. ‘Alas, for god,  
nay,’ sayd his broder, the duke NantueH. ‘But yf ye  
wyH doo my counseyH we shaH sende xxx. of the 20  
wysest knyghtes that we haue, vnto kyng Charlemayne,  
and by our sayd knyghtes we shaH doo hym to wyte,  
and shewe humbli that he haue pyte and mercy of vs,  
and that the duke Benes our brother shaH amende hym 24  
the deth of his sone Lohier, euen soo as it shaH be  
aduysed by the prynces and barons of his felaushyp  
and of ours / and ye knowe well aH redy that we ben  
his liege men, and that for to werre ayenste hym we 28  
doo crueH falshed / And yet more it is / that yf he had  
lost aH his folke that he<sup>2</sup> hath here wyth hym / or euer  
*that* it were a moneth passed he sholde haue recouered  
twys as many / soo maye we no thyng doo ayenst 32  
hym / And therefore maye we noo thyng doo ayenst  
hym; and therefore I praye you, my brethern, that ye

Gerarde counsels  
a renewal of the  
fight on the  
morrow.

Duke Nantuell  
counsels that  
Duke Benes  
should make  
amends to Charle-  
magne for the  
death of Lohier.

<sup>1</sup> C. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> qu'il amene sur nous, F. orig. c. iiiii.

weſt doo thus' / And to hym answered his two brethern  
 that they wolde doo it / syn that he counſeylled theym  
 soo; And concluded togyder that they ſholde ſende  
 4 thither as ſoone as it were daye. They made that  
 nyghte good watche vnto the mornyng / and thenne  
 they made redy theyr meſſagers for to ſende to the  
 kyng Charlemayne. And whan they were redy /  
 8 Gerarde of rouſſyllon ſayd to theym / 'Lordes, ſaye  
 weſt to kyng Charlemayne that we be ſore dysplayſed  
 of the deth of his ſone Lohier, and that our brother,  
 the duke Benes, repenteth hymſelfe of it full ſore, &  
 12 that yf it playſe hym to haue mercy of vs, that we  
 ſhaſt go and ſerue hym where it ſhaſt playſe hym  
 to ſende vs, wyth x thouſande fyghtyng men / And  
 also ye ſhaſt ſaye to Naymes of bauyere, that we  
 16 praye hym that we he wyſt employe hymſelfe to-  
 warde the kyng Charlemayne, that this accorde maye  
 be hadde.'

Duke Nantuell's  
 advice is taken.

Meſſengers ſent  
 to offer allegiance  
 to the King.

20 **A**fter that the meſſagers hadde weſt aſſe alonge  
 vnderſtande what they ſholde ſaye to the kyng  
 Charlemayne from the thre bretherne dukes / They  
 lyghted on horſebacke eche of theym / berynge  
 braunches of olyue tree in their handes, In token of  
 24 peas / And ceaſſed not to ryde tyl that they were  
 come afore the tente of the kyng Charlemayne /  
 Thenne ſpake one of theym, whiche was named Steuyn /  
 that ſalued the kyng in this manere /

28 'Syre, I praye<sup>2</sup> our lorde that of his grace gyue  
 you goode lyfe and longe / And wyte, syre, that the  
 duke Gerarde of Rouſſyllon, & the duke Benes of Ay-  
 gremount, and Dron of Nantueſt, ben comen hider, the  
 32 whiche crye you mercy / and byſeche you ryght humbly  
 that it playſe you to pardone theym the dethe of your

The meſſengers  
 deliver their  
 meſſage to the  
 King, ſtating  
 Gerarde, and  
 Duke Benes, and  
 Dron of Nantuell  
 offer their allegi-  
 ance to him.

<sup>1</sup> C. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> celluy dieu q' forma noz pere et mere adam, et eue  
 createur de toutes choses, benoise vous roy Charlemagne, F.  
 orig. c. v. back.

sone Lohyer / of the whiche they are wrothe and sory.  
 And the duke of Aygreounte lete you wyte by vs /  
 that yf hyt be your playsure to doo soo, that he and his  
 bretherne shaſte be your liegemen,<sup>1</sup> And shalle come to 4  
 serue you wyth x thousande fyghtyng men in aſte that  
 shaſte be your playsure to employe theym / Syre, for  
 godys sake, haue remembraunce that god forgaffe his  
 dethe to Longys, that crueſly stycked hym to the 8  
 herte;<sup>2</sup> wherfore, syre, playse it you to pardone theym,  
 and take theym to your goode grate. And of this  
 right humbly they beseche you.'

**W**Han the kyng Charlemayne hadde thus herde 12  
 speke the messagers of the thre bretherne /  
 He frompeled his forhede, and knytted his browes, and  
 loked ful angrely / And atte that owre he answered to  
 theym noo thyng / And thenne soone after he beganne 16  
 to speke in this manere: 'By my feyth, Sir Steuyn,'  
 sayd he, 'weH had the duke Benes lost his wyttes  
 whan he soo shamfully slewe <sup>3</sup>my dere sone Lohier,  
*the*<sup>4</sup> whiche I loued soo tenderly. Now, is he my 20  
 man? wyH he or not?' 'Syre,' sayd Steuyn, 'I am  
 certeyne that he shaſte doo to you aſte rayson to the  
 dyrectyon of your goode counseyHe' / Then sayde the  
 kyng, 'of this we shaſte counseyHe vs' / And wyth- 24  
 drewe hym a lityH a side / and called to hym duke  
 Naymes, Ogyer the dane / sire Salamon, Huon of  
 Mauns, Walleron of Boullon / Odet of Langres, and  
 Leon of Fryse, and sayd to theym / 'Lordes, here ben 28  
 the messagers of the duke Benes & of his brethern,  
 that sende me worde that they wyH come to serue me  
 where my wylle shaH be, wyth x thousande goode  
 fyghtyng men / yf we wyH pardonne theym the 32  
 dethe of my sone Lohier; And they shaH be oure

The King takes  
 counsel with his  
 lords.

<sup>1</sup> Et luz et ses freres Gerart de Roussyllon et  
 Dron de Natuel les quelz vous viedrot servir.

<sup>2</sup> de sa lauce, F. orig. c. v.

<sup>3</sup> C. vii.

<sup>4</sup> we *in text*.

vassaylles and treue liege men; And of vs they shaHe  
holde theyr londes and theyr lordeshyppes' / 'Syre,'  
answered the duke Naymes, 'in this is noo thyng but  
4 weH. Soo counseylle I you that ye pardoune theym /  
For<sup>1</sup> they be moche valyaunte / and of grete renowne;  
wherfore pardoune theym, yf it playse you.'

Duke Naymes  
counsels the King  
to accept their  
allegiance.

**T**Henne by the counseyHe of the duke Naymes of  
8 Bauyere, the kyng dyde pardoune the thre  
bretherne, and called to hym the thre<sup>2</sup> knyghtes / and  
sayd to theym / 'how he pardouned the thre dukes the  
dethe of his sone Lohier / by suche a condycyon that  
12 the duke Benes of Aygremounte sholde come for to  
serue hym atte the feste of saynte Iohn<sup>3</sup> nexte comyng  
wyth ten thousande fyghtyng men weH arrayed.  
'And ye shaHe telle to theym, that they surely come  
16 now to me for to take of theym theyr othe and feyth,  
that they shaHe from hens fourthe / obeye and serue  
me truly; And that of me they shaHe holde aHe theyr  
landes.' Thenne departed the knyghtes from afore  
20 kyng Charlemayn, & cam ayen to the dukes, and  
shewed to theym how they<sup>4</sup> had sped of their message  
wyth the kyng, wherof the thre bretherne thanked  
moche humbly oure lorde / Thenne sayde the duke  
24 Rycharde<sup>5</sup> of Roussillon, 'it is rayson that we take  
of<sup>6</sup> oure goode gownes, and goo to the kyng naked,  
and crie hym mercy of this that we haue thus offended  
ayenst his highe puyssaunce and lordeshyppe' / And  
28 the other two bretherne answered that weH they oughte  
to doo soo / Seo toke the noble knyghtes theyr clothes  
of,<sup>6</sup> and alle naked, bare fote, and in poure estate, de-  
parted from theyr lodges / And well foure thousande  
32 knyghtes wyth theym, aHe bare fote & in theyr shertes,  
and in suche estate as were theyr maysters. In thys

The King pardons  
the three Dukes,

on condition that  
Duke Benes  
should serve him  
with ten thousand  
men at the feast  
of St. John.

The messengers  
return and an-  
nounce the King's  
decision.

The Dukes and  
many knights go  
before the King  
naked and bare-  
footed to offer  
their allegiance.

<sup>1</sup> car les troys ducs, F. orig. c. v.      <sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. v.

<sup>3</sup> baptiste, F. orig. c. v.      <sup>4</sup> C. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> Girart de Roussillon a ses freres, c. v. F. orig.      <sup>6</sup> off.

wyse they came to fore the kynge Charlemayne, And wyte weH that in ryght grete humylite were sette the thre bretherne for to haue peas and accorde wyth the kynge Charlemayne, that was wrothe to theym, specy- 4  
 atty to the duke of Aygremounte / as more playnly ye shaHe here hereafter.

**W**Han kynge Charlemayne sawe thus come the thre bretherne wyth theyr barons and knyghtes, 8  
 he called to hym the duke Naymes and many other barons / and sayd to theym / 'Canne not ye telle me what folke ye see yonder commynge?' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'it is duk Benes of Aygremounte 12  
 wyth his folke / that come for to requyre you of mercy' / This hangynge, the duke Benes of Aygre-  
 mounte came afore the kynge, and caste hym selfe vpon his knee / and sayd to hym in this wyse / 'Syre, for god 16  
 I crye you mercy ; we ben here comen by your commaundement / Yf I haue sleyne your dere<sup>1</sup> sone by my foly, I now (as your man) yelde me and my bretherne also, Gerarde of roussillon & Dron of nantuel, & wyH 20  
 be your liege men & serue you wyth aH our pussaunce where your plaisur <sup>2</sup>shaHe be to sette vs vnto / and neuer dayes of our lyues we shaH faylle you / but yf it be longe of you' / 24

Benes asks the King's pardon for the death of Lohier.

Thenne whan the kyng sawe theym thus come humbli towarde his presence in theyr shertes, and barefoote, & had herde this that the duke of Aygre-  
 mounte had sayd to hym / he had of them right grete 28  
 pyte / and pardouned theym the deth of his sone Lohier, & aH his euyH wyH / Thenne shold ye haue seen from one parte and from the other, kysse and colle eche other theyr kynsmen / and some wepte for 32  
 ioye, & thother for pyte.

Charlemagne has pity for him, and grants his request.

**T**Henne were pleased the barons wyth the kyng Charlemayn by the counseyH of the good duke

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> C. viii.



Naymes. thezne sware and promysed the thre brethern  
 good fidelite <sup>1</sup>to the kyng Charlemayne<sup>1</sup> / and that  
 they sholde serue hym at all tymes that he sholde calle  
 4 for them / Soo toke they a glade leue from kyng  
 Charlemayne; but the kyng charged the duke Benes of  
 Aygremount that he sholde come to serue hym at the  
 feste of seynt Iohn nexte comyng / And thenne  
 8 returned kyng charlemayne towarde Parys / and the  
 bretherne wente ayen right glad, eche of them towarde  
 his place / for weH they trowed to haue accorde the  
 duke Benes of Aygremounte theyr broder towarde  
 12 Charlemayne / But other wyse it wente, & fuH lityH  
 was worthe their accorde, for soone after deyed therof  
 the duke Benes of Aygremounte by trason, and vnder  
 the saufconduyt of the kyng Charlemayne, as ye<sup>2</sup>  
 16 shaH vnderstonde yf ye wylle here me. ¶ Ye shaH  
 wyte that a lityl afore the feste of saynt Iohn baptiste  
 that the kyng Charlemayne helde a grete court in  
 Paris, & the duke Benes forgate not to goo thyder  
 20 as he had promysed / soo departed he fro Aygremounte  
 wyth two hundred knyghtes, and toke his way for to  
 come to Paris towarde the <sup>3</sup>kyng for to serue hym  
 where he wolde put hym vnto. Now shaH ye here  
 24 how the kyng, beyng in Parys / came towarde hym  
 the erle Guenes his neuewe, Aoryfoulquet of moryllon,  
 Hardres and Berenger, whiche tolde hym how the duk  
 Benes came for to serue hym wyth weH two hundred  
 28 knyghtes / saynge by this maner / ‘Syr, how maye ye  
 loue nor weH be serued of hym that soo crueHly hath  
 slayne your sone, oure cosin / yf your playsure were we  
 sholde well avenge you of hym / For in goode soothe  
 32 we sholde slee hym.’ ‘Guenes,’ sayd y<sup>e</sup> kyng, ‘it were  
 traision, for we haue gyuen to hym tryewes. Always  
 doo wyth it your wyH, so that the synne tourne not

Duke Benes  
 swears fidelity to  
 the King.

At the feast of St.  
 John, Benes goes  
 towards Paris.

Earl Guenes, the  
 nephew of the  
 King, announces  
 the approach of  
 Duke Benes,

and begs leave to  
 slay him

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. vi. back.      <sup>2</sup> ye ye *in text*.

<sup>3</sup> C. viii. back.

vpon me, and kepe you. For in certeyn the duke of Aygremounte is ryght myghty, and of grete kynred / and weſt ye myghte happe to haue a doo, yf ye fulfyll in this your owne entente.' 'Syre,' answered Guenes, 4  
 'care ye not therfore / for there nys soo ryche a man in aſt the worlde that durste vndertake ony thyng ayenste me and my linage.' 'Syre,' sayd Guenelon, 'tomorowe erly we shaſt departe wyth foure thousande fyghtyng 8  
 men / and take noo care for it / For we shaſt delyuer this worlde of hym.' 'Certes,' sayd the kyng, 'it were trayson' / 'Care not therfor,' sayd Guenes, 'he slewe weſt your sone Lohier by trayson, whiche was my 12  
 kynnesman, And therefore I wyſt be auenged and<sup>1</sup> I can. 'Now doo you therin,' sayd the kyng, 'proteſtyng alwayes that I am not therto consentyng.'

Although protest-  
 ing, the King  
 gives his sanction  
 to the traitor  
 Guenes.

**W**Han the mornyng came, departed weſt erly from 16  
 Parys the sayd Guenelon and his felawes, and wyth theym weſt foure thousande fyghtyng men / And neuer they taryed tyll that they came in the Valey of Soyssons / And there they recounted the duke Benes 20  
 wyth his puyssaunce; and whan the duk Benes sawe theym<sup>2</sup> come, he sayd to his <sup>3</sup>folke, 'Lordes, I trowe that yonder be som folke of the kingis, that retourne ayen from the court' / 'It is noo force<sup>4</sup>,' sayd one of his 24  
 knyghtes. 'I wote not what it maye be,' sayd the duke / 'For the kyng Charlemayne is sore vengable for to auenge hymselfe / And also he hath wyth hym a lynage of folke, the whiche be felle and cruell / Is it 28  
 Guenes, foulques of Moryllon, and certeyn other of his court / And in trouthe, to nyghte in my slepe I dremed that a gryffon came oute of the heuens, that perced my shelde and aſt myn armes, soo that his nayles stacke in 32  
 to my lyuer and my mylte / and aſt my men were therof in grete tourmente / and they aſt were eten wyth

In the valley of  
 Soissons they  
 encounter the  
 Duke and his  
 knights.

On their approach  
 Benes relates his  
 fears of treachery  
 on the part of  
 Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> if.      <sup>2</sup> vit venir si noble copaignie, F. orig. c. vi.

<sup>3</sup> D. i.

<sup>4</sup> matter.

bores and of lions, and noone of theym scaped but one  
 alone / And also me semed that oute of my mouth  
 yssued a white douve' / Thenne sayd one of hys  
 4 knyghtes that it was aH but weH / and that for cause  
 of this dreme he oughte not to dysmaye hymselfe / 'I  
 wote not,' sayd the duke, 'what god shaH sende me,  
 but of this my herte dredeth' / Soo commaunded the  
 8 duk Benes that euery man shold arme hymselfe. And  
 his knyghtes answered, that right gladly they wolde soo  
 doo. Soo beganne eueriche of theym to seke his armes  
 and habylmentes / Here shaHe you here of the harde  
 12 hewing, and of a thyng heuy to be recounted, of the  
 grete slaughter that made the traytour Guenellon of the  
 goode duke Benes of Aygremounte.

The Duke com-  
 mands every man  
 to arm himself.

**T**[h]E erle Guenes rode wyth grete force, that was  
 16 wonderfuH strong & fyers, and weH accompanied.  
 Thenne wente and mette wyth the duk Benes first,  
 Foulquet of Moryllon, the whiche sayd to hym that he  
 hadde doon ylle for to slee Lohyer the sone eldest  
 20 of the kyng Charlemayne / but or euer the eyn came  
 he sholde haue a sory rewarde for it. Whan the duke  
 vnderstode hym, he merueylled hym <sup>1</sup>selfe moche, and  
 sayd / 'Ha god, how myght one kepe hym frome  
 24 traytours / Alas, I helde the kyng Charlemayne for a  
 true prynce / and I see now the contrary ; but afore  
 that I deye, I shaH selle my deth ful dere' / Thenne  
 wente they and fought, the one partye ayenst the other,  
 28 moche angrely. In so moche that Guenes smotte byfore  
 the duke, hys cosyn Reyner, soo that he ouerthrewe  
 hym doun deed to the erth afore his feete ; and after, he  
 cryed wyth an hie voys / 'smyte on, knyghtes, for he  
 32 slewe my good cosin Lohier / The duk Benes of Aygre-  
 mount dayned not accorde wyth me / but now I shaHe  
 selle it hym fuH dere.' So ranne Guenes & his folke  
 vpon the duke Benes of Aygremounte / and the duke

The Duke bewails  
 the treachery of  
 Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> D. i. back.

Guenes slays a knight, called Sir Fawcon.

Duke Benes weeps for the absence of Mawgis, and

the four sons.

The battle rages fiercely.

ryght worthili deffended hym selfe, & smote a knyghte named sire Fawcon, so that he shoued his swerde in to the body of hym, and he felle deed afore hym. And after this the duke Benes of Aygremount toke hym 4 selfe for to wepe strongly / and wysshed moche after his two bretherne, and also after his neuwes. ‘Alas,’ sayd he, ‘dere sone Mawgys! where be you now, that ye be not here for to socoure me / for wel I wote, yf ye 8 wyst this enterprise, ye sholde well socoure me / Ha, my dere broder, the duke of Dordonne & of NantueH, <sup>1</sup>& Gerarde of Roussyllon,<sup>1</sup> weH I know that ye shaH neuer see me alyue / Alas, that ye knowe not the false 12 enterpryse of Charlemayne and of the erle Guenellon / that soo crueHly and by grete trayson shaHte this daye make me Inhumaynly for to deye. WeH I wote that ryght worthily ye sholde come helpe me. Ha, my dere 16 neuwes, Reynawde, Alarde, Rycharde, and Guycharde, soo moche nede I haue this daye of you. Ha, my dere newew Reynawde, worthy knyghte / as thou arte / yf hit playse to god of hys benygne grace / that thou 20 myghte know the greuouse tourmente and the sorowfuH matyere to the whi<sup>2</sup>che by trayson I am this day lyuered / well I wote that by the<sup>3</sup> I sholde haue socours / for in aH the worlde ys not thy peere of 24 beaulte, of goodnesse, of prowesse, and of worthynesse / Now maye not this daye socoure me aH my noble and worthy lynage / but that crueHly, and vnder the sauf-conduyt of Charlemayne, I shaH deye pyeteously.’ 28

**F**Yers was the batayH, and ryght harde to endure, but well ye maye wyte that the duke of Aygremounte myghte not resiste ayenste soo many folke; for he hadde not wyth hym but two hundred knyghtes / 32 and the<sup>4</sup> other were moo than four thousande: thus were they euyH matched / Thenne sholde ye haue seen

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. vii.    <sup>2</sup> D. ii.    <sup>3</sup> thee.

<sup>4</sup> traictres, F. orig. c. vii.

that daye soo moche braynes in the feelde / soo many  
 feete and hedes smytten of / that it was a pyteouse  
 thyng to beholde / After came yet ayen Guenes, that  
 4 smote Toyusselyne of Bloye soo that he casted hym  
 ded to the erth / and he made sone to go backe the  
 duk Benes folke of Aygremounte / Thenne was sore  
 abasshed the duke of Aygremounte / the whiche knewe  
 8 weH that wythoute dethe he myghte not escape. Soo  
 wente he, and smote one of Guenes folke soo grete a  
 stroke, that he ouerthrewe hym deed / for noon other-  
 wyse he coude doo / but deffende hymselfe as well as  
 12 he coude for to lengthe his lyffe / Ha, god, what a grete  
 dommage it was to haue thus shamfully betrayed hym /  
 for after, many chirches, many townes and castelles  
 were therefore sette in a fyre<sup>1</sup> / and soo many grete nobles  
 16 fuH pyetously broughte to deth / Soo moche sped the  
 traytour Guenes ayenst the goode duke of Aygremounte,  
 that the folke of the duke were weke and almoste gon /  
 For, of the two hundred that he hadde broughte, he  
 20 hadde noo moo wyth hym but<sup>2</sup> fourthi / ‘Barons,’ sayd  
 the duke Benes of Aygremounte, ‘ye see that we ben  
 almoste <sup>3</sup>aH deed, yf we deffende vs not wyth grete  
 herte and worthynes / and for goddis loue lete euery  
 24 of vs be worthe thre as longe as we shaH now be alyue.  
 For ye see, that here pyetously we muste departe and  
 breke felowshyp.’ Thenne wente the duke agayn, and  
 smote a knyghte named syre Helye, soo that he mad  
 28 hym to faHe deed to the erthe. And thenne cryed  
 wyth an hyghe voyce / ‘Smyte well, barons.’ The valey  
 was fayre, and sounded of the noyse<sup>4</sup> that was made  
 there / And atte that oure, one named Gryffoon of  
 32 Hautefelle / wente and smote the dukes horse in to the  
 breste wyth his spere, soo that he ouerthrewe hym

Benes defends  
 himselfe valiantly,

but of his two  
 hundred folk only  
 forty remain  
 alive.

Gryffoon of  
 Hautefelle kills  
 the Duke's horse.

<sup>1</sup> et en flambe, F. orig. c. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> cinquante, F. orig. c. viii. back.      <sup>3</sup> D. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> des coups quilz donnoient sur les heaulmes, F. orig. c. viii. back.

vnder the horse / And the duke anoone arose<sup>1</sup> vppon his feete, and toke his swerde, wenyng to smyte the sayd Gryffon ; but the stroke felle vppon the horse, soo that he cutted hym asonder, as yt hadde ben noo thyng. 4

**W**Han the duke Benes of Aygremounte sawe hym selfe thus on foote he knewe weH that it was doon<sup>2</sup> of hym / but weH he sware that his dethe he sholde selle righte dere. But sodaynly came there vpon 8 hym the erle Guenes, that satte vppon a goode courser, the whiche smote the duke Benes of Aygremounte wyth his spere suche a stroke, that he shoued hym thorughe and thorughe his body, and thus fell doun deed the 12 duke Benes of Aygremounte / And thenne the duke Gryffon, the fader of the sayd Guenes, cam to the duke Benes of Aygremounte that laye deed vppon the sande / and shoued his swerde in to his foundement.<sup>3</sup> 16 Thenne sayd the duke Gryffon, ‘Now haste you thi rewarde, for my lorde Lohyers<sup>4</sup> deeth that thou late slew shamefully wythin thy palays. Now is the goode and worthy duke Benes of Aygremount deceased, god of his 20 soule haue mercy’ / And the traytour Guenellon and the <sup>5</sup>lorde of Haultefelle, <sup>6</sup>that lyghted vpon a goode horse,<sup>6</sup> wente after the duke of Ayyremountes<sup>7</sup> folke <sup>8</sup>that fledde,<sup>8</sup> whiche were but x. a lyue of two hundred, and 24 yet these x. were soone ouertaken. And thenne the traytours made theym to swere and promytte that the body of the late duke, their mayster, they sholde bere to Aygremounte / lyke that he hadde doo bryngge the 28 body of Lohier to Parys in a byere. And the sayd knyghtes promysed them for to doo so. So toke they the corps from the other bodies deed, wherof was there grete nomber, and put hym in a byere / and thenne 32

Duke Benes fights on foot,

but is slain by Earl Guenes.

Guenellon pursues the folk of Duke Benes, and slays all but ten.

The ten knights carry the body of Benes to Agremounte.

<sup>1</sup> moult vaillammēt, F. orig. c. viii.    <sup>2</sup> doon = all up with.

<sup>3</sup> si luy est lame du corps despartie, F. orig. c. viii. back.

<sup>4</sup> que tu as na gueres occis villainement, F. orig. c. viii. back.

<sup>5</sup> D. iii.    <sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. c. viii. back.

<sup>7</sup> Benes.    <sup>8-8</sup> omitted, F. orig.

wente on their waye wyth aH / And whan they were  
 goon a lityH ferder / god knoweth what sorowe and  
 lamentacyon<sup>1</sup> that they made for the dethe of theyr  
 4 mayster, sayeng, 'Ha, god, goode duke that soo worthy  
 was, how now we are sory for the / Certaynly full  
 euyH hath doon kyng Charlemayne, that vnder hys  
 saufconduytte hath made the to be slayn in traizon' /  
 8 These soroufulH knyghtes went thus makynge theyr  
 mone, berynge the body of the duke Benes, their  
 mayster, vpon a byere that two horses<sup>2</sup> bare, whiche  
 corps neuer staunched of bledynge by the space of viii  
 12 myles. And how many dayes Iourney that thyse  
 knyghtes were wyth the body of theyr mayster by the  
 waye, I can not telle you / but they wente soo longe  
 that they cam nygh Aigremounte / and approched soo  
 16 moche that the tydynges cam to the towne, and to the  
 duchesse, that her lorde hadde ben thus traytoursly  
 slayne. Soo oughte not be asked of the grete sorow  
 that the duchesse and her sone Mawgys made / They  
 20 yssued after oute of the towne wyth theym of the  
 chirche, and wente ayenste the corps / Nor also oughte  
 not to be asked yf there were made that daye grete  
 wepynges and lamentacyons. For whan the duchesse  
 24 saw her lorde / and the <sup>3</sup>woundes that he hadde in hys  
 body, more than thre tymes she felle doun in a swoune  
 vppon hym / and in thys wyse they bare the corps to  
 the chieff chyrche / and the bysshop of the towne dyde  
 28 the seruyse, and thenne he was putte in his graue, and  
 was ryght reuerently buried. Thenne sayd hys sone  
 Mawgys, 'Good lorde, what a dommage is this, of suche  
 a worthy lorde, to haue be thus slayne crueHy by  
 32 trayson ; but and yf I lyue longe, Charlemayne & the  
 traytourses that this haue doon, shaH abyge for it full  
 derely' / His lady moder he recomforted, and sayd to

Tidings reach the  
 duchess that her  
 lord is slain.

The duchess  
 swoons.

<sup>1</sup> et piteulx pleurs firent les ditz chevaliers, F. orig. c. viii.

<sup>2</sup> pallefroys, F. orig. c. viii.

<sup>3</sup> D. iii. back.

Mawgis comforts his mother, and vows vengeance on Charlemagne with the help of the four sons.

her / ' My dere moder, haue a lytyH pacyence ; for myn vncles, Gerarde of Roussyllon, Dron of NantueH / and my cosins, Reynaude, Alarde, Rycharde, and Guycharde shaH helpe me wel for to auenge the dethe of my lorde 4 my fader.' Now shaH we leue here to speke of theym of Aygremounte, that ben in grete laimentacyon and wepynges for the dethe of theyr lorde / and shaH re- 8 tourne to teHe of the traytours Gryffon and of Guenes his sone, that wyth theyr folke were goon ayen to Parys.

## CHAPTER II.

¶ How Gryffon of Haultefelle and Guenellon after that they hadde slayne the duke Benes 12 of Aygremounte they retourned to Parys, and recounted to the kynge Charle- 16 mayne was glad / but afterwarde he was full wrothe and sory for it. For, after the duke of Aygremountes dethe, his two bretherne, Gerarde of Roussyllon and Dron of 20 Nantuell, werred sore agaynste hym<sup>1</sup> wyth their neuewe Mawgys / and thenne they made peas and accorded togyder. But the kyng Charle- 24 mayne apoynted not wyth the foure sones of Aymon, nor to Mawgys theyr cosin / ¶ Item, sheweth also the same 28 chapytre, how Reynawde slewe the neuewe of kynge Charle- 28 mayne wyth a ches borde, as they were playnge togyder at the chesses / wherof the werre began / the whiche was

<sup>1</sup> et aussi Mawgis son filz, F. orig. b. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> D. iiii.



sore mortall / as ye shall now here here  
after, and lasted soo longe that it dyde grete  
dommage to the royaume of Fraunce.

4

¶ Capytulum<sup>1</sup> / iiii.

**Y**E shaH now here & vnderstande from the hens-  
fourthon a terryble and a pyetous songe, yf ye  
therafter liste to herken / This was atte the  
8 feste of Penthecoste after the holy thursdaye / that the  
kyng Charlemayne helde a grete courte in Parys / after  
that he hadde accorded wyth the bretherne of the sayd  
duke Benes of Aygremounte / And to the sayd feste  
12 came WyHiam the Englysse, Walleran of Bullon, xv /  
kynges and xxx dukes, and well lx erles were there  
atte that daye, for to crowne Charlemayne / and also  
was come there the duke Aymon of Dordonne, wyth  
16 his foure<sup>2</sup> sones, that is to wyte, Reynawde, Alarde,  
Rycharde, and Guycharde / to the whiche Aymon the  
kinge sayd / 'Aymon,' sayd he, 'I loue you and your  
children weH. And wyte that I wiH make of the  
20 fayre Reynawde, my stywarde / and the other shaH  
serue me for to bere my faucons and goo<sup>3</sup> wyth me.  
'Syre,' sayd the good Aymon / 'I thanke you moche  
of the grete worshippe that ye doo to me and to my  
24 chyl dren / and wyt that they shaH serue you truly as  
your liege men. But weH I telle you, good kyng,  
that ye myspryed sore whan my brother the duk  
Benes of Aygremounte, vnder your saufconduyt, and  
28 in treyson, ye made thus shamfuHly deye / And beleue  
that it greueth me fuH sore att herte / and yf we  
doubted not you soo moche, Certes, vengeance we  
sholde take therof / but sith that my broder Gerarde  
32 hath pardoned it to you: I forgyue it you also.'  
4 'Aymon,' sayd the kyng, 'ye knowe better than that

At the feast of  
Pentecost Charle-  
magne and all his  
barons are assem-  
bled at Paris,

also Aymon and  
his four sons.

Charlemagne  
offers to make  
Reynawde his  
steward.  
Aymon thanks  
him,

but complains of  
his treason  
towards Duke  
Benes.

<sup>1</sup> chap. ii. ca. iiii. in Caxton.    <sup>2</sup> beaulx, F. orig. b. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> en gibier avecques moy, F. orig. b. i. back.    <sup>4</sup> D. iiii. back.

The King cites the death of Lohier as his excuse.

The four sons come before the King.

Reynawde confesses his hatred to the King.

Charlemagne's anger is roused,

and he tells Reynawde to go out of his sight.

All the assembly go to hear mass,

ye saye ; for ye knowe weH the offence that your broder hadde doon to me, for to haue slayne soo crueHy Lohier my eldeste sone, that I loued soo moche. Now sette the one agaynste the other, and lete be spoken nomore 4 therof' / 'Nomore we shall,' sayd duke Aymon / 'but weH I praye god to haue mercy of his soule, for he was a ryght worthy knyghte' / Thenne cam fourthe Reynawde, Alard, Guycharde, and Rycharde, whiche 8 raysoned wyth the kynge / saynge in this maner / 'Syr,' sayd Reynawde, 'the fayreste of aH knyghtes, 1 and moost experte in faytes of knyghthode<sup>1</sup> / ye haue made me, and my bretherne that ben now here afore 12 you, knyghtes / but wyte it for veray certeyn, that we loue you not, and that we haue towarde you a grete and a mortaHe hate, for the dethe of oure vncler the duke Benes of Aygreounte / of the whiche dethe ye 16 haue not accorded wyth vs' / Whan the kynge vnderstode Reynawde, he loked grymly and fyersly in his vysage for grete wrath, and becam blacke as a cole / and smote his forhede for anger. And after sayde to 20 Reynawde / 'Thou yonge boye, voyde oute of my presence / for I swere the, by saynte Symon, and yf it were not the companye of the barons that be here, I sholde make y<sup>e</sup> to be put in suche a pryson *that* thou 24 sholdeste not see nother hande nor foote that thou hast.' 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'it were not rayson / but sith that it is soo ferre come that ye wyH not here vs, we shaH kepe our peas.' 28

**T**hus lefte the foure sones of Aymon the debate, and spake nomore to the kynge Charlemayne for that tyme of thys matere / Fayr was the courte, and the daye was full fayr and bryght / and fayr was the 32 company, as of xv. kynges / xxx dukes & lx erles / They wente to the chirche <sup>2</sup>for to here the fayr messe that was song ; & moche riche was the offeryng / And

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. i.

<sup>2</sup> D. v.

1 whan they had herde the messe,<sup>1</sup> they cam ayen to the  
 palays, and asked after water for to wasse their handes ;  
 and the dyner was redy, soo they wasshed & set theym  
 4 doun to dyner / And the xv kynges were aff set, excepte  
 the kyng Salamon, that serued that daye wyth the  
 duke Godfraye / But Reynawde, at this dyner myghte  
 not ete / bycause that the kyng Charlemayne had  
 8 rebuked hym soo shamfully / 'Ha,' sayd Ryynawde to  
 hym selfe / ' alas, how shaH I conne doo soo moche,  
 that I maye auenge myselfe of Charlemayn, for the  
 deth of my vncl, *that* so moche was beloued / whiche  
 12 traytorsly & shamfully hath he slayn ; & yf I take  
 no vengauce of it I shaH wexe mad.' In this wyse  
 sorowed y<sup>e</sup> good renowde, & his bredern recumforted  
 hym. The barons cam out after dyner for to plaie &  
 16 sporte hemself ; and berthelot, the newew of Charle-  
 mayn, called reynawde for to playe<sup>2</sup> with him / wherof  
 grewe a gret myscheef / for afterwarde many a good  
 knyghte deied therfor, & many a fayr chyld was  
 20 faderles, as here after ye shaH here / if ye herken well.

and then sit down  
to dinner.

Reynawde must  
not eat, because  
of the King's  
rebuke.

Berthelot, the  
nephew of Charle-  
magne, calls Rey-  
nawde to play  
chess with him.

**N**OW was set Berthelot & the worthi reynawde for to  
 playe at the ches, whiche were of yuori / wherof  
 y<sup>e</sup> borde was of golde massy / & so long they playd  
 24 that debate feH bytwene them two, bi suche maner that  
 berthelot called renaude 'hoursone' / & toke vp his  
 hande, & smot reynawde in the vysage, so that the  
 blood feH to the grounde / And whan reynawde sawe  
 28 hymself thus shamfully outraged, he was right wrothe  
 & sore angred, & sware by god, hym shold yH betyd ;  
 therfor thenne toke reynaude y<sup>e</sup> ches borde,<sup>3</sup> & smote  
 berthelot vpon his hede so harde, *that* he cloued hym  
 32 to the teeth / and thus berthelot feH doun deed to y<sup>e</sup>  
 grounde afore hym / so began y<sup>e</sup> crie at *that* hour sore

They quarrel,

and Reynawde  
slays Berthelot  
with the chess  
board.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. i.

<sup>2</sup> jouer aux esches, F. orig. b. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> q' dor massis estoit, F. orig. b. ii. back.

strong in the<sup>1</sup> palays, that Reynawde, the sone of Aymon, hadde slayne Berthelot, the neuewe of Kyng Charle<sup>2</sup>mayne. Whan the kynge vnderstode thys, he wente nyghe out of his wytte / and called of heyghe, 4  
 ‘Barons ! kepe weH that Reynawde scape not / for, by saynte Denys of Fraunce, he shaH not escape quycke yf we maye holde hym ; for he hath slayne oure neuewe Berthelot.’ Thenne ranne soone the knyghtes vpon 8  
 Reynawde / and his kynsmen deffended hym nobly / and thus was there grete stryffe, and many heres pulled / and many gownes toren ; for suche a fraye was there neuer seen, as that daye was in the palays of Parys / 12  
 Many strokes gaaff there Mawgys, the cosin of Reynawde / and sone to the duke Benes of Aygremounte / And while that this fraye was in the palays, Reinawde and his thre bretherne and their cosin Mawgys escaped 16  
 redyly oute of the palays, and came to theyr horses that soone were made redy. Soo lighted they on horsebacke, and rode soone oute of Parys, and fledde streyghte to Dordonne, towarde their lady moder. 20

Charlemagne commands his barons to slay Reynawde.

His kinsmen defend him,

and escape on horseback to Dordonne.

**A**Nd whan the emperour Charlemayne wyst that Reynawde and his bretherne<sup>3</sup> were goon oute of Paris, he made to be redy, weH two thousande knyghtes for to folowe theym / Nowe kepe theym, our lorde, 24  
 that in the crosse suffred passyon ; for yf the kynge holde theym, they shaH deye wythoute remyssyon. But Reynawde, on hym is noo care, for he was vpon his horse Bayarde, that gooeth as the wynde. Soo taryed 28  
 not the foure bretherne and theyr cosin, tyll that they came to Sawmore : and they bayted their horses of Alarde, Rycharde, and Guycharde / Thenne beganne Reynawde to make sorowe, sayenge / ‘Fayr god, that 32  
 suffred dethe and passyon, kepe thys daye my brethern and my cosin from the dethe, and from combraunce,

The King sends his knights to follow them.

<sup>1</sup> la salle du palys, F. orig. b. ii. back.      <sup>2</sup> D. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> et Maugis, F. orig. b. ii.

and from faHyng in the handes of Charlemayne the  
 crueH! And of <sup>1</sup>thother' parte, chassed theym the  
 frenshemen, brochyng wyth y<sup>e</sup> spore <sup>2</sup>as fast as theyr  
 4 horses myght renne<sup>2</sup> / somoche *that* a knyghte that was  
 better horsed than the other were, ouertake Renawde,  
 and sayd to hym, 'ye shaH abyde, ye vntrue knyghte, and  
 I shaH bryng you to kyng Charlemayne' / And whan  
 8 Reynawde herde hym, he tourned Bayarde<sup>3</sup> ayenste  
 hym, and smote the knyghte wyth his spere in his  
 shelde, and rought hym wyth soo grete a myghte, that  
 sterke deed he ouerthrew hym. Soo scaped Reynawde  
 12 the knyghtes horse, and toke hym to his broder Alarde,  
 that lyghted anone vpon the backe of hym / And after  
 that he was vpon this goode horse, he wente & smote a  
 nother knyghte wyth his swerde, so that he made hym  
 16 faH aH deed afore hym / and so betoke this knyghtes  
 horse to his broder Guycharde, that thanked hym  
 moche for it / And a nother knyght of the kyng Charle-  
 mayne came to theym / 'Glotons,' sayd the knyght,  
 20 'ye shaH come to the kyng, that shaH make you aH to  
 be hanged' / 'Ha, by my feyth,' sayd Reynawde, 'thou  
 shalte lie,' and wyth this, Reynawde tok vp his swerde  
 & gaaf hym suche a stroke that he ouerthrew hym ded  
 24 at the grounde / Thenne toke Reynawde the hors by y<sup>e</sup>  
 reyne, & gaaf him to his broder Richarde, that grete  
 nede had of it. Now be the thre brethern newe horsed,  
 & Reynawde is vpon bayarde, & his cosin Magis, that  
 28 he loued so weH, behinde hym / now they goo. god  
 wyH lede theym & kepe theym from euyH / and  
 Charlemayne pursued after theym / but for noughte he  
 traueyllled; for they were neuer the rather<sup>4</sup> taken for  
 32 hym / Thenne was the sonne goon vnder, & the nyghte  
 beganne to come / and the foure brethern & their  
 cosyn were come into the towne of Soysson.

Reynawde kills  
 one of the King's  
 knights.

Reynawde slays  
 three knights,  
 and gives their  
 horses to his  
 three brethren.

<sup>1</sup> D. vi.                    <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. ii.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. ii.            <sup>4</sup> Sooner.

SO moche rode Reynawde by nyght & by day vpon bayard, that bare hym and mawgis his cosin,<sup>1</sup> that they came to dordon. <sup>2</sup> There they mette wyth the duchesse, theyr moder / that ranne for to kysse theym <sup>4</sup> and colle theym / and sin<sup>3</sup> asked what thei had doon of theyr fader, and yf they were departed from the courte with wrathe. ‘Lady,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘ye / for I haue slayne Berthelot, the neuwe of kyng Charlemayne / The <sup>8</sup> reyson why I dyde soo / was by cause he called me ‘houre sone,’ and gaaff me wyth his fyst vpon my vysage, soo that the bloode ran oute of it’ / And whan the lady vnderstode hym, she felle down aH in a swoune, and Rey- <sup>12</sup> nawde toke her vppe redely / And whan the goode lady was come ayen to her selfe, she sayd <sup>4</sup> to Reynawde<sup>4</sup> / ‘Fayr sone, how durst ye doo this that ye haue doon / for I promytte you ye shaH ones repente for it. And <sup>16</sup> your fader shaH be dystroyed therefore, and caste oute of his landes ; and yf ye scape on lyue, it shaH be grete merueyHe. Soo praye I you, aH my chylidren, that ye flee awaye ; but take afore aH my tresour ; for yf your <sup>20</sup> fader come agayn from the courte, he shaH wyH yelde you to the kyng Charlemayne.’ ‘Lady,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘wene ye that our fader is so crueH and soo wrothe wyth vs, that he wolde take and delyuer vs in <sup>24</sup> to the handes<sup>5</sup> of the kyng Charlemayne / that is our grete enmye mortalle.’

REynawde, his thre bretherne, and Mawgys, wolde make noone other soiournynge, but toke soo <sup>28</sup> moche of the hauoyre and treysour of theyr fader and moder, that they hadde Inoughe of hit / and thenne toke theyr leue of theyr lady moder / wherof there was grete pyte atte the departynge ; for the children wepte <sup>32</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Peu lon trouveroit aujourduy de tielx cheuaulx par le mōde. Et tant ont cheuauche, F. orig. b. iii. back, omitted in Caxton.

<sup>2</sup> D. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> after.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. iii. back.

<sup>5</sup> de nostre ennemy mortel, F. orig. b. iii. back.

They reach Dordon, and

Reynawde relates to the duchess how he slew Berthelot.

The duchess is sore grieved,

and begs them to take all her treasure, and fly for fear of Charlemagne.

The knights take leave of their mother with much sorrow.

tenderly, and the moder also of thother side, whan she sawe that her chyldren that thus went fro her, and wyst not yf she sholde euer see them ayen. So departed the  
 4 newe knyghtes wyth their cosyn magys, & issued out of the towne, and entred in to y<sup>e</sup> grete forest of Ardeyne,  
 [1<sup>st</sup>streight through the valeye of Feyry, and rode so much / that they came upon the ryuer of Muse, and  
 8 there they chose a faire grounde where they made to be buylded a faire castell / upon a fayre roche mucche stronge, & at the foote of it passed the saide riuer of Muse. And whan that the castell was made up, they  
 12 called it Mountaynford, & as I trow there was not suche another of strengthe fro the said place unto Mountpeller.

They enter the forest of Arden,

and build there a castle which they call Mountaynford.

**F**OR it was closed *with* great walles / & enuyronned  
 16 rounde about *with* dyches sore deep, & well garnished <sup>2</sup>with all maner of vittailles / & of all thinges benedeful to be had in a fortres;<sup>2</sup> now doubte the newe knyghtes nothings Charlemayn, yf he wrought not by treason. Charlemayn was at paris much angry for ye  
 20 deth of his newew Berthelot,<sup>3</sup> <sup>2</sup>the which Reinawd had slayne playing at the chesse / as it is sayde;<sup>2</sup> so made he to come afore hym the duke Aymon of dordonne / the father of the foure knyghtes, and made hym to  
 24 swere that he shoulde neuer gyue no help to his children, and that they shoulde neuer be the better of a peny by hym, & in what place that he shoulde them fynde, he should take them / and shoulde bringe them  
 28 to him, the which Aymon durste not saie ayenst hym, but sware that he should doo so; whereof afterwarde he was sore repreued. And after that he had sworn thus / he departed oute of Parys / all wroth & angrye  
 32 of this / that he muste chase thus his children, and came to Dordon. And whan the duches saw him / she

Charlemagne commands Aymon to war against his children, because of the death of Berthelot.

Aymon dare not refuse,

and goes in search of his sons towards Dordon.

<sup>1</sup> One sheet lost from Caxton, supplied from Copland's ed. 1554, in B. Mus. Fol. xvi.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. d. iii.

<sup>3</sup> D. iii, Copland.

Aymon asks the  
duchess where the  
sons have gone.

began to weep full sore; and the duke knewe wel  
what she yeelde. 'Lady,' said the duke, 'where be  
my sonnes gone?' 'Syr,' sayde the ladye, 'I cannot  
telle whether they are drawen, but why suffred you 4  
that oure sonne Reynawde slewe Berthelot, the neuewe  
of kynge Charlemaine.' 'ladye,' said he, 'I coude not  
doo therto, & wit that oure sonne Reynawde is of so  
greate a strength / that neuer syth the incarnacion of 8  
oure lorde / was not seen so stronge<sup>1</sup> a knyghte as he  
is; Nor all the assemble that than was in the pallys  
at Parys / myghte not keep him, but that he slewe  
berthelot afore all the lordes that were there.' And 12  
afore this our saide sonne Reynawde demaunded of  
kinge Charlemagne ryght and reason to be doone to  
him of the deathe of my brother, his uncle the duke  
Benes of Aygremount, wherupon the king ful sham- 16  
fullye and outerageouslye answered to our said sonne,  
wherfore Reinawd was wrothe and sore angred, and ye  
cause why Reynawde slewe Berthelot was for to aueng  
him of the king Charlemaine; Not withstandynge that 20  
Berthelot had Iniuryed oure sayde sonne ful sore at  
the playe of the chesse, And also he smote hym fyrste  
outrageously that the bloud came out of his face, so  
Reinawd for his great and hardy courage / might not 24  
suffre this by no wise; And therefore the king hathe  
made me swere / that yf I can take my chyldren / that  
I shal brynge them to hym at Parys, and that no helpe  
they shal neuer haue of me nor succours, nor that 28  
they shall not be the better a peny of all my hauoure,  
wherof I am wrothe and full sorye.'

Aymon excuses  
his conduct  
towards his sons,  
because of his  
oath to the king.

**W**E shall leaue heere to speake of the duke Aymon  
and of the duchesse / that ben ryght sory for 32  
theyr children; And shal shew you how the worthye  
kynge Charlemaine made to seeke after the foure sonnes  
of Aymon thoroughe all his realme, but he myght not

<sup>1</sup> ne se vaillant cheualier, F. orig. d. iv. back.



know nor understande no tidinges of them; tyll that  
 at last came to hym a messenger that recounted to hym  
 howe he had founde them / in the forest of Ardeyne;  
 4 In which they had edyfyed a fayre castell & sore  
 stronge. And whan the kynge understoode these  
 tydinges / he sent worde incontiente to all his folke  
 of armes that they should make ready themself, the  
 8 whiche dyd so without delaye.<sup>1]</sup>

## CHAPTER III.

<sup>2</sup>¶ How, after that kyng Charlemayne hadde  
<sup>3</sup>made the duke Aymon to forsake hys  
 12 sones,<sup>3</sup> he wente and beseged them atte  
 Mountaynforde / where he was d[i]scom-  
 fyted two tymes / But the castell of Moun-  
 taynforde was taken by trayson. And  
 16 how Reynawde and his bretherne auenged  
 them selfe of the traytours that had  
 betrayed them; and how they saued  
 them selfe after that, wythin the forest  
 20 of Ardeyne, where theyr fader fonde them  
 as he wente fro the siege towarde his  
 cuntry / And how for to kepe his othe  
 that he had made to kyng Charlemayn,  
 24 he dyde assaylle his sones, soo that of  
 v / hundred men that they were, abode  
 alyue with his sones but xvij. persones /  
 but Reynawde and his bretherne had noo  
 28 hurte of theyr bodyes / how be it that they  
 slewe many of theyr faders men.

Capitulum iii.

<sup>1</sup> Caxton begins again.      <sup>2</sup> D. vii.<sup>3-3</sup> suyuir a tous ses barons les quatre filz Aymon et mesime-  
 ment au duc Aymon leur pere, . . . . F. orig. b. iv. back.

**N**ow sayth the historye, that sithe the tyme of the  
 kyng Alexandre, was none suche herde as this  
 same is / And therfor, fayr lordes, playse you to  
 here & vnderstande how it befell of the four sones of 4  
 Aymon, that were enmyes of the emperour Charle-  
 mayne, kyng of Fraunce. For the same tyme kyng  
 Charlemayne had banysshed theym oute of the royaume  
 of fraunce, and made all his barons, bothe yonge & 8  
 olde, to seke after theym / And also made theym swere  
 that they sholde neuer helpe nor comforte theym by  
 noo maner of wyse. And the same othe had made  
 wyth many other, the olde duke Aymon theyr fader, 12  
 as ye haue herde afore / wherof he was fuH sory  
 afterwarde. It happed thenne that the kyng Charle-  
 mayne helde a grete courte in Parys<sup>1</sup> / And as this  
 courte was assembled, where aH the barons of fraunce 16  
 were togyder / a messenger cam there bifore y<sup>e</sup> kyng<sup>2</sup>  
 charlmayn, & kneled afore him & sayd / ‘ Sir, I bryng  
 you <sup>3</sup>tydynges of that ye dyde sende me for ; wyte, syr,  
 that I come from the grete forest of Ardeyne, where I 20  
 haue founde the foure sones of Aymon, that dwelle  
 there wythin a strong castell, well sette vpon a rocke ;  
 and yf ye wyH fynde theim and be auenged of theym,  
 wite that ye maye weH ynoughe doo so, as I beleue for 24  
 certeyn ’ / Whan Charlemayne vnderstode this messenger,  
 he began to merueylle hym selfe sore / and called his  
 barons, and sayd to theym, ‘ Fayr lordes, whan it is soo  
 that ye be here, it apperteyneth not that I sholde sende 28  
 for you at your places. Soo I praye you and requyre,  
 as to my liege men, that ye helpe me to be auenged of  
 the foure sones of Aymon, that soo grete dommage  
 haue doon to me, as ye knowe well.’<sup>4</sup> 32

Charlemagne  
 sends his barons,  
 both young and  
 old, to seek after  
 the sons of  
 Aymon.

A messenger  
 arrives with  
 tidings,

that the sons are  
 in Arden.

Charlemagne calls  
 on his lords to  
 avenge the death  
 of Berthelot.

<sup>1</sup> moult plauiere, F. orig. b. iv.

<sup>2</sup> l'empereur, F. orig. b. iv.

<sup>3</sup> D. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Et quant Il eust ce dit Il se leua empiedz, d. iiii. F. orig.,  
 omitted in Caxton.

**W**Han the barons vnderstode the prayer that the  
 4 commaundement wythoute doubte / gyue vs leue, yf  
 it playse you, that we maye goo in to our countreys for  
 to make vs redy of harneys and of horses,' the whiche  
 thyng the kyng graunted them. And so departed aH  
 8 the barons from the courte, and wente in to their  
 countreys / The whiche aboode not long, that they came  
 ayen to Parys, aH arrayed and redy for to werre wyth  
 theyr armye / And whan the kyng Charlemayne sawe  
 12 them, he receyued them gladly. And Incontynente  
 wythoute ony tarieng he departed oute of Parys / and  
 wente wyth all hys oost at Mountlyon, a towne of  
 hys, and there he laye that nyggt. And at the  
 16 morowe, as sone as the day appyered, the kyng Charle-  
 mayne departed from Montlyon, and wete on his way  
 1 wyth his ooste<sup>1</sup> / And ordeyned the forewarde to the  
 erle Guy of Mountpeller, that wolde moche grete  
 20 harme to Reynawde. And whan they had sette them  
 selfe in the <sup>2</sup>waye / the emperour Charlemayne called  
 to hym his goode vasseylles,<sup>3</sup> Renyer, Guyon of aube-  
 forde, the erle Garner, Gefray, Langon, Oger the dane,  
 24 Rycharde of Normandy, and the duke Naymes of  
 Bauiere / and sayd vnto them alle, 'Lordes, ye  
 know well what ye haue to do / I pray you that  
 ye kepe weH your selfe from Reynawde, and goo not  
 28 to nyghe, but abyde aH togyder in suche a strong place  
 that we may haue noo *dommage* / and let goode  
 whatche be made euery nyghte / for my herte gyueth  
 me that we shall dweHe there longe.'

The barons go  
into the country  
to prepare for war.

They return to  
Paris,

and Charlemagne  
leads them to  
Mountlyon.

The King charges  
his vassals  
to be cautious how  
they approach  
Reynawde.

32 **T**Henne sayd the duke Naymes of Bauyere, 'Sire,<sup>4</sup>  
 we shall doo soo.' Thenne made they the  
 tronpettes to be blowen, and aH the ooste they made

1-1 omitted, F. orig. d. v.    2 E. i.    3 et, F. orig. d. v.

4 vous dictes bien, F. orig. d. v.

They reach the castle of Mountaynforde, which the four sons and Mawgis had built.

to come togyder / And thus they rode soo moche that they cam to Myleyne, otherwyse called Aspes / And whan they were comen there, they saw the casteH of Mountaynforde, that Reynawde and his brothern 4 and theyr cosin Mawgys had doo make / Euyne atte that owre that kynge Charlemayne and his oost were come to Aspes, the thre brethern of Reynawde were comyng fro the chasse oute of the woode of Ardeyne / 8 and Rycharde, y<sup>e</sup> yongest, bare a ryght riche horne, both fayr and good, the whiche Reynawde loued full dere. And in their felawshyp myghte be weH xx knyghtes and no moo. And as they retorned to Mon- 12 tainforde, Rycharde behelde and sawe ouer the riuer of Muse, thoost of the kyng Charlemayne,<sup>1</sup> wherof he began to be sore merueyelled / and called Guycharde his broder, & sayd to hym / 'Fayr broder, what folke 16 maye be they that I see yonder. I herde saye the other daye of a messenger, that tolde it to our broder Reynawde / that the emperour came for to besege vs wythin our castell.' 20

Richard calls his brother Guycharde to view the host of Charlemagne approach.

**A**ND after, whan Guycharde vnderstode his broder, he <sup>2</sup> behelde ouer the ryuer, and sawe the forewarde that Guyon conduted / and whan Guycharde<sup>3</sup> sawe them, he smote his horse wyth the spores / He & 24 his folke went ayenst Guyon, & sayd to him / 'Fair sir, what are these folke?' 'Sire,' sayd Guyon, 'these ben the folke of themperour Charlemayn, that goeth to Ardeyn for to besege a castell that the foure sones 28 of Aymon haue do<sup>4</sup> made there; for their strengthe, they trayueyHe vs moche, god gyue them euyH rest' / 'Certes,' sayd Guycharde,<sup>3</sup> 'I am a sauldier with Reynawde / & I conne you nother thanke nor grace of 32 that that ye saye / for I am holden to deffende theym at my power' / and with this he spored his horse &

Guycharde and his folk approach Earl Guyon, who commands the vanguard of the King.

<sup>1</sup> de france, orig. d. v.      <sup>2</sup> E. i. back.  
<sup>3</sup> Richart, F. orig. d. v.      <sup>4</sup> do = cause to be.

smote the sayd Guyon<sup>1</sup> through his shelde so harde that  
 he ouerthrewe hym deed to the grounde / And thenne  
 he toke the horse of the sayd Guyon,<sup>1</sup> & toke hym  
 4 to one of his esquyers, and assembled aH the knyghtes  
 togider of one parte & of y<sup>e</sup> other / They of fraunce  
 cryed 'Mountioye saynt denys!' and the brethern of  
 Reynawde cryed 'Mounteinforde' / Thenne sholde ye  
 8 haue seen a feth batayH & ryght crueH, the one ayenste  
 the other, sheldes broken & helmes broken, som deed,  
 & some sore wounded, soo moche that it was grete pyte  
 to see. What shall I telle you? more, all the folke of  
 12 Guyon<sup>1</sup> that made the forwarde, were there slayne /  
 This hangyng, cam a squier to the kyng, & shewed  
 hym how his forewarde was vtterly dystroied / and  
 that Guycharde,<sup>2</sup> the broder of Reynawde, had slayne  
 16 the erle Guyon.<sup>1</sup>

They fight, and  
 Guycharde slays  
 the Earl.

The battle then  
 begins to rage  
 fiercely.

'O god,' sayd thenne themperour Charlemayne,  
 'haue I now lost Guyon?'<sup>1</sup> of hym it is grete  
 dommage / Now wote I not from hensforth on, how I  
 20 sholde wyn, sith that I haue loste the forwarde' / and  
 thenne he called Oger the dane, & sayd to hym, 'Oger,  
 goo to the socours, you & Naymes, for guycharde bereth  
 wyth him aH my hauoyr, & hath slayn aH my fol<sup>3</sup>ke.'  
 24 Thenne oger the dane abode not, but lighted on hors-  
 backe, he and the duke Naymes, wyth weH thre  
 hundred knyghtes weH armed & weH arayed, & went  
 after Guycharde<sup>4</sup> / but their labour was nought worthe  
 28 to them / for guycharde & his men were aH redy  
 wythin Mountainforde, wyth aH the hauoyr that they  
 had wonne. Whan Reynawde sawe his broder com<sup>5</sup>  
 wyth so grete hauoyre, he wente ayenst hym, & kissed  
 32 theym aH / and thenne he sayd to Guycharde, 'Fayr  
 broder, where haue ye taken so grete hauoyre that ye

Charlemagne  
 grieues for the  
 death of Guyon,

and calls on Oger  
 and Naymes to  
 defend his folk.

They pursue Guy-  
 charde, but too  
 late, for he and  
 all his men are  
 safe within the  
 castle.

<sup>1</sup> Reynier, F. orig. d. v.      <sup>2</sup> Richart, F. orig. d. v.

<sup>3</sup> E. ii.

<sup>4</sup> Richart, F. orig. d. vi.

<sup>5</sup> a si grans gens, F. orig. d. vi.

bryng here.' 'Sire,' sayd Guycharde, 'I shaH telle you tidynges wherof ye shall be gretly merueylded / Now wyte, that kyng Charlemayn commeth for to besege you wyth aH his oost, & hath so grete chyualrie 4 wyth him that it is wounder for to see / My bredern,<sup>1</sup> I com fro the chasse out of the wood of ardeyn, and we haue recounted the forwarde of Charlemayne, that therle Guy conduycted; there fought we togyder wyth 8 theim / but, god by thanked, & my men / myn enmyes were discomfyted & ouerthrowen.<sup>2</sup> One parte we haue slayne, & thother fled awaye; soo haue we brought their hauoyr that ye se here. And there is deed,<sup>3</sup> therle 12 Guy & many other grete lordes, & aH their men' / Thenne sayd Reynawde, 'I ought to loue derly / whan ye can werre so weH that ye haue ouerthrowen your enmyes at y<sup>e</sup> firste comyng on' / and thenne he called 16 aH his brethern & his folke, & sayd to theym / 'Fayr lordes, now is the tyme come *that* eueriche of vs must preue hymselfe a good man / wherfore I praye you *that* euery man force hymself to do worthyly his deuoyr, 20 *that* your worshyp & the oures be kepte / & that men maye not wyte<sup>4</sup> vs noo cowardnes, & lete vs <sup>5</sup>doo knowe<sup>5</sup> our prouesses to kyng Charlemayn, so that he hold vs not for feble & myschaunt' / Whan reynawde had 24 spoke to his bredern & to his folke / they answered to hym in this maner, 'My lorde, haue no <sup>6</sup>doubte of none of vs; but be sure that we shall neuer fayH you for<sup>7</sup> the hewyng of our limes as long as we shaH lyue.' 28 And whan reynawde vnderstode the good wyll<sup>8</sup> of his folke, & namly<sup>9</sup> of his brethern / he began again to speke to theym, & sayd / 'Lete y<sup>e</sup> gate be shette, & drawe vp the brydge / and soo goo we to the 32 wyndowes, for to see this folke *that* com ayenste vs.'

Guycharde relates to Reynawde his victory

Reynawde charges his folk to prove themselves good knights.

They swear fidelity.

<sup>1</sup> et moy, F. orig. d. vi.      <sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig. d. vi.

<sup>3</sup> le conte regnier, F. orig. d. vi.      <sup>4</sup> blame.

<sup>5-5</sup> cause to be known.      <sup>6</sup> E. ii. back.      <sup>7</sup> so far as.

<sup>8</sup> de ses freres, F. orig. d. vi.      <sup>9</sup> specially.

And thenne they wente there, as reynawde sayd; & whan thei loked out of y<sup>e</sup> wyndowes, they sawe oger the dane comynge wyth a thousande men wyth hym /  
 4 whiche, whan he sawe that Guycharde was entred in to y<sup>e</sup> casteH, he retorned ayen, & sayd to the kyng how it was / and thenne he sayd / 'Syr, I lete you wyte *that* the castell of mounteynforde is the fairest & the strong-  
 8 est that euer ye sawe / for it is set vpon a hie roche of harde stone / and weH I tette you, for certeyn, *that* it shall not be taken so lightly as men wene, for suche folke doo kepe it, *that* well and worthily shaft deffende it.'

Oger and his men return to Charlemagne and tell him how strong and fair the castle is.

12 **W**Han themperour Charlemayne herde speke oger the dane, he was of it so wroth that he wente nyghe oute of his wytte / & sware god that he sholde neuer retorne in to fraunce but *that* Ryynawde were  
 16 take; & that yf he maye haue hym, aH the worlde shaft not saue hym, but *that* he shaft make hym to be hanged, & his broder Guycharde to be drawn at horsis taylles. 'Sire,' sayd oger, 'weH ye ought to doo  
 20 so / for they haue trauaylled you full often, & haue gyuen you grete labour & peyne' / 'Syre,' sayd foulques of morillon, 'haue no doubt, for shortly we shaft auenge you of theym. Make to be cried incontynente  
 24 *that* your oost goo lodge lightly about mountenforde' / 'Certes,' said the kyng, 'ye saye well'; & thenne he made trompetes to be blowen of a heygthe, for to assemble togyder aH his men of armes / and com-  
 28 maunded that aH the casteH of mountenforde sholde be enuyronned rounde aboute wyth folke, & that eue'ry baron sholde do pyghte there his paulyon; and they dyd so as the kyng had commaunded / Now wyH I  
 32 shew to you how noble the casteH was set. <sup>2</sup>The sayd castell was closed & sett vpon a hie roche; & of the one side of it was betyng a grete riuer, called Muse / and of the other side it had euyng at hande a grete wood full

The King swears to avenge himself on Reynawde,

and to have him hanged.

He commands his men to surround the castle.

<sup>1</sup> E. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Car il estoit, F. orig. b. iv.

playsant; of a nother side it<sup>1</sup> hath a fayr playne, & of that other side a full fayr medowe, grete & playsaunt to be holde / ¶ Whan the folke of the kyng Charle-  
 mayn were all lodged, themperour lighted on horsbak 4  
 wyth a few felawship for to see the strength of the  
 casteH / & whan he had well byholden it, & seen at his  
 ease, he began to saye in hymself / 'ha god, how is  
 this casteH closed & set in a strong place! god, how 8  
 thise knyghtes knew weH the craft of werre, not wyth-  
 standyng that they ben but yong folke / <sup>2</sup>Fayr lordes,  
 thynke for to werre weH / for we haue somewhat more  
 to do thenne I wende.' Whan the pauyHyons & the 12  
 tentes of y<sup>e</sup> kyngis were dressed vp, he made to be set  
 a charbokeH right riche all hie vpon his tente, whiche  
 stone full precyous was shynyng as a torche *that*  
 brezneth, & wyth the same a grete appeH of fyne 16  
 golde, of grete value / and whan the sayd tentes wer  
 all spred & hanged, themperour entred wythin, & made  
 the duke naymes to be armed, & charged hym *that*  
 no man of werr so hardy for to light on horsbak of 20  
 eyhht dayes, but it were for to sporte hymself / For I  
 wyH do knowe through all y<sup>e</sup> royame, that men bryng to  
 vs vytaylles in grete habundance, afore that the casteH  
 of mounthenforde be by vs assaylled / and make my 24  
 chapel to be appareylled, to thende *that* we praye god  
 that he wyH helpe vs to be auenged of the foure sones  
 of Aymon / the whiche we shaH famyssh, or euer it be  
 a moneth / For they shaH not comne haue no vytaylles 28  
 from wythoute <sup>3</sup>by no waye.' Thenne sayd the duk  
 Naymes to the kyng, <sup>4</sup>'Syr, ye maye do better, yf it be  
 your playsur; sende a messenger to Reynawde, for  
 to tell hym that he yelde to you Guycharde his broder, 32  
 & ye shall quyte hym all his londe / and yf he yelde

On the King's tent is set a precious carbuncle, which shines like a torch, and with it a golden apple.

Duke Naymes counsels Charlemagne to send a messenger to Reynawde to ask him to yield up his brother Guycharde.

<sup>1</sup> les plenez, F. orig. b. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Lors dist a ses gens, F. orig. d. vii.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. vii.

<sup>4</sup> E. iii. back.



hym to you / make hym to be byheded anone / &  
 yf that reynawde refuse for to do this, he maye well be  
 sure that werre shall not leue him as long as he shaH  
 4 be alyue' / Thenne answered Charlemayn, 'Ye saye  
 well & ryght wysely / but certenly I wote not where  
 to fynde a messenger to whom I myghte well trust.'  
 'Sire,' sayd the duk naymes, 'yf it playse you / ogyer &  
 8 I shall do this message' / 'It playse me well,' sayd the  
 kyng, ' & ryght grete thanke I shaH comne you for it /  
 for ye neuer fayHed me at a nede' / Thenne wente  
 naymes & oger, & made theim redy. And whan they  
 12 were redy, they toke in their handes braunches of olyue  
 tree for to shewe that they were messagers / & so went  
 they both togyder wythout ony other company. And  
 whan Alays, that kept watche, sawe the two knyghtes  
 16 come, he wente & asked theym what they were that  
 cam there. 'Syr,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'we ben  
 messagers of the kyng Charlemayn, that hath sent vs  
 heder for to speke wyth reynawde, the sone of Aymon' /  
 20 and incontynent the sayd alais wente to his lord, and  
 tolde hym, how at the gate were two messagers of the  
 kyng Charlemayn, that wolde speke wyth hym /  
 Reynawde commaunded forthwyth that the gate sholde  
 24 be opened to theym, & that the drawe brydge sholde  
 be lete down, for he wolde see the messagers & speke  
 wyth theym / Thenne were the two barons let in,  
 & were brought afore Reynawde; and whan reynawde  
 28 sawe them, he salued theym curtoysly, and after that  
 they had salued eche other / they set theym aH<sup>1</sup>  
 ther vpon a benche / And thenne began the duk  
 Naymes to speke, & sayd thus / 'Reynawde,' sayd he,  
 32 'themperour Charlemayn of fraunce lete you wyte by  
 vs / that ye sende to hym Guy<sup>2</sup>charde<sup>3</sup> your broder,  
 for to make of hym his playsur and his wyH; and yf

Charlemagne con-  
 sents, and sends  
 Oger and Naymes  
 to the castle.

They come before  
 Reynawde and  
 state their re-  
 quest.

<sup>1</sup> tous trois, F. orig. d. vii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E. iiii.

<sup>3</sup> Richart, F. orig. d. vii.

ye wyH not do soo, Charlemayn defyeth you, & sayth that neuer he shaH leue you, vnto the tyme that he shalle haue take you aH / And when he shaH haue you<sup>1</sup> / he shaH make you aH to be drawen & hanged, 4 and deye an euyH deth wyth grete shame.'

**W**Han Reynawde vnderstode these wordes, he wexed aH red for angre / and thenne he sayd to the duk Naymes, 'By the feyth that I owe to 8 aH my frendes / yf it were not *that* I loue you / I sholde make you both to be hewen aH to peces; and ye haue weH deserued it / for you, naymes,<sup>2</sup> are my nyghe kynsman / and as me semeth, ye oughte weH to helpe 12 & defende me ayenst aH men / And ye now counseyH me to my grete dyshonour & ayenst myn honeste. Teth to Charlemayn, that he shaH not haue Guychard<sup>3</sup> my broder / and that he leue his thretenyng, & doo the 16 worste that he can / for we shaH not do for hym nor for his thretenynges the mountenaunce of a peny / And goo ye to tette hym in my behalue / that a fore that he take vs / he shaH haue a greter nede of helpe than he 20 wenethe / Now voyde from our sighte lightly oute of our palays, for to see you thus here greureth me to sore.' Whan the duke Naymes & Ogyer vnderstode Reynawde / they made noo lenger dweHyng, but 24 departed incontynente wythoute ony more spekyng / and are come to Charlemayne, & recounted to hym aH this that Reynawde had sayd.

**W**Han themperour Charlemayne vnderstode this 28 answeere, he was so sore an angred that he went almost oute of his wytte / & thenne he commaunded that the casteH sholde be assaylled / to the whiche they saw but thre gates, wherof, was set 32 afore the masters gate, therle Renyer<sup>4</sup> & foulques of

Reynawde in great anger refuses them, and defies the King.

The messengers depart and recount all they have said to the King.

<sup>1</sup> Il vous sera tous pendre, F. orig. d. vii.

<sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig. d. vii.      <sup>3</sup> Richart, orig. d. viii.

<sup>4</sup> le conte Guy, F. orig. d. viii.

moryllon, therle of Neuers, & ogyer the dane / And  
 1 afore the seconde gate was the duk of bourgoyne &  
 therle of alphas; and afore the iii gate was the olde  
 4 Aymon, the fader of reynawde, that was com to Char-  
 mayn for to werre ayenst his sones, as thother / Now  
 weneth the emperour to haue beseged weH reynawde &  
 his bredern; but, & god kepe reynawde in good helth,  
 8 Charlemayne shaH lese there more than he shaH  
 wynne / Reynawde & his brethern were suche knyghtes,  
 & so sage, that they deffended weH their casteH ayenst  
 charlemayn / alwayes it was beseged wyth so grete  
 12 nombre of folke, as I haue sayd afore, that it was  
 merueyHe to see / For there were bretons, flemynges,  
 maunsealx, originers, englysshe, bourgoyns, the bauyers,  
 & the frenchemen / but Reinawde made one thyng  
 16 that torned hym to a grete worshyp, for he sayd to  
 his folke, 'Fayr lordes, I praye you that ye moun-  
 te vpon your horses tyH that ye here the trompetes  
 blowe, for I see weH that Charlemayns folke ben  
 20 ryght sore traueylled; and now whyle they ben thus  
 veri / it were no worship to vs for to renne theym  
 vpon / but whan they shaH be a lityH eased of their  
 werynes, we shaH thenne make dyligently & worthyli  
 24 our first yssue vpon them. And I praye you, &  
 requyre you aH in generaH, that euery man shewe  
 thenne his prowesse & strengthe' / And wyte it that  
 in the casteH of mountenforde was a fawcebraye vpon a  
 28 roche, thurgh y<sup>e</sup> whiche reynawde & his bredern wente  
 oute vnder couerte at aH tymes that they wolde, wyth-  
 out daunger.<sup>2</sup>

32 **W**Han reynawde saw *that* it was tyme for to goo  
 out vpon theyr enmyes, he called to hym  
 Sampson of bourdelois / this was a knyght, a trusty  
 man, *that* was com there for to helpe reynawde and his

Charlemagne sets  
 his most trusty  
 knights before  
 each of the castle  
 gates;  
 at the third gate  
 was Aymon the  
 father of Rey-  
 nawde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E. iiii. back.

<sup>2</sup> quant Ilz vouloient aler en gibier, F. orig. d. viii.

bredern, and had wyth hym an hundred knyghtes /  
 reynawde said to hym / 'Syr, it is now tyme that our  
 enmyes knowe what we ben / for yf we tarre lon<sup>1</sup>ger,  
 the kyng Charlemayne myghte<sup>2</sup> wyte vs of cowardnes.' 4  
 And whan he had sayd these wordes, he cam to his  
 brother guycharde,<sup>3</sup> & sayd to hym / 'Fayr brother  
 guichard,<sup>4</sup> leue not for to be alwayes bolde and hardy as  
 longe that I am man on lyue, for I loue you as moche as 8  
 I doo my owne body, and it is rayson that I do so / for  
 ye & I are brethern,<sup>5</sup> bothe of fader & of moder<sup>5</sup> / And  
 also I beleue that ye be the best knyghte of my lynage.'  
 And then he taketh hym bytwene his armes, and kisseth 12  
 hym by grete loue / and whan he had doon thus, he  
 sayd / 'Broder, make the trompettes to blowe vp of  
 heygth, and let vs make redy ourselve for to yssue out,  
 for to showe to Charlemayne what folke that we ben / 16  
 yf god wyll that we myghte take the erle of Estampes,  
 I sholde be therof right gladde / for it is the man /  
 among all oure enmyes, that worste dooth to vs, that  
 more hath hurted vs ; haply he shall not scape vs / for 20  
 he is alwayes in the forwarde / whan these wordes were  
 fynnysshed, all the foure brethern, and all theym of theyr  
 companye arayed them selfe and yssued oute of the  
 casteH atte the fawcebraye, wythout to make ony noyse 24  
 nor crye / and soo go vpon the oost of Charlemayne  
 by soo grete wrathe that it was merueyH, and beganne  
 to make soo grete dystruccion of folke, and to caste  
 bothe tentes & paulyons agrounde, that it was woun- 28  
 der & pite for to see / and who had seen thezre reynawde  
 the worthy knyght,<sup>5</sup> vpon his horse bayarde, &  
 the faittes of armes that he made<sup>5</sup> vpon his enmyes,<sup>5</sup>  
 sholde haue grete merueyH for to loke vpon hym ; for 32  
 that man that he recounted,<sup>6</sup> myght well saye that he was

Reynawde has the  
trumpets blown,

and when his  
men are arrayed,  
they issue out of  
the castle,

and make great  
havoc among the  
folk of Charle-  
magne.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E. v.

<sup>2</sup> accuse.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig. b. viii.

<sup>4</sup> Richart, F. orig. d. viii.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. d. viii.

<sup>6</sup> met.

born in an enyH houre / for to saye y<sup>e</sup> trouthe, reinawd  
smote no knyght so *that* his strokes cam right / but that  
he cleued hym as lightly as they hadde not ben armed,  
4 & whān y<sup>e</sup> folke of charlemayn saw their enmyes, they  
ranne incontynent to their herneis; & whan thei were  
armed, they ranne vpon Reynawde <sup>1</sup>& his folke. And  
thenne began the batayH so crueH that it was pite for  
8 to see / for ye sholde haue seen many speres broken,  
and sheldes bresten & clouen asondre / and many a  
goode haubergen vnmayled / <sup>2</sup>corsettes & flancardes aH  
to-brosten & sore beten,<sup>2</sup> and so many a goodly man  
12 and noble knyghtes deyeng full myserably vpon the  
erthe / Whan the olde Aymon herde the crye, he  
mounted on horsebacke also, sone as he myghte, he  
& his folke, and com to the batayH ayenste his sones /  
16 and whan Reynawde apperceyued there his fader / he  
was right sory for it / and sayd to his bredern / ‘see,  
here is a grete merueyHe / for here is our fader / and  
by my counseyH we shaft make hym roume; for I  
20 wolde not for nothyng that none of vs sholde sette  
vpon hym.’ And then they torned at another side of  
the batayH / but Aymon, theyr fader, cam there ayenst  
them, & began to sette sore hande vpon theym &  
24 theyr folke / and whan Reynawde sawe that his fader  
leyd sore vpon theym, & bare theym grete *dommage* of  
theyr men / he sayd to hym aH angred / ‘Ha, fader,  
what doo you / certeynly ye doo grete synne / for ye  
28 sholde helpe defende & kepe vs, and ye do to vs worse  
than thother doo; now I see weH that ye loue vs sore  
lityH, & that ye be dysplaysed that we ben so pru<sup>3</sup> &  
so good men of armes ayenst Charlemayn / for yf ye  
32 haue forbanysshed vs / weH we know it, & that we  
shaft neuer haue no thyng of your herytage / and we  
haue made this lith casteH for to kepe our selfe therin /

The battle rages  
fiercely.

Aymon pursues  
the four sons,  
and does much  
evil to their folk.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E. v. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. d. viii.

<sup>3</sup> valiant.

and yet ye come heder for to helpe it to be dystroyed :  
 it is no faders work, but it is operacyon of the deuyH.  
 Yf ye wyll doo vs noo good / at lest do vs no harme ;  
 for I swere you, vpon all sayntes *that* yf ye com ony 4  
 ferder ayenst vs<sup>1</sup> I shaH forbere you no lenger / but I  
 shaH gyve you wyth my swerd suche a stroke, *that* ye  
 shall haue no leiser for to repente you of <sup>2</sup>the folie that  
 ye doo' / Whan Aymon vnderstode the wordes of his 8  
 sone Reynawde,<sup>3</sup> he toke therof so grete angre at his  
 herte, that it laked lytil but that he feH down in a  
 swoune to the erthe / for he knew weH that Reynawde  
 tolde hym trouthe ; but he coude do none otherwyse, 12  
 for feere of Charlemayn, but alwayes he wythdrew  
 hymselfe abacke, and suffered his sones to passe by  
 hym<sup>4</sup> harmles atte that tyme / the whiche wente and  
 dommagd ryght sore the folke of kyng Charlemayne.<sup>5</sup> 16

Reynawde threatens to slay his father if he will not leave them.

Aymon withdraws, and lets his sons pass him without harm.

**D**Urynge the tyme that Reynawde spake thus to  
 his fader Aymon, cam Charlemayn and Aulbery,  
 Ogyer & the erle Henry, and Fougues of MoryHon.  
 And whan Reynawde sawe theym come, he made his 20  
 trompettes to be blowen for to brynge his folke togyder  
 agen ; and when they were assembled of one parte and  
 of the other / a knyghte of Charlemayn, that was called  
 Thiery, made his horse to renne ayenste the folke of 24  
 Reynawde / and when Alarde saw hym com he spored  
 his horse, and cam ayenst hym, and smote hym so harde  
 in his shelde, that he shoued a grete hauberke *that* he  
 bare, thrughe his body of hym, soo that the sayd Tyery 28  
 fel deed down to therth / and whan kyng Charlemayn  
 saw falle deed his knyght thyerry, he was therefore so  
 sore an angred, that almost he loste his wytte & his  
 vnderstandynge / Thenne beganne he to crye wyth a hie 32  
 voys, <sup>6</sup>sayenge in thys manere<sup>6</sup> / 'Lordes and barons,

<sup>1</sup> et se ne seray plus honteux, F. orig. e. i.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E. vi.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. i.      <sup>4</sup> outre part celle fois, F. orig. e. i.

<sup>5</sup> tout que cestoit merueilles, F. orig. e. i.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. i.

delyuer you for to auenge me of thise glotons that leden our folke so cursedly. See that that they ben weH punysshed & sharply' / whan the olde aymon  
 4 herde Charlemayn speke thus, for doubte to be blamed he spored his horse, and wente & smote one of his sones knyghtes *that* was named amaney so crueHly wyth his braunk of stele, *that* he smote his hede clene of<sup>1</sup> fro y<sup>e</sup>  
 8 sholders of hym / 'fader,' cryed <sup>2</sup>Reynawde to hym, 'ye do yll when so crueHly ye slee my men, but by the feyth that I owe to<sup>3</sup> god, yf I trowed not to hurte therby my honour, I shold take therof cruel vengance  
 12 of you.' And thenne sayd ayen the valyaunt Reynawde / 'ha, lady moder, how shold ye be sori yf ye knewe the grete werkes & the grete harme that our fader doeth to vs this daye.'

16 **W**Han Foulques of Moryllon sawe that the folke of Reynawde mayntened theymselfe so worthily ayenst theym, he began to crye, 'Syr empercure & kyng, what meaneth this / I beleue that ye be for-  
 20 gotten / sende for many of yore folke, & commaunde theym that they take incontynent y<sup>e</sup> traytours that now feyne themselfe ayenst your enemyes, and wythout delaye make them to be hanged & flayen aH quyk.'

24 When the frensmen vnderstode this that foulques sayd to Charlemayn / they made none other abydyng / but spored their horses, & smote vpon the folke of Reynawde soo harde, *that* they made them to recule bak, wolde  
 28 they or not / when alarde sawe his folke goo bak / he was ryght sory for it, and toke his swerde, & began wyth his folke to make so grete a fors of armes, that the frenshemen were all abashed of it / What shaft I  
 32 teHe you more of this batayH / wyte it, that it was so mereueyllous & crueH, that it was pyte for to see, for euery one made the worste that he coude / the one ayenst thother. And wyte, that the foure sones of

Charlemagne calls on his barons to deliver him,

and Aymon slays one of his son's knyghts.

The Frenchmen fight valiantly, and make their enemies recoil;

<sup>1</sup> off.    <sup>2</sup> Fol. E. vi. back.    <sup>3</sup> a saint pol, F. orig. e. i.

but the sons' feats  
of arms are so  
wonderful that  
they cannot be  
overcome.

Aymon made so grete occysion of men & of horses,  
that none durst come afore theym / but none myght  
compare wyth Reynawde for to do weH; for he made  
there so grete merueyH of armes, *that* the frensmen durst 4  
not com forth for fere of hym; for to saye the trowth,  
Reynawde smote no stroke a ryght, but that he slewe  
hym wherupon it lighted. What wyH ye *that* I telle  
you more / wyte that, in this batayH, kynsmen nor 8  
parents <sup>1</sup>spared not eche other, for they slewe the one  
thother, as *domm* bestes / There sholde ye haue seen  
comyng thurgh the batayH the kyng Yon of saynt  
Omars, that rode vpon a good horse that ranne well / 12  
& ayenst hym cam a knyght called guyon / & Yon  
smote guyon suche a stroke *that* he ouerthrewe bothe  
hors & man to therth / and whan Reynawde sawe this,  
he was right wroth for it. And thenne he toke his 16  
baner, & sayd to his folke / 'doo so moche *that* I haue  
that good horse; for yf he goth awaye, I shaH neuer  
haue Ioye at my hert, for I wyH that he kepe felow-  
ship to bayarde.' And whan rycharde<sup>2</sup> his broder, that 20  
was so worthy a knyght and so gentyH, vnderstode his  
broder that so spake / he made no tarryeng, but spored  
his horse, & smote yon of seynt Omars so harde, that  
his shelde nor his harneys myght not kepe / but that 24  
he shoued his glayue thurgh the brest, & ouerthrewe  
hym deed to therth / and thenne Rycharde<sup>3</sup> toke the  
hors by the brydeH, & led him to reynawde, & sayd to  
hym, 'sire, we haue the horse *that* ye haue called after 28  
so sore / now may you light vpon hym when it playse  
you.' 'Broder,' seyde reynawde, 'gramercy of this pre-  
sent / for weH ye haue serued me therof / now haue  
we two horses to whom we may trust weH vpon.' 32  
'Now light atons<sup>4</sup> upon hym,' sayde reinawde / & whan  
rycharde<sup>2</sup> vnderstode the *commaundement* of his broder /

King John over-  
throws a knight  
called Guyon;

but is slain by  
Richard, who

brings his horse  
to Reynawde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E. vii.      <sup>2</sup> Guichart, F. orig. e. ii.  
<sup>3</sup> il, F. orig. e. ii.      <sup>4</sup> at once.



he lighted lightly vpon the horse, and toke his owne  
for to kepe to a good knyght /

4 **A** Nd whan reynawde cam agen to the batayH, he  
sawe yet his fader / & whan he sawe hym, he  
was ryght sory for it so that he lost almost his wyt for  
the same, and cam & sayd to hym by a maner of  
reproche, 'By my fayth, fader, ye are gretly to blame,  
8 ye myght well kepe your selfe that ye com not so often  
to see vs / and for to doo vs harme / we wyll shewe to  
you that ye be oure fader / not goode <sup>1</sup>but euyH; for  
ye shewe to vs harde frenshyp & a sowre loue. At  
12 crystmasse and at ester, men ought to go vysit and see  
his good frende, for to feste hym and to do hym goode,  
& ete wyth hym whan the dyner is redy; but this ye  
do not; for ye com to see vs in a hote werre / & wyth  
16 the poynt of y<sup>e</sup> swerde ye chere vs / it is no loue of a  
natureiH fader, but it is rigoure of a stepfader<sup>2</sup> / thenne  
answered the duk aymon, 'I wil *that* ye kepe your  
selfe well, for yf Charlemayn can take you, all the  
20 worlde shall not kepe you / but that he wyH fleye &  
hange you, <sup>3</sup>or otherwyse make you to deye a shamfuH  
deth'<sup>3</sup> / 'Fader,' sayd Reynawde, 'lete that alone, &  
come & helpe vs / so shaH the kyng be dyscomfyted.'  
24 'go forth ! glotton, goddis curse haue thou,' sayd Aymon  
<sup>3</sup>to his sone reynawde<sup>3</sup> / 'For I am to olde for to do  
trayson' / 'Fader,' sayd Reynawde, 'lityH ye loue vs, I  
see it weH, but kepe your selfe weH / for I shaH shew  
28 you whether I can do any thyng wyth the spere and of  
the swerde;' and whan he had that sayd, he spored  
bayarde, & wente & smote a squyer *that* was called  
guyner, so that he ouerthrewe hym deed from his horse  
32 to the grounde / Whan Charlemeyn saw his esquier  
deed, he spored his courser wyth an angry chere, & had  
in his hande a staffe of yron. for he wolde parte y<sup>e</sup>

Reynawde again  
rebukes his father,  
whom he meets in  
the battle.

Aymon threatens  
Reynawde with  
the wrath of  
Charlemagne,

and says he will  
not be traitor to  
the King.

: <sup>1</sup> Fol. E. vii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Ribauld, F. orig. e. ii.  
<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. ii.

batail a sonder; by cause he sawe well that his folke had the worse, and that they myght not resiste ayenst the grete strokes of reynawde in no wyse, for it was merueyllouse for to see the grete fayttes of armes that 4 he made there / for he ouerthrewe doun dede bothe horses & men <sup>1</sup>by grete strength /<sup>1</sup>

Charlemagne wills that his men depart from the battle.

**C**harlemayn is come to the frensshe men / & commaunded them for to wythdrawe them selfe / 8 for it was tyme for to departe fro the batayll. & as they wolde haue goon awaye, cam there thurgh the batayll Berarde the bourgoynier, & smote Simon of bremoys so fierly that he fell doun dede to the <sup>2</sup>grounde; when 12 the foure sones of Aymon sawe Symon dede, they were ryght sory for hym, And spored their horses wyth the sporres, & cam at that side, & brake the preese for to auenge Symons dethe. and wyte it, when Reynawde 16 was com there, it was knowen ryght weH / for he wyth his swerde brought to deth weH iij hundred knyghtes of the best men that kyng Charlemayne had in his companye. Wherof the kyng was ryght sory <sup>3</sup>& sore 20 an angred<sup>3</sup> / this hangyng, Alarde wente thurgh the presse; so cam he, & iousted ayenst therle of Estampes / & for his shelde he lette not / but he shoued his spere thurgh the body of hym. and thus was by hym 24 slayne the sayd erle / whan Reynawde sawe that stroke, he cam to alarde his brother, and kyssed hym vpon his helme, and bowed hym selfe towarde hym & sayd / 'Fayr broder, blessed be the wombe that bare the / for 28 ye haue auenged vs of the grettest foo that we had, and whan he had sayd this word, he made his trompettes to be blowen, for to call his men togyder.

Reynawde slays three hundred knights with his own sword.

Alarde slays the Earl of Estampes.

**W**han themperour Charlemayne sawe this grete 32 dommage that the foure sones of Aymon dyd to hym, he cryed with a hie voys / 'Lordes & barons,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. ii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E. viii.  
<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. iii.

- wythdrawe your selfe abacke / for our enmyes<sup>1</sup> be to good knyghtes for vs / now is this to vs grete dishonour & grete myshappe ; lete vs retorne ayen to our
- 4 paulylyons, I praye you. For I swere vpon aH sayntes, that ther castel<sup>H</sup> shaH neuer be taken but by famysshing, for they ben ouer good knyghtes, preu & wyse, & well aduysed of the werre.' Whan the barons of Charle-
- 8 mayn herde his *commaundement*e, they sayd to hym, 'Sire, we shall do your wyH,' and as they wolde haue departed / came Reynawde sporyng his horse, & his brethern, & wente & smote vpon the folke of the em-
- 12 perour soo sharply, that he departed theym so well / that they must nedes flee, and take theyr<sup>2</sup> paulylyons / and soo bode wyth theym prysoners, Anthony Guyne-
- 16 for no man myght endure ayenste Reynawde and his bretherne / And whan Reynawde sawe the dyscomfyture, & the folke of the emperour that fledde, he made his trompettes to be blowen for to wythdrawe his folke.
- 20 And whan they were assembled, Reynawde<sup>3</sup> and his bretherne<sup>3</sup> retorned gladely into theyr<sup>4</sup> castel / and was alwayes the hyndermost man for to kepe hys folke the better, that led prisoners afore. Thenne cam Aymon
- 24 theyr fader afresshe vpon theym, and began to make theym grete combraunce / and whan Reynawde saw his fader, he wende to haue wexed madd for angre. soo retorned he Bayarde, and smote the horse of his fader
- 28 soo harde that he fell doun deed to the erth / For as to his fader, he wolde not touche / and whan Aymon sawe hymself a grounde, he rose vp quyckely vpon his feete, and toke his swerde in his hande / and began ryght
- 32 well to deffende hymselfe. But his deffence sholde haue ben but lytyH worth to hym / for his chyldren sholde haue take hym for their prysoner, yf it hadde

Charlemagne orders his men to withdraw;

the barons obey his command.

Reynawde puts the folk of the Emperor to flight,

and takes prisoner Anthony Guyne-mault, the Earle of Neners, and Thiery of Normandy.

Reynawde assembles his men and returns to his castle.

Aymon attacks Reynawde, and is overthrown.

<sup>1</sup> enmyes in text.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E. viii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. iii.

<sup>4</sup> son, F. orig. e. iii.

Ogyer the Dane  
succours him.

not be Ogyer the Dane that came and socoured hym.  
And thenne sayd to hym, the sayd Oger / 'Syr, what  
semeth you of your chyldren / they be right cheualrouse  
and hardy, as ye may see and knowe.' 4

Aymon pursues  
his children.

**W**Han Aymon was horsed agayn, he pursuyd his  
chyldren as a man wrothe and oute of his  
wyte / and sayd to his folke / 'Now goo we after the  
glotons! for yf they lyue long they sha<sup>ll</sup> doo vs harme 8  
and dommage soo grete *that* wyth peyne it sha<sup>ll</sup> be  
reserued.' Whan Reynawde saw his fader that folowed  
theym so sharply / he tornd bayarde, and wente and  
smote amonge the thyckest of his faders folke, & be- 12  
ganne to hurte theym so sore wyth the helpe of his  
bredern, <sup>2</sup>that he putte theym to flight, magre their  
teeth / for they myghte no lenger endure the grete  
magre<sup>3</sup> that Reynawde bare to theym / for to say the 16  
trouth, noo harneys was naughte worthe ayenst the  
swerde of Reynawde. For he cleued all that he  
roughte.

Reynawde turns  
back and smites  
his father's folk  
till they are put  
to flight.

<sup>4</sup>[W]han the emperoure Charlemayne saw this hie 20  
prouesse that Reynawde made / he blessed hym selfe  
of the grete meruay<sup>ll</sup> that he had thereof / and soo  
stronge he spored his horse, that he wente ayenste Rey-  
nawde, and thenne he said to hym / 'Reynawde, I for- 24  
bede you that ye goo no ferther.' Whan Reynawde  
sawe the kyng he made to hym reuerence, and thenne  
wyth drewe hymselfe abacke / and sayd to his men /  
'lete vs goo fourth, for here cometh the kyng. I wolde 28  
not for noo thyng in this worlde that ony of you sholde  
laye hande vpon hym' / Whan the folke of Reynawde  
vnderstoode thise Wordes, they putte their swerdes in  
their sheethes, and wente agen to theyr castell, right 32  
gladde of theyr fayne aventure that was happed to  
theym that daye. And whan they were wythin theyr

Reynawde will  
not let his men  
lay hands upon  
Charlemagne.

They return to  
their castle of  
Mountenforde.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. F. i.

<sup>3</sup> dommage, F. orig. e. iii.      <sup>4</sup> the 2 line W is omitted.

castell of Mountenforde, they made the brydge for to be drawen up / and wente & unarmed them, and fonde the souper redy, and soo they sette theym selfe atte the  
 4 table / And there was a grete many of prysoners / And when they had ete / Reynawde cam to his broder, & thanked hym moche wyth all his herte of that he hadde slayne the erle of Estampes.

8 **A**nd whan the emperour Charlemagne saw that Reynawde was wythin his castell, he lighted doun from his horse in to his tente / and sware god, that he sholde never departe thens unto the tyme that  
 12 he sholde have the foure sonnes of Aymon, or that the castell were take / What shall I telle you more; the emperour Charlemagn laye well <sup>1</sup>XIV <sup>2</sup>monethes at sege afore the castell of mountenforde, and there was no  
 16 weke but they had a batayll or a scarmysse; and I tell you that Reynawde was not so sore beseged, but that he wente to chasse in woodes & in ryvers as often as hym playsed / And dyverse tymes it happed  
 20 that Reynawde spake wyth the frenshemen of traytte, the one to thother / sayeng thus to theym: 'Fayr lordes, I praye you that ye speke to themperour Charlemayn, & telle hym that he shall never take  
 24 us by no force, for our castell is right strong & well garnysshed / But knowe the kyng one thyng / that whiche he maye have by goodnes / he nede not make by force. He maye have the castell, & us also, yf  
 28 it playse hym, in suche maner as I shall telle you / Whan I shall put in his hande the castell of Mountenforde, my brethern and my selfe, our goodes & bagage sauff, and that the werre take an ende, that hath  
 32 lasted so longe / <sup>3</sup>he may be well content.'<sup>3</sup> 'Reynarde,' sayd Ogyer the dane, 'ye saye well & wysely; and I promytte you I shall shewe the same to the kyng, as

Charlemagne swears he will never depart till he has taken the four sons of Aymon.

Charlemagne besieges the castle of Mountenforde for fourteen months.

Reynawde offers to give up his castle if he may have his life and his goods safe.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> XIII F. orig. e. iii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. iv.

ye haue sayd / And yf ye wyll beleve my counselle / I ensure you I shall telle hym that he doo so, for ye are not folke for to be sette lityll by thus / nor for to be fro the court / for yf the kyng had you nyghe hym, he 4 should be the better for it.'

**A**ll thus as Reynarde & Oger spake togyder / there came Foulques of morylloy, that cryed to Reynaud, 'vassell, ye be but a foole. for certes I have 8 herde your wordes well. Ye shall leve us, mountenforde, for it is not your herytage, & your hedes in like Wyse' / 'Foulques,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye have reprevd me full often. I knowe well alle the harme *that* 12 themperour Charlemayne wyll to me / is by cause I have slayne Berthelot his nevew wyth a ches borde / of whom god have mercy / Certes I coude not doo therto; but I was full <sup>1</sup>sory for it, god wote it. / It is 16 trouth whan we playd togyder, we hade some wordes, by the whiche, wythoute ony worde, he gaaff me suche a stroke upon my face that the bloode ranne me doune atte the grounde / And whan I sawe myselfe soo 20 arayed / I myghte not be so softe that I coude endure the grete owtrage that he hadde doon to me wythoute a cause / Soo deffended I my selfe to my power / for who letteth hym self to be slayne, his soule shall never 24 have pardonne / And thou knoweste well, Foulques, that<sup>2</sup> I dyde, was in my defendynge. But to this muste be made shorte wordes / and yf it playse you / ye shall telle to the kyng Charlemayn, that he taketh 28 us to mercy, and that we maye be frendes. And yf ye doo this ye shall doo your honoure. For assone maye ye be slayn there as a nother' / 'By god,' sayd Foulques, 'all this is noughte worthe to you / for ye shall deye 32 therfor, ye and your brederen' / 'Foulques,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye threten to moche / It apperteyneth not

Foulques of Morylloy will not accept Reynawde's terms of peace.

Reynawde excuses his conduct,

and asks Charlemagne to be friends with him again.

Foulques refuses,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F. ii.

<sup>2</sup> what.

to you for to threten knyghtes so moche that ben  
 better than you. And yf ye haue ony thyng upon  
 your herte, doo it wythout any more wordes / For  
 4 I tell you well that ye purchace your dethe' / And  
 whan Reynawde hadde sayd thyse wordes / they  
 wente agen to theyr pavylylions. And thus abode the  
 8 frenshmen came agen, wolde they or not; wherfore the  
 kyng Charlemayn was wrothe.

and they retire to  
 their pavilions.

**T**henne the emperour Charlemagne sente for men  
 thorughe all his londe / And whan they were all  
 12 come he<sup>1</sup> sayd to theym / 'Syres, I complayne me to  
 you of the foure sonnes of Aymon, that hathe my londe  
 dystroyed and wasted. And Mounteynfourde is soo  
 stronge, that by strengthe it canne never be taken / but  
 16 by famysshynge. Now telle me what I oughte to  
 doo / For I shall doo therin your counseyll' / <sup>1</sup>Whan  
 the barons herde the complaynte that the kyng made  
 to theym of the foure sones of Aymon / there was  
 20 none soo hardy that durste saye a worde, but the duke  
 Naymes of Bavyere, that sayd to the kyng / 'Syre  
 emperour, if ye wyll have goode counseylle, I shalle  
 gyve you goode, yf ye wyll byleve me. Let us retourne  
 24 into highe Fraunce, for we be to nyghe the wynter for  
 to make werre / And whan the newe tyme shall be  
 come, ye shall mow come agen to laye your siege afore  
 Mounteynforde. For I doo you to wyte that Reynaude  
 28 is not sore pressed, but that he gooth in woodes and in  
 ryvers atte all tymes that he wyll. And a man that  
 maye goo oute and in atte his wyll, is not over sore  
 byseged / And of the other parte, Reynawde and his  
 32 brethern are suche knyghtes that they shall not be  
 lygthly over come. This is my counseyll, syre / Who  
 knoweth a better, lete hym telle.'

Charlemagne  
 sends for more  
 men to help him.

Charlemagne asks  
 counsel of his  
 barons.

Naymes of Bavy-  
 ere advises the  
 Emperor to return  
 to France till the  
 winter is past.

<sup>1</sup> Le roy, orig. e. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. F. iii. back.

Hernyer of Seveyne promises to take Reynawde and his brethern prisoners, if the King will cede to him the castle.

**T**henne spake Hernyer of Seveyne, and to hym sayd, 'Syre,<sup>1</sup> I shall gyve you a better counseyll yf ye wyll beleve me / gyve me the castell and alle the havoyr that is wythin, and the lordeshyp fyve myles 4 aboute it, and I shall yelde to you Reynawde and all his brethern for prysoners afore a moneth com to an ende. And thenne shall we go in to France, for to see oure wyves and children.' 'Hernyer,' sayd the kynge / 8 'ye have sayd well and wysely, yf ye maye doo this that ye have sayd / I graunte to you the castell, and all that ye have asked wyth the same' / 'Syre,' sayd Hernyer, 'I thanke you for it an hundred thousande 12 tymes. And I promytte you I shall delyver unto you Reynawde and his bredern as your prysoners, or ever a moneth be passed' / But knowe you, that Hernyer dyde mysse of his enterpryse, for he kepte not covenante to 16 the kyng as he had promysed hym, for Reynawde toke hym,<sup>2</sup> and made hym to be hewen all in peces; and<sup>3</sup> made all they that were wyth hym whan he mathe trayson to be hanged & slayne, as more playnly ye 20 shall understonde / yf ye liste to herken.

Hernyer prepares knights to go upon the mountain without noise.

**H**ernyor of Sayne made noon other taryeng / but he sayd to kyng Charlemayn in this maner / 'Syr, commaude ye Guyon of Bourgyne *that* he doo put 24 in arraye a thousande knyghtes well armed / and that to morowe, afore the daye, he goo upon the montagne fayr & softly wythout noyse<sup>4</sup> / And I shall put hym wythin the castell shortly' / Whan he had sayd this / 28 he wente into his tente / and made hymselfe to be armed / And whan he was armed, he lighted a horsebacke / and rode to the gate of the castell,<sup>5</sup> and sayd to them *that* kepte warde / 'Alas, for god, fayr lordes, 32

<sup>1</sup> droit empereur, F. orig. e. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> luy couppa la teste a peu de temps, F. orig. e. v.

<sup>3</sup> Car il en mourut luy et toutes ses gens, F. orig. e. v.

<sup>4</sup> et bruyt, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> de mountenfort, F. orig.



have mercy of me; yf it playse you lete me com inne,  
 or elles I am but deed / for the emperour Charlemayn  
 maketh to folowe & seke me alle about, for to make  
 4 me deye, by cause I have sayd to hym moche good  
 of Reynawde; and also I telle you well, that I shall  
 shewe to Reynawde a thyng wherof he shall be ryght  
 glad, <sup>1</sup> yf his playsur is to here me.<sup>1</sup>

Hernyer begs  
 Reynawde to let  
 him into the  
 castle, because  
 Charlemagne  
 would slay him.

8 **W**hen they that were above upon the gate, herde  
 hym speke thus / they wythout long taryenge  
 lete goo doun ye drawe brydge, & made hym come in,  
 and dysarmed hym, and dyde to hym grete honoure /

After a parley  
 they let the  
 traitor into the  
 castle.

12 But the false traytour rewarded theym full ylle for it  
 after that / This hangyng, Charlemagne comaunded  
 Guyon to make hym redy, and a thousande knyghtes  
 wyth hym / And sente theym upon the hylle, wythoute  
 16 makynge of ony bruyt, tyll that the daye were come.  
 And wyte, that Guynon hadde wyth hym of the beste  
 knyghtes of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne  
 sends Guyon and  
 a thousand  
 knights upon the  
 hill without noise.

<sup>2</sup> **N**ow is Hernyer the traytour wythin the castell of  
 20 Mounteynfourde, to whom men made goode  
 chere; and whan Reynawde wyste that a knyghte  
 of Charlemagne was come / He sayd that he wolde  
 speke wyth hym / And soo he was broughte afore  
 24 hym / And whan he saw hym, he sayd to hym / 'What  
 be you, fayre knyghte, that are come hyder?' / And he  
 answered, 'Syre, my name ys Hernyer of Saveyne /  
 and I have angred kynge Charlemagne for the love of  
 28 you / And for this cause I am come hyther, praynge  
 that ye have me for recommaunded / For I wote not  
 wether to goo now.' 'Goode frende,' sayd Reynawde /  
 'sythe that ye saye that ye be oure frende, ye be ryght  
 32 wellcome to me; for of suche goodes that god hathe  
 sente me, ye shall not faylle / Now telle me, I praye  
 you, how doothe the ooste of the emperoure? Have

Hernyer tells  
 Reynawde that he  
 has angered  
 Charlemagne,  
 and begs for  
 shelter.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. v.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. F. iii.

they any grete plente of vytayles?' / 'Syre,' sayd  
 Hernyer, 'they ben scarce wyth theym. But I telle  
 you for veraye certen, that they shall goo theyr wayes  
 wythin this fourthy dayes / For noone of the barons 4  
 wyll no lenger abyde there. Wherefore the kyng  
 Charlemagne is sore an-angred wyth theym / And I  
 promytte you, yf the ooste wente awaye ye myghte  
 hurte theym ryghte sore / and gete moche goode, yf ye 8  
 wyll sette thenne upon the taylle of theym.' 'Frende,'  
 sayd Reynawde, 'ye have comforted me well / yf it is  
 soo as ye saye / For yf the kyng be ones overthrown,  
 he shall not come a nother tyme upon us wyth soo 12  
 goode a wylle / as he dooth now.' And Reynawde  
 hadde hym wyth hym to hys brethern, that made to  
 him good chere;<sup>1</sup> and whan the soper was redy Rey-  
 nawde and his bretherne sette theym down to theyr 16  
 mete, and sopped gladly. And in theyr companye was  
 the traytour Hernyer / to whom they made good chere.  
 After souper <sup>2</sup>[all the knyghtes wente to slepe, for they  
 were wery of bearing of theyr harneys, and they had 20  
 not ceased to fyght all that day. And wit / that Hernier  
 was well and honestly brought to bed, for Reynawde  
 had so commaunded. And whan all the knyghtes  
 were fast aslepe, Hernier, as the false Iudas, slepte 24  
 not. But he rose and tooke hys harneys, and armed  
 hymselfe. And whan he was well armed at his ease,  
 he came to the drawebridge, and cut the cordes / that  
 kept it vp, and let the drawbrydge go downe; and 28  
 than he went vpon the walles, where he found him  
 that made the watche, and slew him. And whan he  
 had doone this, he came to the gate / and opened it, for  
 he had taken the keyes / from hym that he had slayne, 32  
 whyche had them in his keyping.

He tells Rey-  
 nawde that  
 Charlemagne will  
 retire within forty  
 days.

Reynawde is com-  
 forted,

and they all sup  
 gladly.

When all are  
 asleep Hernyer  
 arms himself,

lets down the  
 drawbridge, and  
 slays the watch.

He opens the  
 gates,

<sup>1</sup> et luy demandoient comment se portoit lost de Charle-  
 maigne, oltre chose ne fut alors, F. orig. e. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> Two sheets lost from Caxton, supplied from Copland's  
 ed. 1554 in B. Mus., Fol. xxv.

**T**han whan Guyon of Bourgoyne saw the gate open,  
 he made no taryng, but came and entred into the  
 castell, and al hys folke with hym, and began to kylle  
 4 and slea all them that they found.

Guyon enters,  
 and slays all he  
 can find.

**N**ow shall ye heare of the fayre adventure, how  
 that Reynawde & his brethern / were saved from  
 this mortall slawghter. Wyt, that whan the yemen of  
 8 the stable had supped, thei were dronke, and went to  
 theyr bed; & whan they were a slepe, the horse of  
 Alarde / that was somewhat proude, began to make noyse  
 agaynst the other. And Alarde and Richarde heard  
 12 the noyse of the horses; they rose vp, and saw y<sup>e</sup> doore  
 of the halle open, and perceyved out of it the harneys  
 that glystered agaynst the moone, that shone full  
 bryght.

The horse of  
 Alarde wakes the  
 brothers Alarde  
 and Richard.

**T**han went they to the bedde where they had brought  
 the false Hernyer / whyche they found not there,  
 wherof they were ryght sore abasshed. And than was  
 Reynawde awaked, and asked 'who was there that'  
 20 maketh thys noyse? Let our knyghtes take theyr rest,  
 that have so sore travayled all the day; it is evyl doone  
 for to go thus stampyng at this houre.' Than cryed  
 Alarde to Reinawde, and sayd, 'Fayre brother, we ben  
 24 betrayed! / for Hernyer, that false knyght, hath put the  
 folke of Charlemagne / within thys castell, the whiche  
 kyll and slea your folke, and put them to a greate  
 marter.' Whan Reynawde vnderstode this, he made  
 28 no taryng, but he arose and armed hymself quickly,  
 and cried vnto his brethern / and to his men, 'Now, my  
 freendes, let us beare our selfe worthly; we had never so  
 great need.' And wyt, that Reynawde had with hym  
 32 but .xxx knyghtes within the dongeon of that fortresse,  
 for all the other were within y<sup>e</sup> base courte, whiche  
 was as it had ben a lytle towne well peopled, where as  
 Guyon of Bourgoyne & his folke slew them.

They cry to Rey-  
 nawde that Her-  
 nyer has betrayed  
 the castle.

Reynawde pre-  
 pares to defend  
 himself right well.

<sup>1</sup> qui ales a ceste heure, F. orig. e. vi.

**T**his hanging : Reynawde & his brethern / had armed themselfe right wel, hopynge for to defende theymyselfe well.

**T**han came Hernyer the traytour, sterying aboute 4 throughe the maystres strete, & with him well an hundred knightes. Than sayd Reinawde to hys brethern, 'fayre Lordes, come forth! for yf god helpe vs not, we are all lost.' & than Reynawde and his 8 bretherne / came to the gate, & defended so well / that none durst passe but he was slayne; what shall I tell you more? the base courte began to be sore moved, and the crye was so great, for al them of the dongeon 12 defended themselfe valyantlye. Whan the folke of the Emperour Charlemagne / sawe that they that were within the dongeon defended themselfe so well, they set y<sup>e</sup> base court in a fire, and began to brenne and pul 16 down the houses, and al that they founde. And y<sup>e</sup> fyre was soone so great that it tooke the dongeon of the castell.

Reynawde defends the gate.

Charlemagne sets the dongeon on fire.

**W**han Reynawde saw that he was so taken wyth 20 fyre, he was sore angred, and sayd to hys brethern, 'what shall we doo here? for yf we tary any lenger, we shall all be brent or taken, and yf it were not the fyre / that thus warreth agaynst vs, I make 24 myne avowe to god, that we should yet caste this folke out of thys castell; but syn that the fyre is in it, we cannot kepe it no lenger.' And than he sayd to his bretherne, 'come all after me'; & they went to the 28 fausebray, that was allwayes open, and yssued out, he & his bretherne, & his folke with them; and whan they were out / than were they more abassed than they were afore, for they wyst not whether to goe.' 32

Reynawde and his brethren issue out of the castle,

**N**ow heare how they dyd as worthy knightes: for whan they saw the castell brenne, they entred wythin a pyt that was there vnder the erthe / for feare

[of the fyre, & set the dore vpon them, & there they began to defend themselves so strongly, that none entred therein / but he lost anon hys head. And whan Hernyer

and enter into a pit, where they defend themselves strongly.

4 the traytour was aware of ye same, he tooke his folke with him, & came to ye pyt and began to assayle Reynawde sharply, and his brethern, and al they that were therin with them ; & wyt it, that there, at thentre  
8 of the sayd pyt, were made great faytes of armes, for they of within defended themselves so wel / *that* none myght come in / <sup>1</sup>but he were dead anon.<sup>1</sup> ¶ Whyle that the foure sonnes of Aymon / were in ye pyt vnder  
12 therth, they hearde the crye that his men made, the whiche Hernyer made to be slayne. Than began Rewnawde to sai to his brethern, ‘Lordes, let vs go succour our folke, for, and they should thus dye, it were to  
16 vs a great blame.’ ‘Syr,’ sayd hys bretherne, ‘goe in goddes name, whan it please you.’ And whan they were come out of the pitte, the batayle began to be there ful terryble ; for ye should have seen Reynawde  
20 & his brethern / gyve there great strokes and manye. For Reynawde smote so merveyllouse strokes wyth hys swerd Flamberge, the whyche did cut all that he rought. For Reynawde was all wrothe, and for great angre he  
24 habandoned and Ioparded both lyfe and gooddes.

They leave the pit to succour their men.

**A**nd therefore he bare greate hurte and harme to hys enemyes, for he had cast hys sheelde over his backe, and helde his swerde Flamberge / wyth both his  
28 handes, & made so great destruction of the folke of Charlemagne, that the place was al full of bloud. And whan Reynawde saw that theyr enemyes were sore abashed, and that they durste not abyde him / he sayd  
32 to his brethern, ‘It was to vs great cowardnes to hyde vs so.’ ‘Syr,’ sayd Alarde, ‘ye say trouthe.’ Than sayd Reynawde, ‘My lordes, my brethern, let vs to doo well. For traitours ben good to overcom ; they shall

Reynawde makes great destruction of the folk of Charlemagne.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. vii.

Reynawde finds the fire a little quenched, he shuts the gate of the dungeon, and has up the draw-bridge of the castle.

[not now endure longe agaynst vs.' And whan he had sayde these wordes, he came to y<sup>e</sup> gate of y<sup>e</sup> castel, and the fyre was a lytle quenched. and maugre al his enemyes, he shet the gate of that doungeon / and had 4 vp the drawbridge of the sayde castel. And whan he had doone this, he came agayne to the batayle, & found his brethern, that slewe and beate downe so many knyghtes, <sup>1</sup>and barre themselfe so worthelye<sup>1</sup> / that it 8 was marvayle for to see; for they smote no stroke but they slew a man.

Reynawde kills the folk of Charlemagne in the dungeon, and takes Hernier alive.

**T**han was Hernyer the traytour in the medle within the doungeon, wherof Reynawde had locked the 12 gate / and drawn the bridge; and the good Reynawde sawe that he was safe of the hoste of Charlemagne, and began to put hymselfe in the medle so sharpelye, that he dyd so muche / he and hys brethern, that of y<sup>e</sup> 16 folke of Charlemagne that were wythin the doungeon, abode of them alive but Hernier / and .xii.<sup>2</sup> other; and whan Reynawde saw that they were all dead, he and hys bretherne and hys folke tooke Hernyer]<sup>3</sup> and the 20 XII other / And thenne Reynawde dyde doo make a gybette upon one of the hygheste towres / And there he made to be hanged the XII men / And made Hernyer to be bound hys foure<sup>4</sup> membres, that is to wyte / feete 24 and handes, to foure horses taylles / And soo he was drawnen all quyck, and quartered in foure peces / as a traytoure oughte to be doon unto. And when Hernyer was deed, Reynawde dyde doo make a grete fyre / And 28 made hym to be caste therin / And as he was altogyder brente, he made the ashes of hym to be cast in the ayere to the wynde / And there ye maye see how the

Hernyer is drawn and quartered,

his body burnt, and his ashes cast to the wind.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. vii.

<sup>2</sup> [xi] F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Caxton begins again, Fol. F. vi.

<sup>4</sup> a la cue dung cheual. Et puis fist tous montes Ilz fraperent des esperons, et les cheualx est oient fors et couraigeux, et commencerent a courir lunge a lautre la parmy la rue, tant que en prū de temps Ilz leurent tout des membre, F. orig. e. viii. back.

traytours <sup>1</sup>that wolde be-traye Reynawde,<sup>1</sup> were deed and slayne. For they were punysshed as they had deserved.

4 **T**henne whan kynge Charlemagne wyste that his folke were thus deed, and that he sholde not have Reynawde nor his brethern, he was sore angry therefore, and sayd to hymself / 'Ha, goode god lorde,  
8 how am I evyll dealed wyth all, by this foure knyghtes brethern. I dyde my selfe grete harme / whan ever I made theym knyghtes / And it is often sayd / That men make often a rodde<sup>2</sup> for theym selfe; and that  
12 I maye well now take to me / for theyr uncle slewe my sone Lohier / and Reynawde my nevewe Berthelot,  
<sup>3</sup>that I loved so derely.<sup>3</sup> And yet now he has hanged my men, and many of theym slayne<sup>4</sup> / Well I myghte  
16 calle myselfe unhappy whan I, that am the moste pyussant of the worlde / canne not avenge me of the foure symple knyghtes / I shall never departe from hens tyll that I be avenged, or elles they shall overcom  
20 me / and all my armye.' 'Syr,' sayd Foulques of Morylloy, 'ye have a goode cause why, and Reynawde is a foole that he fereth you not. For yf he hadde doubted you, he shold not have hanged your men / but  
24 he has doon so in dispyte of you.' thenne sayd y<sup>e</sup> duk naimes of bavyere, <sup>5</sup>'hadde ye beleved me, ye sholde not have loste your men. Ye wolde beleve Hernyer / It is happed of it as ye see. Now beholde  
28 your folke that ben shaken wyth the wynde' /

Charlemagne is angry that his folk are thus slain.

Naymes of Bavyere says that the King should not have believed Hernyer.

**W**han the emperour Charlemagne understode this that the duke of Naymes sayd to hym / He knewe that he sayd trouth, and wyste not what he  
32 sholde saye to it, but loked down all a shamed. This

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. e. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> dont son est bactu, F. orig. e. viii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> en grant marture et tourment, F. orig. c. viii.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. F. vii.

hangynge, Reynawde and his bredern are goon upon the walles, and loked about theym, & sawe that the basse-courte of the castell brenned there as their wytaylles were / Thenne began Reynawde to saye to his bredern / 4  
 ‘Fayr lordes, the thyng gooeth well, sithe that we ben scaped, thanked be god, from soo peryllous and harde adventure / I laked lityll but *that* we were all deed by false trayson / but the worste that I see is, that we have 8  
 loste our store of vytaylles, so that we have noo thyng to lyve upon. And me semeth that yf we dwelle ony lenger here wythin, we doo not wysely; but yf it seme you goode it is tyme that we departe hens’ / ‘Broder,’ 12  
 sayd Alarde, ‘ye speke well & wysely / and we shall doo as ye have sayd: for as longe as the liffe is in oure bodyes, we shall not leve you’ / Whan the foure bredern were togyder accorded for to departe thens, they trussed 16  
 all their harneys / and taryed tyll that it was nyghte, and thenne they armed theym selfe / and lighted on horsebacke / And when they were redy / Reynawde sayd to theym / ‘Lordes, how many men ben we’ / ‘We ben,’ 20  
 answered a lorde, ‘well V hundred’ / ‘It is ynoughe,’ sayd Reynawde / ‘But wote ye what we shall do? Lete us kepe ourselfe alwayes to gyder, wythoute makyng of ony affraye, & so goo thurgh y<sup>e</sup> londe of almayn<sup>1</sup> / & 24  
 yf y<sup>e</sup> folke of charlemagn hap to assaile us / thinke to defende ourselfe well, & smyte harde vpon theym, <sup>2</sup>so that we have to oure worshyp the better of theym’ / Whan it was tyme to lighte on horsebacke, Reynawde 28  
 mounted vpon bayarde, and the other also lyghted vpon theyr horses. And whan thei were all horsed, they opened the gate and wente oute atte theyr leyser wyth-  
 oute making any noyse: and whan they were all yssued 32  
 oute, Reynawde behelde and sawe the castell that brente. Wherof he toke grete pyte, and sayd, ‘Ha, god! goode castell! it is grete dommage that ye be thus dystroyed

Reynawde says he must leave the castle, for they have no victuals.

The four sons go out of the castle in the night without any noise.

<sup>1</sup> sans faire noise, F. orig. e. viii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. F. vii. back.



and wasted / goddys curse have he that betrayed this  
 goode castell. It is ago seven yere *that* ye were made  
 fyrste. Alas! we have hadde therin soo moche goode,  
 4 and soo mykyll worshyp, and now we leve you mawgre  
 vs./ Certes ye were my truste after my brethern / And  
 whan I muste lese you, there is none so sory for it as I  
 am' / And as he spake thyse wordes, the teres felle  
 8 down from his eyen / And he was soo taken wyth grete  
 hevynes, that almoste he felle doune in a swoune / soo  
 moche of sorowe he had atte his herte.

Reynawde grieves  
 to leave his castle,

12 **A**nd whan Alarde sawe Reynawde so full of sorowe,  
 he cam to hym and sayd / 'By my feyth, broder,  
 ye be to blame to saie soo. Ye be not the man that  
 shall com to myschyef, for all the knyghtes that ben  
 a lyve are not worthe you; and therefore I praye you  
 16 that ye wyll comforte yourselfe / for I swere you vpon  
 all halowes, that a fore two yere be passed, ye shall have  
 a castell that shall be worthe suche foure as this is /  
 But now lete vs putte ourselfe to the way, for we have  
 20 noo nede to tary' / 'Broder,' sayd Reynawde, 'I have  
 founde ever in you goode counseyll / Now goo we  
 thenne oure waye / and take you and Guycharde the  
 forewarde, and I and Rycharde shalle come behynde' /  
 24 'Syre,' sayde Alarde, 'all shall be doon as ye saye' /  
 And thenne toke Alarde his broder Guycharde wyth  
 hym, and went afore wyth a C. <sup>1</sup>knyghtes wyth theym /  
 and hadde forthe their caryage in the myddes of theym /  
 28 And Reynawde and Rycharde cam after wyth the  
 residue of theyr folke / But they coude never make  
 nor passe soo softly / but that the folke of the ooste  
<sup>2</sup>of the emperour<sup>2</sup> overtoke theym.

but Alarde con-  
 soles him.

As they pass, the  
 folk of the Em-  
 peror hear them.

32 **T**henne whan Charlemagne knewe that Reynawde  
 came, he was moche wrothe, and made his com-  
 maundement that every man sholde be armed. And  
 thenne the ooste began to moeve, and wente inconty-

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F. viii.    <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. i. back.

The host of  
Charlemagne  
advance against  
the four sons.

nente and armed theym selfe. Whan Alarde and Guy-  
charde, that went afore, saw that they myghte not  
passe / but that they muste medle / they spored theyr  
horses / and ranne vpon Charlemayns folke soo sharpely 4  
that they were all an-angred wyth it, for they over-  
threwe two knyghtes to the grounde, and incontynente<sup>1</sup>  
was there grete a doo / And whan Reynawde sawe that  
the ooste moeved / he called to hym XX. knyghtes, 8  
and bad theym take and lede forthe the caryage afore  
oute of the ooste, and he sholde goo helpe his bredern /  
'Syre,' sayd they, 'we shall doo your commaunde-  
mente' / And<sup>2</sup> thenne Reynawde spored bayarde and i 2  
entred among the thyckest, and began there to make  
soo grete mervyllles of armes that all the folke of  
charlemagne wondred vpon / for he & his brederne  
overthrewe there deed soo many knyghtes, that noone 16  
durste come afore theym but that he was slayne.

Reynawde and his  
brethren over-  
throw all who  
come before them.

**W**hat shall I telle you / wyte it that the folke of  
kyng Charlemagne was so discomfyted, for by  
cause that it was nyghte,<sup>3</sup> and myghte not well see what 20  
nombre of folke the foure bretherne were<sup>3</sup> / that Rey-  
nawde and his companye passed, mawgre theym of the  
ooste / And also I tell you for certeyn that Reynawde  
and his bredern dyde soo grete harme to the folke of 24  
Charlemagne *that* he was sory for it many dayes after.  
<sup>4</sup>Whan Reynawde was passed, he fonde his sommeres  
and his caryage / and his knyghtes that conduytte  
theym / wherof he was gladd / Thenne he sayd to his 28  
brethern / 'Syres, goo on your waye' / and they dyde  
his commaundemente / And Reynawde wyth his broder  
Richarde<sup>5</sup> abode byhynde / And whan Charlemagne  
wyste that Reynawde wente awaye, he was gladd, by 32  
cause he hadde lefte the castell <sup>6</sup>of Mounteynforde<sup>6</sup> /

The sons pass  
through in spite  
of the host of  
Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> entre eulx et leurs gens, F. orig. f. i.

<sup>2</sup> quant Renault eut ce fait, il, F. orig. f. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. F. viii. back.

<sup>5</sup> Guichart, F. orig.      <sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig.

And Incontynente he made hym to be followed / and  
also all the oost was redyly armed / And whan they  
were well arrayed, they toke theyr waye after the foure  
4 sones <sup>1</sup> of Aymon.<sup>1</sup>

**N**ow ben the foure knyghtes bretherne<sup>2</sup> ryght sory  
of that they have thus left theyr fayr castell of  
Mounteynforde / And wyte it that Charlemagne fol-  
8 lowed theym well of nyghe / and sayd that / it sholde  
hurte hym sore but yf he myghte take theym / But  
Reynawde the worthy knyghte is not abasshed / but  
he taketh all his folke, and setteth theym afore hym,  
12 and sayd<sup>3</sup> to his broder Alarde / 'Goode broder Alarde,<sup>4</sup>  
take kepe of this folke betwene you & Guycharde /  
and yf the folke of Charlemagne assaylle vs, we shall  
deffende us well' / 'Syr,' sayd Alarde, 'as ye have  
16 sayd, soo shall it be doon' / And thenne they saw come  
Charlemagne and Oger the dane, duke Names of  
bauyere, Foulgues of Morylloy, & many other, & whan  
Charlemagne *that* cam afore well horsed, saw reynawde  
20 & his folke, he cried to theym and sayd, 'Soo helpe me  
god, glotons, ye be now deed! thys is the daye that  
I shall make you all foure to be all hanged' / 'Syre,'  
answered Reynawde, 'it shall not be so as ye wene, and  
24 it playse god; for *that* god gyve me <sup>5</sup>lyffe and <sup>5</sup>helth,  
and to my horse bayarde,<sup>6</sup> the pursuette shall sore dere  
be boughte, that ye nowe do' / And whan he had sayd  
the same, he tor<sup>7</sup>ned bayarde agenst Charlemagne for to  
28 smyte hym / for he wende well to have slayne hym  
wythoute ony fawte / The kyng Charlemagne was in  
daunger to deye, yf Reynawde had raughte hym / But  
Dampe hughe wente bytwene the kyng and Reynawde  
32 that cam wyth his spere in the reest, willynge for to

The King follows  
the four brethren.

Reynawde sets his  
men in array  
against the folk of  
Charlemagne.

Reynawde would  
have slain Charle-  
magne, but  
Dampe Hughe  
comes between  
them.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Aymon, F. orig. f. i.

<sup>3</sup> a Alard, F. orig. f. ii. back.      <sup>4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>6</sup> sera compare et chier vendua ma mort, F. orig. f. ii. back.

<sup>7</sup> Fol. G. i.

Reynawde slays  
Hughe, and goes  
after his brethren.

doo grete harme / And at his comyng, he smote dampe  
hughe thrughe the shelde so harde, that he perced his  
herte wyth the yron of his spere, and soo he fell doun  
deed afore the kynge / And whan Reynawde had gyven 4  
that stroke, he wente his waye after his brethern.

**W**han Charlemagne<sup>1</sup> sawe hughe fall deed, he cryed  
with an high voys / 'Now after, lordes, after /  
for yf thyse glotons scape vs, I shall never be mery' / 8  
And Reynawde cam agen to hys folke, and sayd to  
theym / 'Lordes, doubte you not aslonge as I am a  
lyve, but be all assured, and soo ryde on hardely<sup>2</sup> & in  
good arraye.' What shall I telle you more / Wyte it 12  
that XXIV<sup>3</sup> myle lasted the chasse, and there was  
never a myle but that they iusted togyder / and many  
knyghtes were there overthrowen & slayn / But Rey-  
nawde & hys folke bare theym selfe soo manly, that 16  
they loste<sup>4</sup> but thre of theyr felawshyp at that tyme /  
but they rode so long tyll they cam to the ryver. The  
kyng called to hym his barons, and said to theym /  
'Lordes, lete alone the chasse! it were folie from hens- 20  
forth for to followe theym. For I see that all our  
horses maye no more. Lete theym go to a hundred  
thousand devils! for yf Reynawde wroughte wyth  
wytche craft, he coude doo nomore than he dooth. 24  
Late vs thynk for to lodge us here nyghe the ryver /  
for the contrey is goode and playsaunte as me semeth.  
'Syre,' sayd the barons / 'lete it be doon as ye have  
commaunded.' Thenne they vnladed theyr sommeres, 28  
and pyghte there theyr pavyllions / and whan they  
were sette<sup>5</sup> up, the kyng made hym to be dysarmed.  
And in the meane while the souper was made redy  
lightly; for of all the daye y<sup>e</sup> kyng had nother eten 32  
nor dronken / nor none of his felawshyp / And Rey-

The King tells his  
barons to give up  
the pursuit of the  
brothers.

<sup>1</sup> vit ce coup, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> et sans desroy, F. orig. f. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> XIII lieux, F. orig. f. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> ne perdirent riens, F. orig. f. ii. back.      <sup>5</sup> Fol. G. i. back.

nawde was passed over the ryver, he & his bredern & his folke, sauff & sounde, where as they wolde be bi the grace of our lorde / and whan Reynawde & his  
 4 bredern saw that the chasse was ceassed and lefte, they wente all softly; and whan they had goon ferre from the oost of kynge Charlemagne, they fonde a fountayne fayr & clere / and aboute that fountayne was moche  
 8 fayr grasse & thyecke / Whan reynawde sawe the place was soo playsaunt, he sayd to his folke, 'here is a fayr grounde for to lodge us, & for our horses.' 'Syr,' sayd Alarde, 'ye saye trouth.' And thenne they vnloaded  
 12 theyr somers<sup>1</sup> & theyr cartes<sup>1</sup> / and wyte it, the horse were mery; but the poure knyghtes were evyll lodged / for they had there noo mete nor no drynke, but clere water / But wyte it, that Reynawde nor none of his  
 16 knyghtes dysarmed theym not, but made good watche all the nyghte, one after another / And whan they sawe the day com / Reynawde made his harneys to be trussed, and they lighted on horsbacke, and toke their  
 20 waye through the<sup>2</sup> grete forest of Ardeyne / and whan they had rydden longe, they lighted down afore another fountayne, that they had watched the nyghte afore, sholde rest themselfe there.

24 **N**ow myght well saye Charlemagne, that he can never hurte the foure sones of Aymon / And wyte, that he was lodged vpon the ryver, where he abode / whan he wolde no more folowe after Rey-  
 28 nawde / And whan the daye was clere / he sayd to the duke of Naymes / 'What thynke ye what we ought to doo?' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'yf ye wyll beleve me, we shall tourne backe agayne / for to goo ony  
 32<sup>3</sup> fether this waye, it were but a foli; for this wood is to thyke, and the ryver over moche perillouse / and also

Reynawde finds his pursuers have ceased,

and encamps near a clear fountain.

His knyghts watch all nyght in their armour.

Duke Naymes says it is folly to go after the four sons any further.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. ii.

<sup>2</sup> une forest grant et espesse moult des nōmable, F. orig. f. ii

<sup>3</sup> Fol. G. ii.

Reynawde & his bredern are suche knyghtes that they ben not for to be lightly overthrowen.' And while the kyng and the duke spake to gyder / there cam many knyghtes to hym ; and whan Charlemagne sawe theym / 4 he called Vydelon, Renyer, Oger the dane, & sayd to theym / 'Lordes, I wyll that ye com agen to Parys wyth me.' And when they vnderstode this, they were glad, & sayd to the kyng / 'Syre, it is the best coun- 8 seyll that ye can doo' / and after that they were so accorded / Charlemagne made to be cryed, that everi man sholde retorne agen in to his country / and that they shold kepe it well, & that he prayed theym so to 12 doo / 'Syr,' sayd the barons, 'we shall do your commaundement' / and when all was sayd, they made thooste to descende & take their waye / and the kyng went streyghte to Parys, & the barons in their coun- 16 treys. And whan Charlemagne was come to parys, he called afore hym his barons, & to theym sayd / 'fayr lordes, I am the most unhappy kyng of y<sup>e</sup> worlde, whan I have no power to avenge my self of the foure 20 sones of Aymon ; and they lede me, as ye knowe / I wene they shall retorne in to their countrey or to their castell / & it be so, I wyll that we goo there agen for to leye sege there' / 'Syr,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'that 24 shall they not do, for they are in Ardeyne ; and ye knowe that the foreste is soo grete, that they shall fynde some cheuysaunce' / 'That myghte well be,' sayd the kyng Charlemagne / 'but whersomever they goo / evyll 28 waye myghte they fynde' / And when he had sayd thys, he touned towarde Ogyer / and sayd to hym / 'Take Gerarde, Foulgues the almayne, and Dron of Mondydyer, and gyve leve to the frenshmen and to the other / 32 'Syre,' sayd Ogyer, 'well shall be doon your commaundemente.' <sup>1</sup>And thenne wente Ogyer to Foulgues, to Gerarde / and to Dron / and tolde theym

Charlemagne orders all his men to return to their own lands.

The King goes straight to Paris.

The King grieves that he has no power to avenge himself on the four sons.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. ii. back.

that / that Charlemagne had commaunded / And after  
 came to the frenshmen / and tolde to the other  
 knyghtes / and gaaff theym leve / And whan the  
 4 kynges folke hadde leve, every man wente to hys  
 cuntrye / not the ryght waye / but traversynge the  
 mountaynes. And thus as Aymon wente traversynge  
 the lande towarde his cuntrye, it happed to hym soo  
 8 that he came by the fountayne where his sones dwelled.  
 Whan Aymon sawe hys chyldren / he was abashed, and  
 ryght sory for it / And thenne he sayd to his barons,  
 ‘Lordes, counseyll me, I praye you, what I oughte to  
 12 doo agenst my children / for, and I assayle theym / and  
 that they ben slayn or taken, I shall never have Ioye /  
 and yf I lete theym goo / I shall be forsworne to  
 Charlemagne’ / Whan his barons herde hym speke  
 16 soo / there was never one that answered any worde /  
 And whan Aymon saw that he was counseyllled of noo  
 man / he sayd agayn to theym, ‘Syth it is soo that ye  
 wyll gyve me noo counseylle / I shall doo after my  
 20 owne wyll / for god forbede that it be layd unto me,  
 that I have founde theym here, and have not foughte  
 wyth theym / but well I telle you, that it is for my  
 synne that I have founde them here. But from hens-  
 24 forthe it shall be doon therin as it playseth <sup>1</sup>god and <sup>1</sup>  
 fortune.’ ‘Syr,’ sayd Esmenfray, ‘yf ye assaylle your  
 chyldren, ye do not amys / for ye sware it to the kyng  
 Charlemagne / Kepe, syr Aymon, that ye be not for-  
 28 sworne / for a man of your age shoulde rather deye than  
 he sholde doo ony treyson.’ ‘Goode frende, ye saye  
 well,’ sayd Aymon / ‘and I shall soo doo that I shalle  
 not be blamed’ / And thenne he called two of his  
 32 knyghtes, and sayd to theym / ‘Goo toward Reynawde  
 and his bretherne, and defye theym in my behalve.’  
 ‘Syre,’ sayd the <sup>2</sup>knyghtes, ‘it is a harde thyng for to be  
 doon / but sith it playse you, we shall doo as ye have

Aymon in passing  
 to his own lands  
 meets his sons.

Duke Aymon  
 sends two knights  
 to defy Reynawde  
 and his brethren.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G. iii.

commaunded.' And thenne they went to warde Reynawde, that was sore abasshed / for he knewe well that they were of his faders folke. Werof he was full sory for it / and after he sayd to his bredern / 'Lordes, now 4 arme yourselfe / for a man that is well garnysshed is not of lighte overthrowe / And of the other side, I knowe soo moche the hardenes of my fader, that he shall not feyne to be fyght us.' 'Broder,' sayd Rycharde, 'ye 8 saye trouthe' / This hangyng, came the two knyghtes afore hym, and whan Reynawde sawe theym come nyghe hym, he wente agenst theym, and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, what ye be, and what wynde dryveth you 12 hyther' / Thenne spake one of the knyghtes, and sayd to Reynawde / 'Syre, we ben knyghtes of my lorde, your fader, that sendeth to you by vs a defyaunce.' 'Lordes,' sayd Reynawde, 'I wyst it well <sup>1</sup>assone as I 16 dyde see yow of ferre<sup>1</sup> / but goo agayn and telle to our fader, that it will playse hym to gyve vs triews / for he shall not do well for to befyghte vs that are his natureyll chyl dren.' 'Syre,' sayd the knyghte, 'of folie 20 ye speke / but thynke to defende your selfe well, for he shalle assayll you withoute doubt' / Whan they hadde sayd these wordes, they retourned agayne for to reherse to Aymon their message, and how they had 24 defyed his children / Whan the olde Aymon understode theym, he made none other tarienge, but spored his horse wyth the spores, and ran the formeste vpon / vpon his sones. And whan Reynawde saw his fader 28 come, he come agenst hym and sayd, 'Ha, fader, what doo you / we have none soo grete a foo as ye be to vs / and I have grete mervylle that ye come alwayes vpon us. Ye doo yll and grete synne for to doo soo. Atte 32 the leste, yf ye wyll bi noo wyse helpe vs / be not to us contrary ne enmye, <sup>2</sup>yf it <sup>3</sup>playse you'<sup>2</sup> / 'Thou theeff!'

Reynawde asks  
 his father to grant  
 them a truce.

Reynawde does  
 not wish to fight  
 his father,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. iii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. iv. back.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. G. iii. back.



sayd Aymon, 'ye shall never doo goode, sythe that ye  
 begynne to preche. Goo to the wode! soo shall ye be  
 come wylde bestes / evyll daye gyve you, god; for ye  
 4 ben not worth an hanfull of strawe. Now thynke to  
 defende yourselfe; for yf ye ben taken, ye shall be  
 putte to a grete tourmente.' 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde,  
 'ye doo vs wronge / I shalle defende me, sythe that I  
 8 maye none other wyse doo / for yf I sholde lette my-  
 selfe to be slayne, my soule solde be putte to peyne and  
 tourmente' / Whan Aymon saw that, he broughte his  
 speere in the reeste, and putte hymselfe amonge his  
 12 chyldren / lyke as they hadde ben strangers / And  
 whan Reynawde sawe that, he cryed to his men, and  
 sayd / 'here is none other, but doo well now. Lordes,  
 thynke to smyte well / for nede compelleth vs therto' /  
 16 And whan he hadde sayd that worde / he spored his  
 horse wyth his spores / and putte hym selfe in the  
 thyckest, and beganne to make soo grete effortes of  
 armes, that all the folke of his fader merveyllled of it  
 20 gretely.

but Aymon at-  
 tacks him.

**W**hat shall I saye? the bataylle beganne so felle  
 and cruell / that pyte it was to see / For you  
 sholde have seen, gyve and receyve, grete and horryble  
 24 strokes of the one parte and of the other. And many  
 knyghtes and horses deye / many sheeldes brosten, and  
 many white harneys broken / So many hedes smytten  
 of, and soo many legges and armes broken, and sore  
 28 hurte. And thynke that this bataylle was sore stronge,  
 and well helden of the one syde and of the other / But  
 to saye the trouthe, Reynawde must loose atte that  
 tyme / for his fader had thre<sup>1</sup> tymes as many folke as  
 32 he hadde / For of fyve hundred men that abode wyth  
 Reynawde <sup>2</sup>after his castell was take / which were wyth  
 hym atte thys bataylle,<sup>2</sup> were lefte on lyve / what

The battle begins

Both sides fight  
 bravely, but Rey-  
 nawde is beaten  
 for want of more  
 men.

<sup>1</sup> beaucoup plus gens, F. orig. f. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. iv.

hurte and sounde, but fyfthy persones / But <sup>1</sup>I telle you well for certeyne, that Reynawde and his bretherne dyde soo grete harme to the folke of their fader / that they slewe well halfe of theym. But atte laste 4

The four sons flee towards the mountains, followed by Aymon. Reynawde must loose, and flee away towarde the mountaynes / And Aymon chassed hym as well as he coude / for he wende well to have taken theym / And whan Keynawde sawe theymselfe vpon the toppe of 8

Reynawde determines to defend the mountain. the mountayne, he sayd to hys bretherne / 'Lete vs not departe from hens / for this is a goode place for to deffende' / Wyte that there was grete scarmysshyng and Iustyng / made / and many a knyghte deed and 12

Alarde is unhorsed. sore wounded. And there was slayne vnder Alarde, his goode horse / And whan Alarde sawe hym selfe a grounde, he lepte on his feete ryght quyckely, and toke his swerde in his hande, and beganne to deffende 16

Richard saves his brother Alarde from the folk of Aymon. well hys bones / And whan Rycharde sawe his broder Alarde a fote, he torned towarde hym for to come helpe and socoure hym / And Aymon and his folke came there for to take hym. Soo beganne the bataylle 20

Reynawde overthrows his father Aymon, yet agen more cruell than it hadde be afore. And wyte that Alarde sholde have ben taken there / yf it had not ben the noble and worthy knyghte Reynawde that came to helpe hym. And whan he was come 24

and brings Alarde out of the press and puts him on Bayard. there, he smote Bayarde wyth his spores / and wente in to the gretest preesse / soo that he overthrewe Aymon his fader down to the erthe / and after, he sayd to hym, 'Fader, ye have pledged my broder Alarde, 28

for ye be now sette a foote as he is' / Thenne was Aymon sore angry, that he loste almoste his wyttes / And Reynawde sette his hande to his swerde / and beganne for to departe the preesse in such a wyse / 32

that he broughte his brother Alarde oute of the preesse. And after sayd to hym, 'Fayre brother, lepe behynde me <sup>2</sup>vpon Bayarde; <sup>2</sup>for to abyde here ony

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. iv.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. iv.

lenger, it were foly' / Whan Alarde vnderstode <sup>1</sup>his  
 brother Reynawde, he was ryght glad, for he was so  
 wery that he myghte no more / and soo he mounted  
 4 vpon bayarde behinde hys brother Reynawde. And  
 whan Bayarde wyst hymselfe lade wyth two knyghtes,  
 he strengthened hym selfe so strongly / that it semed to  
 Reynawde that he was more ioyouse <sup>2</sup>& more mery <sup>2</sup>than  
 8 he had be of all the daye / Now wyt it, that Reynawde  
 made fouer ioustes vpon his horse bayarde, wyth his  
 brother Alarde behynde hym. Wherof he slewe foure  
 knyghtes <sup>2</sup>of the folke of Charlemagne, that were come  
 12 wyth his fader Aymon / And all thus Reynawde toke  
 Alarde oute of his enemyes handes, mawgre theyr  
 teeth, and bare hym selfe ryght worthily the same  
 daye / as here after ye shall mow more playnly vnder-  
 16 stande.<sup>2</sup>

He slays four  
 knights of Charle-  
 magne,

**N**ow ben the foure sones of Aymon recreaunte &  
 almost wery / but onely Reynawde, that never  
 was the weker for no thyng that he dyd in armes /  
 20 For as he went, he tordned hym selfe at every pas that  
 he made, and rebuked & kepte his enemyes abacke wyth  
 his harde strokes that he gaaff to theym / soo that his  
 folke wente afore hym all atte ther ease and leyser /  
 24 And whan he sawe that his folke were well ferre from  
 theyr enemyes / he spored bayarde, and cam to his  
 folke, hys brother Alarde behynde hym, as lightly as  
 bayarde had be wythoute ony bridyll, and no sadle  
 28 vpon hym / for this horse was suche *that* he was never  
 wery / And thus as Reynawde wente awaye, than cam  
 and followed after hym Esmenfray / that was one of  
 the most worthy knyghtes of Charlemagn, and was  
 32 vpon a horse ryght good and blacke, that Charlemagne  
 had gyven to hym / And whan he was nygh Reynawde,  
 he cryed to theym, 'Soo helpe me god,<sup>3</sup> ye ben deed or

and keeps his  
 enemies back,  
 while his own  
 men retreat.

Esmenfray fol-  
 lows after Rey-  
 nawde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. iv. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. iv.

<sup>3</sup> gloutons, F. orig. f. v. back.

taken surely / I shall bryng you to Charlemagne' / And  
 anone wente and smote Reynawd <sup>1</sup>in his sheelde /  
 Wherof Reynawde was moche angry; and Reynawde  
 smote hym agen in suche a wyse, & wyth so grete a <sup>4</sup>  
 strengthe / that nether for his sheelde nor for his goode  
 armures of stele, he was not kepte / but that Reynawde  
 overthrewe hym sterke deed to the grounde / And  
 whan this knyghte was deed / Reynawde toke his <sup>8</sup>  
 horse by the bridyll, & sayd to Alarde his broder,  
 'Holde, fayr broder, lighte vpon this blacke horse,  
 whiche is good / for I gyve hym to you' /

Reynawde slays  
 him,

and gives his  
 horse to Alarde.

**A**nd whan Alarde sawe the fayr present that his <sup>12</sup>  
 brother Reynawde had doon to hym / he was as  
 glad of y<sup>e</sup> same as thoughe he had wonne Parys / And  
 thenne he made none other taryeng, but that / he  
 lighted down from bayarde, and mounted vpon <sup>16</sup>  
 frays blacke horse, that hys broder had gyven hym /  
 and smote hym wyth the spores, & wente & iousted  
 agenste a knyghte of his faders folk that was called  
 Anfray, so harde that he overthrewe hym deed to <sup>20</sup>  
 therthe. And shortly to speke, after that Alarde was  
 in thys wyse sette agen on horsebacke, began the  
 batayll of a freshe, sore harde & fell, in soo moche that  
 at that owre were slayne XX of the best knyghtes that <sup>24</sup>  
 Aymon had wyth hym. Whan Aymon sawe this, he  
 was sore angry for it, and cryed to his folke, 'Ha  
 lordes, yf they scape you, I shall never have ioie / for  
 they have slayne Esmenfray, the good knyght that kyng <sup>28</sup>  
 Charlemagne had gyven to me.' / Whan the folke of  
 Aymon understode thise wordes, and the wyll of their  
 lorde / thenne they dyd renne vpon Alarde so moche,  
 that they made hym to leve the place by force. And yf <sup>32</sup>  
 it had not be the passage of a lityll ryver, that eased &  
 holpe theym gretly, Reynawde & his brethern had had  
 moche to doo. But I telle you wythout fawte, that

Alarde begins the  
 battle again,

and twenty of the  
 knights of Aymon  
 are slain.

A little river saves  
 the four sons from  
 the folk of  
 Aymon.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. v.      <sup>2</sup> le moreau, F. orig. f. v.

Reynawde & his brethern made so grete occysion of the folk of their fader, *that* it was pyte for to beholde, for there deyed well of theym XXV at the  
 4 passage of *the* ryver; and yf reynawde had had wyth hym a L knyghtes more than he had at the passage / he sholde have dyscomfyted his fader & all his folke / but for fawte of men, Reynawde must forsake *the* place,  
 8 & myght not save wyth hym but XIIIII knyghtes of his owne / Now see how sorowfull<sup>2</sup> was *the* batayll / for of V hundred knyghtes that Reynawde had wyth hym there / abode wyth hym alyve but XIIIII / and ye may  
 12 wel wyte that the olde Aymon had dommagid his children right sore / but that they passed over the ryver. For as it is sayd / they had lost all theyr men, wherof they were full sory & wrothe. /

Reynawde loses all but fourteen knights in the battle.

16 **N**ow hath Reynawde so fewe folke, that he wote no more what to do / but he myght not doo<sup>3</sup> therto. Wherof the teeres fell down contynuelly from his eyen / and in lyke wyse wepte Aymon hys fader at *that* other  
 20 side, as thistory doth tell. And whan he had wepte ynough / he sayd in this maner / 'Ha, fair sone, prue and worthy, how sory am I / for I am thoccasion of your harme & <sup>4</sup>dommage / Now shall ye all goo as  
 24 exyled / for ye have noughte to lyve vpon, & I can not helpe you by ony wyse / Wherof I ensure you I am gretly dysplayed<sup>5</sup> & sory for it.<sup>5</sup> The devyll take his soule that first began the striff! & soo shall he.'  
 28 Whan he had made his mone & lamentacyons longe ynoughe, he made incontynent all the deed bodyes to be taken for to be buried / And they that were hurte / he made to be brought wyth hym as well as he coude /  
 32 And made the body of Esmenfray to be put vpon a litter / & toke on his way towarde Ardeyne / where he bode but a nyght; and in the mornynge he made

Aymon and Reynawde both grieve at the loss of their men.

Aymon takes the body of Esmenfray with him to Paris.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. v. back.    <sup>2</sup> et piteuse, F. orig. f. v.    <sup>3</sup> add.  
<sup>4</sup> grant, F. orig. f. v.    <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. v.

the litter to be borne vpon two<sup>1</sup> horses, & went agen to Paris, & cam afore Charlemagn & said to hym / 'Sir, whan I wente now late towarde my countrey,<sup>2</sup> wyte that as I was <sup>3</sup>on my waye, I fonde my children / and <sup>4</sup>fyve hundred knyghtes wyth theym in the forest of Ardeyn, and <sup>5</sup>for thacquytaunse of myn othe,<sup>5</sup> I dyd sende to theym my dyffyaunce / and wolde have taken theym / for to have brought theym to you as prysoners / 8 but I myghte not / for they ben sore doubted / And that I assaylled theym, it hath cost me sore dere / for thei have borne vnto me soo grete harme & dommage that it cannot be estemed ; and I slewe all theyr folke 12 excepte XII<sup>6</sup> persones, that ben scaped wyth theym / but they have slayne your knyghte Esmenfray, but at the last they wente awaye dyscomfyted <sup>5</sup>and overthrown<sup>5</sup> / And they sholde have ben taken, if it had 16 not be a ryver that they passed over / wherby they were saved' / Whan Charlemagn vnderstode these wordes / he was ryght sore an angred / soo moche that he lost almoste his wyte. And thenne he sayd to olde Aymon 20 in angre / 'By god, Aymon, ye escuse yourselfe falsly / for never raven ete his yonge byrdes / To a nother ye shall make this to beleve, but not to me.' Whan the olde Aymon vnderstode the kyng that speke thus, he 24 sayd to hym / 'Syr Emperour, wyte that I do telle you is trouthe / and I doo shewe it to the ende that my trouthe be knowen / & for none other cause / Soo bryng afore me your reliques <sup>5</sup>& hallowes,<sup>5</sup> that I shall 28 swere vpon the sayntes that ben in hevyn / that it was as I have recounted & sayd to you / and yf it playse you, ye shall beleve me / and yf ye wille not / ye maye chuse therof' / 'Aymon,' sayd Charlemagne, 'I knowe 32

He gives the King an account of the battle.

Charlemagne will not believe that Aymon fought against his own sons.

<sup>1</sup> deux mulletz, F. orig. f. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> par vostre commandement, F. orig. f. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. G. vi.      <sup>4</sup> a tout cent, F. orig. f. vi. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. f. vi. back.

<sup>6</sup> XIII. F. orig.

well your hert, for yf it went all at your wyll, your  
 sones sholde be lordes of all fraunce / and of all my  
 empyre' / 'Sire,' sayd amon, 'ye be wroth of som other  
 4 thyng, wherof I may not do therto; and yf ye have  
 any knyght in your courte that wyll make good this  
 that it playse you for to saye / I shall prove it on hym,  
 wyth my body, *that* he lieth falsely. But ever<sup>1</sup>more  
 8 ye have be suche, that ye never loved a true knyghte /  
 but flaterers and lyers, wherof many evylles been  
 happed, & shall happe' / And thenne Aymon came  
 down from the palays, and lighted vpon his horse  
 12 and wente agen to his countrey / Wythout ony leve  
 that he toke of the kynge. And he rood soo longe oo  
 daye after a nother, that he came to Ardeyne / And  
 there he fonde the duchesse his wyff, that came agenste  
 16 hym, and receyved hym wyth a glad chere / and asked  
 hym how he had doon.

Charlemagne is  
 angry with  
 Aymon,

who leaves the  
 palace and goes to  
 his own country.

**T**henne sayd the duke Aymon / 'Full evyll have I  
 doon / For I founde my foure sones in the wood of  
 20 Ardeyne / and soo I assaylled theym cruelly / Wenyng  
 to me for to have taken theym / whiche I coulde not  
 doo / but I slewe and dyscomfyted all theyr folke /  
 And they have doon to me soo grete harme of my  
 24 folke / and soo many they have slayne of theym, that  
 I knowe not the numbre. And I telle you for veraye  
 certeyn, but yf it had not ben the prowes and grete  
 worthynes of oure sone Reynawde / I had taken  
 28 Alarde / For my men had slayne his horse / and had  
 broughte hym so lowe that he myghte no more goo /  
 But reynawde his broder came vpon us, and brake vs  
 so sore that he broughte Alarde out of the preese,  
 32 mawgre us and our folke, and made hym sitte behynde  
 hym vpon Bayarde / And I telle you *that* Reynawde  
 fought soo sore, that never lyon nor noo bore foughte  
 soo strongly agenste ony other best / as he dyde fyghte

Aymon tells his  
 wife how he at-  
 tacked his sons,

and nearly cap-  
 tured Alard,

but the prowess  
 of Reynawde  
 delivered him,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. vi. back.

and how Esmen-  
fray was slain.

agenst our men / for at everi paas that he made  
forwarde, he torned hymself agenst vs wyth Alarde  
behynde hym, *that* made vs so gretly abasshed that we  
myght not bere nor abyde his grete strokes / & at this 4  
tornyng *that* he thus made / he slewe Esmenfray, a  
knyght of Charlemagnes, whiche he loved moche;  
& whan he had slayn hym, he toke his horse, & gaaf  
hym to <sup>1</sup>alarde, and made hym to goo doun fro Bayarde / 8  
and lighted a none vpon the horse of Esmenfray.  
And thus they wente from vs, wolde we or not / And  
I wente agen to Parys towarde Charlemagne / and  
shewed to hym / how the thyng was com / and 12  
how Esmenfray was slayne / Wherof I trowed not to  
have hadde blame; but he blamed me ryght gretly for  
it. But sith that, he is my hevy lorde, wythoute a  
lawfull cause / I shall make hym wrothe and sory 16  
afore sxx<sup>2</sup> monethes com atte an ende.'

The duchess  
blames Aymon  
for having fought  
against their own  
sons.

'Ye have doon evyll,' sayd the lady / 'that ye have  
thus sore dommagd oure chyl dren. Ye sholde  
deffende theym agenste all men / and ye doo to them 20  
the worste that ye canne! be they not your sones  
naturell, commen of your owne flesshe? For sooth, my  
lorde, ye ought well to bere yourselfe better towarde  
theym than ye doo / for never soo ryche a bourdeyne 24  
was borne in the wombe of a lady: blessed be the  
hour that they were begoten & norysshed / And soo  
helpe me god, my lorde, as I wolde that your chyl dren  
and myn hadde taken you prysoner / to the ende that 28  
ye sholde yelde to theym agayne all that they have  
lost by you / And I thanke god ryght highli that  
Charlemagne is wrothe wyth you / for evyll to doo  
maye noo goode come of. Ye assaylled your chyl dren 32  
agenst god and agenst all ryghtwysness / And yf harme  
is come to you therfore / thanked be god' / Thenne  
sayd Aymon, 'Lady, you saye me ryght, for I have

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G. vii.

<sup>2</sup> six F. orig.



doun grete wrong / And I promytte you that I never  
 dyde thynge / wherof I repente me so sore, as I doo of  
 this / <sup>1</sup>But truste me, I shall kepe me a nother tyme to  
 4 doo theym any harme' /

The Duke owns  
 he has done  
 wrong,  
 and repents of his  
 conduct.

**B**ut here leveth the historye to speke of Charle-  
 magne and of the duke Aymon, & of the duchesse  
 his wyff / and retorneth to speke of Reynawde and of  
 8 his bredern / that are in the wodes of Ardeyne.<sup>2</sup>

Here the history  
 leaves Aymon to  
 speak of Rey-  
 nawde and his  
 brethren.

## CHAPTER IV.

<sup>3</sup>How after that the olde Aymon hadde dys-  
 comfyted his chyldren / They wente and  
 dwelled in the deppeste of the foreste of  
 12 Ardeyne soo longe that they were all  
 countrefayte blacke and roughe as bestes,  
 for the grete hongre that they had endured.  
 After they went to Ardeyne to see their  
 16 moder, that fested <sup>4</sup>and chered<sup>4</sup> theym  
 gretly / and gaaf to theym soo grete goode  
 that they mighte well enterteyne theymselke  
<sup>4</sup>and their astate thervpon<sup>4</sup> agenst Charle-  
 20 magn / And how Mawgys their cosin  
 arryved whan they wolde departe, which  
 wente wyth theym in to the royaume of  
 Gascoyn wyth fyve hundred knyghtes /  
 24 And of the sorowe that their lady modre  
 made atte their departynge.

## Capytulum IIII.

**I**ne this party the tale sayth / that after Reynaude  
 28 had slayn Esmenfray, & gyven his horse to his

<sup>1</sup> mais je vous prometz ma chiere Dame, F. orig. f. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> en Ardeyne, F. orig. F. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. G. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

The sons pass the river, and go into the forest of Arden.

broder Alarde, they passed over the ryver, & wente in to the forest of Ardeyn, sore depe in it, by cause they wolde not be aperceyved. And whan they had ben there a lityll while, they began to kepe the wayes / and 4

They are in great distress for want of food, and dare not go into townes or castles for victuals.

<sup>1</sup>all they that cam foreby theym, & that bare ony vytaylles, they were dystressed by theym,<sup>1</sup> and therof they lived / for they durst not goo to no townes nor to castelles for to bye ony vitayles; and therefore they 8 suffred grete nede & grete disease, for thei hadde nother mete nor drinke / but water. For the most parte they ete flesshe withoute ony brede / And knowe, that for cause of this grete suffraunse that they endured 12 thus, and also of the grete colde that they had for by cause of the snowes that were there, theyr folke began to dye / And abode nomoo lyve, but Reynawde and his thre brethern. And this was by cause of the grete 16 strengthe that was in their bodyes. /

All their folk die except Reynawde and his brethren.

**F**or noo traveylle myghte not hynder theym / <sup>2</sup>And wyte, that they hadde but eche of theym foure an horse / that is to wyte, Bayarde and the thre other / 20 But they have nother ootes nor other corne for to gyve theym / <sup>3</sup>but they eete onoly suche as they myghte fynde in the foreste, of rotes and leves.<sup>3</sup> And for this cause theyr horses were so lene, that wyth payne myghte 24 they stonde / sauff Bayarde, that was fatte and in good plighte, for he coude better fede and lyve wyth rotes / than the other sholde have doon wyth heye and otes / And wyte it well, that the foure sones of Aymon lyved 28 there this liffe soo longe, that every man that passed there as they were & kepte theym selfe / escaped not / but he was other slayne or dystressed <sup>4</sup>of suche vytaylles as he hadde,<sup>4</sup> soo that all the countrye aboute theym 32

Their horses nearly die of hunger, except Bayarde, who thrives on roots.

<sup>1</sup> tous ceulx q portoient viures estoient destroussey, F. orig. f. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G. viii.

<sup>3-3</sup> fors que de racines de ble, F. orig. F. vii.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

was sore wasted by theym that it was merveylle / And  
 atte the laste, the foure<sup>1</sup> knyghtes were soo sore apayred,  
 that they that hadde seen theym afore sholde not have  
 4 knowe theym / For theyr harneys was all rousty, and  
 theyr sadylles and brydelles all roten, soo that they  
 hadde made theyr reynes wyth cordes / And theymselfe  
 were become all blacke. And it was no merveylle, for  
 8 they wered alwayes theyr cote of mayle all rousty vpon  
 theyr doubelettes / <sup>2</sup>and hadde nother sherte nor  
 Iacket / but they were all roten.

The sore plight of  
 the four knights,

whose harness  
 becomes rusty,

and they them-  
 selves all black.

12 **W**hat shall I telle you more? Wyte that Rey-  
 nawde was doubted and fered soo sore, that it  
 was merveylle / For nyghe there as Reynawde haunted,  
 was no man that durste abyde there / but onely wythin  
 the fortresses. For whan Reynawde was mounted vpon  
 16 Bayarde, and his thre brethern upon there other thre  
 horses / <sup>3</sup>all theyr rychesse & power was wyth theym /  
 and yet they wasted and dystroyed all the countrey all  
 aboute theym / And soo the foure powre knyghtes  
 20 were soo sore dysfygured / that who had seen theym  
 sholde not have knowe theym / For they were <sup>4</sup>as  
 roughe as beres that ben famysshed, & were sore lene,  
 that every body had of it pyte.

They waste all the  
 country round  
 them,

and yet they are  
 nearly famished.

24 **A**nd whan Reynawde sawe hymselfe soo pooreli  
 arayed, he called to hym his bredern, and sayd /  
 ‘Lordes, I merveylle myselfe moche that we take not  
 some good counseyll what we have to doo; and me  
 28 semeth that we ben become yll / and that slougthe is  
 amonge vs. For yf we were suche as I trowed / we  
 sholde not suffre the martyrdome *that* we endure; and  
 that we have endured soo long agoo, now knowe I

Reynawde asks  
 counsel of his  
 brethren what  
 they shall do,

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> et aussi leurs auquectons estoient tous pourries, F. orig.  
 f. vii.

<sup>3</sup> tout le monde les suqoit et si pastoient le pays, F. orig. f.  
 viii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. G. viii. back.

that we ben but lityll worthe, to have lette reste our enmyes as we have. But one thyng I consider / we have but fewe horses<sup>1</sup> and lityll harneys / and no money at all, and yet we ben in suche a plyghte that 4 we ben more like bestes than folke / Soo praye I you all in generall, that ye wille tell me what we oughte to doo for the best / for I telle you for veraye certeyn, that I had moche lever deye as a knyghte, than for to deye 8 here for hunger and for dysease.'

and says he would rather die as a knight, than of hunger or disease in the forest.

Whan Alarde herde Reynawde speke thus, he sayd / 'Broder, soo helpe me god / It is long sith I dyde take hede to that ye saye now / but I fered 12 me full sore to telle you therof, lest ye wolde have ben dysplaysed wyth me for it / but sith that ye have opened the wordes / yf ye wyll byleve me / I shall gyve you good counseyll as me seemeth / Syr, we have suffred 16 here grete poverte a long tyme / & we maye not goo in to no countrey but we shall be take / For as ye knowe all the barons of fraunce / and namly,<sup>2</sup> our fader and all our kynsmen haten vs dedly. And yf ye wyll 20 beleve me / we shall goo streyghte to Ardeyne, towarde our moder / for she shall not faylle vs ; and there we shall sojourne a lityll / And whan we shall have sojourned / we shall take wyth vs som company, and 24 shalle go serve some grete lorde / Where we <sup>3</sup>shall get som goode. For ye be not suche a man but that ye shall yet ones have grete plente of goodes ; for I knowe no man in erthe that of worthynes & of strengthe maye 28 compare to you' / 'Broder,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye well and wysely, and I promyt you I shall doo soo' / Whan the two other knyghtes herde the counseylle that Alarde theyr breder had gyven to Reynawde / they 32 began to saye / 'Broder Alarde, we knowe well that

Alard counsels him that they should go straight to their mother at Arden, and there sojourn a while.

Reynawde consents willingly,

<sup>1</sup> ne harnoys ne monnoye, F. orig. f. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> specially.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. H. i.

- ye gyve goode counseyll <sup>1</sup>to our broder Reynawde<sup>1</sup> /  
 Thenne sayd Reynawde, 'Sith that this counseyll  
 semeth to you goode, we shall doo it to nyghte' /  
 4 Soo moche abode the foure sones of Aymon; that the  
 nyghte came. and whan it was come, they lighted on  
 horsebacke, & put theymselve to the waye soo well  
 clothed & arrayed, as I have tolde you above, and in  
 8 suche wyse that they flesshe was seen naked in many  
 places of theyr bodyes / And so longe they rode by  
 nyghte & by daye, that they came there as they were  
 borne, *that* was nyghe the cyte of Ardeyne / and whan  
 12 they were soo nyghe the cyte that they myght well see  
 it / they loked vpon it; and thenne they remembred  
 the grete ryches wherfrom they were caste & banysshed /  
 and of the grete poverte that they had suffred longe<sup>2</sup> /  
 16 And as they approached nyghe the cyte, Reynawde  
 sayd to his brethern, 'We have doon evyll that we  
 have not taken surete of our fader, for ye knowe well  
 that he is soo cruell, that yf he maye take vs he shall  
 20 yelde vs prysoners to Charlemagne.' 'Broder,' sayd  
 Richarde, 'ye saye well; but my herte gyveth me not  
 that our fader wolde doo as ye have sayd. And yf he  
 so dyde, yet have I lever deye afore Ardeyne, than for  
 24 grete dysease and hungre in the foreste. Late vs ryde  
 surely, for I tell you that no body shall knowe vs.  
 And of thother parte, yf we can sette our feete wythin  
 Ardeyne / we shall be sauff ynough / for we be well  
 28 beloved / and my lady, <sup>3</sup>our moder, sholde never suffre  
 that men doo to vs any harme ne dysplaysure.'  
 'Certes, fayr brother,' <sup>4</sup>sayd Reynawde,<sup>4</sup> 'ye have  
 sayd ryghte well and wysely / and moche ye  
 32 have recomforte me. Now late vs ryde in a good  
 hour.' And whan he had sayd thise wordes / they

and also the other  
two knyghts.

They depart that  
night,

and ride on till  
they approach the  
city.

Reynawde is  
sorry that they  
have not taken  
surety of their  
father.

Richard assures  
him that their  
lady mother will  
protect them.

<sup>1-1</sup> a Reynault. F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Ils sont tant dolent que peu sen faillit, quilz ne tomberent pasmez a terre. F. orig. f. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. H. i. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

They enter the chief street of Arden.

entred soone after wythin Ardeyne / and thei rode  
thrughe the maysters strete, that they were not knowen  
of noo body. And they went streyghte to the castell  
wythoute ony taryng / And wyte, that whan they 4  
passed thurghe the stretes, the folke that behelde  
theym marueylled moche of theym. For they wyst  
not what folke they were, and sayd the one to  
thother / 'See, what folke ben thyse / I trowe that they 8  
ben not of our lawe / nor of our beleve' / Thenne they  
asked theym / 'What ben ye, lordes, that are soo  
countrefayt / are ye paynemes / or of what countrey  
ben ye?' 'Syres,' answered Reynawde, 'ye enquire 12  
over moche; see ye not what folke we ben.' And  
whan they were com to the palays, they lighted doun a  
fote / and toke theyr horses to kepe to <sup>1</sup>their knyghtes  
that were com of late in their felawshyp / And thenne 16  
the foure brethern wente vp to the hall, and met wyth  
noo bodi / For the olde Aymon theyr fader was a  
hawkyng vppon the ryver / and the duchesse <sup>2</sup>theyr  
moder<sup>2</sup> was in her chambre, where she was contynuelly 20  
pencyfull & sory by cause that she myghte not here  
noo tydynges of her children. Whan the foure brethern  
were entred wythin the hall, they fonde noo man to  
whom they sholde speke / wherof they were sore 24  
merveyllid /

The people do not know them,

and ask to what country they belong.

They reach the palace, and leave their horses to three knights, who have lately joined their company.

The sons enter the hall, where they find no one to whom they can speak.

**A**nd / they sette themselfe doun / the one here /  
and the other there / And abode thus a longe  
while that noo body <sup>3</sup>[came] there / and whan they 28  
hadde taryed longe ynough, [then]ne came the duchesse  
theyr moder oute of her chambre, [and] she loked  
a longe the halle, Where<sup>4</sup> she saw her son[nes thus]<sup>3</sup>  
coun<sup>5</sup>trefayte, whyche she knewe not / But merveyllid 32

The Duchesse comes from her chamber, but does not recognise her sons,

<sup>1</sup> a troyz cheualliers. F. orig. g. i. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> [ ] from ed. 1554 corrected, as there was a piece cut out of Caxton.

<sup>4</sup> et elle veoir, F. orig. g. i.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. H. ii.

- herselfe gretly what folke they were / And whan  
 Alarde sawe his lady moder com / he sayd to his broder  
 Reynawde and to his other brethern, 'yonder is our  
 4 moder that we sore desire for to see. Late vs goo agenst  
 her, yf it playse you / and tell her our grete penurye  
 and our nede' / 'Brother,' sayd Reynawde, 'we shall  
 doo soo ; but we shall tary tyll she speke to vs or not.'<sup>1</sup>  
 8 And taryed thus the foure brethern tyll that theyr  
 moder was com to theym. And whan she sawe theym  
 so blacke and soo hidous / and pryncypally Reynawde,  
 that was so grete & soo roughe, she toke soo grete fere  
 12 of them that she wolde have goon agen in to her  
 chambre / But anon she assured herselfe, and sayd to  
 theym, 'god save you, lordes / What be you, ne of  
 what nacyon / are ye crysten or paynymes / or folke *that*  
 16 doth penaunce? Wyll ye not have some almesse, or  
 some clothyng for to cover your body wyth / For I see  
 ye have grete nede of it / and yf ye wyll have it, for  
 goddys sake I shall gyve it you gladly, to the ende he  
 20 have mercy on my children, And that wyll kepe theym  
 from ylle combraunce and fro pareyll, For it is wele  
 seven yeres that I dyd not see theym.' And whan the  
 duchesse hadde sayd this, she toke so grete pyte to  
 24 remembre her children that she beganne to wepe sore  
 tenderly. And whan she hadde wepte a longe while,  
 she sayd soo highe that her children vnderstode it,  
 'Ha, good god ! when shall the daye come that I shall  
 28 see my chyldren / Alas, goode lorde, how fayne wolde  
 I see theym ! Was there e[ver<sup>2</sup>] lady that bare soo  
 ryche a bourden as I have / And that [were<sup>2</sup>] of it soo  
 dyscomforted as I am ?
- 32 **A**nd whan Reynawde sawe his lady moder soo  
 so[*row*]full and sory, He hadde of hit grete  
 pyte / And [the] teeres began to come atte his

and is frightened  
by their rough  
appearance.

She asks them  
whether they are  
Christians or  
Pagans,  
and out of pity  
offers them  
clothing.

The Duchess  
weeps when she  
thinks of her  
absent sons.

Reynawde has  
so much pity for  
her, that he  
weeps.

<sup>1</sup> pour veoir se elle nous congnoistra ou non, F. orig. g. i.

<sup>2</sup> From ed. 1554. A piece cut out of the Caxton.

eyen / And wolde dyscovere <sup>1</sup>hymselfe / <sup>2</sup>But whan  
 the duchesse behelde well his visage and his byhavoyr /  
 and maner<sup>2</sup> / her blode ranne vppe to her face / and  
 hevered wythin her body / and beganne to shake full 4  
 faste, soo that almoste she felle down in a swoune to  
 the erthe, And was a grete while that she myghte not  
 speke, her herte was soo close and soo sore pressed /  
 and all her colour loste and goon / And whan she was 8  
 come agen to herselfe, she dyde caste her sighte agayn  
 vpon Reynawde, and knewe hym ryght well by a  
 wounde that he hadde in his face, whiche was doon to  
 hym of a fall / whan he was in his tendre age / Thenne 12  
 she sayd to hym, as gladde as any moder may be,  
 ‘Reynawde, my sone / whos peere is not amonge all  
 the knyghtes of the worlde / How see I you soo sore  
 appayred and chaunged? Where is goon your grete 16  
 beaulte / Why, my sone, doo ye hyde you towarde me /  
 that loveth you more than my selfe’ / And while that  
 she sayd thyse wordes, she loked aboute her / and knewe  
 her children / and anone she went towarde them wyth 20  
 her armes spred abroad<sup>3</sup> / for to colle and kysse them,  
 sore wepyng for grete pyte that they were soo sore  
 appayred of theyr beaulte. And soo longe she kyssed  
 one and thenne a nother / that at laste she felle down 24  
 in a swoune / And Reynawde toke her vp in his armes /  
 where she abode a good while. And Reynawde and  
 his bretherne ceassed not from weppyng, for grete  
 pyte that they hadde of theyr moder. 28

The Duchess  
recognises him  
by a scar in his  
face,

and embraces all  
her children.

**A**nd whan the duchesse was come agen to herselfe,  
 she toke her chyl dren, and made them sitte  
 down by her / And sayd to them, ‘How is it that I  
 see you thus poure and dysfygured? Why is it that 32  
 ye have wyth you no knyghtes / nor none other com-  
 pany / Where have ye ben, that have endured so grete

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H. ii. back. <sup>2-2</sup> mais la duchesse le regarde, F. orig. g. i.  
<sup>3</sup> comme forcensee, F. orig. g. i.



poverte and soo grete dysease' / <sup>1</sup>Whan <sup>2</sup>the duchesse  
 spake thus to her children, she dyd wepe styll sore  
 tendrely / and fowndered all in teeres<sup>3</sup> / holdyng her  
<sup>4</sup> sone Reynawde bytwene her armes / and kyssed hym  
 full swetly / 'Lady,' sayd Reynawde, 'we have wyth  
 vs but thre knyghtes, that kepe our horses yonder wyth-  
 oute / For our fader hathe slayn all our knyghtes and  
<sup>8</sup> all our folke. And also he sholde have slayne vs, if it  
 hadde not be our lorde that kepte vs therfro thorough  
 his pyte and mercy / Sore harde parentage dyd he  
 shewe to vs, our naturell fader' / Whan the duchesse  
<sup>12</sup> vnderstode these wordes, she was ryght sory for it, And  
 called to her one of her servauntes, and sayd to hym /  
 'Goo and make my sones horses to be in to a good  
 stable / And that they be well tended. And brynge  
<sup>16</sup> hither the thre knyghtes that kepe the horses wythoute /  
 For I wyll see theym.' 'madame,' sayd her squyer,  
 'it shall be doon Incontynente' / And thenne he wente  
 to the thre knyghtes / and sayd to theym that the  
<sup>20</sup> duchesse wolde see theym, Which incontynente dyde  
 as the lady hadde commaunded, and cam vp to the  
 palays, where as Reynawde taryed for theym. 'Lordes,'  
 sayd the duchesse to theym, 'ye be ryght welcome' /  
<sup>24</sup> 'Madame,' sayd the knyghtes, 'god gyve<sup>3</sup> you goode  
 lyffe and longe,<sup>3</sup> and Ioye of your chilydren / For they  
 ben the beste<sup>4</sup> and the moste worthy of all the worlde' /  
 This hangyng, came there a yoman / that sayd to the  
<sup>28</sup> duchesse / 'Madame, yf it playse you to sitte atte the  
 table, the meete is redy.' The lady toke Reynawde and  
 the other wyth her / and ledde theym to dyner, & made  
 theym sitte doun all afore her / And theyr thre knyghtes  
<sup>32</sup> <sup>5</sup>atte the lyfte syde of her<sup>5</sup> / There made goode chere  
 the foure sones of Aymon, and ete at theyr ease and atte

She weeps for  
pity at her sons'  
woeful plight.

Reynawde relates  
to her how Duke  
Aymon slew all  
their folk.

The Duchesse  
sends for the  
three knights  
who wait outside,

and welcomes  
them kindly.

A yeoman an-  
nounces that the  
dinner is ready,

the duchess leads  
her sons to the  
table,  
and also the  
three knights.

<sup>1</sup> Saiches que quant la duchesse, F. orig. g. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H. iii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> meilleurs du monde, F. orig. g. ii.

<sup>5-5</sup> aupres d'elle, F. orig. g. ii.

Duke Aymon  
arrives from  
hawking and  
hunting,

and enquires of  
his wife who are  
these men.

The Duchess  
tells him they  
are his sons,

and implores  
him to lodge  
them that night.

Aymon, in great  
anger, curses his  
children because  
they have neither  
folk nor money.

Reynawde ex-  
cuses himself

theyr owne wyll / For it was longe syth that they hadde  
ony goode mele, Where they myghte take <sup>1</sup>theyr naturell  
foode <sup>2</sup>atte theyr ease / And as they were atte the table,  
Thenne came theyr fader Aymon from hawkyng and <sup>4</sup>  
huntyng / whiche hadde taken foure hertes and two  
wylde bores, <sup>3</sup>and dyverse pertryches a<sup>n</sup>d feysauntes<sup>3</sup> /  
Whan Aymon sawe theym / he knewe theym not /  
and he sayd to the duchesse / ‘Lady, what are thyse <sup>8</sup>  
folke that ben thus countrefayte’ / Whan the duchesse  
vnderstode her husbände, she was sore agaste / and  
beganne to wepe, and sayd / ‘Syre, thyse ben your  
chyldeyn and myn / that ye have travaylled so moche, <sup>12</sup>  
and sore hunted as wylde bestes, The whiche have  
dwelled longe tyme in the foreste of Ardeyne<sup>4</sup> / Where  
as they have ben sore tourned, as ye now maye see.  
Now are they come to me, by cause I am ryght gladde <sup>16</sup>  
whan I see theym / For to you they ben not come, for  
they knowe well that ye love theym not. But I praye  
you for god, that for the love of me ye wyll lodge theym  
thys nyghte, For they shall departe to morowe erly. <sup>20</sup>  
And I wote not yf ever I shall see theym / wherfore of  
this I beseche you ryght humbly.’

**T**henne whan Aymon vnderstode thyse wordes, he  
shoke all for angre, And tourned hymselfe to- <sup>24</sup>  
warde his sones / and made to theym evyll chere, and  
sayd to theym, ‘Glotton, goddys curse have you / <sup>5</sup>For  
ye ben not worthe a strawe, For ye have nother folke  
nor money, nor noo prysoner that myghte paye to you <sup>28</sup>  
a grete havoyr.’ ‘Fader,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘by the  
feyth that I owe to you, yf your londe is in peas / the

<sup>1</sup> ung seule repas, F. orig. g. ii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. H. iii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted. le quil entra en sa salle et trouva ses enfans  
qui memgeoient, et la duchesse leur mere qui les servoit, F.  
orig. g. ii.

<sup>4</sup> la grant forest la ou ilz sont aussi devenuz comme veoir  
pourres, F. orig. g. ii.

<sup>5</sup> Car vous ne valles riens, et comme garçons de neant  
estes, F. orig. g. ii.

other ben not soo / For ye myghte goo <sup>1</sup>six score myles that ye sholde not fynde nother ryche man nor poure.

because of the state of the country,

4 **B**ut that they kepe theymselfe wythin fortresses and in castelles / But ye doo grete wronge for to doo vs the worst that ye canne; ye toke fyrste frome vs our goode castell of Mountenforde / And after that ye hadde assaylled vs in the <sup>2</sup>wode of Ardeyne, and slewe 8 all oure folke / so that of <sup>3</sup>fyve hundred knyghtes that I had, ye lefte a lyve with me but enlevyn / Wherof VIII ben deed, and thyse thre that ye see here are abyden a lyve / Now beholde well, fader, and thynke 12 how ye bare your selfe towarde vs / But sith it is thus that ye oughte to vs noo goode wyll, and that ye maye not see vs, Make vs the hedes to be smytten of / And soo shall you be beloved of Charlemagne / And hated of 16 God / and of all men.'

and blames his father for his cruel treatment of them.

**A**nd whan the olde Aymon vnderstode Reynawde thus speke, he knewe well he sayd truth / and beganne to fyghte sore atte his herte / And thenne he 20 sayd to his children / 'Myschaunt, your ledernes and slouth hath overcomen you. Ye were never my chyl-dren / For if ye were suche as men wene / ye sholde not have suffred the grete poverté that ye have endured soo 24 longe / But ye shulde have goon wynne vpon your en-myes / for to mayntene your selfe honestly / and make good werre to Charlemagne thorough all his londe. But ye are becom myschaunte; and therefore I telle you 28 that ye gete noo thyng of me / Now thenne, voyde oute soone my palays, and <sup>4</sup>goo begge where ye wyll atte a nother place.'<sup>4</sup> 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye that / that an evyll and an vnkynde fader oughte to 32 saye / For I telle you for veraye certeyne, that we have slayne soo many theves & brygauntes that I canne not

The Duke tells his sons to depart, and beg their bread where they will.

<sup>1</sup> quatre vings lieux, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H. iv.

<sup>3</sup> cent chevalliers, F. orig.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. g. iii.

number theym, Wherof I fele my selfe in grete synne /  
But for god we requyre you that you, wyll helpe vs to  
recovere our londes of Charlemagne.

**A**nd yf ye wyll not do so, gyve to vs of your goodes, 4  
& we shall goo ferre from you' / 'I wyll not,'  
sayd Aymon. 'Fader,' sayd Reynawde, 'here I see  
well your evyll wyll. I and my bretherne have doon  
soo moche, that we ben comen in to your place / that 8  
we sholde fare the better for it; but I see well<sup>1</sup> ye wyll  
caste vs therfro wyth grete afray. And I swere to you,  
by the feyth that I owe to my lady moder, that yf I  
muste nedes departe fro you in suche a maner, ye shall 12  
abye it full dere, yf ye cast vs thus oute of your londe.  
For I have lever deye here by you / than to deye for  
hungre / Syth that it maye be none other wyse.'

Reynawde's anger  
is roused against  
his father,

and he draws his  
sword,

but Alard inter-  
feres,

and begs him to  
remember that  
Aymon is their  
lord.

**T**henne whan Reynawde sawe that his fader was 16  
soo harde herted agenst hym & his brethern / he  
wexed red for angre / and began to chaung colour, and  
drewe his swerde halfe oute of the sheeth / And whan  
Alarde sawe his brother Reynawde change colour, he 20  
knewe well that he was wrothe / so ranne he & called  
hym, sayng, 'ha, fayr brother / for goddys love, angre  
not yourselfe so sore to our fader, for he is our lorde /  
And therefore, where<sup>2</sup> it is ryghte or wronge, he maye 24  
saye to vs as yt playseth hym / and we oughte to doo  
nis commaundement / And yf he is cruell towarde vs /  
we oughte to be humble & playsaunte<sup>3</sup> towarde hym /  
Soo kepe your selfe for goddys love that ye sette not 28  
hande vpon hym / For it were agenst the commaunde-  
ment of god' / 'Brother,' sayd Reynawde, 'it lacketh  
but lityll that I wexe madde all quycke / Whan I see  
afore me hym that sholde helpe vs, defende & love vs 32  
as his chyl dren, and gyve vs his good counseyll to vs /  
and towarde all men. And he dooth all contrary the  
same / He hath made peas wyth Charlemagne for

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H. iv. back.    <sup>2</sup> whether.    <sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

to dystroye and undoo vs / I saw never so cruell a  
 man agenste his sones. For he chasseth & putteth vs  
 away from hym full shamefully / as though we were  
 4 strangers or sarrasins / I sholde not conne telle the  
 harme and grete hurte that he hath doon to vs / nor  
 the grete poverte that we have suffred for hym / I  
 wolde never have doo so to hym / for rather I wolde  
 8 have lete me be slayn all quycke / But and yf I can  
 ever go <sup>1</sup>from hens, I certyfyte you that I shall angre  
 hym, and shall so waste his londe that it shall doo hym  
 but lytyll prouffyte, soo that it shall be spoken of it  
 12 perpetuelly.'

Reynawde  
 threatens to waste  
 all his father's  
 land when he  
 goes hence.

And whan Aymon herde Reynawde speke thus, his  
 herte wexed softe, & began to wepe full sore /  
 and sayd, 'Ha, god, how I am sory that I maye not  
 16 enioye the goode that god hath gyven to me largely /  
 there sholde be no man in the worlde soo happy as I  
 were / yf my chyldren had theyr peas with kynge  
 Charlemagne. For I am sure that the kynge Pyramus  
 20 <sup>2</sup>of Troye<sup>2</sup> had never better men to his chyldren, nor  
 more valyaunte <sup>2</sup>ne prue,<sup>2</sup> than I have. Ha, evyll herte,  
 thou sholdest not take hede to none other agenst thy  
 chyldren, But sholdest helpe theym & kepe theym  
 24 agenste all men, wherfore I ought well to hate the /  
 evyll herte; thou hast made me hate that I oughte to  
 love as myn owne selfe' / and whan he had thus spoken  
 to hymselfe / he sayd to Reynawde, 'Fayr sone, ye are  
 28 ryght worthy and sage / For never Hector of Troye was  
 worthe thou, <sup>3</sup>Nor in all the worlde is not founde your  
 matche, And therefore I oughte well to doo your wyll' /  
 Whan the duke Aymon had sayd this worde, he spake  
 32 <sup>4</sup>to his wyff the duchesse, and sayd / 'Lady, I goo  
 yonder wythout, for I wyll not be forsworn agenst the

The Duke relents  
 when he hears his  
 son's defiance,

and says he will  
 go forth because  
 of his vow to  
 Charlemagne,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H. v.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Il na cheuallier au monde qui te vaille, F. orig. G. iii.

<sup>4</sup> a la duchesse, F. orig. g. iii.

but the Duchesse may give to the sons all that they will take of his treasure.

kyng charlemagne. Ye have wythin golde & sylver ynough / and mani horses and moche harneys / pal-freys & sommers / Now gyve to my chyldren all that they will take.' And whan he hadde sayd thus / he 4 toke his men wyth hym and wente his waye.

Reynawde thanks his father, and promises to go from Arden early next morning.

**T**henne sayd Reynawde, 'we oughte to thanke you moche of that ye have now sayd. And we shall goo hens to morowe erly <sup>1</sup>wyth goddys grace<sup>1</sup> / To the 8 ende that ye ben not evyll at ease; and yf it playse you, we shall <sup>2</sup>abyde for thys nyghte for to comforte our moder, <sup>3</sup>that hathe be so yll at ease for the love of vs<sup>3</sup> / And I promytte you, fader, we sholde not have come 12 yet, but it had be for her sake' / 'Reinawde, fayr sone,' sayd the duk,<sup>4</sup> 'you are full of grete wyt / wyte that whan berthelot<sup>5</sup> was deed, I durst not shewe me afore the kyng Charlemagn / by cause he sayd he had lever 16 have lost the halfe of his royame / & thretened me for to hange or brenne and dystroye all my londe / and I dyd so moche by the counseyll of my frendes, that I made myn a-poyntement, and that I was oute of all 20 blame / And ye have not considered the othes that Charlemagn made me doo agenst you / as agenste all other that helde wyth you / and I am sore dysplaysed of that I fonde you in the wodes of Ardeyn as I dyd / 24 But I was forced of myn honour to do as I dyd, for to be in peas wyth kyng Charlemagne / Your moder hath not forsworn you / & therefore she maye gyve you of our goodis at her wyll.' And whan the duke had sayd 28 thise wordes, he yssued oute of his palays, and wente to the woode.

Aymon excuses his conduct to his children, because of his fear of the King,

and issues out of his palace.

**A**fter whan the free duchesse herde that, that the duke Aymon gaaff her leve to doo wyth his 32 goodes at her wyll, she called her chyldren, and sayd

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H. v. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> pour lamour de nous a cause quelle nous auoit perduz, F. orig. G. iv. back.

<sup>4</sup> aymon, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> artus, F. orig.

to theym, 'Fayr chyldren, now be you sure, that sin  
your fader is<sup>1</sup> not wythin, ye shall be well tended vpon,  
and shall have all the chere that I can doo to you'<sup>2</sup> /  
4 And thenne she dyde doo make the bayns redy, and  
made theym all to bayne honestly / And wyte, that in  
theyr bayne were many a swete herbe / And whan they  
were well clene, the good lady<sup>3</sup> made bryng lynnen &  
8 other clothes for to chaunge, & to eche of theym a man-  
telle of fyne scarlet furred with hermyns / and whan  
she had theym well apareilled / she led theym in a  
chambre where their<sup>4</sup> faders treysur was, and shewed it  
12 to her chyldren. Whan reynaud sawe so riche<sup>5</sup> a tresur /  
he began to laughe, & sayd, 'lady moder, gramercy of  
so fayre a yefte as here is / For it mystreth me well' /  
& thenne he toke of that tresour at hys wyll. And  
16 incontynente he sent messagers thoroughe all the coun-  
trei, for to gete hym sawdours<sup>2</sup> of the beste men of  
werre.<sup>2</sup> Wherof many one cam gladly to hym / the  
whiche Reynawde payed for an hole yere. What shall  
20 I tell you more? Reynawde and hys brethern laye that  
nyghte wythin the castell of ther sayd fader. And the  
nexste mornyng after, or it was daye, they departed. &  
had wyth theym V hundred men well horsed<sup>2</sup> & well  
24 arayed<sup>2</sup> / And whan Reynawde and his brethern had  
take leve of theyr lady moder the duchesse, she sayd  
to theym / 'Fayr sones, I wyll that ye draw towarde  
Spayn, for it is a plentuousse countrey.' And as they  
28 wolde have departed / thenne cam Mawgis theyr cosyn,  
that cam oute of Fraunce, Where he had ben long tyme.

**A**fter whan Mawgys was lighted / from his horse,  
he ranne to Reynawde / his armes spred abroad,  
32 and began to kysse hym / and<sup>6</sup> whan he had soo doon /

The Duchess  
attends to the  
comfort of her  
sons,

and clothes them  
in rich apparel.

Reynawde takes  
at his will of the  
rich treasure of  
his father,  
and sends mes-  
sengers through  
the country to  
procure him  
soldiers.

As the Sons are  
departing,  
Mawgis arrives,

<sup>1</sup> est hors de seans, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> leur mere, F. orig. g. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> ou le tresoir estoit, et le monstrases enfans car pour  
aultre nestoit il amasse, F. orig. g. iv.      <sup>5</sup> Fol. H. vi.

<sup>6</sup> quant il eut baise il basse ses aultre freres, F. orig. g. iv.

he kyssed his other thre brethern<sup>1</sup> / and thenne he sayd  
 to theym / 'Ha, fayr cosyns, I am ryght glad to see  
 you / And thanked be our lorde that he hath broughte  
 me in to this coste.' 'Cosin,' sayd Reynawde, 'where <sup>4</sup>  
 have you ben so longe, that we had never tydynges of  
 ycu' / 'Cosyn,' sayd Mawgys, 'I come from the grete  
 cyte of Parys, Where I have stolen thre horses laden  
 wyth golde; and here they ben / the whiche Charle- <sup>8</sup>  
 magne wende for to have hydde well. And I gyve  
 you the halfe of it / for I myghte not bestowe theym  
 better than to you' / 'Cosin,' sayd Reynawde, 'god  
 thanke you.' And whan he had sayd soo <sup>1</sup>he wente <sup>12</sup>  
 oute of Ardeyne wyth his bretherne & his folke / and  
 fonde his fader, *that* cam fro *the* wode; & whan  
 Reynawde sawe his fader, he made hym reverence, &  
 bowed hymself to hym; & aymon <sup>2</sup>sayd to theym / <sup>16</sup>  
 'fayr sones, now ben ye well garnyssed & honestly  
 arrayed. I praye you that ye doo soo in Fraunce /  
 that men speke of your prowes / And ye, my other  
 children / I commaunde you that ye obeye Reynawde / <sup>20</sup>  
 and kepe hym above all thyng. For as longe as he shall  
 lyve, ye oughte not to be a ferde of noo harme.'

**T**henne sayd Alarde, 'syre, we shall doo your com-  
 maundement / and we praye you for goddys love <sup>24</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>*that* ye wyll be evermore our good fader' / 'I wyll  
 be soo, my chyldren,' <sup>4</sup>sayd Aymon.<sup>4</sup> And thenne  
 Reynawde toke leve of his fader and of his moder,  
<sup>4</sup>*that* conveyd theym oute of the towne.<sup>4</sup> But the good <sup>28</sup>  
 lady fell down in a swoune whan she sawe departe her  
 chyldren. And all the towne began to make suche a  
 sorowe that it was grete pyte<sup>5</sup> / And Reynawde & his

and relates how  
 he has stolen  
 three horses laden  
 with gold from  
 Charlemagne,  
 half of which he  
 presents to  
 Reynawde.

The Sons, with  
 Mawgis, depart  
 from Arden,  
 and find Aymon  
 coming from the  
 wood.

They take leave  
 of their father  
 and mother,

to the great  
 sorrow of all the  
 people.

<sup>1</sup> il monte a cheval et sortit hors dardeyne, F. orig. g. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> que nous vous soions pour recommandez, F. orig. g. iv.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> a veoir, F. orig. g. v. back.



brethern wente on theyr waye / <sup>1</sup>And whan the duchesse  
 cam to herselfe<sup>1</sup> / and sawe heyr chyldren departe / She  
 began to saye, 'Ha, poure herte myn! Why brekest  
 4 not thou / alas, yf I hadde deyed longe agoo, my soule  
 were the better at ease / I am not a moder / but a  
 stepmoder / <sup>2</sup>Alas, I see my ryche burden go to exyle /  
 and yet I can not wythholde theym or helpe theym  
 8 *that* they abyde wyth me' / Thus as the duchesse made  
 her mone to her wymen / Aymon cam & toke her  
 bytwene his armes, and recomforted her / and sayd to  
 her / 'Lady, dyscomforte not yourselfe so moche, for  
 12 my hert gyveth me that we shall yet see theym in  
 grete prosperyte & honour / and grete Ioye & gladenes  
 ye shall ones have of theym in short tyme.' Shortly  
 to speke, the good Aymon recomforted so moche the  
 16 duchesse *that* she left her sorowe & wente agen to the  
 palays wyth the duk Aymon. I leve here to speke of  
 the duk Aymon and of the duchesse hys wyf, & retourne  
 to speke of Reynawde & of hys brethern.<sup>3</sup>

The Duchesse  
 grieves at the  
 loss of her chil-  
 dren,

but is comforted  
 by the Duke.

20 CHAPTER V.

How after that reynawde, his brethern, &  
 his cosin maugys <sup>4</sup>were departed oute of  
 Dordoune from theyr moder, For to seke  
 24 theyr adventure, <sup>5</sup>they roode soo longe that  
 they came in to the royaume of Gascoyn /  
 ¶ And how by the waye thei made grete  
 harme <sup>6</sup>to the royaume of Fraunce<sup>6</sup> / And  
 28 how the kynge of Gascoyn retheyned theym  
 in his servyse.<sup>7</sup> ¶ Capitul[*u*]m V.

<sup>1</sup>—1 vif ses filz qui sen aloient, elle commence a crier et a  
 dire, F. orig. g. v. back. <sup>2</sup> quant je voy, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> les hardiz cheualliers, F. orig. g. v. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. H. vii.

<sup>5</sup> Ils alerent tout par leur journees, F. orig. g. v. back.

<sup>6</sup>—6 en france, F. orig. <sup>7</sup> moult doucement, F. orig.

Now sayth the tale, that after that Reynawde, Alarde, Guycharde, and Rycharde, and Mawgys theyr cosyn, were yssued oute of Ardeyn wyth all theyr fellowshyp, that was well of VI hundred men / Well 4 mounted and arrayed / they wente and passed thorughe Byheuse, and wasted all Fraunce /<sup>1</sup>And passed thorughe the countre of Gastynoyes / and so forthe to Orleauce / where they wente over the ryver of Loyre<sup>1</sup> / And wasted 8 all the londe vnto Poyters / And whan they were come to Poyters / they herde tydynges of the kyng Yon of Gascoyn, that was a puyssaunte prynce, was assaylled of *the* sarrasins / And whan Mawgys herde thyse 12 wordes, he cam to Reynawde, and said to hym / 'Cosin, the kyng Yon of gascoyn is a prynce of grete renomnee and of grete power / goo we to hym & serve hym, and suche servyse we shall mowe doo to hym / 16<sup>2</sup>that Charlemagne shall not mow hynder vs by noo wayes' / 'Cosyn,' sayd Reynawde, 'lete vs thenne go there, sin that it semeth to you good' / And whan they were hereto accorded, they toke theyr waye towarde 20 Gascoyn / and rode so longe by theyr iourneys that they cam to Bordews, a fayr cyte / Where they fonde kyng Yon wyth a grete company of knyghtes / and whan they were donn from ther horses, Reynawde sayd 24 to his folke, 'go we lodge vs' / 'cosin,' sayd mawgys, 'we shall not do so, but we shall speke streight wyth kyng yon; & yf he reteyneth vs, in a good hour be it; & if he do not so / we shall serve borgoyns<sup>3</sup>*the* 28 sarrasin, whiche is ryght prue & sage, & hath all redy conquered almoste all *the* londe of kyng Yon / as Tholouse, Montpellier, Lyetary, and saynt Gyle Tarason / & Arles; & yf we faylle here / we shall not 32 faylle there' / 'Cosin,' sayd Reynawde, 'you speke

The Sons, with Mawgis and vi. hundred men, waste all France;

and come to Poitiers, where they hear now King John is assailed by the Saracens.

Mawgis advises Reynawde to join King John against his enemies;

they therefore hasten to Bordeaux, where they find the King.

<sup>1-1</sup> et passerent parmy gastinois et orleans et passerent la riviere de loyre, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> que charlemagne ne nous prendra jamais, F. orig. g. v.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. H. vii. back.

well and wysely, and we shall do as ye have sayd.  
 And thenne Reynawde toke wyth hym L. knyghtes,  
 and his thre brethern, and Mawgys; and toke of his  
 4 armes, and clothed hym selfe honestly & rychely /  
 And whan he was well arrayed / he wente to kyng  
 Yons courte vpon a lytyll nagge. And whan he rode  
 thorughe Bordews, all the peple ranne for to see hym /  
 8 by cause he was soo grete and soo well made / and soo  
 fayr wyth all, and also his thre brethern, but they  
 were not all eveyn soo grete. And whan they were  
 come to the gate <sup>1</sup>of the kynges place,<sup>1</sup> Reynawde  
 12 lighted on foote / and wente vp to the palays, and  
 founde the kyng atte the counseyll / <sup>2</sup>And whan the  
 stywarde sawe Reynawde soo fayr a man / and soo  
 goodly, and soo many folke wyth hym / he came hym  
 16 agenste, and sayd to hym, 'My lorde, ye be ryght  
 welcom.' And Reynawde answered to hym / 'god  
 gyve you good adventure! Now telle, and playse you,  
 where is the kyng?' / 'My lorde,' sayd the stywarde /  
 20 'he holdeth now his counseyll / For Bourgons the  
 sarasyn is entred in hys londe, and hath doon to hym  
 grete harm / For he hath brente townes and castelles,  
 abbeyes, hospytalles, <sup>1</sup>chirches<sup>1</sup> / and all other<sup>3</sup> monas-  
 24 teryes / and now he is parforce wythin Tholouse <sup>1</sup>wyth  
 a grete puyssaunce.'<sup>1</sup> 'Certes,' sayd Reynawde / 'This  
 borgoyns ys of grete power as me semeth, and after  
 that men sayen.' Thus as Reynawde and the stywarde  
 28 spake togyder, came kyng Yon <sup>1</sup>oute of the counseyll  
 chambre.<sup>1</sup> And whan Reynawde sawe hym<sup>4</sup> / he toke  
 his brethern & his cosin mawgys wyth hym, & went  
 agenst the kyng, whiche Reynawde salued <sup>5</sup>ryght  
 32 humbly, and sayd to hym / 'Syr, I am com to you fro  
 a ferre londe<sup>6</sup> wyth my thre brethern & my cosin, that

The Sons and  
Mawgis ride to  
the palace;

all the people of  
Bordeaux marvel  
at the beauty of  
Reynawde.

The steward of  
the palace wel-  
comes Reynawde  
gladly;

they talk until  
the arrival of  
King John from  
the counsel  
chamber.

Reynawde salutes  
the King,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. <sup>2</sup> mais, F. orig. g. v. <sup>3</sup> orther, Text orig.

<sup>4</sup> il se dresse et prent ses freres, F. orig. g. vi. back.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. H. viii.

<sup>6</sup> et suis cheualliers moy et mes freres, F. orig.

and offers him  
the services of  
his folk.

King John  
receives his offer  
graciously,

but enquires  
whose folk they  
are.

Reynawde reveals  
to him their  
history,

and how Charle-  
magne had cast  
them out of  
France,

and how they  
seek for a lord  
whom they can  
serve.

The King rejoices  
when he hears  
they are the sons  
of Aymon,

ye see here, for to doo you servyse, and our folke, yf it  
playse you; and we shall serve you in suche a maner  
that we wyll have nothyng of you. But & our  
servyse be agreable vnto you, Ye shall promyse me as 4  
1 a kyng, yf it be your playsur<sup>1</sup> / that ye shall be my  
warraunt & helpe agenst all other.' 'Good frende,'  
sayd the kyng Yon, 'ye be ryght welcom to me / And  
where ye saye ye be come for to serve me / <sup>2</sup>I thanke 8  
you for it wyth all my hert<sup>2</sup> / but I wyll fyrst knowe  
what folke ye ben. For ye myghte be suche that I  
sholde defende you, or that I sholde be your enmye.'  
'Syr,' sayd Reynawde, 'syth that it playse you to 12  
knowe what we ben / I shall tell it to you / Wyte that  
my name is Reynawde, and am some eldest to the duk  
Aymon of Ardeyn, and thise thre knyghtes ben my  
bredern: here is Alarde, Guycharde, & Rycharde<sup>3</sup> / 16  
and here is Mawgis our cosin, one of the beste  
knyghtes of the worlde, & most wyse. Charlemagne  
hath caste vs out of Fraunce / and hath dysherytet  
vs / And our fader hath dysavowed vs for the love of 20  
hym / and for this cause, sir, we goo seke about after  
a lorde that is good & true, that sholde helpe vs to  
deffende agenst Charlemagne / and we shall serve hym  
well & truly.' 24

**W**han kyng Yon herde this *that* Reynawde sayd /  
he was ryght gladde of it that they were the  
foure sones of Aymon, the beste knyghtes of all the  
worlde, & mooste doubted / and Mawgys, that was the 28  
moost subtyll of the worlde / that were com for to  
serve hym. He wolde not have been so gladde yf  
men hadde gyven to hym alle Parys; For he wyste that  
yf ever he sholde fynyshe his werre / It sholde be by 32  
theyr meane / Thenne he loked vppe towarde heven /

1-1 comme roy que vous etes, F. orig.

2-2 Je vous mercie humblement, F. orig.

3 le combactant, F. orig. g. vi. back.

And thanked our lorde of the comyng of thyse<sup>1</sup> worthy knyghtes. And thenne he sayd to theym, 'Lordes, ye are reteyned of me / For ye ben not the men that  
 4 ought to be refused: I promitte you truly, and in feyth  
 of a kynge / that I shall defende you wyth all my power agenste all men. Ye are dyssheryted, and I also; therefore it is well rayson that we be togyder, and that  
 8 the one helpe the other of all his power.' 'Syr,' sayd Reynawde, 'we thanke you a thousande tymes / & I promyse you that we shall deye in your servyse, or elles your londe shall be recovered agayne' / The kyng  
 12 called his stywarde,<sup>2</sup> and sayd to hym, and commaunded<sup>2</sup> that Reynawde & his felawshyp sholde be well lodged. Incontynente the stywarde toke Reynawde by the hande, and fulfilled the commaundement of the kynge.  
 16 Now are the<sup>3</sup> foure<sup>3</sup> sones of Aymon acoynted wyth the kyng Yon<sup>3</sup> of Gascoyn<sup>3</sup> / whiche wente to have doo well / but he repented hym soone after / ¶ But here we leve to speke of kyng Yon<sup>4</sup> / and of the foure sones  
 20 of Aymon / and retorne to speke of Burgoyns, that were at Tholouse, the whiche he had take by force of armes.

and willingly retains them in his service.

Reynawde thanks him, and promises to serve him well.

The Sons are therefore well lodged by the King.

## CHAPTER VI.

¶ How Reynawde / his bredern, & Mawgys,  
 24 dystroyed Borgons the sarasin / that had  
 dystroyed the royame of Gascoyn, & chassed the kyng Yon vnto Bordews vpon Gyronde, that durste not goo thens for feere of the  
 28 sarasins / And after, how kyng Yon gaaff my lady Clare, his suster, to Reynawde, for to be hys wyff, for the grete servyse that

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H. viii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> et luy commanda, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> de gascongne, F. orig. g. vi.

he hadde doon to hym / And how he made  
for hym the castell of Mountawban.

¶ Capytulum VI.

**I**n this party showeth the historye, that after Bour- 4  
goyns hadde taken Tholouse / he made a grete<sup>1</sup>  
parliamente to his folke / And sayd to theym / 'Lordes,  
ye knowe well / That whan the yron is well hooted, hit  
werketh the better / <sup>2</sup>Thys worde I have sayd afore 8  
your lorde<sup>3</sup>shyppes for to gyve you to knowe that we  
oughte to doo. And therefore me semeth that we oughte  
to ryde nowe towarde Bourdews while the corne is in  
the eere / For our horses shall have mete ynoughe.' 12  
'Syre,' sayd his folke / 'ye speke well and wysely;  
lete it be doon as ye have devysed.'<sup>4</sup> & whan the  
morow cam / Bourgons departed out of tholouse  
wyth well XX thousande knyghtes well armed, And 16  
ceased not for to ryde tyll that they cam afore  
Bourdews in IX dayes. And he sat all his folk in a  
bushement wythin a grete wode that was nyghe<sup>5</sup> / and  
abode there wyth theym, excepte foure hundred men, 20  
that wente to the cyte, wastynge and brenynge all the  
country vnto the cyte of Bordews / And whan the  
daye watche that was vpon the gate of the cyte sawe  
the sarasyns com / he cryed wyth an highe voys / 24  
'Arme you, knyghtes ! for here ben the paynymys, that  
com for to hurte you.' Whan the cyte vnderstode  
this, she began to be sore moeved.

**T**henne whan Reynawde sawe that it was tyme to 28  
take his harneys on, he sayd to hys bredern,  
'Goo make you all redy / and make our trompettes to

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> que quant il est froit, F. orig. g. vi.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. I. i.

<sup>4</sup> faictes que soyes demain prest comme pour mourir, F.  
orig. g. vi.

<sup>5</sup> prez de la citie manda bien quatre cens sarazins, des  
myeux montez pour courir, et ceulx aloient tout ardent et  
gastant tout le pays au pres de la citie, F. orig.

Bourgoyns, chief  
of the Saracens,  
addresses his  
people,

and departs from  
Toulouse with  
xx. thousand  
knights;  
he arrives at  
Bordeaux,  
and sets his folk  
in ambush in a  
wood.

be blowen, that all our folke put theym selfe in armes.' Reynawde calls  
ou his folk to arm  
themselves,  
 Incontynent made his brethern his commaundement /  
 And whan they were all armed / Reynawde mounted  
 4 vpon bayarde / and cam to kynge Yon, and sayd to  
 hym / 'Syr, be not abasshed of noo thyng, but be sure and promises  
success to the  
King.  
 that god shall helpe vs this daye / Myselfe, my  
 brethern / and all our folke, we goo afore. And make  
 8 your folke to be redy incontynente, for my herte  
 gyveth me that this cursed sarasin shall be this daye  
 dyscomfyted / and overcome wyth the helpe of god' /  
 'Frende,' sayd the kyng, 'god be wyth you / and  
 12 I shall doo that ye telle me.' <sup>1</sup>And thus Reynawde Reynawde rides  
forth on Bayard  
foremost against  
the Saracens.  
 wente out of Bordews,<sup>1</sup> the formest of all his folke,  
 agenst <sup>2</sup>the sarrasins, vpon hys horse Bayarde / the  
 shelde atte his necke / and his swerde in his hande /  
 16 and ranne fyersly vpon his enmyes, and incontynent  
 smote a paynym thrughe hys shelde, so that he over-  
 threwe hym deed to the gronde; and forthwyth he  
 cast a nother / god wote he helde well his swerde, For  
 20 he hewe the sarrasins<sup>3</sup> as they had ben wythoute  
 harneys. And shortly to speke, after that Reynawde  
 & his folke were assembled, the paynymes myght not  
 endure / For Reynawde and his brethern slewe theym  
 24 as bestes, soo that they muste nedes flee towarde their  
 bushement / And whan borgons sawe his folke<sup>4</sup> come  
 thus, he yssued oute of the wode <sup>5</sup>wyth his companye,<sup>5</sup>  
 and made bussynes & hornes to be blouen / and came  
 28 for to socoure his men. And whan Reynawde sawe so  
 grete nombre of folke <sup>5</sup>comynge oute of the wode,<sup>5</sup> he  
 was sore merveyllled, and tourned hymselfe towarde  
 his brethern, & sayd to theym / 'Lordes, kepe that ye  
 32 be not dysmayed / for we shall gete a grete worshyp  
 this daye; and I praye you that every man parforceth

The Sons fight  
valiantly.

Bourgoyns comes  
from the wood  
with a great  
company,

<sup>1-1</sup> Quant Renault eut dit ses parolles il sen issit hors de  
bourdeaulx, F. orig. g. vii. back. <sup>2</sup> Fol. I. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> si legerement. F. orig. <sup>4</sup> si desconfitz, F. orig.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. g. vii. back.

hym selfe to doo well' / 'brother,' sayd Rycharde /  
 'we shall never be dysmayd as long as ye be vpon  
 bayarde' / 'Broder,' sayd Reynawde, 'doo as goode  
 men / for yf ye wyll parforce yourselfe a lityll, this 4  
 paynymes shall not holde afore vs' / Thus as Reynawde  
 spake to his brethern / they sawe Borgons com, the  
 spere in his reest, and smote a man of Reynawde  
 by suche a strength that he shoued his spere thorughe 8  
 and thorughe his body / soo that he fell doun deed to  
 the erthe. Whan Alarde sawe that, he was wroth,  
 and spored hys horse, & ran vpon a paynym so harde  
 that he felled hym sterke deed afore hym / And 12  
 shortly to speke, there was never seen suche a dystresse  
 of folke / as Reynawde, his brethern, and Mawgys <sup>1</sup>his  
 cosin,<sup>1</sup> made wyth soo fewe folke as they were, agenst  
 Borgons the sarrasin / 16

and slays a man  
of Reynawde.

King John comes  
to the succour of  
Reynawde,

**T**henne whan the kyng Yon, that cam to the  
 socours of Reynawde, sawe the grete faytes of  
 armes that he & his brethern made / and how hardly  
 they dyd set vpon & overthrewe all that they recounted 20  
 afore theym / he blessed hymselfe of the merveyll that  
 he had of theym / And thenne he sayd to his folke,  
 'goo we socoure these worthy knyghtes / for it is tyme  
 longe agoo' / and whan kyng Yon had sayd these 24  
 wordes, he spored his horse, & put hymselfe amonge the  
 thyckest, & began to doo well; and dyd so moche that  
 he brake the grete preesses / and cam where Reynawde /  
 was / and whan Reynawde sawe the kyng Yon, he sayd 28  
 to hym, 'Syr, be sure and certeyn that the sarrasins are  
 dy[s]comfyted' / thenne sayd the kyng, 'Reynawde,  
 I am well assured that god shall doo me grace thugh  
 your highe prowesse; blessed be the hour that ye were 32  
 borne / and cam in to thyse marches' / To speke  
 shortly, y<sup>e</sup> bataylles were assembled of one parte & of  
 thother; but whan Borgons sawe the gret harme that

and gives him  
great praise for  
his prowesse.



Reynawde bare to him of his folke, he sayd to hys men / 'we ben overcome by the prowes of thise five knyghtes. Late vs goo backe agen / for it is tyme' /  
 4 and whan he had sayd thyse wordes / he & his folke began to flee / And whan Reynawde sawe Borgons, that fled / he smote bayarde wyth the spores & ranne after hym, & sayd to hymselfe, that Borgons sholde  
 8 abyde there, or elles it sholde cost hym his liff /  
 1 Wythin a short whyle Reynawde was ferre from his brethern / and ferre from his felawshyp, so that they wyst not whiche waye he drew / Whan Alarde sawe  
 12 that he wyst not where Reynawde was drawe / he sayd to hymselfe, 'Ha, god! whiche waye is my brother drawe to *that* I am not wyth hym?' and thenne cam there kyng Yon, that sayd to theym / 'Lordes &  
 16 knyghtes / well ye knowe, gramercy god that it ys not wysdome for to chasse overmoche <sup>2</sup>his enmyes, for often tymes cometh there a grete dommage / lete vs wythdrawe vs, I praye you.' 'Syr,' sayd Alarde,  
 20 'what saye ye / we have lost reynawde our broder, & wote not where he is, nor if he is deed or taken.' Whan kyng Yon vnderstode this worde, he was full sory & wrothe / and they wente & sought among y<sup>e</sup>  
 24 deed that laye vpon the feelde. And whan alarde sawe he coude not be founde, he made grete sorowe wyth guycharde, rycharde, & Mawgys also. And whan the folke of Reynawde saw that he was not founde,  
 28 they began to make so grete sorow that it was a pyte to see.

'**A**las,' sayd Alarde, 'what shall I doo? I departed fro my londe poure & exyled / but I dyd not  
 32 care for it / for I wente wyth the beste knyght of the worlde, & trowed by the prowes of hym to have recovered honour & havoyre, myselfe & my brethern / and now I have lost hym thorough my defawte!

<sup>1</sup> Que vous diray je plus, F. orig. g. vii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. I. ii. back.

Bourgoyns and his folk fly from the battle,

pursued by Reynawde.

Alarde, in great fear for his brother, tells

his grief to the King,

and they all search for him among the dead.

The poor knights make great sorrow for their brother.

Alas, myschaunt! what shall we doo frohens forth?  
 For the erthe shall not mow susteyne vs no more / But  
 that it shall fowndre vnder our feete' / and whan the  
 kyng Yon sawe the grete sorowe that the poure 4  
 knyghtes made for theyr brother, he sayd to theym,  
 'Lordes & knyghtes, what is this that ye doo? sith  
 that he is not deed, it oughte to suffyse you / For yf  
 he be take, ye shall have hym agen, & shold cost me 8  
 all that I have in the worlde / And also we have soo  
 many of theym prysoners / that Borgons shall not doo  
 hym noo harme for no thyng.' 'Syre,' sayd alarde,  
 'lete vs goo after, for goddys sake / lete vs wyte where 12  
 he is becom.' 'Frende,' sayd y<sup>e</sup> kyng, 'I wyll doo so  
 gladly.' and thenne they spored theyr horses, & went  
 as fast as theyr horses myghte renne / and wyte that  
 alarde, guycharde, rycharde, & mawgys, rode a good 16  
 pase, so moche that it semed that therthe sholde have  
 cloven a sondre vnder theym / ¶ Now wyll I tell you  
 of Reynawde, <sup>1</sup>that went after borgons so fast as yf the  
 tempest had chassed hym; and he was goon so ferre 20  
 wythin a shorte while, that it is wonder for to here  
 tell, for there was no best that wente afore bayarde his  
 horse / and whan reynawde had overtaken borgons / he  
 cryed vpon hym as hie as he myght do, 'Certes, 24  
 borgons, thy horse maye no more, I see it well / and  
 therefore flee no ferder / but turne thyself towarde me;  
 for yf thou deyed fleeng *thou* sholdest be shamed' /  
 whan borgons herde reynawde speke thus to hym, he 28  
 retorned incontynent. And whan he sawe reynade, he  
 knewe well that it was the good knyghte that had  
 dy[s]comfyted all his folke, & sayd to hym / 'Syre  
 knyght / goo backe agen, & marre not your horse about 32  
 noughte; for yf ye lese hym, ye shall never recover  
 suche a nother.' & this he sayd for to abasshe the

King John tries  
to comfort them.

Alard implores  
the King that  
they should all  
ride in search of  
Reynawde.

Reynawde mean-  
time has ridden so  
far that he over-  
takes Bourgoyns,

and cries to him  
to hold fast.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. I. iii.

good knyght reynawde / for he durste not iouste wyth  
 hym by cause of the grete prowes *that* he had seen in  
 hym. But reynawde was not the man that sholde be  
 4 made a ferde wyth wordes / <sup>1</sup>And thenne reynawde  
 said agen to hym<sup>1</sup> / 'borgons, thys worde mystre not to  
 you for to saye, for ye must nedes defende yourselve' /  
 And thenne he spored incontynent bayarde / & whan  
 8 borgon saw that he myght not be delyvered of reynawde  
 but by iustyng / he spored his horse & ranne vpon  
 reynawde as harde as he myght, and smote reynawde  
 so sharply that the spere went in peces. reynawd fell  
 12 not / but smote borgons suche a stroke that he over-  
 threwe both horse and man to the grounde, & wounded  
 borgons in hys brest full sore / And whan borgons  
 sawe hymselfe atte the grounde, he rose vp lightly,  
 16 & toke his swerde in his hande / and cast his shelde  
 vpon his hede / and whan reynawde perceyved the  
 stroke *that* he had gyven hym in his brest, he cryed to  
 hym, & sayd / 'Certes it shall not be reproched to me  
 20 that ye fyghte me a fote, & I on horsbacke' / and  
 wyth this he lighted down from bayarde, and drewe  
 oute his swerde<sup>2</sup> & went <sup>3</sup>agenst borgons, and borgons  
 agenst hym / and there began a sharpe batayll. and  
 24 whan the horse of the pagnym felte hym selfe from hys  
 mayster, he began to renne awaye <sup>4</sup>over the feldes; <sup>4</sup>&  
 whan bayarde sawe hym renne awaye / he went after  
 & overtoke hym soone ynough / and thenne he toke  
 28 hym by the mane <sup>4</sup>wyth his teeth,<sup>4</sup> and drew hym  
 wyth so grete myght that he broughte hym agen to his  
 mayster, in the same place where the two <sup>4</sup>worthy<sup>4</sup>  
 knyghtes fought togyder / and reynawde gaaf a stroke  
 32 to borgons wyth his swerde vpon his shelde, & all *that*  
 the sworde roughthe he cut thurgh, the flesshe, & well

Bourgoyns turns  
towards Rey-  
nawde,  
and they fight;

the Saracen is  
unhorsed.

Reynawde dis-  
mounts from  
Bayard,

and fights on foot.

<sup>1-1</sup> si luy dist, F. orig. g. viii.

<sup>2</sup> hors du fonteau, F. orig. g. viii. <sup>3</sup> Fol. I. iii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

He wounds Bour-  
goyns so greatly

an hundred mayles of his flankardes, and made hym  
a grete wounde in to the haunche.

that he begs for a  
truce,

**T**henne whan borgons the sarasyn sawe the wonder-  
full strengthe of reynawde, & the grete strokes 4  
that he gaaf to hym / he was sore afrayed, & fered leste  
he sholde deye ; & so he wythdrewe hymself abacke,<sup>1</sup>  
& sayd to reynawde, ‘Ha gentyll knyght, I praye the  
for the love that you haste to thy god, that *thou* gyve 8  
me trewes / and I shall make the lord & sire of all *that*  
I have in this worlde’ / ‘certes,’ sayd reynawde, ‘I  
wyll not do so / for I have promysed to kyng Yon that  
I shall helpe hym agenst all men / and he in likewyse 12  
hath promysed me ; but & yf ye wyll make your selfe  
crysten, I shall do it gladly.’ ‘Syr,’ sayd borgons, ‘I  
wyll yelde me to you ; for to no better knyght than ye  
be I can not yelde myselfe / yf ye wyll save my liffe & 16  
my membres’ / ‘Borgons,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘yf ye wyll  
yelde you to me, ye shall have no more harme than I  
shall’ / ‘wyll ye promyse me this?’ sayd borgons /  
‘ye,’ sayd reynawde. ‘now holde my swerde,’ sayd 20  
borgons / ‘& I put my selfe all togyder in your hande.’  
And reynawde tooke his swerde, & assured hym that  
he shold not deye / and they two went togyder for to  
take theyr horses / and whan they had theym, they 24  
light<sup>2</sup>ed vpon, and toke theyr waye towarde Bordews /  
and as they cam agen, they met wyth kyng Yon, that  
cam, & his folke, rennyng agenst hym as fast as they  
myght. Whan reynawde sawe the kyng / he thanked 28  
hym moche that he was comyng after hym, & pre-  
sented to hym borgons, that he had thus taken &  
conqusted, as I have reherced to you, & sayd to hym,  
‘Noble kyng of gascoyn, I beseche you that borgons 32  
have no harme / for I have assured hym.’ ‘Good  
frende,’ sayd kyng Yon, ‘nomore he shall / but all  
honour for the love of you / & I praye to god that I

and finally yields  
himself a  
prisoner.

They both re-  
mount,  
and take their  
way to Bordeaux ;  
they meet King  
John,

and Reynawde  
delivers Bour-  
goyns to him.

<sup>1</sup> ung peu, F. orig. h. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I. iv.

maye do no thyng that is agenst your wyll' / And  
 whan alarde, guycharde, richarde, & mawgys sawe  
 reynawd, that brought borgons prysoner, they were  
 4 never so glad, for thei wende to have lost hym / so  
 ranne they & kyssed hym full swetly, & made hym  
 grete feste & grete honour / For they had ben in grete  
 sorow for the love of hym.

The brethern  
 and Mawgis re-  
 joice greatly when  
 they see Rey-  
 nawde again.

8. 'Brother,' sayd Alarde, 'in to a grete sorowe <sup>1</sup>&  
 hevynes<sup>1</sup> ye had brought vs this daye, for we  
 wonde that ye had be take; but sith that ye have  
 taken borgons, the werre is doon / and blessed be  
 12 the hour that ye were borne, & the pappes that ye  
 souked' / and whan they were well fested, they  
 toke on their waye towarde bordews / where they led  
 borgons as a prysoner / And whan the kyng yon was  
 16 at bordews, he lighted doun, and toke wyth hym  
 reynawde & his brethern by the hande, & mawgis also,  
 & wente vp to the palays, and founde his folke, that  
 made grete fest / and he<sup>2</sup> called them to hym, & sayd,  
 20 'Lordes,<sup>3</sup> bere honour and worshyp more to this knyght  
 than to me / for I am kyng of Gascoyn by theyr  
 worthines & grete prowes; for yf they had not ben, I  
 had be deed & overthrowen; blessed be the good lorde  
 24 that dyd put in their myndes for to com into this  
 coste, For they have quyted my londe, & have set all  
 my royame in peas' / To speke shortly, the kyng made  
 4the buty to be dealed, Wherof the most party he made  
 28 to be gyven to reynawde & his brethern. And rey-  
 nawde wolde take no thyng of it / but gaff it all to his  
 folke / and whan y<sup>e</sup> kinge sawe the grete largenes of  
 reynawde, he loved hym more than he dyd afore / &  
 32 thezne he sayd that he wolde make reynawde lorde  
 over hym / and of all his londe /

King John takes  
 the Sons and  
 Mawgis,

and leads them to  
 the palace,  
 where they make  
 a great feast;

and declares his  
 love for Rey-  
 nawde.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> le roy yon, F. orig. h. i.

<sup>3</sup> faictes honneur a ses cheualliers, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. I. iv. back.

The King has a fair sister,

who enquires of a knight, who won chief honour in the battle.

The knight replies that Reynawde is the best knight in the world;

at these words the damsel is very glad.

Bourgoyns begs King John to accept his ransom,

to which the King assents;

The kyng yon had a suster, the whiche was a ryght fayre damoyzell / whan she herde speke so moche good by reynawd, she called to her a knyghte that was called water, and sayd to hym / 'tell by your feyth / 4 who had the pryce of the batayll.' 'madame,' sayd water, 'I shall tell it you wyth a good wylle. Now wyte that reynawde is the best knyght of all his brethern, & of all the worlde, for he toke borgons the 8 sarrasin by force / wherby he hath brought the werre at an ende.' Whan the pucell vnderstode this worde she was right glad, & dyde thanke our lorde for it wyth all her hert. And y<sup>e</sup> kyng & his knyghtes 12 ceassed not to make ioye for the victory that god had sente to theym thurgh the grete prowes of the valyaunt reynawd / Whan borgons sawe hymselfe in pryson, he sente worde to kyng yon that he sholde 16 come speke wyth hym / And as sone that kyng yon wyst of it, he wente to hym / and whan borgons sawe hym, he salued hym, & after sayd to hym, 'Syr,<sup>1</sup> I am your prysoner, & also the moste party of my folke ; 20 and yf it playse you, ye shall put me to raunsome, and my men also, & I shall gyve you X. horses laden wyth golde, for me & for mi folke' / 'Borgons,' sayd the kyng, 'I shall doo it wyth a goode wyll, yf reynawde 24 counseyll me so, & noo otherwyse I wyll not doo' / And thenne the kyng yon sente for reynawde, <sup>2</sup>& for his brethern,<sup>2</sup> & all his other barons / And whan they were come, he helde his counseyll how he sholde doo for 28 the delyveraunce of borgons. Reynawde & his barons counseyllled the kyng<sup>3</sup> that he sholde put Borgons to raunsom. and whan the kyng sawe that his barons counseyled hym the same, he made borgons to be 32 called / and made his delyveraunce to be signyfyed vnto hym / And thus was borgons delyverde, & wente

<sup>1</sup> roy yon, F. orig. h. i.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. I. v.

wyth his folke into his countrey, and yelded Tholouse and Bourgoyns  
agayn to kyng Yon, & sente to<sup>1</sup> hym X. sommers all and his folk go  
laden wyth fyne golde, as he had promysed to hym / into the country.

4 And incontynent *that* the kyng Yon had received  
theym he gaaff them to reynawde & to his brethern ;  
but reynawde dyd as a worthy knyghte / For not a  
peny he wolde take of it, nor his brethern also.

8 **I**t happed vpon a daye that Reynawde and his The Sons go into  
brethern wente in a forest that was not ferre the forest,  
thens / and toke foure wylde bestes / And as they  
were comynge homwarde, they founde themselfe vpon and find them-  
12 the ryver of gyronde / and as they wente, Alarde selves on the river  
loked over the ryver, & sawe a hyghe montayn, & all Gironde.

Alarde sawe soo fayr a grounde and so stronge, he Alarde sees a fair  
16 tourned hymselfe towarde Reynawde, and sayd to rock on the top of  
hym / <sup>2</sup>‘Brother, yonder vpon that highe mountayne is a high mountain,

a fayr grounde and a stronge, I beleve that there hath which he points  
ben somtyme a castell. And yf we myghte doo soo out to Reynawde  
20 moche to buylde there <sup>3</sup>a stronge place<sup>3</sup> for ourselfe, as a site where  
Charlemagne sholde never take vs there / And yf they might build  
ye wyll beleve me, ye shall aske it of kyng Yon. a castle,

And yf he gýveth it to you, Lete vs doo make there a and counsels him  
24 <sup>4</sup>‘stronge castell.’<sup>4</sup> ‘Cosyn,’ sayd Mawgys to Reynawde, to ask the King  
‘Alarde gyveth you good counseyll, And I praye you for leave to build  
that ye wyll doo soo as he hath sayd’ / ‘Cosyn,’ sayd thereon.

Reynawde, ‘I shall doo it, syth that ye counseyll me  
28 soo’ / And whan they were accorded to the same /  
<sup>5</sup>they entred into a barge, & wente over Gyrounde /  
And whan they came a londe / they ceassed never tyll  
that they came afore the kyng<sup>5</sup> / And presented hym

<sup>1</sup> au roy Yon, F. orig. h. ii. back.      <sup>2</sup> beau frere, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> ung chastel, F. orig. h. ii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> ung forteresse. F. orig. h. ii. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> Ils se mirent dedens gironde et passerent oultre et ne  
finerent de chevaucher tant quilz sont venuz devant le roy,  
F. orig.

the bestes<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>that they hadde taken. And whan the kyng sawe theym he receyved theym curtoyusly, For he loved theym moche / And thenne the kyng embraced Reynawde in his armes. 4

**T**he morowe nexte, after that the kyng hadde herde masse / Reynawde toke the kyng and drewe hym a lityll atte oo side / and sayd to hym, 'Syre, we have served you longe well and truly.' 'Certes,' sayd 8 the kyng, 'ye saye trouthe / and therefore I am holde to rewarde you well for it. Now loke yf I have in all my londe, cytes, townes, or castelles, or other thyng that ye wyll have, For ye shall have it Incontynente.' 12 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'I thanke you moche of your goode wyll. But here my wordes, yf it playse you' / 'saye on hardely,' sayd the kyng / 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'I and my bretherne were the other daye com- 16 yng fro the chase / and as we came alonge by the syde of Gyronde and of Dordonne, and namely betwene thyse two ryveres / I sawe a mountayne sore hyghe; And yf it playse you, I wolde well buylde therevpon a castell 20 after my playsure / Wherefore, syre, and it playse you, 'ye shall graunte to me this gyfte<sup>3</sup> / for all the servyse that ever I dyde to you.' Whan the kyng vnderstode thys worde, he was ryght gladd of it, and sayd to 24 Reynawde / 'I ryght gladly graunt this to you. And wyth the same, ye shall have of me X thousande marke every yere for to maynten your astate' / 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'gramercy' / and caste hym selfe to his feete. 28 And the kyng yon toke hym vp <sup>4</sup>anone curtoyusly,<sup>4</sup> & kyssed hym for grete love; & after, he sayd vnto hym / 'Noble knyght, I promyse you I shall make you a ryche man, <sup>5</sup>yf god spare me liffe.'<sup>5</sup> 'sir,' sayd reynawde, 'god yelde you, & we shall serve you truly' / 32

Reynawde tells the King how he and his brethren would build a castle on the mountain,

should it please him to grant them this gift.

John gives his consent willingly.

<sup>1</sup> sauluaiges, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I. v. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> vous le me donnez, F. orig. h. ii.

<sup>4-4</sup> incontinent, F. orig. h. ii.

<sup>5-5</sup> si je viz longuement, F. orig.



1 & thus they departed fro eche other.<sup>1</sup> The nexte daye,  
 after whan the kyng was rysen oute of his bed, he  
 made reynawde to com <sup>2</sup> afore hym / And after he toke  
 4 XX. knyghtes wyth hym, and no more, and toke his  
 barge vpon gyronde, and passed over the ryver, <sup>1</sup> rey-  
 nawd & his brethern wyth hym<sup>1</sup> / and thei dyde so  
 moche that they cam vpon the roche<sup>3</sup> / and whan they  
 8 sawe *the* place so fayr & so playsaunt, the kyng was  
 merveyll of it, & reynawde was ryght glad / For the  
 grete strenghte that the place had / for yf he myght  
 doo so moche to buylde there a castell, he sholde not  
 12 doubt Charlemagne of a peny, nor none other persone  
 of the worlde, whan vytaylles were in it, for vpon the  
 highest of the montayn spronge oute a fayre fountayne,  
 & plenteous ynoughe for X. thousande persones. Whan  
 16 the knyghtes that were wyth the kyng sawe the place  
 so fayr & so playsaunt, & so strong wythall, they were  
 grety abasshed / a knyght thenne toke the kyng,  
 & had hym a lityll aside, & tolde hym / 'Sir, what is  
 20 this that ye wyll doo / wyll ye have a lorde above you?  
 wyll ye doo make here a fortresse / I tell you vpon my  
 feyth, that yf reynawde set here a castell, he shall fere  
 you lityll, nother you nor all other barons of gascoyn /  
 24 for reynawde is suche a knyght as ye knowe, & also his  
 brethern & their cosin mawgys / and also they be  
 strangers / and soone they shall bere you grete harme  
 yf they wyll; doo to hym some other good, yf ye wyll  
 28 beleve me, and lete this alone, For over grete harme  
 myghte come to you therof.'

and the next day  
 goes with the  
 Sons and xx.  
 knights to see  
 the place.

One of the  
 knights remon-  
 strates with John  
 for giving Rey-  
 nawde so strong  
 a position,

saying he will do  
 evil unto him in  
 future.

**T**henne whan kyng yon vnderstode suche wordes, he  
 becam all abasshed of it, for he wyste well that  
 32 the knyghte sayd trowth / and lityll it lacked that the  
 werke of the castell cam not forthe. he began to  
 thinke a lityll; & after, he sayd that he had promysed

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I. vi.

<sup>3</sup> et monterent au dessus, F. orig. h. ii.

The King will  
not withdraw  
his promise to  
Reynawde,

it to reynawde / <sup>1</sup>and thus he sayd to the knyght<sup>1</sup> that  
the castell sholde be made; so called he reynawde,  
and sayd to hym / 'My good frende, where will ye  
that the castell be made' / <sup>2</sup>'sir,' sayd reynaude, 'I 4  
wyll yf it playse you *that* it be <sup>3</sup>set here in the same  
place vpon the roche.'<sup>2</sup> 'Certes,' sayd the kynge, 'I  
gyve it to you / Now hast you to see that it be made &  
buylded vp <sup>1</sup>as ye thynke best<sup>1</sup> / and thenne ye shall 8  
doubte nother me nor my folke'<sup>4</sup> / 'sire,' sayd reynawd,  
'lete be thise wordes, for it is no nede to speke therof /  
for I certyfyte you as a true knyght, that I had moche  
lever deye an evyll deth amonge *the* turkes / than that 12  
I sholde thinke treyson vpon you nor vpon no other /  
Syre, I am & have be take hederto, & holde for a true  
knyght / god gyve me grace that I doo not from hens  
forth, wherby I sholde other wyse be taken<sup>5</sup> / sire, 16  
thinke you by cause I am *enmye* to charlemagn, my  
soverayn lord / that I sholde be therefore a traytour, &  
that I have doon agenst hym som treyson; wyt that  
whan I slewe berthelot his newew, alas, I dyd it in my 20  
defence / for he drewe first blode vpon me wythoute  
reyson or cause why. But I swere to you vpon my  
feyth, *that* yf ony man doo ony wronge vnto you /  
I shall avenge you therof after my power; but & yf 24  
ye have ony suspectyon vpon me, gyve me it not' /  
'Good frende reynawde,' sayd the kyng, 'I dyd but  
iape wyth you, for I know well your trouthe, & wel ye  
have shewed it vnto me; <sup>1</sup>god thanke you<sup>1</sup> / and 28  
therefore I have graunted it vnto you / and yet I doo.  
And I wyll that ye be lorde above me, and of my  
londe.'

who swears, as a  
true knight, that  
he will never  
prove traitor to  
him.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> Sire je veul quil soit asses ici si vous plaist, F. orig. h.  
iii. back. <sup>3</sup> Fol. I. vi. back.

<sup>4</sup> mais je ne cuide mye que vous me vueillez querroyer  
moy ne mes barons de men pays, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> pour desloyal, F. orig.

**A**nd whan reynawde vnderstode the curtoysie & the  
 goodnes of the kynge / he thanked hym ryght  
 moche / and he sent thrughe all the londe / and made  
 4 com all the maysters masons, & carpenters, & many other  
 crafty men in suche werke / so moche that they were  
 well two<sup>1</sup> hundred, beside the labourers / and whan all  
 his stuff was redy, he made theym to buylde there a  
 8 strong castell / wherof y<sup>e</sup> grete hall was first made, & after  
 many chambres, & thenne the grete towre. And whan  
 y<sup>e</sup> doungeon was well closed, reynawde made after, all  
 y<sup>e</sup> castell to be closed rounde about wyth double walles,  
 12 hie & thick, <sup>2</sup>of harde stones, & many toures vpon, that  
 it fered no sawtyng of no side of it; & made to this  
 castell foure gates, & no more; & also he made y<sup>e</sup>  
 portecolisse, fawesebrayes, & barbacanes well defensable,  
 16 so that it myght be no better / whan y<sup>e</sup> castell was  
 accomplysshed / reynawde & his brethern were therof  
 right glade / for it semed theym that they were assured  
 from their enmyes / And whan kynge Yon knewe that  
 20 the castell was accomplysshed & full made, he went to  
 see it / And whan reynawde wyst that the kyng cam /  
 he went agenst hym, <sup>3</sup>& welcomed hym full honestly,<sup>3</sup>  
 & made hym goo vp to the grete toure of the fortres,  
 24 by cause he shold see the compas of the castell rounde  
 aboute at his ease / for, fro the grete toure, men myght  
 see all. The kyng behelde well the fayr werke, that  
 was so playsaunt & so strong wythall, & the fayr  
 28 fountayne that was in y<sup>e</sup> myddes of it / And thenne he  
 called reynawde, & sayd to hym, 'Good frende rey-  
 nawde, how shall this castell be called / for me semeth  
 it ought well to have a noble name, for the grete  
 32 beaute wherof it is garnyshed' / 'sire,' sayd reynawde,  
 'it hath no name yet / and yf it playse you ye shall  
 gyve it a name as it shall like you best' / 'certes,'

Reynawde sends  
 for all the best  
 men in the land  
 to build the  
 castle,

which is enclosed  
 with double walls,  
 and many towers  
 thereon of great  
 strength.

The King beholds  
 the fayr work,

<sup>1</sup> deux cens et cinquante, F. orig. h. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

which he wills should be called Montalban; and sends word through his land that all who will dwell therein shall be free of duties for x. years.

So many people enter the town, that Montalban is well garnished.

The barons are envious of Reynawde, and counsel the King against him.

John assures them of the fidelity of Reynawde.

sayd the kyng, 'the place is praty and fayr / and I wyll that it be called Montalban' / and thenne the kyng made to be knowen through all his londe, *that* who wold come dwelle & enhabyte in the sayd castell, <sup>4</sup> <sup>1</sup> whichie was as grete as a towne<sup>1</sup> / he sholde be free of all maner of duytes the space of X yeres.

**T**henne whan the folke of the countrey knewe the fredome of the castell / ye sholde have see come <sup>8</sup> there / knyghtes, gentylnen, burgeys, yonge & olde / yomen, <sup>2</sup>& folke of all maner of craftes<sup>2</sup> / so *that* this castell was pepled of all maner of folke / that in all y<sup>e</sup> countrey was no towne so wel pepled / for there <sup>12</sup> dwelled V hundred burgeys, all ryche men; & <sup>3</sup>there were well L. taverners, <sup>4</sup>and XVC. men of crafte, beside other folke<sup>4</sup> / And shortly to speke, montalban was so well garnysshed, and so riche wythin a lityll <sup>16</sup> while, that it was grete merveill for to see / and wyte it, that the kyng yon loved reynawde wyth so good a love, for by cause of the grete worthyness of hym, that he gaaf to hym valery & all the lordshype, that was <sup>20</sup> worthe a thousande marke of good rente well set / whan the barons sawe that the kyng loved reynawde soo well, they were wroth for it, <sup>1</sup>& had enuye vpon hym;<sup>1</sup> and thei cam to y<sup>e</sup> kyng & sayd to hym, 'sir, <sup>24</sup> take well good hede what ye doo / for montalban is ryght stronge, & so is reynawde suche a knyght, that none better is not in all the remenaunt of the worlde / and yf it happe by ony wyse that he be an <sup>28</sup> angred vpon you, he shall mowe lightly bere to you & to all your folke over grete *dommage.*' 'Lordes,' sayd the kyng, 'ye saye trowth / but reynawde <sup>5</sup>is so gentyll & so courtoys of hymself<sup>5</sup> that he shall never <sup>32</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. h. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> clers, villains et sergens, F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Fol. I. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> et cent hommes des glise, et y auoit bien plus de cenq cens hommes de mestier, F. orig. h. iv. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> a si gentil cueur, F. orig. h. iv. back.

thynke vpon no treyson nor to no shame in no maner  
 of wyse.' 'sire,' sayd thenne an olde knyght, that  
 stode before the kyng, 'yf ye wyll beleve me, I shall  
 4 tell you how ye shall alwayes be lorde & mayster  
 above reynawde all the tyme of your liff.' 'Frende,'  
 sayd the kyng, 'tell me this I praye you.' 'Syr,' sayd  
 the knyght, 'gyve hym your suster to his wyfe, so  
 8 shall he be well maryed, for reynawde is well a noble  
 gentylman of all foure sides. And therby ye shall be  
 assured that he shall never be angry ne wrothe wyth  
 you' / 'frende,' sayd kyng Yon, 'ye gyve me good  
 12 counseyll / and I shall doo it as ye have counseyllid  
 me / but I praye you that ye purchase this matere.'  
 'sire,' sayd the olde knyght, 'sith that I knowe your  
 wil in this behalfe / I shall doo my best for to bryng  
 16 the matere to a conclusion effectuell' / after these  
 wordes thus sayd, the kyng returned agen to Bordews  
 wyth ioye, devysynge wyth y<sup>e</sup> olde knyght of the  
 matier wherof they had spoken togyder.<sup>1</sup>

An old knight  
 advises John to  
 give his sister to  
 Reynawde for his  
 wife, so accord  
 may always exist  
 between them.

The King agrees,

and returns to  
 Bordeaux with  
 joy, devising how  
 the matter shall  
 be speedily  
 settled.

20 **T**he first daye of the moneth of Maye, reynawde  
 went from his castelle of Montalban, to bordews  
 for to see kyng Yon, & toke alarde his broder wyth  
 hym / And whan the kyng Yon wyst of it, he cam to  
 24 hym agenst, and receyved reynawde wyth grete ioye,  
 and kyssed hym full swetely / And after, the kyng  
 toke hym by y<sup>e</sup> hande, & went vp togyder to y<sup>e</sup> hall of  
 the palays, <sup>3</sup>and so forth to the chambre of paremente,  
 28 whiche was hanged right rychely;<sup>3</sup> and thenne the  
 kyng called for the chesse / for to playe at it wyth  
 reynawde. And as they were playing togyder, there  
 cam in the olde knyght, that had charge of the kyng  
 32 for to make the maryage of reynawde & of the kyngys  
 suster, whiche knyghte was called godefraye of molyns /  
 and whan he was come afore the kyng, he sayd,

<sup>1</sup> de la mectre a effect, F. orig. h. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I. viii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

The old knight relates to the King and Reynawde a wonderful dream he had that night.

‘Here, Lordes, what I wyll tell you / To nyghte, as I  
 was in my bed a slepe / me semed that I sawe Rey-  
 nawde, the sone of Aymon, that was set hyghe in  
 a chayre, & all the peple of this royaume enclined 4  
 theymself byfore hym. And the kyng gaaf to hym a  
 sperhawke, mewed full fayr & good. & me semed also  
 that thenne came a grete bore <sup>1</sup>out of the wodes,<sup>1</sup> that  
 made an horryble noyse, so that no body durst not 8  
 approche nyghe hym / thre men assaylled hym / <sup>2</sup>but  
 they coude not hurt hym, & passed by them.<sup>2</sup> And  
 whan Reynawde sawe that, he lighted vpon bayarde, &  
 cam agenste hym, & faughte wyth hym, & hurted hym 12  
 sore / and thenne I woke out of my slepe’ / and whan  
 the olde knyghte had sayd so / thenne rose a doctour,  
 that was called bernarde, the whyche was ryght wyse  
 & a grete clerke, & sayd / ‘fayr lordes, yf ye liste to 16  
 herken, I shall expowne and declare vnto you the  
 signyfycasion of this dreme / Wyt it that the chaier  
 where Reynawde sat, betokeneth the castell that he  
 hath buylded / & the peple *that* bowed themself to- 20  
 warde hym, signyfyeth the folke *that* are come dwelle  
<sup>3</sup>there / And the yefte that the kyng gaaf to hym,  
 betokeneth that the kyng yon shall gyve hym his  
 suster to his wyff / *that* wylde bore signyfyeth som 24  
 grete prynce, crysten or pagnym, *that* shall come to  
 assayll / kyng Yon / and the same is the sygnfycaeyoun  
 of the dreme of Godfray; and I, indygne for to speke /  
 sholde counseyll that the maryage sholde be doon of 28  
 reynawde & of the suster of kyng yon. For they shall  
 be thus bothe ryght well <sup>4</sup>& rychely<sup>4</sup> weded’ / And  
 thenne the kyng answered, ‘thou hast spoken well &  
 wysely.’ Whan the clerke had declared the betoken- 32  
 yng of the dreme of tholde knyght Godfray, the kyng  
 yon sayd that, touchynge this maryage, the thyng was

A doctor called Bernard expounds the dream,

and says it portends the marriage of Reynawde and the King's sister.

<sup>1-1</sup> devers gironde, F. orig. h. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> mais il passa tout aultre, F. orig. h. iv.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. I, viii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

well agreeable vnto hym. And whan reynawde vnder-  
 stode this worde, he sayd to the kyng / 'sir, gramercy of  
 your fayr yefte that ye doo to me / but & yf it playse  
 4 you, ye shall have a lityll pacyence vnto the tyme that  
 I have counseyll'd wyth my brethern & my cosin  
 Mawgys' / 'Broder,' sayd alarde, 'ye have sayd yll.  
 What refuse you of the kyng so grete a yeft as he  
 8 gyveth you now; yf ye wyll beleve me, ye shall fulfyll  
 y<sup>e</sup> kinges wyll incontynente / for to me & to my  
 brethern it shall playse well / And whan the kyng gaaff  
 you not his suster / but a simple damoysell, yet oughte  
 12 you to beleve hym & doo after his wyll' / 'brother,'  
 sayd reynawde / 'it is not the firste tyme *that* ye have  
 gyven to me good counseyll & true / and I promyse you  
 I shall doo it, sith that ye doo counseyll me so' / and  
 16 thenne reynawde tordned hymself towarde the kyng, &  
 sayd to hym / 'Sir, I am all togyder redy to doo all  
 that<sup>1</sup> ye wyll' / and thenne reynawde rose vp, and the  
 kyng toke hym by the hande / and made his suster to  
 20 be affyaunced vnto hym.

King John  
 answers that the  
 marriage is agree-  
 able to him.

Reynawde with  
 courtesy accepts,  
 and is affianced  
 to the King's  
 sister.

**T**henne whan the maryage was made accorded, and  
 made sure of the one parte / & of thother, the  
 kyng Yon cam <sup>2</sup>to the chamber of his suster / and fonde  
 24 her besi aboute a penoucell of a spere / that she made  
 full fayr for the knyghte Reynawde, but she durst not  
 tell it. The kyng salued her as sone as that he sawe her /  
 and the noble mayd rose vp anone agenst her brother,  
 28 & made him due reverence ryght manerly. 'Fayr  
 suster,' sayd the kyng, 'I have doo marye you well &  
 highly.' whan the pucell vnderstode hym / she began  
 to chaunge her colour, & bowed her body to hym, and  
 32 sayd no worde of a longe whyle / And whan she had  
 the power for to speke, she sayd to the kyng her  
 broder / 'Syr, to whom have you gyven me?' 'Fayr

John goes to his  
 sister's chamber,

and announces  
 the news to her.

<sup>1</sup> vostre vouloir et commandement, F. orig. h. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. K. i.

She is joyful  
when she hears  
that Reynawde  
has been chosen  
for her husband.

suster,' sayd the kyng, 'I have gyven you vnto the best knyghte of the worlde. It is Reynawde / the sone of Aymon, the noble knyght & valyaunt' / Whan the noble damoyzell vnderstode that it was to Reynawde <sup>4</sup> to whom her brother had maryed her, she was ryght glad of it / For she loved Reynawde of a grete love, and sayd to y<sup>e</sup> kyng / <sup>1</sup>'Syr, I wyll doo wyth all my veraye herte your comaundemente & your wyll'<sup>1</sup> / <sup>8</sup> Thenne the kyng toke her by the hande and broughte her to the palays, and sayd to Reynawde afore all his barons, 'Holde here, worthy knyghte<sup>2</sup> Reynawde, I gyve you my suster to your wyff & spouse.' 'Syr,' sayd <sup>12</sup> Reynawde, 'a thousande gramercys of so fayr a yefte *that* ye gyve to me presently,<sup>3</sup> For it apperteyneth not so grete a yefte to so poure a knyghte as I am' / Thenne toke Reynawde the pucell, & fyaunced her / and sware. <sup>16</sup> And the kynge wolde make no taryenge therat, but toke the pucelle by the hande / and broughte her to the chyrche well honourably. And the bysshop of Bordews wedded theym / and whan Reynawde had his wyff <sup>20</sup> espoused / <sup>4</sup>he sente for his brethern and for his cosin Mawgys, that were at <sup>5</sup>Mountalban, the whiche made grete Ioye / and made all mountalban for to be hanged wyth ryche tapyssery / And <sup>6</sup>thenne they mounted their <sup>24</sup> horses all covered wyth sendall, and wente to Bordews / and met wyth Reynawde and his wyff by the waye, <sup>7</sup>where as grete ioustynge was made afore the ladies<sup>7</sup> / And after the ioustynge was doon, they came all to <sup>28</sup> Montalban / and whan they were com there, the ioye began to be grete in the castell, as god had descended there / For to saye trowth .viij dayes lasted the feste, and many grete yeftes were presented and gyven to the <sup>32</sup>

Reynawde and  
the damsel are  
married by the  
Bishop of  
Bordeaux.

After much feasting,  
they come to  
Montalban.

<sup>1-1</sup> Sire je vueil ce que vous plaist, F. orig. h. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> a present, F. orig. h. v. back.

<sup>4</sup> il la mena a ses freres et a son cousin mawgis, F. orig. h. v.

<sup>5</sup> au chastel de Montauban, F. orig. h. v.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. K. i. back.

<sup>7-7</sup> la ou lont faisoit moult belle ioustes, F. orig. h. v.



lady / And whan the feste had endured as longe as I  
 tell you / The kynge Yon wente agen to Bordews, right  
 glad of the mariage / that he had made of Reynawde  
 4 and of his suster. For he thoughte well that Reynawde  
 sholde helpe hym agenste all men : and he sayd trouthe /  
 For after that the maryage was ones made, there was  
 noo baron in all Gascoyn that durste loke vppe, and  
 8 yet there were some that wolde not<sup>1</sup> doo their devoyre  
 to the kynge / but Reynawde made theym well come  
 forth for to doo the kyngis comaundement accordynge  
 to theyr ligeaunce, wolde they or not. For Reynawde  
 12 was both loved and doubted thurgh the all y<sup>e</sup> londe  
 of Gascoyn / ¶ But now leveth here the history to  
 speke of Reynawde and of his bretherne & of Mawgys,  
 And retorneth to speke of Charlemagne, *that* wente to  
 16 saynt Iames in Galyce for to doo penaunce for his  
 synnes.

King John is glad  
 of the marriage,

as Reynawde will  
 now accord with  
 him against his  
 enemies.

## CHAPTER VII.

¶ How the kynge Charlemagne made a vyage  
 to saynte Iames in Galice / And how at his  
 20 comyng agen he knew how Reynawde and  
 his bredern were in the royaume of gascoyn  
 in a right strong castell called Montalban /  
 And how Charlemagne sente worde to kynge  
 24 Yon of Gascoyn that he sholde yelde to hym  
 his enmyes ; <sup>2</sup>that is to wyte, Reynawde,  
 Alarde, Guycharde, & Rycharde, the sones  
 of Aymon,<sup>2</sup> and in caas that he wolde not,  
 28 he sholde com besege hym in <sup>3</sup>his lande afore  
 X monethes came atte an ende. Wherof  
 the kynge Yon answered that he wolde doo

<sup>1</sup> nat, in text orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> cest assauoir regnault et ses freres, F. orig. h. v.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K. ii.

noo thyng for hym in this behalve / And how after that the kynge Charlemagne was retorneth to Parys <sup>1</sup>wyth his felawshyp<sup>1</sup> / Rowlande, his newew, arryved at Parys, the <sup>4</sup> whiche the kynge made knyghte / and after he sente hym to reyse a sege afore Coleyn, that a sarrasyn had beseged that was called Escoufrawde, y<sup>o</sup> whiche Rowlande con- <sup>8</sup> quered / And after sheweth how Reynawde won<sup>2</sup> the crowne of kynge Charlemagne / for the goode rennyng that his horse bayarde made at Parys. ¶ Capitul[u]m vij. <sup>12</sup>

Charlemagne goes on a pilgrimage to Saint James in Galicia. Duke Naymes and Ogier the Dane accompany him.

**N**owe sheweth the history that Charlemagne was at Parys, and cam to hym a devoeyon for to goo in pylgrymage to saynt Iames in Gales. And soo he departed oute of Parys, and toke in his company Oger <sup>16</sup> the dane & the duk Naymes of bavyre, and many other barons and grete lordes / Whan they were vpon theyr waye, they dyde soo moche by there iourneys that they cam to saynt Iames in Galyee. And whan they <sup>20</sup> were arryved there / The kynge wente streyght to the chirche, & offred afore the aulter ten marke of fyne golde. And whan he had offred and doon his devoeyons / he toke on his waye agayne, and came <sup>1</sup>wyth his <sup>24</sup> felawshyp<sup>1</sup> to Bordews / And in his comyng thider, he loked over the ryver of gyronde, <sup>1</sup>not ferre thens<sup>1</sup> / And sawe the castelle of Mountalban, that was vpon a roche, soo fayr & so well made, & so well shette wyth fayr <sup>28</sup> wallis, & thyecke in the forme, as I have tolde you afore / And whan Charlemagne sawe it, he behelde well vpon it a longe while, and thenne sayd, 'Ha, good lord, yonder is a fayr castell, stronge and well set / I <sup>32</sup>

Charlemagne, in passing Bordeaux, sees the castle of Montalban,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> wan, in text orig.

see well that the kyng Yon<sup>1</sup> hath made it of late / for  
 it semeth yet to be all new ; and it can be none other  
<sup>2</sup>wyse, sith that he hath buylded it in suche a strong  
 4 place / but that he thynke to make werre to some  
 body.' And thenne he called to hym a knyghte of the  
 londe, & sayd to hym / 'tell me how ye calle that  
 castell.' 'Syr,' sayd the knyghte, 'the name is Mount-  
 8 alban' / He had grete luste to speke / for yf he had  
 keped his peas there had ben none other thyng of it /  
 But he sayd suche wordes that afterwarde bare grete  
 harme to hym selfe and to many other. For he tolde  
 12 to the emperour that reynawde and his brethern, the  
 sones of Aymon, had do make that castell / and was  
 called Mountalban / And how the kyng Yyon had  
 gyven to Reynawde his suster to his wyf.

and inquires of a  
 knight the name  
 of the castle.

The knight tells  
 the Emperor how  
 it belongs to the  
 four Sons,  
 and how Rey-  
 nawde has  
 married John's  
 sister.

16 **W**han Charlemagne vnderstode thise wordes, he  
 was ryght angry for it and wrothe, And wyste  
 not what he sholde saye / and helde hym selfe a grete  
 whyle that he spake not / and whan he had mused a  
 20 lityll / he sayd to his folke / 'fayre lordes, I shall telle  
 you a wonder ; For I have founde my enemyes in this  
 londe, that ben the foure sones of Aymon. Now vp,  
 Ogyer, and you, duke Naymes / lighte on horsebacke  
 24 incontynente, and seke so moche kyng Yon that ye  
 fynde hym, and telle hym in my behalve that he yelde  
 to me agen the foure sones of Aymon, that ben myn  
 enemyes, the whyche he hath wythdrawen and borne  
 28 oute agenste me. And *that* he fynde me knyghtes for  
 to brynge theym only into my londe / for I am de-  
 libered, sith that I have fonde theym, for to hange  
 theym or fleye theym quycke. And yf he wyll not do  
 32 soo / defye you hym on my behalfe, And telle hym that  
 wythin this thre or foure monethes I shall be wythin  
 his londe of Gascoyn wyth all my ooste / and I shall  
 destroye and overthrowe all his townes and castelles,

Charlemagne, in  
 wrath, sends  
 Ogier to tell King  
 John to yield to  
 him the four  
 Sons,

or he will destroy  
 all his land.

<sup>1</sup> de gascogne, F. orig. h. vi. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. K. ii. back.

and yf I maye take hym, I shall punysshē hym wyth-  
 oute ony mercy' / 'Syr,' sayd Ogyer, 'we shall doo  
 your commaundemente, but we shall <sup>1</sup>take wyth vs  
 Lances and Hostes, the whyche ben prue and sage' / 4  
 and Charlemagne sayd that he was contente ; and incontynente they wente on theyr waye, And wente aboute  
 for to vnderstode where kynge Yon was / And soo  
 longe they asked after hym, that they founde hym atte 8  
 Montalban, evyn atte the foote of the roche / For the  
 kynge Yon wente agen Bourdews, and Reynawde con-  
 veyed hym. When Ogyer sawe Reynawde and the  
 kynge Yon, he knew theym well / And incontynente 12  
 he salued the kynge / and sayd to hym / 'Syre, god  
 gyve you good liffe and longe' / And the kynge rendered  
 to hym his salute, and after sayd to hym, 'Of whens  
 be you?' <sup>2</sup>'syre,' said Ogyer, 'We ben of the swete 16  
 Fraunce / And also we be sente vnto you / And we are  
 of Charlemagne folke. Now here vs, yf it playse you.'  
<sup>3</sup>'Syr,' sayd the kynge, 'ye be ryght welcome. Now  
 telle on what ye wyll saye' / <sup>4</sup>'Sire,' sayd Ogyer, 'the 20  
 emperour Charlemagne sendeth to you worde by vs,  
 that ye yelde agen vnto hym his enmyes y<sup>e</sup> whiche ye  
 have wythdrawen in to your landes, and that ye sende  
 to hym a hundred of your men for to conduytte and 24  
 brynge theym wyth hym vnto Fraunce. And yf ye re-  
 fuse to doo this / <sup>5</sup>We, by his commaundemente, deffye  
 you of his behalve<sup>5</sup> / And wythin thyse thre monethes  
 he shall be in Gascoyn / and shall take all your londes, 28  
 and shall besege you wythin the cyte of Bordews /  
 And yf he take you, he shall punysshē you in your  
 body. Now have we sayd our message, And yf it  
 playse you, ye shall gyve us an answer.' 32

King John and  
 Reynawde are  
 together at Mont-  
 alban when  
 Ogier arrives  
 at the castle.

Ogier delivers his  
 message from the  
 Emperor.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. iii.      <sup>2</sup> beau sire, F. orig. h. vi.

<sup>3</sup> seigneurs, F. orig. h. vi.      <sup>4</sup> doulx roy Yon, F. orig. h. vi.

<sup>5-5</sup> Il vous deffie de sa part, F. orig. h. vi.

‘Ogyer,’ sayd the kynge / ‘It is well trouth that I  
 have retheyned the foure sones of Aymon, whiche  
 ben worthy knyghtes ; and soo have I retheyned theym,  
 4 by cause they ben prue and valyaunte in armes, and  
 also that they have <sup>1</sup>holpen and socoured me atte my  
 grete nede / For I was dysherited <sup>2</sup>and vndoon for ever<sup>2</sup>  
 yf they had not ben / And for the grete goode that they  
 8 have doon to me, I have gyven my suster germayne  
 to Reynawde for his wyff / And therefore I sholde be to  
 cruell, and eke well myschaunte, yf I sholde now take  
 theym in to the handes of theyr enmyes mortalle, syth  
 12 that they have doon to me soo good servyse<sup>3</sup> / I have  
 lever for to be dyshereted, and deye an evyll deth, than  
 to yelde theym, or suffre that they have ony harme nor  
 shame to my power / For namly the kynge Charle-  
 16 magne sholde thenne holde me for a foole and well  
 nyce / And therefore, Ogyer, yf it playse you, ye shall  
 telle the emperour from my behalve, that I shal for-  
 sake firste all my londe and my royame, than I sholde  
 20 deliver them in his handes / And this is myn  
 answe’re /

King John  
 declares that he  
 will forsake his  
 kingdom sooner  
 than yield up the  
 Sons to Charle-  
 magne.

Thenne whan the kynge had sayd thus, Reynawde  
 T spake after and sayd, ‘Ogyer, I mervyll gretly  
 24 of the kynge Charlemagne, that wyll not leve vs in  
 peas / He caste vs oute of Fraunce poure and dys-  
 hered, wherof I am ashamed / and as ye knowe, I  
 wolde be reformed wyth rayson to the sayenge of his  
 28 barons ; but it playseth hym not / And soo he casted  
 vs oute of Mountenfourde shamfully / so that we wyste  
 not where we sholde go / And yet it suffyseth hym  
 not, but he wyll cast vs oute of the londe of Gascoyn,  
 32 wherof he dooth grete synne. For yet am I redy for  
 to doo his wyll in rayson and ryght / And I telle you  
 well, that yf he refuce this by hys pryde, I wyll well

Reynawde com-  
 plains of the  
 injustice of the  
 Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. iii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> et loyualment, F. orig. h. vii. back.

that he knowe that / I and my brethern are not suche  
 that shall be taken as lyghtly as he weneth. And I  
 promyse you, that or ever he hathe vs / I shall make  
 hym more than ten tymes angry and wrothe / For this 4  
 that <sup>1</sup>he dooth / he dooth it but of pryde / Ogyer, I wyll  
 well that kynge Charlemagne knowe, that the kyng  
<sup>2</sup>Yon of Gascoyn hath gyven to vs leve to buylde a  
 castell that hath to name Montalban / the whiche is 8  
 stronge and imprenable, and yet I have knyghtes wyth  
 me that shall not faylle me at my nede. And tell to  
 kynge Charlemagne that sith I can not have noo peas  
 nor accorde wyth hym, *that* I shall doo to hym all the 12  
 dommage and harme that shalle be to me possyble for  
 to doo.'

and says he shall  
 do to him all the  
 harm that he can.

Ogier rebukes  
 Reynawde for  
 these words,

and says he will  
 be sorry when  
 all the host of  
 Charlemagne  
 assail him.

'**R**eynawde,' sayd Ogyer, 'ye speke not wysely;  
 wene ye to abasshe vs wyth wordes / ye shall 16  
 not so; but whan ye shall see the oost and the grete  
 power of Charlemagne togyder, ye shall be sore abashed,  
 and atte the ende ye shall be full wrothe and sorry /  
<sup>3</sup>Ye knowe well that the emperour Charlemagne made 20  
 you knyghte, and ye slewe his nevew Berthelot / and  
 therfore thynke not to fynde peas towarde hym / And  
 ye wene to be assured by cause the kynge Yon hath  
 made you to close a castell / but well I wyll that he 24  
 knowe that he shall repente for it full sore / For afore  
 two monethes be paste we shall be in the myddes of  
 his londe, and shall dystroye all his royaume / And we  
 shall brenne bothe castelles and townes.' 'Ogyer,' 28  
 sayd Reynawd, 'I swere to you on my feyth, that  
 whan kynge Charlemagne <sup>4</sup>shall be wyth his oost in  
 this londe, <sup>4</sup>he shall wyshe hym selfe soone agayne in  
 Fraunce wyth his folke. And whan ye shall see the 32  
 harde ioustyng and sharpe werre that I and my brethern  
 shall make agenste hym / he and ye shall be sore

<sup>1</sup> le roy, F. orig. h. vii. back. <sup>2</sup> Fol. K. iv. <sup>3</sup> Regnault, F. orig.  
<sup>4-4</sup> sera retourne en gascogne, F. orig. h. vii.

abasshed of it; and some of you speketh now hye, that  
 whan the dede shall come to preeff, he shall be full  
 lowe' / 'Reynawde,' sayd then Ogyer, 'I wyll hide no  
 4 thynge from you / The kyng Charlemagne hath so grete  
 a power / and is delibered for to besege Bordews / and  
 yf he maye take you, he shall punyssh you cruelly /  
 now doo as ye wyll. I have tolde you all <sup>1</sup>my message,  
 8 and I goo agen to kyng Charlemagne' / whan he had sayd  
 these wordes, he retorned towarde kyng Charlemagne,  
 & shewed vnto hym what kyng Yon & reynawde had  
 sayd / And whan the kyng vnderstode<sup>2</sup> the same / he  
 12 shoke all for angre, & sayd / 'now shall it be seen how  
 kyng Yon & Reynawde shall defende Gascoyn agenst  
 me' / And thenne went forth charlemagne & passed  
 the ryver of gyronde, and rode soo longe that he cam  
 16 to Paris; and the daye after, he called all his barons  
 that they sholde com to him. And whan they were all  
 com / the kyng helde hys counseyll, & sayd to theim,  
 'Lordes, I have sent for you to telle you the grete  
 20 shame that the kyng Yon of gascoyn dooth to me.  
 For he holdeth the foure sones of Aymon, <sup>3</sup>my mortell  
 enmyes,<sup>3</sup> in dyspyte of me, and ye knowe what *dommage*  
 they have doon to me / for they slew my newew  
 24 Berthelot / I dyd banyssh them oute of Fraunce;  
 thenne made they the castell of Mountenforde wythin  
 my londe / and I chassed them oute of it. Now ben  
 they in Gascoyn wyth the kyng Yon, that sayth he  
 28 shall deffende them agenste me, and he has gyven  
 his suster to Reynawde / wherfore I praye you all that  
 ye wyll helpe me that I be avenged.'

Ogyer returns  
 to the Emperor,  
 and gives him  
 the message from  
 John and Rey-  
 nawde.

Charlemagne  
 holds a counsel of  
 all his barons at  
 Paris,

and asks their  
 aid in taking  
 vengeance on  
 King John.

32 **A**nd whan Charlemagn had sayd this, there was  
 none of the barons that answered to hym any  
 worde, for they were wery of the werre. that they had

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> ses parolles que le roy Yon et Regnault luy mandoient,  
 F. orig. h. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. h. vii.

made soo long agenste Reynawde / <sup>1</sup>And Charlemagne  
 sawe that no body answered to hym no thinge / he  
 called to hym the duke naymes & ogier the dane / and  
 the erle Guydellon / and sayd to theym / 'Lordes, <sup>4</sup>  
 what counseyll doo you gyve to me in this matere?'  
 'Sir,' sayd the duke Naymes / 'yf ye wyll beleve me,  
 I shall gyve you goode counseyll / Suffre your ooste to  
 reste this fyve yeres / By cause that your folke is very <sup>8</sup>  
 of the werre / so shall they reste theym selfe a lityll /  
 And whan thei shall be fresshe / thenne <sup>2</sup>shall ye mow  
 make werre atte your wyll / for every man shall thenne  
 com to it wyth good wyll.' And whan the emperour <sup>12</sup>  
 vnderstode this counseyll he was sore an angred for it,  
 that he wente almost oute of his wyt. And as he  
 wolde have sayd agenst the duke Naymes, there cam  
 a yonge gentilman of grete beaulte / and broughte in <sup>16</sup>  
 his company XXX. fayr sqyers, well arrayed.<sup>3</sup> this  
 yonglynge cam to the palays, & wente vp / and whan  
 and salutes him, he cam afore the emperour, he made his obeysaunce to  
 hym full courtoysly. 'Frende,' sayd the kyng, 'ye be <sup>20</sup>  
 ryght welcom; what wynde brought you hider, & what  
 be you' / 'sire,' sayd the squyer, 'I am called Row-  
 lande of bretayn, & I am the sone of your suster and  
 of the duke Myllon.' 24

**T**henne whan Charlemagne vnderstode Rowlande  
 speke thus, he was right glad of hym, & toke  
 hym by the hande & kyssed hym many tymes, & sayd  
 to hym, 'ye be ryght welcom / I wyll that ye be made <sup>28</sup>  
 a knyghte to morow in y<sup>e</sup> mornynge, & ye shall  
 assaye yourself vpon Reynawde, the sone of Aymon.'  
 'Syr,' sayd Rowlande, 'I shall doo your commaunde-  
 ment, & I promyse you / Reynawde shall not be spared <sup>32</sup>

Duke Naymes  
 asks Charlemagne  
 to grant the host  
 peace for 5 years,  
 as they are all  
 weary of war.

The Emperor is  
 about to reply in  
 anger, when a  
 young gentleman  
 enters the palace,

and salutes him,

saying he is his  
 nephew Roland.

Charlemagne  
 receives him with  
 joy,

and says he shall  
 knight him,  
 and send him to  
 assail the four  
 Sons.

<sup>1</sup> Et quant Charlemaigne, F. orig. h. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. K. v.

<sup>3</sup> et vit le damoiseil emmy la court du palays et montre  
 contremont les degrez. Et quant il fut au palays il sen vint  
 devant lempireur charlemaigne. F. orig. h. viii. back.



of me, and he shall not bere awaye no thyng of yours.  
 He slewe my cosyn Berthelot, wherof I am right sory /  
 and therefore I shall avenge his dethe, yf I maye by ony  
 4 manere / or elles Reynawde shall slee me' / And in the  
 mornyng the kynge Charlemagne dowbed his newewe  
 rowlande to a knyghte, wyth moche ioye and wyth  
 grete honoure. and as the feste was a doynge / there  
 8 came a messenger that sayd to the emperour, <sup>1</sup>' Most hie  
 & moste puyssaunt prynce<sup>1</sup> / your men of Cologne  
 recomende theym ryght humbly to your gooðe grace,  
 And they doo you to wyte that the sarrasyns have  
 12 <sup>2</sup>besegeð theym, And have hurte theym ryght sore / For  
 they have brente and dystroyed alle the contree / wher-  
 fore they beseche you ryght humbly, that ye com for to  
 helpe and socoure them yf it be your playsure / Or  
 16 elles they are but deed / and vtterly dystroyed.'

Roland says he shall willingly avenge the death of Berthelot.

A messenger arrives from Cologne,

and tells the Emperor that the Saracens besiege their city,

and they cry for succour.

**A**nd whan the emperour vnderstode thyse tydynges  
 he bowed his [head] towarde the erthe, and be-  
 ganne to thynke a lityll / And whan Rowlande sawe  
 20 his vnclē that mused thus in hym selfe / he sayd vnto  
 hym / <sup>3</sup>' Wherof be ye soo dysmayed / Gyve me some  
 parte of your men, And I shall goo reyse the sege of  
 Cologne' / And whan the emperour herde Rowlande  
 24 speke soo, he was ryght gladde of it, and embraced  
 and kyssed hym full swetly, and sayd to hym / 'Fayr  
 newew / blessyd be the hour that ever ye were borne /  
 For I knowe for certeyn that ye shalle kepe me fro  
 28 peyne and travaylle, and in you shall be my rest and  
 my comforte / And I wylle that ye goc there' / And  
 thenne he gaaff hym XV. thousande men of armes well  
 horsed <sup>4</sup>& well arrayed<sup>4</sup> / And whan they were well  
 32 appareylled / Rowlande lighted vpon his horse and  
 sayd to his vnclē <sup>4</sup>the kyng<sup>4</sup> / 'Syre, I commende you  
 to god.' 'Fayr newewe,' sayd Charlemagne, 'I have

Roland volunteers to raise the siege at Cologne,

and takes with him xx. thousand men well armed.

<sup>1-1</sup> Droit emperour, F. orig. h. viii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. K. v. back.  
<sup>3</sup> Sire, F. orig.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

taken to you my men in your kepyng / I praye you  
 that ye wyll kepe them well / and doo so moche that  
 ye gete worshyp / and god be wyth you'<sup>1</sup> / 'sire,' sayd  
 Rowlande, 'be not dysmayed, for at my retorn, <sup>2</sup>yf it 4  
 playse god,<sup>2</sup> ye shall knowe how that we have doo.'  
 And whan he had sayd this worde / he toke leve of  
 nis vncler / and wente on his waye wyth his folke /  
 and they rode so longe by theyr Iourneys that they 8  
 came to cologne all by nyghte / and put theyr busshe-  
 ment nyghe the oost / And as thei were nyghe the  
 oost they met wyth certen sarrasins that cam<sup>3</sup> agayn  
 wyth a grete proye of oxen and shepe, and of men and 12  
 of wymen that were theyr prysoners / And made theym  
 suffre grete martyrdome /

They arrive at  
Cologne,

and meet certain  
Saracens carrying  
away prisoners  
and cattle.

**W**han the frenshemen sawe theyr enmyes / They  
 sayd in this maner / 'Lordes, our lorde hath 16  
 sente vs hyther. Here ben the traytours sarrasyns /  
<sup>4</sup>that soo sore we have desired for to fyghte wyth  
 theym<sup>4</sup> / Now shall it be seen what we shall doo to theym /  
 Putte vs amonge theym / for atte this hour they shall 20  
 be overthrowen' / Whan they hadde spoken ynoughe,  
 they made none other taryenge / but spored their  
 horses and ranne vpon the sarrasyns by grete streynghete,  
 Soo that in a lityll while they had theym dyscom- 24  
 fytte soo sharpely, that they slewe theym all, And re-  
 covered all the prysoners and the bestes. ¶ And  
 shortly to speke, Whan the ooste of the pagnymes  
 herde the noyse of the frenshemen<sup>5</sup> they moved theym 28  
 selfe / and lighted vpon their horses / and vpon the  
 frenshemen. And whan the frenshe men sawe theym  
 come, they wente agayne to their busschement aswell  
 as they coude / <sup>6</sup>And beganne to chasse theym. 32

The French fall  
upon them,

and slay them,  
recovering all the  
prisoners and  
cattle.

The host of the  
pagans fly,  
pursued by the  
folk of Charle-  
magne.

<sup>1</sup> amen, F. orig. h. viii.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. h. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> que tant avons defirez, F. orig. I. i. back.

<sup>5</sup> incontinent, F. orig.

<sup>6</sup> et les sarazins, F. orig. I. i. back.

**W**han Rowlande sawe that it was tyme to set  
 vppon / he yssued oute of his busschement  
 wyth his folke, and wente and smote vpon the sarra-  
 4 syns so harde that he casted to the erthe a grete parte  
 of theym. ¶ And to speke shortely, the bataylle be-  
 ganne soo cruell and soo fell that it was <sup>1</sup>pyte to see /  
 For ye sholde have seen soo many speres broken / and  
 8 soo many sheeldes in two / and so many sarrasyns  
 liynge deed on the grounde, soo that wyth payne men  
 myght go by fore the deed men that laye so thyck one  
 vpon thoder / & Rowlande spored his horse wyth y<sup>e</sup>  
 12 spores, & went & smote<sup>2</sup> a sarrasin that was a kyng &  
 the chyef of y<sup>e</sup> sarrasins oost, with so grete myght *that*  
 he overthrew him to erthe, <sup>3</sup>but he slewe hym not of  
 that stroke / but taryed vpon hym, & gaaff to hym  
 16 suche a stroke wyth his swerde vpon hys helme, <sup>4</sup>that  
 he made hym all a stonyed.<sup>4</sup> And whan Rowlande  
 sawe hym so evyll arayed, he bowed hymselfe, and toke  
 hym for his prysoner, and dyd set hym agen vpon his  
 20 horse & brought hym wyth hym. and whan the sar-  
 rasins sawe their lorde taken, & sawe y<sup>e</sup> woundre of  
 armes that Rowlande made, & of the frenshmen / they  
 putte theymselfe to flighte full shamfully. And whan  
 24 Rowlande sawe the sarrasins flee thus, he cryed wyth a  
 highe voys / ‘Lordes, goo after theym / for they flee  
 all / and yf they scape vs / it shall be to vs a grete  
 blame towarde myn vnclē the kyng Charlemagne, and  
 28 we shall beholden for cowardes / wherfore I praye you  
 lete not one escape, for ye shall have theym lightly,  
 sith that I holde in my handes theyr kyng’ / Whan  
 the frenshemen herde Rowlande speke thus, they sayd,  
 32 ‘free knyghte, be not dysmayed of no thyng / for we  
 make noo doubte that none of theym shall scape, but

Roland over-  
 throws the chief  
 of the Saracens,

and takes him  
 prisoner;

the rest of his  
 folk fly shame-  
 fully.

<sup>1</sup> grant pitie, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> moult cruellement, F. orig. I. i. back. <sup>3</sup> Fol. K. vi. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> quil luy fist chauceleer les dens en la gorge, F. orig.  
 I. i. back.

The chief, whose name is Escor-fawde, entreats Roland not to slay his men,

but to grant them a truce,

and promises that he and all his folk shall submit to the Emperour.

The truce is granted, and the French with Escor-fawde, return to Paris.

Roland delivers the Saracen king to Charlemagne.

they shall be taken or slayn' / 'Lordes,' sayd thene  
 the kynge sarrasin that Rowlande had taken, that had  
 to name Escor-fawde / 'They ben all myn / I praye you  
 that ye kille theym not, for they ben all ynoughe 4  
 dyscomfyted / sith that ye have taken me, but gyve  
 theym tryews. And have me to kyng Charlemagne,  
 yf it playse you / And yf ye maye doo so moche that  
 Charlemagne pardonne me the grete offence that I have 8  
 doon to hym, I shall holde from hensforthe all my  
 herytage of hym, and yet all my lignage shall be obeys-  
 saunte vnto his wyll, & of this ye maye beleve me.'  
 'By my hede,' sayd rowlande / 'ye speke curtoysly' / 12  
 '& by my feyth,' sayd Naymes, 'Escor-fawde sayth  
 well, & we shall do so' / they gaaf tryews to y<sup>e</sup> sarasins,  
 & toke their way agen to charlemagn, & brought escor-  
 faude wyth them, & so longe thei rode *that* they cam 16  
 to paris / and <sup>1</sup>whan the kynge Charlemagne knewe  
 that his nevewe Rowlande was come agayne to Parys,  
 and that he had dyscomfyted the sarrasins, and broughte  
 prysoner wyth hym kynge Escor-fawde, he was ryght 20  
 gladde of it / And anone he mounted on horsbacke,  
 and came agenste his nevewe Rowlande / And whan  
 Rowlande sawe hym, he lighted down from his horse /  
 and wente & caste hym selfe to the feete of kyng 24  
 Charlemagne <sup>2</sup>his vncl.<sup>2</sup> And anone he made hym  
 to ryse vp / and kyssed hym swetly / And thenne Rou-  
 lande sayd to hym, 'Syre, here I deliver vnto you the  
 kynge Escor-fawde *that* we have taken. He hathe tolde 28  
 vs that he shall make hym selfe a crysten man / And  
 that he and his lygnage shall holde theyr londes of  
 you / yf ye wyll pardonne hym youre ylle wyll' /  
 'Nevewe,' sayd the kynge Charlemagne, 'there ys noo 32  
 truste in hym / And therefore I wyll kepe me from hym.'  
 Thenne commaunded the emperour that / Escor-fawde  
 sholde be broughte to pryson / and he sholde be well

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. vii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

- kepte, And that he sholde have all his wyll of mete  
 and drynke / And after, whan Escorfawde was put in  
 pryson / The kynge Charlemagne dyde calle to hym  
 4 the duke Naymes, and sayd to hym, 'What thynke  
 you by my newew Rowlande? What dyde he whan  
 the batayll was assembled' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke  
 Naymes, 'of Rowlande nedeth not to speke. For ever /  
 8 sith that god was borne of the vyrgyne Marye, suche a  
 knyghte was not seen / For he alone hath overcome  
 the sarrasines<sup>1</sup> by his grete prowes / And yf he hadde  
 a horse that myght bere hym whan he were armed / I  
 12 swere by my feyth that ye sholde never have enmye /  
 but that he sholde brynge hym to your mercy by force  
 of armes / <sup>2</sup>Soo moche he is prue and valyaunte.'<sup>2</sup> The  
 kynge Charlemagne sware by his hede that he was  
 16 ryght gladde therof / 'But tell me,' sayd he to <sup>3</sup>the  
 duke Naymes / 'where myght men fynde suche a good  
 horse as ye speke of' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke, 'yf ye  
 wyll beleve me / I shall gyve you goode counseyll /  
 20 Make to be cryed wyth a trompette vpon Mounthe mar-  
 tyr, that ye wyll see renne all the horses of your ooste.  
 And he that shall renne beste, shall wyne your crowne  
 of golde, And fyve hundred marke of fyne silver, and  
 24 a hundred rolles of silke / And all thus ye shall mowe  
 know the beste horse of your royame / And whan ye  
 shall have seen hym / bye hym / & gyve hym to your  
 newew Rowlande / And after, gyve leve to all your  
 28 barons vnto the feste of saynt Iohn the baptyste nexte  
 comynge' / 'Duk Naymes,' sayd the emperour Charle-  
 magne, 'ye gyve me goode counseyll / And I shall do  
 thus as ye have devysed.' Thenne the kynge made  
 32 to be cryed vpon Mounthe marter evyn thus as duk  
 Naymes had devysed / And dyde make the lystes for  
 the horses to renne in / And whan this was doon, he

The Emperor  
demands of Duke  
Naymes how  
Roland behaved  
in the battle.

Naymes declares  
that there is not  
his equal in  
prowess,

but that he  
lacketh a horse  
to bear him well.

Naymes counsels  
the Emperor to  
proclaim a race  
between all the  
horses of his  
host,  
the prize to be his  
crown of gold,  
and 500 marks of  
silver,  
and 100 rolls of  
silk,  
and the best horse  
to be bought for  
Roland.

<sup>1</sup> et desconfits par sa prouesse, F. orig. I. ii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K. vii. back.

A yeoman goes to  
Gascoigne,

and tells Reynawde all the  
tidings from  
Paris,

and the price that  
Charlemagne had  
placed on the  
best horse.

Reynawde de-  
clares his inten-  
tion of running  
Bayard before  
the King.

The Sons, with  
Mawgis and some  
chosen knights,  
set out for Paris.

made his crowne to be set atte the ende of the listes /  
and also the fyve hundred marke of sylver, and the  
hundred rolles of sylke / And this hangyng, a yoman  
wente to his countrey in gascoyn / and as he passed 4  
thruge Montalban, he recounted to Reynawde & to  
Mawgys all the thyng that men wolde doo at Parys,  
And how Rowlande was come to the courte / And how  
he had dyscomfyted Escorfawde the kyng sarrasin, and 8  
how y<sup>e</sup> kyng Charlemagn wolde have the best horse of  
all his royaume for to gyve hym to Rowlande, and  
shewed the sayd yoman the pryce that the kyng had  
set. And also how the emperour Charlemagne gadred 12  
his ooste for to come to mountalban, And how the  
course of the horses sholde be made atte saynt Iohns  
tyme nexte comyng.

<sup>1</sup> **T**henne whan reynawde vnderstode thys worde, he 16  
began to laugh, & after sayd to maugis, ‘cosin,  
by all hallowes of god, Charlemagn ne shall see the beste  
torne of the worlde, but he shall not knowe that I shall  
have hys crowne. For I wyll go there vpon Bayarde, 20  
to see how he shall prove hym selfe atte thys tyme’ /  
‘Syre,’ sayd Mawgys, ‘ye shall not doo so yet; but yf  
ye wyll goo there, suffre that I bere you company / soo  
shall you be more sure / and have with vs knyghtes 24  
well armed.’ ‘Gladly,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘syth that ye  
wyll soo.’ Whan it was tyme for to meve towarde  
Parys / Reynawde called to hym Alarde, Guycharde,  
and Rycharde <sup>2</sup>his bretherne,<sup>2</sup> and <sup>2</sup>Mawgys<sup>2</sup> his cosyn, 28  
and sayd vnto theym / ‘It is tyme that we goo to  
Parys / Take knyghtes chosen, and putte our selfe in  
the waye.’ ‘Syre,’ sayd his bretherne, ‘your com-  
maundemente shall be doon’ / And whan they were 32  
all appareylled / Reynawde came to his wyff, and sayd  
to her, ‘Lady, I praye you that ye doo kepe well my  
castell / and I shall come soone agen’ / ‘Syre,’ sayd

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. viii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. ii.

she, 'commaunde knyghtes that they ben not oute of the waye / & I promyse you, yf the kyng Yon my broder cam hym selfe, he sholde not come inne / nor  
 4 none other, vnto the tyme that ye be come agen / Now goo god be wyth you' / Thenne toke Reynawde leue of hys wyff / and sette hym selfe towarde the waye, & his folke, and went to Parys. And whan they were  
 8 come to Orleauce, and hadde passed the ryver of Loyre, men asked theym of whens they were. And Mawgys, that spake for theym all, answered, 'Lordes, we ben Bournoys, that go to Parys for to assaye our horses for  
 12 to wynne the pryce *that* the kyng hath set vpon, yf god wyll so consente.' Thenne by fayre wordes they passed forth, & so longe they rode that thei came to Melym but they entred not wythin the towne, but <sup>1</sup>lodged  
 16 theymself in a grete valey, and there they soiourned theym selfe & theyr horses foure dayes.

When they reach Orleans, men ask them from whence they came.

Mawgis replies, they are Bournoys, and are going to Paris to run their horses there.

**T**henne whan cam the evyn of saynt Iohn, Reynawd called Mawgis, & sayd to hym, 'What shall  
 20 we doo? to morowe shall be the courses of the horses / wherfore I saye *that* it is covenable that we goo lye to nyghte at Parys' / 'Cosin,' sayd / Mawgys, 'ye saye well <sup>2</sup>and wysely.<sup>2</sup> Now lete me doo a lityll & playse you.'  
 24 Thenne toke Mawgis an herbe, & stamped it vpon a stone wyth the pomell of his swerde / and tempered it wyth water, and rubbed bayarde therwyth, soo that anone he becam all white, in suche wyse that they that  
 28 had seen hym before, knewe hym not / and after he enoynted Reynawde wyth an noyntement that he bare alwayes wyth hym, & incontynent he becam to the age of <sup>3</sup>XX. yeres / And whan he had thus atorned Rey-  
 32 nawde and his horse / he toke hym, & broughte hym afore <sup>4</sup>his brethern and afore the other knyghtes,<sup>4</sup> &

Mawgis takes a herb,

and rubs Bayard with it, so that he becomes quite white;

and also anoints Reynawde with an ointment, which makes him look like a youth.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K. viii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> quinze ans, F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> les aultres cheualliers freres de Regnault, F. orig. I. iii. back.

sayd to theym / 'Lordes, telle me how thynke you; have I not well transfigured hym / shall not they maye com agen and not be knowen? Beholde bayarde, how he is wexen whyte, he shall lese the pryce for age.' 4

**T**henne whan the barons sawe reynawde & bayarde so torned / they began to laughe, & were gretly merveyllled how Mawgys had thus dysfigured theym / Whan Mawgys had transfigured reynawde & bayarde, 8 and hymselfe also, Reynawde mounted vpon bayarde, & mawgys vpon morell, and toke leve of their folke / But reynawde atte his departyng sayd to his bretherne / 'have no feere for me, For I shall not be knowen, yf god 12 wyll' / <sup>1</sup>Thenne wente Reynawde on his waye; and his folke wepte for hym,<sup>1</sup> for Reynawd wente in such a place where he had many enmyes / For yf Charlemagne had come take hym, all the golde of the worlde had 16 <sup>2</sup>not saved hym / but he sholde have caused hym to be hanged / And whan they departed, Alarde sayd to Mawgys / 'I praye you for god that ye have my broder Reynawde for recomended / for yf it were not 20 for the truste that I have to you, I sholde not suffre that he sholde goo to Parys, for all the golde of spayne.' And thenne Reynawde and mawgys wente on theyr way. Now shall I leve a lityll to speke of theym, 24 And shall retorne to the kyng Charlemayn, that was at Parys wyth his folke.

**C**harlemagne sawe his barons that were all com / and thenne he called the duke Naymes, Ogyer 28 the dane, and Foulques of moryllon, and sayd to theym / 'Lordes, I praye you that ye take an hundred knyghtes well armed, & goo towarde the waye of Orleauns / and beware that none goo by, but that ye 32 knowe theyr names, & that they ben well advysed / for

Reynawde and Mawgis take leve of their folk with much sorrow.

Alarde charges Mawgis that he should preserve Reynawde from all evil.

Charlemagne commands Naymes, Ogyer and Foulques, that they take an hundred knights, and keep the way from Orleans, so that none may pass without their knowledge.

<sup>1-1</sup> Lors se mist a la wye tout en plourant et ses gens plourient aussi, F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. i.



I doubtte me sore of Reynawde that he shall come / <sup>1</sup>for  
 he weneth well hymselfe to be over subtyll<sup>1</sup> / and yf it  
 cam in his hede, he sholde come soone hytherwarde' /  
 4 'Syre,' sayd the barons, 'we shall doo gladly your  
 commaundemente ; & yf reynawde be soo folisshe that  
 he come hitherwarde, he shall not scape vs / but he  
 shall be deed or taken, & broughte a fore you' / And  
 8 thenne they toke leve of kynge Charlemagne, & wente to  
 make theym redy in theyr horses / and after mounted  
 on horse backe wyth an hundred knyghtes well armed,  
 and rode the waye towarde Orleauce / and arrested  
 12 them selfe in the myddes of the waye, foure myles oute  
 of Parys ; and there they were a longe while that noo  
 body passed by, and endured grete hungre and thurste.  
 And whan the duke Naymes sawe that they were there  
 16 for noughte, he sayd to Ogier, 'Syre ogier, by my  
 feyth the kyng Charlemagn maketh vs lyke fooles / and  
 holdeth vs for nyce & musardes, <sup>2</sup>that he maketh vs to  
 tari here aboute noughte.' 'Syre,' sayd Ogier, 'ye saye  
 20 trouth / And god confounde me yf I tary ony lenger' /  
 And whan they wolde have comyn agayn aback, the duke  
 Naymes <sup>3</sup>sawe com a ferre<sup>3</sup> Reynawde and Mawgys /  
 Thenne sayd Naymes to Foulques of moryllon / 'yonder  
 24 I see comyng two men on horsbacke.' And whan  
 Foulques sawe theym / he cryed wyth a highe voys /  
 'by my feyth, here cometh reynaude / Now can he not  
 scape by no maner / but he shall be hanged' / 'By my  
 28 feyth,' sayd the duke naymes, 'ye saye trouth / For the  
 horse that cometh afore is moche like Bayarde, the  
 horse of Reynawde, yf he were of a nother colour' /  
 Whan foulques vnderstode thise wordes, he sette hande  
 32 to his swerde, and cam agenste Reynawde ryght nere ;

The barons  
 remain four miles  
 out of Paris,  
 where they suffer  
 much hunger and  
 thirst.

Duke Naymes  
 sees Reynawde  
 and Mawgis  
 approach,

and marvels that  
 the horse is so  
 like Bayard,  
 save for his  
 colour.

<sup>1-1</sup> Car vous scaues bien comment il est outreuideux,  
 F. orig. I. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. i. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> regarde au long chemin et vit venir Reynault, F. orig.  
 I. iii.

and whan he was well nyghe theym / he behelde  
 theym / And whan he sawe that it was not Reynaude,  
 he was all abasshed, & drewe hym selfe abacke. And  
 Reynawde and Mawgys rode forthe their wayes. And 4  
 whan the duke Naymes sawe *that* they cam forth / he  
 wente agenste theym, and called Mawgis, and sayd to  
 hym, 'What ben ye / and whether goo ye?' 'Sire,'  
 sayd Mawgys, 'I am borne of Peron / & my name is 8  
 Iousser.' 'Frende,' sayd the duke naymes, 'can not ye  
 telle me noothyng of reynawde the sone of Aymon, the  
 worthy knyghte?' 'Ye,' sayd Mawgys, 'by my feyth /  
 he hath ryden wyth vs two dayes, and he is not passed 12  
 two myles behynde vs' / At that howr Reynawde spake  
 not / thenne sayd naymes, 'what is he that is wyth  
 you, that holdeth hym soo styll, and that sayth no  
 worde / I beleve that he hath some evyll thoughte' / 16  
 'sire,' sayd Mawgis, 'it is my sone / and he can not  
 speke no frenshe / For he hath be norished in the  
 grete Bretayn' / Whan the duke naymes vnderstode  
 this / he sayd to Reynawde / 'tell me, vassall, knowest 20  
 thou noo tidynges of Reynawde, the sone<sup>1</sup> of Aymon?'  
 and Reynawde answered to hym in this wyse: <sup>2</sup>'By  
 my feyth, noo poynte frenshe, graunt Bretayne horse, a  
 Parys cloyth ganera my.'<sup>2</sup> And contrefaytted thus his 24  
 langage / by cause the duke Naymes sholde not knowe  
 hym.

**T**henne whan the duke Naymes herde Reynawde  
 speke thus evyll / he began to laughe / And after 28  
 sayd to hym agayn / 'a hundred devylles have well  
 taught the to speke so good frenshe. <sup>3</sup>Vassayll, I wote  
 not what you sayste, *thou* arte more like a foole than a  
 bysshop.' And soo naymes lete hym in peas / And 32

Naymes demands  
 of them what men  
 they are.  
 Mawgis answers  
 that his name is  
 Iousser,  
 and that he was  
 born in Peron;

and that Rey-  
 nawde is his son,  
 and cannot talk  
 French.

Naymes lets  
 them go in peace,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> ymy seay poin francoys en bretant, parler cheval a paris, couronne roy non draps horniz gaigner my, F. orig. I. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> Sire, F. orig. I. iv. back.

- thenne Reynawde and Mawgys rode so longe that they  
 cam to Parys, <sup>1</sup>tyme ynoughe for to doo their enter-  
 pryse<sup>1</sup> / And atte the entre of the towne / they mette  
 4 wyth an evyll rybawde / to whom god gyve yll ad-  
 venture, For he knewe Reynawde / <sup>1</sup>And as sone as  
 he sawe hym,<sup>1</sup> he beganne to crye wyth a highe voys,  
 'here come Reynawde y<sup>e</sup> sone of Aymon.' Whan the  
 8 folke vnderstode the crye / they wente that waye. And  
 whan the yll<sup>1</sup> rybawde sawe com so many folke / he was  
 yet more hardy than he was afore, and wente afore the  
 other / and toke Reynawde by the brydell of Bayarde /  
 12 And whan Bayarde sawe that / he lifted his forfote and  
 smote the Rybawde vpon the breste / that he braste the  
 herte in hys bely / and casted hym all deed to the erth /  
 And whan the peple sawe the stroke / they beganne all  
 16 to laughe / And Bayarde wente forthe, and Mawgys,  
 after that they were not knowen, And passed thoroughe  
 the towne to the olde market / And whan they were  
 comen there afore the lodges / they founde all the  
 20 Innes full / wherof reynawde was merveyllled. And  
 soo they lighted att a cordueners house / that was of  
 the devylles syde / For by hym was almoste Reynawde  
 and Mawgys taken / and delyvered to Charlemagne,  
 24 that hys bretherne sholde not have <sup>2</sup>holpen hym  
 of noo thyng. Whan they were lighted and lodged  
 where it is sayd / And that they horses were well  
 dressed, Mawgys dyde doo make a bedde for Reynawde,  
 28 and toke a threde of sylke / and cered it well, and  
 came to bayarde, and bounde hym the mowes of the  
 feete there wyth all well streyghte. And the ooste  
 behelde well this / and after sayd to hym / 'Why have  
 32 you thus bounde this horse / he shall not conne well  
 goo / But telle me, what knyghte is he that oweth the  
 horse / For yf he hadde of age more than he hath  
 I sholde wene to knowe hym / For he is moche like

and they arrive at  
Paris.

In the town a  
rascal recognises  
Reynawde,  
and cries out that  
here is the son of  
Aymon.

He seizes Bayard  
by the bridle;

the horse kills  
him with his fore  
foot.

Reynawde and  
Mawgis alight at  
the house of a  
shoemaker.

Mawgis binds the  
feet of Bayard  
with silk,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. ii. back.

Reynawd the sone of Aymon.' 'Syre,' sayd Mawgys,  
 'I have bounde this horse thus by cause he wyll fyghte /  
 and the yoman that rydeth vpon hym is my sone /  
 Nowe have I telled you that that ye have asked me.' 4  
 'Certes,' answered the ooste, 'your sone is a fayre  
 felawe / but I / beleve ye mocke me.' ¶ Now here a  
 grete mysadventure that happed to Reynawde & to  
 mawgys. For thus as mawgys spake wyth his ooste, he 8  
 named reynawde. 'Ha, syre,' sayd thenne the ooste,  
 'Ye have sayd ynoughe / ye nede not for to hyde  
 it ony more. It ys Reynawde, wythoute ony doubte,  
 that slewe Berthelot, the neveve of the kynge, wyth a 12  
 chesse borde / I shall telle it to the kynge afore that I  
 slepe.'

The host recog-  
 nises Reynawde,  
 and says he will  
 tell the Emperor  
 that the son of  
 Aymon is here.

And whan Reynawde vnderstode this / he shooke  
 alle for angre, And rose from his place, and toke 16  
 his swerde, and sayd, 'Hooste, ye have myssayed, For  
 I never sawe Reynawde / nor I wote not what he is' /  
 'Holde your peas,' sayd the ooste, 'I knowe you well /  
 By my hede, ye are Reynawde the sone of Aymon' / 20  
 And whan he hadde sayd thyse wordes, he wente oute  
 of his howse / And whan Reynawde sawe that / he  
 wente a goode paas after hys oost, And smote hym soo  
 grete a stroke wyth his swerde vppon his <sup>1</sup>hede, that he 24  
 clove hym vnto the teeth. And whan mawgys sawe  
 this, he was right sory for it / and sayd to Reynawde /  
 'What have you doon / have you loste your wytte? <sup>2</sup>but  
 yf god thynke vppon vs,<sup>2</sup> we ben loste and ashamed.' 28  
 'I can not doo therto,' sayd Reynawde / 'But how  
 somever it gooth, he hath his rewarde.' And thenne  
 mawgys cam forthwyth to the stable, and saddled  
 Bayarde, And made Reynawde to mounte vpon hym / 32  
 And after hymselfe lighted vppon morell / and wente  
 oute of the lodges. And whan the wyffe and the

Reynawde in  
 anger slays the  
 host,

and he and  
 Mawgis mount  
 their horses,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L. iii.

<sup>2</sup> si dieu ne pence de nous, F. orig. I. iv.

- chylidren of the ooste sawe thys that Reynawde hadde doon / they beganne to crye. But Reynawde and mawgys were soone oute of theyr waye, soo that none
- 4 wyste where that they were become / And wente and put theymselfe amonge the other in the preesse / and they were never knowen. But bayarde wente haltynge / and wente to the gate of saynte Martyne / and
- 8 there they bode all the nyghte. And whan it was daye, they wente wyth the other to the chirche, where the kynge herde hys<sup>1</sup> masse. And whan the servyse was doon, the kynge came oute of the chirche / and
- 12 mounted vpon his horse / and all the other barons wyth hym, and came vpon the ryver of Sayne in to the medowe. And Reynawde & Mawgys wente wyth theym / but bayarde wente ryghte sore haltynge.
- 16 And whan the kynge was come there / he commaunded that his crowne sholde be sette atte the ende of the lystes, And the fyve hundred marke of sylver, And also the C clothes of sylke / And incontynente the duke
- 20 Naymes and Ogyer dyde as the kynge hadde commaunded. And whan all was appareylled / Thenne sholde ye have seen knyghtes lepe a horse backe, For every man trowed to have goten the pryce. And the
- 24 kynge commaunded to the duke Naymes and Oger, to Guydelon of <sup>2</sup>Bourgogne, and to Rycharde of Normandy, that they sholde take a hundred knyghtes well armed, and that they sholde kepe well the feest, that
- 28 noo noyse nor noo stryffe were there made / and that none sholde wronge thother / And they dyde his commaundemente. And thenne the knyghtes that sholde renne, beganne to beholde Reynawde, that was
- 32 mounted vpon haltynge Bayarde<sup>3</sup> / And soo they began to laugh and scorne wyth hym, And sayd <sup>1</sup>in Iape<sup>1</sup> the

and mix themselves hastily with the other riders.

Charlemagne with his barons go into the meadow, where Reynawde and Mawgis follow.

All the knyghts mount their horses.

The Emperor commands that no noise and strife shall take place among the knyghts.

<sup>1</sup>-1 omitted, F. orig. I. v. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. L. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> qui clochoit si fort comme je vous ay compte, F. orig. I. v. back.

The knights ridicule Reynawde because Bayard goes so lame,

one to the other / 'this felawe shall wynne the pryce  
And the crowne of golde' / and sayd, 'beware that his  
fote smyte you not.' and the other sayd, 'he shall  
wynne the devylle' / And a nother knyghte sayd to 4  
Reynawde / 'ye have well doon, swete knyghte, for to  
have broughte your<sup>1</sup> horse here / And yf god destyneth  
hym, he shall wynne the pryse this daye' / Reynawde  
vnderstode full well the grete wordes that men sayd to 8  
him, wherof his herte swelled hyghe / that yf it had  
not be for doute to have loste the pryce / he wolde  
have begonne the stryffe. And therefore he held his  
peas / and made nother noyse nor worde agenste it<sup>2</sup> / 12

for which the  
Emperor is  
wrath,

and commands  
that they cease  
their laughter.

**T**henne whan themperour vnderstode y<sup>e</sup> grete wordes  
that the knyghtes sayd to Reynawde / he was  
wroth for it, And he sayd soo hyghe that it was well  
herde of all, 'I commaunde you, vpon peyne of my 16  
grace, that ye saye noo shame nor yll worde to noo  
maner of knyghte; For yf ye doo, ye shall angre me  
sore.' But Reynawde cared not moche of that it was  
sayd to hym / Whan the duke Naymes and ogier sawe 20  
that it was tyme for to renne / they made to sowne the  
trompettes. Thenne every man putted hymselfe for to  
renne / And whan Mawgys sawe that every man ranne,  
he lyghted on foote, and vnbounde the foote of 24  
Bayarde. But or ever he was vnbounde / the other  
were well ferre; <sup>3</sup>and whan Reynawde sawe that it was  
tyme for to renne after thother, he spored his horse /  
and sayd, 'Bayarde / we ben ferre behynde, ye myghte 28  
well abyde / For yf ye be not soone afore ye shall be  
blamed.' whan bayarde herde <sup>4</sup>his mayster<sup>4</sup> speke thus,  
he vnderstode hym as well as thoughe he had ben a  
man / Thenne he grylled his nostrelles, and bare his 32

The trumpets  
sound,  
and all the horses  
set off.

Mawgis unbinds  
Bayard's foot,

<sup>1</sup> bon cheval, F. orig. I. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Car il ne luy chaloit de tout ce que ilz luy disoient, F. orig. I. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L. iv.

<sup>4-4</sup> Reynault, F. orig. I. v.

hede vp, and made a longe necke / and toke his cours  
 so faste that it semed the erthe sholde have sonken  
 vnder hym / and wythin a whyle he was passed all the  
 4 other horses <sup>1</sup>a ferre way,<sup>1</sup> so *that* men coude not see  
 hym for duste that he reysed. And whan they that toke  
 hede to the courses, sawe Bayarde renne thus, they were  
 gretly abasshed wyth all, and sayd the one to thother,  
 8 'beholde that whyte horse <sup>2</sup>renneth faste & lighte<sup>2</sup> /  
 and but late he halted sore / he is the best of all  
 thother that ben here' /

and he surpasses  
 all the other  
 horses in speed.

12 **A**nd whan themperour sawe this / he called to hym  
 Rycharde of Normandy / and sayd to hym,  
 'sawe ye ever so many good horses togyder as here ben  
 now? but the whyte passeth theym all / god, how is  
 he well lik bayarde, the horse of Reynawde / yf he had  
 16 the heres of bayarde / I sholde saye that it were he  
 hymself, and he that sitteth vpon hym is also lighte &  
 prue.'

20 ¶ Thus wyte it, that Reynawde hath doo soo moche  
 that bayarde hath overronne all thother horses.  
 And whan he was at the ende of the listes / he toke  
 the crowne & put it on his arme / and the silver & the  
 clothe he lefte alone / for he dayned not to take theym.  
 24 And whan he had taken y<sup>e</sup> crowne, he returned agen to-  
 warde the kyng Charlemagne <sup>3</sup>al fayra and softe paas<sup>3</sup> /  
 whan the kyng sawe hym com towarde hym / he sayd  
 to hym all laughyng, 'Frende, abyde a lital I praye  
 28 you / for yf ye wyll have my crowne, ye shall have it;  
 & I shall gyve you for your horse so gret havoyr *that*  
 ye shall never be poure.' 'By god,' sayd Reynawde,  
 'thise wordes shall <sup>4</sup>nought avaylle you; now have I  
 32 well begyled you / for I go doo marchandyse elles  
 where, & I holde you for a chylde / I have soo often

Bayard finishes  
 the course,

and Reynawde  
 takes the crown,

and returns to  
 Charlemagne.

1-1 si grandement, F. orig. I. v.

2-2 Il va roidement, F. orig. I. v.

3-3 tout le beau petit pas, F. orig. i. v.      4 Fol. L. iv. back.

He discloses himself, and tells the Emperor he may look elsewhere for a horse for Roland;

and with this he departs on Bayard.

The Emperor in great wrath, commands his knights to follow Reynawde.

Charlemagne and his knights arrive at the river Seine, and see Reynawde on the other side; the King begs for his crown.

angred you, & of your men I have so many slayn / I am  
 Reynawd, that bereth awaye your crowne! seke elles  
 where for a nother horse that ye shall gyve to Rowlande  
 for to overcom bayarde / for ye shall not have bayarde 4  
 nor also your crowne' / And assone that he had sayd  
 this / he spored bayarde wyth his spores, & went so fast  
 away that it semed that the tempest had chassed hym /  
 And whan y<sup>e</sup> kyng charlemayn vnderstode this that 8  
 reynawde had sayd to hym, he was wode angry for it,  
 that he wyste not <sup>1</sup> what he sholde doo, so that he myght  
 not of a grete while speke a worde<sup>1</sup> / And whan he had  
 recovered his speche, he began to crye wyth a highe 12  
 voys / 'now after, lordes, after / for it is my enmye  
 reynawde, the sone of aymon'<sup>2</sup> / And whan the knyghtes  
 herde thus crie the kyng charlemayn, they spored their  
 horses wyth the spores, & wente after reynawde; but 16  
 theyr goynge avaylled theym noughte, For baiarde was  
 ferre from theym wythin a while, soo that they wyste  
 not where he was becom. and reynawde cam to sayn,  
 & passed over it all atte his ease wyth swymmynge / for 20  
 bayarde was well wonte therto / and also he had passed  
 it afore wyth more grete hast / & whan reynawd<sup>3</sup> was  
 thus passed the ryver of sayne / he lighted from  
 bayarde at the banke of hit.<sup>3</sup> This hangyng,<sup>4</sup> the kyng 24  
 Charlemagn & his knyghtes that folowed after hym  
 came to the ryver side<sup>4</sup> / and began to calle Reynaude,  
 & sayd to hym, <sup>5</sup> 'Ha, true manson,<sup>5</sup> yelde me my  
 crowne agen, & I shall gyve the ten tymes as moche as 28  
 it is worthe / and I shall gyve the tryews two yeres /  
 soo that thiself & thy brethern shall mow goo in arde /  
 yn to se your moder / the whiche desireth sore to see

1-1 quil devoit faire dung grant pisse, F. orig. I. vi. back.

2 ung fier et dur couraige, F. orig. I. vi. back.

3-3 fut oultre, il ce descend a la rive, F. orig. I. vi. back.

4-4 Charlemaigne arriva de lautre quartier qui luy courroit apres, F. orig. I. vi. back.

5-5 a filz de proudomme, F. orig. I. vi. back.



- you / and there is no knyghte in my londe<sup>1</sup> that shall  
 saye contrary to <sup>2</sup>it.' 'by god,' said reynawde, 'as for  
 these wordes avaylle you nothyng / for ye shall never  
 4 have agen your crowne. I shall selle it, & pay my  
 knyghtes wyth all / and the charboncle *that* thus shineth  
 shall be set hie vpon my pavyllion, to thende *that* they  
 that shall go to saynt Iames in Galis maye see it the  
 8 better / and ye shall be blamed of your knyghtes that  
 ye have loste your crowne bi the horse bayarde.' Whan  
 charlemayn herde hym speke thus, he wyste not what  
 he sholde saye for angre, and kept hymself styll like as  
 12 he had ben deed. and whan reinawd had sayd so, he  
 mounted agen vpon bayarde, & put hym selfe to the  
 waye, but not the right waye / but rode thurgh a  
 lityll pathe whiche he had passed afore tyme /  
 16 **N**ow shall I telle you of mawgys, how he dyde for  
 to com out of Parys, *that* was mounted vpon his  
 horse morell. Whan he wyst that reynawde was  
 passed sayn / he yssued out of Parys, <sup>3</sup>& passed the  
 20 ryver over the brydge<sup>3</sup> as soone as he myght. and  
 whan he was without / <sup>4</sup>he began to loke after reynawde;  
 & as he rode, he loked a traverse, & sawe  
 Reynawde / <sup>4</sup>so called he after hym as hie as he coude /  
 24 'cosin, thynke to ryde fast, for to tary here no good  
 shall com to vs' / 'Cosyn,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye  
 well, & we shall doo so' / And so they toke their waye  
 towarde myllon / and whan alarde saw his broder com  
 28 & mawgis, he sayd to his folke, 'Lordes, we maye well  
 com oute of our bushement / For I see com my  
 brother Reynawde & Mawgys.' 'alas,' sayd Rycharde,  
 'I see theym com wyth grete hast; I fere me moche  
 32 that men chace theym / now lighte we all on horsbacke,

Reynawde says he shall never give it up,

but shall put the carbuncle that is in it, over his pavilion.

He mounts Bayard again, and rides away.

Mawgis leaves Paris on his black horse,

and finds Reynawde on the way.

They arrive at Melun,

<sup>1</sup> si hardi, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. v.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> Il commença a crier. Et aussi comme il sen aloit, il regarda a travers et vit Reynault venir, F. orig. I. vi.

& yf they have mystre of vs, Lete vs goo helpe & socoure theym' / And they answered all, 'we ben all redy' / and whan they came out of their <sup>1</sup>bushemente, there cam Reynawde and Mawgys, that sayd to theym / <sup>4</sup> <sup>2</sup>'lordes, thynke to make hast / For the longe taryeng myght doo to vs harme, by cause that I bryng wyth me the crowne <sup>3</sup>of Charlemagne, <sup>3</sup> the whiche bayarde hath made me wynne by his prowes.' and whan alarde <sup>8</sup> vnderstode his brother speke thus, he was so gretly in ioye that he wyste not what he sholde say, but colled & kyssed his broder Reynawde wyth grete ioye. And thenze incontynente they put theymselfe to the waye / <sup>12</sup> & so long thei rode that they cam to orleunce, & passed the ryver of loyre wyth all diligence / and after they made so moche bi their iorneyes, that they cam to montalban <sup>3</sup>hole & glad, thanked be god<sup>3</sup> / 16

where they meet  
the other three  
sons.

They all ride to  
Orleans,

and from thence  
to Montalban.

All the folk of  
the castle are  
joyful at the  
coming of the  
Sons and Mawgis.

Reynawde relates  
to them all his  
adventures,

**T**henne whan they were at Mountalban, the lady came theym agenste, & receyved them ryght gladly / and made theym ryght grete chere / and all the folke of the castell were right glad of the comynge of <sup>20</sup> Reynawde & of his bretherne / and asked hym how he had doon in his vyage.<sup>4</sup> 'Lordes,' sayd Reynawde, 'well, god gramercy, I was knowen of myn oost, the whiche wolde have betrayed & acused me, but I solde <sup>24</sup> it to hym full dere, for I cloof his hede to the teeth / & went oute of his hous by nyght, & put vs in the presse of thother ; but ye wyst never folke so well scorned as we were / for y<sup>e</sup> folke of charlemagne <sup>28</sup> mocked me & bayarde, wherof y<sup>e</sup> kyng was angry / and thus they lefte me in peas. And whan <sup>5</sup>the trompettes<sup>5</sup> began to blowe for to begynne the cours / they that shold ronne, departed incontynent, and I bode behynde <sup>32</sup> well the shotte of a bowe. And I tell you well for

<sup>1</sup> kushemente in Caxton.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. L. v. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. vi.

<sup>4</sup> pour quoy il estoit ale a paris, F. orig. I. vii. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> la trompecte, F. orig.

certeyn, there were well twenty thowsande horses.  
And whan I sawe me behynde / I sayd to Bayarde that  
it sholde be grete shame to hym yf he abode behynde.

- 4 But, god gramercy, and bayarde, I over ranne them all,  
And bare away the pryce / <sup>1</sup>and of it I have broughte  
wyth me the crowne of Charlemagne, wherof he ys full  
sori' / whan they of mountalban vnderstode thise  
8 wordes, they were right glad / But here I leve to speke  
of reynawd & of his brethern, & retorne to speke of the  
kyng charlemagn, that was at parys, right sori for his  
crowne that he hadde loste.

and how he won  
the crown of  
Charlemagne.

### CHAPTER VIII.

- 12 ¶ How the kyng Charlemagne went in to  
Gascoyn with<sup>2</sup> his oost / And how he  
beseged reynawde & his brethern wythin  
y<sup>o</sup> castle of Montalban. And how rey-  
16 nawde wan the fyrst batayll of the kyng,  
the whiche Rowlande conduytted, & Olyver  
& the bysshop Turpyn.<sup>3</sup>

#### ¶ Capitulum viij.

- 20 **I**n this party sheweth the history, that whan rey-  
nawde<sup>4</sup> had wonne the crowne of kyng charlemagne,  
the kyng abode all wrothe & sore an angred / and he  
called all his barons, & sayd to theym / 'Lordes, I  
24 praye you *that* ye counseille me how I shall<sup>5</sup> maye  
avenge me of reynawde the sone of Aymon / For  
ye knowe how he hath angred me / I promyse you, but  
that I maye have my crowne agen, I shall wexe madde  
28 all quycke; for my corage telleth me that he shall do  
breke it, & he shall put the carboncle that is theron

Charlemagne  
demands of his  
barons how he  
may regain his  
crown from  
Reynawde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L. vi.      <sup>2</sup> tout son ost, F. orig. I. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> dont le roy Charlemaigne cuida enraiger tout vif de honte  
quil en eust, F. orig. I. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> le filz aymon, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> be able.

vpon his pavyllion / by cause the folke that goo to saynt  
 Iames shall see it, <sup>1</sup>to my grete vitupere & shame.'<sup>1</sup>  
 'Syr,' sayd rowlande, 'if ye wyll avenge you well of  
 reynawd / goo we vpon hym and we shall exyle & 4  
 distroye hym & his londe, and if the kyng Yon of Gas-  
 coyn maye be taken soo make iustyce of hym in suche  
 wyse that it maye be remembred perpetuelly' / 'Nevew,'  
 sayd the kyng, 'ye saye well and wysely, & it shall be 8  
 doon as ye have advysed me / & I promyse you that I  
 shall never have ioye tyl *that* I be avenged at my wyll.'  
 'Sir,' sayd y<sup>e</sup> duke naymes, 'leve this angre in peas /  
 ye know how reynawd is your enmye, & prayseth you 12  
 no thing / but & ye wyll, I shall gyve <sup>2</sup>you suche  
 counseill *that* reynawde shall be brought to dystruccion,  
 & his brethern & mawgys also / syr, doo *that* your  
 barons be redy atte candelmas nexte comynge / and 16  
 that every one of theym make good provysion of  
 vitaylle for vij yere / and thenne abyde so longe afore  
 Montalban tyll that ye take them / and after, ye shall  
 avenge your selfe at your wyll vpon theym' / 20

Naymes counsels  
 him to wait until  
 next Candelmas,

and then besiege  
 Montalban,  
 and avenge him-  
 self on the Sons.

**T**henne whan the kyng Charlemagn vnderstode the  
 good counseyll that the duke Naymes had gyven  
 vnto hym / he lifte vp his hede & sayd, 'Naymes, it is  
 not the fyrste good counseyll that ye have gyven to 24  
 me / and I wyll that it be doon as ye saye.' And  
 thenne the kyng Charlemagne dyd doo make his  
 lettres, and sent theym thurgh e all his empyre. In the  
 whiche lettres was conteyned, *that* every man that was 28  
 acustomed to bere armes <sup>3</sup>and to goo to the werre,<sup>3</sup>  
 sholde come to hym at the feest of candelmas nexte  
 folowyng, well garnysshed of vytaille for the space of  
 VII yeres, for to abyde att sege afore Montalban / 32  
 whan the barons knewe the kynges wyll / every man

Charlemagne ac-  
 cepts the counsel  
 of Naymes,

and sends letters  
 through all his  
 land summoning  
 men for war.

<sup>1-1</sup> et quil me soit reproche de tous ceulx qui la verront,  
 F. orig. I. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. vi. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. vii.

made hymself redy as well as he cowde, & cam to Parys, and presented them to kyng Charlemagne & to his nevewe Rowlande. and bycause of the grete 4 nombre of folke that were come there / they myght not lodge alle wythin Parys / but they lodged wythoute the towne, vpon the ryver of Sayne / Whan the kyng sawe that all his barons were com / he made theym all to 8 com byfore hym, & sayd to theym / 'Lordes, ye all know right wel, at the leste the most party of you / how I have overcom & subdued xl kynges<sup>1</sup> in my dayes<sup>1</sup> / the whiche are all to me obeysaunt / except the kyng 12 Yon of gascoyn, *that* hath wythdrawe in his londe my enmyes mortall, *that* ben the foure sones of aymon. ye knowe wel y<sup>e</sup> grete dishonour<sup>2</sup> thei have doon to me / <sup>3</sup> wherof I me complayne vnto you, & praye you & 16 commaunde you, *that* ye come wyth me in to <sup>4</sup> gascoyn, for to helpe me that I be avenged of the grete harme & shame <sup>5</sup> that thyse foure sones of Aymon doo to me <sup>15</sup> For by your ooth / ye ben all beholden therunto.'

So many folk arrive at Paris that they have to lodge outside the town on the river Seine.

20 **T**henne sayd the erle of Nantuell / 'Syre, we shall not goo there at this tyme.<sup>6</sup> Ye knowe well that we ben come oute of Spayne but late / wherof we ben yet all wery. And also in this felawship ben many 24 prynces and barons that have not ben yet in theyr countrye, nor seen theyr wyves and chyldren, and ye wyll that we goo in to Gascoyne vpon the kyng Yon / and vpon the foure sones of Aymon. And I telle you, 28 that the two woundes that I receyved in Spayne ben not yet hoole / and therefore we maye not goo <sup>7</sup> in to Gascoyne at thys tyme<sup>7</sup> / But <sup>7</sup> yf it playse you,<sup>7</sup> ye shall doo as a good kyng and a sage / and shall shewe that

The Earl of Nantuell begs Charlemagne to grant his soldiers rest, as they are all weary, and to let the barons go into the country to see their wives and children,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. vii.      <sup>2</sup> et dommaige, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> tous les jours dont a vous me complains, F. orig. I. viii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. L. vii.

<sup>5-5</sup> le quel est moult grant, F. orig. I. viii. back.

<sup>6</sup> car nous ne pouvons, F. orig. I. viii. back.

<sup>7-7</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. viii. back.

until next Whitsuntide.

The King in great anger, says he will only take the young men with him, and leave behind those who are faint-hearted;

and the land of Gascoigne shall be divided amongst them.

A spy of Reynawde's overhears the King, and departs for Montalban to tell his tidings.

ye love your folke / For ye oughte to kepe them as  
 your selfe / Wythdrawe your ooste vnto whytsontyde  
 nexte comyng / & gyve leve to alle your barons to goo  
 to theyr places for to rest them a while. And whan 4  
 the tyme shall be come, <sup>1</sup>and that your playsure is  
 to calle them / They shall be all freshe and redy to  
 fulfill your commaundement wyth all dilygence.<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan the kyng vnderstode thyse wordes he was wroth, 8  
 and sware by saynte Denys of Fraunce / saynge in this  
 maner: 'Yf I sholde be dysherytet, I sholde goo now  
 in to Gascoyne / and I shall take wyth me alle the  
 yonge folke of my ooste, the whyche I shall putte in 12  
 good arraye honestly / and I shall gyve them all that  
 they shall nede / thoughe ye shold abyde behynde,  
 as weke men and feynte.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke  
 Naymes, 'ye saye well; For this yonge men shall be 16  
 ryghte glad for to assaye themselfe.' 'Therefore wyll  
 I do it,' sayd kyng charlemagn, '& so shall y<sup>e</sup> kyng  
 Yon be distroyed; & whan I shall have reynawde &  
 his bretherne / and Mawgys the <sup>2</sup>theff taken, I shall 20  
 departe the londe of gascoyn to this yonge knyghtes for  
 theyr herytage.' This hangynge, that the kyng Charle-  
 magne sayd thyse wordes / a spye that longed to  
 Reynawde was in this companye, that vnderstode alle 24  
 that sayd ys / And whan the spye hadde herde all  
 togyder well, he put hym selfe to the waye, And dyde  
 soo moche by his Iourneys, that he came to Moun-  
 talban, where he founde Reynaude, his bretherne, and 28  
 Mawgys / And Incontynente that Reynawde sawe  
 hym / he demaunded of hym, 'what tydynges brynge  
 you from Parys and from the courte of kyng  
 Charlemagne' / 'My lorde,' sayd the spye / 'Wyte it 32  
 that kyng Charlemagne is gretely wrothe wyth kyng

<sup>1-1</sup> Ilz vendront de bon gre et de bon vouloir pour aler en Gascongne avecques vous ou la ou vous les vulores mener, F. orig. I. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L. vii. back.

Yon, and agenste you / & agenst your bretherne / and  
 agenst mawgys / He hath sent for all his subjectes  
 in his empyre / but none wolde have comen wyth hym  
 4 <sup>1</sup>in to Gascoyn<sup>1</sup> / And thenne he sware <sup>1</sup>seynte Denys  
 that he sholde come in to thyse partyes<sup>1</sup> / and sholde  
 brynge wyth hym none other but all yonge knyghtes /  
 To the whyche he shall gyve all Gascoyn / And sayth  
 8 that he shall besege Mountalban / and shalle doo to be  
 caste doun the grete towre / and shall sette all Gascoyn  
 in a fyre and flamme.' Thenne<sup>2</sup> sayd Reynawde to his  
 folke / 'be not discouraged of no thyng, For I shall see  
 12 how Rowlande and Olyvere shall bere theym selfe  
 agenste me and my bretherne.' And thenne wente  
 Reynawde in to the halle / And founde his bretherne  
 and Mawgys wyth hys knyghtes, and sayd to theym /  
 16 'Lordes, I brynge you tydynges / Now wyte that the  
 kyng Charlemagn cometh to besege vs / and bryngeth  
 wyth hym all the puyssaunce of fraunce / Now lete vs  
 thynke to receyve hym well / for he shall have more to  
 20 do than he weneth' / 'broder,' sayd alarde, 'have no  
 doubte / for they shall be well receyved / for as long *that*  
 we shall <sup>3</sup>lyve, and shall see you ryde vpon Bayarde, we  
 shall not faylle you / nor we shall not be a ferde to be  
 24 take / nor ylle handled; For no man a lyve is worthe  
 you / nother of goodnes nor of prowes' /

**T**his hangyng, Charlemagne was advysed and  
 thoughte vpon the counseyll that the duke of  
 28 Nantuell hadde gyven to hym / And after, he called  
 hys folke, & sayd to theym, 'Lordes, I gyve you leve,  
 and lete you wyte that atte Ester I shall holde my  
 counseyll generall / <sup>1</sup>and it playse god<sup>1</sup> / Now kepe  
 32 that ye faylle not to come thenne, well appareylled and  
 redy. For I wolde not leve for noo thyng / but that I  
 sholde goo see the kyng Yon. And yf he yelde me

The spy tells  
 Reynawde how  
 the Emperor is  
 coming to besiege  
 his castle,

and how he will  
 give all Gascoigne  
 to his young  
 knights.

Reynawde relates  
 to his brethren  
 and Mawgis how  
 Charlemagne  
 would besiege  
 them.

Charlemagne  
 gives leave to his  
 folk to rest until  
 Easter,

when he bids  
 them come appa-  
 relled for war.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. viii.      <sup>2</sup> He Dieu, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L. viii.

not the foure sones of Aymon / I shall doo to hym  
 wythoute doubte soo moche shame, that I shall make  
 his berde to be cutte harde by the chynne. And also  
 I shall take the crowne <sup>1</sup>of Gascoyn<sup>1</sup> from hys hede / 4  
 and I shall make hym come a foote after me, beggyng  
 his brede.' And whan he had sayd thyse wordes /  
 The barons toke leve of Charlemagne / and wente in to  
 theyr countreys / But atte theyr departyng / Charle- 8  
 magne sayd to theym / 'Lordes, remembre well your  
 selfe, that ye come atte the terme that I have sette /  
 For I swere vnto you, that thoos that shall not come /  
 yf I ever come agen from Gascoyn, <sup>2</sup>they shall repente 12  
 full sore.'<sup>2</sup> Shortly to speke, Rycharde wente in to hys  
 duchye of normandy, Salamon in to bretayn / Godfroy  
 in to auynon, Hughe the olde & Dyssers in to spayne,  
 and Bertons in to almayn / And all the other, everyche 16  
 in to hys owne countrey /

The barons depart  
 for their homes,

**W**han it was tyme for to come agen to the courte  
 at y<sup>e</sup> terme *that* charlemagne had set / every  
 man made hymself redy as well as he coude / for to 20  
 com to y<sup>e</sup> court, as thei were expressely charged they  
 sholde doo / First came there Ry<sup>3</sup>[charde of Normandy,  
 and brought wyth hym manye a noble knyght, and  
 presented hym selfe to fore the kynge Charlemagne, 24  
 evyn at saynt Denys. After, came Salamon of Bretayne,  
 and brought *with* him of hys barons a fayre companye,  
 and presented hymselfe to the kynge at saynt Denys.  
 After, came Dyssyers of Spayne, which brought with 28  
 him well X thousand knyghtes wel armed and well  
 garnysshed of vytayles, For in all the hoste <sup>4</sup>of Charle-  
 magne<sup>4</sup> was none so well arayed as they were of all

and return again  
 to the court at  
 the appointed  
 time.

<sup>1-1</sup> de son chief, F. orig. K. i. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> Il ne sera jamais jour quilz ne se plaignent de ma venue, F. orig. K. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> Two pages lost from Caxton. The following part is taken from the 1554 edition of *The Foure Sonnes of Aymon*.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. i. back.



[thynges, And presented him self in this maner at saynt Denys vnto the kynge Charlemagne. Than came Godfray the erle of Avynyon, and brought with him  
 4 all his power, and a fayre company, and foyson of vytayle, And presented hym and hys folke to the king Charlemagne. And after, came Ponthus out of Almayne, & brought wyth hym a fayre companye <sup>1</sup>of men of  
 8 armes.<sup>1</sup> For he had wyth him them of Illande and of Armony, <sup>2</sup>and wel three thousand archers,<sup>2</sup> the whyche for no doubt of death wolde never flee from bataylle, And presented hym selfe and hys felawshyp to the  
 12 kyng charlemagne, the whyche he receyved ryght honourably. Than after came the good bisshop Turpin, and broughte wyth hym a fayre company, and well enewred to the warre, and presented hymself to the  
 16 kyng Charlemagne, that was ryght glad of hys comyng, for the bysshop was a good true man. And y<sup>e</sup> king Charlemagne trusted mucche to hym for his great fydeltitie, and also for the great prowes that was in  
 20 hym.

Bishop Turpin, with a good company, presents himself to the Emperor.

**A**l the great Lordes that helde theyr landes of the kyng Charlemagne, came to Parys, & presented theymselve and theyr men to y<sup>e</sup> kynge Charlemagne,  
 24 that receyved theym with great Ioye, and was glad to see aboute hym so fayre a companye <sup>3</sup>of good men of warre;<sup>3</sup> but I tel you, that whan the hoste was assembled at Parys, there was so great a dertth that it was  
 28 great pitie, for the rasour of whete was solde for fourty shelynges and twenty pence; and yf the kynge had taried there any lenger, there should have ben so greate a dertth that all the small people had ben all dead for  
 32 hungre. But the kyng Charlemagne began for to make hys mustres, for to know how much people that he

The host, when assembled at Paris, is so great that there is a sore dearth of provisions.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. i. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> et bien milles bon archiers, F. orig. K. i. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> que chescun avoit amenee, F. orig. K. i.

Charlemagne  
numbers his  
troops,

[had. And whan the mustres were made, they found that they were well .XXX. thousande knyghtes that had theyr fyrst berdes, besyde the olde knyghtes that were well an hundred thousand. And whan that this 4 was doone, the Emperour Charlemayne called Rowland, <sup>1</sup>his newew,<sup>1</sup> afore him, and sayde to him, ‘Fayre newew. I recomende to you myne hoste, and I praye you that ye wyll conduyte it by good maner.’ ‘Syr,’ sayd 8 Rouland, ‘I shal doo therin my devoyre after my power.’ Than made to be take to hym the oryflambe, and departed out of Parys; and they dyd so muche by smal journeis, that they came to Bloye; and than 12 Charlemagne made to be cryed, that all the vytaylers of the land should goe wyth vitayle after the hoste. And yf that they brought that were worth a peny, they should have two for it. 16

and gives the  
command of them  
to Roland.

The great army  
reach Montalban.

<sup>2</sup> And whan that thys greate armye was come to Bloy, they passed over Gyronde, and wente afore the great castell of Mountawban.<sup>2</sup> And they lodged themselves there rounde about the place. And then the 20 Frenche men began to say the one to the other, ‘by myne othe, there is a fayre castel and a stronge, and but yf wee get some other parte, heere shall we wynne but a lytle.’ 24

And whan the batayles were ordeyned rounde aboute mountawban, Rowlande began for to say to the kyng Charlemagne, ‘Syr, me semeth that wee should nowe gyve a sawte to Mountawban.’ And the kyng 28 answered, ‘I wyll] <sup>3</sup>not that my folke have ony dommage; but firste I wyll knowe yf the castell wyll holde or yelde vp / For yf he wyll be given vp / I

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. i.

<sup>2-2</sup> Et cependant les nefz passerent aultre gironde qui passerent larmee. Et quant ilz furent oultre, ilz mirent les batailles en ordonnance, et puis sen vont a montawban, F. orig. K. i.

<sup>3</sup> Continuation from Caxton, Fol. M. i. back.

wolde not that ony bataylle shold be doon to it / And  
 thenne incontynent he sente a knyghte mounted vpon  
 a mewle all vnarmed / the whiche came to the gate of  
 4 the castell / and whan they that kept the gate sawe that  
 it was a messenger, they open to hym the gate, and the  
 knyghte entered in / And as he was come in / he fonde  
 the stywarde with a hundred men, that wente aboute  
 8 vysitynge the watches & the wardes. Incontynente the  
 knyghte salued hym, and the stywarde rendred hym  
 agen his salute, & sayd to hym, 'What be ye, gentyl-  
 man / and what seke you here wythin? I praye you  
 12 telle me what folke are yonder wythoute, soo fayr a  
 company' / 'Sire,' sayd the knyghte, 'they ben the  
 folke of the emperour Charlemagne, that is come for  
 to besege the castell of Montalban / And I am one of  
 16 his knyghtes, that am com here for to speke wyth  
 Reynawde from the kyng Charlemagne.' Thenne the  
 styward toke the knyght by the hande, and ledde hym  
 byfore Reynawde the sone of aymon / And whan the  
 20 knyghte sawe Reynawde, he made reverence to hym /  
 and after sayd to hym, 'Reynawde, the emperour  
 Charlemagne sendeth to you worde by me, that yf you  
 wyl yelde your selfe to his merci / and gyve to hym  
 24 your brother Richarde, to doo his wylle of hym / he  
 shall have merci of you / And yf ye wyll not doo soo /  
 he shall doo sawte your castell / And yf he maye take  
 you by force, he shall make you to be hanged / or deie  
 28 a cruel dethe' /

The Emperor  
 sends a messenger  
 to the castle to  
 ask if the Sons  
 will yield without  
 a battle.

The messenger  
 tells Reynawde  
 how the Emperor  
 wills that they  
 should yield  
 themselves to his  
 mercy,  
 and deliver to him  
 Richard.

**T**henne whan Reynawde vnderstode thise tidynges  
 that Charlemagne sente to hym, he beganne to  
 smyle, and sayd, 'Frende, goo telle the kyng that I  
 32 am not the man that shall doo ony trayson / For if I  
 sholde doo it / he hym self sholde <sup>1</sup>blame me for it.  
 But and yf it playse hym, my brethern, mawgis / and  
 my selfe, ben at his commaundement / and we shal gyve

Reynawde says  
 he will not com-  
 mit treason,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M. ii.

but will yield to the King if he will grant them truce.

our selfe to hym as to our soverayne lord / our lyves sauffe, and our membres / and we shall yelde to hym the castel all atte his wyll / And telle the kynge that he shall doo well & wysely to take suche fyve knyghtes 4 as we ben. And yf Charlemagne refuseth this / I have myn hope soo faste to our lorde god, that we shall not set moche by the kynge / nor of his grete ooste.' The messenger vnderstode well the answeere that Reynawde 8 had doon to hym, and incontynente he returned to Charlemagn / and shewed vnto hym all that Reinawd had sayd, worde bi worde<sup>1</sup> / whan the emperour vnderstode the wordes <sup>2</sup>of Reynawde<sup>2</sup> / he beganne to thynke 12 a goode while / for he knewe that Reynawde sayd but well. And thenne he sente for the duke Naymes and Ogier the dane, and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, Reynawde sendeth me worde *that* he shall doo no thyng after 16 my wyll. And for this cause I wyll that y<sup>e</sup> castell be assaylled forthwyth' / 'Sire,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'me semeth, as I have vnderstonde, that Reynawde offreth to you fair / and yf ye wyll beleve me, ye shall 20 take hym to merci <sup>3</sup>wyth his brethern.<sup>3</sup> For ye knowe well *that* they ben folke that maye doo to you good servyse. And yf Reynawde be ones in peas wyth you, ye shall be the better beloved, and more dred therefore. 24 But sith that your wyll can not accorde to the same we maye not doo thereto / To assaylle the castell I counseylle it not; For ye see that the castell is fair and right stronge / And Reynawde hath wyth hym a good 28 company of good men / and he / & his brethern, and mawgis, ben suche knyghtes as ye knowe. yf ye doo assaille the castell, they shall yssue oute at the fauce posternes / and shal doo to you soo grete a *dommage* of 32 your folke, that ye shall be <sup>4</sup>wrothe<sup>5</sup> for it / but and yf

Charlemagne determines to besiege the castle.

Duke Naymes counsels him to accord with the Sons;

<sup>1</sup> Sans riens faillir, orig. K. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> que Reynault luy mandoit, F. orig. K. ii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. ii.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. M. ii. back.

<sup>5</sup> et dolant F. orig. K. ii.

ye wyll beleve my counseyll, ye shall besege the castell  
nyghe that no man shall maye com out nor entre in but  
he shall be take, and thus ye shall now have the castell  
but, if he will not do so, he must take the castle by famishing.

4 by famysshing / For by no sawte ye shall not have it.'

**C**harlemagne vnderstode well these wordes, and knew  
well that the duke Naymes spake well & wysely,  
& sayd to hym / 'I wyll that it be doon thus as ye  
8 have devysed it.' And thenne he made crie thurgh  
all his oost, that every man sholde lodge hym selfe  
evyn nyghe by the castell ;<sup>1</sup> and he hymself comaunded  
that his pavyllion sholde be pighte as nyghe the gate

The King agrees to this,

12 as cowde be doon / After this was cryed, ye sholde  
have seen wythin a lityll while moo than X thousand  
pavyllions round aboute <sup>2</sup>the castell<sup>2</sup> of Mountalban.  
whan thooste was all lodged, Rowlande departed oute

and more than X thousand pavillions are set round the castle.

16 of the oost well wyth two thousand knyghtes well  
armed & well horsed, & all yonge men of prymer berde /  
<sup>3</sup>whiche were very frenshe, borne of the douce fraunce /<sup>3</sup>

and went atte the other syde of Montalban in a place  
20 whiche is called Balencon, Where was a ryver grete  
and depe / in the whiche was fishe ynoughe<sup>4</sup> / and there  
he dyd pytche his pavylyon. And soo full he was of  
grete pride / that he had sette the dragon above vpon his

Roland, with two thousand knyghts, pitches his tent at Balencon.

24 pavyllion, and dyd doo make the lodgys of his felawes  
rounde aboute hym / And they were in suche a grounde  
where as they myghte see from thens the wodes and  
the ryvers and all the contrey, and Mountalban that  
28 was vpon the grete roche wel closed / and behelde the  
two grete<sup>5</sup> rivers, that is to wyte, Gyronde and Dor-  
donne / that envyronned Mountalban.

32 **R**owlande sawe the place soo stronge, that he mer-  
veylled gretely, and sayd to his folke, 'Lordes,

<sup>1</sup> le plus que lon pourra, F. orig. K. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. ii.

<sup>3-3</sup> de la droicte france, F. orig. K. iii. back.

<sup>4</sup> a grant foison, F. orig. K. iii. back. <sup>5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. M. iii.

I merveylle me sore of this castell / And I merveylle  
 not yf the foure sones of Aymon make werre agenst  
 myn vncler Charlemagne, <sup>1</sup>syth that they have soo goode  
 & soo stronge a place for to wythdrawe theymselfe; <sup>1</sup> 4  
 For I promyse you that Mountalban shall never be  
 taken of vs' / 'Ye saye not well,' sayd Olyver / 'For  
 we toke well by force Lezonne / <sup>2</sup>and also we overthrewe  
 down the grete towre and the dongeon of Sernoble<sup>2</sup> / 8  
 wherof I saye that we shall well have Mountalban. And  
 yf Reynawde and his brethern come not and yelde  
 theym selfe, they shall be in daunger of deth' / 'I  
 promyse you,' sayd Rowlande, 'that they shall doo noo 12  
 thyng of that ye saye. For I promyse you that the  
 gentyll Reynawde shall make vs soo sore a ferde, that  
 the moste hardy wolde be atte Parys. Reynawde is  
 prue and corageus / and his brethern in lyke wyse. 16  
 And also they have wythin the castell many noble  
 and worthy knyghtes / wherfore I saye, and I am of  
 oppynyon / that as longe as they have vytaylle, they  
 shall never be taken.' Whan the payyllion of Rowlande 20  
 was dressed and pyghte vp / Rowlande behelde the  
 ryver, and sawe that it was full of birdes. thenne he  
 sayd to the bysshop Turpyn and to the other barons /  
 'See how we are lodged in a goode place. Late vs goo 24  
 in thise ryvers to lete flee our fawcones.' 'Sire,' sayd  
<sup>3</sup>the bysshop<sup>3</sup> Turpyn, 'goo in the name of god' /  
 Thenne lighted Rowlande on horse backe, & toke wyth  
 hym well xxx. knyghtes / and noo moo / And they toke 28  
 their hawkes, and rode the moost parte of theym vpon  
 mewles, all vnarmed sauff their swerdes / and came and  
 sported theym alonge the river side, and toke many  
 birdes vpon the water / In soo grete quantyte that they 32  
 laded a horse wythall. <sup>4</sup>the bisshop turpyn and ogyer

Roland tells  
 Oliver that he  
 does not believe  
 the castle will be  
 taken.

Roland beholds  
 the river,  
 which is full of  
 birds;

and sets forth  
 with XXX thou-  
 sand knights to  
 hawk thereon.

<sup>1-1</sup> puis quilz ont si bon retraict, F. orig. K. iii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> et si abactismes de noble la grant tour et le donion, F. orig. K. iii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. iii. back.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. M. iii. back.

went not there, but abode behinde for to kepe the  
 oost / and they were before the tentes, wher they made  
 two auneyent knyghtes to recounthe & telle how the  
 4 grete Troy was taken and dystroyed / this hangyng, was  
 a spye in the ooste of kyng charlemagne that longed  
 vnto Reynawde, the whiche he had sent there for to  
 knowe what they wrought / and how they dyd, & all  
 8 the faytte of Rowlande. And incontynente the spye  
 departed out of the ooste and wente to Reynawde / and  
 shewed to hym how Olyver & Rowlande were goon to  
 sportyng<sup>1</sup> wyth their hawkes vpon the ryver<sup>1</sup> / and  
 12 with theym thyrty of the beste of the oost /

A spy informs  
 Reynawde how  
 Roland and  
 Oliver have gone  
 upon the river.

**W**han the spye had recounted these tydynges to  
 reynawd / he was of it right glad / Thenne he  
 called his brethern & Mawgys his cosin / and tolde  
 16 theym how Rowlande and Olyver and XXX. of the  
 beste barons of Charlemagne were goon to hawkyng  
 vpon the ryvers in the plane of Balancon / 'What  
 oughte we to doo?' sayd Reynawde. 'Cosin,' sayd  
 20 Mawgys, 'we may well kyll theym yf we wyl, For  
 they ben well proude and folyshe / Remembre ye not  
 wele that a messenger told you a moneth agoo that  
 Charlemyne had lefte all olde knyghtes of his royaume /  
 24 and had taken of the yonge / And that he had departed  
 al Gascoyne to the yonge bachelers of Fraunce / And  
 by this boban, Roulande and Olyver ben mounted in  
 to so grete pride / that they trowe in all the worlde is  
 28 noo man<sup>1</sup> that dare assaylle theym nor<sup>1</sup> loke vpon theym  
 angrely / But and yf ye wyll beleve me, I shall well tell  
 you suche a thyng that shall make theym wrothe and  
 sory.' And thenne Reynawde made sowne his horne,  
 32 the whiche men never herde sowned But that it was  
 nede / For whan men herde it / every man ranne to his  
 armes for to arme hym. And incontynente, Rey<sup>2</sup>nawde  
 and his bretherne and Mawgys made theym selfe to

Mawgis advises  
 Reynawde to  
 attack the host of  
 Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup>-1 omitted, F. orig. k. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M. iv.

be armed. And whan they were all armed and well appareylled, Reynawde lighted vpon Bayarde, his good hors, and spored hym wyth his spores, soo that he made hym to lepe well thyrty foote of length / 'Ha, 4 goode horse,' sayd Reynawde / 'how ye make your selfe to be beloved / And how well I mystre you this daye / Lete vs goo assaylle thise vnhappy folke of the kynge Charlemagne of Fraunce / And make we by 8 suche a manere that we nede not to retourne twyse / And therof I praye you all' /

They issue forth

with IV thousand men,

and arrive at Balencon.

Bishop Turpin, who is left with the King's host,

And whan Reynawde sawe that his folke was well appareylled / he wente oute wyth his men atte a 12 fawce posterne / that they of the ooste coude not see theym / And they were well in his companye a bouthe forester conduytted theym thoroughe the thyckest of 16 the forest / And reynawde sayd to the foster, 'brynge me thou in to the ooste of Rowlande wythoute faylle' / the foster answerde to hym that he wolde do it gladly / Thenne broughte he theym streyghte to Balencon. 20 And whan Reynawde sawe the pavyllions, he shewed theym to his folke / to whom he sayd / 'Lordes, beholde what fayr gayne we have fonde here, yf we dare sette vpon theym' / 'Syr,' sayd his men / 'lete vs 24 goo to it hardly / For we durste well assaylle the devylle / whan ye be wyth vs' / ¶ Now shall I telle you of the bysshop Turpyn, that was abyden to kepe the ooste / wherof he had grete fere, be cause he wyste 28 well againste whom he had a doo / And had a grete suspectyon, And heved vppe his hede / and sawe thre ravens and the dawes flee aboute vpon the fortresse. And from thens they toke their flighte <sup>1</sup>over Rowlandes 32 pavylyon,<sup>1</sup> And made grete noyse; And soo was he a ferde. For he wende that it hadde <sup>2</sup>ben some evyll

<sup>1-1</sup> pardessus la fortresse, F. orig. k. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M. iv. back.



- token / and he behelde towarde the woodes, that were grete / and sawe anone his enmyes / wherof he was sore frayed, that almoste he was beside hym selfe /
- 4 Thenne he called Ogyer the dane, and sayd to hym, 'Free knyghte, for godys love goo arme yourself / and lete our folke be armed / for here comyn our enmyes. Now ben well Rowlande & Olyver goon for noughte, 8 that are goon to the chasse, and have lefte theyr ooste thus in grete daunger. I beleve that they shall not faylle / but they shall repente of it' / Whan Ogyer herde Turpyn speke in thys maner, he was wrothe ;
- 12 soo went he in to his pavyllion, and made hym to be armed incontynente for to moeve the ooste / And whan the frenshe men herde the trompettes blowe, they put theym selfe in ordenaunce nobly. This hangynge,
- 16 Ogyer was armed, and mounted vpon his horse brayforde, & fonde that a grete parte of them was armed and all redy / Thenne Oger sayd to theym / 'Lordes, thynke to defende you well / for we ben assaylled.'
- 20 **R**eynawd was abasshed whan he sawe the ooste that moved soo / and sayd to his folke / 'Lordes, we ben dyscovered / nevertheles, lete vs goo to it and assaylle theym.' thei answered that they were all redy
- 24 to doo so. And whan Reynawde vnderstode thys wordes, he sayd to Mawgys / 'Fayr cosin, take a thousande knyghtes, And abyde here wythin this wood / And yf ye see that we nede of helpe / come
- 28 thenne and socoure vs.' 'Gladly,' sayd mawgis, 'your commaundemente shall be doon' / And whan reynawde had sayd soo, he spored bayarde wyth his spores, and wente in to the ooste, and passed the playne of
- 32 Balancon ; and the firste that he recounted, it was Emery the erle of Nycoll / and smote hym soo *that* he shoved his spere thorughe the body of hym, and felle deed to therth / Thenne sayd reynawde,<sup>1</sup> 'ye shall abie

perceives his enemies approach;

he calls Ogyer the Dane,

and commands the Frenchmen to arm themselves.

Reynawde tells Mawgis to abide in the wood with his men, until the Sons want succour;

he sets spurs to Bayard,

and recounts Earl Emery, whom he slays.

<sup>1</sup> par saint Nycholas, F. orig. k. i.

the bargayn, <sup>1</sup>false gloton / Ye dyde a grete folye Whan  
 ye came ever in to Gascoyne' / And whan he had sayd  
 thus, he sette his hande to his swerde, And beganne to  
 make soo grete occysion of knyghtes that noone canne 4  
 telle it / And whan Reynawde sawe his ennyes soo  
 strongly abasshed, he beganne to saye, 'Where is  
 Rowlande and Olyvere, that soo sore hath thretened me  
 and my folke, And sayen that we ben traytours / But 8  
 and they sayen soo afore me / I sholde shewe to theym  
 that they sayen not well nor trouthe' / whan the  
 bysshop Turpyn vnderstode this that Reynawde sayd /  
 He sayd to Reynawde / 'Ye nother saye well nor 12  
 trouthe.' And thenne he spored his horse wyth the  
 spores / and wente agenste Reynawde / an gaaff eche  
 other soo grete strokes thorughe theyr sheeldes that  
 they brake bothe theyr speres all in peces / But nother 16  
 of theym felle down / And whan Reynawde hadde  
 broken his sperre / he sette the hande to his swerde,  
 and gaaffe soo<sup>2</sup> grete a stroke wyth it to the bysshope  
 Turpyn vpon his helme, that he made bothe the man 20  
 and the horse to rele sore / And whan Reynawde sawe  
 the bysshop in that plyghte / he sayd to hym / 'Fader,  
 be ye the same Turpyn that prayseth your selfe soo  
 sore? By my fayth, me semeth it were better for you 24  
 to be in some churche to synge some masse, than for to  
 be here, wenyng to greve me.'

**T**henne whan the bysshop Turpyn vnderstode the  
 reproche that Reynaude made to hym / he 28  
 trowed wel to have goon oute of his mynde for it,  
 And sette hande to his swerde / and wente vpon  
 Reynawde. And thenne was the ooste moeved of one  
 partye and of the <sup>3</sup>other. Shortely to speke, there were 32  
 soo many speres broken, soo many a knyghte over-  
 throwen / and soo many horses deed, that it was grete  
 pyte for to see. There was Ogyer the Dane, that

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M. v.    <sup>2</sup> sooo, *orig.*    <sup>3</sup> Fol. M. v. back.

Bishop Turpin  
 rides against  
 Reynawde;

they fight  
 furiously.

hadde his shelde afore his breste, And his swerde  
 in his hande, & sat vpon Brayforde; the whiche smote  
 Rycharde, the brother of Reynawde, soo grete a stroke  
 4 that his horse felle down to the erthe<sup>1</sup> / Whan Rycharde  
 saw hym selfe a gronde / he rose vppe agayne  
 quyckely / as a knyghte pru and valyant / And toke  
 his swerde in hys hande. And Ogyer passed beyonde  
 8 for to folow his course, And beganne to crye the  
 baner 'saynte Denys.' Whan Reynawde sawe his  
 brother Rycharde cast on gronde / he was wrothe for  
 it / Soo spored he his horse Bayarde, and wente  
 12 agenste Ogyer the dane / and Ogyer agenste hym / and  
 gaaff eche other grete strokes vpon theyr sheldes /  
 Reynawde smote Ogyer by soo grete force that the  
 horses gyrthe nor the poytrell myghte not helpe, But  
 16 that Ogyer muste falle down, <sup>2</sup>sadell and all,<sup>2</sup> to the  
 gronde /

Ogier, on his  
 horse Brayford,  
 overthrows  
 Richard.

Reynawde sees  
 his brother on  
 the ground,  
 and goes after  
 Ogyer,

whom he throws  
 off his horse;

**W**han Reynawde sawe Ogyer atte the erthe, he  
 toke Brayforde by the brydell / and sayd to  
 20 Ogyer / 'Ye have doon evyll for to have cast down my  
 brother afore me / Ye knowe that ye be of my lynage /  
 and my cosin nyghe; ye sholde helpe and deffende vs  
 agenste all men / And ye doo worse than the other /  
 24 Wherof I saye it is no dede of a cosin, but of an  
 enmye. Neverthelesse, take your horse agayne, vpon  
 suche condycyon that ye shall doo to me a playsure at  
 a nother tyme if I have nede / the whiche thyng god  
 28 forbede.' 'cosin,' sayd oger, 'ye speke as a good man;  
 and I promyse you that if I faylle of this that ye saye,  
 god punyssh me for it' / Rey<sup>3</sup>nawd yelded hym agayn  
 his horse / & helde the styrop to Ogyer, <sup>4</sup>whan he  
 32 lyghted agayne vppon his horse Brayforde.<sup>4</sup> And wyte  
 it that Ogyer syth dyde moche for Reynawde, and

he complains of  
 Ogyer's infidelity  
 to him as a kins-  
 man,

but gives him his  
 horse again,

and helps him to  
 remount.

<sup>1</sup> si que la coyffe de son heaulme tomba en la fablonniere,  
 F. orig. k. v. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. v. back. <sup>3</sup> Fol. M. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> pour monter dessus, F. orig. k. v. back.

yelded hym agen his rewarde at the roche Mountbron, wherof he was rebuked of Charlemagne shamfully / Whan Ogyer was set on his horse agen / he set hande to his swerde, and entred amonge the thyckeste of the 4 gascoynes / and began to hew theym so sore that he made theym all to flee afore hym / Whan maugys sawe that all the bataylles were thus medled togyder / he cam <sup>1</sup>out of the wood,<sup>1</sup> and cam to balancon, and put 8 hym selfe and his folke amonge the gretest prees, <sup>2</sup>& began to cleve and hewe so harde, hedes, legges, & armes,<sup>2</sup> that none durste abyde longe afore hym / And thenne the frenshemen were so sore and weri that 12 they myght no more, & were all dyscomfyted at the passage of the ryver<sup>3</sup> / whan they dyd put theymselfe to flyghte. And the gascoyns chassed theym alle betyng a long myle / and after retorned to thooste / and toke 16 all the havoyr that they fonde there / And mawgis cam to y<sup>e</sup> pavyllion of Rowlande, & toke the dragon <sup>4</sup>of golde<sup>4</sup> that was set vpon the sayd pavyllion; and they passed thorughe Balancon / and soo retorned to 20 Montalban wyth grete Ioye. And whan they were come there, they dysarmed theym selfe, and ete right well / For they hadde well myster therof. Whan they had eten at theyr ease / Reynawde made brynge y<sup>e</sup> boty 24 afore hym / And after dealed it among his folke, And kepte to hym not one penny / Whan Reynawde hadde thus departed all this goodes, Mawgys wente vpon the grete towre of Mountalban / And dyd sette the dragon 28 of Rowlande vpon the same / soo that the folke of the oost of both <sup>5</sup>sydes of the castell myght see it.<sup>5</sup> And whan Charle<sup>6</sup>mayne sawe the sayd dragon vpon the

Mawgis comes out of the wood,  
and fights so valiantly that  
the Frenchmen are all discomfited at the passage of the river;  
he captures the golden dragon of Roland, and much treasure, and returns to Montalban rejoicing.  
Mawgis sets the dragon on the great tower of the castle, so that the hosts on both sides of the castle may see it.

1-1 hors de son embuschement, F. orig. K. v. back.

2-2 omitted, F. orig. k. v. back.

3 moult oultraigeusement, F. orig. k. v. back.

4-4 omitted, F. orig. k. v. back.

5-5 que lost dune part et daultre le pouvient veoir, F. orig. k. v. back.

6 Fol. M. vi. back.

towre of Montalban / He wende that Rowlande <sup>1</sup>his  
 newewe<sup>1</sup> had taken mountalban by force / but the thyng  
 went well otherwyse, For of reynawde and his bretherne  
 4 had discomfyted all the folk of Rowlande, and had  
 brought wyth theym <sup>1</sup>all theyr havoyre, and <sup>1</sup>the dragon  
 of the sayd Rowlande they had set vpon the towre of  
 mountalban.

## CHAPTER IX.

8 ¶ How Reynawde and his brethern were  
 betrayed & solde to the kyng Charlemagne  
 by the kyng Yon of Gascoyn, *that* sent  
 theym in the playne of Valcours all wyth-  
 12 out armes but theyr swerdes / and were  
 mouzted vpon mewles / & were clothed  
 wyth mantelles of scarlet, furret wyth  
 ermyrn / Fro the whiche they escaped by  
 16 the wyll of god / but they suffred moche  
 peyne & grete traveylle / for they were  
 gretly hurt & sore wounded. But of the  
 kyng charlemagne party abode there deed  
 20 Foulques of Moryllon, & many other barons  
 and worthy knyghtes, wherof the kyng  
 charlemayn was wrothe and sory.

## ¶ Capitulum IX.

24 **N**ow must we telle of Rowlande & of Olyver, that  
 came agen fro hawkyng vpon the ryvers wyth  
 their felawes, & besemyng they were right glad *that*  
 they had so well chassed & taken a grete quantyte of  
 28 birdes / & thus as they cam agen / they met wyth  
 damp Rambault, the free knyght / *that* tolde them by

Roland and  
 Oliver return  
 from hawking  
 on the river,

and meet with the  
 knight Rambault,

who upbraids  
Roland for  
forsaking his  
host,

and tells him how  
the Sons have  
discomfited all  
his folk.

Roland in great  
sorrow seeks  
counsel of Turpin,  
Ogier, and  
Richard of Nor-  
mandy,

and asks leave of  
the Bishop to go  
into the Holy  
Land, and fight  
no more against  
Christian men.

Turpin consoles  
Roland,

and promises  
him victory over  
Reynawde.

a grete angre / 'Ye have taken many birdes ; see *that* ye  
be good marchauntes, & selle your praye well, for I  
promyse you ye shall never selle your chasse and hauk-  
yng so dere as it hath coste you / And yf ye have taken 4  
byrdes / I lete you wyte that Reynawde & his bredern  
have taken knyghtes and horses / and whan ye see  
your dra<sup>1</sup>gon vpon the grete<sup>2</sup> towre of Montalban / ye  
oughte wel to be thenne glad, and thanke moche therof 8  
the foure sones of Aymon. For all thoo that seen it  
set there of an heygth, they wene that ye have gotten  
the castell by force' / Whan rowlande understode thyse  
wordes, it lacked lityll that he wente oute of his 12  
mynde / he lighted down from his mewle, And sette  
him selfe vpon a stone / and beganne to thynke & muse  
sore. And soo dyd Olyver in lyke wyse / And whan  
Rowlande had thoughte ynoughe / He called to hym 16  
the bysshop Turpyn, Ogier the dane, and Richarde of  
Normandy, and sayd to theym, 'For god, fayr lordes,  
what counseyll gyve you me vpon this dede / For  
I dare never more fynde myselfe before my vncler, the 20  
king Charlemagne ; for I fere me to sore of evyl  
reporte / and *that* men tell of me otherwyse than the  
trouthe' / And he sayd to the bysshop Turpyn /  
'for goddis love, good fader in god, gyve me leve to 24  
departe / for I wolde goo in to the holy londe to see  
the sepulture of our lorde, for to werre there agenste the  
sarrasins / For sith this mysshape is thus come to me,  
I wyll no more bere armes agenste cristen men' / 28  
'Sire,' sayd the bysshop Turpyn, 'be not dismayed for  
no thynge / For this is but an vse of werre / suche a  
thyng befalleth often to many one / I promyse you  
that ye shall have, or thre dayes ben paste, as many of 32  
the folke of Reynawde as he hath of yours' / 'Sire,'  
sayd Rowlande, 'ye gyve me good corage, and I  
promyse you that to your prudence I shall arreste

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M. vii.

<sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. vi. back.

myselfe.' Whan Rowlande had said these wordes / the  
 bysshop Turpyn and Ogier dyd so moche that they  
 made hym lighte a horsbacke / and they wente togyder  
 4 all towarde charlemagne. & wite *that* after rowlande,  
 cam moo than a hundred yonge gentylnen all a fote,  
 bi cause thei had lost their horses. & whan thei were  
 come to thoste of charlemagne, they <sup>1</sup>wente streyghte  
 8 to the pavyllion of the duke Naymes / and whan  
 Rowlande entred wythin, he was ashamed / and abode  
 there two dayes that he cam not oute, and durst not  
 goo to the courte, nor loke no man in the face, But  
 12 helde hym selfe <sup>2</sup>in the sayd pavyllion,<sup>2</sup> as a man all  
 abashed of the grete sorow that he had at his herte<sup>3</sup> /  
 Whan Rowlande and Olyver was thus abyden in the  
 duke Naymes tente, This hangyng, Turpyn cam to  
 16 warde kyng Charlemagne in his tente / where he  
 entred wythin, and saluted the kyng ryght honourably /  
 and the emperour rendred to hym his salute / and after  
 sayd to hym, 'Damp bysshop, ye be welcom' / 'Syre,'  
 20 sayd Turpyn / 'god be your keper; and I beseche you  
 to pardonne me / yf I telle you ony thyng that shall  
 dysplayse you.' 'Now telle hardly,' sayd the kyng,  
 'what ye wylle / For nothyng that ye canne telle can  
 24 not dysplayse me.' 'Syre,' sayd the byshop Turpyn,  
 'Wyte that the foure sones of Aymon have dyscomfited  
 vs, And have taken wyth theym all that we had in  
 our tentes, bothe horses & harneys / and all our  
 28 pavyllions / and namly the dragon of Rowlande, beside  
 a grete many of prisoners<sup>4</sup> / And they have slayne  
 the moste party of our folke' /

They all moun-  
 their horses,  
 and go towards  
 the host of  
 Charlemagne.

Roland is in  
 such grief that he  
 dare look no man  
 in the face.

Turpin enters  
 the tent of the  
 Emperor,

and relates to  
 him how the four  
 Sons have de-  
 feated his folk,

and taken the  
 dragon,  
 and many pri-  
 soners.

32 **T**henne whan the emperour vnderstode this that  
 Turpyn had tolde hym, he was a long while as a  
 mañ al fornced / And thenne he sware saynte Denys

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M. vii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. K. vi.

<sup>3</sup> et ne disoit mot du monde, F. orig. k. vi.

<sup>4</sup> quilz en ont amene a montauban, F. orig. k. vi.

by grete angre. And sayd / 'Now have ye fonde that ye went tellynge; & the grete pride that ye had, ye have well founde' / At this hour he dyd sende through all his oost by expresse wordes, that every lord and 4 baron sholde come incontynent<sup>1</sup> afore hym in his tente, for he wolde kepe parlyamente wyth them / whan y<sup>e</sup> prynces knew y<sup>e</sup> commaundement of y<sup>e</sup> kyng, ye shold have seen them com wyth gret hast towarde y<sup>e</sup> kyng / 8 & whan they wer al<sup>2</sup> assembled wythin the kynges pavyllion / he stode vpon his feete, & sayd to theym in this maner / 'Lordes, I have sent for you for to shewe vnto you that to vs is happed of newe. Now 12 wyte that the foure sones of Aymon have dyscomfited all our knyghtes that Rowlande my neveu had wyth hym at balencon / wherof I am right wroth & sori. for I wolde I had lost a greter thyng, and that this were 16 not happed; but a thyng that can not be amended, must be suffred & borne as well as men may / I requyre & beseeche you all, my lordes and frendes, vpon the oothe *that* ye have made to me, that ye wyll counseyll 20 me truly how I shall be ruled in this mater, and how I might have this castell of Montalban' / Whan the kyng had thus spoken, there was none so hardy that ever durste saye one worde, but only the duke naymes 24 of bayer, the prue and wyse knyght. 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'ye aske counseyll for to besege montalban. But no man that hath ony rayson in his hede ought not to counseyll you the same / for whi the 28 daunger is there grete, be cause that Guynarde the lorde of Berne knoweth of it, and so doothe Godfray the lord of Poycy, that are good knyghtes, & sore dred for their worthynes, and also the kyng yon<sup>3</sup> that is at 32 tholose the whiche shall come all to helpe & socoure reynawd / by cause they be of his aliaunce / And also

Charlemagne summons all his lords and barons,

and shows them how all the knights of Rowland have been discomfited by the Sons;

and asks his barons how he may take the Castle of Montalban.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M. viii.

<sup>3</sup> de Gascongne, F. orig. k. vii. back.



they know that he is one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde / And they knowe well also that Reynawde gyveth to vs moche to doo. And soo I telle you, yf  
 4 they sette theym selfe togyder, they shall gyve you ynoughe to doo, And shall maye bere to you a grete dommage. ¶ But and ye wyll have goode counseyll and beleve me, I shall gyve it to you truly / Syre,  
 8 sende worde to kyng yon / that he wythdrawe not nor kepe your enmyes <sup>1</sup>wythin his londe, but that he yelde them in to your handes, for to doo wyth them your playsur and your commaundement. And yf he wyll  
 12 not doo soo, ye shall distroye all his londe, and no mercy ye shall have vpon hym.' 'Naymes,' sayd the kyng, 'now gyve you me good counseyll / and I wyll that ye have sayd be doon incontynente' / Thenne the  
 16 kyng made com an heraulde of his, and sayd to hym / 'Now goo lightly to Tholouse / and telle kyng Yon on my behalve / that I am entred in to Gascoyn accompanied of y<sup>e</sup> twelve douspyers of Fraunce, with a hun-  
 20 dred thousande fyghtyng men / and wyth Rowlande & Olyver / and telle hym that, by saynt Denys of Fraunce, yf he yelde me not my enmyes, that ben the foure sones of Aymon / that I shall waste and dystroye all his  
 24 londe / nor to hym shall abyde nother cite nor castell / but it shalle be overthrowen to the erthe / and yf I can take hym / I shall take from hym his crowne / soo shall he be called kyng overthrowen' / 'Sire,' said the  
 28 heraulde, 'your commaundement I shall do wythout varienge of one worde / <sup>2</sup>evyn as your good grace playseth to comaunde me'<sup>2</sup> / and thus departed the herawde <sup>2</sup>from the oost of Charlemagne<sup>2</sup> / and toke his  
 32 waye towarde Tholouse / There he fonde the kyng Yon of Gascoyn in his palays / wyth a ryght fayr company / And assone that he sawe the kyng / he knewe hym well / so made he thenne to him the rever-

Naymes counsels the Emperor to send word to King John that he deliver to him the four Sons,

or his lands shall be wasted, and no mercy shown to him.

The King sends a herald forthwith to King John.

The herald arrives, and finds King John with a fair company in his palace;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M. viii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. vii.

he delivers his  
message.

ence / and sayd to hym in the emperours behalve the  
thyngge worde by worde,<sup>1</sup> wherof he was sente there.

King John  
desires him to  
remain seven  
nights,  
and then he will  
tell him his  
answer.

And whan the kyng Yon vnderstode the herawde  
that spake soo / he bowed his hede toward the 4  
erthe, and began to thynke a longe while / and sayd  
not a worde / And whan he had thus longe mused  
ynoughe / he sayd to the messenger : ‘ Good frende, ye  
must tari <sup>2</sup>here a seven nyght,<sup>2</sup> I praye you / and thenne 8  
<sup>3</sup>I shall telle you my wyll / and what I pur<sup>4</sup>pose to  
doo ’<sup>3</sup> / ‘ Sire,’ sayd the herawde, ‘ I shall abide wyth a  
good will, sith that it playse you ’ / Thenne wente the  
kyng Yon in to his chambre, & eyghte erles wyth hym, 12  
and commaunded that the dores sholde be well shet /  
and thenne they set theym all vpon a benche. And  
whan they were all set, the kinge Yon toke the worde  
& sayd in this maner / ‘ Lordes, I beseche & require, 16  
vpon the feyth that ye owe to me, that ye gyve me  
good counsell to thonour<sup>5</sup> of me / not at my will, but  
bi rayson / Now wite it that y<sup>e</sup> kyng Charlemagne<sup>6</sup> is  
entred wyth in my londe with the xij peres of Fraunce, 20  
& Rowlande & Olyver, wyth a hundred thousande men.  
And he sendeth to me worde, but yf I deliver vnto  
hym the foure sones of Aymon, he shall not leve me  
nother cyte nor towne / but he shall cast all to therthe,<sup>7</sup> 24  
& shall take the crowne fro my hed / and so shal I be  
called a kyng overthrowen / My fader helde never noo  
thyng of hym, & no more shall I / it is better to dey  
wyth grete worship than to lyve in grete shame.’ 28

King John con-  
sults his barons  
as to his reply to  
the Emperor.

Thenne whan the kyng Yon had thus spoken, there  
rose vp a knyght named godfray, that was neveve  
to kyng yon, and sayd to hym, ‘ Sire, I merueille me

A knight called  
Godfrey rebukes  
the King for

<sup>1</sup> sans point varier en riens, F. orig. k. vii.

<sup>2-2</sup> par l'espace de huit jours, F. orig. k. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> et puis vous respondray ma volente que direz au roy  
Charlemagne, F. orig. k. vii. <sup>4</sup> Fol. N. i.

<sup>5</sup> thonour, orig. <sup>6</sup> le roy de france, F. orig. k. vii.

<sup>7</sup> Et si a jure que si je suis prins, quil me otera ma  
couronne, F. orig. K. vii.

that ye aske counseyll for to betraye suche knyghtes as  
 ben the foure sonnes of Aymon / Reynaude is your  
 man & your carnall frende<sup>1</sup> / ye knowe what good he  
 4 hath doon to you & to your londe / It is not longe  
 agoo that he dyscomfyted Marcyll the puyssaunt sarra-  
 syn, & chassed hym well foure myle / and smote of his  
 hede, & presented it to you / and ye have promysed  
 8 & sworne to hym that ye shall defende & kepe hym  
 agenste all men. Myn vncler, yf ye thynke to faille  
 hym, & wyll not holde that ye have promysed to hym /  
 lete hym & his brethern goo oute of your londe in to  
 12 som other countrey to seke their adventure / And haply  
 they shall serve some lord that shall doo to <sup>2</sup>theym  
 more goode than ye wyll doo. And also I praye you,  
 my dere lorde and vncler, <sup>3</sup>as moche as I can, <sup>3</sup>that ye  
 16 wyll doo noo thyng that torneth you to blame, nor to  
 dishonour, nor that can be cast by maner of reproche  
 towarde your frendes.' Thenne spake the olde erle of  
 Ansom, and sayd, 'Sire, we wyll that we gyve you  
 20 counseyll / yf ye wylle doo that we shall counseill  
 you, ye shall doo well for your selfe.' 'Now saye on  
 hardely,' sayd the kyng, 'that semeth you best to be  
 doon, for I wyll doo as ye shall counseill me' / 'Sire,'  
 24 sayd the erle, 'ye have well herde saye / and soo it  
 was trouthe, that Benes slewe the erle Lohier; wherfore  
 Charlemagne sente for hym and made his hede to be  
 smytyn of at Parys<sup>4</sup> / And at that tyme Reynawde &  
 28 his brethern were veri yonge; and of theym was none  
 mencyon made / And afterwarde whan they were grete,  
 the kyng wolde amende it vnto theym. For the  
 thyng toucheth theym, but they had the herte so fell  
 32 that they wolde take none amendes, and lasted their

his want of  
 fidelity to the  
 Sons in asking  
 counsel for their  
 betrayal,

and urges him to  
 let the Sons  
 depart from his  
 land, and find  
 some other lord  
 to serve.

The Earl of  
 Ansom argues in  
 favour of peace  
 with Charle-  
 magne,

<sup>1</sup> car vous luy aues donne vostre seur a fenme devant vos  
 barons et amys, F. orig. k. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. N. i. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. viii. back.

<sup>4</sup> par male intencion. Et puis en prist acordance a benes  
 daigremont, F. orig. k. viii. back.

hate longe / wherof ever sith hath come grete harmes  
 and evylles / For Reinawde slewe Berthelot, the nevewe  
 of the kyng, wyth a chesboorde / Sire, I knowe not  
 why I sholde hide ony thyng fro your knowlege / 4  
 ye knowe well that Charlemagne is soo myghty a kyng  
 that he never vndertoke werre, but he came to his  
 above of it / Wherefore I doo gyve you counseille that  
 ye yelde Reynawde & his brethern and Mawgis <sup>1</sup>to the 8  
 kyng Charlemagne; <sup>1</sup> and thus shall ye be deliverd of  
 a grete thoughte, and of grete daunger' / And after  
 this spake the erle of Mobandes, and sayd / 'syre, yf  
 ye wyll doo this that the erle of Ansom counseilleth 12  
 you, ye & we shall be traytours / For Reynawde is  
 your man / and so moche ye have loved hym that ye  
 have gyven hym your suster to his wyf / And whan he  
 cam in thise marches / he came not like a knave / but 16  
 he cam <sup>2</sup>to you as a noble knyght, pru and worthy /  
 For he brought in his felawshyp foure thowsande men  
 well armed & well horsed / <sup>3</sup>and sayd to you afore vs  
 all, or ever he toke of his spores, that he had werre 20  
 wyth kyng Charlemagne / Netheles ye receyved hym  
 wyth goode herte / and after made of hym at your  
 wyll. And for you he conquested many bataylles /  
 and dyde so moche that he delyvered you from the 24  
 handes of your enmyes / And therefore, syre, I telle  
 you that ye be not worthy to calle yourselfe, <sup>4</sup> ne to  
 bere the crowne vpon your hede, yf for fere of deth  
 ye betraye suche knyghtes as are the four sones of 28  
 Aymon; For ye have not yet loste nother castell nor  
 towne: and if ye doo it otherwyse / ye shall be taken  
 and holden for a traytour.' <sup>5</sup> After spake Anthony the  
 olde erle / and sayd to the kyng / 'Syre, beleve not 32  
 this counseylle / for suche counseylle he giveth you

and advises King John to deliver the Sons into the Emperor's hands.

Earl Mobandes says they will be traitors to follow Ansom's counsel,

because of Reynawde's fidelity to him,

and that John will be a traitor to deliver such a man to Charlemagne.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. k. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. N. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Et quant il vint a vous il vois dist, F. orig. k. vii.

<sup>4</sup> roy, F. orig. k.

<sup>5</sup> et mys ou nombre de Judas, F. orig. k. viii.

- now, wherof ye shall be betrayed at the laste. For I knowe better thentente of Reynawde than any man that is here: Ye muste vnderstonde, syre, that Reynawde was sone to a man that had but one towne, and was soo prowde that he dayned to serve nor obeye his lorde the kyng of Fraunce; but slewe Berthelot by his grete pryde and owtrage / Wherfore kyng Charlemagne chassed hym oute of the royame of Fraunce. Now it is happed soo that he is in Gascoyn, and ye have gyven to hym grete landes; and by cause he hath your suster to his wyffe / he is become soo prowde that none maye dure afore hym / And he setteth not a peny nother by you nor by your courte / Wherfore I swere to you by the hede that I bere / yf he may by any wyse, he shall take the lyffe from you / for to have all the royame to hymselfe. Wherfore I advyse to you by ryghtwys counseyll, that ye yelde hym and his bretherne to Charlemagne / And ye shall doo as a wyse<sup>1</sup> kyng; and so shall you pease the grete wrath of kyng Charlemagne of Fraunce' / After spake the duke Guymarde of Bayonne, and sayd<sup>2</sup> to the kyng<sup>2</sup> / 'Sire,<sup>3</sup> I tell you that the erle Anthony lieth falsly / and gyveth you evyll counseyll / For Reynawde is sone to the duke Aymon of Ardeyne, whiche is of right grete lynage / And Charlemagne made to slee the duke Benes of Aygremounte, their vncl, by grete wronge / and Reynawde toke therof vengeaunce vpon Berthelot by good rayson / and that more is, it was his body deffendynge / wherof I telle you that noo kyng is not worthy to bere any crowne nor to have honoure, that wyll doo trayson for thretyng of a nother lorde' / And after spake Humarde an olde knyghte, and sayd / 'By god,<sup>4</sup> Guymarde, I beleve that ye have lost your
- Earl Anthony says he knows Reynawde better than any man,
- and recounts how he slew Berthelot,
- and how his pride has since arisen, having married John's sister,
- and how he will take the King's realm if John does not yield him to the Emperor.
- Duke Guymarde says that Earl Anthony lies falsely,
- and defends Reynawde.
- Humarde, an old knight, tells Guy-  
marde that he has

<sup>1</sup> Fol. N. ii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> roy de gascoyne, F. orig. l. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> damp Guymart, F. orig. l. i. back.

lost his wit to  
counsel thus the  
King.

wytte / to counseyll the kyng Yon for to bere oute  
Reynawde agenst <sup>1</sup>the grete kyng<sup>1</sup> Charlemagne, for  
to make all the londe of Gascoyn for to be dystroyed /  
Wherof ye sholde care but lityll / yf the royame were <sup>4</sup>  
wasted, and the kynge broughte to shame / soo that ye  
had lawde and praysyng.' Thenne sayd Guymarde,  
'Thou liest falsly / and yf we two were in a nother  
place than here, I sholde shewe the that thou were an <sup>8</sup>  
olde dooterd and a foole / For I wolde not counseyll  
the kyng Yon / but all thyng that concerneth his  
honour / and profyte also of his royame.'

Guymarde defies  
him in anger.

**A**fter spake one named syr Hector / an ancyente <sup>12</sup>  
erle, and sayd to the kyng / 'Sire, ye aske  
counseyll of suche that canne not counseyll theymselfe /  
For it is all other wyse than Guymarde sayth / And I  
ensure you, that yf ye lose in this matere / he shall <sup>16</sup>  
lese therby noo thyng. Sire, ye knowe that Reinawde  
is a knyght good ynoughe. But by his grete pryde /  
he hath made werre wyth Charlemagne / For he slewe  
Berthelot his neuwe by his owtrage. <sup>2</sup>now he is come <sup>20</sup>  
in Gascoyne / and ye have gyven hym your suster in  
mariage. Wherof ye dyde grete folie / and ye made  
hym the castel of Mountalban vpon the strengest  
grounde that is wythin your royame / Now is come <sup>24</sup>  
the kyng Charlemagne that hath beseged him ; wherfore  
I counseyll you *that* ye accorde wyth the kyng Charle-  
magne, and delyver yourselfe of Reynawde assone as  
ye maye. For it is better that ye lese foure knyghtes <sup>28</sup>  
than all your royame. take fro hym your suster, and  
gyve her to a nother that is a gretter gentilman than  
is Reynawde / and that have no suche enmyes as is  
Charlemagne / & fynde some meanes to yelde Rey- <sup>32</sup>  
nawde & his brethern to Charlemagne. And this ye-  
shall well <sup>3</sup>may doo wythoute blame, yf ye wyll doo

Earl Hector says  
that Guymarde is  
wrong,

and condemns  
Reynawde for  
fighting against  
Charlemagne ;

he advises John  
to take his sister  
away,

and yield up the  
Sons without fail.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. N. iii.

<sup>3</sup> well may = be able.

that I shall counseyll you.' 'Frende,' sayd the kynge  
yon / 'I am redy to doo that whiche ye shal counseille  
me,<sup>1</sup> above all other that ben here' /

4 **T**henne whan the kynge yon of Gascoyn sawe that  
y<sup>e</sup> mooste party of his counseyll accorded to that  
he sholde yelde Reynawde and his brethern to kyng  
Charlemagne, he beganne to wepe right tenderly / and  
8 sayd in hymself, that no body cowde bere it. 'Bi god,  
Reynawde, I am sore charged for you / now shall de-  
parte my love fro you. For ye shall lese the body /  
and I shall lese therby the love of god and of his  
12 moder. For I shall never fynde mercy in hym / for  
to betraye suche a knyghte as ye be' / But I telle you  
that god shewed that daye for Reynawde a fayr myracle.  
for the chambre where the counseille was kepte that  
16 was all white / chaunged colour and becam all blacke  
as a cole: 'Lordes,' sayd the kynge Yon, 'I see well  
that I muste yelde the foure sones of Aymon. syth *that*  
the moost parte of you accordeth therto. And I shall  
20 doo it / syth that ye counseyll me soo / But I wote  
well that my soule shall never have therof noo par-  
donne: And <sup>2</sup>shall be therfore taken all my lyffe as a  
Iudas.' and thenne they lefte the counseyll. and  
24 wente out of the chambre. And whan the kynge was  
come out of the chambre: he sette hym down vpon a  
benche, and beganne to thynke sore / And as he was in  
this thoughte / he beganne to wepe sore for grete pyte  
28 that he had / And whan he had thoughte and wepte  
ynoughe / he called his secretary, and sayd to hym:  
'Come forth, syre Peter / and write a letter from me  
to the kinge Charlemagne, as I shall telle you: It is  
32 that I sende hym salutacyon wyth goode love / And yf  
he wyll leve me my londe in peas, I promyse hym that  
a-fore ten dayes ben paste / I shall delyver vnto hym

John weeps when  
he finds that most  
of his barons  
counsel him to  
yield up the Sons.

The chamber  
where they hold  
counsel, turns  
black from white,  
when Reynawde's  
doom is fixed.

The king, after  
much sorrow,  
calls his secretary,  
and tells him to  
write to Charle-  
magne,

<sup>1</sup> Car je voy et congnois que vous me donnez bon conseil,  
F. orig. l. i.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. N. iii. back.

and says he will send the Sons to Vaucouleurs, clothed in scarlet upon mules, so that men shall know them.

the foure sones of Aymon, and he shall fynde them in the playne of Valcolours / clothed wyth scarlette / furred wyth ermynes, and ridynge vpon mewles / berynge in theyr handes flowres and roses for a token / 4 bycause that men shall better knowe them. And I shall make them to be accompanied of eyghte erles of my royaume / & yf they scape from hym, that he blame me not for it.' Thenne sayd the secretare, 'Sire, your 8 commaundemente shall be doon.' <sup>1</sup>the whiche toke anone penne and ynkle, and wrote the lettres / worde for worde, as the kyng had devysed to hym. And whan they were writen and sealed. the kyng called 12 his stywarde, and sayd to hym / 'Now make you redy on horsbacke / and goo to the sege of Mountalban / and recommede me to kyng Charlemagne: and gyve hym thise lettres / And telle hym, yf he wyll quyte 16 my londe / I shall doo this that is of reason, and none otherwyse.' 'Syre,' sayd the stywarde, 'I shall gladly doo your commaundemente / doubt not of it.' Thenne wente the stywarde in his house, and made hym redy 20 on horsbacke, and rode out of Tholouse, and toke the herawde of Charlemagne wyth hym / And whan <sup>2</sup>they were come to Mountalban, thei fonde the emperour in his pavylion / where the stywarde lyghted down / and 24 wente wythin / and saluted the kyng Charlemagne fro the kyng Yon of Gascoyn / and presented hym the lettres fro his behalve, and sayd to hym; 'Ryght myghty emperour, the kyng Yon sendeth you worde 28 by me / that yf ye wyll ensure his londe, he shall fulfille the tenoure of this lettre / and otherwyse he wyll not.'

The Steward  
departs for  
Montalban,

where he finds the  
Emperor in his  
pavilion,

and presents  
him with the  
letters.

**W**han charlemagne vnderstode thise tydynges, he 32 was right gladde / he toke the lettre of the messenger / And called Rowlande to hym, and Olyver /

<sup>1-1</sup> Et lors sen entra en sa chambre . . . F. orig. l. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. N. iv.



the bysshop Turpyn / the duke Naymes / Ogyer the  
dane / and the xii peres <sup>1</sup>of Fraunce<sup>1</sup> / and sayd to  
theym / 'Fayre lordes, be not dysplayd: goo out of  
4 this pavyllion / for I wyll talke with this messenger  
pryvely.' 'Syre,' sayd they all, 'wyth a goode wyll' /  
And than they wente all oute of the pavyllion / and  
whan they were all goon / Charlemagne opened the  
8 lettres, and red theym all alonge / And he fonde therin  
that whiche he mooste desyred in this worlde / that  
was the trayson as it was ordeyned / Whan Charle-  
magne had red the lettre, he myghte be noo gladder  
12 than he was. And of the grete Ioye that he had of it /  
he beganne to smyle / 'Syre,' sayd the stywarde, 'yf  
ye see ought in the lettre that playseth you not / blame  
not me for it / <sup>2</sup>For I knowe not yet what it is.'<sup>2</sup>  
16 Thenne sayd Charlemagne to the stywarde / 'Your  
lorde, the kynge Yon, speketh full curtesly / and yf he  
doo that he dooth me to wyte / he shall be well my  
goode frende / And soo shall I doo to hym grete wor-  
20 shyp, and shall make hym a grete man / and also I shall  
defende hym agenst all men.' 'Syre,' sayd the sty-  
warde, 'of this that ye saye / ye shall gyve me suretyes  
if it playse you.' Thenne sayd Charlemagne, 'I wyll  
24 doo soo <sup>3</sup>gladly / This I swere vpon the sone of the  
vyrgyn Mary, and also vpon saynte Denys of Fraunce,  
whos man I am.' 'Syre, ye have sayd all ynoughe,'  
answered the messenger of kynge Yon / 'And noon other  
28 surety I aske of you.'

Charlemagne  
with joy calls his  
barons,  
and tells them to  
leave him while  
he confers with  
the messenger.

The Emperor  
receives John's  
message gladly,

and says he will  
give him worship,  
and make him a  
great man;

this he swears vpon  
the Virgin and  
St. Denis of  
France.

He calls then his  
chamberlain,

**T**henne Charlemagne called hys chambrelayne, and  
sayd to hym / 'Make a lettre to kyng Yon of  
Gascoyne in my behalve / as I shall devyse it vnto  
32 you. Wryte that I sende hym salutacyon and goode  
love / And that yf he dooth for me as he sayth, I shall  
encrease his royaume wyth fourtene goode castelles /

and dictates to  
him a letter for  
King John.

1-1 omitted, F. orig. l. i. back.    2-2 omitted, F. orig. l. ii.  
<sup>3</sup> Fol. N. iv. back.

and therof I gyve hym for surete our lorde and saynte Denys of Fraunce / and *that* I sende hym four mauntelles of scarlette furred wyth ermynes, for to clothe wythall the traytours, whan they shall goo to the 4 playne of Valcoloures. And there they shall be hanged, yf god wyll. And I wyll not that ony other have harme, but onoly the foure sones of Aymon' / 'Syre,' sayd the chambrelayne / 'your commaundement shall 8 be well doon' / and thenne he made the lettres as themperour had devysed hym. And whan he had made theym, the emperour Charlemagne sealed theym / and after he called the messenger afore his presence, and 12 sayd to hym / 'Holde these lettres, and take theym to kyng Yon from me, and recomende me moche to hym.' And thenne he dyde gyve hym x marke of golde / and a ryng that he toke of<sup>1</sup> his fyngler / wherof 16 the messenger thanked hym moche humbly, and incontynente lyghted on horsback.<sup>2</sup> And whan he was arryved, he salved the kyng yon of Gascoyn from kyng Charlemagnes behalve. And toke hym the 20 lettres and the mauntelles,<sup>3</sup> as Charlemagne had commaunded hym.<sup>3</sup>

The Emperor gives the letters and scarlet mantels for the Sons to the messenger, and also X marks and a ring.

**T**henne whan the messenger of the kyng yon was goon / Charlemagne made come afore hym Foul- 24 ques of moryllon and Ogyer the dane / and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, I have sente for you / For I wyll that ye knowe a lytyll of my secretes. But I telle you, vpon your feythe that none other shall knowe the 28 same, but onoly we, vs thre, unto the tyme that the dede be accomplysshed.' 'Sire,' sayd Ogyer, 'yf ye thynke that we sholde dyscovere your secrete, telle it vs not / And yf ye truste vs, declare hardely your 32 playsur.' 'Certes,' sayd the emperour to Ogyer, 'ye be well worthy to knowe all. For I knowe you for a

Charlemagne then calls his barons again to tell them the news,

<sup>1</sup> off.      <sup>2</sup> et sen va vers thoulouse, F. orig. l. ii.  
<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. N. v.

- goode and a trusty knyghte.' 'Syre,' sayd Ogyer,  
 'your goode gramercy. But I telle you that I wyll  
 not knowe noo thyng therof / but that ye take firste  
 4 myn othe theropon' / 'Lordes,' sayd Charlemagne / 'I  
 take it, Now shall ye goo to the playne of Valcolours  
 wyth thre hundred knyghtes well armed / and whan  
 ye shall come there, ye shall fynde the foure sones of  
 8 Aymon / And thus I commaunde you, that ye brynge  
 theym to me other deed or quycke.' 'Syre,' sayd  
 Ogyer, 'I sawe theym never but armed: How shall we  
 knowe theym' / 'Ogyer,' sayd Charlemagne, 'ye shall  
 12 well may knowe theym / For eche of them shall be  
 clothed wyth a mauntell of scarlette furred wyth  
 ermynes / and shall bere roses in theyr handes.' 'Sire,'  
 sayd Ogyer, 'that is a goode token / and we shall do  
 16 your commaundement.' They made none other taryeng,  
 but departed from the ooste <sup>1</sup> of the kynge Charlemagne <sup>1</sup>  
 as pryvely as they myghte doo / And rode to the playne  
 of Valcolours / and put theym selfe in a bussument  
 20 wythin a woode all of serpyn trees / vnto the tyme that  
 the foure sones of Aymon came to the playne of Valco-  
 lours / Ha, god! why knewe not Reynawde and his  
 bretherne this <sup>2</sup> mortalle trayson, for they wolde not  
 24 have come there <sup>3</sup> vpon mewles. / But they sholde have  
 come there vpon goode horses, and well armed, as prue  
 and worthy knyghtes that they were / But, and god  
 had not remedyed it / this Reynawde and his brethern  
 28 sholde have ben soone taken in a lityl space / for they  
 were in daunger of deth. Whan Ogyer the dane and  
 Foulques of Moryllon were in theyr bushemente /  
 Foulques called his folke and sayd to theym: 'Fayr  
 32 lordes, I oughte well to hate Reynawde / for he slewe  
 myn vncler by grete wronge / Now am I come to the  
 poynte that I shall be avenged on hym / and I shall

and commands  
 Ogier to go to  
 Vaucouleurs with  
 three hundred  
 knights,

and bring to him  
 the Sons, either  
 dead or alive;

and says he shall  
 know them by  
 their clothes of  
 scarlet, and the  
 flowers they will  
 bear in their  
 hands.

Ogier sets forth,

and puts his men  
 in ambush at  
 Vaucouleurs.

Foulques of  
 Moryllon is also  
 there, and begs

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. iii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. N. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> comme bricons, F. orig. l. iii. back.

his knights to  
prove their love  
for him by slaying  
all the four Sons.

telle you now. Now wyte it that the kynge Yon of Gascoyn hath betrayed theym;<sup>1</sup> and they shall come hider anone, all vnarmed sauf their swerdes / <sup>2</sup>And therefore<sup>2</sup> I praye you all that ye thynke to smyte well <sup>4</sup>vpon theym / thenne shall I knowe who loveth me beste. Doo soo that none of theym scape / and ye shall be well, my goode frendes. And I shall love you well.'

King John  
receives his lett  
from Charle-  
magne.

**N**ow shall we telle you of the kynge Yon that was <sup>8</sup>at Tholouse: whan he had receyved the lettres of the kynge Charlemagne, he called to hym his secretary Godras, and sayd to hym, 'Loke what this lettre sayeth:' And the clerke brake incontynente the seale, <sup>12</sup>and behelde the tenoure of the lettre / and founde how Reynawde & his brethern sholde be betrayed / and lyvered to dethe / And whan the clerke had redde the letre, he beganne to wepe sore tenderly; and yf it had <sup>16</sup>not be for doubte of the kyng, he wolde gladly have vttered it. And whan kynge Yon sawe his secretary wepe, he sayd thus to hym: 'kepe well vpon your lyf *that* ye hide no thyng fro me, but telle me all that the <sup>20</sup>lettre conteyneth, and what the kynge Charlemagne wryteth <sup>3</sup>to me.' 'By my feyth,' sayd Godras / 'It is a sore thyng for to reherce' / 'Now lightly,' <sup>4</sup>sayd the kynge Yon: <sup>4</sup>'telle me what the kynge Charlemagne <sup>24</sup>sendeth me.' 'Syre,' sayd Godras, 'I shall telle it you gladly' / And thenne he beganne to shewe to kynge Yon how Charlemagne sende hym worde / that yf he wolde doo as he had wryten vnto hym, he sholde en- <sup>28</sup>creace his power of fourtene goode castelles more than he had.

and signifies their  
meaning to the  
King.

**F**or the surete wherof, he swereth it vnto you vpon our lord god / and saynte Denys of Fraunce, <sup>4</sup>his <sup>32</sup>patrone<sup>4</sup> / And he sendeth you four mauntelles of

<sup>1</sup> et les doit remectre a charlemaigne . . . F. orig. l. iii.

<sup>2-2</sup> Et pourtant quant ilz viendront . . . F. orig. l. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. N. vi. <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

scarlette furred wyth ermynes / that ye shall gyve to  
 the foure sones of Aymon for to were theym / And  
 thus they shall be knowen. For Charlemagne wyll not  
 4 that none take ony harme / but oonly the foure sones  
 of Aymon / And he doth you to wyte, that his folke  
 are wythin a busschement wythin a woode by the playn  
 of Valcolours / that is to wyte, Foulques of Moryllon  
 8 and Ogyer the Dane, wyth thre hundred men well  
 horsed and well armed, that abyden there the foure  
 sones of Aymon / ye whiche ye sholde lyver in to theyr  
 handes.' Whan the kynge Yon vnderstode the tenoure  
 12 of the lettre, He made haste for to fulfyll his promyse /  
 And Incontynente he lyghted on horsbacke : and toke  
 in his company a hundred men well arrayed / and toke  
 his waye towarde Mountalban. And as soone as he  
 16 myghte / he came / and entred wythin atte the gate  
 fletcher. And whan he was wythin, he made his folke  
 to lodge theym in the borow / And he wente up to the  
 palays, as he was wounte to doo whan he came there.  
 20 Thenne whan hys suster, the wyffe of Reynawde, wyste  
 of the comynge of the kynge yon her brother / she  
 came agenst hym & toke hym by the hande, & wolde  
 have kissed hym as she <sup>1</sup> was accustomed to do whan he  
 24 cam there, but the kyng, full of evyll trayson, tourned  
 his face a syde / And sayd he had the tooth ache, and  
 wolde not speke wyth her but lityll / But he sayd that  
 men sholde make hym a bedde redy / For he wolde  
 28 reste hymselfe a lityll<sup>2</sup> / and whan he was layd, he  
 beganne sore to thynke, and sayd to hym selfe, 'Ha,  
 goode lorde / what have I wroughte agenste the beste  
 knyghtes of the worlde that I have betrayed soo  
 32 falsely / Now shall they be honged to morowe wythoute  
 fawte. I praye god to have mercy and pyte vpon  
 theym / now may I well say that I shall be lykened to

King John, after  
 hearing the letter,

sets forth immedi-  
 ately for Mont-  
 alban with a  
 hundred men;

he enters the  
 palace, but will  
 not embrace his  
 sister, because of  
 his treasonable  
 purpose,

saying he has a  
 toothache, and  
 will rest awhile.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. N. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> pour myeulx couvrir sa trahison, F. orig. l. iv. back.

Iudas from hens forthe. And I shall have loste the love of god / and of his moder / and also myn honour. But I muste nedes doo it, syth I have promysed it soo / And the wyll of my barons is suche / for thus they 4 have counseyllled and have made me doo it. <sup>1</sup>Wherof I am full sore dysplayed.<sup>1</sup>

**A**lle thus as the kyng yon thought in the grete treyson that was thus machyned vpon the four 8  
 sons of Aymon / there came in Reynawde from huntynge / and all hys bretherne wyth hym, and had taken foure wylde bores sore grete / and whan Reynawde was wythin Mountalban / he herde the noyse of the horses, 12  
 and wende that it had ben straunge knyghtes that were come vnto hym to take wages. <sup>2</sup>And thenne he<sup>2</sup> asked of a yoman, what folke were thees strangeres that were come in wythoute leve / ‘Syre,’ sayd the yoman, ‘they 16  
 ben the folke of kyng yon, that is come wythin for to speke wyth you of some materes / But me seemeth by his folke that he is not well atte ease of his persone.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>**T**henne sayd <sup>5</sup>the goode<sup>5</sup> Reynawde / ‘Ha, god / 20  
 why hath my lorde travaylled hym selfe soo moche for to come hyder, For I wolde wyth a goode wyll have goon to hym’ / And after, whan he had that sayd, he called to hym a servaunte of his, and sayd to hym / 24  
 ‘Goo fette me my<sup>s</sup> horne Boudyere / For I wyll make feest and Ioye for the comynge of my soverayne lorde.’ and Incontynente it was broughte to hym /  
 And Reynawde toke it / and sayd to his bretherne / 28  
 ‘Now take eche of you his owne, and lete vs make feeste for the love of kyng Yon.’<sup>6</sup> Thenne they toke eche of theym his horne, and beganne to sowne all foure at ons ryght hyghe. And made so grete noyse 32

Reynawde and his brethren return from hunting,

and ask whose folk are in the castle.

A Yeoman says they are King John's men.

Reynawde sends for his horn,

and sounds it in welcome for his lord the King.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> Reynault, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Car il semble a le veoir qu'il soit mal dispose, F. orig.

l. iv. <sup>4</sup> Fol. N. vii. <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>6</sup> Sire dirent ilz nous le ferons tres volentiers, F. orig. l. iv.

that the castell sowned of it.<sup>1</sup> For they made so grete  
 Ioye for the love of the kynge Yon, that it was  
 merveyll. Whan the kynge Yon herde the trompettes,  
 4 that thus sowned soo sore <sup>2</sup>that the chambre where as  
 he laye shoke of it,<sup>2</sup> he arose vp from the bed and came  
 to the wyndowe / and sayd to hymselfe / 'Ha, what  
 evyl have I wroughte agenste thyse knyghtes! Alas,  
 8 how make ye Ioye agenste soo grete a combraunce, the  
 whiche I have purchaced to you / I have betrayed you  
 right falsely / as a wycked and vntrewe kynge that I  
 am / For a man that betrayeth his frende, oughte never  
 12 to have honoure, nother in this worlde nor in the  
 other / but oughte to be loste bothe body and soule /  
 For he has forsaken god, and hath gyven hym selfe to  
 the devyll.' And whan he had sayd that / he returned  
 16 agayne vpon his bedde, sore vexed atte the herte, and  
 evyll at ease more than ony man myghte be. Thenne  
 Reynawde and his brethern came vp to the palays,  
 where they founde the kyng yon. & whan he sawe  
 20 theym com, he rose agenst theym, and toke theym the  
 hande, and sayd to Reynawde / 'Be <sup>3</sup>not merveyllid  
 that I have not embraced nor kyssed you, for I am sore  
 laden wyth grete evyll / And it is well<sup>4</sup> fourtene dayes  
 24 goon that I cowde nother ete nor drynke <sup>5</sup>ony thyng  
 that dyde me goode.'<sup>5</sup> Thenne sayd Reynawde, 'syre,  
 ye be in a good place, where ye shall be tended vpon  
 right well with goddis grace. And I and my bretherne  
 28 shall serve you to our power' / 'Gramercy,' sayd the  
 kynge Yon / Thenne called he his stywarde, and sayd  
 to hym, 'Goo and brynge me the mantelles of scarlette  
 furred wyth ermynes / that I have doon make for my  
 32 dere frendes.' Incontynente the stywarde dyde the

John hears the  
noise,

and goes to the  
window;  
he reproaches  
himself for his  
evil intent against  
these knights.

The Sons come  
into the palace  
and find the  
King,

who excuses him-  
self from kissing  
them,

saying he has  
neither eaten nor  
drunk for 14  
days;

he sends for the  
scarlet mantels,

<sup>1</sup> si que lon cuidoit que le clocher de la chapelle saint Nycholas en deust tomber par terre, F. orig. l. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Fol. N. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> quinze jours, F. orig. l. iv.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. iv.

and puts them on  
the Sons,  
praying them to  
wear them for  
love of him.

commaundement of kynge yon. And assone that he  
was come agayne, the kynge made the foure bredern to  
putt the four mantelles vpon theym, and prayed theym  
to were theym for his love. 'Sire,' sayd Alarde, 'this 4  
is a gladde presente / And we shall were theym for the  
love of you, wyth veri goode wyll' / Alas, yf they had  
knowen how the thyng was broughte aboute / they  
sholde not have borne theym, but they sholde have 8  
doon all other wyse. Alas, and what sorowfulle  
harme they had of this, that they were thus clothed.  
For that were the tokens & reconyssaunce wherof they  
were in daungeur of deth, yf god had not holpen theym 12  
of his pyte and mercy. And whan the foure sones of  
Aymon had theyr mantelles on / the kynge Yon  
behelde theym / and had of theym grete pyte, and  
beganne to wepe. There was his stywarde, that the 16  
trayson well wyste / that sayd not one worde for fere  
of the kynge Yon / And whan the mete was redy /  
Reynawde prayed moche the kynge that he wolde etc.  
For he made hym to be served right well. Whan 20  
they had eten, the kynge Yon rose vpon his feete /  
and toke Reynawde by the hande, and sayd to hym,  
'My fayre broder & my goode frende / I wyll telle  
a counseyll that ye know not / Now <sup>1</sup>wyte that I 24  
have ben atte Mountbenden, and I have spoken wyth  
kynge Charlemagne, the whiche charged me of treyson /  
by cause that I kepe you in my royame / wherof I  
have presented my gage afore all his company; and no 28  
man was there soo hardy that durste speke agenste  
that, that I sayd. After this we had many wordes  
togyder / emonge whiche we spake of goode accorde  
and of peas / wherof at the last the kyng Charlemagne 32  
was contente for my love for to make peas wyth you /  
in the maner that foloweth. That is to wyte, that  
tomorowe erly ye shall goo to the playne of Valcoloures,

John takes Rey-  
nawde by the  
hand,

and relates to  
him how he has  
interviewed  
Charlemagne in  
their behalf,

and obtained his  
consent to make  
peace, if the Sons  
will go to Vaucou-  
leurs unarmed,



ye and your brethern, all vnarmed but of your swerdes /  
 mounted vpon your mewles / and clothed wyth the  
 mantelles that I have gyven to you ; and that ye shall  
 4 bere in your handes roses and floures. and I shalle  
 sende wyth you eyghte of myn erles, for to goo more  
 honourable / the whiche ben all of my lynage / And  
 there ye shall fynde the kynge Charlemagne / and the  
 8 duke Naymes of bavyere / and Ogyer the dane, and all  
 the xii peres of Fraunce / and there charlemagne shall  
 gyve you suerte. And ye shall doo to hym reverence  
 in suche manere that ye shall caste yourselfe to his  
 12 feete, and there he shall pardonne you / and he shall  
 gyve you agayne all your londes entierly.'

clothed in scarlet,  
upon mules;

and says they  
will find there  
Charlemagne,  
Ogier, and Duke  
Naymes.

**T**henne sayd Reynawde, 'Sire, for god, mercy ; For  
 I have grete doubte of the kynge Charlemagne,  
 16 by cause he hateth us to deth, as ye knowe / and  
 I promyse you, yf he holdeth vs, he shall make vs to  
 deye a shamfull dethe.' 'Goode frende,' sayd the  
 traytour kyng Yon, 'have noo doubte atte all ; For he  
 20 hath sworne vnto me vpon his feyth afore all hys  
 baronye' / 'Syre,' auswerde Reynawde, 'we shall doo  
 your commaundementes.' 'Ha god,' sayde Alarde /  
 'What saye you, brother / ye knowe well that<sup>1</sup> Charle-  
 24 magne hathe made his othe many tymes, that yf he  
 maye take vs ones by ony maner of meane, he shall  
 bryng vs to a shamfull dethe. Now I merveylle me  
 gretly of you, fayr broder / how ye wyll accorde for to  
 28 goo put yourselfe and vs into his handes all vnarmed,  
 as a poure myschaunte / Never have god mercy vpon  
 my soule yf I goo there wythoute myn armes, nor  
 wythout to be as it apperteyneth !' 'broder,' sayd  
 32 Reynaude, 'ye saye not wele / God forbede that I  
 sholde mystruste my lorde, the kynge Yon, of ony  
 thyng *that* he telleth me.' And thenne he tourned  
 hym towarde the kynge Yon, and sayd to hym / 'Sire,

Reynawde con-  
sents to do the  
command of  
the King.  
Alard upbraids  
his brother for  
trusting Charle-  
magne,

and says he will  
not go.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. N. viii. back.

Reynawde tells  
John he shall go  
there to-morrow  
without fail,

wythoute ony fawte we shall be there to morowe erly  
in the mornynge, What soever happeth of it.' 'Fayre  
lordes,' sayd Reynawde, 'god hath holpen vs well, that  
we have peas wyth the kynge Charlemagne, to whom 4  
we have made soo longe tyme so mortall a werre; but  
syth that my lorde, the kynge Yon, hath made this  
peas, I am contente to doo to hym as moche reverence  
as to me is possible / For I am delibered to goo naked 8  
in my smalle lynen clothes to the mount saynte  
Mychaell.' And whan Reynawde had sayd this worde,  
he toke leve of kynge Yon; and wente in to the  
chambre of the fayr lady his wyff, and fonde there his 12  
<sup>1</sup>other two brethern,<sup>1</sup> that were wyth her / And whan  
the lady sawe her husbonde com / she came agenst  
hym, <sup>2</sup>and toke hym betwix bothe her armes by grete  
love,<sup>2</sup> & kyssed hym / 'Lady,' sayd Reynawde, 'I 16  
oughte well to love you by grete rayson / For your  
broder, the kynge Yon, hath traveyled hymselfe ryght  
sore for me; and hath ben sore blamed atte the courte  
of charlemagne for me, but he hath doon soo moche, 20  
blessed be god, that he hath made my peas wyth the  
kynge Charlemagne; And that Rowlande and Olyver,  
nor all the twelve peres of Fraunce myghte never make,  
<sup>3</sup>he hath graunted vs agen all our londes / And all thus 24  
we shall be riche / and shall lyve all our liffe in rest  
& peas / and so shall we mowe helpe / and gyve the  
havoyre that we have, to the powre knyghtes that have  
served vs all their liff <sup>4</sup>truly and well.'<sup>4</sup> 28

and then goes to  
the chamber of  
his lady,

and tells her all  
King John has  
said, and how  
they will make  
peace with the  
Emperor.

The lady enquires  
where the treaty  
shall be made.

**T**henne sayd the lady, 'I thanke god gretly therof  
with all my herte / But telle me where the  
concordauns shall be made, and hide it not from me, if  
it playse you' / 'Ladi,' sayd Reynawde, 'I shall telle 32  
it you wythout ony fawte / Wyte that tomorowe we

<sup>1-1</sup> tous ses freres, F. orig. l. v.

<sup>2-2</sup> et leembrasse par grant amour, F. orig. l. v.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. O. i.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

muste ride to the playne of Valcoloures, and there the  
 peas shall be made; but I and my brethern muste goo  
 thedir wythoute armes but oonly our swerdes, and  
 4 vpon mewles / berynge roses in our handes / And  
 there we shall fynde the duke Naymes of bavyere, &  
 Ogier the dane, and all the xii. peres of Fraunce, that  
 shall receyve our othes.' Whan the lady vnderstode  
 8 these wordes / she was soo sore an angred therof that  
 almoste she had loste her wytte / and sayd to Rey-  
 nawde / 'Sir, yf ye wyll beleve me, ye shall not go one  
 fote there / For the playnes of Valcoloures are soo  
 12 dangerous / for there is a roche right highe, and there  
 ben foure grete woodes rounde aboute.<sup>1</sup> yf ye wyll  
 bileve me, ye shall take a daye for to speke wyth  
 Charlemagne here in the medowes of Mountalban;  
 16 and ye shall goo there mounted vpon bayarde, and  
 your brethern wyth you / and there ye maye conferme  
 your peas / or elles contynue your werre. and take  
 two thowsande knyghtes, & gyve theym to maugys  
 20 your cosin, whiche shall kepe them in a bussument  
 vpon the ryvage, yf it happe you to have nede; for  
 I doubte me sore of trayson. wherfore I praye you  
 that ye kepe your selfe well sure / For I dyd dreme to  
 24 nyghte a dreme, that was ferefull and merveyllous.  
 For me semed that I was atte the wyndowes of the  
 grete <sup>2</sup>palays, & sawe com oute of the grete wood of  
 Ardeyn well a thousande wylde bores / that had grete  
 28 & horryble teeth; the whiche slewe you / <sup>3</sup>and rented  
 your body all in peces;<sup>3</sup> and also I sawe that the grete  
 towre of Mountalban fell down to grounde / and,  
 moreover, I sawe a shot of adventure / that smote your  
 32 broder Alarde so harde that it perced his body through  
 and thrughe / and that the chapell of saynt Nycolas,  
 whiche is wythin this castell, felle down to therthe,

Reynawde tells her of the conditions made by Charlemagne.

She implores Reynawde not to go, as the plains of Vaucouleurs are so dangerous,

and wishes him to speak with the Emperor at Mountalban.

She relates her terrible dream to Reynawde, in which a thousand boars came from the forest of Arden, and rented his body in pieces,

and slew Alarde;

<sup>1</sup> Dont la maindre dure bien dix lieues, F. orig. l. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. O. i. back. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. vi. back.

and how two  
angels hung  
Richard to an  
apple tree.

and all the ymages that ben in it wepte for grete pyte.  
And that two angeles came doun from hevyn, that  
hanged your broder Richarde at an apull tree / and  
thenne the sayd Rycharde cryed wyth an hyghe 4  
voyce / Fayr broder Reynawde, come and helpe me!  
and Incontynente ye wente there vpon your horse  
Bayarde, but he felle doun by the waye vnder you  
wherfore ye myghte not come tyme ynoughe / wherof 8  
ye were full sory. And therefore, <sup>1</sup>good syre, <sup>1</sup>I coun-  
seylle you that ye goo not there.'

Reynawde will  
not listen or  
believe in the  
dream.

'L ady,' sayd Reynawde, 'holde your peas; For  
L who that beleveth over moche in dremes / he 12  
dooth agenste the commaundemente of god.' Thenne  
sayd Alarde, 'by the feyth that I owe to god / I shall  
never sette foote there.' 'nor I nother,' sayd Richarde /  
'Alas,' sayd thenne Guycharde / 'yf we muste goo 16  
there, lete vs not departe thyderwarde as men of  
counseille, but lete vs goo there like as prue and  
worthy knyghtes / havynge eche of vs his armes vpon  
hym, & well a horsbacke, <sup>1</sup>and not vpon mewles; <sup>1</sup> and 20  
that our broder Reynawde be well mounted vpon bay-  
arde, whiche <sup>2</sup> shall maye bere vs all four at a nede' /  
'by god,' sayd reynawd, 'ye shall say what ye wyll /  
but I shall goo there, as I have sayd: what soever 24  
happeth' / And thenne he wente out of his chambre,  
& came to kynge Yon / and sayd to hym, 'By god, I  
merveylle me moche of my bredern, that wyll not go  
wyth me, by cause <sup>3</sup>they have no horses wyth them. 28  
and yf it playse you, ye shall gyve vs leve to take eche  
of vs a horse, & ye shall kepe styll your eyghte erles  
wyth you / and we shall go there as ye have com-  
maunded vs' / 'I wyll not doo it,' sayd the kyng yon / 32  
'For the kyng Charlemagne doubteth you to sore, &  
your bredern, and your horses / and also I have gyven

The brethren all  
counsel Reynawde  
to go well armed,  
and on horseback.

Reynawde says he  
will go alone if  
the brethren are  
afraid;

he asks the King  
if they may take  
their horses.

John will not  
allow it,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. vi.      <sup>2</sup> shall may = be able.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. O. ii.

hostages & suretes <sup>1</sup>that ye shall bere noo maner of harneys wyth you, but oonly your swerdes, as I have tolde you afore / and that ye shall ride vpon mewles,

and says that he has given his word to Charlemagne that they shall go on mules.

4 and not vpon horses<sup>1</sup> / And yf ye goo there otherwyse arayed, Charlemagne shall thinke that I wil betraye hym, and so shall he dystroye all my londe / that shall be the payment that I shall have for you / I have 8 traveylled myselve full sore for to brynge you <sup>2</sup>& your bredern<sup>2</sup> atte one wyth Charlemagne ; and therefore, goo there yf ye wyll, and yf ye wyll not / leve it.'

**T**hene sayd Reynawde, 'Sir, syth that it is soo / 12 we shall goo there ;' and thenne he wente from king yon in to his chambre agayne / and fonde his wyff, that noble lady, alarde<sup>3</sup> & Richarde / that asked hym how he had doon / and if they sholde have his 16 goode horse bayarde wyth theym.' 'By god,' sayd Reynawde, 'I canne not have leve to doo so ; but, my bredern, doubte you not / for the kyng yon is as true a prynce ; and yf he sholde betraye vs / he sholde be 20 sore blamed for it, for he shall make vs to be conduytted by eyght of the moost grete erles of his royame / and god confounde me yf I sawe ever ony evyll doon by hym.' 'Syr,' sayd his bredern, 'we 24 shall goo gladly wyth you, sith that ye wyll have vs nedes to doo soo.' whan they were thus accorded herto / they wente to bed, & slepte vnto the daye appered / And whan Reynawde sawe the day, he rose vp, and 28 sayd to his bredern, 'Arise, syres, & make vs redy / for to goo there as we shold goo / for if Charlemagne be <sup>4</sup>soner to the playnes of Valcolours than we / he shall haply be angry for it.' 'Syre,' sayd his bredern, 'we 32 shall soone be redy.' and whan they were all redy, they went to the chirche of saynt Nycolas for to here

Reynawde then determines to go,

and tells his wife that John would never betray them, and that he will send eight Earls with them for safe conduct.

<sup>1-1</sup> que vous ny pourterez armes ne ne serez montez sur voz cheuaulx, F. orig. l. vi.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Guichart, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. O. ii. back.

masse / and whan [they] cam to the offrynge, Reynawde & his bredern offered many riche yeftes / And after the masse was doon<sup>1</sup> / they asked after theyr mewles, & incontynent they mounted vpon / and in their felaw- 4 shyp were eyghte erles / the whiche knewe all the maner of trayson. and whan they were all mounted they toke on theyr way, but the foure sones of Aymon were good to knowe by thother / for they had on grete 8 mauntelles of scarlet furred with ermynes / and bare in theyr handes roses in token of peas, and also theyr swerdes / for <sup>2</sup>they wold not girde theym.<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>Now god be wyth theym<sup>3</sup> / for if he kepe them not / they ben 12 in waye of perdicyon, and never to com agen to Montalban / Whan the kyng yon sawe theym thus goo, he felle down in a swoune more than four tymes, for the grete sorowe that he had atte his hert / <sup>4</sup>for how be it 16 that he had betrayed theym so / yet had he grete pite of theym<sup>4</sup> / but this that he had doon / evyll counseyll had made hym doo it / And thenne he began to make the grettest sorow in the worlde / and sayd / ‘Ha, 20 good lord, what have I doon / dyde ever ony man so grete a trayson as I have doon, nay vereli ; for I have betrayed the best knyghtes of y<sup>e</sup> worlde / and the most worthy / <sup>5</sup>and true.’<sup>5</sup> 24

The Sons mount their mules, and, accompanied by the eight Earls, depart from Montalban.

John sorrows over the Sons' departure because of his evil treason against them.

His folk comfort him, saying that Reynawde is too wise for harm to befall him.

**T**henne sayd his folke / ‘syre, ye doo not well to make suche a sorow, for Reynawde is / veri wyse ; and he shall perceyve it right soone.’ ‘Ha, god,’ sayd the kyng Yon / ‘were it as ye saye ; for I sholde be 28 more glad than yf I had wonne X. of the best citees of Fraunce ; for Reinawde is my frende & my broder. Ha, Mawgys, how shall ye be sori, whan ye shall

<sup>1</sup> chantee, F. orig. l. vii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> Ilz ne les volurent oncques laisser, F. orig. l. vii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> or en pense nostre seigneur qui prit mort et passion en la croix, F. orig. P. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> Car non obstant quil les auoit ainsi trahiz Il en auoit peur, F. orig. l. vii. <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

knowe this mater / Reynawd dyd grete foly / whan he  
toke <sup>1</sup>not your advyse in this thyng / for yf he had  
knownen of it ye sholde not have suffred hym [to] go  
4 there' / 'Lordes,' sayd y<sup>e</sup> kynge yon, 'I, poure wretche /  
whether shall I becom, if the four sones of Aymon  
deye / for mawgis shall slee me wythout merci / and  
also it is well rayson / for who that betraieith a nother  
8 & pryncipally his frende carnall ought not to lyve nor  
have ever any worshyp'<sup>2</sup> / but his folke toke hym vp  
incontynente & began to recomforte hym by many  
grete raysons <sup>3</sup>that thei layde afore hym.<sup>3</sup>

John fears the  
wrath of Mawgis  
should the Sons  
be slain.

12 **N**owe begynneth the piteouse histori of the four  
sones of aymon, that went to their dethe by the  
meanes of y<sup>e</sup> trayfour kyng yon / And because of the  
trayson *that* he commytted agenst the four sones of  
16 aymon / he loste the royaume of gascoyn, the name &  
the dygnyte therof<sup>4</sup> / for never sin that tyme was no  
kyng crowned in gascoyn. Now shall I telle you of Rey-  
nawde & of his bredern<sup>5</sup> / thenne rode Reynawde & his  
20 bredern towarde the playne of Valcoloures / and as they  
rode thiderwarde, Alarde began to synge <sup>6</sup>right swetly  
& ioyfull<sup>6</sup> a new song / and Guycharde & Richarde  
dide in lykewyse / but I telle you that no instrument  
24 of musike<sup>7</sup> sowned never so melodiously as the thre  
bredern dyd syngyng togider; alas, what pite was it  
of so noble & so worthy knyghtes *that* wente syngyng  
& makyng ioye to their deth; they were as the swan  
28 that syngeth that yere that he shal deye / Reynawde  
went behynde theym sore thynkyng; his hede bowed  
doun towarde therthe / and behelde his brethern that

The three brothers  
sing sweetly as  
they ride towards  
Vaucouleurs.

Reynawde rides  
behind, thinking  
sadly,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. O. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Et quant Il eut ce dit, Il cheut tout pasme a terre,  
F. orig. l. vii., omitted in Caxton.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. l. vii.

<sup>4</sup> de non jamais y auoir roy, F. orig. l. vii.

<sup>5</sup> que dieu vueille garder de mal et descombrier par sa  
pitie, F. orig. l. vii.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>7</sup> ne psalterion, F. orig.

rode forth makyng grete ioye / and he sayd / 'O god,  
 what knyghtes be my bredern, that there ben none  
 suche<sup>1</sup> in all the worlde, nother so gracyous' / and whan  
 he had sayd this, he set his handes togyder & heved 4  
 and weeping, them vp towarde hevyn, all wepyng / and sayd in  
 this maner, 'Good lorde, by thy glorious & blessed  
 name, <sup>2</sup>that dydest cast danyell out fro the lyons / and  
 delyverest Ionas fro the fysshes beli / and saved saynt 8  
 peter whan he caste hymselfe in the see for to com to  
 y<sup>e</sup>, and pardozned mari magdalene / and made y<sup>e</sup>  
 blynde to see / and suffred passion and dethe vpon the  
 crosse for our synnes / and pardozned lonugys<sup>3</sup> that 12  
 smote the wyth a spere <sup>4</sup>in to thy blessed side<sup>4</sup> / wherfro  
 thy blessed blood fell in to his eyen; and incontynent  
 he recovered his sighte therby / and by thy resurrec-  
 tyon / kepe this daye my body (yf it playse the) fro 16  
 deth & fro prison; and also my bredern, for I wote not  
 where we goo / but me semeth that we go in grete  
 peryle' / And whan he had fynysshed his oroyson, his  
 eyen wexed weete agen for pite that he had / leste his 20  
 brethern sholde have ony harme for love of hym / For  
 it playsed them not well that they were so bare of  
 their armes.

prays to God to  
 protect him and  
 his brethren from  
 all evil.

Alarde enquires of  
 him the cause of  
 his grief,

**T**henne whan alarde saw his broder Reynaude that 24  
 had his eyen full of teres, he sayd to hym, 'Ha,  
 broder,<sup>5</sup> what eylleth you / I have seen you in right  
 grete peryll, & a boutte a harde werke / but I sawe you  
 never make so yll chere as ye doo now, for I have seen 28  
 you wepe at this owre / Wherof I mervyll me gretly /  
 for I wote well for certeyn that ye wepe not wythoute  
 some grete occasion.' Thenne sayd Reynaud / 'fayr  
 broder, me ayллеth no thyng' / 'By the feyth that I 32  
 owe to you,' sayd alarde, 'ye wepe not for no thyng.

<sup>1</sup> si bons, F. orig. l. viii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. O. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Longius.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> beau sire Regnault, F. orig. l. viii. back.



This is the day that we sholde be attone wyth kyng Charlemagne; so praye I you for god, my dere broder, that ye leve this sorow / and lete vs goo forth merely,

4 & bere oute a good face as longe as we ben alyve / for after that a man is ones decessed / it is no more spoken of him. And thus I praye you, broder, that ye synge wyth vs; For ye have soo fayr a voyce, that it is a

8 grete playsure for to here you syng, whan ye be wyllynge to it.' 'Brother,' sayd Reynawde, 'wyth a goode [will,] syth <sup>1</sup>that it playseth you.' And thenne began Reynawde for to synge soo melediously that it was

12 grete playsure for to here hym. Soo longe rode the four sones <sup>2</sup>of Aymon<sup>2</sup> the lityll pase of their mewles, syngynge & devysynge amonge theym selfe, that they came to the playne of Valcolours / Now wyll I telle you of

16 the facyon of the valey. For wyte, that yf I telled you not / ye sholde not maye<sup>3</sup> knowe it / There is a roche right hie and noyous to goo vp / and it is envyronned rounde aboute wyth four grete<sup>2</sup> forestes ryght grete &

20 thyck, for the leest is there a dayes journey to ryde thorughe it; and there ben four grete ryvers all aboute it sore depe / wherof y<sup>e</sup> gretest is named Gyrounde; the other is called Dordonne; the thirde is named

24 Nore / and the other Balancon; and there is nother castell nor towne<sup>4</sup> by XX myles nyghe aboute it. And therefore the trayson was there devysed / for this playne <sup>2</sup>of Valcolours<sup>2</sup> was ferre from all folke / and there was

28 a waye crossed in four / the one waye was towarde Fraunce, the other in to Spayne / <sup>5</sup>the other<sup>5</sup> in to Galyce, and the fourth in to Gascoyn. And at every one of thyse foure wayes was layde a busschement of

32 V hundred men well horsed <sup>2</sup>and armed,<sup>2</sup> for to take Reynawde & his bredern quycke or deed; for thus had

and begs him to show a good face as long as they are alive.

Reynawde sings to gladden them,

and thus they reach the plain of Vaucouleurs.

The valley is surrounded by four great forests,

and there is no town within twenty miles;

the plain is crossed by four ways,

and there are in ambush five hundred men at each of these ways, ready to slay the Sons.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. O. iv.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> be able.      <sup>4</sup> ne nulle habitacion, F. orig. l. viii.

<sup>5-5</sup> le tiers, F. orig. l. viii.

Ogier, when he sees the Sons approach, tells his folk not to attack them;

so they pass without harm, and reach the middle of the plain, where they find no one.

Richard begins to suspect that they are betrayed,

and asks Reynawde why they tarry here longer.

they sworne it, and promysed to kynge Charlemagne. Thenne cam there Reynawde & his bredern wyth theyr felawshyp of eyghte erles, that the kyng yon<sup>1</sup> of Gascoyn<sup>1</sup> had take to theym, the whiche wyst well all the mys- 4 tery of this trayson. And incontynent Ogier, the daue, sawe theym firste of all / the whiche was all abashed / and sayd to his folke, 'Fayr lordes, ye ben my men, my subgettes, & my frendes; ye knowe that Reynawde 8 is my cosin, & I oughte not to see his dethe nor his dommage. Wherfore I praye you all that ye wyll doo hym no harme at all, nor to none<sup>2</sup> of his bredern, <sup>1</sup>my cosyns'<sup>1</sup> / They answerd all, that they sholde doo his 12 commaundement wyth a goode wyll / This hangynge, Reynawde & his brethern passed by and wente in to the myddes of the playne.

**T**henne whan Reynawde & his brethern were com 16 there, and fonde noo body / they were of it sore abasshed / And after, whan Alarde saw this / he called his brother Rycharde, and sayd to hym / 'What is this, fayr brother, I see well that we ben betrayed / 20 for I see you chaunge your colour / how thynke ye?' 'Brother,' sayd Richarde,<sup>3</sup> 'I doubte me sore for reynawde.' 'Have noo doubte,' sayd Alarde; 'for we shall have no thyng but goode' / 'My brother,' sayd 24 Rycharde,<sup>3</sup> 'I promyse you all, my herte shaketh / nor never in my dayes I had not soo grete feere; For all my heeres rise vp / Wherof I doubte me sore that we ben betrayed / And that more is, I sholde not be aferde 28 yf Reynawde were armed and set vpon bayarde, and we also; for thus as we ben now, we ben halfe discomfyted' / And whan he had sayd thus, he spake to Reynawde and sayd / 'Brother, why do we tarry here, sith 32 that we have founde noo body<sup>1</sup> wyth whom we sholde speke'<sup>1</sup> for yf xx knyghtes were here armed / they

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. O. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> Guichard, F. orig. m. i. back.

sholde have vs where they wolde, mawgre our teeth  
 as bestes / seenge that we have so many enmyes in  
 Fraunce. Ye wolde not beleve this that we tolde you /  
 4 and also your wyf at Mountalban / wherof I fere me  
 sore that ye shall have no leyser for to repente you of  
 it / For yf our cosyn mawgis had ben here wyth vs /  
 and that ye had your goode horse bayarde / <sup>1</sup>we sholde  
 8 not doubte Charlemagne wyth all his puissaunce, of a  
 strawe<sup>1</sup> / I praye you lete vs goo hens, for I promyse  
 you it is foly for to abyde here long; for I know well  
 that charlemagne hath made vs for to com here as bestes  
 12 clothed with scarlet / nor I can not beleve none <sup>2</sup>other /  
 but that the kyng Yon hath falsly <sup>3</sup>betrayed vs' /  
 ' Certes, fayr brother, ye say trouth,' sayd Rey-  
 nawde / 'and I perceyve me well of it / now  
 16 lete vs goo backe agen all fayr & softe / and as they  
 wolde have retourned,' Reynawde hehelde a side &  
 saw well a thousande knyghtes armed, comynge a grete  
 paas agenst them / And foulques of morillon cam  
 20 afore all the other, well horsed, his shelde afore hys  
 breste, & <sup>4</sup>his spere alowe in the reest, the grete valop  
 agenste Reynawde; <sup>4</sup>for he was that man in the worlde  
 that he mooste hated. Whan Reynawd sawe com  
 24 foulques of morillon, he knewe hym well at his shelde,  
 and was so an-angred for it that he wyste not what to  
 doo. 'Ha, good lord, what shall we poure synners  
 doo? I see well *that* we must deye this day withoute  
 28 doubte' / 'Broder,' sayd Alarde, 'what saye ye' / 'by  
 my feyth,' sayd Reynawde, 'I see here grete sorow.  
 Here cometh foulques of morillon for to slee vs; and  
 whan alarde had seen them comyng<sup>5</sup> / it lacked lityll  
 32 that he wexed madde, and fell doun almost for grete

Reynawde would  
 have returned,  
 but perceives  
 Foulques of  
 Morillon with a  
 thousand knights  
 approach,

and knows that  
 they come to slay  
 him.

<sup>1</sup>—1 nous ne doubterions Charlemaigne ung bouton, F. orig.  
 m. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. O. v. <sup>3</sup> et maulement, F. orig. m. i. back.

<sup>4</sup>—4 la lance baisse contre Regnault, F. orig. m. i.

<sup>5</sup> comyng, orig.

angre that he had of the same / and whan guycharde & Richarde sawe this, they began to make grete sorow. For they scratched theyr vysages & pulled theyr heeres / And whan alarde was a lityll assured / he sayd / 'Ha, 4 fayr brethern, guycharde & rycharde / now is the day com that we shall deye all thrughe mortall<sup>1</sup> treyson ; for I knowe well that Reynawde hath betrayed vs, and certes I wolde never have thoughte that ony treyson 8 sholde have entred wythin so noble a man as he is ; he made vs come here agenst our wylles & mawgre vs, by cause he knoweth well the trayson. Ha, Reynawde, the sone of Aymon of ardeyne / and who shall 12 ever truste ony man / whan ye that are our broder, and that we take for our lord / have brought vs hider magre vs to our deth / and have betrayed vs so falsly' / 'O richarde,' sayd alarde, 'draw <sup>2</sup>oute your swerde<sup>3</sup> / 16 by god, the traytour shall deye wyth vs. For well ought the traytour to deye that hathe procured so mortall a treyson.' Whan alarde had sayd this, they all thre dyde set hande to their swerdes & cam to Rey- 20 nawde for to sle hym yrefully,<sup>4</sup> & sore an-angred as lyons ; for they trowed for very certen that Reynaud had betrayed theym. Whan reynaude sawe theym com thus / he made semblaunt to defende hymself / 24 but loughe at theym by grete love. 'alas,' sayd richarde, 'what had I thoughte? I wolde not slee my broder for all the good in y<sup>e</sup> worlde' / and so sayd alarde & guycharde ; for thei were sore repented of 28 this that they had enterprised for to doo / and they began all for to wepe for pite, & caste their swordes down to therthe, & kyssed reynawde, sore wepyng. And alarde sayd, 'ha, good Reynawd, whi have you 32 betrayed vs so ? / we be nother normans nor englyshe, nor almayns ;<sup>5</sup> but we be all bredern of one fader & of

The three brethren think that Reynawde has betrayed them,

and prepare to kill him in great anger.

Reynawde laughs for love of them.

They perceive his love for them, and throw down their swords.

<sup>1</sup> motarll, *orig.*    <sup>2</sup> Fol. O. v. back.    <sup>3</sup> du fourreau, F. orig. m. i.  
<sup>4</sup> comme lyons, F. orig. m. i.    <sup>5</sup> Flamans, F. orig. m. i.

one moder / and we holde you for our lord. For god,  
 brother Reynawde, tell vs of whens cometh this tray-  
 son / we ben com of so noble kyn, of gerarde of rous-  
 4 sellon, & of dron of nantuell, & of the duk benes of  
 aygremounte, and never none of our lynage thought no  
 treyson / and how have ye doon so that have procured  
 it now / <sup>1</sup>agenst your naturell brethern ;<sup>1</sup> certes it is a  
 8 grete fawte to you.'

'**B**rother,' sayd Reynawd, 'I have more grete pite of  
 you than I have of my owne self / for I have  
 brought you here agenste your wyll ; and yf I had  
 12 beleved you, this myshap had not com to vs. I have  
 brought you here, and I promyse you I shall brynge  
 you agen from hens, wyth goddys grace. Recomendē  
 our self to our lorde, and thynke for to deffende vs  
 16 well, and feere not the dethe for our worshyp ; For  
 ones we must deye wythoute faylle. But it is goode  
<sup>2</sup>to gete worshyp' / 'Broder,' sayd Richarde, 'shall ye  
 helpe vs?' / 'ye,' sayd Reynawd, 'doubt not therof' /  
 20 and whan he had that sayd, he tordē towarde therles,  
 & sayd to them / 'fayr lordes, the kyng yon hath sent  
 you wyth vs for to conduyt vs, & under the surete of  
 you we be com here to lese our lyves / And therfor  
 24 I pray you that wyll helpe vs' / 'Reynawde,' sayd  
 therle of ansom / 'It is not for vs to bargayn here  
 long / but lete vs all flee for to save ourself, & we  
 maye' / thenne sayd Reynawd / 'by my hede, ye be  
 28 all traytours, and I shall smyte of all your hedes' /  
 'Broder,' sayd alarde, 'what tary ye soo long, for they  
 be well worthy to deye / sith that they ben traitours.'  
 and whan Reynawde vnderstode that worde of his  
 32 broder / he set hande to his swerde, & smote therle of  
 ansom so grete a stroke vpon the hede that he cloved  
 hym to the harde teeth, & it was well rayson, for it  
 was he that counseyllēd this trayson to the kyngē yon ;

Reynawde says  
 that he grieves  
 for them, as it is  
 his fault that they  
 are here,

but encourages  
 them to fight  
 well, and to die  
 honourably ;

he demands of the  
 Earls that they  
 shall help him.

Ansom says they  
 must fly and save  
 themselves.

Reynawde then  
 slays him for his  
 treason,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. O. vi.

and the rest fly,  
pursued by  
Reynawde,

whose mule falls  
under him;

he laments the  
absence of  
Bayard.

Guycharde ad-  
vises their imme-  
diate flight,

but Reynawde  
would rather die  
than fly shame-  
fully.

They confess one  
to the other,

that was the rewarde that he had for the first / Whan  
therle of ansom was thus slayn / the other vii began to  
flee, and Reynawde ran after; but he coude not renne  
fast; for his mewle was to sore lade of the weyghte of 4  
his body / so that the beest fell down under hym / for  
Reynawde,<sup>1</sup> to say the trouthe, was <sup>2</sup>so bygge made &  
so grete,<sup>2</sup> that no horse myghte bere hym but oonly  
bayarde. For as it is sayd / Reynawde had xvi. fete 8  
of lengthe, & was well shape of body after y<sup>e</sup> gretnes.  
**T**henne whan Reynawd sawe hymselfe a grounde,  
he stode vp lightly <sup>3</sup>wyth his mewle,<sup>3</sup> & sayd /  
'Ha, bayarde, my good horse, that I am not on your 12  
backe armed of all peces, for, or ever that I sholde be  
overcom / I sholde sell my deth full dere. Alas, none  
ought not to complayne my deth, sith that I have pur-  
chaced it myself' / 'Broder,' sayd guycharde, 'what 16  
shal we doo? here by<sup>4</sup> our enmyes evyn by vs: Yf ye  
thynke it good, lete vs adventure to passe over this  
ryver, & go vpon <sup>5</sup>that highe roche / and soo we shall  
maye save our selfe' / 'Goo foole,' <sup>6</sup>sayd Reynawde,<sup>6</sup> 20  
'what saye ye / ye wote well that our mewles myght  
not renne before the horses / what sholde avaylle vs for  
to flee, sith that we myght not save ourselfe / Certes I  
sholde not flee for all y<sup>e</sup> world / I have lever deye 24  
wyth my worshyp / than I sholde lyve wyth grete  
shame; for he that deyeth in fleynge, his soule shall  
never be saved.' Thus as Reynawde spake to his broder  
Richarde,<sup>6</sup> alarde sayd to hym, 'broder Reynawde, 28  
lete vs lighte from our mewlis a fote, & shryve our selfe  
the one to thother,<sup>7</sup> to thende that we be not overcom  
by the devyll.' 'Frende,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye  
well & wysely.' and they dyde as Alarde had devysed / 32

<sup>1</sup> le filz aymon, F. orig. m. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> si grant, F. orig, m. ii. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> be. <sup>5</sup> Fol. O. vi. back. <sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. m. ii.

<sup>7</sup> Et comunions nous de feuilles du boys a celle fin que nous ne foyons surprins de l'enemy, F. orig. m. ii.

And whan they were confessed thone to thother /  
 Reynawd sayd to his bredern, 'Lordes, lete vs doo  
 suche a thyng / wherof we shall gete worshyp, sith it is  
 4 soo that we maye not scape / lete vs kylle theym that  
 com firste vpon vs / And we shall have avantage vpon  
 thoder; and goddis curse have hym that shal feyne  
 hym selfe.'

and Reynawde  
 counsels them to  
 kill all their  
 enemies who shall  
 first approach.

8 **T**henne whan Alarde herde Reinawde speke thus /  
 he colled hym wyth his armes, and kyssed hym  
 all wepynge, and sayd to hym / 'Broder, we ben two  
 & two. I praye you that thone faylle not to helpe the  
 12 other aslong that lyf is in our bodyes.' 'brother,' sayd  
 thother, 'we shall helpe you wyth all our myghte' /  
 and thenne they wente & kyssed Reynawde by grete  
 love. and after, whan they had kyssed eche other /  
 16 they toke of their mauntelles & wrapped theym aboute  
 their lifte armes / and toke their swerdes in their  
 handes, and beganne to crie, & called their badges &  
 tokens. Reynawde cried 'montalban' / alarde 'saynt  
 20 nycolas,' guyarde 'balancon' / & y<sup>e</sup> gentil richarde /  
 'ardeyn,' whiche was the badge or token of their fader  
 aymon. Whan Foulques of Moryllon sawe the four  
 1<sup>s</sup>ones of Aymon comyng towarde hym all vnarmed /  
 24 and vpon mewles so boldly / he was all abashed of it /  
 Thenne he began to crye, and saye, 'Reynawde /  
 Reynawde, ye are come to your dethe; and I promyse  
 you, he that moste loveth you hath betrayed you, that  
 28 is the kyng Yon / but have pacyence, for I shall set to  
 your necke an halter / Now have you not your horse  
 bayarde / the whiche ye have ryden vpon wrongfully /  
 Now shall be avenged the deth of Berthelot, that ye  
 32 slewe.<sup>2</sup> Reynawde, what shall ye doo: wyll ye deffende  
 or yelde you? but your deffence shall be not worthe  
 to you / And yf ye make ony semblaunt to defende  
 your selfe / I shall slee you Incontynente.'

The four brethren  
 vow to defend  
 each other,

and then take  
 their swords,  
 each crying on  
 his own banner.

Foulques of  
 Moryllon derides  
 Reynawde,

saying he will put  
 a halter round his  
 neck, or slay him  
 immediately.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. O. vii.    <sup>2</sup> faulcement, F. orig. m. iii. back.

‘Foulques,’ said Reynawde / ‘ye speke well like a beste; and trowe you that I shall yelde me quycke to Charlemagne or to you / I shall first smyte of your hede, and the helme wythall / yf I can retche 4 to you. ye knowe well how my swerde cutteth / By god, Foulques,’ said Reynawde, ‘ye are gretly to be blamed for to have gyven the counseyll for to make vs to be betrayed by the kyng Yon / For it is the 8 fouleste crafte that a knyght may for to doo treyson. But doo as a gentyman oughte to doo / to the ende that men say not that it is treyson, yf ye wyll lete vs goo / we shall be all four redy to become liegemen of 12 the kyng Charlemagne, and I shall gyve you my horse Bayarde / the whiche I gaaf not for all the golde <sup>1</sup>in the worlde; and also I shall gyve you y<sup>e</sup> stronge castell Montalban. and yf the kyng Charlemagne 16 maketh werre agenst you for love of vs / we shall serve you wyth fyve<sup>2</sup> hundred knyghtes well armed & well horsed ever more / and yf it playse you, ye shall save vs our lyves / And yf ye wyll not doo this / doo a 20 nother thyng that I shall telle you,<sup>3</sup> for to kepe you to be not called a traytour / Chese XX <sup>4</sup>knyghtes of the beste that ye have / and put theym in a felde well armed vpon good horses / & we four shall fyght wyth theym 24 vnarmed as we be, vpon our mewles. And yf your XX. knyghtes well armed & well horsed may overcom me & my bredern, though we have no harnes vpon vs / we pardozne theym our deth; and yf god wyll that we 28 sholde overcom theym / that ye sholde thenne lete vs go free where we wolde / it is that I requyre you, for<sup>5</sup> goddys love & for your worshyp, & no more. and yf ye doo not so, ye shall be taken for an ylle knyghte 32 all dayes of your liff’ / ‘By god, Reynawde,’ said

Reynawde blames Foulques for his treachery in betraying them to John,

and offers him terms of peace.

<sup>1</sup> de Paris, F. orig. m. iii.      <sup>2</sup> quatre, F. orig. m. iii.

<sup>3</sup> pour vous oster de blasme, F. orig. m. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. O. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> pour dieu et pour aulmosne, F. orig. m. iii.



foulques, 'your prechyng shall not avaylle you no thyng / for I have lever to have founde you now in this araye / than *that* I hadde wozne an 'hundred  
 4 thousande marke of fyne golde.<sup>1</sup> Now is your cosin, the wyse Mawgis, ferre fro you; he can not give you no counseyll at this hour / and also all your folke be well ferre fro you / they shall not gyve you no socours /  
 8 And also I knowe the goodnes of my men, & that they have promysed the kyng Charlemagne / that they shall not faylle to assayll you worthily.' 'By my feyth,' sayd Reynawde, 'and we shall defende ourselfe also to  
 12 our power.' Thenne sayd Alarde to Reynawde / 'broder, what ordenaunce shall we kepe?' 'broder,' sayd Reynawd, 'we shall kepe fote two & two. ye & Guycharde shall be behynde, and I & Richarde shall  
 16 make the forwarde; and lete vs smyte well harde, I praye you: For the tyme is now come that we must nedes doo so / and make we that thyng that shall be lefte in perpetuell memory to them that shall be after  
 20 vs / sith that by no wyse we maye not scape.' 'Fair broder,' sayd Alarde to Guycharde, 'ye were well deceyved, for that ye trowed that reynawd had betrayed vs / I promyse you he wolde not doo it for all the  
 24 golde of the worlde.' 'By my feyth,' sayd thenne Guycharde <sup>2</sup>to Alarde,<sup>2</sup> 'I <sup>3</sup>am now well hole, sith that our dere breder Reynawde shall be to our helpe; for aslonge as he shall be alyve, we shall deffende ourselfe,  
 28 but not after, for though I myght chose, I wolde not lyve after he were deed.' And whan he had sayd this, they medled theymsel among their *enmyes*. Shortly to speke of, the four sones of Aymon assembled  
 32 wel agenst thre hundred good knyghtes / But their corages were never the lesse therefore aslonge as they had lyfe in the body, but that they shewed to their

Foulques will not hear of such conditions, and says he would rather have found Reynawde in this manner than have won a thousand marks of gold.

The brethren then prepare to fight,

and go into the midst of their enemies against five hundred knights.

<sup>1</sup>-1 mille marcs dor, F. orig. m. iii.

<sup>2</sup>-2 omitted, F. orig. m. iv. back.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. O. viii.

enmyes a knyghtes face / whan Foulques of moryllon  
 sawe Reynawde com / he spored his horse wyth the  
 spores & bare his speere a lowe, and went & smote  
 Reynawde by the mauntell of scarlet that was aboute 4  
 his arme so grete a stroke that his spere entred thrughe  
 his thye, & overthrew bothe hym & his mewle to  
 therthe. Whan Alarde sawe that stroke / he cried  
 sore, & sayd, ' alas, we have lost Reynawde our broder, 8  
 that was all our hope & our socour; now maye we not  
 scape / but that we shall be deed or taken, and it  
 is better that we yelde us prisoners at this tyme, thenne  
 to defende vs ony more / <sup>1</sup>For sith it is so, our defence 12  
 shall helpe vs no thyng agenst so many folke.' <sup>1</sup> And  
 whan Reynawde vnderstode that worde of his broder,  
 he cried to hym wyth a hie voys, & sayd, ' Fy vpon  
 you, gloton! what is that ye say? I have no harme 16  
 yet, but I am all hole as ye ben / <sup>1</sup>thankd be god<sup>1</sup> /  
 and yet shall I selle me full dere or I deye' / And  
 whan Reynawd had sayd this, he rose vp quyckly, &  
 toke the spere wyth bothe his handes / and pulled it 20  
 out of his thye wyth grete greef / and after set hande  
 to his swerde, And sayd to Foulques of moryllon,  
 'knyghte, yf ye wyll doo like a good man, lyghte  
 a fote as I am / And ye shall knowe what I canne 24  
 doo' / Whan Foulques of Moryllon vnderstode hym /  
 he tourned vpon hym sore an-angred / and thoughte <sup>2</sup>to  
 have smytten hym vpon his hede; but Reynawde  
 drewe a lityl aside, and went & gaaf to Foulques suche 28  
 a stroke vpon his helme, <sup>3</sup>that nother yren nor stele  
 myghte not save hym; <sup>3</sup> but that Reynawd clove hym  
 into the harde teeth, and felde hym deed to the erthe /  
 & whan he saw hym falle, he sayd to hym / ' Now 32  
 vnhappy traytour, that thy soule maye have no  
 pardonne, but goo to the pyt of helle' / And whan he

Foulques spurs  
his horse towards  
Reynawde,

and overthrows  
him.

Alarde, in great  
fear, cries out that  
his brother is  
slain.

Reynawde re-  
bukes him, and  
rising quickly,  
draws his sword,

and asks Foulques  
to dismount also  
and fight him on  
foot.

Foulques tries to  
slay him at these  
words,

but Reynawde  
escapes,  
and with one  
stroke lays the  
traitor dead upon  
the ground;

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. m. iv. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. O. viii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> que rien ne le sceust garder, F. orig. m. iv. back.

had sayd that, he toke the horse of Foulques, that was  
 right good / and light vpon it incontynent; and toke  
 his sheelde and his spere / that Foulques had shoved  
 4 thrughe his thighe. & thenne he sayd to his bredern /  
 ‘Be ye all sure that aslong as I am a lyve ye shall  
 have no harme / but the frenshmen shal saye that they  
 have an yll neyghbour of me.’ And wyte it, whan he  
 8 was on horsbacke, he was not well at ease / by cause  
 that the stioppes were to short for hym. But he had  
 other thyng to doo / than to make theim lenger. and  
 1 whan he was thus set on horsbacke,<sup>1</sup> he made his horse  
 12 to renne, & helde his spere alowe / and wente & met  
 wyth therle Angenon by suche maner that he put  
 bothe yren and wood thrughe the breste of hym,  
 so that he muste falle doun deed fro the horse to the  
 16 grounde afore his foote / And after, Reynawde set  
 hande to his swerde, and smote a knyghte suche a  
 stroke that his helme <sup>2</sup>myghte not save hym, but cleved  
 hym to the teth. What shall I telle you more? Now  
 20 wyte it that at that tyme Reynawde slewe <sup>1</sup>wyth his  
 owne handes<sup>1</sup> four erles / iij dukes, & <sup>3</sup>VI knyghtes /  
 and after he began to crie ‘Montalban’ wyth a hie voys.  
 And after his crie, he went and smote Roberte the lorde  
 24 of dygeon, that was sone to the duk of Burgoyne,<sup>4</sup> so  
 that the hede with the helme he made it lepe to the  
 grounde. and after he slewe a nother sterke deed /  
<sup>5</sup>that cam to rescue the sayd lorde.<sup>5</sup>  
 28 <sup>6</sup>**A**nd whan Reynawde had doon thise noble prowes /  
 he behelde aboute hym / and trowed to have  
 seen his brethern thenne: but he sawe none of theym /  
 wherof he was sore abashed. ‘O god,’ sayd he,  
 32 ‘where are my bredern goon, now be they well ferre  
 from me; we shall never com togyder agayn’ / And

he takes the horse  
of Foulques,

his shield and  
spear,

and goes towards  
Earl Angenon,  
whom he also  
slays;

and overthrows  
Robert of Dijon.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> myhgte, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> onze, F. orig. m. iv.

<sup>4</sup> si durement, F. orig.

<sup>5-5</sup> *encontre luy en grant angoisse*, F. orig. m. iv.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. P. i.

Alarde then comes  
to him, who has  
also won a horse,

and Richard and  
Guicharde appear.

They make great  
havoc among the  
Frenchmen,

who say they  
must be devils  
to fight so  
marvellously.

The Sons are  
parted after this,

but Reynawde  
and Alarde come  
out of the  
skirmish safely.

Guicharde is  
taken prisoner,  
having lost his  
mule, and is  
bound and laid on  
a horse by the  
Frenchmen,

who beat him,  
and say he shall  
be hung by  
Charlemagne.

than cam there Alarde, that in lyke wyse had wonne a  
horse / the shelde and the spere, for he had slayne  
a knyghte / and had taken his horse, but he was sore  
hurte / Nevertheles he came, and helde syde wyth his 4  
broder / <sup>1</sup>and Richarde<sup>1</sup> & Guycharde came soone at  
the other syde / Thenne Alarde sayd to Reynawde /  
' Brother, be all sure that we shall never faylle you to  
the deth ' / And whan the four brethern were assembled 8  
togyder agayne / they began to make soo grete destruc-  
tion of frenshemen, that none durste abyde theym / For  
all they that they hitte, scaped not the deth / whan the  
frenshemen sawe this, they were mervyllled / and sayd 12  
thone to the other / ' By my soule, this passeth all other  
wounder ; I trowe that they ben noo knyghtes, but that  
they ben devylles / now lete vs make to theym a sawte  
bothe behynde & before, For yf they lyve longe / they 16  
shall doo vs grete hurte ' / And whan they were herto  
accorded, they ran all vpon the four sones of Aymon soo  
harde that they parted theym, wo'ld they or not / But  
Reynawde passed thurgh the them all, and brought hym- 20  
self oute of the prees, and Alarde after hym / And  
Rycharde retorned fleenge towarde the roche Mount-  
bron / and Guycharde abode there on fote / for the  
frenshemen had slayen his mewle vnder hym / and 24  
had wounded hym wyth two speres well depe in to  
the flesshe, & was taken for prysoner ;<sup>2</sup> & they bonde  
hym both hande and fote / and layed hym vpon a  
lityll horse overhwarte / like as a sacke of corne, soo 28  
wounded as he was / and I promyse you men myghte  
well folow<sup>3</sup> hym bi the trase, by cause of the blode that  
cam out of his body ; and so led hym soo shamfully as  
that it had be a theef, & went all betyng vpon hym, 32  
sayng to hym, that they led him to Charlemagne / the  
whiche sholde make hym to be hanged, for to avenge

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. m. iv.      <sup>2</sup> vouldist ou non, orig. m. iv.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. P. i. back.

the dethe of his dere newew Berthelot, that he loved soo moche / the whiche Reynawde slewe soo shamfully playng at the chesse.

- 4 **A**nd whan Reynawde sawe that his enmyes led his broder <sup>1</sup>Guycharde<sup>1</sup> so shamfully, he waxed almost mad for angre / and called his brother alarde to hym, & sayd / 'Fayr brother, what shall we doo? see  
8 how shamfully they fare wyth our broder <sup>1</sup>guycharde.<sup>1</sup> Yf we suffre theym to bryng hym forth of this facyon / we shall never have worshyp in our dayes' / 'Brother,' sayd alarde, 'I wote not what we maye best doo, for to  
12 abide, or for to goo to theym / For I telle you *that* we be no moo but two, and they be so grete nombre<sup>2</sup> of folke that we can doo no thyngge agenste theym' / 'O god,' sayd Reinawde, 'what shall I doo yf the kyng  
16 Charlemagne make my brother to be hanged / I shall never be at my hertes ease / nor I shall never com to no court, but men shall poynte me wyth the fynger / and shall say : "see, yonder is the sone of Aymon, that  
20 lete his brother to be hanged to the pyn tre of Mount-facon / and he durst not socour hym." Certes,' sayd Reynawde to alarde / 'broder, I had lever deye firste / but yf I sholde rescue our brother fro deth.' 'Broder,'  
24 sayd alarde, 'now set yourselfe afore, and I shall folowe you, & after my power I wyll helpe you to rescue hym' / and whan Reynawde herde that, he caste his shelde behynde hym / and habandouned his body all  
28 boldly as a lyon, and cared not how the game sholde goo; for ye sawe never wood men hewe in a forest, nor make so<sup>3</sup> grete noyse as Reynawde made wyth his swerde amonge his en<sup>4</sup>myes, for he cutted and hewed  
32 legges and armes by suche wyse<sup>5</sup> that no man sholde beleve it / but they that see it.<sup>5</sup> Thus made Reynawde

Reynawde asks Alarde how they may succour Guycharde, for to let him die shamefully would be treason.

Alarde says he will follow Reynawde to his brother's rescue.

1-1 omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> nombre in Caxton.

<sup>3</sup> se, orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. P. ii.

5-5 que cest chose Increable, F. orig. m. v.

at that tyme that the frenshemen must nedes make hym waye to passe, whether they wolde or noo. And many made hym waye for the love of Ogier / for they knewe well that the four sones of aymon were his cosins. 4  
 and whan Reynawde was passed, he sayd to theym that led <sup>1</sup>his brother<sup>1</sup> guycharde, 'Lete goo the knyghte, ye yll folkes, for ye be not worthy to touche hym' / and whan they that ledded guycharde sawe com Reynawde / they were sore afrayed, that they put theym selfe to flighte, & lefte Guycharde free, & sayd the one to the other, 'Here cometh the ende of the worlde' / and whan Reynawde sawe that they fled, he sayd to 12 alarde, 'Goo ye, fayr brother, and vnbynde guycharde <sup>1</sup>our brother,<sup>1</sup> and sette hym vpon this horse / and gyve hym a spere in his hande, and com after me, for the traytours ben discomfited.' 'Brother,' sayd alarde, 'I 16 shall goo where it playse you / but I telle you yf we parte one from thother, we shall never come togider agen / seenge that we be so fewe & so yll armed / but lete vs kepe togyder / and helpe thone the other' / 20 'Brother,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye well & wysely; and we shall doo it.' And thenne they wente bothe togyder to Guycharde / and vnbounde hym / and made hym mounte on horsbacke, the shelde at the necke, and 24 the spere in the hande / Now goo there [the] thre brethern togyder / and the fourthe fyghteth agenste a grete nombre of folke / that was the valyaunt Rycharde / that was the mooste worthy of all <sup>1</sup>after his brother 28 Reynawde.<sup>1</sup> But men had slayne his mewle vnder hym / and was wounded ryght sore. But he had slayn fyve erles / and well xiiii. knyghtes<sup>2</sup> / wherof he was soo sore traveylled / and soo wery, that he myghte not 32 almoste deffende hym selfe no more, but went <sup>3</sup>rounde aboute the roche / And thenne cam Gerarde of Val-

The Frenchmen  
out of love for  
Ogier, let the  
brethren pass,

and the folk who  
lead Guycharde  
fly for fear of  
Reynawde.

Guycharde is set  
free,  
and mounted on  
horseback.

The valiant  
Richard has  
slain meanwhile  
five Earls and  
fourteen knights,  
but from weariness  
can defend  
himself no more.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> knihtes in Caxton.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. P. ii, back.

come, that was cosyn to Foulques of morillon / the  
 whiche he had founde deed, wherof he made grete  
 sorowe / and sayd / 'Ha, gentyll knyghte, it is grete  
 4 *dommage* of your dethe. Certes, he that hath broughte  
 you to this deth is not my frende. Now shall I  
 avenge me yf I maye.' and thenne he came to the  
 roche. And whan he saw Richarde in soo grete greef,  
 8 he spored his horse wyth his spores, and bare his spere  
 alowe, and smote Richarde thorughe the mauntell of  
 scarlet / that he had wrapped aboute his lyfte<sup>1</sup> arme  
 soo harde, that the spere entred ferre in his body, soo  
 12 moche that he brought hym to the erthe / and as he  
 drewe his spere agayne / the guttes of Richarde came  
 oute of the body in to his lappe; and the wounde was  
 soo grete that the lyver and the louniges appyered.  
 16 Thenne beganne Gerarde to crye / 'Now are dyscoupled  
 the foure sones of Aymon, for I have slayne Richarde  
 the hardy fyghter; all the other shall sone be slayne or  
 taken / yf god gyve me helthe. And I shall brynge  
 20 theym to the kynge Charlemagne / <sup>2</sup>that shall make  
 theym to be hanged atte Muntfacon, as sone as he  
 hath theym.'<sup>2</sup>

**T**henne whan Rycharde was come a lityll to his  
 24 ease, he rose vp quyckely vpon his feete / and  
 toke his bowelles wyth both his handes and put them  
 agayn in to his bely; and after set hande to his  
 swerde, and came to Gerarde, and sayd to hym in  
 28 grete angre / 'Thou cursed man, thou shalte have thy  
 rewarde anone for that ye have doon to me. For,  
 certes, it shall not be vmbrayed to Reynawde that ye  
 have slayne his brother.' And whan he had sayd  
 32 thus, he smote Gerarde thrughe the quyras / and  
 thorughe the shelde, soo grete a stroke / that he hewed  
 the sholdre and the arme wyth all from the body,

Gerard of Val-  
come grieves  
over the death of  
Foulques;

he perceives  
Richard,

and with his spear  
wounds him  
terribly,

then cries out  
that he has slain  
one of the Sons  
of Aymon.

Richard rises  
from the ground,

and slays Gerard  
with one stroke;

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> qui les mectra a montfacon, F. orig. m. vi. back.

& felled hym down deed to the erthe <sup>1</sup>afore his feete /  
 and thenne sayd to hym / ' Certes, Gerarde, it had be  
 better for you that ye had not come hitherwarde / for  
 to the kynge Charlemagne / Now shall ye not bere <sup>4</sup>  
 your boste that ye have slayne one of the foure sones  
 of Aymon.' And whan he had sayd that, he felle down  
 in a swoune; and whan he was come agayne to hym  
 selfe / he beganne to wysshe after his bretherne, <sup>2</sup>and <sup>8</sup>  
 complayned theym sore, <sup>2</sup> saynge, ' O Reynawde, fayr  
 brother, this daye shall departe our company, For  
 I shall never see you, nor ye me / O castell of Mount-  
 alban, I comende <sup>3</sup> the to god, that he wyll by his mercy <sup>12</sup>  
 and pyte brynge agayne your lorde sauff and sounde  
 of his body / Ha, kynge Yon of Gascoyn / Why have  
 ye betrayed us / and taken vs to the kynge Charle-  
 magne / certes, ye dede therin grete synne / <sup>2</sup>and a <sup>16</sup>  
 shamfull fawte. <sup>2</sup> and after, he sayd all wepynge / ' O  
 fader, kynge of glory / and lorde of all the worlde /  
 socoure this daye my power bredern, For I wote not  
 where they ben; nor of me they maye have nother <sup>20</sup>  
 helpe nor socours, for I am all redy for to deye.'

he then swoons  
because of his  
wound, and on  
recovery regrets  
the absence of his  
brethren,

and the treachery  
of King John;

he weeps, praying  
God to succour  
his poor brothers  
this day.

Reynawde, Alarde,  
and Guicharde  
fight valiantly,

and come to a  
narrow pass  
where they can  
defend them-  
selves.

Reynawde en-  
quires after  
Richard,

**N**ow shall I telle you of Reynawde, of Alarde / and  
 of Guycharde, that faughte strongely agenste  
 theyr enmyes, as worthy knyghtes that they were. <sup>24</sup>  
 But all theyr grete fayttes of armes sholde avaylled  
 theym noo thyng <sup>4</sup> yf they had not come to a narow  
 waye of the roche / where men myghte not come to  
 theym but afore. And whan they had be longe there / <sup>28</sup>  
 Reynawd beganne to saye to his brother Alarde /  
 ' Brother, where is become our brother <sup>5</sup> Richarde, that  
 we sawe not of a goode while agoo. Now thynke  
 none other but that we shall never see hym / For <sup>32</sup>  
 I lefte hym here by this sapyn tre, whan ye and I

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. iii.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. m. vi.

<sup>3</sup> comeude in Caxton.

<sup>4</sup> . . . quilz ne fussent ou mors ou prins . . . , F. orig. m. vi.

<sup>5</sup> brether in Caxton.



- had soo moche adoo. I praye god, yf he be deed, that  
 he have his soule / Now <sup>1</sup>I wyll wyte tidynges of hym and says he will  
 seek tidings of  
 him.  
 yf it be possyble' / 'Brother,'<sup>2</sup> sayd alarde, 'yf ye wyll  
 4 beleve me, ye shall abyde here / god pardonne hym yf  
 he be deed, For we may not helpe hym, the parylle is  
 to grete / And I beleve that we sholde deye afore that  
 evyn were come' / 'Ha, brother,' sayd Reynawde,  
 8 'shall we faylle to our brother Rycharde, the goode  
 knyghte and worthy.' 'Thenne,' sayd Alarde / 'what  
 wyll ye that we shall doo therto / For as to me, I  
 knowe no remedye to it' / 'Alas,' sayd Reynawde /  
 12 'ye speke folysly / For I sholde not doubtte for fere of  
 dethe to wyte where he is become / And yf I sholde  
 goo alone / yet shall I vnderstonde some tydynges of  
 hym.' 'Brother,' sayd Alarde / 'I promyse you / yf  
 16 we departe thone from the other, we shall never see vs  
 agayne togyder.' 'Brother,' sayd Reynawde, 'other  
 deed or all quycke I shall fynde hym, where soo ever  
 he be / it maye none other be' / And whan Reynawde  
 20 had sayd thise wordes / he spored his horse with his  
 spores / and came atte the other side of the roche / And  
 whan they that had chased Rycharde there for to slee  
 hym / sawe Reynawde<sup>3</sup> come / they smote theym selfe  
 24 to flyghte. And thenne Reynawde wente a lityll more  
 vpwarde vpon the roche, and founde there his broder  
 Rycharde, that laye nyghe deed vpon the grounde, and  
 helde his bowelles bytwene his handes; and aboute  
 28 hym were a grete nombre of folke whyche he had  
 slayne. Whan Reynawde sawe hym deed, and soo sore  
 wounded / he had of it soo grete sorowe at his herte  
 that almoste he felle doun deed to the grounde / But  
 32 he toke corage, and came nyghe his brother / and  
 lyghted doun from his horse, and kyssed hym sore he kisses him,  
 wepyng, and sayd / 'Ha, fayre brother / It is grete

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. iii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Sire, F. orig. m. vi.<sup>3</sup> et ses aultre deux freres . . . F. orig. m. vii. back.

weeping sorrow-  
fully over his sad  
plight,

pyte and dommage of you / and of your dethe / For,  
certes, never man was worthe you ; for yf ye had <sup>1</sup> come  
to mannys age / never Rowlande nor Olyver were  
so prue in knyghthode / as ye sholde have be. Alas, 4  
now is loste our beaute and our yougthe thourghe  
grete synne / O, goode lorde / who sholde ever a  
thoughte that ony treason sholde have entred<sup>2</sup> in to the  
herte of the kynge Yon / Alas, my brother Richarde, 8  
woo is me for your dethe / For I am cause of it /  
Alas, this daye in the mornynge, whan we departed  
oute of Mountalban we were four bretherne, all good  
knyghtes. Now are we but thre, that ben worthe noo 12  
thyngge, for we ben peryllously wounded, and all  
vnarmed. Now god forbede that I sholde scape, syth  
that ye be deed <sup>3</sup> vpon the traytours.<sup>3</sup> But I praye god  
that I maye venge your deth vpon<sup>4</sup> theym or ever I 16  
deceasse / For I shall sette therto my gode wylle ; and  
yf god wyll, it shall be soo.' Evyn thus as Reynawde  
made mone over his brother / he behelde behynde hym,  
and sawe come his brethern Alarde & Guycharde, all 20  
dyscomfyted / that cryed vpon Reynawde, ' Brother,  
what doo you / come anone and helpe vs / for we have  
grete nede' / And whan Richarde herde the voys  
of Alarde / he opened his eyen. and whan he sawe 24  
his brother Reynawde afore hym, he sayd to hym /  
' O, brother Reynawd, and what doo you here / see ye  
yonder that roche, whiche is soo highe and so stronge /  
where as ben many smalle stones above ; yf we myghte 28  
doo soo moche that we clymed vp there / I beleve that  
we sholde be sauf from our enmyes, for it can not be  
but our cosyng mawgys knoweth our dysease by this /  
and he shall come to socour vs.' ' Brother,' sayd 32  
Reynawde, ' wolde god we were there. Now telle me,

and vows venge-  
ance on his  
enemies.

Alarde and Guy-  
chard fly before  
the enemy,  
and cry to Rey-  
nawde to help  
them.

Richard opens his  
eyes, and seeing  
Reynawde,

counsels him that  
they should go  
to the top of the  
rock, and there  
wait till Mawgis  
succours them.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. iv.

<sup>2</sup> . . . dedens ung si noble cueur comme du roy jon, F. orig.  
m. vii, back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> les traictres, F. orig. m. vii. back.

my fayr broder / how fele your selfe ; thynke ye that  
ye maye recovere helthe ?' 'Ye,' sayd Richarde, 'yf  
ye scape, and elles not ; for wyth the sore that I have  
4 I myghte well deye <sup>1</sup>for sorowe.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> **A**nd whan Reynawde herd Rycharde speke thus, he  
was ryght glad of it. Soo called he Alarde to  
hym / and sayd, 'brother, take Richarde vpon your  
8 shelde, and lede hym vpon the roche / and Guycharde  
and I shall rowme the waye afore you.' 'Brother,'  
sayd Alarde, 'doubte not / I shall doo my power.'  
And thenne he lyghted doun, and toke vp Rycharde  
12 and layd hym vpon his sheelde ; and after he lyghted  
agayne on horsbacke. and Reynawde and Guycharde  
leyd hym wyth his broder vpon the horse necke / And  
after put theym selfe a fore to breke the preece of the  
16 frenshemen. And they dyde so moche that they came  
to the roche / But wyte it well that Reynawde made  
there soo grete fayttes of armes that all his enmyes  
were sore merveyllled wyth all. For he slew at that  
20 tyme well thirty knyghtes / that never wylde bore, nor  
tygre, nor lyon / nor bere, dyde that Reynawde made  
there of his body / But, for to saye the trouthe, Rey-  
nawde setted noughte by his lyffe, and ieoparded hym  
24 selfe all togyder / for he was as a man dysperate / And  
whan they were come to the roche, Alarde set doun his  
brother Richarde to the erthe / and beganne to deffende  
quyckely. but I wote not how they myghte endure /  
28 for they had nother castell nor fortresse / but onely the  
roche.

Reynawde tells  
Alarde to put  
Richard on his  
shield, and bear  
him thus on to  
the rock.

The two other  
brethren break  
the press of the  
Frenchmen,

and Reynawde  
slays 30 knights,

risking his life  
as a desperate  
man.

**A**lle thus as the thre bretherne deffended theym  
selfe wyth grete woo, Thenne came there Ogyer  
32 the dane and his folke / And had in his company  
Magōn of Fryse, wyth well a thousande knyghtes,  
and cryed vpon Reynawde, 'Certes, knyghte, ye shall  
be deed / we have sworne your dethe. This daye is

Ogyer and his  
folk come towards  
them, and Magon  
of Fryse with a  
thousand knights.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. P. iv. back.

Alarde is greatly  
angered when he  
sees so many folk  
approach.

The brethren  
grieve over Rey-  
nawde, fearing  
that he will die  
before their eyes.

Alarde, for love of  
his brother,

advises him to  
leave them and  
save himself,

the departynge that ye and your bretherne shall suffre  
dethe / Ye dyde as fooles <sup>1</sup>whan ye belived the kyng  
Yon, For he hath put you all to dethe.' Whan Alarde  
sawe soo grete folke come / he was sore an angred / and 4  
sayd to Guycharde, 'See how grete a sorowe is here  
afore vs, and the grete nombre of folke that ben redy  
for to slee vs four knyghtes. Certes, yf we were fyve  
hundred well armed / yet sholde not we scape / For 8  
they ben well armed, and a grete quantyte of knyghtes' /  
'Surely,' sayd Guycharde, 'here is a mervelouse com-  
pany / <sup>2</sup>but yf god helpe vs now, <sup>2</sup>we ben come to the  
ende of our dayes / It is noo grete dommage of me 12  
nother of Rycharde / but the grete dommage is of  
Reynawde, that is the best knyghte of the worlde' /  
And whan Alarde and Guycharde had spoken togyder,  
they wente to Reynawde and kyssed hym, full sore 16  
wepyng, and sayd to hym / 'O, brother Reynawde,  
gyve vs a gyfte yf it playse you, for the love of our  
lorde god.' 'Lordes,' sayd Reynawde, 'what thyng  
aske you of me? ye knowe well ynoughe that I canne 20  
not helpe you of noo thyng. And this daye muste I  
nedes see you deye byfore my eyen.'

'**B**rother,' sayd Alarde, 'herke what we wyll telle  
you, and yf it playse you ye shall doo it' / 'Sey 24  
on, hardely,' sayd Reynawde. 'Brother,' sayd Alarde,  
'men sayen comynly that it is better to doo one harme  
than two / I saye this, by cause that yf ye deye here,  
it shall be grete dommage, And the loss shall never be 28  
recovered agayne. For none shall avenge your dethe /  
But thoughe we deye here and not you / it shall be noo  
grete dommage / For ye shall avenge vs well. And  
therefore we praye you, swete brother, <sup>3</sup>for all the play- 32  
sures that ye wolde doo ever to vs; <sup>3</sup>that ye wyll goo

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. v.

<sup>2-2</sup> Si d'aventure dieu ne pense de nous . . . F. orig. m.  
viii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. m. viii.

your wayes / and we shall abyde here. And whan the  
 1<sup>d</sup>ethe shall come, we shall take it a worthe / This that  
 we saye ye maye well doo ; For ye be well horsed /  
 4 and ye shall well save your selfe mawgre the frenshe-  
 men, yf they<sup>2</sup> goo to Mountalban. And whan ye be at  
 Mountalban / lyghte vpon Bayarde well armed / and  
 brynge anone wyth you our cosyn Mawgys for to  
 8 socoure vs / ' Brother,' sayd Reynawde / ' ye speke  
 folyshly. Certes, I wolde not doo so for all the golde  
 of the worlde. I sholde be sore badde and full vn-  
 kynde yf I dyde soo / <sup>3</sup>For I cowde not spylle my selfe  
 12 sooner<sup>3</sup> than for to leve you in soo grete perylle. Other  
 we shall all scape, or elles we shall all deye togyder /  
 For the one shall not fayll the other as longe as we  
 maye lyve / Now god that suffred deth and passyon<sup>4</sup>  
 16 save vs !' Thus, as Reynawde spake to hys bretherne,  
 came the erle Guymarde / to whom god gyve evyll  
 adventure, and sayd to Reynawde / ' knyghte, ye be  
 take / and ye muste deye wyth shame vpon this roche /  
 20 Whan ye beleved the kynge yon, ye dyde grete foly.  
 He wrought grete trayson whan he dyd sell you to the  
 kyng Charlemagne, that hateth you soo moche / For ye  
 loved hym more than ye dyde your cosyn Mawgys /  
 24 He hath well rewarded you for the grete love <sup>5</sup>that ye  
 oughte to hym.<sup>5</sup> Telle me, Reynawde,<sup>6</sup> whether ye wyll  
 yelde you or deffende you ? ' Certes,' sayd Reynawde,  
 ' now speke ye for noughte / I shall never yelde me as  
 28 longe as I am man a lyve' / ' Reynawde,' sayd thenne  
 Ogyer, ' what wyll ye doo ? We canne not helpe you  
 of noo thyng ; other gyve yourselve vp, or deffende your  
 selfe.' ' Ogyer,' sayd Reynawde,<sup>7</sup> ' by hym that made  
 32 the worlde, I shall never yelde me. I was never noo

and go to Mont-  
 alban, where he  
 may fetch  
 Mawgis to help  
 them.

Reynawde says he  
 would sooner die  
 than escape as a  
 coward, leaving  
 his brethren in  
 such peril.

Earl Guymard  
 approaches the  
 Sons,

and tells them  
 how foolish they  
 were to trust  
 King John;

he asks Reynawde  
 whether he will  
 yield or defend  
 himself.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. v. back.      <sup>2</sup> vous, F. orig. m. viii.

<sup>3-3</sup> Car je ne me pourroye myeulx honnir . . . F. orig. m. viii.

<sup>4</sup> par mortelle trahison, F. orig. m. viii.

<sup>5-5</sup> qui a luy avies, F. orig. m. viii.      <sup>6</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>7</sup> par celluy dieu . . . F. orig. m. viii.

Reynawde says he would sooner die than yield and be hung as a thief.

theef, & therefore wyll I not be hanged / I have lever deie lyke a knyght, than to hange <sup>1</sup>lyke a theeff.' <sup>4</sup> 'Lordes,' sayd Guymarde, 'lete vs sawte theym / For they shall not <sup>2</sup>may kepe longe agenste vs' / 'Lordes,' <sup>4</sup> sayd Ogyer, 'ye maye well sawte theym yf ye wyll / but by my soule I shall doo theym no thyng, For they ben my eosyns, nor I shall not helpe theym / For ye shall take theym well wythoute me' / 'Certes,' sayd <sup>8</sup> the frenshe men, 'we shall thenne assaylle theym worthyly' / Thenne Ogyer drew hym selfe and all his folke a side, well the lengthe of a bowe shot, And be-

Ogier makes great sorrow over his kinsmen, and his fair cousin Reynawde,

ganne to make soo grete a sorowe as thoughe all the <sup>12</sup> worlde had fynysshed a fore his eyen; and all his sorowe was for Reynawde his cosyn / and for his bretherne / And thus as he made his mone, be beganne for to saye / 'Ha, fayr cosyn Reynawde, it is grete <sup>16</sup> pyte of your dethe; And I, vnhappy man, that am of your kyñ, suffre you to deye afore myn eyen / And yet I canne not helpe you / For I have promysed it to Charlemagne / nor I oughte not or to breke myn othe.' <sup>20</sup> But the history telleth that <sup>3</sup>Ogyer duange hym <sup>4</sup>selfe gretly that daye / And thorughe his purchace the four sones of Aymon scaped<sup>5</sup> / For yf he wolde have put payne to it, they sholde not have scaped by no maner / <sup>24</sup> But as men sayen, 'true blood may not lye.'

grieving that he cannot help them, because of his oath to Charlemagne.

Four Earls assault the rock on which the Sons stand.

**B**yfore the roche were four erles / for to sawte the four sones of Aymon, and made theym moche adoo; For theyr folke sawted theym in four partyes. <sup>28</sup> Wherof Reynaude kepte the two partes / and Alarde and guycharde kepte the other tweyne / For Rycharde laye down vpon the erthe sore wounded / as I tolde you a fore / And yet was Guycharde<sup>6</sup> wounded sore <sup>32</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. vi.

<sup>2</sup> be able.

<sup>3</sup> Ogier se faignit celluy jour grandement, F. orig. n. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> seffe in Caxton.

<sup>5</sup> tant quilz ne furent mye prins, F. orig. n. i. back.

<sup>6</sup> alart, F. orig. n. i. back.

thruge the thye / wherof he had bled soo longe that  
 he was feynthe / and felle down to the erthe. <sup>1</sup>And  
 whan he sawe that he myghte noo more deffende, he  
 4 beganne to call <sup>2</sup>vpon Reynawde,<sup>2</sup> and sayd / ' Ha, Rey-  
 nawde, fayr brother / Lete vs yelde vs, I praye you /  
 for I nor Richarde maye noo more helpe you ' /  
 ' Brother,' sayd Reynawde, ' what saye you, now shew  
 8 ye well that ye be ferdfull ; but I lete you wyte / that  
 yf I trowed to scape other for golde or for sylver / or  
 for cyte, or for castelles / or for my horse Bayarde that  
 I love soo muche / I shold have yelde me prisoner to  
 12 day in the mornynge. For ye wote well, <sup>3</sup>that yf we  
 ben take, all the golde of the worlde save vs not from  
 hangyng / or som other shamfull dethe :<sup>3</sup> And therefore  
 I wyll not yelde me by noo maner of wyse / A man  
 16 that wyll be valyaunte oughte to deffende hym selfe for  
 to be hole ' / ' Ha, Richarde,<sup>4</sup> socoure vs for the love of  
 Ihesus / for we have well mystre. We ben nother  
 normans nor bretons / but we ben all of one fader and  
 20 of one moder / Now oughte we well to helpe eche other  
 wyth all our power for our worship ; for otherwyse  
 men shold saye that we ben bastardes, and of an ylle  
 fader.' ' Ye saye trouthe,' sayd Guycharde<sup>4</sup> / But ye  
 24 wolde not beleve how feble I am, for I am wounded to  
 the deth.' ' Certes,' sayd Reynawde, ' I am sorry for  
 it / but I shall deffende you as longe as lyffe is in my  
 body.' Who had seen thenne the noble knyghte Rey-  
 28 nawde take vp the grete stones, and caste them vpon  
 hys enmyes, ye wolde not have sayd that he had not  
 be wounded nor traveylled of noo thyng / Whan  
 Rycharde that lay a gronde thus wounded, as I have  
 32 tolde you above, sawe and herde the grete noyse that  
 they that sawted the roche made, he toke up his hede,

Guycharde is wounded so that he falls to the ground, and can defend himself no more;

he cries on Reynawde to yield himself.

Reynawde reproaches him with cowardice, and says nothing shall make him give himself up as a prisoner.

Guycharde says he is wounded to death, and cannot fight.

Reynawde defends him nobly, throwing great stones upon his enemies.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. vi. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> que tout le monde ne nous pourroit eschapper de mort se Charlemaigne nous peut tenir, F. orig. n. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> alart, F. orig.

and sayd to Reynawde, 'Brother, I shall helpe you;  
 But cutte me some of my sherte, and I shall bynde my  
 syde and wounde soo that my bowelles maye not yssue  
 oute of my bely / And thenne I shalle sette me <sup>1</sup>to my 4  
 deffence and shall helpe you wyth all my herte' /  
 Thenne sayd Reynawde, 'Now arte thou well worth a  
 true man' / And whan Guycharde vnderstode hym, he  
 was ashamed / and toke agayne strengthe in hym be- 8  
 yonde his power, and came to the deffence / <sup>2</sup>and sayd  
 wyth a hyghe voys, 'Ogyer,<sup>2</sup> Fayr cosyn, what doo you  
 to your lynage? Certes, it shall be a grete shame to  
 you yf ye socoure vs not / for the fawte that ye doo 12  
 to vs shall be layd vnto you in every place where ye  
 goo, to lete vs deye thus, we that ben your kynnes  
 men / the beste of all the worlde / Save Reynawde,  
 and ye shall doo lyke a true man. And as for vs 16  
 other / it maketh nother lesse nor more' / Whan Ogyer  
 vnderstode these wordes / he was sorry for it / that noo  
 man myghte more / and wolde have gyven a grete  
 thyng to have delyvered theym, And sayd that he 20  
 wolde doo wyth all his herte all that he myghte doo  
 for theym / And thenne Oger spored brayforde wyth  
 his spores / & came to the roche wyth a staff in his  
 hande, And sayd to theym that sawted the roche, 24  
 'wythdrawe yourselfe a lityll tyll I have spoken wyth  
 theym a lytyll, for to wyte whether they wyll gyve  
 theymselfe vp or noo / For it is better that we have  
 theym quycke than deed.' 'Syre,' sayd the frenshe- 28  
 men, 'we shall doo<sup>3</sup> your commaundemente; But we  
 leve theym wyth you to kepe in the name of the  
 kynge Charlemagne.' 'Ha, god,' sayd Ogyer, 'I never  
 thoughte trayson / nor I shall not begynne yet' / And 32  
 thenne he came more nyghe the roche than he had be,  
 and called to hym the foure sones of Aymon / and

Guycharde pleads  
 with Ogyer for the  
 life of Reynawde.

Ogyer is sorry,  
 and would give  
 much to help  
 them;

he commands his  
 men to withdraw  
 for a time while  
 he speaks to the  
 Sons;

he calls the Sons,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. vii.      <sup>2-2</sup> et dist a Ogyer, F. orig. n. i.

<sup>3</sup> dooo in Caxton.



- sayd to them, 'Fayre cosyn, rest you, and take agayn  
 you[r] brethe / and yf ye ben hurte, wrappe vp your  
 woundes / And make good garnyssheng of stones / and  
 4 so defende yourself nobly of all your <sup>1</sup>powre; For yf  
 the kynge Charlemagne maye have you, ye shall never  
 have pardonne; but he shall make you to be hanged  
 and strangleed / And therefore ye muste nedes kepe  
 8 your selfe well. For I promyse you, yf Mawgys knowe  
 of it, he shall come to socoure you / thus shall ye scape,  
 and other wyse not.' 'Cosyn,' sayd Alarde, 'ye shall  
 have of it a goode rewarde / yf ever we may scape.'
- 12 'Ye saye true,' sayd Reynawde; 'For yf I maye scape,  
 by god that suffred deth and passyon for vs vpon the  
 crosse / all the golde of the worlde shall not save hym /  
 but I shall slee hym wyth my owne handes / For I  
 16 hate hym moche more than I doo a straunger; For he  
 that sholde deffende and helpe me agenste all men, It  
 is he that dooth me harme.' 'Cosyn,' sayd Ogyer, 'I  
 maye not doo therto, so helpe god my soule / For the  
 20 kyng Charlemagne made me swere afore all his barons  
 that I sholde not helpe you in noo maner of wyse.  
 And of this that I doo / I am sure that the kynge  
 Charlemagne shall conne me noo thanke' / 'Brother,'  
 24 sayd Alarde, 'Ogyer telleth you truth.' And also it  
 was well truth that ogyer was reprevd therof for  
 treyson; For Charlemagne called hym traytour afore  
 all his barons. Thenne Reynaude bonde the woundes  
 28 of his bretherne as well as he cowde / But the wounde  
 of Rycharde was soo greefull to see, that it was pyte to  
 beholde / For / all the entraylles appyered oute of his  
 body / And whan he had lapped theym all, Alarde  
 32 wrapped the wounde that Reynaude had in the thye /  
 And whan they had reste theymselfe a lityll / Reynawde  
 stode vp and wente vpon the roche for to gader stones  
 to deffende theym selfe. And garnysshed therwyth

and tells them to  
rest and bind up  
their wounds,

and urges them to  
fight valiantly,

until Mawgis  
shall come to  
their aid.

Reynawde de-  
clares in anger  
that he will slay  
him, if he escapes  
that day.

Ogyer justifies his  
conduct, as he has  
sworn before the  
Emperor not to  
defend his kins-  
men.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. vii. back.

The Frenchmen  
are angry with  
Ogier for his long  
parley with the  
Sons,

and prepare to  
assail them again.

Ogier declares his  
intention of  
helping his kins-  
men,

and asks his men  
to let the Sons go  
in peace.

The Frenchmen  
will not, as they  
are in the service  
of Charlemagne.

Guyard rebukes  
Ogier, and says  
when these Sons  
are taken  
prisoners, Charle-  
magne shall know  
of his conduct.

their deffence where <sup>1</sup>hys bretherne sholde stande.  
Whan the frenshemen sawe that Ogier, the dane, made  
there to long a soiournyng, they beganne all to calle  
and crye / 'Ogyer, ye make there to longe a sermon, 4  
telle vs yf they wyll yelde theym or noo / or yf they  
shall deffende theym selfe.' 'Naye,' sayd Ogier, 'as  
long as they have lyffe in theyr bodyes' / 'By my  
soule,' sayd the frenshemen, 'thenne goo we sawte 8  
theym efte agayne.' 'Thenne,' sayd Ogier, 'I promyse  
you, I shall helpe theym with all my power.' Whan  
therle Guymarde herde Ogier speke soo, he wente to  
hym, and sayd / 'We commaunde you in the kynges 12  
name of Fraunce, that ye come to the batayll wyth vs,  
agenste the four sones of Aymon / As ye have pro-  
mysed and sworne / and for doubte of you many a  
lorde is here in our companye that wyll not fyghte' / 16  
'Lordes,' sayd Ogier, 'for god mercy / ye knowe all  
redy they ben my cosyns germayne / I praye you lete vs  
wythdrawe ourselfe abacke, and lete theym be in peas ;  
and I shall gyve eche of you large goodes.' 'Ogyer,' 20  
sayd the frenshemen / 'we shall not doo soo, but we  
shall brynge theym prisoners to the kyng Charlemagne  
that shall doo wyth theym his playsure / and also we  
shall telle hym what ye have doon. Whereof / he 24  
shall conne you lytyll thanke all his lyff.' And after  
whan Ogier vnderstode these wordes, he was sore an  
angred / and sayd by grete wrathe, 'By the feyth that  
I owe to all my frondes, yf there be ony of you soo 28  
hardy that take Reynawde or ony of his bredern for to  
delyver theym to kyng charlemagne I shall smyte of  
his hede, what somever come after it.' 'Ogier,' sayd  
the erle Guymarde, 'we shall not leve therefore, for 32  
to take theym ryght shortly / And whan we have  
theym / we shall see who shall take theym from us /  
<sup>2</sup>for we shall well conne shewe this to the kyng Charle-

<sup>1</sup> Fol. P. viii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. P. viii. back.

- magne.' And thenne they began to sawte the roche  
 agen. Wyte it that Reynawde & his bretherne deffended  
 theym selfe full nobly. But whan Reynaude sawe this  
 4 grete multytude of folke that cam for to sawte theym /  
 he beganne to saye / 'Ha, Mawgis, my fayr cosin /  
 where are ye now that ye knowe not this myshap, for  
 ye wolde come anone to helpe vs, but ye knowe it not ;  
 8 wherof I am evyll contente / For I was a foole and  
 over hasty that I spake not to you of this matere afore  
 that I cam here / Ha, bayarde, yf I were vpon your  
 backe / I sholde never entre wythin this roche, for fere  
 12 of the frenshemen. But the kynge Charlemagne sholde  
 lose here of the beste knyghtes of his company.' and  
 whan he had sayd thys, he beganne to wepe full ten-  
 drely for the love of his bretherne, that he sawe soo  
 16 sore wounded & soo wery / Thenne the frenshemen  
 sawted theym efte as stronge agayn ; and I promyse  
 you yf it had not be the grete prowes of reynawd they  
 sholde have ben taken at that tyme by fyne force.  
 20 Whan the sawtynge was fynysshed / Reynawd set  
 hymself vpon his deffence ; for he was so wery, that yf  
 he had goon he sholde have fallen doun to the erthe,  
 soo weke he was, and that was noo merveylle, for they  
 24 had soo sore traveyllled hym / and had suffred soo many  
 tormentes & terrible sawtes that it was wonder they<sup>1</sup>  
 cowde endure soo longe.
- 28 **A**nd whan Oger, the dane, sawe his cosyn soo sore  
 tourmented, he toke hymselfe to wepe tendrely.  
 And thus as he wepte, he bethoughte hymselfe of a  
 grete wysedome, & called to hym a knyght of his *that*  
 was named gerarde, and sayd to hym / <sup>2</sup>' have, for god,  
 32 mercy of me ; & <sup>3</sup>but yf ye doo *that* I shall telle you<sup>3</sup> /  
 I am dishonoured for ever more' / 'sire,' said Gerarde,  
 'telle me what it plaise you / for it shal be doo

The Frenchmen  
renew the assault.

Reynawde  
bewails the ab-  
sence of Mawgis

and Bayard,

and weeps out of  
pity for his  
brethren, who are  
so wery.

He sets himself  
on his defence,

and nearly falls  
through wear-  
iness.

Oger calls a  
knight named  
Gerard,

<sup>1</sup> they repeated in text.    <sup>2</sup> Girart, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> se vous ne faites ce que vous diray, F. orig. n. iii. back.

and tells him to take XL. knights and go to Mount Hosity, and keep watch there, lest Mawgis should come to succour the Sons.

though <sup>1</sup> I sholde lose my liffe' / 'gramercy,' sayd Ogyer /  
 'Now shall I tell you what I wyl that ye do. Take  
 wyth you XL. knyghtes of the best of my felawshyp /  
 and goo lightly to the mount Hosity / and kepe your 4  
 selfe thervpon / and beholde towarde Mountalban all  
 the ryght waye that noo body come but ye see hym /  
 For yf Mawgys maye wyte by ony waye the mysfor-  
 tune of his cosins, I promyse you that he wyl come to 8  
 socoure theym, and shall gyve vs moche a doo, soo  
 that y<sup>e</sup> moste hardy shall be sore afrayed' / 'Sire,'  
 sayd gerarde, 'this *that* ye have sayd shall be well  
 doon' / and thenne he toke XL of y<sup>e</sup> best knyghtes of 12  
 his company, and went to the mount Hosity; where they  
 made not well theyr watche for the prouffyte of the  
 frenshemen / Ye oughte here to wyte that Ogyer founde  
 this manere to sende his men forth, but oonly that 16  
 Reynawde & his brethern sholde not have a doo wyth  
 soo many folke; and thoughte not of that that happed.  
 ¶ But now levethe here the history, to speke of the  
 foure sones of Aymon that were in the roche Mount- 20  
 bron. And also leveht to speke of Ogyer the dane,  
 and of thother folke that Charlemagne had sent / and  
 retorneth to speke of Godarde the secretary of the kyng  
 Yon, that had red the lettres, where the trayson was 24  
 conteyned all playnly /

Ogier does this that the Sons may not have to fight so many folk.

## CHAPTER X.

¶ Howe after that Godarde the secretary of  
 the kyng yon had rehersed all the treyson  
 to Mawgys / that the kyng yon had doon 28  
 to his cosins<sup>2</sup> / Mawgis brought suche a

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. i.

<sup>2</sup> la quelle Il scauoit bien au long car Il auoit leues les lectres du roy charlemaigne et escripte la responce que le roy yon luy auoit surce faicte, F. orig. n. iii.

socoures to Reynawde & to his brethern,  
 that he saved theym fro deth by his grete  
 wysdom / Capitulum x.

4 **N**ow sheweth the history, that whan Godarde sawe  
 Reynawde & his brethern goo to their deth  
 thorughe soo false a trayson / he had of it grete sorowe  
 & pyte, and he was ryght sory for it / for two pryncypall  
 8 causes / <sup>1</sup>wherof thone was for his mayster, the kyng  
 yon, that had wroughte that shamfull treyson / And  
 thother was for the grete pyte & dommage that it was  
 for to make deye so pyetously suche worthy knyghtes  
 12 as the four sonès of Aymon wère / So began he to wepe  
 pyetously ; and thus as he wept, came there Mawgys,  
 the cosin of the four sones of Aymon, that went to the  
 kechyn for to haste the mete / for the kyng yon wold  
 16 ete, to the whiche men made good chere, bicause thei  
 knewe not the trayson that he had doon / Whan the  
 clerke sawe Mawgys, he called hym / and sayd to  
 hym / ‘ Ha, mawgys, how it is yll wyth you / for yf  
 20 god put noo remedy in you, ye have loste that thyng  
 that ye moost love in this worlde, that is Reynawde &  
 his brethern / for the kyng yon hath betrayed them  
 shamfully.’ And thenne he shewed to hym all the  
 24 trayson. whan Mawgis vnderstode thise wordes, he  
 was all oute of his wyttes, & sayd to the clerke,  
 ‘ Godarde, for god goo away fro me / for all my lymmes  
 shaken for angre, nor I can not stande vpon my feet,  
 28 for my herte telleth me *that* Reynawde & his brethern  
 ben deed.’ ‘ Certes,’ sayd Godarde, ‘ ye saye trouth /  
 For<sup>2</sup> the lettre sheweth that Ogier the dane & Foulques  
 of morillon are set in a bushement<sup>3</sup> wyth a grete nombre  
 32 of folke in the playne of Valcolours / and Reynawde &

Godard weeps  
 because of the  
 betrayal of the  
 Sons by King  
 John,

and tells Mawgis  
 of their sad fate,

and how Ogier  
 and Foulques lie  
 in ambush to  
 attack them,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fer in Caxton.

<sup>3</sup> a tout deux mille cheualliers bien armez, F. orig. n. iv. back.

and how they cannot defend themselves without arms.

Mawgis is so grieved that he would have killed himself, but is restrained by Godard, who advises him to go to the rescue of his kinsmen.

Mawgis, without a word to King John, orders all the soldiers in the castle to arm,

his brethern are goon thyder all vnarmed by the counseyll of kyng yon / and thus they can not defende / but they muste be deed or taken.' Whan Mawgys vnderstode this, he was sory for it, that he 4 felle doun in a swoone to thertthe / and atte the fallyng that he made, he brake all his browes. and whan he was come agen to hymselfe, he was so sory that he wyste not what he sholde doo / So toke he a 8 knyff, and wolde have shoved it in his breste / but he myghte not / for Godarde toke hym by the handes, and sayd to hym / ' Ha, gentyll knyghte, <sup>1</sup> have mercy vpon you / kille not yourself / for your soule shal be 12 dampned for it; but light a horsbacke, & take wyth you all the men of armes that ben wythin, and the good horse bayarde, that renneth so fast / and goo there as your cosins ben goon assone as ye may: and 16 whan ye come there, ye shall see anoone yf ye can helpe theym or not; for yf thei ben alyve, ye shall socoure them ryght well' / ' Godarde,'<sup>2</sup> sayd Mawgis, ' your counseyll is right good.' and thenne he began 20 to wepe, and sayd / ' Ha, noble knyghte Reynawde, it is grete dommage yf ye be deed / but I make my vow to god, that yf ye & your brethern be deed, I shall never lyve two dayes after you' / And thenne 24 Mawgis, wythout ony noyse or<sup>3</sup> ony worde to be made of this to the kyng yon, nor his suster, the wyff of Reynawde / commaunded all the souldyou[r]es of the castell to be redy in armes lightly. and whan the 28 knyghtes vnderstode hym, they toke their harneys on Incontynent, as they were wount to doo / And whan they were all armed, they cam all to the loweste parte of the palays & presented theymselfe; and whan 32 Mawgys sawe theym, he shewed vnto them all the

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Sire, F. orig. n. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> or *repeated in text.*

traison that the kyng Yon of Gascoyn had doon to Reinawde and to his bretherne. and tells them of the treachery of the king.

**T**henne whan y<sup>e</sup> knyghtes of Reynawd vnderstode  
 4 this, thei began to make suche sorowe that it was  
 pyte for to see, and wysshed after the noble knyghtes  
 that were gon to their deth / <sup>1</sup>and were so disperat that  
 thei wolde almost have kylled theimself <sup>1</sup> / For thone  
 8 wysshed after Reynawde, & y<sup>e</sup> other after Alarde,<sup>2</sup>  
 thother after Guychard, & thother after Richarde, and  
 sayd, ‘ Ha, valyant & pru knyghtes, it is grete  
 dommage of your deth, for certainly all the world shall  
 12 be the worse therfore / Alas, & who shall gyve vs now  
 the fair armes & the good horses that ye were wount to  
 gyve vs?’ thus <sup>3</sup>as thei were makyng this grete sorow /  
 mawgys sayd to y<sup>e</sup> palfreynyer that kept bayerde /  
 16 ‘ frende, goo & set the sadell vpon bayerde, and I shall  
 bryng hym to Reynawde ’ / ‘ syr,’ sayd y<sup>e</sup> palfrenyer /  
 ‘ I may not doo it / for Reynawde <sup>4</sup>my maister<sup>4</sup> com-  
 maunded me whan he went, that I shold not suffre no  
 20 body to lighte vpon it tyll he were com agen ’ / whan  
 mawgis vnderstode thanswere of the palfrenyer, he was  
 wroth / and smote hym wyth hys fiste so grete a stroke  
 that he cast hym<sup>5</sup> at his fote afore hym, & after went  
 24 hymself to the stable where bayerde was / whan bayard  
 sawe Mawgis, he began to shrynke his eeres, & smote  
 wyth his forfete so strong that no body durst goo nyghe  
 hym / <sup>6</sup>but the palfrenyer that tended vpon hym. and  
 28 whan mawgis sawe that bayerde played so, he toke a  
 staffe & smote bayard vpon the hede so that he made  
 him knele to the erth. and whan bayerd sawe he was  
 so curstly dealed wythall / he was a ferde lest he shold  
 32 be yet more shreudely handlyd, & so he helde hymselfe  
 styll / and mawgis caste the sadel vpon hym, & bryddled

<sup>1-1</sup> et a peu quilz ne se desesperent . . . F. orig. n. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Guichart, F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Fol. Q. ii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. iv. <sup>5</sup> Sur ses genoulx, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>6</sup> fors que Regnault ou le palefrenier, F. orig. n. iv.

Mawgis saddles  
and mounts  
Bayard,

and with five  
thousand men  
issues out of the  
gate Fawcon,

and goes secretly  
through the wood.

Reynawde sees  
the approach of  
Mawgis from the  
wood;  
he is mounted  
upon Bayard,  
who flies like a  
swallow, leaping  
xxx feet at each  
step.

hym.<sup>1</sup> And wyte it, that whan mawgis was vpon  
bayardis backe, he was well like a valyaunte man <sup>2</sup>& a  
hardy knyghte,<sup>2</sup> for he was one of the fayrest knyghtes  
of the world, & one of the best / and the moost subtyl <sup>4</sup>  
of the worlde. And whan mawgys & all his folke  
were <sup>2</sup>all redy a horsbacke<sup>2</sup> well armed / thei went out  
ate the gate fawcon. And they myght well be a boute  
V. thousande men well horsed & well armed, and <sup>8</sup>  
vii hundred good archers, that never wolde goo backe  
for noo doubte of deth by ony maner / <sup>3</sup>and they  
set theymself to the waye / not by the right waye / but<sup>3</sup>  
went thorughe the wode<sup>4</sup> all a coverte wyth grete <sup>12</sup>  
dyligence / And all wayes mawgys wente wysshynge  
after Reynawd and after his brethern, for he wyst not  
yf they were deed or a lyve / and sayd to hymselfe,  
'Ha, Reynawde,<sup>5</sup> god be this day wyth <sup>6</sup>you / and kepe <sup>16</sup>  
you <sup>7</sup>& your bredern<sup>7</sup> fro dethe & fro prison! But now  
yf the frenshemen kepe not theymself well / they shal  
have suche a neyghbour & so cruell that thei shalle  
soone wery of it, & shall sore repent' / Now shall we <sup>20</sup>  
leve to speke of maugis, that brought socours to Rey-  
nawde to the playn of Valcolours. and we shall shewe  
of Reynawde & of his brethern, that were at roche  
montbron full of woo & sori, for thei saw theymself in <sup>24</sup>  
grete peryll / All thus as Reynawde dyde reste hymself  
vpon the defence of the roche, & thought in hym selfe  
what he myght doo / he torned his sight towarde the  
wood,<sup>4</sup> & sawe come mawgis wyth his folke, the shelde <sup>28</sup>  
at the necke, the swerd in the hande, & mouned vpon  
bayerde. wyte it that bayerde went not the lityll pase,  
but went lyke a sualow / for at every lepe that he  
made, he lept xxx fote of grounde / and whan Reynawde <sup>32</sup>

<sup>1</sup> puis se arma et monta dessus bayart, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>3-3</sup> Et se mirent a la voye hors le chemin, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>4</sup> de la serpente, F. orig. n. iv. <sup>5</sup> le filz aymon, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. Q. iii. <sup>7-7</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. iv.



sawe mawgys com wyth so grete folke & so fayr a company, all his body shevered all sodenly for grete ioye / and forgate all the grete sorowe & tormente that  
 4 he had suffred all the daye, & sayd to his bredern /  
 ‘Bredern, <sup>1</sup>be mery, & <sup>1</sup>be not dysmayed of no thyng, for here cometh mawgis for to socour vs <sup>1</sup>wyth a grete nombre of folke; <sup>1</sup> now he sheweth well that he is our  
 8 kynsman & a good frende: blessed be he of god that hath tolde hym the daunger that we were in’ /  
 ‘Brother,’ sayd alarde, ‘is it trowth *that* we shall have helpe anone?’ ‘Ye,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘by the feyth  
 12 that I owe to you.’ ‘Certes,’ sayd alarde, ‘now complayne I not’ / and whan Rycharde, that laye with his boweles betwene his handes, vnderstode this word, hym semed that he dremed this that he herde whiche  
 16 his brethern sayd / for he was all redy brought as one that had loste hys brayne / by cause of the grete sore that he felte, and forced hymself so that he righted hymself vpon his buttocke, but it was wyth grete  
 20 peyn / & sayd to his broder, ‘Reynawde, me <sup>2</sup>semeth that I have herde named mawgis, or elles it is come to me by a vision’ / ‘broder,’ sayd Reynawd, ‘by my feyth we have socours of mawgis, that bryngeth to vs  
 24 all the power of montalban’ / ‘Broder,’ sayd Rycharde, ‘for god, shewe me hym!’ And thenne Reynawde toke hym vp bitwene his armes, & shewed hym mawgis, that cam ridyng vpon bayarde as faste as tempest. whan  
 28 Richard saw mawgis he was so glad *that* he fell in a swoune bytwene his broders armes. and whan he was com agen to hymself, he sayd, ‘Now am I hole, for I fele nother yll nor sore’ / ‘Brother Reynawde,’ sayd alarde, ‘what shall we doo? For yf the frenshemen perceyve the comyng of mawgis, they shall fle, and I wolde for no good that they sholde doo so;

Reynawde encourages his brethren to be of good cheer, as Mawgis is coming with succours.

Richard enquires of the coming of Mawgis,

and is shown his approach from the arms of Reynawde;

he swoons with joy.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. Q. iii. back.

Alarde advises that they should avenge themselves on their enemies,

by beginning the battle before Mawgis arrives.

The three brethren descend from the rock.

The Frenchmen think they come to yield themselves prisoners.

Ogier upbraids the Sons with folly for leaving the rock, saying they will be hanged by Charlemagne this day.

Reynawde counsels Ogier to flee lest he should slay him.

for I wolde that we were first avenged vpon theym for the grete hurt that they have doon to vs; but lete vs doo one thyng that I shall tell you / Lete vs goo doun to the fote of the roche & begyn the batayll / 4 and while *that* they shall fyghte wyth vs / mawgis shall be com / & by all thus they shall not scape vs' / 'broder,' sayd reynawde, 'ye saye well, & we shall doo so' / and thenne reynawd, alarde, & guycharde went 8 doun to the fote of the roche / and the lityll richarde bode above vpon the roche, for he cowde not move nor helpe hymselfe.

**R**eynawde cam doun fro the roche wyth his two 12 bredern; and whan the frenshemen sawe them, thei began to saye thone to thother / 'Here com the sones of aymon, that wyll yelde theymselvf prisoners / now lete vs not kyllle them, but take we them for 16 to brynge them a lyve to themperour Charlemagn.' and whan they had sayd this / they began to crye / 'Reynawd, but yf ye wyll deye shortly / yelde yourself! and yf ye doo it wyth good wyll / we shall 20 all praye Charlemagn that he have mercy vpon you' / Whan Oger herde theym speke thus, he wende it had be trouth that reynawd & his <sup>1</sup> bredern wold have gyven theym self vp as prisoners / Soo was he full sori for it / 24 and spored brayford wyth the spores, & cam agenst reynawd & his bredern, & sayd to theym, 'knyghtes, I holde you now for foles, that ye have lefte your roche, *that* was y<sup>e</sup> sayvng of your lif / this day shall ye be 28 hanged wyth grete shame / and yet I can not helpe you, for I shold be blamed of Charlemagn' / 'Oger,' sayd Reynawd, 'we be not suche foles as ye wene / but I wyll that ye flee. For by the feyth *that* I owe 32 to the olde aymon my fader, yf ye tary ony while here ye shall not be wyse / for yf I can reche to you / I shall shewe what I canne doo' /

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. iv.

**T**his hangyng / that reynawd spake to oger, oger  
 behelde towarde the right waye that cam fro the  
 wode,<sup>1</sup> and sawe folke com to reynad, that mawgis  
 4 brought / and was all afore mounted vpon bayarde,  
 that cam fast / And whan oger sawe com thus<sup>2</sup> the Oger perceives  
Mawgis and his  
folk  
 folke of reynawd in grete nombre, he knew theym  
 well, and was right glad of it / and his hert rored  
 8 in his beli for ioye. and righted hymself vp<sup>3</sup> in his  
 sadle wel halfe a fote, & sayd to his folke / 'Fayr and with joy asks  
his lords what  
they shall do  
against so many  
men.  
 lordes, what shall we doo / the devyl hath told mawgis  
*that* we be here. he cometh ridyng vpon bayard, &  
 12 bryngeth wyth hym a fayr company. Certes, yf we  
 were xx. thousand, yet were we not able to fighte wyth  
 theym, and ye shall see this day that the sorow shall  
 retorne vpon vs' / This hangyng, cam mawgys wyth  
 16 all his felyshyp / and there where he saw oger, he cam  
 to hym & sayd / 'Oger, I holde you for a fole by-  
 cause that ye cam here to werke treyson. I chalenge  
 of you reynawd & his bredern, & am com here for to  
 20 be their surete. By god, oger, it longeth not to you  
 for to betray thus reynawd<sup>4</sup> & his bredern<sup>4</sup> / for ye be  
 of his lynage; but ye have yll shewed it to hym.  
 your fader wroughte never treyson, and I merveyll me  
 24 sore how ye<sup>5</sup> wold graunt to it / your fader lefte you  
 in fraunce for a pledge at saynt omers to Charlemagn,  
 whos man ye are / paynge to hym everi yere four peny  
 weyghte of golde / Oger, oger, ye be descended of  
 28 damp Richarde of roussillon, of dron of nantuell,  
 of the duk benes of aygremaunt; all these were  
 bredern, and good true men & feithfull knyghtes / and  
 aymon of dordonne was theyr broder, & is fader to  
 32 reynawd / this knowe ye wel, and ye wyll be other and defies him to  
the death.  
 than was your lynage; wherof I defye you to the deth /

<sup>1</sup> de la serpente, F. orig. n. v.<sup>2</sup> Mawgis et les gens, F. orig. n. v.<sup>3</sup> dessus la teste de son cheval, F. orig. n. v.4-4 omitted, F. orig. n. vi. back. <sup>5</sup> Fol. Q. iv. back.

for I hate you vtterly.' Whan mawgis had sayd this  
 He spurs Bayard, worde / he spored bayarde wyth the spores, & smote  
 Ogyer in the sheelde so harde that the sheelde nor his  
 and wounds Ogyer harnes coude not save hym / but that he made hym a 4  
 severely, breaking grete wounde in his brest / and of that stroke floughe  
 his spear in the encounter. the spere in peces. And whan oger sawe that / he  
 was so sore an angred for it that he waxed almost mad,  
 and wold have goon vpon mawgys, but he myghte not. 8  
 Bayard will not For whan bayard smelled his lord / he ran myghtely  
 stay longer, but runs towards his towarde hym / wold mawgis or noo. And whan he  
 master, was com byfore reynawde, he kneled byfore hym / &  
 and Mawgis dis- mawgis lighted from hym, & cam to reynawd & kyssed 12  
 mounts and embraces his hym full swetly / and after he kyssed alarde &  
 kinsmen. guycharde. And thenne sayd / 'where is the lityll  
 rycharde? For men helde hym for one of the moost  
 hardy of the worlde.' 'Cosin,' sayd reynawd, 'he is 16  
 there above sore wounded, that I wote not whether he  
 be deed or a lyve.' 'cosin,' sayd mawgys, 'can not he  
 move hymself' / 'it is not tyme to speke so long,' sayd  
 reynawd / 'but lete vs see who shall doo best of vs all. 20  
 gyve me my horse & my armes.' 'with a good will,'  
 sayd mawgys. and thenne reynawd armed hym &  
 lighted vpon bayarde / the sheelde at the necke & the  
 spere in the hande<sup>1</sup> / and whan he had said this he 24  
 spored bayard with his spores / and lept at everi tyme  
 xxx. fote of lengthe / Whan reynawd saw hymself  
 vpon bayarde he was right glad, for <sup>2</sup>he trowed never  
 to have set vpon his backe agen,<sup>3</sup> and whan he sawe 28  
 hymself thus horsed & armed <sup>4</sup>wyth his owne armures<sup>4</sup> /  
 so helde hymself more sure than that he had be in the  
 maister towre of montalban / and thenne he made  
 a course & ran vpon Oger, & smote hym so harde that 32  
 he made hym lighte fro the sadle, and bare hym fiersly

Reynawde asks  
 for his horse,  
 and, having  
 armed himself,  
 mounts upon  
 Bayard.

He runs upon  
 Ogyer, and smites  
 him fiercely to  
 the ground,

<sup>1</sup> et dist a ses freres. Freres, armes vous car le besoing en est venu, F. orig. n. vi.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. Q. v.

<sup>3</sup> et qu'il peust retourner en son premier estre, F. orig. n. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

to the grounde. & whan reynaude sawe oger a  
 grounde / he lighted a fote, & toke the horse of ogyer  
 & brought it to him agen, and helde the stirope, &  
 4 made oger to light vpon brayforde agen / and thenne  
 Reynawd sayd to hym / 'Cosin ogyer, now have ye the  
 rewarde of the goodnes that ye dyde vnto vs / but,  
 certes, this that ye have doon, ye dyde it as a traytour  
 8 & an yll kynsman / therefore kepe you fro me, for I  
 defye you; and by hym that made y<sup>e</sup> worlde, I shall  
 spare you nomore / for ye are slaundred' /

but afterwards  
 dismounts and  
 holds the stirrup  
 for his cousin to  
 mount again,

telling him to  
 keep away, or he  
 will be killed  
 without mercy.

12 **C**osin Reynawd,' sayd Ogyer, 'and we shall kepe  
 vs fro you, doubte ye not.' who thenne had be  
 in that place, he shold have seen how Reynawd had  
 medled hymself vygoriously among the frenshemen /  
 and myght well saye that he was a knyghte <sup>1</sup>prue &<sup>1</sup>  
 16 valyaunt. And thenne cam mawgis vpon a nother  
 horse that he had recovered, & spored hym with his  
 spores, and cam to therle Guymarde, & smote hym  
 thorughe the sheelde so that he shoved his spere  
 20 thrughe & thrughe his body / and felde hym doun deed  
 to therthe. <sup>2</sup>And whan he had guyven that stroke  
 he cried <sup>2</sup> 'Montalban cleremount.' and after he sayd  
 in this maner, 'Fre knyghtes, smyte vpon these frenshe-  
 24 men, that wold slee the best knyghtes of the world;  
 they have well shewed grete worthynes whan they be  
 com heder in grete nombre for to fight agenst four  
 knyghtes vnarmed: but they shall repente theym of  
 28 their bargayn right sore, <sup>3</sup>or that two owres ben a  
 goo<sup>3</sup> / & <sup>4</sup>therefore leye strongly vpon theim, & as harde  
 as ye can / for yf oger scape vs, we be <sup>5</sup>dishonoured' /

Mawgis slays  
 Earl Guymard,

calling on his  
 banners, 'Mount-  
 alban,' and 'Clere-  
 mount';  
 he commaunds his  
 knights to fight  
 valiantly, for if

Ogier escape they  
 are dishonoured.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> Et puis mist la main a son espee, et frappa ung cheval-  
 lier qui auoit nom aliau, et luy donna sur son heaulme si grant  
 coup, quil labact mort a terre. Et quant Il eut fait ses deux  
 coups, Il escrie son enseigne, F. orig. n. vi.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Lors dist a les gens, F. orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. Q. v. back.

and thenne began the striff fell and cruell; & many a  
 frensheman was cast down to therth: For<sup>1</sup> they myghte  
 not endure the grete merveylls of armes that Rey-  
 nawde & his bredern made. And whan the frenshemen 4  
 saw that they coude not wythstande no lenger / and  
 saw the grete *dommage* <sup>2</sup>& hurt<sup>2</sup> that Reynawd, his  
 bredern, & mawgis bare to theym, they put theimself  
 to flighte, and oger wyth them, towarde the ryver of 8  
 dordonne; and oger passed it over vpon his horse  
 brayforde / and whan he was come at thother side of  
 the ryver / he lighted a fote / and Reynaud called in a  
 scorne, & sayd to hym / 'Oger, I trowe ye be becom 12  
 a fissher / have ye eeles or sawmons? I gyve you leve  
 to chuse whether ye wyll com agen at this side, or that  
 I go to you at that side. and yf ye come agen at this  
 side / I shall kepe you sauf from all men, but of me 16  
 onely / or els make me sure fro charlemagnes folke, &  
 I shall passe over to yonder side & shall iuste wyth  
 you' / and after sayd to hym / 'Ye horson false  
 knawe, ye have falsed your feyth to Charlemagn, for 20  
 ye be my cosin germayn / And how had ye the hert  
 for to see vs murtrished in your presence / and that  
 ye defended vs not agenst all men / and ye come  
 yourselfe for to slee vs by traison. Certes, oger, ye 24  
 have doon amys gretly / But thanked be god, ye leve  
 wyth vs behynde you a good pledge / For here abideth  
 with vs Foulques of morillon and therle Guimard / the  
 whiche shall never make vs no werre; & more than vi.<sup>3</sup> 28  
 hundred of your frenshe knyghtes / evyll tydynges ye  
 shall bere of theym to charlemagne and to Rowlande /  
 and ye shall gyve theym an yll rekenynge of your  
 men. And goddys curse have they yf they make not 32  
 you to be hanged as a theeff <sup>4</sup>by the necke.'<sup>4</sup>

The Frenchmen  
 with Ogier fly  
 towards the river  
 Dordogne.

Reynawde scoffs  
 at Ogier, asking  
 if he be a fisher,  
 and sells eels or  
 salmons;

he upbraids him  
 with cowardice  
 and false faith  
 towards the  
 Emperour,

who shall hang  
 him as a thief.

<sup>1</sup> Fro in Caxton.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> quatre, F. orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

1 **T**henne were the frenshemen sore abashed whan  
 thei herde reinaud repreve oger<sup>2</sup> so, wherof thei  
 were glad,<sup>3</sup> & said to oger / 'well fynde ye now y<sup>e</sup>  
 4 rewarde of your goodnes! yf ye wolde have doon your  
 devoyre, y<sup>e</sup> four sones of aymon had be taken' / &  
 whan oger saw hymself thus reprevd of thone parte  
 & of thother, he was right sori for it / and thenne thei  
 8 lefte hym vpon the river side of dordonne; & abode  
 wyth hym but V<sup>4</sup> men / and whan oger sawe that all  
 his company had lefte hym / he knew well that they  
 dyd so for dispyte. thenne said he all by hymself,  
 12 'Fayr god of heven, I am well worthy to be served  
 thus! and the proverbe may well be reherced for a  
 trouth, that sayth / "Often happeth evill for a good  
 torne"' / whan oger had said this, he <sup>5</sup>cried & <sup>5</sup>said  
 16 to reynawd / 'O, mad beest, ye blame me wrongfully &  
 wythout a cause, for ye & your bredern shold have be  
 hanged by this wythout ony pardonne / nor mawgys  
 had never com here tyme ynoughe; wherof ye have  
 20 called me traytour / but ye lye falsly, for I never dide  
 treason, nor never shall, yf god wyll. Ye have also  
 called me fyssher, now ought I well to wexe mad all  
 quycke, whan suche a gloton doth to me soo grete  
 24 owtrage / but by the feith that I owe to all my  
 frendes / but yf I fered other than you / I sholde goo  
 gyve you suche a stroke thourgh the shelde that ye  
 sholde saye it is a stroke of a maister.' ¶ Thenne said  
 28 reynaude / 'ogger, ye speke well at your ease / for ye  
 shall doo no thyng at all of that ye say, leest your  
 limes should be hurt' / 'by my berde,' sayd Oger, 'I  
 shal' / And thenne he broched braiford with the spores,  
 32 and put hymselfe to swymme over the ryver. And  
 whan he was come to the playn grounde / he made

The Frenchmen  
also repreve the  
Dane for not  
having slain the  
Sons.

Ogier laments  
over his evil  
fortune,

and tells Rey-  
nawde how  
wrongfully he  
blames him after  
his goodness  
towards him.

He swims over  
the river again  
on Brayford,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. vi.

<sup>2</sup> le dannoy, F. orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Lors dirent entreulx. Dieu soit loue de ses parolles, F.  
orig. n. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> dix, F. orig.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

and declares him-  
self ready to fight.

hym redy for to ioust as wete as he was. and whan  
reynawde saw oger so yll arayed for to fighte, he had  
pite therof / And said to him,

Reynawde does  
not wish to begin  
the quarrel again,

‘Cosyn, I have at this our no wyll for to fyght, 4

and therefore <sup>1</sup>goo your wayes agen, for this daye

ye shall not be defoyled by me; now know I well that

ye have holpen me’ / ‘Reynawd,’ sayd oger, ‘mocke

not wyth me / Ye have called me traytour byfore many 8

knyghtes. yf I went my waye agen / men mighte saye

to Charlemagn that I had betrayed hym falsly / My

sperre is yet all hole: it were a grete shame to me but yf

I brake it vpon you or vpon one of your bredern / For 12

Foulques & therle guymarde shold complayne in helle

vpon me / and of thother parte I shold have non excuse

towarde the kynge charlemagn yf I went thus away /

for ye have well slayne four huzdred knyghtes of ours / 16

wherfore I saye for a conclusyon that I shall not goo

my waye, but that I medle firste wyth you / for ye

wote well that yf I wente thus my waye / the kyng

Charlemagn sholde bere me som dishonour for it, & 20

he shold have rayson, & also he shold make me to be

heded, and therefore I wyll fyghte wyth you / for, certes,

I have lever dey than to retorne thus to hym / and yf

god hath ordened that ye shall smyte of my hede, I 24

pardoone you my deth / for yf I can overcome you, I

shall brynge you to the kynge charlemagn, what som-

ever come of it.’

and would rather  
die than return  
thus to Charle-  
magne.

And whan reynawd herde ogyer speke so, he waxed 28

mad for angre, & sayd by wrathe / ‘oger, I defye

you to y<sup>e</sup> deth, & kepe you fro me!’ ‘and you of me,’

sayd oger / And whan they had defyed eche other so,

Reynawd spored bayarde, & Ogyer brayford, their good 32

horses, & ran thone vpon thother so strongly that the

erthe trembled vnder their fete / and whan cam to laye

the speres alowe, thei hit eche other so harde that they

Reynawde in  
great anger defies  
Ogyer to the  
death,

and runs so hard  
upon him that  
both their spears  
are broken,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. vi. back.



brake their speres ; and after their speres were broken /  
 they recounted eche other wyth theyr sheldes, & gaaf  
 eche other so grete strokes *that* thei both fell down to  
 4 therth over the croper of their horses,<sup>1</sup> & were sore  
 wounded. and whan y<sup>e</sup> two good knyghtes <sup>2</sup>sawe them-  
 self at the grounde,<sup>3</sup> thei rose vp quyckly & set hande  
 to their swerdes, & began to make so harde medelyng  
 8 that it was merveylle. But herke of their horses ! wyte  
 that whan bayarde & braiforde sawe their maisters at  
 the grounde / incontynent they went thone to thother /  
 and began to byte eche other, & cast their fete thone  
 12 vpon thother. whan oger sawe *that*, he was ful sory for  
 it / for he knewe well that bayarde was the stronger ;  
 so ran oger thider, the shelde at his necke & his swerde  
 in his hande ; for he wold helpe his good horse brai-  
 16 forde, for he was a ferde that bayarde sholde have  
 kylled hym. Whan reynawd sawe this, he cried &  
 sayd / ‘ what is it oger that ye wyll doo ? it is not the  
 werke of a knyghte to smyte a beest / and well me  
 20 semeth that ye have ynoughe to doo of me wythout ye  
 bete not my horse ’ / Thenne reynawd smote oger so  
 grete a stroke vpon his helme, that he felde hym down  
 to the grounde ; but the stroke slided a side & kyt a  
 24 sondre all *that* it rought well a hundred maylles of his  
 flankarde, and wounded hym sore vpon his hippe / and  
 yf the swerde had not tourned wythin reynawdes  
 hande, oger sholde never have eten bred / and whan  
 28 reynawd had gyven to hym that stroke / he sayd to  
 hym, ‘ ogyer, lete alone bayarde, for ye have ynoughe  
 adoo wyth me / I beleve that I have apayred your  
 helme / for I see your visage that is sore pale.’ and  
 32 whan oger felt hymself hurt / he wexed almost wood  
 for angre / and returned to reynawd wyth his swerde

and are finally  
 unhorsed and  
 much wounded.

Bayard and Bray-  
 ford, like their  
 masters, fight  
 each other.

Ogier interferes,

knowing his horse  
 will be slain.

Reynawde goes  
 after him,  
 and wounds him  
 again severely.

<sup>1</sup> tieullement que de tieulle Iouste, F. orig. n. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. Q. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Sans faire demourance, F. orig. n. viii. back.

cortyne, and sayd, 'Ha, cortyne that so moche I have loved the, and, certes, it is wel rayson / for ye be a good swerde, & in many places ye have well holpen me, & many a proud man overthrowen / and whan I went 4 with charlemagn at estborwgh in almayn / Rowlande & Olyver dyde assaye their swerdes at Perron / And I smote after for to assaye you, And ye kytted therof well halfe <sup>1</sup>a fote, and there I brake you, wherof I was 8 right sori. But for the goodnes that I know in you, for to be amended agen, & therefore ye be called courten / and but if ye avenge me now of this gloton I shall never have no trust to you / and thenne he smote Reynaud vpon his helme so harde, that he made hym rele / and whan oger saw Reynaud thus arayed, he said to hym, 'by god, Reynawde, I have yelde you agen that ye had gyven me / we be now quyte: wyll ye begyn a 16 fresshe.' 'by my feyth,' sayd Reynawd, 'ye, for I desire more to fight than I do ony other thyng' / and thenne they went & ranne thone upon y<sup>e</sup> other and began a nother medelynge; but thenne cam there 20 alarde, mawgis, & guycharde, & all their folke / and whan oger sawe them com, he was <sup>2</sup>wrathe & sory<sup>2</sup> for it / and so went he agen to brayforde, his good horse, & lighted upon him, & swymmed agen over dordonne. 24 and whan he was over, he abode still at the ryver side, & lighted down to therthe / but he had no sadel upon his horse, for the gyrthes brake whan he iusted wyth Reynawde / Whan Reynawd sawe brayforde sadeles, he 28 called to oger, & sayd, 'Oger, com fetche your sadell, for it shall be to you a grete shame yf ye ryde thus; and thanke our lorde that ye be thus departed fro me wythout ony more harme; for yf we had taries a lityll 32 lenger togyder / I wold have broughte you in suche a place where ye were never; for the kynge Charlemagn, your lord, sholde never have rescued you in [t]yme' /

Ogier appeals to his good sword to help him against Reynawde, and with a blow makes his kins- upon reel.

They begin the fight again, but Mawgis, Alarde, and Guycharde approach, and Ogier has to flee upon Brayford.

Reynawde asks him to return and fetch his saddle,

and be thankful for his escape without more harm.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Q. vii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> moult doulant, F. orig. n. viii.

'Reynawd,' sayd oger, 'ye threten me of ferre / it  
 longeth not to a good knyghte to threten one so; but  
 I wote well *that* yf it had not be your folke that have  
 4 socoured you, I wolde have brought you to kyng  
 Charlemagn or evyn.' 'Ogyer,' sayd Reynawd, 'ye  
 have well shewed that ye be a good knyghte that passed  
 y<sup>e</sup> ryver of dordonne for to com fight wyth me; but  
 8 shall ye tari there<sup>1</sup> for me tyll I passe over at thother  
 side <sup>2</sup>vpon my horse bayard.' 'ye, vpon my soule,'  
 sayd ogyer / 'and yf ye doo it, I shall saye that ye be  
 the best knyghte of the world. Whan Reynawde vnder-  
 12 stode that worde, he spored bayarde wyth the spores,  
 & wold have passed over dordonne, but mawgis, alarde,  
 & guycharde letted hym / and wold not suffre hym to  
 goo, but toke hym by the brydell; and alarde sayd to  
 16 hym / 'Ha, fayr broder, & what is this that ye wyll  
 doo / ye be overhasty / for who that dooth you goode,  
 he leseth well his tyme. ye knowe well, and Oger had  
 not be, we sholde have be ded this daye, and the  
 20 socours of mawgis had helped vs but lityll / Lete Ogyer  
 be in peas, I praye you / for there is not a better knyghte  
 in the worlde than he is one' / & thenne cryed alarde  
 to ogyer / 'Fayr cosyn, goo to god / for ye have well  
 24 holpen vs' / whan alard had spoken to ogyer / he re-  
 torned him to his broder Reynawd, & sayd to hym,  
 'Fayr brother, me semeth it were good that we shold  
 torne backe agen, for to wyte howe our brother Richarde  
 28 dooth / that abydeth vpon the roche mountbron so  
 wounded as ye knowe. Lete goo our enmyes with  
 shame ynoughe, for we have dommaged theym ryght  
 sore.' Thenne called Ogyer to Reynawde / and sayd,  
 32 'ye have dyscomfyted vs / but by my faders soule, we  
 shall come agen soo grete folke vpon you, that we  
 shall bere to you grete harme, and so shall we take  
 the proye / the whiche ye shall not dare defende' /

Ogier blames Reynawde for his injustice towards him.

Reynawde wishes to pass over the river and fight Ogyer again, but his brethren prevent him.

Alarde commends the conduct of Ogyer in helping them,

and counsels that they should return to the roche where Richard lies.

<sup>1</sup> sur broyfort, F. orig. o. i. back.    <sup>2</sup> Fol. Q. viii.

‘Now threten all fayr,’ sayd Reynawd, ‘for we have suche a castell where we dare well abyde Charlemagne / and you, at any owre that ye come / and also I telle you for certen that, or ever thre<sup>1</sup> dayes be passed / 4 ye shall never take vs for all that ye can doo. And how somever the game gooth, the losse hath ever be vpon you vnto this tyme / And also ye shall bere no goode tydynges to Charlemagne.’ 8

Ogier departs on Brayford for the tent of Charlemagne.

¶ And whan ogier had spoken ynoughe to Reynawde / he spored Brayforde,<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>and wente after his folke that had lefte hym, and he rode soo long that he cam to Mountbandell, & lighted down before the tente 12 of Charlemagn / and whan Rowland & Olyvere saw com Oger thus wounded & makyng so evyll chere / thei trowed that there had be a battayll ; and that oger had taken Reynawde & his bredern. and so thei dyde 16 call the duke Naimes, Salmon of breten, Rycharde of normandy, & therle Guydellon ; and when thei were all assembled / they sayd, thone to thother, ‘ Pour vnhappy, & what shall we do / this day shall we see hange the 20 four sones of Aymon / thei be cosins to vs all, and yf Charlemagn maketh them to be hanged / we be dyshonoured for ever’ / And whan Charlemagn sawe com oger, he sayd to him, ‘ Oger, where ben the foure sones 24 of Aymon / have ye taken theym, or slayn them, or remysed theym for prysoners ?’ ‘ Syr,’ sayd oger, ‘ all fair and softly, wyte it that they ben no children / but thei are the best knyghtes of the world / and they be 28 a lyve / I tell you, syre, that we fonde theym in the playn of valcolours / all four clothed in scarlet, furred wyth ermyns, & vpon mewles / and bare in their handes flowers & roses. well has the kyng yon of gascoyn kept 32 his covenant to you / for he hath sent theym forth in suche maner as he promysed to you / but worthyne

The barons think that Oger has captured the Sons.

Charlemagne enquires whether the Sons are slain or taken prisoners.

<sup>1</sup> quatre, F. orig. o. i.      <sup>2</sup> des esperons, F. orig. o. i.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Q. viii. back.

& the proues was suche that they chaunged ther meules  
to gode horses, & recovered both shelde & spere. Ogier describes  
the Sons' wonder-  
ful prowess,

And whan Reynawd had gotten a horse / he slewe and how Rey-  
nawde recovered  
a horse, and slew  
Foulques,

4 foulques of morillon first of all, and mounted upon his  
horse<sup>1</sup> / but at the last they fonde a roche corven after  
the maner of a cave, that is a strong place / where they  
defended theymself a longe while ; and Rycharde, one

8 of their bredern, had be slayn / and thother thre shold and how they  
would all have  
been slain, had  
Mawgis not  
rescued them with  
v. thousand  
knights.

have ben other taken or slayn, if mawgis had not com  
there to socoure theym, mounted vpon bayarde, &  
brought with hym V. thousande knightes,<sup>2</sup> whiche have

12 dyscomfyted vs, and have slayne therle Guymarde' /

' **H**a,' sayd Charlemagne, 'that is it true that they  
ben so scaped.' 'syre,' sayd Ogyer, 'ye, verely.'

Whan the kynge vnderstode that reynawde & his

16 brethern were scaped, he was<sup>3</sup> right wrothe & full angry<sup>3</sup> Charlemagne is  
very wroth when  
he hears of the  
Sons' escape,

for it / and sayd / 'Ha, good lord of glory / 'how am I  
shamed for four glotons! certes this weryes me sore!  
but no forse, lete theym doo the worst that they can,

20 for yf they have scaped me now, they shall not scape  
me a nother tyme' / 'Syre,' sayd Ogyer, 'wyte it / but  
mawgys had not be, they cowde not have scaped.'

'goodys curse have he for it,' sayd Charlemagne, 'and

24 an evyll yere ; for often has he holpen theym agenst  
me / and soo I wote well, that yf I helde Reynawde &  
his brethern wythin my prison / Mawgis sholde delyver  
theym oute, and therfore I hate hym to deth, wherof I

28 praye you our lord that I deye not tyll I be first and declares  
his hatred for  
Mawgis.

'avenged of it.' 'Syre,' sayd Ogyer, 'by the feyth that  
I owe to you / Reynawd gaaff me soo grete a stroke that  
the corner of my helme felle doun wythall to therthe,

32 and I promyse you I was well gladde whan I was scaped  
from his handes. For of thre thousande<sup>5</sup> that we

<sup>1</sup> puis nous les menasmes ung grant traitet dare tous descon-  
fitz, F. orig. o. ii. back. <sup>2</sup> Fol. R. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> moult doulant, F. orig. o. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> avnenged in Caxton. <sup>5</sup> cheualliers, F. orig. o. ii. back.

Ogier tells the Emperor of their great losses in battle.

Roland, in fierce anger, calls Ogier a coward for having spared the Sons.

Ogier, for this injury, tells Roland that he lies falsely.

broughte wyth vs, there are com agayn but thre hundred, and the surplus is all slayn or taken' / Whan Rowland vnderstode thise wordes, he shoke all for angre, & sayd by grete wrathe, 'By god, syre Ogier, 4 ye were sore hardy, for ye had noo felawes that dyd soo wel as ye dyde / but by saynt peter the postle / I saw never soo stronge a cowarde as ye be, nor never cam oute of Denmark a good knyghte.' 'Ha, hourson 8 cowarde kaytiff, how have ye ony eyen that dare beholde vpon a man / but a nother thyng there is / for ye have spared theym / for they ben your cosins & your frendes. Now be the kyng blamed, but yf he 12 maketh you to be hewen in all peces, for they sholde have ben take, if ye had not be' /

<sup>1</sup> **T**henne whan oger sawe hymselfe so reprevd/ he wexed all madde of the grete iniury that Row- 16 lande had sayd to hym soo / and answered boldly & sayd, 'Damp Rowlande, ye lye falsly of that ye saye; For I am not suche as ye telle / And here is my pledge for to defende me this quarelle agenst body to body; 20 for I nor none of my kyn dyde never amys agenste Charlemagn; but of all Fraunce I am one of the best & truest knyght that be in it; and of a better kynne I am come than ye be, Rowlande<sup>2</sup> / Gerarde of roussyllon 24 was myne vncler / he kept me of a lityll chylde; and Dron of nantuell & the duke Benes of aygremount; thise thre were brethern, the whiche were all myn vncler. And Myneus of aygremount was my fader / 28 and also the bisshop Turpyn & Rycharde of normandy ben my kynsmen / and thus are the four sones of aymon of my lynage. Now, good sire Rowlande, telle me your lynage, for I knowe your highnes; for by saynt 32 denys of Fraunce, I shall defende me agenst you wyth my swerde / and so shall I shewe to you yf I be true or

<sup>1</sup> Fol. R. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Sire droit empereur, F. orig. o. ii.

no' / <sup>1</sup>Rowlande was thenne wounderfull wrothe / whan  
 he herde ogyer speke so, and vaunced hymselfe agenste  
 hym, & wolde have smyt hym / And whan ogyer sawe  
 4 hym come, he set hande to his swerde cortyne, & sayd  
 to Rowland / 'Beware ye be not so hardy for to set  
 hande vpon me, for by the feyth that I owe to him  
 that begate me / I shall make the hede to flee fro thy  
 8 body / yf ye come ony nerer' / Whan Charlemagn saw  
 these two barons move theymselſe soo sore, <sup>2</sup>the one  
 agenste thother<sup>2</sup> / he was right sory for it / And thenne  
 rose the duke Naymes of bavyre, & therle Aymery, and  
 12 sayd / 'Syr Rowlande, what wyll ye doo / by my hede,  
 the thyng shall not goo as ye trowe / For oger is not  
 suche as ye make hym ;<sup>3</sup> and yf the kynge were not, the  
 thyng sholde goo otherwyse than <sup>4</sup>ye wene / ogyer is  
 16 suche a knyghte as all the world knoweth ; nor in his  
 lynage was never noo man borne that made treyson ;  
 but he is the best knyghte in all Fraunce of all sides  
 but we merveylle how Charlemagn suffreth you to tak  
 20 so grete a pride vpon you. And yf he suffreth it / we  
 wyll not doo so for no thyng that can come of it.'  
 Whan Charlemagne sawe this grete noyse betwene his  
 barons, he was right wrothe, & sayd to Rowland, 'Fayr  
 24 newew, lete this alone, for it longeth not to you to saye  
 so / and betwene this & to morow I shall enquire of  
 this matere ; and yf Oger hath doo amys in ony thyng  
 agenste me, I shall make hym abyte it full dere / for all  
 28 they in the world shall not kepe hym, but I shall make  
 hym beheded for it.' 'Syr,' sayd ogyer, 'I wyt well  
 but there is in fraunce no man so prue ne so hardy /  
 that shall saye that I have doon treyson agenst you nor  
 32 agenst ony other, but that I shall fighte agenst hym in  
 the quarell / and shold shewe to hym that he lyed

Roland advances  
 towards Ogier,  
 and would have  
 struck him, but  
 Ogier sets hand  
 to his sword and  
 threatens to slay  
 him.

Duke Naymes  
 and Earl Aymery  
 interfere between  
 them.

Charlemagne  
 commands Rol-  
 land to cease this  
 quarrel,  
 and says he will  
 enquire into the  
 matter.

Ogier protests  
 that he is inno-  
 cent of all  
 treachery towards  
 the Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> Aultrement me conuiendra mourir de dueil, F. orig. o. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. ii.

<sup>3</sup> et que vous le doyes batre ne oultraiger, F. orig. o. iii.  
 back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. R. ii.

and relates to  
him all that  
happened at  
Mountbron,

falsly' / but and it playse you to here me, I shall telle  
you the trowth of the mater<sup>1</sup> / Wyte it, syre, that whan  
I came to the roche Mountbron where the four sones  
of Aymon were, and sawe that we were so grete nombre 4  
of folke agenst four knyghtes all vnarmed / I promyse  
you that I holpe theym not / nor I was not agenst  
theym / but wythdrewe me aside & lete the other  
shyfte wyth theym / and I stode styll & behelde vpon 8  
the grete sorow / For I sawe deye my flesshe & my  
blode, and I myghte not helpe theym of noo thyng /  
Now have I tolde you all the trowth / and all that I  
dyde / And yf ye fynde otherwyse than that I telle 12  
you a fore all thise noble barons / I wyll be sore  
punyssed / but by the feyth that I ow to god, yf ever  
I fynde me in ony place where I maye helpe theym, I  
shalle helpe them wyth all my power, yf I shold lose 16  
my hede for it. For all the worlde <sup>2</sup>oughte to hate me,  
by cause I faylled them atte theyr nede. For they  
ben my cosins / and ye, syre, have doon so moche to  
theym that it shold suffyse you, for they be not soo 20  
moche gilty of that they be charged of as men make  
semblaunt; but by the virgyn Mary / as long as I shal  
lyve, I shall not fayll theym of that I maye doo. Over  
hasty was Rowlande for to have smytte me wrongfully / 24  
and wythout ony cause, but I wyll well that he knowe  
that yf he sawe Reynawde mounted vpon his horse  
bayarde / he sholde not take hym for a ribawde, nor he  
sholde not dare abyde hym body to body, for all the 28  
golde of spayne.' Whan Rowlande herde Oger speke  
thus / he sayd to hym, 'by god, Oger, ye have praysed  
hym moche / and ye make hym wonderfull hardy /  
but I praye god *that* I maye ones fynde hym vpon 32  
bayarde, his good horse, all armed from hede to too /  
for to knowe yf he be as valyaunt as ye make hym' /

and says he will  
from henceforth  
help the Sons  
whenever he shall  
find that they  
need it.

He blames Roland  
for his hastiness,

and vows he  
would not dare to  
meet Reynawde  
mounted upon  
Bayard for all the  
gold of Spain.

<sup>1</sup> Sans mentir de mot, F. orig. o. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. R. ii. back.



Wyte that god herde the prayer of Rowlande, for Rowlande not longe after that fonde Reynawde vpon bayarde, and I telle you that Rowland helde hym not  
 4 sith for noo rybawde nor for no knave / but toke hym for the beste knyght of the worlde / But the history levethe now to telle of kyng Charlemagn of Fraunce / of Rowland,<sup>1</sup> & of Oger the dane, and of the XII peres  
 8 of Fraunce that ben at y<sup>e</sup> sege afore Mountalban / and retorneth to speke of Reynawde, that was yll at ease for the love of Richarde, his brother, *that* was wounded to deth in the roche Montbron.

CHAPTER XI.<sup>2</sup>

12 [How by the succours that Mawgis brought to reynawd and to his bretherne into the playne of Walcoloures, they discomfited kyng charlemagnes folke, wherof Ogier had  
 16 manye reproches of rowlande for some goodnes and favoure that he had shewed to reynawde and his bretherne at roche mountbron, and was therefore called trai-  
 20 toure, wherof a great inconvenience came therof afterwarde afore king Charlemagne.]

**N**ow sheweth the history, after that Reynawd had dyscomfyted the frenshemen / he returned agen

<sup>1</sup> et de Olivier, F. orig. o. iii.

<sup>2</sup> The heading of this chapter is omitted by Caxton, and is therefore given here from Copland's Table: the French Edition of 1480 has it in the following form:

Comment, par le secours que maugis amena a Regnault et a ses freres es plains de Vaulx couleurs, Ilz des confirent les gens du roy Charlemaigne, dont ogier en eut mains reprouches de Rolant pour aulcune bonte quil auoit faicte a Regnault et a ses freres en la roche mombron. Et en fut ogier appellee 'traictre,' dont grant Inconvenient en vint apres devant Charlemaigne.

Chapitre .xi.

Reynawde returns  
to the rock  
Mountbron,

and weeps over  
the sad state of  
Richard.

Mawgis comes  
to the rock,

and is sorry when  
he sees Reynawde  
weep thus.

He promises to  
cure Richard of  
his wounds, if  
Reynawde will  
vow to help him  
against Charle-  
magne.

towarde roche mountbron, where he had lefte his brother  
 Richarde thus wounded, as ye have herde / And whan  
 he was come there, & saw his brother so horryble  
 wounded / he cowde not kepe him from wepyng / and 4  
 sayd, 'Alas ! what shall I doo whan I <sup>1</sup>have lost my  
 dere brother, the beste frende that I have in the world ?'  
 and after he had sayd that worde he felle to the  
 grounde from bayarde in a swoune. and whan alarde 8  
 & guycharde sawe their broder that was fall, they  
 began to make theyr mone for Richarde pietously.  
 And whan Reynawde was com agen to hymselfe / he  
 made grete sorowe wyth his two bredern, Alarde & 12  
 guycharde, vpon Richarde their brother, *that* laye vpon  
 therthe wyth his bowelles betwene his handes. And  
 this hangyng, cam mawgis vpon broykarre, his gode  
 horse, the best that men wyste after bayarde / and 16  
 helde a pece of a spere in his hande / And whan he  
 saw Reynaud make suche sorow, he was right sori for  
 it. And whan he sawe Richarde thus sore wounded /  
 he was wrothe, & had grete pyte for to see the wounde 20  
 that was so grete / for men sawe the lyver wythin his  
 body. Thenne sayd he to Reynawd, 'fayr cosin, take  
 hede what I shall say, & leve this sorow ; ye know wel  
 that ye be all my cosins / and therefore we ought to 24  
 parforce ourselfe for to socour thone the other whan it  
 is nede. I have socoured you many tymes / and wyte  
 it that all the [h]arme that Charlemagn bereth to  
 me / it is all thrughe your occasion / he slewe my 28  
 fader but late, wherof I bere yet at my hert grete  
 hevynes, that was your vncler that deyed for your love :  
*that* knowe ye well / But yf ye wyll promyse me  
 afore all your barons for to com wyth me into the 32  
 tente of the kyng charlemagne, & helpe me to sawte  
 hym for to avenge vpon hym the dethe of my sayd  
 fader / yf we can, I shall delyver to you Rychard, evyn

now hole & sounde without any sore' / and whan  
 Reynawde understode these wordes, he cam to mawgis /  
 and kyssed hym in the breste all wepyng, & sayd to  
 4 hym / 'Ryghte swete & fayr cosin, for god mercy,  
 Delyver to me agen my broder Richarde hole, yf it  
 playse you. And yf ye wyll that I <sup>1</sup>doo any other  
 thyng for you / commaunde me, and I shall do it wyth  
 8 right good herte / For ye wote well that I dyde never  
 any thyng that was agenst your wyll; nor there is no  
 man in the worlde for whom I wolde doo so moche as  
 I wold do for you.' whan mawgys sawe Reynawd  
 12 wepe so tenderly, he had grete pite of it, and sayd to  
 hym, 'Now be not dysmayed of no thyng, fayr cosyn,  
 for ye shall have Richarde hole & sounde incontynente.'  
 And thenne he lighted down from his horse / and toke  
 16 a botell wyth white wyne, & washed the wounde of  
 Rycharde ther wythall ryght well / and had awaye all  
 the blood that was aboute / And be not merveyllid  
 where he gate all suche thynges as apperteyneth to this  
 20 cure / For he was the subtillest nygramancer that ever  
 was in the worlde; and whan he had doon so, he toke  
 his bowelles, & put theym agen in to his body / and  
 thenne he toke a nedle & a threde / and sewed vp the  
 24 wounde full maisterly, and hurted not rycharde / and  
 after, he toke a salve, he anoynted all the wounde /  
 and as soone as the wounde was thus anoynted it was  
 as hole as though he had never be hurte in that place  
 28 of his body / And whan he had doon all this, he toke  
 a drynke & gaaf it to Rycharde for to drynke / and  
 whan Richarde had dronken it, he rose lightly vpon his  
 fete, all delyvered & quyte fro his dysase / and sayd to  
 32 his bredern / 'where is Ogier goon and his folke / are  
 they scaped from vs' / 'brother,' answered Reynawd,  
 'we have dyscomfyted theim, god gramercy, & mawgis,  
 that cam to socour vs / for otherwyse we sholde have

Reynawde will-  
 ingly consents to  
 do all that his  
 cousin may  
 command.

Mawgis washes  
 the wound of  
 Richard with  
 white wine,

and gives him a  
 drink, which cures  
 him immediately.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. R. iii. back.

ben all deed, and so he hath saved vs & our lyves at thys tyme. now ought we well to love hym more than our selfe.' 'broder,' sayd Richarde, 'ye saye trouthe' / and after, Alarde sayd to mawgys / 'fayr 4 cosin, hele me, I praye you / for I have a grete wounde in the thye.' 'And I also,' sayd Reynawde, 'for I <sup>1</sup>am hurt right sore' / 'and I also,' sayd guycharde, 'for goddys love gyve vs helthe to all vs' / thenne sayd mawgis to 8 them / 'be not dysmayed, my fayr cosyns / for I shall helpe you al anone' / Thenne toke mawgis of the white wyne wherof he had washed the wounde of Richarde / and washed their woundes to them all / and after he 12 noynted them swetly, & anone they were all hole / And whan they were all guarissed / they made Richard to lighte vpon a horse, and put theymself to the waye, for to retorne agen <sup>2</sup>to montalban.<sup>2</sup> And thus as they 16 went on their waye,<sup>3</sup> a spye departed fro their felyshyp of Reynawde / and cam to montalban to the kyng yon, & sayd to hym, 'Sir, I bryng you tydynges / Now wyte that reynawd & his bredern ben scaped fro 20 the playn of valcolours, where ye had sent them; and they have dyscomfyted ogier the dane & all the folke of charlemagn, and also they have slayn foulques of morillon & therle guymarde / and soo many of other 24 knyghtes that I cowde not telle you the nombre.'

**A**nd whan the kyng yon vnderstode thise tydynges, he was sore abashed of it, that he wyste not what he sholde saye; and after he sayd, 'Alas, how 28 gooth this / here ben evill tydynges! how may this be / dyde they fynde the busshemente of the kyng Charlemagne? 'sire,' sayd the spye / 'ye, certenly / and shold have ben cursedly handled yf mawgis their 32 cosin had not socourde them / And for the socours that mawgys broughte wyth him / Oger was dyscom-

Alarde and Reynawde also ask Mawgis to heal their wounds.

Richard mounts on horseback, and with his brethren and Mawgis return to Montalban. A spy goes from their company to King John with tidings of all that has happened,

and of the succours which Mawgis brought to his kinsmen.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. R. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. iv.

<sup>3</sup> a moult grant joye, F. orig. o. iv.

fyted, & all his folke of Charlemagne, soo that fewe of  
 theym scaped / For mawgis broughte to Reynawd  
 bayarde, his good horse / that was cause of all the harme  
 4 <sup>1</sup>that was doon there of the other parte / 'Alas! vn-  
 happy myschaunt,' sayd thenne the kyng yon, ' & what  
 shall I doo / yf I abyde Reynawd, mawgis, alarde,  
 guychard, & rychard, I am deed wythout doubt / for  
 8 all the world <sup>2</sup>coude not deffende me therfro. And  
 also it were well righte nor Reynawd sholde doo but  
 well, yf he slewe me cruelly / For I have well deserved  
 dethe / for never Iudas ne the emperour Neron of Rome  
 12 made soo grete a treyson as I have doon, that wold  
 have brought to a cruell deth the best knyghtes of the  
 worlde, <sup>1</sup>that ben the four sones of Aymon,<sup>1</sup> for the  
 thretynge of a prynce.' And whan he had sayd thise  
 16 wordes, he beganne to make grete sorowe / and sayd /  
 'Ha, fayr suster Clare / this day shall departe our love /  
 ye shall never see me more / This daye shall I forsake  
 Gascoyn, for I shall never come agen therin' / And  
 20 thenne he cryed wyth an hyghe voys / 'Now goo hens,  
 fayr lordes, for goddis sake / be lightly redy / For the  
 nede of it is now com; and lete vs bryng with vs the  
 beste knyghtes<sup>3</sup> that I and ye have. and yf we maye  
 24 doo so moche to gete the wode of the serpent, <sup>4</sup>whiche  
 is a grete foreste, we shall be sauff ynoughe / and<sup>4</sup> we  
 shall may scape at our ease / For we shall lodge our-  
 selfe wythin an abbey of saynte Lazare / and we shall  
 28 take suche habyte as the monkkes there have / And by  
 all thus shall we maye be saved. For I knowe soo  
 moche goodnes in Reynawd, that whan he shall fynde  
 vs shoren as monkkes / he shall do vs no harme' /  
 32 Thenne was there a spye, that was called Pygwade,  
 that was soo grete that he had well XV fote of lengthe /

King John  
deplores his evil  
fate,

and compares  
himself to Judas  
and Nero.

He commands  
his knyghts to  
arm and fly with  
him to the wood  
of the Serpent,

where there is an  
Abbey, in which  
they can enter  
and become  
monks.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. v. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. R. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> chevaux que vous ayez, F. orig. o. v. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. v. back.

A spy called  
Pygwade writes  
all the words of  
John on parch-  
ment,

and wente as faste as any horse cowde trotte / This  
Pygwade had well herde all that the kyng yon had  
sayd / & wrote it in a skynne of parchement / and  
wente lightly out of Mountalban at the gate, called y<sup>e</sup> 4  
gate fawcon / and passed thurgh the wood of the  
serpent in a lityll while, And mette wyth Reynaud,  
his bretherne, and Mawgis, that came agayn to Mount-  
alban, that broughte wyth theym <sup>1</sup>a grete multytude of <sup>1</sup>8  
prisoners ; and Pygwade, that grete theeff watched vpon  
<sup>2</sup>theym. And anone he ranne as faste as he myghte to  
Mountbendel / and wente in to the pavylyon of Charle-  
magne, and called Rowlande / and sayd to hym, ' Syre, 12  
I shall telle you such tydynges / wherby ye shall gete  
goode ynoughe, yf ye wyll beleve me / And I shall  
telle you a thyng wherof ye shall be right gladd' /  
' Goode frende,' sayd thenne Rowlande, ' thou arte wel- 16  
com to me / and what tydynges bryngest thou, telle  
me, I praye the.'<sup>3</sup> ' Syre,' sayd Pygwade / ' wyte it  
that the kyng yon fleeth awaye all vnarmed / he and  
all his folke, and hath wyth theym nother somer nor 20  
mewle, but oonly their beste horses' / And they goo in  
to the wode of the serpente, in to a house of religyon,  
whiche is named saynte Lazare / and he hymselfe is  
delybered for to take the habyte and to be come a 24  
monke / ' By my feyth,' sayd thenne Rowlande, ' I  
shall goo mete wyth theym anone wyth foure thousande  
knyghtes / And I shall avenge Reynawde and his  
brederne vpon theym / and I shall make theym to be 28  
hanged as traytours / For I never loved tratours / nor  
never shal, and god wylle' / ' Syre,' sayd Pygwade,  
' yet is there more / for I have founde Reynawde, his  
brethern, and Mawgis, that came over the ryver of 32  
Balencon, that bryngeth wyth theym many prisoners  
of your folke / And yf ye wyll fynde them, ye muste

and goes to the  
pavilion of the  
Emperor, where  
he calls Roland.

And tells him  
how John and his  
folk have fled to  
the Abbey,

and intend to  
become monks.

Roland swears to  
hang the traitor.

Pygwade says he  
has found Rey-  
nawde and  
Mawgis, who  
come over the  
river towards  
Montalban.

1-1 omitted, F. orig. o. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. R. v.

<sup>3</sup> thee.

goo that waye' / 'Frende,' sayd Rowlande, 'ye have  
 deserved a grete rewarde / for ye have broughte to vs  
 goode tydynges' / Thenne Rowlande called to hym  
 4 Olyver / and sayd, 'Olyver, my goode & true felawe,  
 lighte vpon your horse quyckely / and brynge wyth  
 you Guydellon and Rycharde of Normande; and ye  
 syre Ogyer of Danmarke, ye shall come wyth me, yf  
 8 it playse you / and ye shall see the grete prouesse of  
 Reynawde, the sone of Aymon / And we shall take  
<sup>1</sup>wyth vs but foure thousande men, and yet Reynawde  
 is fyve thousand well horsed and well arayed / And  
 12 thus we shall mowe fyghte wyth theym wythoute ony  
 advantage.' 'Certes,' sayd Ogyer, 'I shall goo there  
 to see howe ye shall have hym / And whan ye have  
 taken hym, I promyse you to lende you a rope, yf ye  
 16 have nede of it' / And whan they had all devysed, they  
 mounted on horse backe / and toke their waye, And  
 the grete rybawde guyded theym streyght to the ryver  
 of Balancon. And the kyng of Gascoyn rode thenne  
 20 thorughe the wodes of serpente wyth his folke / and  
 he rode soo longe that he aryved at the monastery of  
 saynte Lazare / And they prayed the abbote of the  
 place soo moche, that he made theym monkes in the  
 24 devylles name / This hangynge, came there Rowlande  
 and Olyvere wyth theyr folke, *that* entred anone in to  
 the abbey. And whan the abbot sawe them, he came  
 theym agenste, and all the covent syngynge, 'Te deum  
 28 laudamus.' And whan they had songe / the abbot  
 sayd to Rowlande, 'Syre, ye be right welcome / wylle  
 ye have ony thynge that we may doo?' / 'Lorde abbot,'  
 sayd Rowlande, 'we thanke you wyth all our herte /  
 32 But wyte that we seke here the falseste traytour of the  
 worlde / that men calle the kyng yon of Gascoyn / the  
 whiche is here wythin; for I wyll hange hym like a  
 theeff' /

Roland calls  
 Oliver, and tells  
 him to arm and  
 come with V.  
 thousand men to  
 fight the Sons of  
 Aymon.

King John rides  
 through the wood,

and arrives at the  
 monastery, where  
 he is made a  
 monk by the  
 Abbot.

Roland comes to  
 the Abbey,

and demands the  
 person of King  
 John.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. R. v. back.

The Abbot will not consent to yield him up.

Roland swears to kill him if he does not consent.

The Abbot and all the monks fly in terror.

Roland takes John, and reproaches him for his evil treachery against the Sons;

he blinds his eyes, and sets him on horseback with the monk's hood upon his head.

Thenne answered the abbot / 'ye shall not, syre, and please you, for he is become our monke / and also he hath taken the habyte / And therefore we shall defende hym agenste all men.' Whan Rowlande herde 4 the abbot speke soo / he tooke hym by the hode / And Olyver toke the pryour that was nyghe, & they shoved theym so prately agenste a pyller of marbell stone that their eyen lepte oute of theyr hedes. And 8 <sup>1</sup>thenne Rowlande sayd to the abbot / 'Now mayster monke, delyver to me lightly that devyll the kynge Yon, whiche is the brother of Iudas, or elles I shall make an ende of you, For I have sworne that he shall 12 never doo treyson more' / Whan thabbot vnderstode this that Rowlande sayd to hym, he and all his monkes fledde away from hym. And whan Rowlande sawe this, he set hande to his goode swerde, Durandall, and 16 entred in to the cloystre, where he fonde the kynge yon knelynge byfore an ymage of our lady, And was cladde wyth the abbyt of religyon / and the hode vpon his hede / And whan Rowlande sawe hym / he knewe 20 hym well / For he had seen hym afore that wyth his vncle Charlemagn / Thenne he toke hym and sayd to hym, 'Syre monke, in the devylls name, conne ye well your lesson / arise vp wyth sorowe, and come wyth 24 me for to see the kynge Charlemagne; for he shall make you to be hanged as a traytour proved evyll kynge, and a felon / Where ben the foure sones of Aymon that ye sholde have delyvered vnto Charlemagn? ye 28 shall be payed for the trayson that ye have doon; and I wyth myn handes shall avenge Reynawde and his brethern vpon you.' And whan he had sayd this / he made the kynge Yon to be set vpon a horse / and 32 blynded his eyen <sup>2</sup>wyth a clowte, that he myghte not see noo thyng.<sup>2</sup> And thenne gaaffe hym the monkes hode vpon his hede / And thus satte in the saddle, the

<sup>1</sup> Fol. R. vi.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vi.



face towarde the horse taylle / and the back forward.  
 The kyng yon made none other thyng but that he  
 wysshed styll after Reynawd and his brethern / and  
 4 sayd / 'Alas, and that I dyde grete harme / whanne  
 that I consented to this mortalle trayson<sup>1</sup> / Now oughte  
 I well to deye ten tymes yf<sup>2</sup> it myghte be soo<sup>2</sup> / For I  
 have well deserved deth.'<sup>3</sup> Whan the kyng Yon had  
 8 sayd this, he sayd to one of his pryve counseyll that  
 he herde nyghe hym, how well he sawe not, 'Frende,  
 goo to Mountalban, and telle Reynawde that he com  
 to socour me, for he is my man, and that he take no  
 12 hede to my trespase<sup>2</sup> & evyll dede<sup>2</sup> / but to his frau-  
 chyse. For yf he lete me deye soo, he shall be therof  
 repreved & blamed evermore, and his yssue shall be  
 dishonourde by. And yf he can recover me / I wyll  
 16 that he make my tonge to be kyt of, wherby I dyd  
 consent to the trayson / or elles my hede / yf it  
 semeth hym good / for I have well deserved it agenst  
 hym' / 'Syre,' sayd the knyghte, 'I shall not goo  
 20 there, for I wote wyll that reynawd wyll not set one  
 fote forth for to save you, by cause of the grete  
 harme that ye wold have doon to hym' / 'he shal,'  
 sayd the kyng yon, 'for I knowe so moche by hym  
 24 that he shall not saye there agenst.' 'Syr,<sup>4</sup> I wyll  
 thenne goo to hym wyth a good wyll, sith that it  
 please you; and god gyve that reynaude, his bredern,  
 & mawgys wyll com & helpe you / for I know well  
 28 that ye have grete nede of it / but yf god helpe you' /  
 This hangyng, olyver sayd to rowland / 'Rowlande,  
 good felawe myn / what shall we doo with this  
 vnhappy kyng?' / 'frende,' sayd Rowland, 'we shall  
 32 lede hym to mountfawcon / and we shall leve Balencon  
 at the right hande' / And this they dyd, for to fynde

John tells one of  
 his men, who is  
 near him, to go to  
 Reynawde and  
 implore his  
 assistance.

The knight con-  
 sents to go.

Roland declares  
 his intention of  
 hanging King  
 John at Mon-  
 faucon.

<sup>1</sup> comme ceste a este, F. orig. o. vi.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vi.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. R. vi. back.

<sup>4</sup> dist le cheuallier, F. orig. o. vi.

reynawde & his bredern / for rowland was sore wyll-  
 inge to fynde reynawd, his bredern, & mawgis <sup>1</sup>his  
 cosin.<sup>1</sup> ‘Gode lord,’ said oger the dane, ‘by thy pite  
 & mysericorde, graunt to Rowlande his prayer & <sup>4</sup>  
 his wyll, that is that we maye fynde Reynawde, his  
 brethern, & mawgis / for to see how rowlande shall  
 bere hymself, and yf he shold take theym or noo / for  
 I knowe well that none shall put down his pride <sup>8</sup>  
 but onely reynawd.’<sup>2</sup> ¶ But here I leve to speke of  
 Rowland, olyver, & of Oger, & of their folke, and of  
 the kynge yon of gascoyn, that <sup>3</sup>they broughte wyth  
 [them] for to be hanged, and retorne agen to shewe of <sup>12</sup>  
 the foure sones of Aymon.

## CHAPTER XII.

¶ How after that Reynawd & hys bredern  
 were garnysshed of theyr wouzdes that  
 they had in the playne of valcolours, they <sup>16</sup>  
 went agen to Montalban. And how they  
 rescued the kynge Yon from the handes of  
 Rowlande.<sup>4</sup>

**I**n this partye sheweth the history, that whan Rey- <sup>20</sup>  
 nawde & his brethern were well hole of theyr

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vi.

<sup>2</sup> le filz aymon, F. orig. o. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. R. vii.

<sup>4</sup> Caxton has left out part of the French original, which has:

“Mais quant le roy jon sceut leur destour, il sen fouyt, et sen ala rendre moyne en ung moustier *qui* estoit dedens le boys de la serpente, la ou rolant et olivier et ogier le dannois le trouverent, et le volurent faire pendre pour la trahison quil auoit faicte a regnault et a ses freres. Non obstant que regnault fut leur enemy. Mais regnault le recourut des gens de rolant.”

woundes, by the helpe of Mawgys, that had heeled  
 theym, they put theym selfe to the waye agayn towarde  
 Mountalban. And whan they were come there /  
 4 my lady Clare wente agenste theym, and broughte  
 wyth her two chyl dren, Yonnet and Aymonet, that  
 had wepte and<sup>1</sup> scratched their swete<sup>2</sup> vysages soo sore  
 that there appered of theym nother eyen nor mouthes /  
 8 Alwayes they wyste not wherfore they dyde soo /  
 for they were veri yonge. And she also was all  
 dysfygured for wepynge, And of grete lamentacyons  
 that she made, for she wyste well how<sup>2</sup> her brother,<sup>2</sup>  
 12 the kyng Yon, had betrayed Reynawd her husbonde  
 and his bredern / and wende that they had ben deed.  
 But whan she sawe theym come, she was never soo  
 gladde. And the two chyl dren ranne at their faders  
 16 fete<sup>3</sup> / and wold have kyssed theym. And whan Rey-  
 nawde sawe theym, he shoved theym awaye wyth his  
 fete soo strongly that he had almoste broste theym /  
 And the lady wolde have taken hym in her armes and  
 20 kyssed hym, but he wolde not sufere her / and sayd to  
 her / 'Lady, goo oute of my syghte to your brother,  
 that fellon cruell and false traitour / for ye shall never  
 have my love agen / for it hath not holden in hym / but  
 24 that we shold have be deed by this tyme, yf god &  
 our cosin mawgis had not socourde vs / now goo after  
 hym all a fote & wythout company / for ye shall not  
 take<sup>4</sup> no thing of myn, & as an evyll woman ye shall  
 28 goo your way, for ye be the suster of y<sup>e</sup> gretest traytour  
 & the vntruest kyng of the worlde / and I shall hang  
 your chyl dren / for I fere me leest they sholde be  
 traytours as their vncler' / 'Syre, for god mercy,' sayd  
 32 the lady, 'I shall swere to you vpon all halowes, that  
 I had doubte of your goyng, and many tymes I dyde

The Sons and  
 Mawgis arrive  
 at Montalban,  
 where the lady  
 Clare receives  
 them.

She is disfigured  
 with weeping and  
 lamentations for  
 her husband,

but rejoices when  
 she sees him  
 again, and with  
 her two sons  
 hastily approaches  
 him.

Reynawde with  
 anger repels her,

and says she shall  
 go after her evil  
 brother on foot  
 without escort,

and that the chil-  
 dren shall be  
 hung.

<sup>1</sup> end in Caxton.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> et de leurs oncles, F. orig. o. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. R. vii. back.

telle you of it, thourghe thocccasion of the dreame that I dremed that nyghte / And I tolde you that ye sholde not beleve the kynge my brother. And, notwithstandyng that he was my brother / I doubted this 4 that is befallen sith. Syre, for god I crye you mercy / For in this I am noo thyng gyilty / and soo god have mercy of my soule / For I love moche better the leest too of your fote, than all kyng yon my brother / 8 nor all the londe of Gascoyn.' And whan she had sayd this, she felle down in a swoune vpon the fete of Reynawde. And whan guycharde saw the lady in a swoune / he toke her vp, & sayd to her / 'Madame, 12 discomfort not yourselfe so sore; lete Reynaud saye his wyll / for ye be our owne lady, <sup>1</sup>& our suster<sup>1</sup> / now be of good chere / as longe as we be a lyve we shall not faylle you; & thoughe <sup>1</sup>our broder<sup>1</sup> Reynawd faylle 16 you, we shall not doo so / but we shall serve you wyth all our hert' / 'broder,' sayd richarde, 'lete vs doo one thyng / goo we praye our broder Reynawd that he pardonne my lady, our suster, his evyll wyll / for she 20 is not gyilty in the mater / And yf we wold have beleved her, we shold not have gon on fote oute of this place / and now we oughte to shewe the grene & y<sup>e</sup> russet mauntelles of ermynes, the good horses & 24 palfreis that my lady dyde gyve vs, more oftener than dyde Reynawde. Now lete vs reward her for it / for she hath mystre of it / and at the nede the frende is knowen.' 'bi my feith,' said alarde, 'ye saye well.' 28 And thenne wente the thre bredern vnto Reynawde, <sup>2</sup>and drewe hym a syde. and after, Alarde sayd to hym / 'Fair broder, for goddys love be not thus angry, for ye know that my lady hath noo culpe at all the 32 treyson that her brother, the kynge yon, hath doon to vs / For yf ye wolde have byleved her, we sholde not

Lady Clare implores for mercy, as she is entirely guiltless of wrong,

and swoons at the feet of her husband.

Guycharde raises her from the ground, and comforts her.

Richard advises that they should ask Reynawde to pardon her.

Alarde intercedes with his brother,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. R. viii.

have goon thider / Wherfore we praye you that ye  
 wyll pardonne her' / Thenne sayd Reynawd, 'my  
 brethern, for the love of you I graunt the same, and I  
 4 pardonne her myn evyll wyll presently' / Whan the  
 brethern vnderstode hym, they were right glad / and  
 came agen to the lady Clare, and sayd to her /  
 'Madame, be of good chere, and make Ioye, for we  
 8 have made your peas' / And thenne <sup>1</sup>Alarde & Guy-  
 charde<sup>1</sup> toke her by the handes, and broughte her to her  
 husbonde Reynawd / and whan Reynawde saw her / he  
 went and toke her by the chynne, and kyssed her.<sup>2</sup>  
 12 And thenne began the ioye & the feste ryght grete at  
 Mountalban / And they washed their handes & went  
 to their mete. And thus as they sat at the table, there  
 came in the messager of the kynge yon / that cam to  
 16 Reynawd / And whan he was afore Reynawd, he sayd  
 to hym, 'Syre, the kynge yon sendeth you worde by  
 me that ye come to socour hym / for otherwyse he  
 canne not scape the dethe, For Rowlande & Olyver  
 20 ledeth hym for to be hanged at Mountfawcon. And  
 doo this, syre, yf it playse you for god / and beholde  
 not his evyll wyll / but take hede to your goodnes, for  
 our lord pardozned mari magdalene & longys<sup>3</sup> of their  
 24 synnes. He knoweth well that he hath deserved dethe  
 for the grete fawte that he hath doon to you; and yf  
 ye slee hym, he pardoneth to you his dethe' /  
 'Goddys curse have he,' sayd Alarde, 'that shall  
 28 G set his fote thiderward, nor that shall bye hym  
 agen, though he myghte be had for a strawe / But  
 goddys curse have Rowlande, <sup>4</sup>yf he hangeth hym not  
 as a traytour approved' / Whan Reynawd had herd this  
 32 that the mesager said, he loked downwarde, & studied  
 a goode while that he sayd noo worde. and whan he

and Reynawde,  
 for the love of his  
 brethren, con-  
 sents to receive  
 her again.

They all feast  
 joyfully at Mont-  
 alban.

A messenger  
 arrives with the  
 tidings of the  
 capture of John  
 by Roland,

and his appeal to  
 Reynawde for  
 help.

Reynawde thinks  
 deeply when he  
 hears this news,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. vii.

<sup>2</sup> par grant amour, F. orig. o. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Longius.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. R. viii. back.

had thoughte long yncughe / he began to wepe, behold-  
 ynge his bredern / For a good herte can not lye whan it  
 cometh to a nede. Thenne sayd he a good raison as a  
 noble knyghte / 'Lordes,' sayd Reynawd to his bredern 4  
 & to his knyghtes, ' Now here what I wyll saye to you /  
 Ye know how I was dysherytet at parys wrongfully  
 vpon feste of Penthecoste, that Charlemagn helde  
 open court and full in his palays, where was a fayr 8  
 company of grete Lordes / For there were vii<sup>1</sup> hundred  
 knyghtes, all gentylmen, bothe of name & of armes /  
 and a hundred, what of dukes & of erles / and more  
 than four<sup>2</sup> score bysshopes, and many barons. and that 12  
 tyme was slayne the duke Benes of aygremount, myn  
 vnkle, that was so goode a knyght, as men knew  
 well. I dyde aske right for hym to Charlemagn afore  
 all his courte / wherof the kyng rebuked me, <sup>3</sup>& 16  
 called me all to nought<sup>3</sup> / and grete iniury he sayd to  
 me / And whan I sawe that the kyng reproved me  
 thus, I was wrothe & right angry for it / And I behelde  
 vpon my bredern, & knewe their stomackes / and sawe 20  
 myn enmyes byfore me / soo neded not that I shold  
 have soughte them elles where / And it suffysed  
 theym not of that I had be owtraged by charlemagn /  
 but that Berthelot owtraged me of newe, he & I 24  
 playng at the ches, Wherof I toke the ches borde, &  
 smote hym wyth it soo grete a stroke vpon his hede,  
 that I slewe hym <sup>3</sup>a fore my fete.<sup>3</sup> And Lews, another  
 newewe of Charlemagn, wolde have slayn my broder 28  
 Rycharde, and had hurt hym all redi full sore / But I  
 smote hym in suche wyse wyth my fyst that I felde  
 hym doun ded afore me to therthe / and whan Charle-  
 magne wyste of it / He wolde have made me <sup>4</sup>to be 32  
 kyllled and hewed in to peces / but my kynnesmen

and tells his  
 brethren to listen  
 to what he shall  
 say to them.

He relates to  
 them all his  
 history,

and how he slew  
 Berthelot at the  
 court of the  
 Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> Troys, F. orig. o. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> cinquante, F. orig. o. viii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. viii. back. <sup>4</sup> Fol. S. i.

wold not suffre it / for there was grete medlynge, soo  
 that many strokes were gyven. And whan the med-  
 linge was ended, I mounted vpon bayard / and my  
 4 brethern I made to mounte also, thone byfore, & the  
 two other behynde me / <sup>1</sup>And thus rode we all four  
 vpon my horse bayarde<sup>1</sup> / and so came to ardeyne /  
 where I dyde buylde a castell. And there Charle-  
 8 magne came & beseged me / and made swere my good  
 fader Aymon that he shold never helpe vs wyth none  
 of all his godes / <sup>1</sup>and that he shold be vtterly agenste  
 vs<sup>1</sup> / and in likewyse he foreclosed me fro all my kyns-  
 12 men, that none of them was not soo hardy for to have  
 shewed to vs the leest favour of the worlde. Fayr  
 brethern, ye knowe well the grete poverte that we  
 have endured soo longe tyme / And whan I sawe that  
 16 I wyst not where to goo / I cam in to this londe wyth  
 suche a feliship, as ye knowe, and I spake to the kynge  
 yon and shewed hym howe I had werre agenste Charle-  
 magne; and he shewed me grete love, and made me  
 20 grete honour, soo that he gaaff me his suster to my  
 wyff, and wyth her a duchye, and buylded Montalban  
 for me. And of thother part, my chyl dren are his  
 newews / wherof thone bereth his name / that is  
 24 Yonnet, and ye see them here / and I have saved hym,  
 his royame & all his londe; and all his rebelles<sup>2</sup> I have  
 made come to seke mercy of hym; and I fonde hym  
 never in noo fawte / but Charlemagn is soo grete &  
 28 soo myghty a kinge, and also ye knowe well that he  
 hath overcom & dyshonourde many good men / and  
 for fere of hym, the kyng yon betrayed vs, wherof he  
 is not to be blamed overmoche, seenge that agenste  
 32 charlemagne noo thyng hath power / And therefore, yf  
 the kyng Yon delyverde me to Charlemagne, it was by  
 evyll counseyll that some of his barons gaaf hym / <sup>3</sup>for

and of the strife  
which ensued;

his flight to  
Arden,

and his war with  
Charlemagne;

his interview with  
King John,

and his marriage  
with the King's  
sister;

how the treachery  
of John arose  
from fear of the  
Emperor,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. o. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> de son pays, F. orig. o. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. S. i. back.

god made never soo good a man, but that<sup>1</sup> he mysdoeth by evyll counseyll sometye / And how can I leve hym when I have not mystrusted hym afore tyme; me semeth that I oughte to shewe hym goodnes agaynst 4 felony. Therefore I praye you all, that ye wyll make you redy, for I wyll go socour hym / For it were grete reproche to my chyl dren that theyr vncle sholde be hanged as a theeff / and it were to vs a grete dishonour, 8 for he is our lord. And yf he hath doon evill, we ought to doo well agenst it / and also we oughte not to forge the benefeyttes that the kyng yon hath doon to vs; and I promyse you that the fawte & the treyson that he 12 hathe doon, is not com thorough his malyce, but thorough evyll counseyll. For yf it had be oonly by his mocyon / I wolde see the herte from the body of hym / but I wote well nay / For Charlemagn is of soo 16 grete a power, that every man fereth hym. And therefore, I telle you that I wyll goo rescue hym <sup>2</sup>from Rowlande, yf I can,<sup>2</sup> wyth all my power.' 'By my feyth,' said Alarde / 'ye shall thenne goo wythout me / 20 for I shal not put my fete there / for a traytour oughte never to be holpen nor socoured' / 'Nor I,' said Guycharde; 'I shall not goo there.' 'Ye shall,' said Rycharde, '& it playse you, sith that Reynawd wil 24 have vs to doo so / For he is our lord and our wele / and therefore I praye you, fayr bredern, that ye wyll obeye hym.' Whan Reynawd had concluded that he sholde goo for to rescue the kyng yon agenste 28 the wyll of Alarde & of Guycharde, all y<sup>e</sup> Gascoynes that were there began to crye, & sayd, 'Blessed be the hour that ever Reynawde was borne / for noo man erthly ys worthe hym of goodnes & of prowes' / and 32 thenne they sayd to Reynawde, 'Syre, we shall gyve vp to you all the londe of Gascoyn / and shall make

and therefore there is reason why he should succour him now, and not let him be hanged as a thief.

Alarde declares that he will not go to the aid of a traitor, nor will Guycharde either.

Richard says that they shall do as Reynawde desires.

<sup>1</sup> that repeated in text.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. i. back.



you the lord of it / For there shall be never none other  
 lorde in gascoyn but you, as <sup>1</sup>long that ye shall lyve / so  
 that for god, ryght swete syr, that ye suffre not the  
 4 kyng yon <sup>2</sup>to be had away <sup>3</sup>to Charlemagn; <sup>3</sup> for it were  
 a grete shame to all them of the royaume of Gascoyn  
 that men had hanged their kynge.' 'By my soule,'  
 sayd Reynawde, 'ye saye trouthe' / And thenne he  
 8 toke his horne, & blewe it thre tymes so strongly that  
 he made all Mountalban to sowne wyth it / And  
 incontynent, wythout abydyng, <sup>4</sup>they of the towne<sup>4</sup>  
 went & armed theym / and cam byfore Reynawd /  
 12 and whan they were all redy, Reynawde lighte vpon  
 bayarde / the sheelde at the necke & the spere in the  
 hande / and they were well in his felawshyp six  
 thousande men on horsbacke, and well a thousande a  
 16 fote / And whan they were oute of Mountalban, Rey-  
 nawd spake to his folke, & sayd to theym, 'Lordes,  
 remembre you that your lorde is in grete daunger, and  
 in perell of dethe; and but yf we fyghte strongly, he is  
 20 deed wythout remedy. Wherfore I praye you all, that  
 ye doo this daye that / that shall torne to our worship.'  
 And whan reynawd had sayd these wordes, he went  
 agen towarde his bredern / and sayd to theym, 'Fayr  
 24 bredern, ye knowe *that* Rowlande hateth me to deth /  
 and not through my defawte, but onely thorughe enuye.  
 Wherfore, I praye you that ye attende vpon me this  
 daye, and ye shall see me doo as a good knyghte; and  
 28 this daye the pride of Rowlande must be layd, or elles  
 myn, a doun.' Whan Alarde herde his broder Rey-  
 nawde speke so / he sayd to hym / 'And wherof care  
 you? be sure & certeyne that as longe that liff is in  
 32 our bodyes, we shall not faylle you' / and wyth this  
 worde thei put theym to the way. And Reynawd  
 toke two thousande knyghtes, & gaaff theym to alarde

Reynawde blows  
 his horn three  
 times to summon  
 his folk,

and mounts on  
 Bayard, taking  
 in his company  
 vi thousand men.

Reynawde tells  
 his brethren how  
 he intends this  
 day to lay low  
 the pride of  
 Roland.

He gives two  
 thousand knights

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. ii.    <sup>2</sup> be to, *orig.*    <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. i. back.  
<sup>4-4</sup> ceulx qui ouyent le son de la trompe, F. orig. p. i. back.

to Guycharde for  
the vanguard.

They approach  
the folk of  
Roland,

and Reynawde  
marshals his  
folk.

Roland informs  
his lords of the  
coming of the  
Sons and Mawgis.

Ogier is greatly  
rejoiced when he  
sees Reynawde  
and his folk;

& guycharde, & sayd to theim, 'Fayr brethern, ye shall make the forwarde, & kepe your men in good ordenaunce; and I & my broder Rycharde shall make the reregarde' / 'syre,' <sup>1</sup>sayd Alarde, 'we shall doo 4 it well yf god wyll' / and thenne they rode forthe so long that thei sawe y<sup>e</sup> folke of Rowland nigh theim. and whan Alarde aperceyved theim, he made his men to tari, & sente worde to Reynawd that he 8 sholde make haste to com / for thei had fonde their enmyes. And whan Reynawde wyst of thise tydynges / he made his folke to ride hastely, & cam anone to Alard his broder. and whan he sawe his enmyes, he 12 put his folke in araye, and devysed his batailles honestly<sup>2</sup> as a good capitayn of werre. /

**T**henne whan Rowlande sawe so grete folke / he called to hym the bisshop Turpyn, & Guydellon 16 of bavyre, & sayd to theym, 'Lordes, now behold / I see yonder many folke armed / myght that be Reynawd & his bredern, wherof the renommee is so grete; & of their cosyn Mawgis, the subtyll knighte?' 20 'Sir,' sayd the bisshop Turpyn / 'ye, they ben the verely / and also I telle you they make theymself to be well know wherscever thei goo; and I tell you that we can not save vs, but that we must medle wyth 24 theym.' Whan Ogier sawe Reynawde, he loyned & heved his handes toward heven, & sayd / 'O god, blessed thou be that hast suffred Rowland to fynde Reynawde, his bredern <sup>3</sup>& Mawgis!<sup>3</sup> certes, who that 28 gaf me a thousande marke of gold, I shold not be so glad, for Rowland hath now all his desire; <sup>3</sup>and, for certen, I am right glad that we have founde them.<sup>3</sup> Now shall I see how he shalle bere hymself agenst the 32 valyaunt Reynawd, his bredern / and Mawgis' / and whan he had sayd this / he torned hymself toward

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. ii. back. <sup>2</sup> Comme Il le scauoit bien faire, F. orig. p. i.  
<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. ii. back.

Rowland, & said to hym, ‘Rowland, now have ye that  
 ye have desired so long! and I am glad that it is com  
 so / for now shall I see how ye shall take theym / For  
 4 yf ye can take theym a lyve, & bryng theym to Charle-  
 magn, he shall coñ you grete thanke for it; and  
 so shall bayarde be your owne, that <sup>1</sup>ye have soo sore  
 desired / and the werre shall be thus fynshed’ /  
 8 ‘Ogyer, ogier,’ sayd thenne Rowlande, ‘thise ben  
 reproches that ye telle me. But, by saynt Denys of  
 Fraunce, ye shall see or evyn who shall be mayster of  
 vs two’ / ‘Rowlande,’ sayd Ogier / ‘now shall it be  
 12 seen what ye can doo’ / whan Rowlande knewe that  
 he muste have medlyng wyth his enmyes / he or-  
 deyned all his bataylle, as he cowde well doo / and  
 after he set his folke in ordenaunce of bataylle, the  
 16 beste that he myghte / And whan Reynawde sawe that  
 Rowland ordeyned his bataylles / he called his brethern,  
 and sayd to theym / ‘Lordes, here com the freshemen :  
 yonder is Rowlande & Olivere / and the duke Naymes  
 20 of bavyre, and Oger the dane ; Ye shall abyde here for  
 to make the reregarde / and yf we have mystre of  
 helpe / come & helpe vs’ / ‘Syr,’ sayd Mawgis, ‘ye  
 make to longe sermone / delyver you, for we tary to  
 24 long fro sawtyng<sup>2</sup> vpon our enmyes’<sup>2</sup> / ‘Cosyn,’ sayd  
 Reynawd, <sup>3</sup>‘ye say well, and<sup>3</sup> ye speke like a good  
 knyghte / For yet have I no better knyghte than  
 ye be one, whan I see you armed by me ; now thynke  
 28 to doo well / for I goo firste of all for to overthrowe  
 the pryde of Rowland, that is so grete, as every man  
 knoweth / And I praye you all that everi man doo his  
 parte wyth all his power.

he advises Roland to show his prowess in the capture of the Sons.

Roland swears he will do his best to win the battle.

Reynawde orders his brethren to keep in the rear until he has need of them.

32 **A**nd whan the bredern vnderstode that reynawd  
<sup>4</sup>wold goo prove hymselfe vpon rowland<sup>4</sup> / they

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. iii.      <sup>2-2</sup> Rolant, F. orig. p. ii. back

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. ii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> aler esprouuer sur bayart, F. orig. p. ii.

Reynawde is entreated by his brethren not to fight single-handed against Roland,

beganne all thre<sup>1</sup> to wepe, & sayd / 'Ha, brother<sup>2</sup> / and wyll ye that ye & we be deed all atones? For ye can slee yourselfe noo better than to prove yourself vpon Rowland / For he is overmoche prue<sup>1</sup> & valiaunt,<sup>1</sup> and 4 also he can not be hurt wyth yron; but we pray you that ye wyll assaye yourselfe vpon the other, & lete rouland alone' / 'Lordes,' sayd reynawd, 'ye have spoken ful well. I knowe well that rowland is hardy 8 & prue, and that his <sup>3</sup>matche is not in the worlde of knyghtehode; but I am in the right / and he is in the wronge, whiche shall mowe tourne hym to a grete harme, and therfore I wyll not refuse / but that 12 I shall goo agenste hym / But and yf he wyll peas he shall have it / and yf he wylle have werre, <sup>4</sup>he shall fynde me redy to receyve him therto,<sup>4</sup> For I have lever deye than be longe syke. 16

but he will not listen to their counsel,

¶ Now I praye you speke noo more of it, but see that ye bere yourselfe well agenste our enmyes, For we have to doo agenste many a noble knyghte' / 'Cosyn,' sayd Mawgys, 'thynke to assaylle well, For 20 ye shall be socoured ryght well.' Thenne the worthy knyghte Reynawde wente afore all the other wyth his sheelde at the necke, and his spere in his hande, sittyng vpon bayarde<sup>5</sup> / Whan Rowland sawe Reynawde come wyth his folke well ordred / he shewed it to olyver, and sayd / 'Felawe, what thynke you by that folke? / see how they come towarde vs in good arraye' / <sup>6</sup>'Certes, Rowlande,' sayd Olyver,<sup>6</sup> 'Reynawd 28 knoweth more of werre than any other knyghte that lyveth, and the moost gracyous; For ther is none so poure a knyghte in the worlde, if he come to hym / but he shall be ryght welcome to hym / and yf he 32 come a fote, he shall set hym anone a horse backe.

and goes forth before his folk well armed

mounted upon Bayard.

Roland commends the prowess of Reynawde.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. ii.      <sup>2</sup> Regnault, F. orig. p. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. S. iii. back.      <sup>4-4</sup> il laura, F. orig. p. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *que bien ressembloit cheuallier a leure*, F. orig. p. ii.

<sup>6</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. ii.

And yf he be yll appoynted / he shall anone araye  
 hym after his astate. Is not this a grete goodnes  
 of hym?'<sup>1</sup> / 'Ye, by my soule,' sayd Rowlande / 'and  
 4 he dooth well / For yf he dyde otherwyse, he myghte  
 not abyde longe agenst myn vnclē Charlemagne.'<sup>2</sup>  
 'And me semeth,'<sup>3</sup> sayd agayn Olyver,<sup>3</sup> 'that he hathe  
 well thre tymes moo folke than we have, wherof he  
 8 myght well gete vpon vs / but yf we take better hede,  
 for they ben well subtyll folke' / 'Olyver,' sayd Row-  
 lande, 'ye saye trowth, but ye knowe well the gascoyns  
 ben cowardes of veri kinde / and can not abyde no  
 12 stroke of swerde, but that thei will 'flee lightly away.'  
 'that is true,' sayd the bysshop Turpyn, 'but they  
 have wyth them a good guyde as ony is in all y<sup>e</sup>  
 worlde. And wyte it, syr Rowland, that the valiaunt  
 16 man causeth his folke to abyde nyghe hym. For  
 a worthy capytayn is the myrroure & ensauple to  
 thother for to doo well.' Whan Rowland herde this,  
 he wexed almost mad / bycause men praysed Rey-  
 20 nawde & his folke soo moche; & wyth this he spored  
 his horse, and went byfore all his folke well the shot  
 of a bowe ferre / and cam agenst Reynawd. And  
 whan Reynawde sawe Rowland com alone, he sayd to  
 24 Alarde, 'Fayre broder, beware, vpon asmoche as ye  
 love me, *that* ye move not, nor your folke; but abyde  
 styll here till that I have iousted wyth Rowland, that  
 cometh alone / and therfor I wyll no man helpe me  
 28 agenste hym' / Whan Reynawd had sayd this, he  
 spored bayard wyth the spores, and came agenst Row-  
 land so faste, that they that sawe it wende that bayarde  
 had floughe in the ayer, For the smallest lepe that he  
 32 lepte, was of XXX fote ferre or more. And whan he  
 was com nyghe Rowlande as for to have iousted /

Oliver fears the  
 strength of the  
 Sons.

Roland says the  
 Gascons are  
 cowards, and are  
 sure to run away

Roland is angry  
 at the praise  
 accorded to Rey-  
 nawde, and spurs  
 his horse towards  
 Bayard.

Reynawde hastily  
 approaches Ro-  
 land,

<sup>1</sup> dist Olivier, F. orig. p. ii.

<sup>2</sup> car trop est noble chevalier, F. orig. p. ii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. ii.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. S. iv.

and alights on  
foot,

and presents his  
sword to Roland,  
kneeling before  
him;

he begs him to  
remember his  
kinship,

and says he will  
give him Bayard

and forsake  
France, if peace  
may be accorded  
between him and  
Charlemagne.

Roland says he  
cannot make  
peace unless  
Mawgis is de-  
livered up to the  
Emperor.  
Reynawde will  
not do this,

Reynawd lighted doun a fote / & pyghte his spere  
in therth, And bounde bayard therat, bycause he shold  
abyde there stille / And vngirte flamberge, his<sup>1</sup> swerde,  
and cam before Rowland & presented it to hym, 4  
and kneled afore hym & kyssed his fote, and sayd  
all wepyng / 'Damp rouland, I crie you mercy for that  
pite that our lord had in the crosse vpon his moder  
whan he comended her to saynt Iohn, that ye wyll 8  
have pyte vpon me. Ye knowe well that I am your  
kynsman, and, how be it I am poure, yet shal I be and  
my brethern your men / And also I shall gyve you  
bayarde, and shall make you lord of Mowntalban, so 12  
that it wyll plase you to purchace our peas wyth the  
kyng Charlemagn your vncle; and, yf it playse you  
for to doo so I shall make all<sup>2</sup> my bretherne to graunte  
the same, And I shall forsake fraunce all my lif / And 16  
I promyse you that<sup>3</sup> I shall goo in to the holy londe<sup>3</sup>  
wyth Mawgis and my brethern for to make werre  
agenste the sarrasins.<sup>4</sup> And yf ye thynke that I saye  
well / brynge it aboute yf ye canne. For yf ye doo it 20  
ye shall have a felawe and a servaunt of me.'

**R**owlande had grete pyte whan he herde Reynawd  
speke in this manere, And beganne to wepe full  
tenderly / and after sayd to hym, 'By god, Reynawd, 24  
I dare not speke of it, but yf soo be that ye wyll  
delyver vnto hym Mawgys' / 'Alas,' sayd Reynawd,  
'I shold never doo that, for to deye for it, For Mawgys  
ys no man for to be gyven awaye for to have peas.' 28  
And thenne he rose vp and toke his swerde & his  
sheelde, And came to bayard and mounted vpon hym  
wythoute styrope / and thenne he toke his spere in  
his hande / And whan he was well appareylled, he 32  
wente agen to Roulande, and sayd to hym / 'Row-

<sup>1</sup> bonne espeé, F. orig. p. iii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. S. iv. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> Iray oultre mer, F. orig. p. iii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Tres doulx sire, F. orig. p. iii. back.

lande, wyte that I shall never more crye you mercy, for  
 fere that I have of you / But I have cried you mercy  
 for to bere you worship, by cause that ye be of my  
 4 kynne / But sith that I see that ye be so proude that  
 ye wyll doo noo thyng for me / nor for my prayer. I  
 shall mowe deale resonably wyth you / to the ende that  
 ye shall not mow reporte nor saye to the other barons  
 8 and knyghtes of Fraunce / that Reynawde the sone of  
 Aymon hathe cryed you mercy for fere / The caas is  
 suche / ye have wyth you a grete company of folke /  
 And also I have of my side men ynough, thanked  
 12 be god / and yf our folke asemble togider / it canne  
 not be otherwyse, but that grete harme shall falle  
 of bothe sides. But, and ye wyll, we shall fighte, we  
 two togyder, for theym all, wythout ony helpe of  
 16 other / and yf ye overcom me, ye shall brynge me to  
 charlemagne / that shall <sup>1</sup>doo his playsure of me / And  
 yf I can conquere you, ye shall com wyth me to  
 Mountalban, under condycyon that ye shall have  
 20 nother evyll nor shame / no more than shall my owne  
 persone' /

but proposes that  
 they should fight  
 together single-  
 handed, and  
 whichever shall  
 win shall be  
 prisoner of the  
 other.

' Shall ye doo this that ye have sayd?' sayd Row-  
 24 lande / 'ye, wythoute fawte,' sayd Reynawd / 'By  
 mi hede,' sayd rowlande, 'ye shall make me sure therof  
 fyrst' / 'Certes,' sayd Reynawde, 'wyth a god wyll' /  
 And thenne Reynawd sware it vnto hym vpon his  
 parte of paradys.<sup>2</sup> 'Reynawd,' sayd rowlande, 'I wyll  
 28 go take leve of my felawe Oliver / for I have promysed  
 hym that all the bataylles that I shall vndertake,  
 he shall mow make theym hymself, yf it playse hym.'  
 'Go thezne,' sayd Reynawde, '& make it short.' and  
 32 thenne Rowland went agen to his felawes / And whan  
 he was com to them / hector, the sone of oedon,  
 olyver, & ogyer the dane, asked of hym, saenge / 'Syr

Roland consents,  
 and departs to  
 take leave of  
 Oliver;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. v.

<sup>2</sup> de tenir loyaulment ce que auoit este devise, F. orig. p. iii.

he relates to his friends the proposal of Reynawde.

Oliver agrees that either he or Roland must fight.

Bishop Turpin and the other Earls oppose the fight, and advise that their armies should decide the victory.

Roland willingly agrees to this, and commands the advance of his folk.

Rowland, what sayeth Reynawd? have ye spoke wyth hym?' 'ye,' sayd rowland / 'and what thynke you by hym?' 'Certes,' sayd rowlande, 'reynawd is a sage knyght & well taughte / for he hath requyred me to 4 fyghte wyth hym body to body / and that our folke be styll of the one syde, and of the other' / 'Rowlande,' sayd olyver, 'ye shall doo in this your playsure / for other ye or I must fyghte wyth hym / But I 8 counseyll that ye go there / for as longe as I shall lyve, I shall not be enmye to Reynawde, onely for his worthynes. For Reynawde is a knyghte of grete honour' / Whan the bysshop turpyn, ector the sone 12 of odeon, & thother erles herde this, they began to saye, 'Rowland, what is that ye wyll doo? For god mercy, doo it not, for reynawd is of your linage & of ours; and yf ye brynge hym to dethe / we shall 16 never love you after / sire, leve that offre that reynawde giveth to you, & make your folke to assemble wyth the folke of reynawde, for it is <sup>1</sup>better that they be take of your folke, than that the one of you two were deed.' 20 'wyll ye that it be so?' sayd rowland / 'ye, sir, yf it playse you' / 'certes,' sayd roland, 'it playse me right well' / and thenne he sayd to all his folke / 'Lordes, thynke to defende you well / for it is now nede 24 therof' / 'Syre,' sayd thother, 'have no doubte of no thyng, for we shall do well your commaundement' / and thenne thei put theymsel in ordonaunce. and rowland began to crie 'mowntioye, saint denys' / and 28 whan cam to y<sup>e</sup> setting on wyth speres, Ye shold have seen thenne many a knyght brought to grounde, & many horses that ranne masterles thurgh the feeldes, so moche that it was grete pite for to see so grete a 32 dystructyon of knyghtes as was made there. Whan reynaud sawe the two oostes muste assemble togyder / he spored bayarde wyth the spores, & put hymselfe

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. v. back.



amonge the thyckest of the frenshemen / and smote a  
 knyghte so harde in the breste that he overthrewe  
 bothe horse & man to the gronde ; and after smote a  
 4 nother soo sore, that nether for sheelde nor for quyras  
<sup>1</sup>of stele<sup>1</sup> he let not, but that he shoved the yren of his  
 spere thurgh & thurgh hys body / and fell deed to  
 therth / and wyte at that stroke he brake his spere.  
 8 and reynawd set hande lightly to his swerde, and  
 began to crie ‘ Mountalban ’ as lowde as he cowde. And  
 thenne he made so grete slaughter of frenshemen that  
 none durst abyde afore hym, but fled fro him as fro  
 12 the deth. Shortly to speke, reynawd dyd somoche  
 thorughe his strengthe / and thorughe the highe  
 knyghthode of his brethern, that he brake the firste  
 bataylle of the frenshemen / wolde they or noo /

16 **W**han the lityll Rycharde / the brother of Rey-  
 nawde, sawe that the Frenshemen were putte  
 a backe / He beganne to crye on heygthe ‘ Ardeyne ’ as  
 moche <sup>2</sup>as he myghte. And put hymselfe in to the  
 20 greteste preesse <sup>1</sup>amonge his enmyes,<sup>1</sup> and beganne to  
 make soo grete hewynge of folke that it was wonder to  
 see / For Reynawde faughte not for to loke the better  
 vpon hym. And thenne Rycharde, that thoughte hym  
 24 selfe never wery of gevyng of strokes, beganne to  
 calle vpon his broder, and sayd, ‘ Reynawd, fayr  
 broder, where ben your grete strokes goon that ye were  
 wonte for to gyve <sup>1</sup>vpon your enmyes?<sup>1</sup> Alas, smyte  
 28 now vpon them / for they ben almost overcom ; make  
 that the frenshemen, full of pryde, mocke not of you /  
 and soo make we suche a thyng that it be spoken of  
 it vnto Parys’ / Whan Reynawd herde Rycharde  
 32 speke thus, he began to smyle / and after he smote  
 bayarde <sup>1</sup>wyth the spores<sup>1</sup> / and beganne to smyte better  
 than he dyde afore. Who that had seen thenne his  
 grete strokes departe / he myghte well have sayd that

Reynawde fights  
in the thickest of  
the battle,

and makes the  
Frenchmen flee  
before him.

Richard cries on  
high ‘ Arden,’

and fights as  
valiantly as  
Reynawde.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. S. vi.

no carpenter smotte never soo well in wood as Reynawde dyde vpon the helmes <sup>1</sup>of stele<sup>1</sup> and vpon the sheldes of the frenshe men / And whan the frenshemen sawe that the dyscomfytur<sup>e</sup> tourned vpon theym, they <sup>4</sup> beganne to calle Rowlande / and sayd to hym / ‘Ha, Rowlande, what doo ye / whi come ye not and helpe your folke / For they ben deed, but yf ye socoure theym.’ Whan Rowlande vnderstode that worde, <sup>8</sup> wherof he was wrothe / <sup>2</sup>and ryght sory<sup>2</sup> / And whan he sawe his folke soo sore handeled / He beganne to crye ‘Mountioye saynte Denys.’ And after spored his horse, and entered in to the medlee ; And wente here <sup>12</sup> and there, cryenge, ‘Reynawd, where be you goon / See me here ; I am all redy for to doo the bataylle, my body agenste yours, that ye aske of me.’ Whan Reynawde herde Rowlande, that called thus after hym / <sup>16</sup> He put flamberd<sup>3</sup> in to his sheeth ; And<sup>4</sup> toke a spere in his hande, and cam there as Rowlande was, & sayd <sup>20</sup> to hym / ‘Where are ye, Rowlande ? be ye a ferde of me, that ye have taryed soo longe for / Beware your self from me !’ ‘And you of me,’ sayd Rowlande. And thenne they spored theyr horses,<sup>6</sup> and dyde iouste the one agenste the other. And whan the frenshemen and the gascoyns saw that, thei withdrew<sup>e</sup> theym selfe <sup>24</sup> from eche other, for to beholde the ioustynge of the twc worthy knyghtes / For, to saye the trouthe, there were not two other suche in all the worlde !

**W**han Salamon of Bretayne / and Ector, the sone <sup>28</sup> of Oedon, sawe that the ioustynge of Reynawde and of Rowlande was begon, they set theym selfe to wepe full tendrely ; and came to the duke Naymes, to the bysshop Turpin, and to Olyver, and <sup>32</sup> sayd to theym / ‘How, lordes, may ye suffre that one

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. iv. back.      <sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. iv.

<sup>3</sup> son espee, F. orig. p. iv.

<sup>4</sup> et prent une lance courte et grosse, F. orig. p. iv.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. S. vi. back.      <sup>6</sup> des esperons, F. orig. p. v. back.

The Frenchmen  
cry to Roland  
to defend them.

Roland calls on  
Reynawde to fight  
him,

and the two  
knights prepare  
to joust together.

of the beste knyghtes of the worlde / and hym *that* we  
 oughte to love beste, be slayne and deed before you.’  
 ‘Certes,’ sayd the duke Naymes, ‘that shall be grete  
 4 sorow to vs for to see’ / And thenne he cam to Olyver,  
 and sayd to hym / ‘I praye you that ye goo to Rowlande,  
 and telle hym from vs all, that he oughte not to fyghte  
 wyth Reynawde wyth the swerde / But lete hym take  
 8 a spere and breke it vpon reynawde ; for to acypte his  
 feythe / For yf he slee Reynawde we shall never love  
 hym after’ / ‘Lordes,’ sayd thenne Ogyer, ‘lete this  
 alone / ye knowe not Reynawde so well as I doo /  
 12 Reynawde is noo childe for to be made a ferde soo  
 lightly as ye trowe. Lete theym shyfte hardely, <sup>1</sup>they  
 two togyder,<sup>1</sup> For, by the feyth that I owe to you /  
 Rowland shal be all wery or ever he retourne agayne /  
 16 And he shall be as fayne to leve the bataylle as shall  
 Reynawd. And ye shall see that Rowlande wold he  
 had not gon there, for the best cyte *that* themperour  
 Charlemagn hath.’ ‘Oger,’ sayd ector / ‘ye speke of it  
 20 as for enuye / certes yf ye shold fight wyth rowlande,  
 ye shold <sup>2</sup>well saye otherwyse’ / And thenne he sayd to  
 Olyvere / ‘Good syre, lete this bataylle be defferred yf  
 ye maye be ony wyse.’ ‘Lordes,’ sayd Olyver, ‘wyth  
 24 a goode wyll, sith that ye will have it soo’ / And  
 thenne he wente to Rowland, and sayd to hym all that  
 the barons had sayd. ‘Felawe myn,’ answered Row-  
 lande / ‘god confounde theym / for they take awaye  
 28 this daye the desyre of myn vnclle Charlemagne’ / And  
 thenne he tourned hym towarde Reynawd, and sayd to  
 hym / ‘Syre reynawd, ye have assayed of my swerde /  
 and not of my spere.’ ‘Rowlande,’ sayd Reynawd,  
 32 ‘yf ye leve your swerde I shall conne you nother  
 thanke nor gramercy for it / For I fere you not of noo  
 thyng / but lete vs make an ende of our bataylle /  
 And to whom god gyveth the vycory, lete him have

Naymes counsels  
 Olyver to go and  
 prevent the  
 combat between  
 Roland and  
 Reynawde.

Ogyer is anxious  
 that the fight  
 should continue.

Hector begs  
 Olyver to let the  
 combat be  
 deferred.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. S. vii.

Roland will not fight with a sword, but runs on Reynawde with his spear.

They break their spears in the encounter,

and Roland is unhorsed,

through the fall of Melantes.

Roland prepares to kill Melantes for having fallen,

but Reynawde interferes, and prevents him.

it' / Rowlande wolde not doo soo, but dyde like as a curteys man / and he dyde as the barons had sent him worde. For he toke a spere, and ran vpon Reynawde as moche as he myghte / And whan Reynawd sawe he wolde none otherwyse do, he ranne also <sup>1</sup> wyth a spere<sup>1</sup> vpon Rowlande / And roughthe eche other sore wonderfull harde that they made theyr speres to flee all in peces. And whan they had broken their speres, they recounted eche other wyth their sheldes so strongly that bothe theyr horses, that is to wyte, Melantes & Bayarde, stakerde / and were all a stonyed ther wythall / But wyth that stroke Rowlande & Melantes<sup>2</sup> were both felde to the grounde in a hepe / And Reynawd passed forthe by theym, cryenge 'Mountalban' wyth a hye voys. Wherby I telle you, for certeyn, that Rowlande never felle down for no stroke of spere, but onely that tyme / but it was no merveylle / For he cowde not holde hym selfe by the clowdes / syth that his horse had faylled hym.

<sup>3</sup> **T**henne whan Rowland saw hymselfe thus overthrown, he was not well contente, & rose vp incontynente and toke his swerd in his honde, And came to melentys to kit of his hede / And beganne to seye / 'Evyll courser, who kepeth me that I kille the not<sup>4</sup> / sithe that thou haste lete falle thyselfe through the stroke of a childe, I shall never trust the' / 'Soo helpe me god, Rowland,' sayd Reynawd, 'ye do <sup>5</sup> to melantis grete<sup>5</sup> wronge, For it is longe sith that he ete ony mete / and therefore he can not well traveylle / but bayarde hath eten well to nyghte that was, and therefore he is more strong than is your horse'<sup>6</sup> / and thenne Reynawd lighted down fro bayard / bycause that Rowland was a fote. and whan bayarde sawe his mayster

1-1 omitted, F. orig. p. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> Son cheval, F. orig. p. v. <sup>3</sup> Fol. S. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> not repeated in text.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. v.

<sup>6</sup> Benoiste soit leure que oncques fut ne, F. orig. p. v.

a fote, he ran vpon melantis, the horse of Rowland,  
 and smote hym wyth his hinder fete soo grete strokes  
 that he had almost broken his thie / whan rowlande  
 4 sawe that, he was wrothe for it, & cam towarde bayarde  
 for to have smyte of his hede. And whan Reynawd  
 saw that / he sayd to Rowlande / 'What wyll ye doo ?  
 it is no worship to you to smyte a beest ; and yf ye wyll  
 8 doo ony fayt of armes, com to me & not to my horse,  
 for I shall gyve you strokes ynowe, so moche that ye  
 shall be wery of it or we departe ; but kepe well that I  
 slee not you / and leve bayarde in peas, for there is not  
 12 in all the worlde another so good a beest ; For he dyd  
 shewe it well whan he wan the crowne of charlemagn  
 your vncle in your presence / and yf he doth helpe me,  
 he doth but his devoyre, & that a good horse ought to  
 16 doo ; but torne your sheelde towarde me, & ye shall  
 see how Flamberde cutteth.' 'Reynawd, reynaud,'  
 sayd Rowlande, 'threten not soo moche, For before  
 this daye be com at an ende / ye shall see a thyng  
 20 that shall not playse you over moche' /

Bayard attacks  
 Melantes, to the  
 great anger of  
 Roland.

Roland advises  
 Reynawde not to  
 boast so much  
 until the day is  
 finished.

**R**eynawde was not contente whan he vnderstode  
 the yll wordes of Rowlande, and shoke all for  
 angre ; <sup>1</sup>and Incontynente ranne vpon Rowlande, and  
 24 gaaff hym suche a stroke vpon his helme that he all to  
 brused it ; and the stroke slided vpon the shelde soo  
 that he cut of it a grete quarter, and of the courset of  
 stele also, but he cut no thyng of the flesshe / And  
 28 whan Reynawde had gyven Rowland *that* stroke, he  
 sayd in maner of a mocke to Rowland, 'what saye ye  
 bi my swerde / doo it cut well or no? for I have not  
 myssed at that stroke / Now kepe ye well fro me / for  
 32 I am not suche a chylde as ye take me for' / Whan  
 Rowlande felt that grete stroke that Reynawd had  
 gyven to him / he was all merveyllled of it / and  
 wythdrewe hymself abacke / for he wolde not *that*

The fight begins  
 again,  
 and Reynawde  
 smites Roland  
 severely.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. viii.

Roland with his sword cleaves the shield of Reynawde.

Reynawd shold have recovered a nother stroke vpon him sodenly / and set hande to durandall, his good swerde, & ran vpon Reynawd / and reynawd helde his sheelde agenst it / & Rowlande smote in to the shelde 4 so grete a stroke that he clove it bi the myddes thurgh & thurgh / and the stroke descended vpon the helme, & dyde it no harme. and whan Rowland had made that stroke / he sayd to Reynawd, 'Vassall, ye be now 8 quyte / for I have yelded you agen that ye lended me right now / Now shall I see who shal begyn agen.' 'By my soule,' sayd reynawd, 'fowle fall have I now yf I feyne me now / For I dyd but play afore; nor 12 your fraunchise shall never avaylle you agenst me, but that I shall bryng your pride al doun to therthe.' 'Reynawd,' sayd rowland, 'yf ye doo this that ye saye, ye shall werk merveilles' / And all thus as they 16 wold have begon agen the batayll, soo cam there Mawgis & all his company, and sayd to Reynawd / 'Cosin, mounte vpon bayarde / for it were to grete a losse yf you or Rowland were ded.' And there came 20 Ogier and Olyver, and made Rowlande to lighte agayne vpon his horse. But wyte it well that Ogier had not be soo gladde yf one hadde gyve to hym <sup>1a</sup> <sup>2</sup>grete<sup>2</sup> cyte, as he was be cause that Reynawde had cast doun 24 Rowlande <sup>2</sup> & his horse<sup>2</sup> / and whan they <sup>3</sup> had recounted roulande<sup>3</sup> / they began agen a sore batayll & a cruell / and so felle that it was pite for to see / for thone hewe the other wythout ony mercy / And whan Rowlande 28 saw that the batayll was begonne agen / his hert dide swell for angre bycause that reynawd had overthrown hym to the grounde. soo began he to call as hie as he myghte, 'Where are ye goon, Reynawd, the sone of 32 Aymon? goo a side & lete vs parfornysse our batayll, for men knowe not yet whiche is the beste knyghte of

Mawgis and all his company appear and prevent Reynawde from renewing the strife.

Ogier and Oliver take Roland away.

The batte commences between the two armies.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. S. viii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. vi.  
<sup>3-3</sup> eurent monte rolant, F. orig. p. vi.

vs two' / 'Syr,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye have the corage  
of a knyghte that wyll conquere honour / but & we  
fichte here togyder, our folke shall not suffre it / But  
4 lete vs doo one thyng that I shall tell you; ye be well  
horsed, & I am also, lete vs bothe swimme over the  
river & goo to the wode of the serpent, for ye can not  
wysse no better place for to fichte / and we shall not  
8 be there departed, thone fro the other, of our folke, but  
<sup>1</sup>we shall maye fyghte there togyder tyll the one of vs  
two be dyscomfited & overcome' <sup>1</sup> / 'Certes,' sayd Row-  
lande, 'ye have well spoken, and I graunt it as ye have  
12 sayd.' and thenne they spored their horses for to go  
to the wood of the serpent. but Olyver toke hede to  
theym / and toke Rowland by the brydell & wythhelde  
hym, wold he or noo. and Reynawd went for to have  
16 passed over the river vpon bayarde, that ran as the  
wynde, & waloped so harde that he made all therthe  
where he passed to shake vnder hym; and as he ran  
in this maner / he loked afore hym and sawe the kyng  
20 yon, that was avyronned wyth well four score knyghtes,  
that kept hym for fere of Reynawd, leste he & his  
bredern shold have rescued him / & thise knyghtes  
ledde him shamfully, as ye have herd afore. and whan  
24 reynaud saw y<sup>e</sup> kyng, he was glad of it, & sayd / 'Ha,  
good lord, blessed <sup>2</sup>be thy name, whan ye have graunted  
me so fayr adventure,' and wyth this he set hande / to  
his swerde, and spored bayarde wyth the spores / and  
28 cryed as hie as he cowde / 'lete go the kyng yon, evyll  
folke that ye be / For ye be not worthy to laye hande  
vpon hym.' and thenne he entred wythin theym, &  
smote a knyghte vpon his helme so rudely that he  
32 clove his hede to the harde teeth / and overthrewe  
hym deed to therthe / And whan the other sawe

Reynawde proposes to Roland that they should go to the wood of the Serpent, and there end their combat.

Oliver again interferences, and prevents Roland from going there.

Reynawde on his way to the wood meets King John,

and demands the knights to release him;

he slays one of them, and the rest are discomfited.

<sup>1</sup> et la pourrons finer nostre bataille, et a qui dieu en donra lon ne, si le peigne car ceste le meilleur selon mon aduis, F. orig. p. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. T. i.

Reynawde amonge theym / they put theymselfe to flighté / and sayd the one to thother / 'The devyll hath broughte this cruell<sup>1</sup> man here now / lete vs flee ; goddis curse have he that shall abyde hym / For the soule of 4 hym that wylfully suffreth hymself to be slayn shall never come to the mercy of god' / And thenne they put [t]heymself in to the thyckeste of the forest, and lefte behynde theym the kinge yon, that they lodged as 8 a prisoner / and Reynawde cam streyghte to hym / and vnbounde hym and vnstopped his eyen, and after sayd to hym / 'Ha, evyll kyng / how have ye the hert for to betraye vs so falsly, as ye have doon me & my 12 bredern ; dyde we ever ony thyng that was in<sup>2</sup> your dysplaysur / It is not longe on you, but that we shold have ben all hanged by this / but I shall smyte of your hede, evyn anone / and shall avenge me & my bredern<sup>3</sup> 16 vpon your body' / Whan the kyng yon sawe Reynawde, that hadde delyverde hym, he kneled adoun byfore hym, & sayd to hym / 'Certes, noble knyghte, it is well rayson that men slee me ; Wherof I praye 20 you, for god, that yourselfe wyl<sup>4</sup> take the liff fro me, and<sup>4</sup> cut of my hede / and lete it not be doon by none other / and pulle out my tonge, wherwyth I spake the trayson / For I have well deserved gretter martyrdom. 24 and all this made me doo therle of Ansom / and the erle Anthony / Now slee me, for god / for suche an evyll man as I am oughte not to lyve longe. I have moche lever<sup>5</sup> that ye kylle me<sup>4</sup> wyth your swerde,<sup>4</sup> 28 than that cruell kyng Charlemagn<sup>4</sup> shold make me to be hanged.'<sup>4</sup> 'Now light vp,' sayd Reynawde, 'for ye shall be well payd as ye have deserved.' But here leve I to speke of kyng Yon & of Reynawd, that ben in the 32 wood of the serpent / where he taried after Rowlande

Reynawde unbinds the eyes of John, and reproaches him for his treachery.

John confesses that he deserves to be slain,

but begs Reynawde to behead him, rather than Charlemagne should have him hung.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> m. *in text*.

<sup>3</sup> chetif serorge et mauvais homme que vous estes, F. orig. p. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. T. i. back.



for to fighte wyth hym, as he had promysed hym / &  
 shall retorne to speke of Rowland & of Olyver, that  
 spake to their folke for to telle them a part of theyr  
 4 besines, and how they had *ben* dyscomfyted.

CHAPTER XIII.<sup>1</sup>

[The xiii. chapter sheweth, how that after  
 Reynawd had succoured kyng yon, was the  
 8 same houre a merueyliouse battaylle be-  
 tweene Reynawde and the frenshe men.  
 For Rowlande was there sore beten and  
 many other, wherof Ogyer was glad by-  
 12 cause that Rowlande had called him tray-  
 toure; And also he knewe that the foure  
 sonnes of Aymon, were not for to be so  
 lyghtelye ouercomen, as men had sayde  
 16 afore. And for this cause there had been  
 a sore medle betweene Rowland and ogyer,  
 yf it had not be the other barons, that de-  
 parted them, and in this recountre Rycharde  
 20 the brother of Reynawde, abode for prisoner  
 of Rowlande.]

**I**n this parte sheweth the history, that after Rey-  
 nawde was departed fro the bataylle for to go  
 24 fighte body to body agenste Rowlande, the newewe  
 of Charlemagne, in the wood of the serpent / Rowland  
 Olyver & the dane Ogyer faughte agenst Alard,  
 Guycharde, & the lityl Richarde, agenste Mawgis &  
 28 agenste their folke / and the batayll was there so  
 sharpe & soo fell of one parte & of the other / soo that

<sup>1</sup> The heading of this chapter is omitted by Caxton, and is therefore given here from Copland's Table : Ed. 1554.

The folk of Roland  
are overcome by  
the Sons and  
Mawgis.

Ogier jeers at  
Roland for his  
discomfiture;

they would have  
fought, but are  
parted by Oliver.

Richard defies  
Roland, whom he  
meets, and pre-  
pares to fight  
him;

he is overthrown,

but remounts and

grete hurte & scathe was there made of bothe partes /  
but at the laste the discomfyture tord vpon Row-  
lande / and vpon his folke. In somoche that Row-  
lande & Olyver were constrayned by force for to goo 4  
backe agen all dyscomfyted / for the thre brethern  
& Mawgys made agenst them so grete efforte of armes  
that they gate the pryce that daye / And then as  
Rowland went backe agen all dyscomfyted, he bare his 8  
hede lowe, for he was a shamed that he had be soo  
rebuked / And thenne<sup>1</sup> Ogier sayd to hym / 'Lord  
Rowland, who hath arayed your sheelde of this facyon?  
I see your horse hurte in the thye, & vnder the croper / 12  
he was felled vpon the right side, and you also / it is  
well seen on your side. I trowe that ye have founde  
reynawd the sone of Aymon. have ye brought him  
wyth you / where have ye put hym' / Whan Row- 16  
lande vnderstode *that* reproche that Oger made vnto  
him / he wexed almost <sup>2</sup>madde for angre / Soo toke he  
his swerde, and ranne vpon Ogier for to have smytte  
hym vpon the hede / But whan olyver sawe this, he 20  
toke Rowland by the brydelle / and the erle Guydellon  
toke Ogier / and thus they were departed / And thus  
as they were departed, and that Rowland went on his  
waye / came there after hym the lityll rycharde, the 24  
brother of Reynawde / that beganne to calle as hie as  
he myght / 'Damp Rowlande, ye goo cowardly awaye /  
retourne agayn that I may see your sheelde / and lete  
vs have a course, <sup>1</sup>we two togyder.<sup>1</sup> 'knyghte,' an- 28  
swerde Rowlande, 'I graunt therto by my feyth.' And  
thenne they spored theyr horses wyth theyr spores;  
and Rowlande cam agenste rycharde soo harde that he  
overthrewe hym and his horse wyth all in a hepe 32  
to the grounde. And whan rycharde sawe hymselfe  
thus a grounde / he rose vp quyckely and came to his  
horse / and lighted vp agayn wythoute ony styrop /

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. T. ii.

And whan he was on horsbacke, he set hande on his swerde, and deffended hymself nobly <sup>1</sup>agenste his enmye Rowlande.<sup>1</sup> defends himself nobly.

4 **W**han Rowland sawe this / and that he knewe that it was one of the brethern of Reynawd, <sup>2</sup>he had so grete Ioye of it that hym semed that he had be in paradyse / and Incontynente<sup>2</sup> he beganne to crie /  
 8 'Mountioye saynt Denis.' And sayd vpon hym, 'now, my frendes / For yf he scape vs, I shall telle it to Charlemagn.' And whan the Frenshmen sawe that Rowlande wold have rycharde taken, they set all<sup>3</sup> vpon  
 12 hym, so that they smote hym wyth more than fourty swerdes all at ones / and it happed so that his horse was kylled vnder hym / and he overthrown to therth / and whan Richarde sawe his horse deed a grounde, he  
 16 was right sory for it / and rose vp quyckely vpon his fete / and smote therle Antony so grete a stroke wyth his swerde that he wounded hym <sup>4</sup>right sore / Humall the breton sawe that, and he smote Rycharde; & rycharde  
 20 recovered vpon hym wyth suche a stroke<sup>5</sup> that he felled bothe horse & man down to the erth / <sup>6</sup>And wyth this guydellon cam from behinde, & overthrewe richarde from the arsons of his sadle to the grounde<sup>6</sup> / And whan  
 24 Rowlande sawe richard at the grounde, he cam to hym & sayd / 'Now yelde you, and abyde not that we sleece you, for it were grete dommage' / 'sire,' sayd thenne richarde, <sup>6</sup>the yongest sone of aymon,<sup>6</sup> 'to you, rowlande,  
 28 I shall yelde me, & to none other / For I can not yelde me to no better man than ye be one.' And wyth this he toke hym his swerde; and Rowlande receyved it wyth a goode wyll, & made the lityll richarde to light

The Frenchmen all set upon Richard,

and after a short onslaught he is overpowered,

and yields himself prisoner to Roland.

<sup>1-1</sup> contre ses ennemys, F. orig. p. vii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. vii. <sup>3</sup> all repeated in text.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. T. ii. back.

<sup>5</sup> que luy et cheval versa par terre et si le naura durement a mort, F. orig. p. viii. back.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. viii. back.

vpon a mewle. And thus they had hym prisoner.  
 Alas, & what *dommage* shall it be if the prue richarde  
 be hanged / he is well like to be / but that god &  
 Mawgys delyver hym / all this myshappe sawe a 4  
 servaunt of richarde. and whan he sawe that men led  
 thus his mayster richard / he spored his horse wyth the  
 spores, & aventured hymselfe to passe over the ryver /  
 and cam lightly<sup>1</sup> to reynawd, & sayd to hym / 'Syre, I 8  
 bryng you evyll tydynges. Wyte that Rowlond ledeth  
 wyth hym your brother richard for prisoner well sham-  
 fully.' Whan Reynawd vnderstode these wordes, he  
 was so angri for it that he had almoste lost his wyte / 12  
 and after he sayd to the yoman / 'com hyder, tell me,  
 my frende / are they that leden my broder<sup>2</sup> ferre hens' /  
 'Sir,' sayd the yoman / 'ye, it is not possible that ye  
 sholde overtake them.' And whan Reynawde vnder- 16  
 stode this, he was more angry than he was to fore /  
 and fell fro bayard in a swoune to therthe. And whan  
 he was com agen to hymselfe / he beheld afore hym /  
 And sawe his brother Alard come wyth his folke, that 20  
 came after Reynawde by the trase / For they wende  
 that Rychard had be goon to hym long afore theym.  
 And whan<sup>3</sup> alard sawe reynawd make suche a sorow /  
 he came thenne to hym, & sayd in this maner, 'Ha, 24  
 fayr broder, and what eylleth you / It longeth not to  
 suche a knyghte as ye be for to make so grete a sorowe  
 as ye doo.' 'Alard,' sayd Reynawd, 'ye have doon full  
 yll, for I have lefte my brother richarde wyth you to 28  
 kepe him / and ye have lost hym, for Rowland ledeth  
 hym wyth hym as prisoner / and he is all redy so ferre  
 broughte *that* we can not socour hym' / whan alard &  
 guychard vnderstode these tydynges / they began to 32  
 make suche a sorowe that it was merveyll for to see

A servant of  
 Richard brings  
 the evil tidings  
 of his capture to  
 Reynawde.

Reynawde makes  
 great sorrow for  
 his brother,

and tells Alarde  
 how Richard has  
 been taken  
 prisoner by  
 Roland.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Richart, F. orig. p. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. T. iii. (S. *in text.*)

<sup>1</sup>the lamentacion that they made<sup>1</sup> / 'alas,' sayd Reynawd, 'what is he that hath parted our company / to daie in the mornynge we were four bredern togider /  
 4 and now we ben but thre. Ha, fayr brother richard, it is a grete dommage of you; for yf ye had lyved your age, ye shold have passed all your brethern / seenge that ye were the yongest of vs all, & yet ye  
 8 were the moost hardy / and thrughe your hardynes ye are taken.' 'fayr<sup>1</sup> brother,' sayd alard / 'all cometh by you, that broughte vs here agenst our wyll for to socour the kinge yon / Now have we lost richard,  
 12 wherof the losse shall never be recovered, for we shall never see hym a lyve.' And whan he had sayd this, he sayd to guycharde / 'Broder, draw oute your swerde, so shall we cut of the hede of this traytour kyng yon  
 16 therwyth / for whom we have now lost our broder richarde.' 'Brother,' sayd thenne Reynawde, 'I praye you, for ye love that ye have to me, that ye touche not the kyng yon<sup>1</sup> for to doo hym ony harme<sup>1</sup> / for  
 20 he hath yelded hymselfe vnto me / but bryng hym vnto mountalban, and see that he be kepte sure. And I shall abyde here wyth my good horse bayard, & flamberde my good swerde, wythoute any other com-  
 24 pany / Soo shall I goo in to the pavyllion of charlemagn, where I shall recover my brother Richard, or a nother prisoner for hym, or <sup>2</sup>elles I shall deye wyth hym' / and whan he had said that worde, he spored bayard  
 28 wyth the spores, for to have goon thyder, but alard toke hym bi the bridyll, & guychard toke hym with both his armes fro behynde for to kepe hym, that he shold not goo / and thenne alard sayd to him / 'Bi  
 32 saynt peter of rome, ye shall not goo no fote there, for it is better that richard deye, yf it must be so / than ye shold deye.' And thus as the thre brethern made

Alarde wishes to behead King John, who is the cause of all their misfortune.

Reynawde restrains him, and commands that the King be kept from harm;

he announces his intention of going to the tent of Charlemagne for Richard.

Alarde and Guychard prevent his going.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. viii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. T. iii. back. (S. *in text.*)

their mone<sup>1</sup> for richarde, cam there mawgis theyr cosin,  
 that followed them. and whan he sawe his cosins  
 make suche sorow / he was sore agaste, & sayd to  
 theym / 'What eyleth you, fayr cosins / it is no 4  
 worship to you, nor y<sup>e</sup> maner of good knyghtes / but of  
 wymen, to make suche sorowe as ye doo.' 'Cosin,  
 cosin,' sayd alard, 'I shall tell you what causeth vs to  
 doo so / wyte that rowland ledeth wyth hym our 8  
 broder richard for his prisoner, the best knyght of the  
 world after reynawd; and reynawd wyl go to the  
 pavyllion of charlemagn; and ye know well yf he goo  
 there, he is but lost for evermore' / 'Reynawde,' sayd 12  
 themne mawgis, 'it were no wysdome to you yf ye  
 went there / for your goyng shold not profyte no  
 thyng / but go your wayes to mountalban, & I shall go  
 there <sup>2</sup>as ye wold have goon my self ;<sup>2</sup> and yf richarde 16  
 be not deed, I shall bryng hym agen wyth me vnto  
 you all, were he shitte vp in X prisons, mawgre charle-  
 magn.'<sup>3</sup> 'Cosin,' sayd reinawd, 'I shall becom your  
 man yf ye doo this that ye saye' / 'cosin,' sayd 20  
 mawgis, 'I shall doo it wythout fawte / but leve your  
 sorow; I shall deliver hym agen in to your handes <sup>4</sup>hole  
 & sounde,<sup>4</sup> yf it playse god.' and whan he had sayd  
 so, the bredern set theymsel to the waye for to 24  
 retourne to mountalban / but soo grete sorow was  
 there never made, as the thre bredern made for their  
 broder richard<sup>5</sup> / And thus, makyng their grete mone,  
 they dyd somoche that they cam to mountalban, & 28  
 lighted <sup>6</sup>from their horses in the base court, and after

Mawgis enquires  
 the cause of their  
 sorrow,

and tells Rey-  
 nawde to go to  
 Montalban, and  
 he will deliver  
 Richard.

The Sons depart  
 for Montalban,

<sup>1</sup> *que estoit grant pitie a veoir*, F. orig. p. viii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. p. viii.

<sup>3</sup> *de france*, F. orig. q. i. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. i. back.

<sup>5</sup> *Helas! ce dist regnault, frere richart comme cest grant dommaige de vous se vous estes mort, car oncques chevallier ne vous valut de hardiesse, ne de prouesse. Et si etiez ung yosne enfant. Et se maist dieu Je plains plus la grant bonte de vous, que Je ne fais ce que vous estes mon frere*, F. orig. q. i. back, omitted in Caxton.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. T. iv.

wente vp to the dongeon / And whan the noble<sup>1</sup> lady  
 clare, the wyf of Reynawde, wyste that her husbonde  
 came / she came agenste hym right glad & Ioyfull /  
 4 and ledeth at ether hande of her both her yonge  
 children / aymon & yon ; and eyther of theym bare a  
 lityll staff in his hande / and began to crie vpon their  
 vncler / 'vassayll / but that ye be now prisoner /  
 8 ye shold have deyed by our handes' / and they cam  
 nyghe hym, & sayd / 'cursed kyng & vntrue ! why  
 have you betrayed my lord our fader, & his bredern,  
 our vncler / that have doon to you so god servyse ?  
 12 certes, ye be well worthy to deye a shamfull deth' /  
 Whan alarde herde his nevwes speke of this maner /  
 he beganne to wepe full tendrely. And thus as he  
 wepte, he kyssed Aymonet, that bare the name of their  
 16 fader / and sayd, 'Ha, god, how ben we broughte lowe  
 and dystroyed' ! And whan the lady herde Alarde  
 speke thyse wordes, and sawe that he wepte / she  
 thoughte well that it was not wythoute a cause ; and  
 20 she sayd to alarde / 'Fayr brother, for god telle me  
 the occasyon of your sorow.' 'Lady,' said alarde,  
 'wyth a good wylle<sup>2</sup> / Now wyte that we have loste  
 our brother rychade / Rowlande ledeth hym for his  
 24 prysoner to charlemagn ; but yf our lord save hym, we  
 are not like never to see hym' / 'Alas, I vnhappy !  
 what shall we doo?' sayd the lady, 'syth that Rych-  
 arde is loste, For we shall never have honoure.' And  
 28 saynge thyse wordes, she felle down in a swoune to  
 the erthe. And whan she was come agen to herselfe,  
 she beganne to make soo grete a sorowe / that all  
 they that were there had grete pyte of her / ¶ But  
 32 here levethe the history to speke of Reynawd, of  
 Alarde / and of Guycharde / and of the lady Clare /  
 and her yonge chylde / And retourneth to shewe of

and are received  
 by Lady Clare  
 and her children.

The lady asks  
 them why they  
 are so sorrowful.

Alarde tells her  
 of the loss of  
 Richard.

Clare falls down  
 in a swoon,

and grieves  
 terribly for  
 Richard.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. i.

<sup>2</sup> le vous diray, F. orig. q. i.

Mawgis, the goode knyghte, that had put hymselfe in adventure and in peyne, for to <sup>1</sup>deliver Rycharde oute of the handes of the kynge Charlemagne.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**C** How after that Reynawd, Alarde, and <sup>4</sup> Guycharde were retourned to Mountalban, after the bataylle that they had by the woode of the serpente, they made grete sorowe for the love of Rychard there broder / <sup>8</sup> that was in the handes of the kynge Charlemagne / and how he was delivered by the wytte of Mawgys.

Mawgis goes to  
Montalban,

**N**ow telleth the history / that whan Mawgys was <sup>12</sup> come agayne to Mountalban / soo moche wrothe he was, that he myghte nomore, for the love of Rycharde that was take / And by cause that reynawd and his bretherne made therefore soo grete sorowe, Inconty- <sup>16</sup> nente that he was lighted from his horse / he wente into his chambre, and made hymselfe to be dysarmed ; and after he toke of all his clothes, and put hymself all naked / and this doon, he toke an herbe and ete it, and <sup>20</sup> as soone that he had ete it / he swelled like a padde / and thenne toke an other herbe / and chaufed and helde it betwene his teeth / and anone he be came all blacke as a cole <sup>2</sup>in his face, as one that is beten wyth staves<sup>2</sup> / <sup>24</sup> and his eyen reled in his hede <sup>3</sup>as he had be other dronken or madde<sup>3</sup> / and dysguysed hymself wonderfully, that he that had well knowe hym afore<sup>4</sup> shold not thenne have sayd that he had be mawgys. And whan <sup>28</sup>

and there dis-  
guises himself;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. T. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> quil sembloit quil deust mourir, F. orig. q. i.

<sup>4</sup> ne leust congneu, F. orig. q. i.



he was thus <sup>1</sup>torned and <sup>1</sup>countrefayt / he toke a grete  
 mantell and a hode, and clothed hymselfe therwyth,  
 and toke on his fete a grete payre of botes, & the staff  
 4 of a pylgryme in his hande. And thus arrayed, he  
 yssued oute of mountalban. And whan he was oute,  
 he sette hymselfe for to goo the waye so grete pase that  
 no horse cowde not have waloped so fast / tyll that he  
 8 cam to mountbandell, byfore the tentes of themperour  
 Charlemagn, <sup>2</sup>or ever that Rowlande were come there  
 agayn. and there he helde hym styll, & spake no thyng  
 at all / but loked oonly vpon the kyng & vpon his  
 12 pavyllion / And whan he went, he halted wyth thone  
 fote / and lened before the kynges tente vpon his staff,  
 and kept the one of his eyen close. And whan he  
 sawe the kyng com out of his pavyllion / he nighed hym,  
 16 & sayd, 'God of heven, that suffreth deth & passion in  
 the crosse, kepe you, kyng Charlemayn, fro deth & fro  
 pryson, and from evyll treyson /'  
 'Vassall,' sayd the kyng charlemagn / 'god con-  
 20 fonde you! for I shall never truste vpon none  
 suche a begger as ye be / by cause of the evyll theef  
 mawgis / the whiche hath deceyved me many tymes /  
 for whan he wil, he is a palmer, a knyghte, or a gryfon,  
 24 or elles a heremyte / be suche maner that I can not  
 beware of hym. And yf it playse god & hys blessed  
 moder, I shall avenge me ones vpon hym, how that the  
 game gooth' / And whan mawgys herde themperour  
 28 speke of this manere, he answered no thyng / and  
 kepte hym styll a grete while; and after he sayd to  
 the kyng, 'Syre, yf mawgis be a theef / all other poure  
 folke be not so. I have more nede of helthe than I  
 32 have to doo ony treyson; & it is well seen on me *that* I  
 am not the body that myghte doo ony grete harme /  
 Syr, I come from Ierusalem, where I have worshyppd  
 the holy grave, and have doon my oblacyons in the

he takes a pil-  
 grim's staff, and  
 wears a mantle  
 and hood, and  
 thus issues out of  
 Montalban;

he arrives at the  
 tent of Charle-  
 magne before  
 Roland's return,

and calls on the  
 Emperor.

Charlemagne is  
 suspicious of his  
 appearance,

because of the  
 subtily of  
 Mawgis.

Mawgis assures  
 him that he has  
 just come from  
 Jerusalem,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. i.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. T. v.

and is going to Rome;

he relates how he passed the river Gironde yesterday with x men,

and how he was attacked by thieves, and all his men were slain,

and the thieves were the four Sons and Mawgis;

and how they beat and robbed him so that he nearly died,

and therefore he has come to implore help against the Sons from the Emperor.

temple of salamon, and yet I must goo to rome & to saynt Iames in gales, and god wyll. But I dyd passe yesterdaye over balencon & over gironde<sup>1</sup> / wyth x men, <sup>2</sup>my servauntes,<sup>2</sup> that I ledde alwayes by the waye wyth 4 me for to kepe & defende my body. And whan I had passed over gyronde / <sup>3</sup>I cam wyth my meyne thurgh a wood nyghe montalban<sup>3</sup> / where I mette wyth many brygantes & theves, that slewe all my men, & al that 8 I had thei toke <sup>4</sup>fro me, and lete me goo / and gladde I was whan soo fayr I was deliverde of theym. And after I asked of the folke of y<sup>e</sup> countrey what men they were that <sup>5</sup>had so<sup>5</sup> slayn my men / and they dyd telle 12 me that they were the four sones of aymon, & a grete thef that was called mawgys <sup>2</sup>wyth theim<sup>2</sup> / And I asked them why they wold set theymsel to so fowle a craft & vnhappy / seen that thei were so grete gentylnen 16 born. and the peple of the countrey answerde me that they were constrained for to doo so, by cause they had soo grete poverte wythin mountalban that they wyst not what to doo / but I dyde never see so cruell a man 20 as the same mawgis is / for he bounde my handes behinde my backe whan he had robbed me / and thenne he bete me so sore that I wende to have deyed therof / and hathe arayed me as ye see. Syr, ye be the best 24 kynge of the worlde, & ye be lord of all this londe, wherfore I pray you, for god, that ye wyll do me right of these four sones of aymon, & of mawgis that grete theef / And whan charlemagn vnderstode these wordes, 28 he righted his hede vp & sayd / 'Pilgryme, is it true as thou sayst' / 'ye, syre,' sayd mawgis / 'Now tell me thy name,' sayd charlemagn / 'Syr,' sayd mawgis, 'my name is gaydoñ, & I am borne in bretayn, & I am 32 a grete man in my countrey / wherfore I requyre you, in

<sup>1</sup> et entre dedens ung dromon, F. orig. q. ii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. ii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> Je vins par dessoulz montauban, F. orig. q. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. T. v.-back. <sup>5-5</sup> so had, orig.

the worship of the holy sepulture<sup>1</sup> that I have soughte,<sup>1</sup>  
 that ye doo me ryght' / 'Pylgryme,' sayd Charlemagn,  
 'I can not have noo ryght of them my selfe / for I  
 4 promyse the! yf I had theym, all the worlde sholde  
 not save theym, but that I sholde make them deye  
 a shamfull dethe.' 'Syre,' sayd thenne mawgis / 'sith  
 that ye can doo me no righte of theym, I beseeche all  
 8 myghty god, that is in heven, that it playseth hym for  
 to doo it' / 'Syre,' sayd the barons, 'this pylgryme  
 semeth to be a goode man and a true / as I suppose /  
 For it is well seen on hym / gyve to hym your almes  
 12<sup>2</sup> yf it playse you' / And thenne the kyng commaunded  
 that men sholde gyve hym<sup>3</sup> xx. li. of money / and  
 mawgis toke theym & put it in his hode / and he sayd  
 in himself / 'ye have gyven to me of your owne good,  
 16 but ye have doon like a fole / I shall reward you right  
 dere for it or ever I departe fro you.' and whan he  
 had the silver, he asked after some mete, for goddys  
 sake / for sin yesterdaye he had not eten, as he sayd /  
 20 'by my feyth,' sayd Charlemagn, 'thou shalte have  
<sup>4</sup>mete & drynke<sup>4</sup> ynough.' And anone they brought to  
 hym mete / and he set hym down,<sup>5</sup> & toke & ete well of  
 the beste.<sup>6</sup> And the kyng sayd to hym, 'now ete fre,  
 24 good pylgryme, For thou shalt be well served' / and  
 mawgys ete styll, and answered never a worde, but be-  
 held oonly the kyng in his visage / And the kyng sayd  
 to hym, 'tell me, pilgryme, & hide no thyng fro me /  
 28 why haste thou loked so sore vpon me!' 'syre,' sayd  
 mawgis, 'I shall tell you it wyth ryght a good wyll /  
 Wyte that I am a well traveyllled man; but in noo  
 place that ever I was / I saw never, nether crysten man  
 32 nother sarrasyn, soo goodly a prynce / ne soo curteys /  
 as ye be one / wherof of all the pardons that I have

Charlemagne  
 deplores his help-  
 lessness against  
 the Sons, whom  
 he would willingly  
 slay,

and commands  
 his barons to give  
 alms to the  
 pilgrim,

and food of the  
 best.

Mawgis says he  
 has never seen so  
 goodly a prince as  
 Charlemagne,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. ii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. T. vi.

<sup>3</sup> trente, F. orig. q. ii.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. ii.

<sup>5</sup> sur ung eschaquier, F. orig. q. ii.

<sup>6</sup> car Il en auoit mestier, F. orig. q. ii.

wonne in my vyage makyng, I gyve you the halfe freely' / 'Certes, pylgryme,' sayd the kyng, 'and I take it gladly / And I thanke you moche therof.' And mawgis gaaf hym thenne,<sup>1</sup> for a wytnesse of the same,<sup>1</sup> <sup>4</sup> his palmers staff <sup>1</sup>for to kysse it.<sup>1</sup> Thenne said the barons / 'certainly, syre, the pylgryme hath given you a fayr gifte; ye oughte to rewarde hym well for it' / 'Syr,' sayd mawgis, 'I aske none other rewarde for it' / <sup>8</sup> <sup>2</sup>but *that* ye wyll take my gyfte a worthe / and that I may reste me here a while / for I am very syke and wery'<sup>2</sup> / And thus as y<sup>e</sup> kyng spake to mawgis, cam thenne Rowlande and Olivere, and all their folke, that <sup>12</sup> broughte Rycharde for a prysoner.

and gives him his staff to kiss.

Roland, Oliver, and all their folk, arrive, bringing Richard with them.

<sup>3</sup> And whan Ogyer and Estorfawde, the sone of A Oedon / and the duke Naymes, sawe that Rowlande wolde goo to the payvlyon of Charlemagne wyth <sup>16</sup> Rychard, They came to Rowland and sayd to hym / 'Syre Rowland, how canne you hate Rycharde soo sore / that ye wyll yelde hym to Charlemagne' / 'Lordes,' sayd Rowlande, 'what will ye that I shall doo wyth <sup>20</sup> him; te'l me and I shall doo it' / 'Syre,' sayd they, 'we wyll that ye delyver Rycharde, and ye shall saye that it was a nother prisoner.' 'Lordes,' sayd Rowland, 'yf I canne doo this, I shall doo it gladly' / All <sup>24</sup> <sup>3</sup> these wordes herde a yoman,<sup>4</sup> that Incontynent spored his horse / and came to the kynges tente,<sup>5</sup> and sayd to Charlemagn, 'Syre, I brynge you tydynges sore strange / we have fou[g]hte by<sup>6</sup> the ryver syde of Balencon / <sup>28</sup> where there Reynawde, the sone of Aymon, hath kept his owne right well agenst rowlande your nevewe / and setteth not a strawe by hym. And Rowlande loste there more than he wanne.' Whan the emperoure <sup>32</sup> Charlemagne vnderstode that worde / he was abashed

The barons entreat Roland not to deliver up Richard to the Emperor.

He consents if it is possible. A yeoman overhears this conversation, and goes to Charlemagne and tells him that Richard has been taken prisoner.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> car Je suis plus malade quil ne me fait mestier, F. orig. q. iii. back. <sup>3</sup> Fol. T. vi. back. <sup>4</sup> aymon, in text orig.

<sup>5</sup> la ou Il vit le roy, F. orig. q. iii. back. <sup>6</sup> be, orig.

gretly; and after he sayd to the yoman, 'Telle me, my frende, how was yet of my nevene Rowland' / 'Syre,' sayd the yoman, 'he foughte<sup>1</sup> wyth the four sones of  
4 Aymon, that deffended theymselfe well. But Rowlande hathe broughte wyth hym prisoner one of the foure sones<sup>2</sup> of Aymon<sup>2</sup> / the whyche is the mooste hardy & the moost valiaunt of them all / in all poyntes.'

8 **C**harlemagne began thenne to lepe for Ioye, whan he vnderstode thise tydynges / and came oute of his tent, & behelde & sawe Rychard, that Rowlande<sup>3</sup> brought. Whan Charlemagn sawe rycharde, he knew

The Emperor with great joy comes out of his tent and sees Richard;

12 hym well incontynente, & began to crie for grete ioye *that* he had / 'by my soule, newew, it is well seen that ye have be there, for elles Richarde sholde<sup>4</sup> not have ben take' / 'Certes,'<sup>5</sup> sayd Rowlande, 'well lied Ogier

16 to you / for if he had not be / y<sup>e</sup> four sones of aimon were take as well as one' / and thenne said the kyng to richard / 'Hoursone! by the feyth that I owe to god, ye shall be hanged by the necke / but first ye  
20 shall have of evylle & of tormentes ynough.' 'sire,

he swears to have him tortured, and then hung.

sayd Richarde, 'I am in your prison. I fere me not to be hanged as long as reynawd, my broder, shall may light vpon bayarde / and that mawgis be a lyve, alarde

Richard boldly says he fears nothing so long as his brethren and Mawgis live.

24 & gycharde, my righte dere bredern / for yf ye doo to me ony owtrage, no castell, ne towne, ne fortresse shall not kepe you; but that thei shall make you deye an evyll deth or two dayes be passed.' Whan charlemagn herde

28 richard speke so proudly, he was right an angred for it, & toke a staff with both his handes, & smote Richarde therwyth vpon the hede so harde that he made the blode renne oute of it to therthe / And whan richard

Charlemagne smites Richard with a staff,

32 felt hymself thus wounded, he vaunced hymselfe / and toke the kyng wyth both his armes by the waste, &

and they fight.

<sup>1</sup> au gue de balancon, F. orig. q. iii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> son nepveu, F. orig. q. iii. back.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. T. vii.

<sup>5</sup> Sire, F. orig. q. iii.

wrastled togyder alonge whyle, so that thei fell both  
 down, thone here & the other there. And Richarde  
<sup>1</sup>rose vp quyckly, & <sup>1</sup>wolde have renne vpon charlemagn,  
 but oger & salamon seased him & kept him therfro / 4  
 and after they sayd to charlemagn, 'Sir, ye have doon  
 overmoche amys for to bete a prisoner.' 'certes, my  
 lordes,' sayd richard, 'it is more dishonour to the kyng  
 for to smyte me / than it is to me for to defende my 8  
 body / but he is well wonte to doo suche owtrages / for  
 it is not the first that he hath doon, nor it shall not be  
 the last' / And whan mawgis sawe that charlemagn  
 had smyten richarde / he was sore an angred therfore / 12  
 that he had almoste layd vpon hym<sup>2</sup> wyth his palmers  
 staff; but he thought if he had doo soo, bothe Rycharde  
 & he shold have be deed. and whan charlemagn sawe  
*that* richard spake so boldly, he said to hym, 'richard, 16  
 god confounde me yf ye scape me for all your <sup>3</sup>wycked-  
 nes / for ye shall soone be hanged <sup>4</sup>by the necke.'<sup>4</sup>  
 'sir,' sayd richard, 'speke more courtesli, yf it playse  
 you, for I shall see you soner be fleyn quycke than 20  
 ye shall see me hange / nor ye shall not be so hardy to  
 doo so.' <sup>5</sup>'what somever ye prate / say, or crake'<sup>5</sup> /  
 sayd charlemagn, 'ye shall not scape me, but ye shall be  
 hanged or nyghte; and wold god I helde as faste your 24  
 bredern, & mawgis, <sup>6</sup>that theef,<sup>6</sup> as I hold you now / for  
 they sholde be hanged wyth you to bere you company,  
 bycause ye sholde not be a ferde.' ¶ All thus as  
 richarde strove with charlemagn / he tordned hymself & 28  
 sawe mawgis behynde him, that held hymself styll  
 lenyng vpon his staff; and he knewe hym well, wherof  
 he was well glad, for he wyste well he shold not deye  
 sith mawgis was there. And whan richard had seen 32  
 mawgis, he was sure of his liff, & sayd to charlemagn,

Ogier interferes  
 between them,  
 and rebukes the  
 Emperor for his  
 conduct.

Mawgis nearly  
 attacks the Em-  
 peror with his  
 staff when he sees  
 Richard treated  
 thus.

Charlemagne still  
 threatens Richard  
 with death,

and says he shall  
 be hanged ere  
 night, and wishes  
 that the other  
 Sons and Mawgis  
 were also in his  
 power.

Richard turns  
 round and sees  
 Mawgis, whom he  
 at once recognises,  
 and is very joyful.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. iii.      <sup>2</sup> le roy, F. orig. q. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. T. vii. back.      <sup>4-4</sup> en brief, F. orig. q. iii.

<sup>5-5</sup> Si ne meschapperez vous mye toutesfois, F. orig. q. iii.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. iii.







The Right Plesant and Goodly Historie  
of  
The Foure Sonnes of Aymon.

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THE  
ENGLISH CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

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PART XI.

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The Right Plesant and Goodly Historie

of the

Four Sonnes of Aymon.

ENGLISH FROM THE FRENCH BY  
WILLIAM CAXTON,  
AND PRINTED BY HIM ABOUT 1489.

EDITED FROM  
THE UNIQUE COPY, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER,  
with an Introduction,  
BY  
OCTAVIA RICHARDSON.

PART II.

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## INTRODUCTION.

CAXTON'S "right pleasant and goodly historie of the Four Sons of Aymon" is englisht from the French prose romance "Les Quatre Filz Aymon," which is a rendering more or less free of an ancient *chanson de geste* bearing the same name, though more often entitled "Renaud de Montauban." The earliest extant text of the *chanson* is a *remaniment* of the end of the 12th century.<sup>1</sup>

The conversion of the poem into prose was not accomplished before the close of the 14th century. None of the prose manuscripts are earlier than the 15th century. Of them the British Museum has three MSS., all in writing of the 15th century. In one,<sup>2</sup> a large vellum folio, about 1445 A.D., the story is illustrated by nine miniatures; in the borders of the first appear the arms of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, and those of Henry VI. and his Queen Margaret of Anjou empaled. It is similar to the usual printed edition, from the third chapter of that edition to the end. Another manuscript, a vellum folio of the 15th century, is also a prose version, to which is prefixed a fragment of a metrical version of the story, the text of which closely resembles that published by Bekker in his Introduction to "Fierbras"; another metrical fragment is added at the conclusion of the prose tale, which contains the adventures of Maugis, how he became Pope under the name of Innocent, hears Charlemagne's confession, and is stifled by the Emperor in a cave near Naples.

<sup>1</sup> For the history of the *chanson de geste* see *Histoire Litteraire de la France*, vol. xxii, pp. 667-700; *Renaud de Montauban*, edited by H. V. Michelant Stuttgart, 1843; and M. Longnon's paper in *Romania*, for 1878. The general introduction to this series might also be examined together with M. Gaston Paris' *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, pp. 19, 139, 298.

<sup>2</sup> Cat. of Romances, Brit. Museum, J. H. Ward, pp. 619-622.

The third manuscript at the British Museum contains a much briefer text than that of the printed editions, and is imperfect at the end.

✓ The French prose rendering of this romance is much inferior to the poem in every sense, and cannot properly be deemed a direct reproduction of it, although it follows the thread of the narrative throughout, sometimes closely enough, at others wandering to a considerable distance; but even while following, it robs the original of half its beauties through its prosaic rendering. The valuable historical allusions are for the most part cast to the winds, the names abstracted, the circumstances altered, the speeches shortened or omitted, the sequence of the story being frequently unsettled.

The palm for superior dramatic treatment must also be given to the chanson's version of the chess-murder, on which the mincing of the prose version has a damaging effect. The toning down of the ferocity of the chanson destroys the prose relation completely as a picture of old time. The story also can ill afford the omission made in the prose of the curse with which Foulques of Morillon is first introduced—

“ En France ot i linage cui Dame Dex mal dont ;  
Ce fu Grif d'Autefueille et son fil Guenelon,  
Béranger et Hardré et Hervi de Lion,  
Antiaumes li felon, Fouques de Morillon.”<sup>1</sup>

The curse has an important bearing on the events which follow, and gives, in fact, a key to the venom with which Foulques is pursued throughout the story.

The prose loses much by its rejection of the first embassy of Charlemagne to Beuves d'Aigremont. The murder of Enguerran, which precedes that of the second ambassador, Lohier, the king's son, lays a far broader basis for the Emperor's revenge, on which the story is built, than the single murder of Lohier in the prose version.

In connection with this, it may be well to notice the omission of another striking passage from the prose, in which Charlemagne swears vengeance on the murderers of his son and nephew—

<sup>1</sup> Renaus de Montauban, p. 39, ed. Michelant.

“ Il jure Dame Deu qui tot a`à jugier,  
 Qu'il ne s'en tornera por Mars ne por Fevrier,  
 Tant Kara pris Renaut qu'il ne puet avoir irer ;  
 As forches iert pendus, nus nel puet respitier.  
 Richars sera detrais à keue de somier,  
 Ki ocist Loois à l'espée d'acier  
 Et Renaus, Bertelai au pesant eschekier,” p. 57.

The circumstance, which we know from history, of Charlemagne having had a son who died young, gives an interest to this passage, which should have pleaded for its preservation, and for that of several others which allude to the same murder. The exclusion of many such passages of historical interest is a matter of regret. One passage may be instanced in which mention is made of the monastic foundations of Gerard de Roussillon, to which pious works the name of Doon de Nanteuil is joined with that of his brother. Of them it says—

“ Il des confirent Karle lui et ses compaignons ;  
 J'en estora saint Pere de Cluigni le baron  
 Et puis la charité et vezelai selone,  
 Saint Beneoit sor Loire, là où si moine sont,” p. 156.

Of the early printed editions of the French prose romance, which are numerous, the British Museum possesses four, two of Paris and two of Lyons. One alone of these editions is dated, that of Lyons, 1539. The general catalogue of the Museum gives as probable dates to the others, 1480, 1520, 1525 respectively. The edition said to be of Lyons, with the supposed date of 1480 attached to it, is a folio volume whose typography is singularly beautiful. The letters all stand out distinctly, the type is large, and the words are amply spaced. Ornamental capitals head the paragraphs throughout. Caxton's translation of *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, which he undertook “at the desire of John Erle of Oxenforde,” seems to have been undoubtedly made from this edition, as in portions of the story where these various editions differ from each other, that of the 1480 edition is invariably adopted by Caxton. In his translation of this work, Caxton shows himself piously literal. Words and phrases, both foreign and unusual, he transferred bodily to his text; nothing ever deterred him, simply because it was French; he wandered along every winding of the sentences he was rendering, and brought

them over with all their sinuosities into the English. In consequence, his translation is perhaps one of the most literal that has ever been produced in the English language, and though to some extent stilted and even awkward, yet it is impossible not to admire his faithfulness to his original; and the very quaintness of those peculiarities of language sometimes adds a charm to his composition.

The few instances where Caxton has differed from the French will be seen by the collations which have occasionally been marked in foot-notes on the pages of this work.

As a picture of the language of the time, his "Four Sons of Aymon" is highly curious and interesting. He continues the use of double negatives—so common in Chaucer and other Early-English writers. That this was not merely an imitation from the French, is shown by Caxton making use of two where his original gives him warrant only for one. On p. 65, l. 24, "Charlemagne made Aymon to swere that he should *never* gyue *no* help to his children"; p. 18, l. 10, "for doubte of death shall *not* leue *nothyng*e unsayd of hys message to the duke benes." On p. 255, l. 27, "All my lymmes shaken for angre, *nor* I can *not* stande upon my feet." In the French there is but one negative. Ed. 1480. Caxton frequently omits the pronominal subject of a verb in the clauses of a sentence, which succeed the leading one, so that often the drift of the narrative alone leaves the reader to decide the subject of the verb thus omitted. This practice with him is generally an imitation of his original. On p. 238, l. 24, "The frenshemen had wounded hym wyth two speres well depe in to the flesshe and was taken for prysoner." The French is (Ed. 1480) "et lavoient naure de deux espees bien parfond en la cher et fut prins pour prisonnier."

Caxton uses many words in the plural which are now allowed only in the singular, this also is usually in obedience to his original. On p. 262, l. 29, "armed with his own *armures*"; on p. 235, l. 32, "But their *corages* were never the lesse therfore." Occasionally a word occurs in the singular where a plural is now used: on p. 182, l. 31, the troops are ordered to come, "well garnysshed of *vytaylle* for the space of vii. yerres." The Midland plural in *en* occurs frequently: on p. 3, l. 16, "virtues which *ben* digne"; p. 5, l. 2,



“chapytres whiche *spoken* of many faire matters”; p. 13, l. 27, “Bayard is yit a lyve in the forest of Ardeyne as men *sayen*.” The Southern plural in *eth* also occurs: on p. 70, l. 26, “thise ben the folke of themperour Charlemayn that *goeth* to Ardeyn.” Sometimes the plural form now used is found in the singular: on p. 75, l. 32, “Themperour Charlemayn of fraunce *lete* you wyte by us that ye sende to hym Guycharde.”

The possessive case of nouns in Caxton is made, as usual, by the addition of *s* or *es*: thus on p. 77, l. 19, “Charlemayn’s folke”; p. 13, l. 17, “for goddes sake”; though it is sometimes made in *is*, p. 25, l. 8, “Bayardis back.” On p. 283, l. 1, there is a singular example, “his face towarde the horse taylle.”

Caxton almost invariably uses *ye* for the nominative and *you* for the objective case of the pronoun. There is an exception on p. 172, l. 31, due possibly to the compositor setting the MS. ‘y’ = thou, as ‘you’:—“I wote not what *you* sayste *thou* arte more like a foole than a bysshop.” Also on p. 142, l. 7, “I praye the for the love that *you* haste to thy god, that *thou* gyve me trewes.”

*Which* is constantly used for persons, and so used is generally preceded by the definite article. *That* and *that that* are frequently used instead of *what*, whose occurrence is rare in comparison with these substitutes: on p. 70, l. 32, “I comne you nother thank nor grace of that *that* ye saye.” *This* (= pl. *thise*) is frequently used for *these*: on p. 184, l. 20, “I will departe the londe of Gascoyn to *this* yonge knyghtes for theyr herytage.” *Other* is invariably used for *others*, and *self* for *selves*: on p. 98, l. 28, “Reynawde mounted upon Bayarde and the *other* also lighted upon theyr horses.” A very common use in Caxton—as in many other writers—is that of the past participle losing its final *n*, and assuming an infinitive form after an auxiliary verb. On p. 3, l. 12, “the clerkes haue had great knowledge by innumerable volumes of bookes which haue *be* made”; p. 14, l. 3, “Iherusalem was *take* agayne of the Christen.” A great many old or peculiar forms of the past tenses and participles occur: on p. 137, l. 20, “*he heve*”; p. 79, l. 11, “flancardes all to-brosten”; p. 176, l. 22, “Euery man *putted* hymself for to renne.” The word *conne*, to be able, is constantly used; and a similar use is

made of *may*, on p. 227, l. 16, "For wyte that yf I telled you not, ye sholde not *maye* knowe it." The form *move* of this verb sometimes occurs: on p. 167, l. 25, "ye shall *move* know the beste horse of your royaume." Giving a future auxiliary to the verb *will* is curious. On p. 64, l. 21, "il vous rendra au roy" is translated, "he *shall wyll* yelde you to the kyng." A striking feature of Caxton's English is the number of reflective verbs with which it abounds. On p. 4, l. 11, "Whyche booke I haue endeorde me to accomp-lyshe." P. 236, l. 18, "Yet shall I *selle me* full dere or I deye." An example may be given of verbs completed by prepositions: p. 6, l. 30, "and gaue them *of* havoyre so much, that they myghte well *make war with* agenst the king." Caxton has many substitutes for present participles, which reduces their use considerably, as on p. 70, l. 27, "These ben the folke of themperour *that goeth to* Ardeyn"; p. 74, l. 32, "sende a messenger to Reynawde *for to tell* hym that he yelde you Guycharde."

He makes use also of a great many particles needless in modern English, by the omission of many others in places where they are now deemed indispensable. A few characteristic sentences will illustrate his practice in this respect. On p. 154, l. 30, "ioye began to be grete in the castell *as* god had descended there"; p. 87, l. 10, "So he swere god"; p. 109, l. 3, "he was so very he myghte no more."

The adverb *very* had hardly come into use: it has many fore-runners, such as *full, sore, right*, etc.

*Nother* is constantly used for *neither*; *sith* and *syn* for the later *since*. *Ne* is sometimes used for *nor*, in second alternatives, as on p. 317, l. 31, "I saw neuer nether crysten man, nother sarrasyn, soo goodly a prynce, *ne* soo curteys as ye be one."

*An-angered* is an intensitive by which Caxton translates the French 'enragé.' *But yf* is another old expression continued by him for *unless*: on p. 101, l. 9, "it sholde hurte hym sore *but yf* he myghte take theym."

The use of *doo* with the infinitive—'doo make' = cannot be made,—is another continuation by Caxton of an older usage, and is a great contrast to modern English: on p. 18, l. 28, "I shall *doo*

hange"; p. 7, l. 21, "And dyd *doo* make the castell of Montawban." Sometimes the verb *make* is substituted for *do*, in its sense of 'perform,' as on p. 84, l. 4, "the grete fayttes of armes that he *made* there."

Caxton makes use largely of articles where they are now omitted, and omits them frequently in places where they are always used, as on p. 6, l. 5, "it bare *a* great dommage to the realme"; p. 8, l. 32, "Mawgys broughte suche *a* succourses."

The order of words in sentences is frequently changed in Caxton's text, as in earlier English: on p. 87, l. 18, Reynawde "wente to chasse in woodes & in ryvers as often as *hym playjseed*" = it pleased him; on p. 117, l. 23, "euerybody had *of it pyte*."

The original edition of Caxton's "Four Sons of Aymon" has neither title-page, printer's name, place, nor date. It is a folio volume, and the fortunate possessor of the only copy known is Earl Spencer. The celebrated founder of the Althorp Library, Earl George, acquired it by purchase in the year 1822. Of its previous history we can discover nothing. The date assigned to it by Blades, in his life of Caxton, is 1489, and has been adopted from the circumstance, that the works issued from Caxton's fount No. 6 range from 1489 to 1493. Although Earl Spencer's copy is unique, it is not perfect. It lacks Caxton's prologue and colophon. To its owner I return the warm thanks of the Society and myself for generously sending his treasure to the British Museum for so many months for our use. The General Catalogue of the British Museum mistakingly represents that institution as the possessor of two leaves of another copy of Caxton's "Four Sons of Aymon." Unfortunately, however, there is really only one leaf, for the second is apparently an extract from some work of devotion or popular theology, and though resembling in both type and style the leaf to which it is attached by the compiler of the Catalogue, has no connection with it. The genuine leaf is the beginning of chapter xxv, and is similar to the corresponding leaf in Copland's edition. Even the vignette which heads the leaf is the same, and is a repetition from the block used for chapter ix. Four leaves of the same edition were discovered by Mr. Blades to be in the possession of Mr. Green of Bishops Stortford

in 1882. They are portions of signature E, and do not therefore supply the defects of the Althorp copy.

A second edition, as we learn from the colophon of the third edition, was "Imprinted at London by Wynken de Worde, the viii. daye of Maye, and the yere of our lorde. M.cccc.iii." One leaf only of this edition is known to be extant. It was discovered in 1882 in a volume of early-printed fragments by Mr. Henry Bradshaw, and is now in the Cambridge University Library.

Copland's third edition was issued on 6th May 1554; the colophon describes it as printed for Thomas Petit, not for Robert Toye, as asserted by the Catalogue of the Harleian Library. It was no doubt printed for both these and other booksellers, as the 'trade' editions of Chaucer were. The prologue to this edition is undoubtedly a literal reprint of Caxton's original preface, and it thus supplies one of the chief defects of the Althorpe copy.<sup>1</sup> Although no edition later than Copland's is now known, entries in the Stationers' Registers point to the conclusion that the romance was twice reprinted before the close of the century. Licences to reissue it were granted in March 1582 (Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 408), and in February 1598-9 (*ibid.* iii. 137). On 22nd Feb. 1598-9 a printer was licensed to print "the last part of the ffowre sons of Aymon" (*ibid.* iii. 139).<sup>2</sup>

The success of the story of the Sons of Aymon gave birth to many and various editions. The name and adventures of Renaud were a passport to success of which poets availed themselves, and on all sides there are testimonies to the universal fame of Bayard. His namesake, "sans peur et sans reproche," is said when besieged in Mezières, recalling the feats of the noble steed through the identity of their names, to have answered the summons to surrender, sent him by Prince Henry of Nassau, with the proud reply, "A Bayard of France will never yield to a cart-stallion of Germany." The noble Bayard carried the Sons of Aymon everywhere, and all lands were eager to possess them and offer them a home. Horse and riders were depicted upon the walls of castles and convents. "On

<sup>1</sup> For the bibliography of the romance, see two letters by Mr. W. Blades, and one by Mr. S. L. Lee, *Athenæum*, Aug. 19, 26, and Sept. 9, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> In Arber's *Transcript*, iv. 459, is an assignment of 'The four sons of Aymon' by Wm. Stansby, and his widow Elizabeth after his death, to Master Bishop, on 4 March, 1639.

the walls," says Roquefort, "of the nunnery of St. Reynold in Cologne, is a painting of four Paladins, mounted upon Bayard, and Reynold is distinguished among them by an aureole, the sign of saintship."<sup>1</sup>

It is well known that the mediæval romance of France became the property of cultivated Europe. From its source was supplied the fuel of the worldly imagination, and Renaud taking a prominent part was translated universally, and imitated in all fashions. In the 13th century Maerland could speak of having read the history of the Four Sons of Aymon in his native Flemish, "Hiemskindre, dat ic las."<sup>2</sup> This translation is said to be due to Nicholas Vesboschten, and it became the source of a German translation of the 13th century.<sup>3</sup>

Through what channel the story of the Sons of Aymon found passage to Iceland is uncertain. It is still a question whether the Icelandic versions originated from French manuscripts brought into Norway, which were read by the Scandinavian reciters, or whether they were learnt in France and brought over orally. The numerous manuscript copies testify to its popularity, the oldest of which may be referred to the middle of the 13th century. Here the story has acquired a new name. The Saga of Earl Magus adopts altogether a strange character, it knows nothing at all of the sojourn of the Sons of Aymon in Mountauban, mingles the story with that of Gerard, in whom some recognize the hero of Vienne, brings Charlemagne to live at Worms, and makes the chateau of Aymon Buslaraborg in Germany, giving that of Strasburg to Magus. The Saga was published for popular reading at Reikavick in 1858.

In Italy Renaud shone as the hero of every style of poetry, whether chivalrous, amorous, or comic. The "Quatre Fils d'Aymon" formed one of the volumes of the 13th century "Reali di Francia." Renaud is one of Pulci's heroes; in Boiardo the Emperor Gradasse is obliged to raise 150,000 men to conquer Bayard; and Renaud, side by side with Roland, divides the honours of the famous

<sup>1</sup> Poésie Française dans les xij. et xiii. siècles, p. 141. Roquefort.

<sup>2</sup> Reiffenberg, Philippe Mouskes, vol. ii, ccxiv.

<sup>3</sup> Hist. poet. de Charl., G. Paris, p. 139.

“Orlando Innamorata” of Ariosto. Tasso’s “Rinaldo” is based immediately on the French romance of the Four Sons.

Outside the world of letters altogether, the story has left its trace in the popular traditions of certain portions of France, Belgium, and Germany, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Ardennes. The name of the Four Sons of Aymon still clings tenaciously to the ruins of the rock-built Chateau of Ambleve, as does that of Bayard to a chateau at Dhuy. The whole North of France is associated with the story, and the neighing of Bayard is still believed to be distinctly heard through the valleys of the Ardennes. In the beginning of the 18th century the presses of Troyes found full employment in its reproduction. To this day Chateau-Renaud, surrounded by the waters of the Meuse, is still believed to be the neighbourhood of the retreat of Maugis and Bayard, and the Castle of Renout’s Steen, in the Province of Liege, is freely abandoned to them in the surrounding universe of popular tradition. In Brittany, a rude dramatization of the original Epic witnesses to the popularity of the story at the present day. During the celebration of the *Kermesse*, a Belgium popular feast, which is said to date back to the year 891, an enormous horse bearing four knights, and decorated with their escutcheons, paraded the streets of Louvain in 1490, behind the corps of the University. “As late as the year 1825,” says Reiffenberg, “Bayard repaired to Mechlin, to crown a feast framed on the oldest models which was held there; and at Dortmund, in Westphalia, Renaud is still held in heroic and saintly esteem.” M. Léon Gautier also calls our attention to the pictures decorating the chimneys of the peasant in France, where, by the side of rude representations of the battle of Austerlitz and the Wandering Jew, is seen that of the Four Sons of Aymon.

Proofs of the popularity of the English translation of the romance are not far to seek. We know not only (as we have shown) that reprints of it were numerous, but that the reprints were widely read and appreciated during the later years of the 16th century. The book is one of those which Cox, the Quixotic old captain of Coventry, who took prominent part in the Kenilworth festivities of 1575, had at his fingers’ end. Francis Meres, in the *Palladis*

*Tamia*, 1598 (p. 268*b*), mentions the work among others as "no lesse hurtfull to youth then the workes of Machiavell to age." Wherever, in fact, in Elizabethan literature romances are under discussion, the "Four Sons of Aymon" is brought into court, and receives some sort of tribute to its popularity. The least equivocal of its commendations is the mention in "Henslowe's Diary" of the fact that the story was dramatized, and arrangements made for its production on the stage at the time that Shakespeare and his companions were proving the potentialities of the English drama. The entries in the theatrical manager's diary runs as follows:—

"Layd owt for the componye, the 10 of desembr 1602  
unto Robarte Shawe for a boocke of the 4 sonnes of  
Amon the some of . . . . . xl<sup>s</sup>."<sup>1</sup>

"Memorandum that I Robert Shaa have receaved of Mr. Phillip Henslowe the some of forty shellinges upon a booke called the fower sonnes of Aymon, which booke, if it be not played by the Company of the Fortune nor noe other company by my leaue, I doe then bynd my selfe by theis presentes to repay the sayd some of forty shillinges upon the delivery of my booke att Christmas next, which shall be in the yeare of our Lord God 1603 and in the xlvj<sup>th</sup> yeare of the Raigne of the Queene.  
per me ROBT. SHAA."<sup>2</sup>

Proof is extant of the production of the play by a company of English actors at Amsterdam, but nothing is known of Robert Shaw or Shaa beyond the facts that he was an actor at Philip Henslowe's theatre, received many small loans from his employer, and occasionally assisted him in the management (Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 96 et seq.). It does not appear that the play was published.

Thomas Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612 (repr. in Somers' Tracts (1810), iii. 574—600), the Third Booke, argues that, among the benefits of plays, they "haue beene the discouerers of many notorious murders, long concealed from the eyes of the world" (sign. G, bk. ; Somers, iii. 598). And after citing an instance of this 'at Lin in Norfolke,' and another of marauding Spaniards at 'a place called Perin [*i. e.* Penryn] in Cornwall,' being frightened into flight by a battle on the stage, he goes on with the following

<sup>1</sup> p. 230.<sup>2</sup> p. 233.

case of the play of the *Four Sons of Aymon* and Renaud's murder (sign. G 2; Somers, iii. 599).

“Another of the like wonder happened at *Amsterdam* in *Holland*: A company of our *English* Comedians (well knowne) A strange accident happening at a play. traouelling those Countreyes, as they were before the Burghers, and other the chiefe inhabitants, acting the last part of the 4 sons of *Aymon*, towards the last act of the history, where penitent *Renaldo*, like a common labourer, liued in disguise, vowing, as his last pennance, to labour & carry burdens to the structure of a goodly Church there to be erected, whose diligence the labourers enuying, since, by reason of his stature and strength, hee did vsually perfect more worke in a day, then a dozen of the best, (hee working for his conscience, they for their luces,) wherevpon, by reason his industry had so much disparaged their liuing, conspired amongst themselues to kill him, waiting some opportunity to finde him asleepe, which they might easily doe, since the sorest labourers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparatiue to rest. Hauing spy'd their opportunity, they droue a naile into his temples, of which wound immediately he dyed.

“As the Actors handled this, the audience might on a sodaine vnderstand an out-cry and loud shriek in a remote gallery; and pressing about the place, they might perceiue a woman of great grauity, strangely amazed, who, with a distracted & troubled braine, oft sighed out these words: ‘Oh, my husband, my husband!’ The play without further interruption proceeded; the woman was to her owne house conducted, without any apparent suspition, euery one coniecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony shee some few daies languished; and on a time, as certaine of her well-disposed neighbours came to comfort her, one amongst the rest being Churchwarden, to him the Sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening him in the ripping vp of a graue: ‘See here (quoth he) what I haue found!’ and shewes them a faire skull, with a great nayle pierst quite through the braine-pan; ‘but we cannot coniecture to whom it should belong, nor how long it hath laine in the earth, the graue being confused, and the flesh consumed.’ At the report of this accident, the woman, out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, discovered a former murder. For 12 years ago, by driuing that nayle into that skull, being the head of her husband, she had trecherously slaine him. This being publickly confest, she was arraigned, condemned, adiudged, and burned.

“But I draw my subject to greater length then I purposed: these, therefore, out of other infinites, I haue collected both for their familiarnesse and latenesse of memory.”



## SKETCH OF THE STORY.

THE story opens with an account of the Court of Charlemagne at Paris, where nearly all the powerful Barons of the land are assembled, and among them the Duke Aymon of Dordon, with his four sons, Renaud, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. Duke Beuves of Aigremont, brother to Aymon, is absent from the court, and the Emperor is so enraged by this insult, that he vows to besiege Aigremont, unless Beuves promises to serve him next summer with a powerful army. Duke Naymes advises Charlemagne to send a messenger to Aigremont, and after some discussion, Lohier, the eldest son of the Emperor, is sent there with a hundred knights.<sup>1</sup> He delivers his message insolently to Duke Beuves, who answers him with equal warmth, and a fight ensues, in which Lohier is slain by Duke Beuves; his body is conveyed to Charlemagne by the few survivors of his company and buried at Saint-Germain. The Emperor vows to revenge the death of his son by besieging Aigremont.

Meanwhile the Sons of Aymon have been created knights by Charlemagne, and Renaud has been presented with the wonderful horse Bayard.

When Aymon hears of the death of Lohier, he departs with his sons in haste to Dordon for fear of the Emperor's wrath.<sup>2</sup> Great preparations are made at Paris for the campaign against Duke Beuves; while the army are on their way to Aigremont, a messenger informs them that Beuves is at Troyes, and is besieging that city with the assistance of his brothers, Doon of Nantueil and Gerard of

<sup>1</sup> In the original chanson Enguerrand, the nephew of the Emperor, is first sent to Aigremont, he is slain, and Lohier then undertakes the message and shares the same fate. A knight called Enquerrard of Peronne is killed at Troyes by Beuves in this prose version.

<sup>2</sup> In the chanson Aymon is banished by Charlemagne before the death of Lohier, and is received again into favour when the preparations for the attack on Aigremont are being carried out; his sons are then created knights.

Roussillon;<sup>1</sup> the inhabitants therefore implore the help of Charlemagne.

The fact of Beuves having summoned his brother Gerard of Roussillon to Aigremont, in order to march upon Troyes, has enlightened us as to the situation of Aigremont. M. Paris says :

“Le château Roussillon devait être plus éloigné de Troyes que l'autre, puisque c'est le duc Girart qui va trouver son frère pour marcher d'Aigremont sur Troyes. . . . La situation d'un village voisin de Chablis en Bourgoyne, encore aujourd'hui nommé Aigremont, semble répondre aux indices que nous offre le texte des deux (romances) de Girart et des quatre fils Aimon.”

The French army arrives at Troyes, where a battle takes place, and lasts until sundown ; the armies then cease fighting, neither side having gained the victory. Next day Beuves and his chief Barons appear barefoot before the Emperor, and crave his pardon ; which having been granted to them, peace is proclaimed.

Beuves promises to serve the Emperor at Paris on the feast of St. John next summer. On the way thither he is treacherously slain by Earl Guenes, who has obtained Charlemagne's permission to murder him.

At the next assembly of the Barons at Paris, Aymon and his four sons appear again.

Renaud plays chess with Bertholais, the nephew of Charlemagne, in the palace ; they quarrel over the game, and Renaud, seizing the chess-board, deals Bertholais a blow with it which causes his death.<sup>2</sup> A great tumult thereupon arises in the palace, and the sons escape with much difficulty to Dordon, where they are received by their mother. They are soon obliged to quit Dordon for fear of the

<sup>1</sup> This includes Aymon in the chanson, but no mention is made of his being present at the siege of Troyes in the prose version ; he is supposed to be still at Dordon until after the death of Beuves.

<sup>2</sup> This incident is differently related in the chanson. Renaud and Bertholais quarrel during their game of chess, and Bertholais strikes Renaud, who complains of this insult to the Emperor. Charlemagne takes his nephew's part, which causes Renaud to reply wrathfully to the Emperor, accusing him of the murder of his uncle, Duke Beuves. Charlemagne then deals Renaud a blow ; the latter retires, meets Bertholais, and slays him with the chess-board.

This scene seems to be an imitation of the death of Baldwin (a son of Ogier), who is killed by Charlot (Charlemagne's son) with a chess-board, in the chanson of “Ogier le Danois.”

Emperor's wrath and take refuge in the forest of Ardennes, where they build a castle, called Mountaynford (Montessor), and conceal themselves for several years. M. Paris says :

“Il existe encore au-dessus de Sedan et de Mezières un village nommé Château-Renaud situé sur le penchant d'une haute montagne enfermée par les eaux de la Meuse vers le midi l'est et l'ouest. On distingue aujourd'hui difficilement sur la roche quelques ruines d'une forteresse, mais ces ruines avaient, il y a deux ans, plus de caractère, quand Malherbe notre grand poète écrivait au savant antiquaire Peiresc. 'La principauté de Madame la princesse de Conti s'appelle Chasteau-Renaud, à deux lieues de Sedan et autant ruiné, ou l'on voit encore la tour de Maugis et l'estable de Bayard.' ”

Charlemagne, as soon as he hears of the Sons' retreat, collects an army and besieges the castle ;<sup>1</sup> the old Duke Aymon fights against his children, as he has sworn to defend the Emperor's cause. Terms of peace are offered to Renaud if he will deliver up his brother Guichard, which he indignantly refuses to accept. The three gates of the castle are then surrounded by the Frenchmen, but this does not prevent the Sons from hunting daily in the forest. After the siege has lasted 14 months, Hernyer of Seveyne<sup>2</sup> promises to take Renaud and his brother's prisoners, if Charlemagne will give him the castle as a reward. He then approaches the castle and begs Renaud to grant him shelter as an enemy of the Emperor's ; Renaud believes his story, and allows him to sleep in the castle ; when all have retired to rest, Hernyer lets down the drawbridge and signals to his men to enter. Fortunately for the Sons, Alard's horse wakes Renaud, who rouses his brothers, and they fight their enemies valiantly ; Charlemagne sets a portion of the castle on fire ; in the tumult Hernyer and his followers are slain by Renaud, who afterwards escapes on Bayard with his brothers into the Forest of Ardennes. They are pursued for some distance, but their enemies cannot overtake them. Duke Naymes advises Charlemagne to give up the campaign and disband his army. This being done the Emperor returns to Paris.

<sup>1</sup> No mention is made here of the Espans pass, supposed to be inhabited by fairies. In the chanson Charlemagne warns his men against the dangers they may encounter in this ravine.

<sup>2</sup> Hernyer of Lausanne ; he is promised the town of Laon as well as the castle. The Espans pass is again alluded to when the Sons are chased from Montfort in the chanson.

Aymon on his way to Dordon, meets his Sons encamping in the Forest, when Renaud begs him to grant them peace, but Aymon only reproaches him for his conduct; they fight, and lose heavily on both sides, and the Sons with but 14 of their men are only saved by crossing a small river.

Aymon departs for Paris, taking with him the body of Esmenroi, a favourite knight of Charlemagne's, who has been slain by Renaud. He gives the Emperor a full account of the battle, but he is not believed to have fought against his sons, and is received coldly by Charlemagne; he therefore leaves Paris and arrives at Dordon, where the Duchess blames him severely for his conduct towards his children.

Renaud and his brothers wander in the forest until they are nearly famished, and all their horses die, except Bayard, who thrives on roots; at last they determine to go to Dordon and entreat their mother to receive them. They are not recognised in the streets of the city as they pass through, and even their mother does not know who they are at first; but she discovers Renaud by a scar on his face, and welcomes them joyfully. They sit down to supper,<sup>1</sup> and while they are relating their adventures, Aymon enters the castle. He is furious with his Sons at first, but soon afterwards repents of his conduct towards them, and allows the Duchess to give them food and money; nevertheless, he will not break his promise to Charlemagne, so he retires into the forest while his Sons inhabit the palace.

Next day they depart from Dordon, and on their way meet Maugis returning from the Court of Charlemagne, where he has managed to steal a quantity of gold, which he divides with Renaud and joins their company.

Their journey towards Bordeaux, and from the description of the journey it is possible to determine the situation of Dordon, which is, as M. Paris says:

“La ville actuelle de Dourdon effectivement située dans cette partie de la Brie Française nommée le Hurepois, et d'où l'on doit passer dans le Gâtinais puis dans l'Orléanais, pour se rendre en Aquitaine.”

<sup>1</sup> In the chanson the four brothers enter the palace and sit down to supper before their mother recognises them.

On arriving at Bordeaux they offer their services to King John of Gascony, who is at war with the Saracen King Bege (Borgons); John willingly accepts their aid, and Renaud conducts the war so successfully, that Bege is taken prisoner and peace proclaimed. Renaud is then allowed to build the Castle of Montauban, and is soon afterwards married to King John's sister Clare; the wedding being solemnised with great ceremony at Montauban.

The Emperor on his way to Galicia passes Bordeaux, he looks over the river Garonne, and marvels at the beauty and strength of the castle newly built there. On discovering that it belongs to Renaud, he sends Ogier to demand the four sons from John; when this request is refused, Charlemagne wishes to besiege the castle, but his Barons demur, as they are tired of war. At this juncture Roland<sup>1</sup> arrives, and undertakes a campaign against the Saracens<sup>2</sup> on his uncle Charlemagne's behalf. He besieges Cologne, takes the Saracen chief prisoner, and returns to the Emperor.

All Roland now requires is a good horse; for this reason Charlemagne proclaims a horse-race at Paris, and the best steed is to be bought for Roland. Renaud determines to race Bayard, so he and Maugis set out for their journey to Paris. Maugis, in order that they may not be recognised, changes Bayard from a black into a white horse, and makes Renaud look like a boy of fifteen.

Four miles outside Paris they meet Ogier and Naymes, whom the Emperor has sent to guard the way; the Barons, however, do not recognise them, and allow them to proceed.<sup>3</sup> They arrive at Paris, and lodge in a shoemaker's house; but from some hints dropped by Renaud, the man discovers their secret, and vows to inform the Emperor, whereupon he is instantly slain by Renaud, who escapes with Maugis from the house. Bayard has his feet tied by Maugis, in order that he may appear to be lame until after the other horses have started, when he is unbound, and wins the race.

<sup>1</sup> When Roland arrives at the Emperor's palace, he tells Charlemagne, "I am called Rowland of Bretagne, and I am the sone of your suster and of the duke Myllon." These words accord with the history which makes Roland governor "des marches de Bretagne."

<sup>2</sup> Saxons in the chanson.

<sup>3</sup> This incident is omitted in the chanson.

easily. Renaud seizes Charlemagne's crown, which is exhibited as a prize, and telling the Emperor that he may look elsewhere for a horse for Roland, rides hastily from the city, and swimming over the river Seine, joins Maugis. They arrive at Melun, where they meet the other three Sons, and ride through Orleans to Montauban.<sup>1</sup>

The Emperor, determined to be revenged upon Renaud,<sup>2</sup> assembles a mighty army at Paris, during Eastertide, and marches towards the Castle of Montauban,<sup>3</sup> where they encamp. Roland and Oliver pitch their tent at Balencon, near the river, and go hawking one day, thinking they may leave the camp in safety, but Renaud discovers their absence, goes forth against Charlemagne's army, which he surprises, and finally, having captured the golden dragon from Roland's tent, returns to his castle with much plunder.<sup>4</sup>

The Emperor, in despair of ever taking the castle, despatches a messenger<sup>5</sup> to ask King John to deliver up to him the four Sons; after a long discussion with his Barons<sup>6</sup> John consents to betray them, which he does by sending them unarmed to the plain of Vaucouleurs, where the Barons of Charlemagne await to take them prisoners. The Sons discover the treachery of King John when they

<sup>1</sup> In the chanson Renaud joins Maugis at Champeaux, they reach Monthery, and then journey through Poitiers and Orleans to Montauban.

<sup>2</sup> It is on the Emperor's return from an expedition against the Saxons, where he has killed the chief Guitechim, that he collects an army to besiege Montauban in the chanson. This incident is omitted in the prose version.

<sup>3</sup> In the chanson Charlemagne marches first to Montbendel, which he surrounds with his immense army: he admires the strength of the castle, which, he says, is finer than Roche Guyon, Paris, or Orleans; "that is nothing," says Ogier, "Montauban is a hundred times stronger." Charlemagne subdues the Castle of Montbendel, he hopes to conquer all Gascony in the same manner without bloodshed. The siege is then directed towards Montauban.

<sup>4</sup> This incident is not mentioned in the chanson.

<sup>5</sup> The name of Girard the Spaniard, who advises Charlemagne to demand the surrender of the Sons, and of Gainemark, who undertakes the message, are mentioned in the chanson. When the messenger arrives, King John attempts to strike him, threatening to have him hung; his barons interfere. John then consents to consider Charlemagne's proposals, and keeps the messenger three days for his answer. This incident is very differently related in the prose version, where John receives the herald courteously, and tells him, "ye must tari here a seven night" for his answer.

<sup>6</sup> Among the Barons who argue with John for the deliverance of the Sons to Charlemagne is the Lord of Montbendel, who in speech mentions the surrender of his castle, referring to that portion of the siege by Charlemagne which is omitted in the prose version.

arrive at Vaucouleurs, but they nevertheless fight bravely against an enormous host of adversaries, and finally gain a respite through the kindness of Ogier. Meanwhile Maugis, who is at Montauban, hears from King John's secretary of the plot against his cousins, and sets off for Vaucouleurs, where he arrives in time to rescue them. King John on receiving the news of their rescue, flies to an abbey in the wood of the Serpent, where he seeks refuge for a time, but is discovered by Roland, who takes him prisoner. John, in terror of his life, contrives to send a messenger to Renaud, who is now at Montauban, beseeching him to come to his assistance. Renaud and his brothers ride forth to meet Roland, and a battle ensues, in which Renaud is victorious, and rescues King John, but Richard remains a prisoner in the hands of Roland. Maugis, in order to save Richard from the cruelty of Charlemagne, departs for the Emperor's tent disguised as a poor pilgrim, and arrives before Roland has returned with Richard. Maugis completely deceives the Emperor, who orders food to be given to him as a holy man.<sup>1</sup> Roland then enters the tent, and presents Richard to Charlemagne, who declares that he shall be hung without delay. Richard recognises Maugis, and is therefore certain of escape from the hands of the Emperor. Maugis then leaves the tent, and retires hastily to Montauban; he orders Renaud and his two brothers to arm themselves, and with an army to proceed to the tent of Charlemagne.

Renaud willingly consents, and proceeds to Monfaucon with his folk, where they encamp in a wood near the gallows which are being prepared for Richard, but unfortunately they fall asleep from extreme weariness. Meanwhile Charlemagne commands the execution of Richard, and orders several of his Barons to perform the deed, but they all refuse on various pretexts, until Ripus of Riplemund undertakes the duty. Richard is led before the gallows, and believing that there is no chance of escape for him, begs for time in which to pray, and confesses to a priest. Just as he has finished his confession, and is prepared for death, his brothers (who have been

<sup>1</sup> When Maugis appears before the Emperor, and craves for food, he asks Charlemagne to put it in his mouth, as a dream has led him to believe that thereby he will be saved from all his sufferings. Charlemagne consents to this; no mention is made of the palmer's staff in the chanson.

awakened by the sagacious Bayard) appear, and a fight ensues, in which Ripus is killed by Renaud, who gives his armour to Richard ; the latter, with four hundred men, presents himself before Ogier, who is rejoiced over the victory of the Sons. Richard afterwards meets Charlemagne, they fight, Renaud and his men join in the battle, and after a prolonged skirmish, the Sons enter the Emperor's pavilion with three thousand men, and bear away the golden eagle, which Renaud conveys to Montauban. Maugis is left alone with the Emperor's army, and fights bravely for his liberty, but is overpowered by Oliver, who presents him to Charlemagne, just as the latter is complaining of his subjects' infidelity to him in allowing the Sons of Aymon to escape. The Emperor vows to slay Maugis without delay. The Sons meanwhile have returned to Montauban, where they discover the absence of their cousin. Renaud, in great anxiety for his fate, mounts Bayard, and goes to the river Balencon ; he meets there two pages from the Emperor's camp, who tell him that Maugis is in Charlemagne's hands. Renaud vows to rescue him next day.

The Emperor commands his Barons to prepare a gallows on which to hang Maugis ; but Naymes begs him to delay the execution until the following day, and Charlemagne consents to this, on condition that Maugis will promise not to escape. The twelve peers give their pledges for his safety, and prepare to watch over him all night ; but Maugis, who has been put in irons, nevertheless contrives to charm all his guardians to sleep, and then departs, taking with him the Emperor's sword, and those of Roland and Oliver, with much treasure to Montauban. On the way thither he meets Renaud at the river-side of Balencon, and the cousins journey together to the castle, where much feasting and rejoicing takes place. Richard shows Maugis the golden eagle which they have captured, and it is set up on the high tower of the castle. Naymes and Ogier are sent to Montauban by Charlemagne to demand the surrender of his sword, in return for which a truce shall be granted them for two years. Renaud consents to these conditions, and, moreover, goes back with the Barons to the Emperor's camp. He is conducted before Charlemagne, who vows he shall be slain, but a compromise is effected, in



which Renaud and Roland are doomed to fight a duel on the morrow. At Monfaucon the battle begins, but the final contest between the heroes is prevented by the appearance of a miraculous cloud, and Roland goes with Renaud to Montauban as his prisoner.

Charlemagne besieges the castle, but in the night Maugis, through the medium of a charm, carries the Emperor asleep to Montauban; he then leaves the castle, and goes over the river Dordogne into a hermitage, where he lives poorly, doing penance for his sins. The Sons discover the presence of the Emperor in Montauban still asleep, they search for Maugis, but are bitterly afflicted when they hear he has left them. Charlemagne will not consent to peace unless Maugis is given up to him, but Renaud allows him to return to his tent unharmed with the Barons. Charlemagne, vowing he will starve the Sons into submission, has the castle surrounded by his men, and although Renaud several times repulses the enemy, he can gain no advantage over them. Great famine prevails in Montauban, and all the horses, except Bayard, are slain for food. Renaud, as a last resource, goes to the tent of Duke Aymon and implores him to give his starving children food. Aymon finally consents, and sends provisions into the castle by means of the engines used in the assaults on Montauban, which he fills with food instead of stones. The Emperor discovers that Aymon has been befriending his children, and dismisses him from his army for this offence.

The Sons are again reduced to starvation, but are finally saved by an old man in the castle, who shows Renaud a secret passage from Montauban into the wood of the Serpent. All the people abandon the castle and go to the monastery, where Renaud's friend Bernard dwells; and after obtaining food and wine from him they depart for Arden (or Dordon, in the French prose version), where they are joyfully received by the people of the town.<sup>1</sup>

Charlemagne quickly discovers the flight of the Sons from Montauban and the secret passage; he immediately orders his army to besiege Arden (Dordon). As they hasten towards the castle, Renaud

<sup>1</sup> In the chanson the Sons are said to go to Tremogne, not Arden or Dordon. This Tremogne is the ancient name for Dortmund in Westphalia, which position would account for the fact that Charlemagne passes Liege to go to Paris; from Dordon this would be impossible.

perceives their approach, and at once orders a number of his knights to arm and accompany him in his attack upon the Emperor. Renaud and his army are obliged, however, to retreat after a fierce skirmish with the enemy; and having captured Duke Richard of Normandy, they take him prisoner into the castle. The Peers all implore Charlemagne to make peace with the Sons for fear they should slay Duke Richard; but the Emperor is still persistent in his refusal. King John at this time dies in the castle. Maugis within his hermitage has a dream of the distress of his kinsmen, and he sets forth towards Arden. On the way he encounters two merchants, who have been robbed by thieves in the wood; Maugis slays the robbers and gives back the plunder to the merchants, and he hears from them of the condition of the Sons, and hastens towards their castle, which he enters in the guise of a pilgrim, and is served with food as a stranger. Renaud towards night recognises him, and great joy is made over his arrival. Next day he departs for the Holy Land. Renaud causes a gallows to be erected on the walls of his castle, in order to hang Duke Richard; seeing this Charlemagne is persuaded by his Barons to send Duke Naymes to the castle with terms of peace; the conditions being that Renaud should give up Bayard to the Emperor and depart to the Holy Land in poor array, begging his bread as a pilgrim, while his brothers keep all his lands during his absence. Renaud accepts these conditions, and after clothing himself poorly and commending his wife and children to the protection of Duke Richard, departs from his castle. Charlemagne takes possession of Bayard, and on his way to Paris stays at Liege, where he orders the horse to be thrown into the river Meuse, with a millstone round his neck. This command is carried out, but Bayard contrives to break the stone, and swimming to land, gallops away unharmed into the forest of Ardennes.

Renaud arrives at Constantinople and lodges with a holy woman, who tells him there is another pilgrim in the house lying sick; Renaud goes to see the pilgrim, and finds his cousin Maugis. They meet joyfully, and after feasting together set forth for Jerusalem. They find a large army surrounding the Holy City; on inquiring the cause of this, they are told that the Admiral of Persia has taken the

city by treason, and it is being besieged by the Christians. Renaud and Maugis pass through the Christian encampment, and set up a small tent for themselves. Next morning the enemy advances towards their tent, which in the confusion of battle is overthrown. Renaud<sup>1</sup> mounts a wall near by, and with a large fork or tent pole defends the way, and assisted by Maugis, slays numbers of the enemy. Earl Rames<sup>2</sup> approaches the two pilgrims, and on learning their history welcomes them with delight; he provides them with rich clothing and armour, giving the command of his army to Renaud. King Thomas,<sup>3</sup> who is a prisoner within Jerusalem, wonders why so much feasting and rejoicing is taking place amidst his army. Next day the Admiral renews his attack on the Christians, the Saracen King Margary is slain by Renaud, and after a fierce battle the Saracens are discomfited, and fly towards the city pursued by Earl Rames. Renaud contrives by placing a large beam under the portcullis to keep open the gate into Jerusalem, and the Christian army enters and takes possession of the city. The Admiral vows to slay King Thomas unless Renaud will grant him terms of peace, and allow of his safe conduct back to Persia; to these conditions Renaud consents, and peace is concluded amidst general rejoicings. King Thomas prepares a ship, which he fits out for Renaud and Maugis, in order that they may return to France. After eight months at sea they arrive at Palermo.<sup>4</sup> King Simon of that town receives them gladly, and tells them how his lands are daily wasted by the Persian Admiral. Renaud and Maugis vow to assist him against his enemy. They encounter the Admiral and rout his forces, compelling him to retire utterly discomfited. Soon after this Renaud and Maugis take leave of King Simon and journey by sea to Rome,

<sup>1</sup> In the chanson Renaud mounts a mule and pursues the enemy, while Maugis showers stones upon the Saracens.

<sup>2</sup> Geffroi, orig.

<sup>3</sup> No mention is made of King Thomas in the chanson; Geffroi of Nazareth is in command of the Christian army, and is subsequently made King of Jerusalem at the conclusion of the war. When Renaud enters Jerusalem he goes straight to the Holy Sepulchre, where he and Maugis offer their devotions.

<sup>4</sup> In the chanson this incident of Renaud's encounter with the Persian Admiral is entirely omitted. They take ship at Acre and go straight to Brindisi, whence Renaud journeys to France, and arrives at Tremogne (Dortmund) in Westphalia. Maugis retires to his hermitage.

where they confess to the Pope, and having received his benediction depart for France. They are joyfully received at Arden by the three brothers, and from them Renaud hears of the death of his wife Clarisse. He takes his two children and Maugis to Montalban, where the people of that town welcome them gladly. Maugis then takes leave of Renaud and departs for his hermitage, where thirteen years afterwards he dies. Renaud prepares his two sons for their journey to Paris to be presented to Charlemagne, and sends them to the Court with an escort of five hundred knights.<sup>1</sup> They arrive there, and are graciously received by Charlemagne, who confers on them the honour of knighthood, and raises them to the post of carvers at his table. This rouses the jealousy of Constant and Rohart, the two sons of Foulques, whose father was slain at Vaucouleurs by Renaud, and they determine to insult Aymonet and Yon, in order to raise a quarrel. One day Charlemagne presents Yon with a valuable knife; after receiving this gift Yon chances to push Constant with his elbow as he passes him; and Constant, seizing this opportunity to quarrel, calls him the son of a traitor, and challenges him to fight.<sup>2</sup> The Emperor endeavours to prevent the combat, and orders Constant to ask pardon of Yon; but the sons of Renaud both implore him to grant them the satisfaction of a duel. Charlemagne consents, and orders the fight to take place on the Isle of our Lady, within Paris. He also sends word to Renaud to appear at Court, in order to witness the battle between his sons and the sons of Foulques. Renaud arrives at Paris on the appointed day with his three brothers and a large company of knights. Griffon of Auteville lies in ambush near the battle-field ready to help the sons of Foulques in case of their discomfiture. This plot is revealed to Renaud, who commands Richard to take his men to the Isle to protect his sons in case of treachery on the part of Griffon.

The Emperor and his Peers witness the battle, which lasts until all the four champions are grievously wounded; Aymonet finally

<sup>1</sup> In the chanson Renaud accompanies his sons to Paris.

<sup>2</sup> This incident is differently related in the chanson. Charlemagne calls Aymonet and Yon to bring him wine; during the meal Constant and Rohart throw down Yon and break the Emperor's cup; in the uproar the sons of Foulques challenge the sons of Renaud.

compels Constant to yield himself prisoner, and presents him to the Emperor. Yon slays Rohart, and his brother Constant is hung by command of the Emperor.

After Aymonet and Yon are healed of their wounds, they take leave of Charlemagne, and return with their father to Montauban. Renaud divides his possessions between his two children, and clothed as a pilgrim departs from Montauban never to return again. After wandering in the woods for many days he arrives at Cologne, where the Church of St. Peter is being built. He works there as a labourer, and through his wonderful strength gains the approbation of the chief mason. The other labourers are so jealous of him that they vow to kill him, and one day as Renaud is asleep under an archway they slay him and throw his body into the river Rhine in a sack, and answer the questions of the master mason as to Renaud's disappearance with jests. A wonderful miracle is then manifested: the fish of the river support the body of Renaud upon the surface of the water, torches appear round the body, and angels are heard singing in the night. The Archbishop with his clergy come to take the body out of the water, and on opening the sack they discover the corpse of the lost workman of St. Peter's Church. The labourers then confess their crime and pray for mercy: the Archbishop contents himself with dismissing them from his service unpunished.

The corpse is laid in a coffin to be buried, but it rises slowly and is borne by invisible hands out of the church into a cart, which passes out of Cologne and carries the body to a little town called Croine,<sup>1</sup> followed by the Archbishop and his clergy. There it is laid in a small chapel, and the Archbishop uncovers the face of Renaud, in order that he may be recognised by the people collected there.

A pilgrim appears before the brothers of Renaud, and tells them of the miracles at Cologne. They set forth for that city, and then go to Croine, where they discover the corpse of their brother; they reveal themselves to the Archbishop, who has the body of Renaud richly entombed at Cologne, where, as we are told, it rests unto this day—the memory of Renaud the Martyr being yearly commemorated by a service held in his honour.

<sup>1</sup> Tremogne in the chanson.



'syre, where shall I be hanged, tell me?' / 'certes,' sayd  
 charlemagn, 'at the gibet of mountfawcon; & there  
 shall your bredern may se you, & mawgys your cosyn' /  
 4 'Sire, it is no reyson that suche a man as I am sholde  
 be hanged / but make peas wyth vs, & ye shall doo  
 wysly / & yf ye doo not soo, ye shall sore repent it, as  
 I trowe.' And whan mawgis had herde all that he  
 8 wold here, he made no lenger taryeng / but he went  
 out of the pavyllion & said no worde / and whan he  
 was out of it, he began to walke so grete a pas that no  
 horse myght not have folowed hym, and passed thugh  
 12 the wood of the serpent, & dyd somoche that he cam  
 to mountalban, where he fonde Reynaud & his folke,  
 that wayted for hym / And whan reynawd saw him  
 com wythout richard, he was full sory, so that he fell  
 16 doun in a swoune / and alard & guychard toke him vp  
 & sayd to hym, <sup>1</sup>'Fair broder, ye doo as a childe / ye  
 ought not to make suche sorow' / 'holde your peas,  
 traytours,' sayd reynawd / <sup>2</sup>'for ye have lost the beste  
 20 knyght of the <sup>3</sup>worlde,<sup>2</sup> For I see Mawgys come alone,  
<sup>4</sup>wherfore I beleve that Richard is deed / for if he were  
 a lyve, Mawgis wold have brought him wyth hym,  
 For he never myssed of no thyng that he toke in  
 24 hand' / And whan alard & guychard vnderstode these  
 wordes / thei toke therof so grete a sorow that they  
 fell both doun in a swoune to therth / And whan they  
 were com agen to theymself, they made so grete sorowe  
 28 that it was pyte for to see; and this hangyng, cam there  
 Mawgis. And whan he saw the grete sorowe that his  
 cosins made, he was wrothe for it, And sayd to them,

Mawgis then  
 leaves the pa-  
 vilion, and goes  
 swiftly towards  
 Montalban.

Reynawde swoons  
 when he sees  
 Mawgis without  
 his brother,

fearing he is slain.

The brethren all  
 weep for sorrow.

<sup>1</sup> Sire Regnault beau frere, F. orig. q. iv.

<sup>2-2</sup> dieu vous confonde car par vostre deffaulte a este perdu le meilleur chevallier du monde, car se vous leussiez suiuy; il neust mye este prins mais vous ny ousastes mye aler pour crainte. Et aussi vous ne vouliez point que Je y alasse pour le secourir car Je y eusse bien este a temps. Or lavons nous perdu ne Jamais ne le verrons, F. orig. q. iv.

<sup>3</sup> word, *orig.*

<sup>4</sup> Fol. T. viii.

Mawgis is angry when he sees them, and enquires why they make such sorrow,

and tells them that they must rescue Richard by force of arms.

Reynawde is comforted by this news, and no longer fears for his brother's safety.

The Sons and Mawgis arm themselves, and depart for Mounfacon;

'What eyleth you, fayr cosins, *that* ye make so evyll chere' / 'Alas, mawgis,' sayd Reynawde / 'what is doon of our broder richard?' 'Cosin,' sayd mawgis, 'richard is yet in prison; but charlemagne hath sayd that he shall 4 make hym to be hanged at the gybet of mountfawcon / And hath sayd that he shall not kepe hym longe alyve, leest ye & I shold rescue hym. And here is xx.<sup>1</sup> li of money that charlemagn hath gyve me in hys pavylyon, 8 and made me have bothe mete & drinke at my plaisur.<sup>2</sup> Now shall it be seen yf ye love Rychard, and yf ye be a goode knyghte or not; for ye must socoure & delyver hym by force of armes, or elles he shall deye, for all 12 the world shall not kepe hym otherwyse therfro.'

**R**eynawd was well recomforted when he herd <sup>3</sup>maugis speke; <sup>3</sup> & after he sayd / 'sith that it is so that Richard is yet alive, yf I had but myself, my 16 brethern & mawgis, yet sholde I kepe richard fro deth, mawgre the power of charlemagne' / and *therne* mawgys, wythout ony long abidyng, toke of his cope & his hode, and toke an herbe & ete it, and anone the 20 swellyng went fro him<sup>4</sup> / and whan he was armed, he presented hymself to reynawd<sup>5</sup> / and incontynent al his bredern put theymself in armes / And anone they toke their waye towarde mountfawcon / And 24 whan they were come to a bowe shotte nyghe from it, Reynawde sayd to his folke / 'Lordes, yf ever <sup>6</sup>ye loved me / thynke for to doo now so moche that my brother rycharde may be rescued from this shamfull 28 deth. For I promyse you that I shall brynge hym wyth me, or elles I and my brethern & Mawgys shall deye wyth hym'<sup>7</sup> / 'Syre,' sayd his men, 'doubte not of vs / for we shall doo our devoyre' / 'brother,' sayd 32

<sup>1</sup> trente, F. orig. q. iv.      <sup>2</sup> au pres de luy, F. orig. q. iv.

<sup>3-3</sup> ses parolles, F. orig. q. iv. back.

<sup>4</sup> et puis se arma, F. orig. q. iv. back.

<sup>5</sup> moult honnorablement, F. orig. q. iv.      <sup>6</sup> Fol. T. viii. back.

<sup>7</sup> et Ils sont tieulx comme vous scaues, F. orig. q. iv. back.



thenne Alarde, 'lete vs lighte here doun / and lete vs  
hide ourself wythin that busshe that we se yonder; for  
yf we were seen, the frenshemen myght kylle our  
4 broder rychad or ever they wolde come.' 'Broder,'  
sayd Reynawde / 'ye speke wysely' / and thenne they  
lighted doun a fote, and put theymself in a bushemente  
wythin a wode<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>that was nyghe Mountfawcon,<sup>2</sup> Rey-  
8 nawd at the right side of it / Alard at the lefte side,  
and wyth hym Guycharde & Mawgys /

they put them-  
selves in ambush  
in a wood near  
Monfaucion.

**W**ell, ye have herde how thei were sent to the  
playn of valcolours, and the payne that Rey-  
12 nawde & his bredern suffred; and thenne howe they  
wente & socoured kyng yon of Gascoyn, that had  
betrayed theim / And how Reynawde dyde fyghte  
wyth Rowland, wherof he was sore trayveyllid / and  
16 had ben all redy thre dayes wythoute slepe, and ther-  
fore ye ought not be mervyllid yf Reynawd, his  
bredern, & mawgis fell a slepe / and, to saye the  
trouth, assone as Reynawd, his bredern, & mawgis  
20 were enbusshed vnder the sapyn trees, thei fell in to so  
harde a slepe that thei forgate richard / Now god, for  
his pite / have pite vpon him, <sup>2</sup>and kepe hym<sup>2</sup> / For  
otherwyse he muste deye /

The brethren and  
Mawgis fall asleep  
in the wood from  
weariness.

24 **N**ow shall we telle you of Charlemagne, that was  
in his pavyllion. he called to hym the duke  
Naymes & rychard of normandy, & sayd to theym,  
'Lordes, what counseyll gyve you me? ye knowe  
28 that rychard the sone of aymon is of grete power /  
I fere me *that* reynawd shal com to socour him whan I  
shall sende him for to be hanged, & therefore I must  
sende<sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>company for to withstande reynawde, his bre-  
32 dern, & Mawgis.' And thus as the kyng and the duke  
Naymes spake togyder, he loked before hym & saw

The Emperor  
calls Naymes and  
Richard of Nor-  
mandy, and asks  
their counsel in  
regard to the son  
of Aymon.

<sup>1</sup> de sappin, F. orig. q. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> ung tieul homme de ma part, F. orig. q. v.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. V. i.

He calls Berenger  
of Valois,

and promises to  
release him from  
all service to him  
if he will hang  
Richard.

Berenger answers  
that he cannot do  
so shameful and  
dishonourable an  
action.

The Emperor  
then calls Guy-  
dellon,

whom he promises  
to reward if he  
will hang the son  
of Aymon.

Earl Guydellon  
refuses to harm  
Richard.

Berenger of valois / and called hym, & sayd to hym /  
 ‘Berenger, ye are of my men, For ye hold of me  
 scotland & wales / ye oughte to come serve me in  
 Fraunce wyth all your pouer every yere oncs whan 4  
 I have nede. I shall now quyte you & relesse vnto  
 you all the servyse that ye owe me, to you & to your  
 eyres for evermore, soo that ye wyll take<sup>1</sup> Richard, the  
 sone of Aymon, <sup>2</sup>and see that he be hanged & strangeled 8  
 at Mountfawcon.<sup>2</sup> And yf Reynawde com there for to  
 rescue hym / I praye you that ye wyll take in hande  
 my quarell.’ ‘Sire,’ sayd Berenger, ‘I see well now  
 that ye love me but a lityll / whan ye sende me to doo 12  
 suche a dede. it were to me a grete shame yf I dyd  
 it; for no thynge that is to my disworshippe, I wyll  
 not doo wyth my good wylle / and also ye ought  
 not to conseylle me to it, nor suffre me to doo so. 16  
 Yet have I lever to serve you, as mi dute is for to doo,  
 than that I shold doo the same that ye wolde put me  
 to.’ And whan Charlemain sawe that Berenger wold  
 not doo it / he called to hym therle Guydellon, & sayd 20  
 to hym, ‘Guydellon, ye be my man, & holdeth Bavire  
 of me; and ye ought to serve me at ony tyme that I  
 call you, with thre<sup>3</sup> thousande men / yf ye wyll goo  
 hange Richarde, <sup>2</sup>the sone of aymon / I shall make you 24  
 free, &<sup>2</sup> I shall gyve you y<sup>e</sup> cyte of mascon’ / ‘I wyll  
 not doo it,’ sayd therle Guydellon; ‘but I telle you for  
 certeyn that Richard shall have noo harme if I may  
 helpe hym fro it to my power.’ Thenne sayd Charle- 28  
 magn, ‘goo oute of my sighte / for ye be no good  
 man’ / And thenne he sayd to rychard, ‘by god, yet  
 shall ye be hanged in dispite of theym’ / Thenne called  
 Charlemagne Oger the dane, & sayd to hym, ‘Ogier, ye 32  
 be my man. it is shewed vnto me that ye dyd <sup>4</sup>the

<sup>1</sup> aillez pendre richart, F. orig. q. v.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. v. back. <sup>3</sup> deux, F. orig. q. v.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. V. i. back.

other daye treyson agenste me in the playn of Val-  
 colours, for love of Reynawde / Now shall it be seen now  
 yf it is true or not / Yf ye wyll goo hange Richarde, I  
 4 shall gyve you the cyte of Lion. And I shall holde  
 you quyte of all the servyse that ye owe me, & your  
 eyres also, for evermore.' 'By the feith that I owe to  
 you, sire, I shall not doo it, for ye wote how Richarde  
 8 is my cosin germayn; and I telle you, that who soever  
 shall hange Rycharde <sup>1</sup>the sone of Aymon,<sup>1</sup> I defy hym,  
 and I shall helpe Reynawde wyth all my power' /  
 'Go fro me,' sayd charlemagn, 'goodys curse have ye /  
 12 nevertheles, by my berde, yet shall he be hanged' /  
 And whan he had sayd so / he called to hym the  
 bysshop Turpyn, & sayd to hym, 'Ye bysshop, I shall  
 make you pope <sup>1</sup>of rome<sup>1</sup> yf ye wyll hange Rychard.'  
 16 'syre,' sayd the bysshop Turpyn / 'What saye ye /  
 ye knowe well that I am a preest / and ye wyll that I  
 shold hange folke / yf I dyd so, I shold lese my masse,  
 & be regulet / and also ye knowe well that Richarde  
 20 is my cosin / wolde ye that I sholde commytte treyson  
 vpon my kynsmen / certes, it were agenst reyson' /  
 'Soo helpe you god,' sayd Charlemagn, <sup>2</sup>'ye leve it  
 neyther for kynred nor for masse, but as a cowarde;  
 24 ye leve it only for fere that your crowne sholde be  
 bete.'<sup>2</sup>

Charlemagne calls on Ogier to prove himself his faithful subject by hanging Richard.

Ogier declares that his near kinship to the Sons prevents his obeying this command.

The Emperor addresses Bishop Turpin, to whom he promises the Pontificate if he will do this deed. Turpin says that as a priest he cannot hang men.

**T**henne called Charlemagn, Salamon of breten, &  
 sayd to hym, 'Salamon, ye knowe well that ye  
 28 be my man, & that ye holde breten of me / I shall  
 gyve you y<sup>e</sup> duchie of Ansom, yf ye wyll hange  
 Richarde, <sup>1</sup>the sone of Aymon.'<sup>1</sup> 'Syr,' answerde Sala-  
 mon / 'yf it playse you to commaunde me ony other  
 32 thynge, I wyll be redy to doo it wyth a good wyll, but  
 this I wyll not doo / And I telle you for certeyn, that

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. v. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> vous le laissez plus pource quil est vostre parent que pour dieu ne pour vostre messe, F. orig. q. v. back.

rycharde shall have noo harme, yf I maye' / 'Salamon,'  
 sayd the kyng / 'ye be a traytour, sith that ye wyll  
 not doo my commaundement.' And after this he  
 sayd, 'Rycharde, I wyll that ye <sup>1</sup>know well that ye <sup>4</sup>  
 shall be hanged in dyspyte of all thy kynsmen' / 'Sir,'  
 sayd Richard / 'peraventure it shall be otherwyse than  
 ye wene.' and thenne Charlemagn tourned hymself  
 towarde Rowlande, and sayd to hym / 'Fayr newewe, <sup>8</sup>  
 goo & see that he be hanged, I praye you / for it  
 is well reyson that ye doo thoffyce, sith that all the  
 frenshemen have faylled me / & also ye have taken  
 hym / wherfore ye must nedes hange hym; and I <sup>12</sup>  
 shall gyve you Coleyn vpon the ryn, & soo many  
 other countreys that ye shall have ynoughe.' 'Syr,'  
 answerde Rowlande, 'yf I dyde this, I shold be taken  
 for a traytour / For I have answered Richarde a fore <sup>16</sup>  
 that I toke hym, that he shold have noo harme of  
 his body; and yf ye make hym deye, no man shall  
 never truste me vpon my feyth / Wherfore I praye the  
 xii peres of Fraunce, that none of theym wyll take the <sup>20</sup>  
 charge vpon hym for to see hym hanged / for yf he  
 were hanged / I sholde be dyffamed / And I promyse  
 you, that who shall hange Richarde, I shall goo to  
 Reynawde / and shall put myself in hys pryson / and <sup>24</sup>  
 yf he wyll pardonne me his broders deth, I shall  
 helpe hym vndre my othe agenste all men wyth thre  
 thousande fyghtyng men, well arrayed on horsbacke' /  
 'Newewe,' sayd Charlemagne, <sup>2</sup>'the devyll spede you / <sup>28</sup>  
 ye ben all false vnto me.'<sup>2</sup>

**A**nd whan Charlemagn sawe that he myght not  
 bringe his wyll aboute <sup>3</sup>for to hange Rycharde,<sup>3</sup>  
 he was soo wrothe <sup>4</sup>that he shoke for angre,<sup>4</sup> and rose <sup>32</sup>  
 vpon his fete, & sayd / 'Lordes, ye knowe well that I

<sup>1</sup> Fol. V. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> de dieu soyes vous maudit, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> quil ne scauoit que faire, F. orig. q. vi.

Charlemagne  
 turns towards  
 Roland, and tells  
 him to see that  
 the traitor is  
 hung.

Roland also  
 refuses because of  
 his promise to  
 Richard.

The Emperor  
 rises in great  
 wrath, and ad-  
 dresses his barons,

am the sone of kyng Pepyn, & of the quene Bethe. to whom he relates the story of his life,  
my fader was norished in Fraunce, and I fled in  
to Spayn to Alaffre vpon the see; and there I dyd  
4 many merveilles of armes *that* I was made knyght,  
& dyde conquere salienne, my love, that forsake XV.  
kynges bering crowne for my sake; and she cam with  
me in to<sup>1</sup> Fraunce, <sup>2</sup>and thenne I was crowned kyng and how he was crowned king of France,  
8 <sup>3</sup>accordynge to the right of my patrymonye<sup>3</sup> / and  
thenne I dyde wed the sayd lady galiene wyth right  
grete ioye, & wende to have had my royame in peas /  
but the same day that I was crowned, the xii peres of  
12 Fraunce purposed to have made me deye at cristmasse  
nexte folowyng / but our lord sent me an angell / and  
made hym to telle me that I shold goo hide myselve /  
the whiche I dyde so, & I durste not saye agenste it /  
16 nor I wyst not where I sholde hide me / but god wold  
that I sholde fynde Basoñ, a grete theef / that brought  
me in to a pytte; and this hangyng, men conspired my  
deth / but Bason<sup>4</sup> shewed me all togyder, & thorughe  
20 his ayde I toke myn enmyes; and I punysshed theym  
afterwarde at my wylle; and so shall I do by you / yf  
there be ony that wyll doo contrary to my wyl.  
And I am delibered to enquere eche of you by this  
24 maner, for to see who shall be false or true to me.' and says he shall judge of their fidelity by their obedience in this matter.  
Whan Charlemagn had sayd this, he torned towarde  
the sone of Oedon, & sayd to hym / 'Escouff, com  
forthe! I have brought you to grete honour, & we  
28 have norysshed you full derely. ye knowe that ye  
holde Langres of me; yet shall I doo to you moche  
more good than I have doon, for I shall gyve to you  
therldomes of mountferraunt & of clermount, so that  
32 ye will goo hang that hoursoñ rychard' / 'Sir,' sayd  
escouff, 'ye wote well that moreoedon holdeth all the  
He then commands Escouff to come forth,  
and offers him great lands if he will do his will.

<sup>1</sup> la doulee france, F. orig. q. vi. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. V. ii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vi. back.

<sup>4</sup> Bazyn, in text orig.

lond that ye speke of, and I had never no<sup>1</sup> thing therof / but I am felaw wyth Rowland in armes; and whan I shall be lord of that londe my father holdeth in his hande, I shall fulfyll your *commaundement*<sup>2</sup> / 4  
 ‘By saynt Denys of Fraunce, ye must goo see that he be hanged,’ sayd charlemain, <sup>3</sup>‘& I shall make you lord of moo londes.’<sup>3</sup> ‘Sir,’ sayd estorfawde / ‘is it erneste that ye speke?’ ‘ye,’ sayd Charlemagn. ‘By 8 my hede, syre,’ sayd Estorfawde / ‘Ye wolde not be wyth me for to see Rycharde hange, for halfe <sup>4</sup>of your royaume’ / Whan the kyng herde that he was thus reprevd / he toke a staff, & caste it after Estorfawde<sup>5</sup> / 12 but Estorfawd sterte from his place, and <sup>6</sup>the staff brake in peces agenste a post<sup>6</sup> / And whan the xii. peres sawe that / they wente all out of the pavyllion of Charlemagn. And whan that charlemagn returned 16 hym / and sawe that none of all the xii peres wolde abyde there wyth hym, Thenne he sayd to the duke Naymes, ‘where be my xii peres goon?’ ‘Syr,’ sayd the duke Naymes / ‘they ben all goon oute of your 20 pavyllion / and not wythout a cause, for it becometh not to suche a <sup>3</sup>noble<sup>3</sup> kynge as ye be, for to smyte his barons / for ye shold be sore blamed.’

**T**henne whan Charlemagn sawe this, he called to 24 hym Rychard of montrolonde,<sup>7</sup> & sayd to hym / ‘Com forthe, Rycharde of montrolonde<sup>7</sup> / here what I shall tell you. ye know well that ye be one of theym that I love best in this worlde, but ye must doo 28 one thyng at my request / It is that ye wil goo hange Richard, the sone of Aymon, at the gybet of mount-fawcon’ / Thenne Rychard of montrolonde answerde,

<sup>1</sup> ne, *in text.*      <sup>2</sup> et vostre volente, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. V. iii.

<sup>5</sup> pour le frapper, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>6-6</sup> le baston ala frapper au rubant si grant coup que le baston en ala en deux pieces, F. orig. q. vi.

<sup>7</sup> de rolant, F. orig. q. vi.

Escouf reproves the Emperor,

who flings a staff at him; it breaks against a post.

The XII. peers leave the pavilion in disgust at the Emperor's conduct.

Charlemagne tries to induce Richard of Montrolonde to do the deed,

‘Sir, I shall doo so wyth a good wyll / for I am your man, & soo I oughte not to refuse your commaundement / but, by my soule, syre emperour / yf ye wyll  
 4 that I goo hange Richard, ye shall come wyth me with a thousand knyghtes well armed / and I shall hange hym where soever it playse you / And yf Reynawd & his bredern com there to rescue / I shall ieoparde  
 8 my owne body for to save yours. Now see yf ye wyll do this or no, for none otherwyse wyll I not goo there one fote.’ ‘Goo from me, gloton,’ sayd Charlemagn / ‘goddys curse have thou’ /

but he answers that he will consent if the Emperor will accompany him with a thousand knyghts.

12 **T**he kynge thenne called to hym the duke Naymes, and sayd to hym, ‘What counseylle gyve you’ / ‘Syre,’ sayd the duke Naymes, ‘goode / yf ye wyll beleve me. <sup>1</sup>Syre, ye wote that Reynawde, his brethern,  
 16 and Mawgis, are of the best knyghtes of Fraunce / as every man knoweth well / this werre hath lasted ryght longe, For it is wel xvi. yeres that it began fyrste / and many a noble knyghte hath be slayn for the same /  
 20 yf it playse you, ye shall sende worde <sup>2</sup>to Reynawde,<sup>2</sup> to Alarde, Guychard, & Mawgis, that they wyll becom your men / and ye shall deliver agen vnto theym their brother Rychard <sup>2</sup>alyve,<sup>2</sup> and that ye wyll doo make  
 24 reynawde & alarde of the xii. peres of Fraunce. And whan Reynawd & his bredern shall see that ye have doon to them soo grete worship, they shall serve you wyth good herte, and so that ye shall coñ theim grete  
 28 thanke for it / and I ensure you ye shall be the more dred & more redoubted for cause of them. and yf ye have ones the four bredern & Mawgis their cosin <sup>3</sup>to your frendes<sup>3</sup> / there shall be no prynce in all crysten-  
 32 dome so hardy that dare move werre agenst you / and I promyse you, sire, that the more ye kepe this werre agenste theym / the more shall ye lose therby / and,

Duke Naymes counsels the Emperor to send word to the Sons and Mawgis that he will release Richard if they will become his subjects again.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. V. iii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> tous ensemble, F. orig. q. vii.

moreover, they be all of our house by theyr fader  
 Aymon / this knowe ye well / and therefore I can not  
 nate them by noo wise' / 'Naymes,' sayd charlemagne,  
 'I wyll not doo so / for they all have doon amys 4  
 agenst<sup>1</sup> me, and so shall I doo hange Rycharde, bi the  
 feyth of my body' / 'Syr,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'ye  
 shall not doo so, & god wil, For he is of grete lynage,  
 & of our lynage / for we sholde never maye suffre it 8  
 nor endure, and ye also sholde be blamed full sore for  
 it. But & ye wyll make hym deye, I shall gyve you  
 better counseylle' / 'Telle me how,' sayd Charlemagn /  
 'and I shall doo it / yf it semeth me good' / 'Syr,' sayd 12  
 the duke Naymes, 'sith it playse you that Rycharde  
 shall deye, lete hym be caste in to a depe prison vnder  
 the erthe, and make hym to be kepte surely<sup>2</sup> there in  
 that he scape not awaye<sup>2</sup> / and commaunde<sup>3</sup> that noo 16  
 mete at all be broughte to hym / and so shall he deye for  
 hungre. And ye shall not be blamed yf ye doo soo' /  
 'Naymes,' sayd Charlemagne / 'ye doo iape wyth me /  
 I knowe it well / whan ye doo telle me this / Ye knowe 20  
 well that Maugys is to grete a nygremancer / For I  
 shold never maye kepe Rycharde in pryson, but that  
 mawgys wolde have hym oute thorughe his crafte / and  
 therefore I wyll not doo as ye saye' / Thenne came 24  
 Ogyer the dane / and sayd to the duke Naymes, 'Ye  
 make to longe a sermon ; lete the kynge doo wyth it as  
 it playseth hym ; For the more that ye praye him, and  
 the worse shall he doo / but he shall make peas whan 28  
 he see that he canne none otherwyse doo / But this  
 daye shall be seen who loveth Rycharde'<sup>4</sup> / And whan  
 Ogyer had sayd this / he wente oute of the pavylion,  
 and Escouff wyth hym, and Rychard of Normandy, the 32  
 bysshop Turpyn, and Guydellon of Bavyre / and made

Charlemagne will  
 not listen to this  
 advice.

Naymes then  
 proposes that  
 Richard should  
 be cast into  
 prison, and there  
 left to starve.

Ogyer comes to  
 Naymes, and  
 tells him it is  
 useless to hold  
 further parley on  
 the matter ;

<sup>1</sup> aienst, *in text.*      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. V. iv.

<sup>4</sup> *et combien que son lignaige soit huy tourne dune part et se  
 Il y a nul qui luy face mal, je les deffie de moy,* F. orig. q. vii. bk.



their folke to be armed. And whan they were armed,  
they were well xii thousande men. And thenne ogier  
beganne to crie wyth a hie voys / <sup>1</sup> 'Now shall it be  
4 seen who shall be so hardy for to lede Rycharde <sup>2</sup> the  
sone of Aymon<sup>2</sup> to hangynge / For suche shall brynge  
hym that never shall come agayn / but he be hedles' /  
and oger wente into the pavyllion where Rychard was / he enters the  
pavilion where  
Richard is seated,  
bound hand and  
foot.  
8 that was bounde bothe handes & fete, and was blinde-  
felde. And whan Ogier sawe rycharde that was thus  
arrayed, he had of hym grete pyte; soo wente he to  
hym to have delivered hym / but he advysed hymselfe /  
12 & sayd that he shold not doo it, but he wolde tary for  
to see an ende of it, what the kyng shold doo therof.  
And whan Rychard herde Ogyer speke, he called to  
hym, & sayd in the presence of the duke Naymes, and of  
16 Rycharde of normandy, of Guydellon <sup>3</sup> of bavyre,<sup>3</sup> and  
of the bysshop Turpyn / and of Rowland, that thenne  
happed to come there / <sup>4</sup> 'Fayr lordes, I knowe well that  
yf it were at your playsur ye wolde lete me go quyte;  
20 and all ynoughe ye have travaylled yourselfe for me,  
wherof I thanke you right moche; but sith that I muste  
nedes be broughte to the galohous / It is better that I,  
poure, vnhappy, deye alone / than that ye sholde have  
24 ony harme for my sake; wherfore loke that ye lose not  
the good grace of Charlemagne / and I praye you that  
ye wyll goo vnto hym, & tell hym that he doo his wyll  
vpon me, for I have lever deye shortly / than to lyve  
28 longe in sorowe.' Whan Ogier sawe Richard speke soo,  
he was so sory for it that he felle almost down to the  
grounde for grete sorow in a swoune,<sup>5</sup> and sayd to  
Rychard in angre, 'What saist thou, fole destestable,  
32 Wylte thou be hanged? for yf we sayd the same that  
thou sayst to Charlemagn / all the golde of the worlde

Richard thanks  
the lords which  
surround him for  
their endeavours  
on his behalf,

and says he must  
die.

Ogier swoons  
when he hears  
Richard speak  
thus,

<sup>1</sup> Damps roy, F. orig. q. vii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vii. back. <sup>4</sup> Fol. V. iv. back.

<sup>5</sup> et quant il fut revenu il dist a Richart, F. orig. q. vii. back.

shold not save the, but that thou sholdest soone be  
 hanged <sup>1</sup>bi the necke.<sup>1</sup> 'I care not,' sayd Rychard,  
 'hap as it hap wyll.' And thenne he tourned hymself  
 toward Rowland, & sayd to hym / 'I pardonne you, <sup>4</sup>  
<sup>1</sup>sire<sup>1</sup> Rowlande, here & afore god, the feith that ye have  
 promised me / and that ye gaaff me whan ye toke me  
 afore balancon' / And whan Ogyer herd this he wexed  
 almost mad for grete angre, and sayd to Rowlande, <sup>8</sup>  
 'Syr, beleve not Richarde, for he speketh as a man  
 that is vexed in his spyrites, and not wythout a grete  
 cause / but kepe to hym the feyth that ye have pro-  
 mysed hym, for it shall be your <sup>1</sup>grete<sup>1</sup> worship yf ye <sup>12</sup>  
 doo so' / 'Ogier,' sayd Rowlande, 'doubt not / I shall  
 kepe to Rycharde all that I have promysed hym, &  
 more.' Whan Richarde herd that worde, he called to  
 him oger, & sayd / 'Fayr cosin, for god, kepe your <sup>16</sup>  
 peas / for I have seen here mawgis ryghtnow / and I  
 wote well he hath not forgotten me / For by the feyth  
 that I owe to you, suche shall lede me to the gibet that  
 shall soone lose his hede, and many other moo wyth <sup>20</sup>  
 hym.' <sup>2</sup>'Cosin,' sayd Ogyer, 'is it trouth that ye saye  
 that ye have seen Mawgis here' / 'Ye,' sayd Richard,  
 'withoute ony fawte.' Thenne sayd Ogyer, 'blessed be  
 the good lorde of this tydynges / now have I noo doubte <sup>24</sup>  
 of Rycharde / sith that my cosin knoweth of it.' And  
 thenne all the xii peres of Fraunce lighted a fote / and  
 cam to Charlemagn & sayd to hym / 'Sir, we ben all  
 your men sworn to you. All that we have sayd & <sup>28</sup>  
 doon / we dyde it for to see whether we myghte have  
 deliverde our cosin <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>from deth by your good wyll<sup>4</sup> / but  
 sith that it playseth not to you that he be saved, & that  
 ye wyll that he be hanged, we wyll not speke no more <sup>32</sup>  
 agenst it / by cause that ye angre yourselfe to sore /

and begs Roland  
 to keep faith with  
 him.

Richard tells  
 Ogier how he has  
 seen Mawgis here.

The xii peers  
 submit to the  
 decree of Charle-  
 magne against  
 Richard.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. vii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. V. v.

<sup>3</sup> richart, F. orig. q. viii.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. viii.

Now sende Rycharde to be hanged by whom ye wyll /  
for he shall not be letted of vs therfro' /

**T**henne sayd Charlemayn, 'by my feith now ye  
4 speke well & wisly, and now I pardonne you  
all'<sup>1</sup> / And thenne charlemagn called to hym Rypus of  
Riplemonde, & sayd to him, 'Rypus, yf ye wyll doo  
so moche for me that ye wyll goo hange Rychard / I  
8 shall make the lord of grete londes / and ye shall be  
my chambreleyn all your liff' / 'Syr,' sayd Ripus, 'I  
am all redy to fulfille your commaundement / for  
Reynawde slewe my vncler be side balencon.' 'Ye  
12 speke now well,' sayd ogyer / 'ye shall be a cowarde  
but yf ye avenge yourself at this tyme' / And whan  
Ripus vnderstode Ogyer speke thus, he thoughte hym-  
selfe the more sure for it, And <sup>2</sup>right humble &  
16 courtesly<sup>2</sup> he kneled doun tofore themperour Charle-  
magne, and kyssed his fete, & after he sayd to him /  
'Syre, I am ordeyned for to doo you servyse & your  
commaundement. Yf it playse you, ye shall make me  
20 sure that whan I shall com agen fro the hangynge of  
Rycharde, that none of your xii peres shall not awaite  
me none evyll tourne for it afterwarde' / 'Bi my feyth,'  
sayd Charlemagne, 'I wyll doo soo wyth a good wyll.'  
24 <sup>3</sup>And thenne he sayd to Rowlande and to Olyvere / and  
to all the twelve peres of Fraunce / 'Lords,<sup>4</sup> I wyll  
that ye promyse hym that he shall not be hurt by none  
of you, nor in tyme to come by noo maner of wyse / by  
28 cause I make hym to hange Rycharde.' The whiche  
thyngge all the xii peres promysed hym wyth a good  
wylle. And whan Rypus had taken the othe of the  
xii peres of Fraunce for his surety / he wente to his  
32 owne tente / and made him to be armed / and whan he  
was armed, he lighted on horsbacke / and cam before

The Emperor  
then pardons  
them,

and commands  
Ripus to hang  
Richard.

Ripus promises  
to fulfil the  
Emperor's orders.

The Emperor  
makes the xii  
peers promise not  
to hurt Ripus if  
he hangs Richard.

<sup>1</sup> mon mal talant, F. orig. q. viii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. viii. <sup>3</sup> Fol. V. v. back.

<sup>4</sup> par ma fois, F. orig. q. viii.

kyng Charlemagn / And whan themperour sawe hym / he sayd to hym, 'Rypus, take a thousande knyghtes wyth you for to kepe you / and yf Reynawd or Mawgys come there, take theym & hange theym wyth rycharde.' 4 'Syr,' sayd ripus / 'I shall doo your commaundement.' And thenne the kyng made theym deliver rycharde / and whan ripus had hym, he put hym to the waye, & mounted richard vpon a mewle / and put a halter at 8 his necke, & so ledde hym forth, like as it had be a stronge<sup>1</sup> theef, and brought him before the pavylion of charlemagn. And whan the kyng sawe him, he was glad of it, and sayd to rypus,<sup>2</sup> 'Wolde god that all 12 thother sones of Aymon were in the plighte that richard is now in / For I sholde well avenge you / and myselve also vpon them.'

Ripus puts Richard on a mule with a halter round his neck, and leads him to Charlemagne.

The Frenchmen sorrow when they see the evil plight of Richard.

**W**han the frenshemen saw rychard that was led to 16 hangynge so vilainously, they began to make suche a sorowe for hym that it was merveille / soo that none so grete was never seen / Rypus rode on his waye, & dyde somoche *that* he cam to Mountfawcon. And 20 whan rypus dyde see the galous sette vp / he sayd to rycharde, 'By god, richarde, see yonder is your lodgyng, where ye shall be hanged by myn owne handes<sup>3</sup> / this daye shall be avenged the deth of foulques,<sup>4</sup> my vncler, 24 that Reynaude slewe besides Balencon. The socoures of <sup>5</sup>Mawgis is now ferre fro you, for he can not kepe you, but that I shall hang you now in dispite of Reynawd & of your other brethern' / Whan Richard 28 herde Rypus speke so proudly, & sawe that he was so nighe the gibet / and that he sawe noo socours comyng of noo parte / he was sore agast & a ferde / and thoughte he wold kepe Ripus wyth wordes, & sayd to hym, 32 'Rypus, for god have pyte vpon me! For I am noo

Ripus shows Richard the gallows prepared for him.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. q. viii.

<sup>2</sup> mon amy vengez moy de ce truant. Sire dist ripus . . . F. orig. q. viii.

<sup>3</sup> a grant vilite, F. orig. q. viii.

<sup>4</sup> de morillon, F. orig. q. viii. - <sup>5</sup> Fol. V. vi.

man that shold be hanged by rayson / but I ought to  
 be delivered by you; and yf ye wyll delyver me / I  
 shall gyve you two hundred marke weyghte of fyne  
 4 golde, & I shall make you a grete lord' / 'Certes,  
 Richard,' sayd Ripus, 'ye speke for noughte / for I  
 wold not leve you but that ye shall be hanged, for x of  
 the best cytees of Fraunce.' 'Rypus,' sayd Rychard /  
 8 'sith that ye wyll not have pyte vpon my body / have  
 pyte vpon my soule. And I praye you, asmoche as I  
 can, that ye wyll make a preest com to me for to shryve  
 me.' 'Certes,' sayd Rypus, 'ye shall have one wyth  
 12 right good wyll.' And thenne he made come a preest,  
 som sayen that it was a bysshop, for to shryve Richard /  
 the whiche began to shryve hymself, & shewed to the  
 prest <sup>1</sup>many moo synnes<sup>1</sup> than ever he dyd in his dayes /  
 16 and this he dyd for to <sup>2</sup>lengthe the tyme / and<sup>2</sup> to see  
 yf he shold have ony socours or noo. And whan  
 Rychard sawe that his helpe cam not, he wexed almost  
 mad, and sayd to his confessour / 'Syr, I wote not  
 20 what I shold more say / gyve me absolucyon' / and he  
 gaff him penaunce according to the terme of his liff /  
 and the confessor went from him all wepyng. And  
 whan Rypus sawe that Rychard was confessed / he  
 24 came to hym & put the halter aboute his necke / and  
 made hym mounte vpon the ladder, & dyd shit the  
 cheyn <sup>2</sup>wherat he shold hang<sup>2</sup> / & whan richard<sup>3</sup> sawe  
 that his bredern cam not for to save him / he wende  
 28 none other but that he shold have deyed / & delibered  
 hymselfe <sup>4</sup>for to suffre deth atte that owre; and thenne  
 he sayd to Rypus, 'My frende, I pray the for god that  
 thou suffre me awhyle tyll I have sayd an oryson  
 32 that I dyde lerne in my youthe, to the ende that god  
 have mercy of my soule.' 'I wyll not,' sayd Rypus /

Richard offers  
 Ripus a ransom,  
 which he refuses.

Richard asks for a  
 priest,

which is granted  
 him.

He tries to delay  
 in hopes of help  
 arriving, but it  
 does not come.

Richard, expect-  
 ing to die, begs  
 for respite to say  
 his prayers.

<sup>1-1</sup> dix fois plus de pechiez, F. orig. r. i.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. i.

<sup>3</sup> Quant richart fut monte sur leschielle, F. orig. r. i.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. V. vi. back.

He promises to  
pray for Ripus,

who grants him  
time to say his  
orison.

The prayer of  
Richard before his  
death.

'thou shalte have noo lenger respyte.' 'Syre,' sayd  
his men / 'yes / ye shall yf it playse you / For yf he  
maye doo so moche that his soule be saved / he shall  
praye for you in the other world / and for vs also' / 4  
And thenne Rypus gaaf respite to Rycharde, wherof  
he dyd like a fole<sup>1</sup> / And thenne Rychard tourned hym-  
selfe towarde the eest / and beganne to saye his prayer  
wyth good herte and devowtly / For he trowed to 8  
have deyed wythoute remyssyon / And he sayd in this  
maner.

'Glorious Ihesus / by thy blessed name / that  
made heven & erthe / and all the elements that 12  
ben, and wente in this world as a poure man, and saved  
Ionas from the beli of the fysshe, and in Bethelem  
reysedest Lazaron, and delyvered Danyell from the  
pyt of the lion. the synnes of the thief / ye dyde 16  
pardonne in the crosse / where the felons Iewes had  
crusified you. Also to mari magdalene her synne /  
ye forgaaff in the hous of Symon / For she wysse  
your fete wyth grete devocyon / Iudas, the false 20  
traytour, murmured thugh enuye / wherof ye dyde  
shewe to hym that he dyde grete foly; and Iudas  
kyssed you by grete treyson, and delivered you to  
the iewes, wherof he was rewarded after his deserv- 24  
ynge.<sup>2</sup> Good lord, ye created & made our fader Adam<sup>3</sup>  
of the slyme of therth / and yllumyned him with  
the grace of the holi gost; and after ye dyd haban-  
donne to him the frutes of paradise / but he brake 28  
your commaundement, Wherbi mankynde went to  
damnacion, & we all were dampned wythout remys-  
sion / but after ye redemed vs bi the merite of your  
blessid passion; ye did suffre <sup>4</sup>grete evylles and grete 32

<sup>1</sup> Et quant richart eut le respit Il se tourne devers orient . . .  
F. orig. r. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Car pecha mallement a tort et sans raison. Dont faulce-  
ment mourust en desesperacion, F. orig. R. i.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. i. back. <sup>4</sup> Fol. V. vii.

afflyctyons for vs poure synners, wythout ony devocyon.  
 Whan Longys<sup>1</sup> dyde shove the spere in to your dygne  
 side, the water ranne of it, and also the blode lepte  
 4 into his eyen / wherof he recovered his sighte; and ye  
 pardonned hym his synnes / whan he called vpon you  
 for mercy. And also to Noe ye lete make by your  
 carpenters an arke for to save hymself, and of every  
 8 beest a couple. In Iosaphat, good lord, ye broughte  
 your apostles, where ye dyde make a fayr myracle /  
 For wyth two fysshes & fyve loves of barle / ye fed v.  
 thousande men all their fylle / O, gode lord / as I doo  
 12 byleve this that I have sayd stedfastly, kepe this daye  
 my body fro deth that is so nyghe, that I be not  
 hanged nor put in pryson, but deliver me from the  
 handes of my enmyes / that I be not vytupered nor  
 16 broughte to shame by Rypus of ryplemonde, that  
 holdeth me in his gynnes / Ha, Reynaude, my right  
 dere broder, that ye be not here now wyth my brethern  
 & wyth my<sup>2</sup> cosyn mawgis / ye have now forgotten me,  
 20 & lete me here deye, Wherfore I recomende me to god  
 of heven.' And thenne Richard began to wepe full  
 tendrely, & sayd to rypus, 'Rypus, doo wyth me what  
 ye will.'

Richard implores  
 God to have  
 mercy on him.

24 **N**ow shall we speke of bayard, the good horse,  
 of Reynawd, of his bredern, & mawgis. It  
 is trouth that bayard,<sup>3</sup> the horse of reynawd the sone  
 of Aymon,<sup>3</sup> that cam of the fery, and thus he vnder-  
 28 stode the worde whan it was spoken as well as it had  
 be a man / Whan bayard vnderstode the noise<sup>4</sup> that the  
 folke made about the galous, and sawe that his mayster  
 slept fast / he cam to reynawd, & smote him soo harde  
 32 wyth his fete in the myddes of his sheelde that he

Bayard wakes his  
 master Reynawde,

<sup>1</sup> Longius.

<sup>2</sup> bon cousin le saige maugis, F. orig. r. i. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. ii.

<sup>4</sup> et le bruit des gens que ripus avoit amene avecques soy a monfaucon . . . F. orig. r. ii.

who sees his  
brother on the  
ladder, leaps on  
Bayard, and flies  
to his rescue.

Mawgis and the  
brethren wake  
and follow him.

made hym awake. Soo lept reynawd vpon his fete all  
afrayed, & beheld what it was, and loked toward  
mountfawcon & saw his brother vpon the ladder.  
Soo made he none other taryenge,<sup>1</sup> but lighted vpon 4  
bayarde, that ranne as the wynde / For at every tyme  
he lepte xxx. fote in a playne grounde. And alarde,  
guycharde / and mawgis awoke for love of bayarde,  
*that* made grete noyse / And whan they were all 8  
awaked / mawgis began to crye as hie as he cowde  
vpon his horse, 'the devyll spede the, evyll beeste,  
that thou hast lete me slepe soo longe' / and thenne  
he lighted quykly vpon his backe / For there was noo 12  
better horse in all the worlde after bayarde.<sup>2</sup>

Ripus sees the  
brethren ap-  
proach,

and is in great  
fear for his life.

**W**han Rypus of ryplemonde, that wold have  
strangled Rycharde, sawe come his brothern  
& mawgys / he was soo sore abashed wyth it that 16  
he wyste not what he shold doo, and he sayd thenne  
to Rycharde / 'Richard, ye be deliverde out of my  
handes / For here comen Reynawde & Mawgis / and  
all their puissaunce, that com for to socour you;<sup>3</sup> 20  
and yf it playse you, ye shall have mercy on me For  
this that I dyde / for to have broughte you here.  
It was put for to have awaye y<sup>e</sup> debate that Charle-  
magne had wyth the xii peres of Fraunce; and I 24  
knew well that ye shold be rescued wythout ony fawte  
by your brethern & of Mawgis.' 'Rypus,' sayd Rich-  
arde, 'mocke not wyth me / for here is to hard a  
mocke for me, and ye wyne not moche by, for to 28  
gabbe me of this facyon.' 'By my soule,' sayd Rypus,  
'I mocke you not / it is in good earnest that I saye / ye  
maye see them here not a bowe shotte a ferre, nor  
I seke not to doo you ony harme / but goo doun fro 32  
the ladder / and have mercy on me, I beseche you, for  
goddys love.'

He begs Richard  
to have mercy on  
him.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. V. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> et sen va apres regnault, F. orig. r. ii.

<sup>3</sup> dont je me rens a vous beau sire, F. orig. r. ii.



Rycharde was mervellously abashed whan he herde  
 Rypus speke, and he torned his hede aside  
 & sawe Reynawde, that cam a good pas / and whan he  
 4 saw him, he sayd, 'ripus, I shall never clayme my  
 broder reynawd for my broder / yf he hange you not  
 1 by the necke<sup>1</sup> to the same gibet where as ye thought  
 to have hanged me right now.' This hangyng that  
 8 Rycharde spake to Rypus, Reynawd was arryved, and  
 herde this that <sup>2</sup>Richard had sayd to Rypus / And  
 Reynawde began thenne to crie wyth a hie voys /  
 'so helpe me god, Rypus, ye be deed. For ye be  
 12 a cursed man / and for your cursidnes I shall hange  
 you my owne self at this gibet / so shall you be  
 possessor of my broder Richardis place / for all the  
 power that Charlemagne shall make shall not save  
 16 you therfro' / This hangyng, cam there mawgis, sore  
 chauffed, & sayd to Ripus, 'Ha, rypus, thou traytour,  
 evyll man, ye have alwayes be redy for to doo som  
 evyll agenst vs, but sith that I have founde you here,  
 20 I shall not seke you nowhere elles' / and thenne  
 mawgis bare vp his spere for to have perced his body  
 therwyth, but Reynawd cryed vpon hym, 'cosyn,  
 touche hym not, for I wolde not for a grete thyng  
 24 that a nother than I sholde slee hym. For I shall  
 avenge vpon hym my dere broder Rycharde' / and  
 thenne he drewe oute flamberde, & smote rypus wyth it  
 suche a stroke that he felde hym deed to therthe  
 28 at the fote of the ladder; & after he sayd to his  
 bredern, 'kepe wel that none of his folke scape, but  
 that thei be ded or taken' / And thenne Reynawd  
 descended a fote, & went vpon the ladder, & toke  
 32 richarde betwene his armes & brought hym down / and  
 vnbounde him handes & fete / and after he kyssed his  
 mouth, & sayd to hym / 'Broder, how doo ye fele your  
 selfe? are ye not yll at ease' /

Richard threatens  
 to make his  
 brother hang  
 Ripus on the  
 gibbet he had  
 prepared.

Reynawde slays  
 Ripus and his  
 folk,

and releases his  
 brother Richard.

<sup>1</sup>-1 omitted, F. orig. r. ii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. V. viii.

‘**B**rother,’ sayd Rycharde, ‘I have noo harme / but  
 lete me be armed, I praye you.’ ‘By saynte  
 Iohan,’ sayd Reynawde / ‘ye shall be armed anone.’  
 ‘Brother,’ sayd Rycharde, ‘lete me have the armours 4  
 of Rypus of Ryplemonde’ / ‘wyth a good wylle,’ sayd  
 Reynaude / And Incontynente he made Rypus to be  
 had from his harneys, & made his broder richarde  
 to be armed. therwyth he made hym to lighte on 8  
 hors<sup>1</sup>backe, and toke hym his sheelde / and his baner.  
 and whan Richard was well appareilled, Reynawd toke  
 y<sup>e</sup> halter *that* rypus had put aboute Richardis necke /  
 and put it aboute rypus necke; & after, he mounted 12  
 vpon the ladder, & drewe hym all deed / and hanged  
 hym there as he wold have hanged richarde, and wyth  
 hym well xv. moo<sup>2</sup> of his company, suche as kyng  
 charlemagn loved moost / and whan he had hanged 16  
 [t]hem, he sayd to rycharde / ‘Brother, thise many shall  
 kepe here whatche in stede of you’ / whan this was  
 doon, mawgis came to Reynawd, & sayd to hym,  
 ‘Cosyn, telle me who waked you so well in tyme 20  
 as ye were.’ ‘cosyn,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘by the feyth  
*that* I owe to god, I slept as harde<sup>3</sup> as though I had not  
 slept in xii. nyghtes a fore<sup>3</sup> / but baiard, my<sup>4</sup> gentill  
 horse, awoke me’ / thenne sayd mawgis, ‘O gracious 24  
 lord of heven, blessed be god that made suche a  
 horse / it is not the first good tourne that bayarde  
 hath doon to you, my cosin, nor also it shal not be the  
 laste.’ And they all went and kyssed bayarde for the 28  
 goodnes that he had shewed vnto theym /

‘**M**y lordes,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘what shall we now  
 doo? we have wrought well / sith that we  
 have rescued the gentill richarde hole & sounde / me 32  
 semeth that we ought to goo to mountalban, so shall

<sup>1</sup> Fol. V. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> des plus principaulx de sa compaignie, F. orig. r. iii.

<sup>3-3</sup> si je neusse jamais dormy, F. orig. r. iii.

<sup>4</sup> le, F. orig. r. iii. back.

Reynawde gives  
 his brother the  
 armour of Ripus  
 of Riplemonde,

and hangs the  
 body of Ripus  
 with xv of his  
 company on the  
 gallows.

The brethren  
 embrace Bayard  
 for waking them  
 in time to save  
 Richard.

we recomforte clare, my wyff, & my two children, that  
 ben all evyll at ease for the love of rycharde, & so  
 shall we ete & slepe at our ease / for we have well  
 4 nede therof / and we shall doo iustyce of kyng yon,  
 that so falsli hath betrayed vs. And after tomorowe  
 we shall assaylle<sup>1</sup> charlemagne, *that* we love not / and  
 we shall leve v hundred men wythin mountalban / and  
 8 as many above mountbandell, that shall socour vs  
 if nede be' / And thenne sayd richard / 'sir, yf it  
 playse you, ye shall not doo soo, For ye knowe not the  
 sorowe and the grete lamentacyon that the frenshemen  
 12 made <sup>2</sup>for the love of me in thoste of Charlemagn.  
 And I promyse you, ye oughte well to love Ogyer /  
 Rowland / Estorfawde the sone of Oedon, Richarde of  
 normandy / the fayr Guydellon, Salamon of bretein,  
 16 and eke Olyvere of vyeñ / For thei toke grete debate  
 for me wyth Charlemagn wythin his pavyllion; and  
 all this they dyde for the love of you / for they wend  
 all for certen that Ripus shold have hanged me, and  
 20 that I sholde have noo socours; but, & it playse you,  
 gyve me leve that I maye shewe me to Ogyer the  
 dane, & to all other our kynsmen <sup>3</sup>that ben in Charle-  
 magnis court,<sup>3</sup> For thei shal have grete Ioye for to see  
 24 me scape from the dethe.'

Reynawde pro-  
 poses to go to  
 Montalban.

He wishes to  
 attack Charle-  
 magne.

Richard tells  
 them how many  
 friends he has  
 with the Emperor,

and asks to show  
 himself to Ogyer.

**T**henne sayd Reynawd / 'for sothe, Ogyer dyd like  
 a valiaunt man; for men ought to love 'their  
 frendes,<sup>4</sup> & helpe them whan it is nede' / & after sayd  
 28 Reynawde,<sup>5</sup> 'Broder, y<sup>e</sup> sonne is almoste vnder all  
 redy. I fere me sore of you yf ye wyll goo in to the  
 oste of Charlemagn / but & ye will nedes goo there /  
 take wyth you four hondred knyghtes well horsed &  
 32 well armed, and put theym in a bushemente nyghe  
 by where ye go / and I shall be here wyth my folke /

Reynawde makes  
 him take four  
 hundred knyghts  
 with him to  
 succour him if  
 wanted.

<sup>1</sup> le roy charlemaigne, F. orig. r. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. X. i. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iii.

<sup>4-4</sup> les sciens, F. orig. r. iii. back.

<sup>5</sup> richart, F. orig. r. iii. back.

and ye shall take wyth you Bondy, my good horne /  
 and yf ye nede of ony helpe / sounde it hie as ye can  
 well doo / and I shall socour you incontynent' / 'Syr,'  
 sayd Richarde, 'be it as it playse you.' And thenne 4  
 Reynawde toke his horne to Richarde, & foure hundred  
 knyghtes. and Richard<sup>1</sup> toke on his waye, & bare the  
 baner of Ripus wyth hym / and he<sup>2</sup> dyde so moche  
 that he came to thoost of Charlemagne / and the kyng 8  
 stode armed afore his pavylion wyth his folke, that  
 kept the way of mountfawcon / and they sawe come  
 the baner of Rypus / <sup>3</sup>as it had be borne by Rypus  
 hymselfe vpon his horse<sup>3</sup> / 12

Richard, with the  
 banner of Ripus,  
 comes to the  
 pavilion of the  
 King.

Ogier, thinking  
 it is Ripus,

swoons with grief  
 for the loss of  
 Richard, and after  
 goes to meet him.

**W**han Ogier sawe Richarde com, he wende it had  
 be Rypus of riplemonde, that had hanged  
 Richarde / and of <sup>4</sup>the sorowe that he toke for it, he fell  
 down to therth in a swoune / And after, whan he was 16  
 come agen to hymself, he sayd, 'Alas, we have lost  
 Richarde, we shall never have hym agen!<sup>5</sup> Now it is  
 well seen, Richard, that ye had fewe frendes.' And  
 wyth this he spored his good horse braiford / and cam 20  
 agenste Rycharde / for he trowed verely that it had be  
 Ripus. And when Charlemagn sawe that Ogier the  
 dane ranne towarde Ripus, he sayd to his folke, 'goo  
 after hym, barons, I shall now see whiche of you is 24  
 my frende <sup>6</sup>or my foo<sup>6</sup> / here cometh Ripus, certeynly  
 he hath doon well his devoyre, & hathe doon me good  
 servyse, for he hath made me quyte of Rycharde, <sup>7</sup>one  
 of my mortalle enmyes,<sup>7</sup> and now Ogier wyll kylle 28  
 hym in treyson / but & I canne holde hym / I shall  
 doo suche iustyce vpon hym that it shall be spoken  
 of it long time here after' / And thenne spored their  
 horses, frenshemen & bourgoyns, after Ogier / and 32  
 Charlemagn hymselfe went after hym / but Ogier was

Charlemagne goes  
 after Ogier for  
 fear he should  
 slay Ripus.

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iii.    <sup>2</sup> richart, F. orig. r. iii.

<sup>3-3</sup> monte sus son cheval, F. orig. r. iii.    <sup>4</sup> Fol. X. i. back.

<sup>5</sup> trahy la regnault et maugis, F. orig. r. iii. back.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iii. bk.    <sup>7-7</sup> le filz aymon, F. orig. r. iii. bk.

all redy ferre from theym, wrothe & fyers as a lyon /  
 and he cryed as hie as he cowde, 'Soo helpe me god,  
 Rypus, ye be deed / and ye shall have a rewarde of  
 4 that ye have doon to my cosin Rychard; and I pro-  
 myse you <sup>1</sup>Charlemagn shall not come tyme ynoughe  
 for to save you from my spere'<sup>1</sup> / Whan rycharde herde  
 ogyer speke thus, he sayd, 'have mercy on me, my fayr  
 8 cosyn, For I am rycharde, your cosin, & not rypus /  
 for we have hanged rypus in my place. And I promyse  
 you my brother Reynawde hathe well avenged me vpon  
 hym / and therefore I am come for to shewe me to you  
 12 & to my other kynsmen / for I wote well that ye shall  
 be glad therof.' 'ye make a lesyng, false traytour of  
 ryplemonde,' sayd ogyer / 'but ye shall not scape me  
 soo.' Whan rycharde sawe ogyer soo sore chauffed  
 16 wyth wrathe<sup>2</sup> / he sayd to hym / 'Cosin, knowe not  
 you me?' 'nay, wythout fawte,' sayd ogyer / <sup>3</sup>'For ye  
 bere the arnes and the baner of Ripus' / 'I have doon  
 so, syre,' sayd Rychard, 'by cause I shold not be  
 20 knowen.' 'By my soule,' sayd Ogyer / 'I wyll see  
 your face naked, For otherwyse I wyll not beleve that  
 that ye say.' 'Syre,' sayd Richarde / 'and ye shall  
 see me anone' / And thenne he vnbokled hys helme  
 24 & shewed his vysage / And whan ogyer sawe hym he  
 was right glad / and went & <sup>4</sup>kyssed the mouth of  
 Rycharde full swetly<sup>4</sup> / and toke hym in his armes  
 many tymes, & said to rycharde, all lawghyng / 'Cosyn,  
 28 what have ye doon of rypus?'<sup>5</sup> 'by my feith,' sayd  
 rycharde, 'he is now Archebyssshop of *that* feeldes /  
<sup>4</sup>gyvyng the benedycion wyth his fote;<sup>4</sup> For my broder  
 Reynawd hath hanged hym, his owne handes / and wolde  
 32 not suffre that none other sholde sette hande vpon hym  
 but onely hymself' / 'by my soule' sayd oger / 'he hath

Richard declares  
himself to Ogier.

Ogier will not  
believe that he is  
Richard.

He shows his face  
to Ogier,

and tells him the  
fate of Ripus.

<sup>1-1</sup> charlemaigne vous sera mauuais garent, F. orig. r. iii. bk.

<sup>2</sup> contre luy, F. orig. r. iv. <sup>3</sup> Fol. X. ii.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iv.

<sup>5</sup> le mauuais traictre, F. orig. r. iv

doon right well.' and thenne he sayd to rycharde, 'Fayr cosin, see to your selfe / for here cometh Charlemagn / and god be with you;' and thus retourned ogyer / And whan Charlemagne sawe Ogyer, he sayd 4 to hym, 'why wente ye towarde rypus afore me' / 'Syr,' sayd Ogyer, 'yf ye were not soo nyghe me / I sholde smyte of his hede / But I dare not doo it for love of you. goo ye to hym / for I make you sure he 8 shall have no harme by me.' Thenne sayd Charlemagne<sup>1</sup> / 'I shall defende hym agenste all men.' And thenne he spored the horse wyth the spores, and cam to rycharde / wenyng to hym that it had be rypus<sup>2</sup> / & 12 sayd to hym, 'Come nere, my specyall frende rypus / and take no fere of noo thyng / For I shall kepe you agenste all men.' Whan Rycharde herde Charlemagne speke thus, he sayd to hym / 'I wyll that ye knowe 16 now that I am not the false traytour Rypus, but I am Rycharde the sone of aymon / and I am the brother of Reynaude, the best knyghte of all the world, and of Alarde, and of Guycharde, and cosyn to the valyaunte 20 maw<sup>3</sup>gis that ye love so moche. Ye smote me to daye in the mornyng wyth a staff in the hede, wherof ye mysdyde gretly; & therefore my broder reynawd hath hanged<sup>4</sup> your right wel beloved<sup>4</sup> rypus there as he wold 24 have lodged me / and xv. of his felawes wyth him for to bere him feliship / now beware of me, for I defye you' / Whan Charlemagne vnderstode thise wordes, he was soo sore an angred of it, that none can be more / 28 and spored his horse & razne vpon rychard, and richard agenst hym / and gaaf thone to thother so grete strokes in their sheeldes that they brake bothe their speres all in peces. <sup>5</sup>And wyth the same<sup>5</sup> they recounted eche 32 other wyth their bodies soo myghtely that the strongest

Charlemagne spurs after Richard, thinking it is Ripus.

Richard makes himself known to Charlemagne.

Charlemagne is angry, and attacks him furiously.

<sup>1</sup> par ma foy . . . F. orig. r. iv.

<sup>2</sup> de ripemont, F. orig. r. iv.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. X. ii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iv. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> et apres le briser de leurs lances . . . F. orig.

of bothe habandouned the styropes / but it happed well  
 to charlemagn that he bode wythin tharsons of the  
 saddle ; but rycharde fell down to therth. and whan  
 4 rycharde sawe hymself a grounde / he was wrothe for  
 it, and rose vp quyckly & set hande to his swerde / and  
 wente & smote Charlemagn vpon his helme soo grete a  
 stroke that he made hym all astonyed wythall ; but  
 8 the swerde slided vpon the helme, that was goode <sup>1</sup>&  
 fyne,<sup>1</sup> down to the horse necke soo harde that he cut it a  
 sondre, <sup>1</sup>and with this stroke he felled y<sup>e</sup> horse sterke  
 deed ;<sup>1</sup> and by all thus was Charlemagn broughte to the  
 12 grounde / And whan charlemagn saw hymself a grounde,  
 he was sore an angred for it / and lept vpon his fete  
 right quyckely, & toke his swerde in his hande, and  
 smote rycharde vpon his helme so harde that he made  
 16 hym rele wythall / and thenne began bytwyxe charle-  
 magn<sup>2</sup> & rycharde a sore sharpe medlynge. And whan  
 they had foughte a grete while togyder, Charlemagn be-  
 gan to crye ‘mountioye saynt denys’ / and whan rycharde  
 20 herde this, he drewe him a side / and toke his horne  
 & souned it right hie, soo that his brethern herde it  
 well / and soo dyde mawgis. And thenne Incontynent  
 they spored theyr <sup>3</sup>horses, and cam toward rychard for  
 24 to socour him / And thenne sayd mawgis,<sup>4</sup> ‘I doubt  
 me that richard is taken, but we shall deye all wyth  
 hym / or elles we shall have hym agen.’

They fight,  
and Richard is  
unhorsed.

The King has his  
horse killed by  
Richard.

They fight  
fiercely, till  
Charlemagne calls  
for help.

Richard blows his  
horn to summon  
his brethren.

Grete dyligence made reynawd for to socour rycharde.  
 28 **G** And when he was come where he was / he cryed  
 sodenli, ‘montalban,’ and alard, ‘pavereyment,’ guychard,  
 ‘balencon,’ and richarde, ‘ardeyn’ / and mawgys went  
 & ranne vpon a knyghte *that* was called magon, other-  
 32 wyse sampson, lord of pyerrefrite, & roughte him suche  
 a stroke that he felde hym deed to the grounde ; and  
 reynawd smote vpon a nother knyght by suche a wyse

Reynawde and the  
brethren come to  
his succour.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. iv. back.      <sup>2</sup> charlemagn *in text.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. X. iii.

<sup>4</sup> seigneurs, F. orig. r. iv. back.

that he shoved his swerde thrughe & thrughe his body ;  
 and guychard smote a nother with his swerde soo  
 fiersly that he cleved his hede in two peces ; & alard  
 smote the fourth knyghte vpon his helme soo grete a 4  
 stroke that he cast hym deed to fore his fete ; and  
 after he ranne vpon a nother knyghte rychely arrayed,  
 & gaff eche other suche strokes that they bothe fell  
 doun from their horses to therth / And thenne came 8  
 there reinawd, that dyde so moche that the sayd  
 knyghte was taken prysoner / whiche was called hughe  
 of almagn, and broughte hym<sup>1</sup> to mountalban / what  
 shall I telle you more / the batayll began to be felle / 12  
 and soo cruell that it was grete pyte for to see / For  
 the one spared not thother, but slew eche other as  
 thicke as bestes. And whan reynawd sawe all redy  
 that y<sup>e</sup> sonne was goon vndre, & that the nyght cam 16  
 fast on / he was in a doubte for his bredern, and sayd,  
 ‘ Good lord, thrughe thi mercy & redempcyon / kepe  
 me & my bredern from deth & from prison / for the  
 nyght that is at hande maketh me to be a ferde ’ / 20  
 And as he spake thise wordes, cam there kyng charle-  
 magn, as fast as his horse myghte walop, agenst rey-  
 nawd, and reynawd agenste hym, by cause he knewe  
 hym not / and smote eche other so harde in their 24  
 sheldes that thei made their speres<sup>2</sup> to flee in peces, and  
 recounted togyder both wyth theyr bodyes & sheeldes  
 soo mervayllously that they overthrewe eche other to  
 the grounde / and thenne they rose quyckly bothe 28  
 atones, and set hande to their swerdes / And thenne  
 Charlemagn began to crye ‘ mountioye saynt denys ’ /  
 and after sayd, ‘ Yf I be owtraged by one knyghte oonly,  
 I ought not to be a kyng nor to bere crowne.’ Whan 32  
 reynaud vnderstode charlemain speke, he knewe hym  
 well, & wythdrewe hymself a syde, & sayd, ‘ Alas,

The great fight  
 between the Sons  
 and the King's  
 followers.

Reynawde and  
 Charlemagne  
 fight without  
 recognising each  
 other.

<sup>1</sup> par prisonier . . . F. orig. r. v.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. X. iii. back.



how am I dyffamed ! it is charlemagn to whom I have  
iousted / I have mysprysed to sore for to have set hande  
vpon hym / Ha, good lord / it is well XVI.<sup>1</sup> yeres a  
4 goon that I spake not ones wyth hym / but I shall  
now speke to him yf I shold deye for it / for by reyson  
& right I ought to lese the firste ; wherfore I wyll make  
to hym a mendes presently, and lete hym doo wyth  
8 me what he wyll' / and whan he had sayd this, he  
went to Charlemagn, & kneled byfore hym, and sayd  
to hym / 'Sir, for god / I crie you mercy, gyve me  
trews tyl that I have spoken wyth you.' 'wyth a good  
12 wyll,' sayd charlemagn ; 'But I wote not who ye be,  
<sup>2</sup>how be it that ye have iousted wyth me.'<sup>2</sup> 'I thanke  
you humbli,' sayd reynaud, <sup>3</sup>'of that it playseth you to  
saye soo by me<sup>3</sup> / Syr, wyte that I am Reynawde, the  
16 sone of aymon / and I crie you mercy / And for that  
pyte that our lord had vpon the cros of his moder whan  
he recomended her to saynt Iohan h's dysciple / I  
beseche you that ye wyll have pyte vpon [me] & vpon  
20 my bredern. ye knowe that I am your man / and ye  
have disherited me of mi londes, & have chased me  
<sup>4</sup>oute of fraunce.<sup>4</sup> It is a goo xvi<sup>5</sup> yeres ; and by cause  
of this, are deed soo many noble knyghtes & valyaunt  
24 men, & other, in soo grete nombre that it can not be  
sayd, For god / ye see well what it cometh of the  
werre / for a lord that hath no pite in him, hath a hert  
as harde as a stone. <sup>6</sup>And therefore, sire, I beseche you  
28 for god that ye have mercy on me & of my bredern  
that ben suche knyghtes as ye know. I speke not  
thise wordes for fere of deth, ne for courtyse of ryches /  
For god gramercy we have goodes ynoughe / but I  
32 speke it for to have your love onoly / Syr, suffre that

Reynawde asks  
pardon of the  
Emperor when  
he discovers him,

and begs that  
peace may be  
accorded between  
them ;

<sup>1</sup> quinze, F. orig. r. v.

<sup>2-2</sup> mais vous joustes moult bien, F. orig. r. v.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4-4</sup> . . . de vostre terre et de la mienne, F. orig. r. v.

<sup>5</sup> xv. F. orig.      <sup>6</sup> Fol. X. iv.

he offers to give  
up Montalban  
and Bayard

if Charlemagne  
will pardon his  
brethren.

The Emperor  
refuses to accept  
these terms of  
peace,

and demands the  
deliverance of  
Mawgis into his  
hands.

we have peas wyth you / and we shall becom your  
men for evermore, and we shall swere to you feyth &  
legeauns / and also I shall gyve you mountalban & my  
good horse bayard, whiche is the thyng that I love 4  
beste in this worlde after my bredern & mawgis / For  
there is not in all the world suche a nother horse<sup>1</sup> /  
And yf this can not satysfye your mynde / I shall doo  
yet more / Playseth it to you for to pardonne my 8  
bredern / and I shall forswere Fraunce for evermore,  
that I shall never be seen there, and I shall goo to the  
holy sepulcre in Iherusalem, bare fote, for the remem-  
braunce of you ; and I nor Mawgys shall never come 12  
agen in fraunce,<sup>2</sup> but we shall werre styll on goddys  
enmyes / as ben turques & sarrasins<sup>2</sup> /

**T**henne whan charlemagn herde reynawd speke thus,  
he answerde hym & sayd, ‘Reynawd, ye speke 16  
for noughte / ye dyde an over grete foly / whan ye toke  
that hardynes vpon you for to speke wyth me in my  
palays as ye dyde / and yet ye dyde worse whan ye  
slewe my nevewe berthelot that I loved so moche ; and 20  
now ye speke to me of peas, and ye crye me mercy. I  
promyse you for certeyn that ye shall have noo peas  
with me, but yf ye doo that I shall telle you’ / ‘Sire,’  
sayd reynawd, ‘what shall *that* be? telle me, I praye 24  
you!’ / ‘I shall shewe it to you wyth a goode wyll,’  
sayd charlemagn / ‘And yf ye doo it / ye and your  
brethern shall accorde wyth me, And I shall gyve you  
agen your heritage, and yet I shall gyve you / ynoughe 28  
of myn owen / It is that ye gyve me mawgys in  
my handes for to doo my playsur wyth hym, for I hate  
him <sup>3</sup>more than ony thyng in the world’ / ‘Syre,’  
sayd reynawd / ‘if I sholde deliver hym to you, what 32  
wold ye doo to hym?’ / ‘Reynawd,’ sayd charlemagn,

<sup>1</sup> chevalier, F. orig. r. v. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> mais ferons guerre contre les turcs, F. orig. r. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. X. iv. back.

'I promyse you I shold make hym to be drawen sham-  
 fully at four<sup>1</sup> horses taylles thurgh parys. And after  
 that, I shold doo take from the body of hym the limmes  
 4 one after a nother, and thenne I shold make him to be  
 brent, and his ashes to be cast at the wynde / And  
 whan he shall be arrayed as I telle you / lete hym  
 thenne doo his incantacyons & his magyke as he wyll /  
 8 and I shall pardonne hym all that he can doo to me  
 after that' / Thenne sayd Reynawd to the kyng /  
 'syre, wold ye doo it in dede as ye saye?' 'Ye,' sayd  
 charlemagn, 'in good feyth' / 'Emperour,' sayd rey-  
 12 nawde, 'wold you not take townes ne castelles, golde  
 ne silver, for the ransom of mawgis?' / 'certes naye,'  
 sayd charlemagne.<sup>2</sup> 'Sir,' sayd reynawd, 'thenne shall  
 we never be accorded togyder; for I tell you for certeyn,  
 16 that yf ye had all my brethern in your pryson, and that  
 ye were delibered for to make them to be hanged,  
 yet shold I not gyve you mawgis for to have theym  
 deliverde oute of your handes' / 'Holde your peas  
 20 thenne,' sayd charlemagn, '& beware of me / for other-  
 wise gete ye noo peas wyth me' / 'Syr,' sayd reynawd,  
 'I am sory for it, for we be noo meñ that oughte to be  
 cast from your servyse;<sup>3</sup> and sith that ye defye me, I  
 24 shall deffende me / and our lord shall doo me *that* grace,  
 yf it playse hym, that I shall not be take of you.' And  
 whañ charlemagn herde this / he was sore angry / and  
 ranne vpon reynawd / and whanne reynawd sawe hym  
 28 come vpon hym / he sayd to hym, 'Syre, for god  
 mercy, suffre not that I sette hande vpon you / For yf  
 I sholde leve my selfe for to be slayne by you, I were  
 well a myschaut' / 'Vassayll,' sayd Charlemagn, 'all  
 32 thise wordes awaylleth you not, For ye must nedes  
 deffende yourselfe' / And thenne Charlemagne <sup>4</sup>smote  
 hym wyth Ioyuse his swerde vpon his helme, and the

Reynawde refuses  
 this request,  
 and tells the  
 Emperor that  
 peace can never  
 be made between  
 them on these  
 conditions.

Charlemagne in  
 fierce anger  
 renews his attack  
 on Reynawde,

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. r. vi.

<sup>2</sup> par ma foy, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> sernyse, orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. X. v.

stroke slided down vpon the sheelde of Reynawde soo  
 that he kytted quyte and clene a grete parte therof.  
 Whan Reynawde felte soo grete a stroke that kynge  
 Charlemagne had gyven hym, he was sore an angred 4  
 for it. He vaunced hym selfe forthe, and caught the  
 kynge wyth bothe hys armes by the backe / and by the  
 waast in maner of wrastelynge, For he wolde not smyte  
 hym wyth his swerde Flamberde, and toke hym and 8  
 layd vpon the necke of his horse Bayarde / for to have  
 broughte hym wyth hym <sup>1</sup>to Mountalban<sup>1</sup> wythout  
 ony other harme. And whan Charlemagn saw that he  
 was handeled of this facyon / he beganne to crye as 12  
 lowde as he myghte, 'Mountioye, saynte denys' / and  
 thenne he sayd / 'Ha, fayr nevew<sup>2</sup> Rowlande / where  
 be you / Olyvere of vyenne, and ye duke Naymes / and  
 bysshop Turpyn / shall ye suffre that I be thus taken 16  
<sup>1</sup>and broughte as a prysoner?<sup>1</sup> and yf ye doo soo / it shall  
 be a grete shame to you all' / Reynawde began thenne  
 to crye 'Mountalban'<sup>3</sup> as highe as he cowde / whan he  
 herde Charlemagne speke soo / And after he sayd / 20  
 'Ha, my bredern / and ye cosin Mawgys, com hither /  
 and lete vs goo, for <sup>4</sup>I have gyven the kynge suche a  
 checke,<sup>4</sup> that yf we can now brynge hym wyth vs / we  
 shall have peas in Fraunce fromhens forthon.' Thenne 24  
 the noble peres of Fraunce / as Rowlande, Olyvere /  
 and the other, came to the socours of Charlemagne /  
 And of that other parte / came there for to helpe Rey-  
 nawd, his brethern and Mawgys, and well four hundred<sup>5</sup> 28  
 knyghtes well armed. And whan the valiaunt knyghtes  
 were assembled togyder of bothe partyes, ye sholde  
 thenne have seen there a mervyllous bataylle / For  
 they slewe eche other as bestes. And there were so 32  
 many speres broken, and so many sheeldes cloven / and

who seizes the  
 Emperor  
 and lays him on  
 Bayard.

Charlemagne  
 calls on his  
 banners,  
 and deploras the  
 absence of his  
 men.

Roland and  
 Oliver come to his  
 relief;

also Mawgis and  
 his men arrive.

The battle begins  
 again.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> neueuw, *orig.*      <sup>3</sup> son enseigne, F. orig. r. vi.

<sup>4-4</sup> Jay pris ung tel eschac, F. orig. r. vi.

<sup>5</sup> hndred, *orig.*

hewed in to peces, and so many <sup>1</sup>helmes vnbokeled /  
 and soo many a quyras broken and perced, and so many  
 horses that drew after theyr guttes a longe in the  
 4 feeldes, and soo many a man slayne, that it was pyte  
 for to see.<sup>2</sup> And whan Rowlande was come to the  
 medlee, he wente vpon Reynawde, and gaaf hym soo  
 grete a stroke vpon hys helme that he was all astonyed  
 8 therwyth, and after he sayd to hym, 'Vassayll, ye have  
 doon evill that ye trowed to have brought awaye the  
 kyng in this maner of wyse! Ye wote well it is to  
 hevy a bourdon for to lede of this facyon. ye shall leve  
 12 hym / and yet ye shall abyee full dere for it, are ye  
 escape me' / And whan Reynawde sawe that he was  
 thus reprevd, and felte the grete stroke that Rowlande  
 had gyven to hym <sup>3</sup>vpon hys helmet,<sup>3</sup> he was wrothe,  
 16 and toke his swerde in his hande / holdynge alwayes  
 Charlemagne afore hym vpon bayardes necke / and cam  
 to Rowlande, and sayd to hym / 'Damp Rowlande,  
 come forthe! soo shall ye wyte how Flamberde cutteth' /  
 20 And whan Rowlande vnderstode hym, he came vpon  
 hym / And whan Reynawde sawe hym come / he lete  
 fall doun Charlemagne & ranne vpon Rowlande / And  
 there beganne amonge theim two a fyers medelynge.  
 24 This hangyng, cam Alarde, Guycharde / and the lytyll  
 Rycharde / and ranne vpon Rowlande atones / and gaaff  
 hym soo moche to doo that he muste put hymselfe to  
 flighte / wolde he or noo / And whan Reynawde sawe that  
 28 Charlemagn and Rowlande had saved theymselve, he  
 was right sory for it, and he sayd to his bretherne, 'My  
 brederne, ye have wroughte yll / For yf ye had be styll  
 by me, we had doon a grete fayt / For I had taken  
 32 Charlemagne, that we sholde have broughte wyth vs to

Roland attacks  
 Reynawde,  
 who is holding  
 the Emperor on  
 his horse.

Reynawde lets  
 Charlemagne fall,  
 and fights Roland  
 with the help of  
 Alarde and  
 Guycharde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. X. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> *et vous prometz quil en y eut tant de occis dune part et daultre que lon ne scauoit le nombre et grande fust la pitie,*  
 F. orig. r. vi. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

The Sons grieve  
over the escape  
of the Emperor.

mountalban.'<sup>1</sup> 'Syre,' sayd his bretherne / 'we are sory  
for it that we dyde not soo / But we had so moche to  
doo in a nother place, <sup>2</sup>that it is well to vs that we  
scaped sauf wyth our lyves. But lete vs see that we 4  
doo well, and sowne our horne to thende ye maye  
gader agen togyder your folke that be soo sperkled  
abrode, for there is dangeour by cause of the nyghte  
that cometh so fast on / and calle agen your baner / for 8  
we have wonne more than we have loste, and lete vs  
goo to montalban.' Reynawd, that was sage, dyde as  
his bredern & maugis counseyllled hym / Whan charle-  
magne sawe that reynawde had wythdrawe his baner / 12  
he was glad of it / For he saw well that his folke was  
at the worste hande / soo made he to sowne the retrete,  
& passed balencon / and dyde somoche that he cam  
agen to his oost / And whan he was lighted doun a 16  
fote / he sayd to his folke / 'By my soule, it gooth not  
well with vs / for reynawd hath put vs from the felde.'  
'Syre,' sayd rowland, 'speke noo more of it, for it is  
not longe on you / but *that* we had be almost shamed. 20  
Ye dyde grete foly whan ye iousted wyth reynawd / for  
if he had slayn you, or take, the werre had be ended  
that hath lasted so longe' / I leve now here to speke of  
charlemagne & of rowland his newew<sup>3</sup> / and retourne to 24  
speke of reynawde & of his bredern, and of mawgis  
theyr cosin, and of their folke.

Charlemagne  
orders his men  
to retreat,  
and returns to his  
host.

Roland reproaches  
the Emperor for  
trying to fight  
Reynawde.

## CHAPTER XV.

¶ How after that reynawd, his bredern, &  
mawgis had dyscomfyted charlemagn after 28  
that thei had rescued rycharde / that ripus  
wold have hanged at montfawcon / went  
agen vpon hym and pulled doun his pavy-

<sup>1</sup> mounalban, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. X. vi.

<sup>3</sup> et de ses gens, F. *orig.* A. i.

lion, and bare away wyth theim the egle of  
golde that was thervpon, wherof the kyng  
was full sori for it, soo that he wolde have  
4 taken agen his crowne in to the handes of  
hys barons / seyng that he wold not be  
noo more theyr kyng / by cause that they  
had faylled hym, and had habandouned  
8 hym for the four sones of aymon / And  
sayd to theym / that they shold crowne  
reynawde therwyth, soo sholde he be their  
kyng, <sup>1</sup>For thei loved hym better than they  
12 dyde him; And how oliver sayd to charle-  
magn / that he shold take agen his crowne,  
and that he shold yelde hym mawgis that  
he had taken as he robbed the pavylion, for  
16 he abode there alone; And how charle-  
magne toke agen his crowne / and was  
right glade of the pryse of mawgys that he  
hated<sup>2</sup> so moche /

20 **H**ere sheweth the histori, that whan reynaude, the  
sone of aymon, sawe that the kyng charlemagn  
was goon agen to his ooste / he made his baner to ryde  
before hym / and rayled his folke togyder / And whan  
24 he had mounted the mountayn of mountfawcon / he  
called his folke, & sayd to theim / ‘My frendes, put  
yourself in ordynance, & take on your waye towarde  
mountalban / and I, my bredern & mawgis, shall come  
28 behynde / For I fere me leest the frenshemen, that  
ben so wroth that we have dyscomfyted them so,  
shall folowe for to hurte vs yf they can / and yf they  
doo / we shall better suffre the payne than our folke /

Reynawde orders  
the greater part  
of his folk to  
return to  
Montalban,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. X. vi. back.      <sup>2</sup> hasted, *orig.*

I wolde not for noo good that rowlande & olivere  
 sholde mocke wyth vs, nor that thei sholde fynde  
 vs in dysaray.' 'By my soule,' sayd alarde / 'brother  
 reynawd,<sup>1</sup> ye speke well & wysely.' And thenne their 4  
 folke put theymselfe in ordenaunce. and thei abode  
 behinde tyll that their folke had passed balencon /  
 And whan the moost parte was passed, he<sup>2</sup> toke iii.  
 thousand men of the best of his folke, & sayd to 8  
 thother, 'goo your wayes to montalban, For I wyll goo  
 assayl the kyng charlemagne in his pavylion, what  
 so ever it hap of it / And soo shall I shewe<sup>3</sup> his folke  
 what I can doo / and that I am a man for to seke 12  
 hym, and not he me.'

while he with  
 three thousand  
 men assails the  
 Emperor's  
 pavilion.

**W**han reynawd had sayd this, he cam to the  
 water of Balencon / and passed over <sup>1</sup>wyth  
 his thre thousande men<sup>1</sup> / And they rode soo longe<sup>4</sup> 16  
 that they came to the oost of Charlemagn / that was  
 wroth more than mesure requyreth, <sup>5</sup>by cause that he  
 had loste the feelde <sup>1</sup>agenste Reynawde.<sup>1</sup> And whan  
 Reynawd sawe the pavylion of Charlemagne / he sayd to 20  
 his bredern / and to all his folke / 'I pray you that ye  
 governe you wysly' / 'Syre,' sayd richard <sup>1</sup>the hardy,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>6</sup>'he that wyll be enhaunced in price / he oughte not to  
 loke soo nyghe but he must ieoparde for to conquere 24  
 worshyp.'<sup>6</sup> and whan rychard had sayd so / he set  
 hande to his swerde, & spored his horse wyth the  
 spores. & went streyght to the pavylion of charle-  
 magn, and cut of the cordes, & made it falle doun 28  
 to the erthe wyth the egle of golde massy, that was  
 of grete value. whan reinawd sawe this, he called  
 mawgis, & sayd to him / 'Cosin, com hider / helpe

Reynawde goes  
 straight to  
 Charlemagne's  
 pavilion,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. A. i. back.      <sup>2</sup> Regnault, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> luy et a ses gens, F. orig. A. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> luy et ses gens, F. orig. A. ii.      <sup>5</sup> Fol. X. vii.

<sup>6-6</sup> Qui veult en pris monter Il ne doit regarder de si pres :  
 mais se doit mettre a l'aventure pour conquerer honneur et  
 pris, F. orig. A. ii.



me to bryng awaye this gayn' / 'syr,' said mawgys,  
 'wyth a good wyll.' and they lighted a fote, & toke  
 the egle of golde, <sup>1</sup>that was soo riche that noo man  
 4 wyste what it was worthe; <sup>1</sup>& reynawd said to his  
 folke / 'My lordes, smite now well, & feyn not your  
 self / for he that beginneth a game, he ought to see an  
 ende of it to his prouffyte, yf he can' / Who thenne  
 8 had seen the folke of charlemagn arme them & com  
 oute of their tentes, & renne vpon the sones of Aymon,  
 he wold have merveyllled / and it was pite for to see  
 the grete slaughter that was doon there / whan mawgis  
 12 had put the egle of golde in sure handes / he went  
 agen to the pavyllion of charlemagn, & he fonde the  
 kyng, and sayd to hym / 'By my hede, sir emperour,  
 ye have troubled vs sore a long while, but ye shal bye  
 16 it full derely at this hour, your comyng in to gascoyn,  
 & y<sup>e</sup> dethe of my fader, the duke benes of aygre-  
 mount / For I shall gyve to you suche a stroke that ye  
 shall never make werre to vs nor to none other.' And  
 20 with this he bare vp his spere for to have shoved  
 it thrughe y<sup>e</sup> brest of charlemain; but charlemagn  
 abode not the stroke, but he torned hymself a side,  
 & y<sup>e</sup> spere entred in to the bed of the kyng well  
 24 ii fote. And whan <sup>2</sup>charlemagn sawe this, he was a  
 ferde, and he beganne to crie 'moutioye, saynt denys.'  
 And thenne he sayd / 'Ha, fayr nevewe rowlande,  
 where are you now?' Whan mawgis herde calle  
 28 rowlande, he loked aboute hym, & sawe not reynawd  
 nor his bredern / for thei had put theimself to the way  
 to return home agen.

32 **O**ver long taried mawgis in thost of charlemagn /  
 for reynawd was all redy passed over balencon /  
 and rowland & oliver were all redy com to the callyng  
 of charlemagn, sore afrayed / and whan mawgis sawe  
 theym, he made noo lenger taryeng / but gaaff the

and with the help  
 of Mawgis takes  
 possession of the  
 golden eagle.

The folk of  
 Charlemagne  
 attack them  
 fiercely.

Mawgis attempts  
 to slay the  
 Emperor,

who calls on  
 Roland to help  
 him.

Mawgis finds  
 that the Sons  
 have gone,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. X. vii. back.

and tries to  
follow them,

but is attacked by  
the Emperor's  
folk,

and is finally  
overthrown by  
Oliver,

who takes him  
prisoner,

spores to his horse, & went after reinawd as fast  
as his horse myght renne. And whan he wold have  
passed balencon, he met wyth a grete company of the  
folke of charlemagn. and mawgys smote one of theym 4  
soo harde in the sheelde / that he overthrewe bothe  
horse & man to therthe; and after that he smote the  
sone of mylen of puyll, so that he cleved his sheld  
a sondre, & cast hym doun to the grounde with a 8  
wounde mortall / and thenne he cryed 'montalban,'  
& sayd, 'Ha, fayr cosin reynawde, where be you?  
socour me for god. For if ye lose me, ye shall have  
harne therat.' And thenne mawgis thought well that 12  
Reynawd was goon / This hangynge, came oliver thugh  
the prees, & cam vpon mawgis, & smote him so harde  
that it abode not nother for sheelde nor for courset of  
stele, but he made hym a wounde in his brest, and 16  
caste hym doun to the erthe /

**W**han mawgis felt hymself thus hurt & over-  
throwen, he was ryght wrothe for it. Soo  
rose he vp quy[c]kly vpon his fete, & toke his swerde 20  
in his hande, <sup>1</sup>& dyde merveylles of armes / And  
the nighte was very derke, that almost the one knew  
not thother. and whan olyver saw mawgys defende  
himself so well / he sayd to hym / 'I know not the 24  
knyghte whom thou art; but, & thou yelde not thysel-  
fe to me, I shall <sup>2</sup>now smyte of thy hede from the  
sholdres.' 'what is thy name?' sayd thenne mawgis /  
'for & thou be a good man / I shall yelde me to the, 28  
& elles not, knyght.' 'my name is oliver of vyenne.'  
Whan mawgis herde hym named, he knewe him well /  
and sayd to hym, 'Ha, gentyll knyghte olivere, I  
yelde me to you vpon your feyth, & vnder suche 32  
a condycion that ye shall not deliver me to charle-  
magn / for yf ye deliver me in his handes, I am deed  
without remedy, & he shall make me deie shamfully as

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. X. viii.

a thief.' 'By my feyth,' sayd oliver, 'this wyll I not do / for I dare not hide you from charlemagn. but yelde you / & I promise you that I shall helpe you to  
 4 my power for to make your apoyntmente wyth the kyng' / 'Sir,' sayd mawgis, '& I yelde me to you vpon your trouthe'<sup>1</sup> / and toke his swerde to him. & oliver toke it, and after made hym to light vpon a  
 8 lityll horse, and brought hym to the pavlyon of Charlemagn, where they fonde not the kyng, by cause he was all affrayed, as ye herde afore / And whan oliver sawe that he fonde not charlemain / he was sore a ferd  
 12 that mawgis shold scape from him thurgh his incantacyons & wytchecraft, and sayd to hym, 'Mawgis, ye knowe how I have taken you by armes, & that ye are my prisoner / I wyll that ye gyve me your feyth truly  
 16 that ye shall not goo oute of wythin, wythout my leve' / 'Sire,' sayd mawgis, 'wyth a good wyll' / and thus he dyde swere this to oliver. And whan oliver had taken the othe of maugys / he made hym to  
 20 be vnarmed / and made his wounde to be wrapped / and gaaff hym a mantell vpon hym, & made hym to lie vpon a bed / Now shall we leve a lityll to speke of charlemagn, of oliver, & of mawgis / and shall shewe  
 24 of reynawd & his bredern, what thei dyde whan thoste of charlemagn was moved / and how thei wonne the egle of golde, that was of so grete value / & how reynaud said to his bredern / 'lordes, lete vs se now  
 28 for to quyte vs wel / for it were not good for vs for<sup>2</sup> to tary here ony lenger.' And thenne he made to wyth draw his folke, and made theym put to the waye / And as they wente / Rycharde sayd to Reynawd /  
 32 'Syre, we have goten a ryche proy, thanked be god / For Charlemagne sha'l be many a longe day wrothe therfore' / 'Certes,' sayd Reynawde, 'fayr broder, ye saye trouthe; & also we have slayn a grete mayne

promising at the same time to plead his cause before the Emperor.

Oliver takes him to the pavilion of Charlemagne, who is not there;

he begs Mawgis to swear that he will not escape.

Mawgis swears this willingly.

Reynawde withdraws his folk from the battle,

and goes towards Montalban with the golden eagle.

<sup>1</sup> yrouth, *orig.*      <sup>2</sup> Fol. X. viii. back.

of his folke.' 'Ha, god,' sayd thenne alarde, 'where  
is our cosin mawgys / For I see him not here.' 'Broder,'  
sayd rycharde / 'be not a ferde for mawgys / for I  
belve that he is goon to mountalban afore vs.' 'god 4  
be wyth him where soever he be,' sayd reynawde,  
'For he is ryght sage / and a noble knyght / I wolde  
not for all the golde in the worlde that my cosin  
mawgis had ony harme.' 8

¶ We shall leve a lityll to speke of Reynaude & of  
his bredern, that are bounde to mountalban, glad of  
their proy / And shal now speke of Charlemagn, that  
was soo sore wrothe, as I have sayd afore. 12

**W**han Charlemagn was from hys arneys, he felle  
in a swoune for the grete angre that he had of  
that he had be thus dystressid / And whan he was  
com agen to hymself, he sent for the duke Naymes, 16  
the bisshop Turpyn, escouff the sone of oedan, for  
Salamon of breten, Richarde of normandy, therle  
Guidellon, & for Oger the dane. and whan thei  
were all gadred togider, the kyng began to shewe to 20  
theim his complayntes in this maner, 'Lordes, I have  
kepte & mayntened you vnder my tucyon the space of  
XL<sup>1</sup> yeres <sup>2</sup>& more,<sup>2</sup> that noo man hath not wronged  
you of a peny / and ye have no neighbour that dare 24  
aske you ony thyng. Now, me semeth, by cause that I  
am now old, that I am but halfe a man, & yet not so  
gode as I wold be / and I may not be a kyng without  
you ; for whan ye faylle me, I am no kyng / ye knowe 28  
well that ye have left me for love of reinawd / wherof  
I am right sori, as <sup>3</sup>I may well / for reynawd hath  
taken me where I was habandonned of you, & he hath  
chased me out of y<sup>e</sup> felde ; certes, I am worse than 32  
madde of this that ye have forsake me for reynawde /  
And sith that it is thus wyth me / I seke not to lyve

Charlemagne  
summons his  
barons together,

and complains of  
their infidelity  
to him,  
and says they  
would rather  
have Reynawde  
for their king ;

<sup>1</sup> cinquante, F. orig. A. iii. back. <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. i.

ony lenger, nor to be kyng ony more / and now I take  
to you the crowne, to thende that ye shall gyve it vnto  
reynaude whan ye wyll, and that ye make hym kyng

he offers to resign  
his crown.

4 of Fraunce, For I wyll be no more your kyng' /

**W**han the xii peres of Fraunce & the other lordes  
herde Charlemagn speke so sorowfully, they  
were sore abasshed, that there was noo man so hardy

8 that durste saye one worde. And thone loked vpon  
the other & were ashamed. And whan the duk  
Naymes of bavyre vnderstode y<sup>e</sup> wordes of Charle-

Naymes speaks  
on behalf of the  
barons,

12 god forbede that ye shoold doo as ye say / for it were  
grete shame to vs all, & also to you. but I wote  
well that we have misprysed agenst you in that we

and justifies their  
conduct towards  
Reynawde;

16 that we have doon / was by no malice, but for good  
entencyon / For we wende to have made the peas

of the werre that hath endured so long / wherby many  
good true men are deed / but sith that we see that it

20 playseth not you to make peas wyth the foure sones of  
Aymon / take agen your crowne, & be not wroth wyth  
vs / and we shall promyse you that we all shall serve

he begs the  
Emperor to take  
back his crown,  
and vows that  
Montalban shall  
be besieged.

24 or a moneth be paste, or elles<sup>1</sup> we shall deye all / and  
fromhens forthon he *that* shall spare the sones of  
Aymon shall be slayn of vs' / Thenne sayd the kyng

Charlemagne says  
he will be their  
king no longer,

Charlemagne, 'lete all this alone; I telle you for  
28 certeyn that I shall never be your kyng / but ye yelde  
to me Reynawde or Mawgis, the cursed thief / that

and goes to his  
pavilion in great  
wrath.

hath mocked me soo oftē' / And whan Charlemagn  
had sayd this, he<sup>2</sup> entred wythin his pavylion sore an

32 angred. And thenne cam there oliver, that was sore  
abasshed of that he sawe the king make soo evyll  
chere / and after, he sayd to charlemagn, 'Syre, wherof

are ye soo sore angry' / 'by my feyth,' sayd the duke

<sup>1</sup> ellis, *orig.*      <sup>2</sup> Fol. Y. i. back.

naymes, 'he hath shamed vs ; for he hath forsaken his  
 crown & his royame.' 'Syr,' sayd thenne olyver, 'doo  
 not soo, but take agen your crowne, & be our lorde <sup>1</sup>and  
 our kyng.<sup>1</sup> And who dooth not your *commaundement*, 4  
 chastyse hym in suche a maner that men take ensample  
 therby' / 'Oliver,' sayd charlemagn, 'ye speke for  
 noughte / for I wyll not doo it / but I have reynawde  
 or mawgis dede or quycke' / 'Syre,' sayd olivere, 8  
 'pardonne vs thenne / and I shall deliver to you  
 mawgis or evyn.'  
 'Damp oliver,' sayd charlemagn / 'I am not a  
 chyld wherof men oughte to mocke wyth / For 12  
 I wote well that mawgys doubteth you of noo thyng' /  
 'Syre,' sayd olivere, 'yf ye wyll promyse me that  
 ye shall take agen your crowne, & that ye shall kepe  
 vs as ye have doon a fore tyme / I shall bryng hym 16  
 now afore you.' 'By my feyth,' sayd charlemagn,  
 'yf ye doo it, and that I maye have hym at my  
 wyll / (For I hate hym moost of all men in the world)  
 I shall doo all that ye wyll desire of me / and also 20  
 I shall gyve you londes ynough that ye shall be con-  
 tente of me. For yf mawgys were not, the four  
 sones of aymon myghte not endure agenst me / for  
 yf I had theym in pryson, and thoughe I had sworne 24  
 to kepe theym, yet shold <sup>2</sup>that theef mawgis<sup>2</sup> stele  
 theym awaye fro me.' 'Syre,' sayd oliver, 'I shall  
 brynge hym to you wythoute ony doubte.' And  
 thenne oliver went to his pavyllion, & rowlande wyth 28  
 hym / and many other knyghtes, for to see mawgys.  
 oliver sayd thenne to mawgis, 'Mawgys, ye must come  
 to charlemagn.' 'oliver,' sayd maugis / 'ye have  
 betraied me / but <sup>3</sup>I wote well that charlemagn shall 32  
 be more curteis than ye have be / for he shall doo  
 me noo harme / and lete vs goo to hym in the

Oliver goes to the  
Emperor,

and promises to  
deliver Mawgis  
into his hands.

Charlemagne  
consents to take  
back his crown if  
Mawgis is  
delivered to him.

Oliver tells  
Mawgis that he  
must come before  
the Emperor,

1-1 omitted F. orig. A. iv.      2-2 II, F. orig.  
<sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. ii.

name of god, whan ye wyll' / And thezne oliver leded and leads him to  
Charlemagne's  
pavilion.  
mawgis to charlemagn. and whan he was wythin the  
pavylion, he went streyght to the kinge, & sayd to  
4 hym / 'Sire, ye have promysed me, that yf I brought  
mawgis, *that* ye sholde take agen your crowne, And  
that ye shold kepe vs to ryght as ye have doon a fore  
tyme' / 'Certes,' sayd charlemagn, 'it is trowth /  
8 and yf ye kepe your covenaut, I shall doo that I  
have promysed you.' 'Now holde you, sir,' sayd  
oliver, 'here mawgis, that I deliver vnto you for  
to doo your playsur wyth hym, y<sup>e</sup> whyche I have  
12 take & conquered bi force of armes.' Whan the kyng  
charlemagn sawe mawgys, he was so glad that noo  
man myght be more; and after he sayd, 'by my feyth,  
now have I one parte of my desire. o, false theef  
16 mawgys, now I holde the / now shalt thou be rewarded  
of thi pride that thou haste shewed vnto me whan  
thou barest awaye myn egle of golde / and for all  
the good tornes & theeftes that thou hast doon in thy  
20 dayes! For many tymes thou haste angred me sore,  
wherof thou shalt be now payd after thy deservyng' /  
'Syr,' sayd thezne mawgis, 'ye shall doo wyth me  
what it playse you, for I am now in your handes /  
24 but I counseylle you for the best, that ye lete me goo,  
and that ye make peas wyth reynawde & wyth his  
bredern / for ye shall gete no thyng by my deth; &  
my cosins ben suche that thei shall avenge it right wel  
28 by force of armes / and yf ye doo as I saye / ye shall  
have with you the flower of knyghthode of all the  
worlde' / 'Ha, thef,' sayd Charlemain / 'how ferfull  
thou art now / Certes, this that thou sayst shall avaylle  
32 the noo thyng' / 'Syre,' sayd mawgys, 'I am noo  
theef. Now canne I not doo noo thyng, sith that  
I am in your handes / And whan ye shal have put me  
<sup>1</sup>to dethe, ye shall doo me no more no thyng, and.

The Emperor  
with great joy  
threatens Mawgis  
with severe  
penalties for his  
enmity towards  
him.

Mawgis says the  
Sons shall revenge  
his death,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. ii. back.

and that  
Charlemagne  
shall be sorry  
for the deed before  
twenty-four hours  
are past.

yet ye shall be sory for me or ever xiiii.<sup>1</sup> owres comen at an ende' / 'Ribawde,' sayd charlemagn, 'speke not soo boldly; for, and I can, thou shalt have an evyll nyghte or ever thou escape me; nor the glotons, thy 4 cosins, shall not helpe the therfro, but *that* I shall make the deye in dyspyte of all thy wytche crafte that thou canste doo.' ¶ Now we shall leve a lityll to speke of charlemagne & of mawgis, and we shall speke 8 of the good knyghte reynawde, of alarde, guycharde, and of the lityll rycharde hys brethern.

Reynawde and his  
brethren arrive at  
Montalban,  
and are gladly  
received by the  
Lady Clare.

**W**han Reynawd was departed from the oost of charlemagn, <sup>2</sup>as I sayd byfore<sup>2</sup> / he rode so 12 long that he came to mountalban, & his folke wyth hym / And whan the lady wyste that her lorde came, she came hym agenste / and said to him, 'Syre, ye be right welcom / have ye deliverde rycharde' / 'ye, 16 vereli,' sayd Reynawd, 'god gramercy.' 'and blessed be god,' sayd the lady. and thenne she wente to rycharde, & kyssed hym more than ten tymes. and there was a chere & a feest made ryght amyable / 20 And after they had made grete ioie / Reynawd began to demaunde after his cosin / and the lady answerde, 'my lord, I knowe noo tydynges of him' / and whan reynaude herde that, he was sore agast of it / and 24 tourned hymself towarde his bredern, & sayd to them, 'My bredern, I praye you thāt we maye knowe whether our cosyn mawgis is com or not / and goo seke hym in his lodges / For happli he is goon for 28 to vnarme hym selfe.' And incontynente guycharde & richarde soughte hym at his lodges, & asked for hym to two of his men, the whiche sayd that they had not seen hym sith he was gon wyth theym. 32 And whan they herde that, thei were full sory, & went agen to their broder reynawd, & tolde him how they cowde not fynde hym / Whan reynawd vnder-

Reynawde asks  
after Mawgis.

Guycharde,  
and Richard look  
for him,  
but his men say  
he has not  
returned.

<sup>1</sup> xxiii, F. orig. A. v.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.



stode *that*<sup>1</sup> they had not fonde him / he began to make  
 more sorow than yf all his bredern had be deed /  
 and thenne, who had seen the grete mone that alarde,  
 4 gycharde, & the lityll rychard made<sup>2</sup> for theyr cosin<sup>2</sup> /  
 he wold have had grete pyte for to see theym, for  
 thei pulled their heeres from theyr hedes, & scratched  
 their visages<sup>3</sup> / whan the good lady sawe the grete  
 8 sorowe that reynawd her husbond, & his bredern  
 made, she felle doon in a swoun<sup>4</sup> to thert<sup>h</sup>. I promyse  
 you he that had seen that sorow, how herde herted  
 that he were, cowde not have kepte hym fro wepyng.

The Sons sorrow  
 grievously for the  
 absence of  
 Mawgis.

12 **A**fter that reynawd had thus made grete sorow, he  
 refrayned hymself a lityll, & thenne sayd /  
 ‘ha, my cosin maugys, well ye have stolen yourself  
 from vs / and what shall we doo from hens forth,  
 16 sith that we have lost you’ / Whan they had made  
 theyr mone in this maner a long while / reinawde sayd  
 2 to his bredern &<sup>2</sup> to his folke, ‘My lordes, I praye  
 you that ye leve your sorowe, for by noo sorow the  
 20 mater canne not be remedyed / I praye you recomforte  
 yourselfe / for I wyll put me agen to the waye, for  
 to goo to the woode of y<sup>e</sup> serpent, for to speke wyth  
 the abbot of saynt Lazare, to wyte yf he can telle  
 24 vs ony tidynges; for my hert iudgeth me that a fore  
 xxiiii houres I shall knowe the certente / and fare  
 wel, my bredern, tyll I com agen.’ ‘ye speke well  
 and wysely,’ sayd alard, ‘but we shall goo wyth you  
 28 for to kepe you.’ ‘Certes,’ sayd reinawd / ‘ye shall  
 not come one fote wyth me’ / And thenne reynawd  
 went in to his chambre, and made hym to be armed,  
 & came & lighted vpon bayard his good horse /  
 32 and yssued out of mountalban / the sheelde at the  
 necke / and the spere in hande, & cam to balencon /  
 and passed over the water. and whan he was over

Reynawde begs  
 his lords to ceas  
 their sorrow,

and says he will  
 go to the Abbot  
 of St. Lazare for  
 tidings of his  
 cousin.

He mounts  
 Bayard,

and goes to the  
 river Balencon,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. iii.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> moult asprement, F. orig. A. v.      <sup>4</sup> swonn, orig.

where he finds  
two pages  
belonging to the  
Emperor's folk.

the water, he fonde two laddes, that cam to water  
theyr horses from the ooste of Charlemagne. Whan  
the <sup>1</sup>laddes sawe reynawd, that was soo grete / and  
was all a lone / they sayd to hym / 'Syre, what 4  
be you, that are a lone / ye seme to be a noble  
man?' 'Chyldren,' sayd reynawd, 'I am of rypus  
folke, that dyde scape whan the sones of aymon  
hanged hym at mountfawcon.' And thenne he sayd 8  
agen to theym / 'what dooth the valiaunt kyng  
Charlemagn / soo it is souper tyme wyth hym.'  
'syr,' sayd the laddes, 'the kyng is well mery, &  
maketh good chere; and he hath forgotten all the 12  
sorowe that he dyde make for your mayster rypus,  
For men have broughte to hym mawgys, that he  
hated soo moche' / 'Now telle me,' sayd reynawde,  
'is mawgys deed?' 'Syr,' sayd the two laddes, 'he 16  
is yet alive.' whan reynawd vnderstode that maugys  
was a live, his herte lepte all in his bely for grete  
ioye; and thezne he sayd, 'my fayr chyldreñ, blessed  
mote you be, sith that mawgys is not deed / Now 20  
I fere me not that he shall deye this daye.' All thus  
as reynawd spake this, the laddes went theyr wayes /  
and reynawd abode alone thynkyng at the ryver  
side / and whan he had thoughte ynouge, he said to 24  
hymselfe / 'fayr god, what shall I doo / I wote not  
now what shall I thynke or saye / for yf I goo  
assaylle charlemagn atte his souper, the nyghte is  
derke / and he shall wene that I have grete folke 28  
wyth me / and he shall be a ferde to lese mawgys /  
and thus he myghte kylle hym anone. but sith  
that I knowe somoche of hym, I shall tary tyll to  
morowe; and yf he bryngeth hym thenne for to be 32  
put to deth / I shall deffende hym wyth my power /  
or elles<sup>2</sup> I shall deye wyth hym' / Here leveth the  
history to speke of reynawd, that is at the ryvers side

The pages tell him  
that Mawgis is  
in the Emperor's  
hands,  
and still alive.

Reynawde  
resolves to rescue  
Mawgis on the  
morrow.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. iii. back.    <sup>2</sup> ellis, *orig.*

of balencon all alone vpon bayard / and retorneth to speke of charlemagn, kyng & emperour of fraunce.

## CHAPTER XVI.

4 ¶ How the kyng Charlemagn wold have  
doon hanged Mawgys incontynent after  
that oliver had deliverde hym to hym /  
but <sup>1</sup>thrughe the meane of the XII peres  
8 of fraunce, that at the request of mawgis  
were his surety for one nyghte oonly / he  
dyde so moche that he scaped with his  
honour, and acquytance of theym that  
12 were his suretyes. And he broughte  
wyth hym to mouztalban the crowne &  
the swerde of the [kyng] Charlemagn that  
same nyghte / and also the swerdes of all  
16 the peres of fraunce, wherof themperour  
was ryght sory ; and how the kyng charle-  
magn sente worde to reynawd that he  
sholde sende hym agen hys crowne & his  
20 swerd, and all that maugis had borne  
away wyth hym / and he shold gyve  
him trews for two yeres / to the whiche  
thyng reynawd graunted, wherof happed  
24 many grete evylles afterwarde /

**I**n this party sheweth the history, that whan charle-  
magne sawe hym seased of mawgys, he called  
rowlande, oliver, ogyer the dane, the bysshop turpyn,  
28 rycharde of normandy, guldellon of bavyere, & the  
duke naymes, and sayd to theym / ‘My lordes, I

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. iv.

Charlemagne tells his barons to prepare a gallows, in order to hang Mawgis before supper-time.

Naymes counsels Charlemagne to wait until daylight for the death of Mawgis.

Mawgis pledges his faith to the Emperor not to escape,

praye you asmoche as I canne, that ye doo make a grete galehous, for I am delibered that, afore souper, mawgis the grete theef shall be hanged by the necke<sup>1</sup> / for yf all the worlde had sworne the contrary, yet 4 shal I not kepe hym to the daye were com.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke naymes, 'sith that it playse you that mawgys shall deye, ye shall make hym deye by a nother maner of wyse, yf ye doo after me' / 'And 8 how thenne?' sayd charlemagn. 'Syre, I counseyll you that ye hange not mawgys by nyghte / for reynawde & his bredern shold mocke you / and thei shall saye that ye durste not make hym deye by daye 12 lighte for fere of theim. and therefore, sir, abyde tyll the day becom /<sup>2</sup> and thenne maye ye doo execusion vpon hym wyth worshyp.<sup>2</sup> And whan the tyme shall be com that ye wyll sende hym forth / sende many 16 folke wyth hym / that and<sup>3</sup> reynawd & his bredern com there for to 'socour hym / that they maye be take / and hanged wyth hym' / 'Naymes,' sayd the kyng / 'ye mocke wyth me / for yf this theef scape 20 me / I am defamed' / 'Syr,' sayd mawgis, 'yf ye be a ferde that I shold goo awaye / I shall gyve you surety that I shall not goo'<sup>5</sup> / 'Who is that,' sayd Charlemagne, 'that shall be thy suerty / is there 24 ony man in the worlde so hardy that dare take this?' 'Syr,' sayd mawgis / 'I shall finde ynowe, if it playse you.' 'now shall we see,' sayd Charlemagn, 'how ye shall fynde theym' / And thenne mawgis 28 loked abowte hym, and sawe the xii peres. soo called he olyver, and sayd to hym, 'Syr oliver, ye promysed me whan I yelded me to you / that ye wolde helpe me towarde charlemagne. Now I requyre you that ye 32 wyll be my surety, yf it playse you' / 'wyth a good

<sup>1</sup> et estrangie, F. orig. A. vi.

<sup>2-2</sup> pour le faire pandre, F. orig. A. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> and = if. <sup>4</sup> Fol. Y. iv. back.

sans prendre congie de vous, F. orig. A. vi. back.

- wyll,' sayd oliver, 'vpon my liff & my goodes I shall  
 be your surete' / 'and ye, syre rowlande,' sayd mawgis,  
 'shall ye not be also for god, my surety / and ye,  
 4 duke naymes; and ye, ogyer / and ye, escouf; and ye,  
 bysshop turpyn / and ye, damp̄ rycharde of nor-  
 mandye; and ye, guydellon of bavyere / I praye you  
 all that ye wyll be my surete, for the love of the good  
 8 knyght reynawd' / 'Mawgis,' sayd thenne the duke  
 naymes, 'wyll ye promyse to vs vpon your feyth that  
 ye shall not go from vs wythout our leve' / 'ye,' sayd  
 mawgis, 'vpon my feyth' / And thenne came the  
 12 duke naymes wyth the other peres of fraunce byfore  
 the kynge charlemagne, and sayd to hym, 'Syre, we  
 wyll be surete for mawgis, vpon our lives and vpon  
 our londes that we holde of you, that he shall not goo  
 16 away wythout your leve, and also of all your company /  
 & we shall deliver hym agen to you to morow in the  
 mornyng <sup>1</sup>for to doo wyth him what ye wyll.'<sup>1</sup> 'My  
 lordes,' sayd the kynge / 'sith that ye wyll be his surete /  
 20 I remyse hym in to your keypynge, by suche a condycion,  
 but<sup>2</sup> that I have hym to morowe in the mornyng <sup>3</sup>erly,  
 ye shall lese all your londes, And ye shall never maye  
 retourne in to douce Fraunce agayne' / 'Syre,' sayd  
 24 oliver, 'we graunte it as ye haue sayd' / 'Lordes,'  
 sayd the duke naymes, 'sith that this is doon / lete vs  
 goo recomforte mawgis / For he is well sory' / 'Lordes,'  
 sayd thenne mawgys to theym again, 'Sith that ye  
 28 have doon me one good torne / doo me a nother /  
 I praye you gete me some mete / for I am yll a  
 hundred.' Whan Charlemagn vnderstode mawgis  
 speke / he loked vpon hym, and sayd to hym all  
 32 lawghyng / 'And shalt thou ete?' sayd Charlemagne /  
 'ye,' sayd mawgis, 'yf I canne have ony mete.' 'Now  
 here,' sayd Charlemagne, 'what it is of this devyll

and asks the  
 twelve peers of  
 France to go  
 surety for him.

Naymes makes  
 Mawgis promise  
 not to escape  
 without their  
 leave,

and the peers all  
 swear to be surety  
 for him.

Mawgis asks for  
 food,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> but = except.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. v.

here that asketh for mete / and soo lityll a terme he  
 hathe to live. For and I were in his plighte / I sholde  
 not mowe have corage for to ete.' 'Syre,' sayd the  
 duke naymes, 'ye saye yll / For who that hath eten 4  
 well, he is better at his ease / wherof I praye you, that  
 ye lete hym have some mete.' And thenne the kyng  
 wasshed his handes for to goo to souper, and sayd,  
 'where shall mawgis be for to ete?' 'Syr,' sayd 8  
 rowlande / 'he shall be well by you.' 'Nevewe,'  
 sayd the kyng, 'ye saye right well, For here shall we  
 be sure of hym / and I had thoughte for to doo soo /  
 For I sholde not dare truste hym to be by none other 12  
 man.' And thenne the kyng was set atte the table /  
 For as longe as the souper lasted, he durste not ete nor  
 drynke / leest that Mawgys sholde werke witchcrafte  
 vpon hym / but mawgis ete ryght well, For he had a 16  
 goode appetyte to his mete / And whan oliver sawe  
 that, he beganne to lawghe, and shewed rowlande, and  
 after sayd to hym / 'Have ye seen how the kyng  
 durste not ete all this souper / for fere that mawgys 20  
 shold werke wytchecraft vpon hym' / 'Surely,' sayd  
 rowlande, 'it is true.' After souper <sup>1</sup>Charlemagn called  
 his stywarde / and sayd to hym / 'stywarde, I praye  
 you brynge me XL.<sup>2</sup> torches, and that they brenne al 24  
 the nyghte' / 'Syr,' <sup>3</sup>sayd the stywarde<sup>3</sup> / 'I shall doo  
 your commaundement.' And whan Charlemagne had  
 ordeyned this, he retorned hym towarde Rowlande /  
 and sayd to hym, ' 'Fayr nevewe, I praye you that ye 28  
 and oliver, and all the xii peres of Fraunce, that ye  
 wyll watche to nyghte wyth me for to kepe this theef  
 mawgys. and make an hundred men to be armed /  
 that shall whatche wyth vs. and make the playe at 32  
 the tables & at the chesses<sup>4</sup> / to thende that none of

and goes to supper  
 with the Emperor  
 and his barons.

The Emperor  
 fears that Mawgis  
 will work witch-  
 craft upon him;

he commands the  
 XII Peers to  
 keep watch over  
 Mawgis all night.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. v. back.      <sup>2</sup> trente, F. orig. A. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Et aussi a tous jeux a celle, F. orig. A. vii. back.

vs falle a slepe / And also make a thousande knyghtes  
to make gode wache wythoute / to the ende that  
yf mawgys sholde escape vs, they sholde take hym  
4 agayne' / And whan Charlemagne had ordeyned this /  
he set hym doun vpon his bed / and he made mawgys  
to set doun by hym / And of that other parte, Row-  
lande, Oliver, Ogyer the dane / and all the xii peres  
8 <sup>1</sup>rounde aboute the bed<sup>1</sup> / 'Syre,' sayd thenne mawgys,  
'where shall I slepe' / 'what saye ye?' sayd Charle-  
magne, 'wyll ye slepe?' 'ye, syre,' sayd mawgys,  
full fayne / 'yf it playse you to suffre me' / 'By my  
12 soule,' sayd Charlemagne, 'ye shall have evyll rest  
here, For ye shall not slepe as longe as ye be a live /  
For ye shall be hanged tomorowe atte the spryngynge  
of the daye.' 'Syre,' sayd mawgys / 'ye doo me  
16 grete wronge. Wherefore have I gyven you surete,  
but oonly that I maye have my ease for soo longe as I  
have for to live / Other suffre me to take my reste,  
and that I maye slepe / or elles<sup>2</sup> holde quyte my  
20 suretees' / 'Certes, false theef,' sayd charlemagne, 'all  
this shall not avayll the / For I wyll that thy suretes  
goo quyte / and dyscharged / But therefore ye be not  
oute of my handes' / And thenne he made to be  
24 broughte a grete payre of yrens, and fetred hym wyth  
theym, bothe hys fete togyder, And <sup>3</sup>gare the cheyn  
to be fastened harde at a pyller. and wyth all he  
gaaff hym a grete coler of yren abowte his necke /  
28 wherof the kynge kepte the key hymselfe. And  
whan mawgys was arrayed of this facyon, Charlemagne  
sayd to hym / 'By my soule, mawgis, ye shall not  
escape me now' / 'Syr,' sayd mawgys, 'ye mocke  
32 well with me. But I telle you now byfore the xii  
peres of fraunce, that I shall see mountalban or it be  
to morowe pryme.'

Mawgis enquires  
of the Emperor  
where he shall  
sleep.

Charlemagne  
fastens irons  
upon the hands  
and feet of  
Mawgis,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> ellis, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. vi.

and would have slain him,
but Roland pleads for his life.
Charlemagne says he will hang Mawgis to-morrow.
Mawgis makes a charm, and sends them all to sleep.

Whan Charlemagn vnderstode this that mawgys  
 sayd to hym / he trowed to have wexed mad  
 all quycke. Soo he stode vp & set hande to his  
 swerde, and cam to maugys all wrothe for to have 4  
 smyten of his hede. But whan rowlande sawe that, he  
 auanced hym & sayd to the kynge / 'Syr, for god,  
 mercy / for yf ye slewe hym / we ben all shamed for  
 evermore. Syre, ye ought not to take hede to that he 8  
 sayth to you / For that that he sayth / he sayth it like  
 a man *that* is in dyspeyre. And how myghte that be  
 that he sholde escape you as ye holde hym nowe?'  
 'verely, my neveve, I wote not how / but that he here 12  
 a fore tyme hath soo often mocked me / maketh me to  
 doubte of hym / but at all aventure I shall leve hym  
 in peas tyll to morowe that he shall be hanged' / 'Sir,  
 sayd Rowlande, 'ye saye well. Thenne all they that 16  
 were there beganne to playe at the tables <sup>1</sup>& atte the  
 chees,<sup>1</sup> and many other games. And whan [it] came that  
 they had played longe, they beganne all to have grete  
 luste to slepe / And whan mawgys sawe that, he made 20  
 his charme. And whan he had made it / they beganne  
 all to fall in a stronge slepe; and charlemagne hymselfe  
 slepte soo harde that he fell backwarde<sup>2</sup> vp on his bed.  
 And whan mawgys sawe that Charlemagne was soo 24  
 faste a slepe / and all the twelve peres of Fraunce,<sup>1</sup> and  
 all the company of theym<sup>1</sup> / He beganne to <sup>3</sup>make a  
 nother charme / that was of suche vertue that his  
 feters that were oñ his fete, and the coler and the cheyn 28  
 of yren, felle all to the grounde a sondre; <sup>4</sup>and thenne  
 mawgys rose vpon his fete / and sawe Charlemagn, that  
 slept so well grovelinge wyth his hede a wrye / and he  
 toke thenne a pelow, and righted vp his hede with. 32  
 And thenne he vngirded him, toke Ioyous his swerde,

1-1 omitted, F. orig.    2 bakewarde, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. vi. back.

<sup>4</sup> Et quant maugis vist ce il sault en pieds, F. orig. A. viii.



- and gyrde it abowte hym / and after he wente to Row-land / and toke from hym durandall his good swerde / and after he toke hawteclere from olivere, and cortyne  
 4 from ogyer / And after this he went to the couffres, and toke there-out <sup>1</sup>all the treysour of Charlemagne, & wente wyth all this streighte to mountalban. And whan mawgis had taken all this / he toke an erbe, and robbed  
 8 Charlemagnes noose & his lippes wyth it / and vnhosed him / and after he shoved hym wyth the fynger / and sayd to hym, 'awake, syre emperour ! I promysed you yesternyghte that I sholde not go wythoute I sholde  
 12 take leve of you / <sup>2</sup>farewell, I goo now<sup>2</sup>' / And whan he had sayd this, he wente oute of the pavylion, and set hym to the waye towarde mountalban. And whan Charlemagne vnderstode that mawgis had sayd to hym /  
 16 he rose vpon his fete soo wrothe that men cowde be no more / and called vpon his xii peres that he cowde not awake. And whan he sawe that, he bethoughte hymselfe of an herbe that he had broughte wyth hym from  
 20 beyonde the grete see / and toke it and robbed wythall the nose, the mouth, and the eyen of rowlande / and in like wyse to all thother xii peres of fraunce / and incontynente they were awaked / and rose vpon theyr  
 24 fete sore abashed / and whan they were all awaked / they beganne to loke one vpon a nother, And the firste that beganne to speke was the duke Naymes, that sayd to the kyng, 'Where is Mawgys?' 'By my soule,'  
 28 <sup>3</sup>sayd charlemagn, 'ye shall deliver hym me agen / for ye have lete hym goo wylfully / For yf ye wolde have suffred me to have hanged hym yesterdaye, I had be otherwyse ridde of him.' 'Rowlande,' sayd olivere, 'sawe ye hym  
 32 goo hens' / 'Naye, by saynt denys,' sayd rowlande. 'I saw hym well goo,' sayd Charlemagne / 'Syre,' sayd rowlande, 'ye oughte thenne to have tolde vs of it, For

He takes Charlemagne's sword, and the armour of Roland and Oliver,

then robs the Emperor of his treasures, and departs to Montalban.

Charlemagne awakes, and discovers the flight of Mawgis;

he arouses the XII Peers and Roland.

<sup>1</sup> la couronne et le tresor, F. orig. A. viii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Fol. Y. vii.

Roland discovers  
the loss of his  
sword,

he shold not have escaped soo' / And in sayenge this,  
Rowland loked at hys side, & he sawe not durandall  
his swerd / wherof he dyde caste a grete syghe. And  
thenne charlemagne sayd to hym, 'Nevewe, where is 4  
your swerde / by my hede, I knowe well that the theef  
mawgys hathe bewytched vs / For none of vs hath his  
swerde / <sup>1</sup>and / also he hath my hosin wyth hym,<sup>1</sup> now  
hath he well mocked vs / 8

and all the peers  
sorrow over the  
subtilty of  
Mawgis.

**W**han the xii peres of fraunce saw that they had  
lost all theyr good swerdes, they were ryght  
sory for it, more than ony man can saye. And after,  
rowlande sayd, 'by my feth, mawgys hath worne a grete 12  
gayne, whan he bereth awaye thus our swordes / For  
they ben more worthe than is all parys / And whan  
Charlemagne perceyved that his cofres were open, he  
wente anone and loked in, and he was sore an angred / 16  
whan he founde not his crowne, nor the best parte of  
his treysur / wherof he made grete sorowe, and after  
sayd, 'Ha, false<sup>1</sup> theef mawgis, full lityll I have gotten  
of the & of thy takynge!' And who thenne had seen 20  
the sorow that the xii peres of fraunce made, wolde  
have had noo luste to lawghe. ¶ Now shall we telle  
you a lityll of mawgys, that went as fast as ever he  
cowde towarde mountalbañ / And he came to passe 24  
over the water of Balencon, atte that place where Rey-  
nawd was full hevvy / and full of sorowe / by cause  
he knew noo certeyn tidynges of mawgis / but whan  
mawgis had passed over the water / bayard smelled 28  
hym & began <sup>2</sup>to crye, and came towarde Mawgys /  
wolde Reynawde or noo. And whan mawgys sawe  
Reynawde, he knewe hym well, & sayd to hym, lawgh-  
ynge / 'Knyght! what be ye that rydeth at this tyme 32  
of nyghte' / and Reynawd sayd to hym, 'ye know  
well that I am your cosin Reynawde, y<sup>e</sup> sone of  
aymon' / and thenne he lighted from bayarde / and

Mawgis comes  
to the river  
Balencon, and  
finds Reynawde  
there, in great  
grief for him.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. A. viii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. Y. vii. back.

cam to mawgys, & kyssed hym by grete love many  
 tymes, and thenne sayd to hym / 'Fair cosin, thanked  
 be our lorde that I see you deliverde from the handes  
 4 of Charlemagn' / 'By my feyth,' sayd mawgys, 'ye  
 forgate me well behynde.' 'Cosyn,' sayd reynawde,  
 'by my soule, I cowde not doo therto, for I have be  
 here sith yesterdaye evyn. And I promyse you that I  
 8 was delibered for to have socoured you, or elles to have  
 deyed wyth you.' 'My cosin,' sayd mawgys, 'I thanke  
 you! light vpon your horse, and lete vs goo to mount-  
 alban.' Whan reynawde was vpon his horse agen, he  
 12 sayd to mawgys, 'My cosyn, what is it that ye have  
 laden?' 'Cosyn,' sayd mawgys, 'it is the crowne of  
 Charlemagne / and his swerde Ioyous / durandall, the  
 swerde of rowlande / and the swerdes of all the xii  
 16 peres of fraunce' / 'cosyn,' sayd reynawd, 'ye have  
 wrought wel, god gramerci; but of the swerde of ogyer,  
 me dysplayseth' / 'Cosyn,' sayd mawgys, 'I have doon  
 it all wylfully, to thende *that* the kyng sholde marke  
 20 therby none evyll / and that he were not apeched of  
 treyson.' And thenne he shewed hym all the caas / and  
 the maner that Charlemagne had holde hym / 'cosyn,'  
 sayd reynawde, 'ye dyde ryght well' / And whan he  
 24 had sayd thys / they went on theyr waye towarde mount-  
 alban. And they mette in theyr waye alarde, guychard,  
 and the lityll rycharde, that came rydyng / makynge  
 grete mone for doubte of Reynawde. and whan rey-  
 28 nawd saw them com, he sayd to theim / 'Whether go  
 you, my fayr bredern' / 'sir,' said thei, 'we went  
 sekyng after you.' <sup>1</sup>'Ye have founde me,' sayd Rey-  
 nawd, 'And I have fonde our cosin mawgys' / And  
 32 whan they vnderstode this tydynges, they were ryght  
 gladde, & thanked our lorde of it. And after, Alarde  
 sayd to mawgys / 'Fayr cosin, where became ye that  
 ye cam not wyth vs agen?' 'Alarde,' sayd mawgys,

They meet  
joyfully,

and Mawgis  
shows Reynawde  
all the swords  
he has taken,  
and the crown  
of the Emperor.

They ride towards  
Montalban,  
and meet the  
three brethren  
on their way.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Y. viii.

Mawgis relates  
his adventures  
to them,

‘whan rycharde was entred wythin the pavylion of  
charlemayn, and had take the egle of golde, I taries  
wythin the pavylion for to slee charlemagne, And it  
lacked but lityll *that* I slewe hym / and whan I trowed 4  
to have comen after you, I fonde a grete rouwte of  
knyghtes that arested me / and so I defended me of all  
my power. And thenne came olivere of vyenne, that  
overthrewe me down; and I yelded me to him for his 8  
prysoner / the whiche deliverde me to Charlemagne,  
that wold have made me to be hanged shamfully, but,  
lord, I thanke you / I have doon soo moche that I am  
escaped.’ ‘Cosin,’ sayd alarde, ‘it is well happed to 12  
you’ / whan they had devysed longe ynoughe / they  
went to mountalban, where they made grete fest / whan  
they were com there, it is not to be asked yf the good  
lady clare was well glad, For incontynent she dyde to 16  
be made redy dyverse metes for the dyner. And whan  
they <sup>1</sup>had eten, they went to rest / for they were wery,  
<sup>2</sup>& speccially reynawd & mawgis wold fayne have slept /<sup>2</sup>  
And the nexte daye they wente to here theyr masse 20  
at the chyrche of mountalban / and whan the masse  
was doon / Reynawde called mawgis his cosin & his  
bredern, and sayd to theym, ‘Lordes, shewe me the  
boty that ye gate yesterdaye.’ ‘Syre,’ sayd rycharde, 24  
‘gladly, syth it playse you’ / And thenne he toke the  
egle, that was of golde massi / and of precyous stones,  
and gaaff it to Reynawd. and whan Reynawde saw that  
*that* gyfte [was] so <sup>3</sup>riche / he was glad of it / bycause 28  
of y<sup>e</sup> grete valure of it / reinawd called mawgis, & sayd  
to hym / ‘cosyn, what shall <sup>4</sup>we doo with this egle’ /  
‘My cosyn,’ sayd mawgys, ‘me semeth that ye oughte  
to put hym a bove vpon the apple of the grete towre <sup>2</sup>of 32  
this castell,<sup>2</sup> to thende that charlemagn & all his ooste  
maye see it.’ ‘By my soule,’ sayd reynawd, ‘ye saye

and how Oliver  
took him before  
Charlemagne.

The Sons, with  
Mawgis, all feast  
joyfully at  
Montalban.

Richard shows  
Reynawde and  
Mawgis the  
golden eagle  
which they  
captured from  
Charlemagne,

<sup>1</sup> hay, *orig.*      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. *orig.* B. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> rcihe, *orig.*      <sup>4</sup> Fol. Y. viii. back.

well.' And thei toke the egle, & made it to be borne vpon the high tower of montalban. And whan the sonne dyde shyne vpon this egle / it casted soo grete a  
 4 lighte that it myghte be seen v myles thens / And whan Charlemagn & his folke apperceyved it, they were ryght sory for it & an angred /

and they set it upon the high tower of the castle.

8 **W**han Charlemagn<sup>1</sup> the grete emperour<sup>1</sup> sawe that the four sones of aymon mocked hym thus / he called to him rowlade & olivere, and all the other peres of fraunce, & sayd to them, 'Lordes, it is sore mysshaped tyll vs sith we came in this londe of gas-  
 12 cogn / for I have loste my crowne, & ioyous mi<sup>2</sup> swerde, & myn egle of golde, that was of soo grete value as ye all knowe / and ye all have lost your goode swerdes, wherof we ben well shamed / and also we have ben  
 16 chased from the felde shamfully / Now have well y<sup>o</sup> four sones of aymon shamed vs all, through that false thief mawgys. wherfore, my fayr lordes, I complaine me vnto you, prayng that ye wyll helpe me to avenge  
 20 me vpon them; for they have doon you shame, as well as to me' / Thenne sayd the xii peeres / 'sire, we be redy for to doo all that ye wyll.' 'I wyll,' sayd the kyng, 'that ye ogyer / also the duke naymes, and ye  
 24 bysshop turpyn, & ye escouff, the sone of oedoñ, that are of the kindred of reynawde / that ye goo to mountalban, and soo telle to reynawde, to his bredern & mawgis, that they delyver me agen my crowne / Ioious  
 28 my swerde / and myñ egle of golde / and the swerdes of you all / And I shall gyve [t]heym trews for two yeres. And I shall doo all myn oste to retorn agen in to fraunce' / 'sir,' answerde oger, 'I shall wyth a  
 32 good wyll do<sup>3</sup> your commaundement / but I fere me of reynawd that he wyll kepe vs prisoners' / 'Ha, ogyer,' sayd Charlemagn, 'ye fere hym but lityll.' Whan the

The Emperor perceives how the Sons mock him,

and complains of their conduct to his peers, whom he calls upon to help him against them.

He sends Ogier and Naymes to Montalban, to demand from Reynawde his crown and treasure, and promises to grant him peace for two years.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> bonne espee, F. orig. B. ii.      <sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. i.

The Barons  
depart, and reach  
the gate of  
Montalban.

The porter  
announces their  
arrival to  
Reynawde,

who goes forth  
with his brethren  
to meet them.

Richard welcomes  
them with great  
honour,

barons herde the commaundement of the kyng, they made no taryeng, but lighted on horse backe and rode to mountalban. And whan they were com to the drawbrydge, the porter that kepte warde vpon the gate 4 sayd to theym / 'Lordes, what be ye?'<sup>1</sup> 'my frende,' sayd Ogyer / 'we are of the folke of Charlemagn / goo your waye to Reynawd, and telle hym that the duke naymes, the bysshop turpyn, escouffe the sone of oeden, & 8 ogyer the dane wold speke wyth hym' / 'My lordes,' sayd the porter / 'I shall goo to hym Incontynent; and thenne he went to Reynawde, & shewed hym howe foure knyghtes were at y<sup>e</sup> gate that wolde speke wyth 12 hym. 'what ben they?' sayd Reynawd. 'My lord,' sayd the porter, 'they tolde me that thone is called the duke Naymes, that other the bysshop turpyn / and a nother escouff the sone of oedon / <sup>2</sup>and the fourth<sup>2</sup> is 16 named ogyer the dane.' Whan Reynawd herde this, he stode vp, & sayd to his brethern / 'My lordes, here come four valiaunt knyghtes & wyse / I beseche you that we shewe to theym that we ben noo children for 20 to be rokked a slepe' / 'Cosin,' sayd mawgis, 'ye speke well & wysly / Me semeth<sup>3</sup> it were good that we sholde knowe wherfore they com, or they entre, to thende that we may best answere to theym.' Thenne they wente 24 to the gate / and made the brydge for to be lete down And whan it was down, Richard yssued oute first vpon the brydge / and went agenst theym, & made to theym grete honour,<sup>4</sup> & sayd to theym, 'My lordes, ye be 28 right welcom! this castell is at your commaundement / For I holde me soo sure of my brother Reynawd, that I dare offre it to you' / 'Cosyn,' sayd the messagers, 'gramercy' / And thenne Reynaud auanced himselfe, 32

<sup>1</sup> qui estes devant ce pont, F. orig. B. ii,

<sup>2-2</sup> et aultre, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> se dist regnault, F. orig. B. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> et si les salua, F. orig. B. ii. back.

and saluted theym honourable / and after toke ogyer  
 by <sup>1</sup>the hande / and he hym / and the other thre he  
 broughte to the dongeon / where they were receyved  
 4 honestly by the lady clare, the wyff of Reynawde /  
 And whan Reynawd had receyved them, he made  
 them to set vpon a benche; and thenne he sayd to  
 theym, 'Fair lordes, I praye you that ye wyll telle vs  
 8 wherfore ye be com, For ye com not wythoute a grete  
 cause' / 'Ye knowe well, syr Reynawde,' sayd ogyer,  
 'that all we that ben here have ever loved you wel /  
 And I promyse you, yf it had be at our wyll / ye sholde  
 12 have had goode peas wyth the kyng charlemagn; but  
 many tyme he hath vnbrayd vs therof<sup>2</sup> / <sup>3</sup>Ye must knowe  
 that your cosin mawgis hath shamed vs all / For we were  
 his surete to charlemagne, vpon oure ooth to deliver  
 16 hym at his wyll. And the sayd mawgis is come hither  
 wythout our leve agenst his promyse; and that worse  
 is / he hath robbed the crowne of the kynge charle-  
 magne, & his swerde / and all<sup>4</sup> the swerdes of vs all  
 20 twelve peres / Wherfore charlemagne sendeth to you  
 worde by vs that ye see here / that ye deliver hym  
 agen his crowne / the egle of golde, and all our  
 swerdes / And he shall gyve you trews for ii yeres, and  
 24 he shall doo retorne all his armee in to fraunce' / After  
 that oger had sayd this, Mawgys stode vp & spake by  
 leve of reynawd,<sup>5</sup> and said, 'Lordes, ye ben right wel-  
 com in this castell of mountalban<sup>6</sup> / And yf it playse  
 28 you, ye shall not speke noo more of this mater now,  
 and ye shall abyde this nyghte wyth vs / and to  
 morewe ye shall have an answeere of that ye have  
 sayd' / 'Reynawd,' sayed thenne ogyer, 'wyll ye kepe  
 32 that mawgys hath sayd?' 'ye, wythout fawte,' sayd

and they are well  
 received by Lady  
 Clare.

Ogier delivers  
 his message to  
 Reynawde.

Mawgis begs the  
 Barons to defer  
 the matter until  
 the morrow,  
 when they shall  
 receive an answer.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Z. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> que nous sommes tieulx *que* vous, F. orig. B. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Regnault, F. orig. <sup>4</sup> aussi, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> et de ses freres, F. orig. B. iii.

<sup>6</sup> et a tres grant joye receux, F. orig. B. iii.

Ogier consents  
to remain a night  
at the castle.

reynawd<sup>1</sup> / 'Sythe that it playseth you,<sup>2</sup> we shall abyde  
for the love of you.' And thenne mawgis went to the  
stywarde of Mountalban / and devysed hym the metes /  
wherof the <sup>3</sup>knyghtes of Charlemagne sholde be feested 4  
wythall, and tolde that they sholde be well served /  
what soever it costed. 'and see that the grete cuppe be  
borne afore the duke naymes / the whiche I dyde con-  
quere at reyns.' 'My lorde,' answerde the stywarde, 8  
'doubt not ye shall well be served at my power.' And  
thenne mawgis came agen.<sup>4</sup> And whan Reynawde sawe  
hym come, he called hym, & sayd to hym / 'my cosyn,  
I praye ye see that we be well served.' 'Syre,' sayd 12  
mawgis, 'I have purveyd for it all redy' / And [whan]  
reynawd vnderstode hym, he was glad of it / and beganne  
to devyse wyth the folke of Charlemagne right honestly  
and of many thynges. And whan he thoughte that 16  
the mete myghte be well redy, he and his bredern toke  
the four knyghtes, and brought theym to the hall to  
theyr mete. And whan they were there, Mawgis made  
theim wasshe / and thenne he toke the duke naymes 20  
and made hym sit down / and my lady clare nexte hym.  
And he made sit down the bysshop turpyn & reynawd,  
and thenne ogier & alarde / and after guycharde &  
escouf the sone of Oedon / and thenne the lityll 24  
rycharde. And whan they were all set atte the table /  
the metes of the fyrste cours were broughte to the  
borde, and thenne the other one after a nother by goode  
ordenaunce & fayr. And to seye the trouthe, they were 28  
well and honourable served,<sup>5</sup> and of many & dyverse  
servyses of royall metes<sup>5</sup> / And after that they had well  
eten atte theyr ease / the duke naymes called reynawde,  
and sayd to hym, 'Goode cosin, I pray you that ye 32  
wyll delibere your self for to gyve vs a good answer

Reynawde takes  
them into the  
hall, where they  
are entertained  
royally,

and honourably  
served.

Naymes requests  
Reynawde to give  
his answer to

<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. iii.      <sup>2</sup> se dist ogier . . . F. orig. B. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. ii.

<sup>4</sup> devers les aultres dont il estoit party, F. orig. B. iii.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. iii.



of that ye have herde of vs' / 'Lordes,' sayd reynawde, 'I shall doo it in soo moche that the kyng shall have a cause to be contente of me, For I shall doo  
 4 all that he wyll for to have peas & his love wythall / and that <sup>1</sup>for the love of the other, my lordes, that be here now.' And thenne<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>Reynawd made to brynge the swerde of Charlemagn, and the swerdes of the twelve  
 8 peres / and also the crowne & the egle of golde. And whan Ogyer sawe this, he beganne to lawghe, and sayd / 'By my soule, Reynawd, ye had here a fayre gayne yf ye had kepte it.' And whan Rychard sawe that his  
 12 brother wolde deliver the egle of golde / he began to saye / 'By saynte palle, my fayr brother, ye shall not doo soo / ye shall not delivere agayne that I have wonne well and truly by force of armes' / 'Broder  
 16 Rycharde,' sayd Reynawd / 'lete me doo, I praye you.' 'I wyll not,' sayd Rycharde, 'by my soule / for Charlemagn hymselfe smote me whyle that I was prysoner wythin his pavlyon full shamfully <sup>3</sup>wyth a staff'<sup>3</sup> /  
 20 'Lordes,' sayd the duke Naymes / 'lete this a lone, And take we that Reynawde gyveth to vs in thanke, for he hath doon ynoughe.' 'By my feyth,' sayd the bysshop turpyn, 'he dooth soo.' And thenne they toke  
 24 the crowne of Charlemagne & all theyr swerdes; And whan thei had theym / Ogyer sayd to Reynawde, 'My cosin, I counseyll you that ye come wyth vs, and alarde [and] guycharde<sup>4</sup> shall abyde here for to kepe your  
 28 castell' / 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'I feere me to sore that the kynge wolde make me to be kylled owtrageously' / 'Come on hardly,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'For we shall lede you well and surely; For syth that ye shall  
 32 be wyth vs. / ye ought not to fere noo thyng' /

Charlemagne's demand.

Reynawde consents to the conditions of Charlemagne,

and delivers up the crown and golden eagle to Ogier.

Richard is very angry with Reynawde for his concessions to the Emperour.

Ogier asks Reynawde to come with him to Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> pour lamour de vous et de tous les aultres messeigneurs qui icy sont. Et a celle heure regnault, F. orig. B. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. Z. ii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Richart et Maugis, F. orig. B. iii. back.

Reynawde con-  
sents,

'Lordes,' sayd thenne Reynawde, 'I shall doo your  
commaundemente vndre your assuryng.' 4

and they all moun-  
t their horses.

Whan Reynawde was accorded for to goo wyth  
the duke Naymes / and wyth the bysshop  
turpyn, wyth ogyer the dane, and escouff the sone of  
Oedon, they lighted all vpon their horses; and Rey-  
nawde mounted vyon bayarde & armed hym / And in

Alarde accom-  
panies them.

lyke wyse dyde Alarde / And whan the duches Clare  
sawe that Reynawde her lorde wold goo<sup>1</sup> wyth the  
folke of charlemain / she cam byfore them / and  
kneled doun byfore theym, & sayd to theym / 'My  
lordes, I thanke you moche of the favour that ye dyde  
shewe<sup>2</sup> to my broder rycharde &<sup>2</sup> to mawgys / now

The Duchess  
entreats the  
Barons to protect  
her husband.

agayne I beseche you that ye wyll have reynawde for  
recomended, my lorde & my dere husbonde, the whyche  
ye lede wyth you' / 'Madam,' sayd ogyer, 'have noo  
doubte that reynawde shall have ony harme / For

Ogier promises to  
shield Reynawde  
from all harm.

we sholde not suffre it for noo thyng, for to lese bothe  
lyff and goodes' / And thenne they put theym to the  
waye for to goo thens / and reynawd toke ten knyghtes  
wyth hym for to bere hym felishyp / Whan they  
were come to the ryver of balencon, thei soughte after  
the passage, and passed over / And whan they were  
all over, Ogyer begann to saye / 'Lordes, ye wote  
well all is of evyll courage agenste reynawde, wherfore  
I doubte me of hym that we have broughte here wyth  
vs / I counseylle that we knowe fyrste the wylle of  
Charlemagn or ever he see reynawd' / 'Ogyer,' sayd the  
duke naymes, 'ye speke well & wysly; we shall goo  
speke, ye & I, to charlemagn, and reinaude shall abyde  
here tyll we com agen.' 'Lordes,' sayd thenne rey-  
nawd, 'I shall doo that ye counseylle me / but I  
praye you holde me that ye have promysed me / that is,  
that ye shall kepe my body & my lymmes from harme.'  
'Reynawd,' sayd the duke naymes / 'We shall rather

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Z. iii.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. iv.

deye than that ye sholde have ony harme.' And thenne he and ogyer toke the waye towarde y<sup>e</sup> oost of Charlemagn / and reynawde abode<sup>1</sup> wyth the bysshop  
 4 turpyn & wyth the sone of oedon. Now herken of pynabell, a spye that longed to charlemagn / Wyte it that the sayd spye was at the ryver side of balencon wyth this felishyp / whan the wordes afore sayd were  
 8 spoken / whan the spye had wel vnderstonde all the conclucion / he stele hymself fro the company, & rode a good pas as he myght in y<sup>e</sup> world, & cam to charle-  
 2 magn, to whom he sayd in this maner / 'Syr, I brynge  
 12 you tidynges wherof ye shall be right glad' / 'my frende,' sayd charlemagn, 'thou arte welcom. I praye you telle me what tidynges ye bryng' / 'Wyte it, syre, that I have lefte Reynawd & alarde his brother at the  
 16 ryver side of balencon, wyth the bysshop turpyn & escouff the sone of oedon / and the duke naymes & ogyer are comyng towarde you for to aske leve yf thei shall bryng theym to you wyth surete' / 'Is it trouthe?'  
 20 sayd charlemagn. 'ye, wythoute fawte,' sayd pynabel. 'By my soule,' sayd the kyng, 'I shall rewarde the for it ryght well; but kepe wel that ye shewe not this to noo man vpon thy liff, for I shall put therto  
 24 a good remedy.' And thenne he beheld aboute him and saw oliver, & sayd, 'Oliver, incontynent & wyth-  
 oute ony deleye / take two hundred knyghtes well horsed & well armed / and lede theym at the ryvers  
 28 side of balencon / where ye shall fynde reynawde & alarde / and see that ye take theym & bryng theym hether. and yf ye doo this, aske of me what ye wyll / and ye shall have it.' And thenne sayd oliver, 'sire, I  
 32 shall well doo your commaundement.'<sup>3</sup> and thenne he toke with hym ii hundred knyghtes, as charlemagn had ordened hym, and toke his waye towarde the ryver

Naymes and Ogier ride towards the host of Charlemagne, while Reynawde remains with Bishop Turpin and Escouff.

A spy steals away from Ogier's company, and goes to the Emperor, whom he tells that Reynawde and Alarde are at the river Balencon.

The Emperor commands Oliver to take two hundred men, and go to Balencon, and bring Reynawde and Alarde back with him.

<sup>1</sup> tout seul, F. orig. B. iv.    <sup>2</sup> Fol. Z. iii. back.  
<sup>3</sup> comandement, orig.

of balencon / Now god thurgh his pyte save the good  
 knyghte Reynawde & alard his dere broder / For they  
 ben in grete perell of theyr lives. This hangyng, that  
 oliver was goon towarde the ryver of balencon / the 4  
 duke naymes & ogyer came to thoost / and lighted  
 afore the pavylion of the kyng, & went in / And whan  
 they sawe the kyng <sup>1</sup>they made him the reverence<sup>1</sup> / but  
<sup>2</sup>he said noo worde to theim<sup>2</sup> / whan oger <sup>3</sup>sawe the 8  
 countenance of y<sup>e</sup> kynge,<sup>3</sup> he sayd to him / 'Sir, what  
 semblaunt is this that ye shewe to vs? I merveyll me  
 gretly that ye make vs soo evyl chere, seen that we  
 com fro thens where ye have sende vs / that was, <sup>4</sup>to 12  
 mountalban / where we have spoken wyth reynawd the  
 sone of aimon, the whiche is all togyder redy for to doo  
 all that your playsur is, and so he hath deliverd vs  
 agen your crowne & all our swerdes / as for your egle, 16  
 ye shall have it whan ye wyll.' 'Oger,' sayd thenne  
 charlemagn / 'what have ye doon of reinawd / for I am  
 sure that ye have brought him with you' / 'syr,' sayd  
 oger, 'it is trouthe vereli, we have brought him wyth vs 20  
 vpon our feyth for to take suretees of you of the trews  
 that ye have graunted hym.' 'By saynt denys,' sayd  
 Charlemagn, 'I wyll not therof; for if I can have him  
 ones in my handes, all the golde in the worlde shall not 24  
 save him, but I shall make hym deye a shamfull  
 deth' / 'Sir,' sayd oger / 'what saye ye? I merveille  
 me gretly of that ye have sayd' / 'dam̄p emperour,'  
 sayd thenne the duke naymes, 'soo grete a kyng as ye 28  
 be, oughte never to have said suche wordes <sup>5</sup>as ye now  
 have vttred wyth your mouth<sup>5</sup> for the value of half  
 his royaume / ha goddis, swete syr, gyve not to yourself

Naymes and  
 Ogier come to the  
 pavilion of  
 Charlemagne,  
 but he will not  
 speak to them.

Ogier enquires  
 of him why he  
 is wrathful with  
 them.

Charlemagne asks  
 him what he has  
 done with  
 Reynawde,

and vows he will  
 have him slain.

<sup>1-1</sup> Ogier salua charlemaigne moult honorablement, F. orig. B. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> le roy charlemaigne, ne luy rendit point son salut et ne luy repondit ung seul mot, F. orig. B. iv. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> vit ce, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. Z. iv.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. v.

soo grete a blame / and yf ye doo this that ye saye /  
 I promyse you that I, ogyer, the bysshop turpyn, &  
<sup>1</sup>the sone of oedon, we shall yelde you evyll for evill,  
 4 and yet we shall save reynawd at our power, soo that  
 ye shall not doo him harme / sith that we have  
 brought hym vpon our feyth' / 'Now shall we see,'  
 sayd charlemagn, 'how ye shall conne helpe hym' /  
 8 'Syr,' sayd oger, 'yf ye do. to vs ony owtrage or  
 dishonour, I promyse you we shall forsake the homage  
 & the feyth that we owe to you / and we shall doo the  
 worste that we can agenst you & agenste your royame' /  
 12 We shall now presently speke a lityll of oliver, that  
 was goon to balencon for to take reynawd & his  
 broder / Wyte it that whan Oliver<sup>2</sup> was com atte the  
 ryver side of balencon, It happed as by fortune that  
 16 the sayd Oliver overtoke reynawde soo nyghe, the  
 whiche was on fote, that he cowde not have leyser  
<sup>3</sup>for to mount vpon bayarde / and whan reynawde saw  
 that he myght not lighte vpon his horse by cause  
 20 that oliver had overtaken him soo sore, he was sore an  
 angred of it, that almoste he wexed mad all quycke /  
 And thenne he torned him towarde the bysshop turpyn  
 & towarde escouf, & sayd to them, 'Vasaylles, ye  
 24 have betrayed me falsly, & I wolde never have beleved  
 it / wherin ye have doon grete synne & grete evyl.'  
 'Syre,' sayd the bysshop turpyn, 'I swere to you  
 vpon my feythe *that* herof we never knewe noo thyng,  
 28 <sup>4</sup>nor never thoughte it,<sup>4</sup> & I promyse you *that* we shall  
 live & deye wyth you' / and wyth this reynawde  
 torned towarde oliver, & sayd to hym, 'Oliver, maye  
 ye yelde me agen the goodnes that I shewed to you<sup>5</sup> in  
 32 the playne of valcolours / I knowe that one curtesie  
 requyreth a nother; For whan ye were to the grounde

Naymes says  
 they will defend  
 Reynawde with  
 all their power.

Oliver finds  
 Reynawde at the  
 river-side of  
 Balencon.

Reynawde accuses  
 the Barons of  
 treachery.

<sup>1</sup> escouf, F. orig. B. v.      <sup>2</sup> de vienne, F. orig. B. v.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. iv. back.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. v.

<sup>5</sup> quant mon cousin maugis vous abactit es plains de vaulx  
 de colleurs, F. orig. B. v.

caste, I deliverde you your horse agen, and holpe you  
 to lighte vpon hym agen.' 'Syr,' sayd oliver, 'it  
 is trouthe that ye saye / and I promise you that I  
 am right sory that I have founde you now here, For I 4  
 knowe noo man in the worlde that wolde doo to you  
 ony harme / but I wold be wroth wyth hym.' This  
 hangynge, that reynawd & oliver spake togyder / there  
 cam rowland, that was departed from the ooste after 8  
 oliver, for to helpe him to take reynawd / And whan  
 he was nygh, he began to crie, 'Ha, ha / Reynawde,  
 by my soule ye be now taken & betrapped!' And  
 whan he had sayd this, there was ogyer behynde hym, 12  
 that had followed hym wyth the poynte of the spere /  
 the whyche sayd to hym, 'By my hede, syre Row-  
 lande, ye shall doo noo harme to Reynawde / For  
 the duke naymes and I have broughte hym hether 16  
 vpon our feyth for to take the suretees of the trews  
 that we have gyven to hym in the kynges behalve,  
 as ye knowe he had charged vs to doo. And I  
 telle you, syre Rowland, yf ye doo to hym ony harme, 20  
 ye shall doo it to <sup>1</sup>vs.' 'Ogyer,' sayd Rowlande / 'ye  
 shall now be an evyll suretee for hym.' 'Rowlande,'  
 sayd Ogyer, 'I make myn avow to you, that yf ye  
 sawte Reynawde, we four<sup>2</sup> that ben here shall helpe 24  
 hym agaynste you' / 'Rowland,' sayd thenne Olyvere,  
 'I praye you that ye lete Reinawde in peas / For  
 I promyse you he dyde ones to me a curteyus torne,  
 and a grete playsure / And now I wyll rewarde hym 28  
 for it, yf it playse you / and I shall telle you what  
 we shall doo. We shall lede Reynaude byfore Charle-  
 magne, And we shall praye hym that he treateth hym  
 courtesly, And we shall parforce ourselfe to make hys 32  
 appoyntemente. 'Lordes,' sayd the duke Naymes,  
 'Olyver hath spoken honestly. I counseylle that we  
 lede reynawd to fore Charlemagne, for to see what he

Roland ap-  
 proaches, and  
 tells Reynawde  
 that he is  
 betrayed.

Ogier follows  
 Roland, and  
 swears that no  
 harm shall befall  
 Reynawde.

Oliver advises  
 that they should  
 take Reynawde  
 before Charle-  
 magne, and beg  
 him to make  
 peace with the  
 Sons.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Z. v.

<sup>2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

wyll doo of hym / And I swere god, yf he wyll doo  
 ony owtrage to Reynawde, we shall not suffre it, for  
 to deye for it / and we shall helpe hym to save hym-  
 4 selfe, to our power' / ¶ After all thyse wordes, they  
 toke theym selfe on their waye / for to lede Reynawde  
 to Charlemagne.

8 **W**han Rowlande and olyver had broughte Rey-  
 nawd in to the pavylion of the kynge Charle-  
 magne, Wyte it that the duke Naymes, the bysshop  
 Turpyn, Ogyer the dane / also Escouff the sone of  
 Oedon, wente never one fote from Reynawde / But  
 12 whan Olivere wolde have presented Reynawde to  
 Charlemagne / Ogyer avaunced hymselfe / and sayd  
 to the kynge in this maner / 'Syre, ye knowe how ye  
 dyde sende vs four that ben here a fore you, in  
 16 your message to Mountalban, for to telle vnto Reynawd  
 as ye had charged vs / To whome we dyde shew in  
 your behalve, that yf he wolde deliver to you agayne  
 your crowne, <sup>1</sup>and the swerdes that Mawgys had borne  
 20 wyth hym, and the egle of golde, ye sholde gyve hym  
 trews for two yeres, and that ye shold doo tourne  
 your ooste in to Fraunce agayne. Wyte that Rey-  
 nawde hath doon all that we have requyred hym of in  
 24 your behalve / And we have broughte hym wyth  
 vs vndre your sauff conduytte / and soo we take hym  
 vndre our charge that he sholde have noo more harme  
 than we sholde. Notwythstandynge, ye have made  
 28 hym to be taken / the whyche thyng we wolde  
 never have thoughte that ye wolde have doon it /  
 Seen that here ben your crowne and your swerdes /  
 and the egle of golde ys at your playsure whan ye  
 32 wyll have it. And, moreover, we promysed hym that  
 yf ye dyde to hym ony harme / that ye sholde do  
 it to vs as well as to hym. And I promyse you, yf  
 ye doo to hym ony harme / ye shall be gretely blamed

The Barons with  
 Reynawde enter  
 the presence of  
 the Emperor.

Oliver speaks to  
 Charlemagne on  
 behalf of  
 Reynawde.

and tells him, that  
 he will regret any  
 evil done to him.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. Z. v. back.

for it of all the worlde / But and yf ye wyll werke  
honestly here in, and like a true emperour <sup>1</sup>and a  
kyng,<sup>1</sup> for to kepe that nether ye nor we be not  
blamed for it, sende Reynawde agayne to mountalban <sup>4</sup>  
wyth this that he hath taken to vs / And whan he  
shall be therin agayne / doo to hym the worste that  
ye canne' /

Charlemagne  
refuses to listen  
to Oliver,

'Ogyer,' sayd Charlemagne, 'ye speke for noughte, <sup>8</sup>  
**O** and all your felawes also / For I shall not doo  
soo; but I shall doo after my owne wyll, thoughe  
ye all had sworne the contrari. And soo shall I  
not do of Reynawde as I dyd of the false theef <sup>12</sup>  
Mawgys' / And whan Charlemagne had sayd thus, he  
toured hym towarde Reynawde, and sayd to hym,  
'Reynawde, Reynawde, I holde you now / Certes  
I shal soo kepe you that ye shall not deceyve me,<sup>2</sup> <sup>16</sup>  
as dyd mawgis / <sup>3</sup>For I shall make you anone to  
be smytten / and cutte in smalle peces, <sup>4</sup>and thenne  
brente all to powder.'<sup>4</sup> 'Syre,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye  
shall not doo soo / and god wyll' / 'Ogyer,' sayd <sup>20</sup>  
Charlemagne / 'wyll ye deffende agenste me my  
mortall enmye' / 'Syr,' sayd ogyer, 'I wyll not  
deffende your enmyes agenste you / but I promyse you  
that I shall deffende my trouthe agaynste all men.'<sup>24</sup>  
'Syr,' sayd thenne Reynawd, 'what is your playsur  
that I doo / ye have called me traytour / wyte it that  
I was never suche / nor noo man of my linage /  
nor I know not in the worlde that sayth that I have <sup>28</sup>  
be a traytour / or *that* I have doon ony treyson  
agaynste you / but that I shold fyghte in the qu[a]rell  
agenste hym, body to body.' 'By my feyth,' said  
Charlemagne / 'I shall make it to be proved vpon you <sup>32</sup>  
bi force of armes' / 'Syre,' sayd reynawde, 'ye speke  
now as a kyng, and here is my gage that I gyve,

and vows that  
Reynawde shall  
be slain without  
mercy.

Reynawde pro-  
tests his inno-  
cence of all  
treason towards  
the Emperor,

and says he will  
fight any man to  
prove the truth of  
this,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> ne enchanter, F. orig. B. vi.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. vi.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. vi.



sayeng that I am as true a man as ony that is in  
 all the world / and in like wyse all thei of my  
 linage' / Thenne Charlemagn sayd to hym / 'Yf ye  
 4 gyve me seurtes / wite that I shall take vp your gage,  
 and not elles'<sup>1</sup> / 'Syre,' sayd reynawde, 'I shall fynde  
 surete ynoughe.' Thenne he tourned hym & sawe  
 ogyer / and sayd to hym / 'sire ogyer, come forthe,  
 8 and ye duke naymes, and also the bysshop turpyn,  
 and ye escouff the sone of Oedon / be my suretees, I  
 praye you / for ye oughte to be soo / Ye knowe that  
 I dyde never vntrewth' / 'Reynawd,' sayd the duke  
 12 naymes, 'we shall be suerte for you wyth a good  
 wyll' /

finding surety in  
 the four Barons.

**T**henne sayd Reynawde, 'syre, here ben my suretees  
 that I take you / are ye contente of theym' /  
 16 'Ye,' sayd charlemagn / 'I aske no more' / 'Syr,'  
 sayd thenne Reynawde, 'who is that shall make the  
 bataylle' / 'by my feyth,' sayd Charlemagn, 'myself  
 shall it be' / 'Syre,' sayd rowlande / 'ye shall not doo  
 20 so, & <sup>2</sup>playse you / For I shall fyghte for you my  
 selfe.' 'Syre,' sayd reynawd, 'ordeyn in your place  
 suche as it shall playse you.' and whan he had sayd  
 this worde / bayarde was taken agen to reynawd,  
 24 the whiche lighted vpon & went towarde mountalban.  
 and wyth him went oger the dane, the duke naymes,  
 & escouff the sone of oedon, and togider alarde, that  
 had be taken as reynawde. And whan thei were  
 28 com nygh mountalban / guychard, rycharde, & mawgis  
 sawe theim com, & came theim agenste / and whan  
 rycharde sawe reynawde / he asked of him how he had  
 doon / 'by my feyth,' sayd reynawde, 'we were not  
 32 welcom / For the kyng knewe that we were at  
 balencon, where oger had left vs, and he sent anone  
 oliver & rowlande for to take vs and were overtaken  
 so sodenly that we cowde not lighte vpon our horses ;

Charlemagne  
 accepts these  
 terms.

Reynawde with  
 the Barons return  
 to Montalban,

and recount all  
 their tidings to  
 the brethren.

<sup>1</sup> ellis, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. Z. vi. back.

and we were broughte to charlemagn / and I promyse  
 you he is a cruell man, fulfilled wyth all cursednes' /  
 And thus recounted reynawde to his brethern all that  
 ye have now herde a fore / 4

The Sons all feast  
 merrily at Mount-  
 alban,

**T**hat nyght reynawd & his company made good chere  
 at mountalban, & made the folke of charlemagn to  
 be wel feested by the lady clare, his wyff, right honour-  
 able / and after thei had souped wel, they went to bed 8  
 for that nyght; and whan the mornynge was com, that  
 everi man was vp / reynawde & his felishyp went to  
 here masse in the chapell of saynt nycolas, and reynawd  
 offred iiii marke of golde / And whan the masse was 12  
 doon, Reynawde and all his barons asked after theyr  
 armes for to arme them. Whan thei were well armed,  
 reynawde toke leve of his wyff afore all the company ;  
 and thenne he called to hym his bredern & mawgis / 16  
 and sayd to theim, 'My lordes, I leve this castel in  
 your proteccyon & sauff garde / and I recomende you  
 my wyff & my chylde / for now I goo fight wyth the  
 best knyght of y<sup>e</sup> worlde, <sup>1</sup>now I knowe not what shall 20  
 betyde of me; wherfore I prai you that ye wyll kepe  
 well this castell / for I promyse you, yf I deye, ye shall  
 have nede of it. here is oger that shall com wyth me,  
 & the duke naymes also / for thei ben my suretees to 24  
 the kyng charlemagne.' 'By my soule,' sayd alarde,  
 'ye speke for nought / for we shall goo wyth you, &  
 we shall bere you company where somever ye goo, and  
 soo shall we see the batayll / and how ye shall be mayn- 28  
 tened in your right / and yf ye have nede of helpe, ye  
 shall fynde vs redy to your socours.' 'By saynt paul,'  
 said oger the dane, 'alarde hath spoken wysely' / and  
 whan reynawd sawe this, he called mawgys, and sayd 32  
 to him / 'My fayr cosin, I praye you that ye wyll  
 abyde here, and that ye will kepe all well, sith that my  
 bredern wyll com wyth me.' 'Reynawde,' sayd mawgys,

and in the morn-  
 ing Reynawde  
 arms himself for  
 his approaching  
 battle with  
 Poland.

The brethren vow  
 to accompany  
 Reynawde,

and Mawgis is  
 left to protect the  
 Castle.

'I shall doo as it playseth you / and I promyse you that  
 mountalban shall have noo harme thrughe my de-  
 fawte' / Whan regnawd had ordened all well / he toke  
 4 on incontynent his waye in the feliship of his bredern,  
 & of the barons afore sayd. And whan they came  
 there,<sup>1</sup> as the bataylle shold be doon, Reynaude lighted  
 a fote, & taryed after rowland. ¶ Here leveth the  
 8 history to speke of reynawd, of his brethern, & of  
 thother barons that were in the company of the sayd  
 reynawd, And retorneth to speke of rowland, how he  
 & reynawde made their bataylle<sup>2</sup> thone agenst thother /

## CHAPTER XVII.

12 ¶ Here sheweth how reynawde faught agenst  
 rowland, the whiche he conquered by the  
 wyll of god, & broughte hym to mountal-  
 ban, wherof charlemagn was full hevvy &  
 16 wroth / and also how mawgys bare the  
 empereur Charlemagne to mountalban vpon  
 bayard all a slepe, and delivered hym to  
 reynawd in a bed / <sup>3</sup>where reynawd laye<sup>3</sup> /  
 20 and how mawgis after this went away, &  
 toke thabyte of a heremite, & left his kins-  
 men, & lived pouerli, for he wold not let y<sup>e</sup>  
 peas of reynaud to <sup>4</sup>Charlemagn / For the  
 24 werre hath lasted long ynoughe.

**N**ow sheweth the tale, that whan rowland saw the  
 day, he rose fro his bed, & wente, after he was

<sup>1</sup> au pin de montfaucon, F. orig. B. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> et comment leurs armes furent faictes et comment le chāp  
 fust devise ne a quil demoura a la fin des armes, F. orig. B. vii.  
 back. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. <sup>4</sup> Fol. Z. vii. back.

Roland prepares  
for his fight with  
Reynawde.

redy, to here masse / and offred a riche yefte vpon the  
awter / and whan y<sup>e</sup> mas was doon, rowland asked after  
his harneis for to arme him; and whan he was wel  
armed, he lighted a horsbacke quickely, and the<sup>ne</sup> 4  
charlemagn sayd to him / 'Fair nevewe, I commende  
you to god, that he lede you to a good waie, & kepe you  
fro deth & fro prison / for ye know that reynawd hath  
right vpon us / and we doo to hym wronge / wherfore I 8  
wold not for the halfe of my royame that ony harme  
cam to you for it' / 'syre,' sayd rowland, 'it is to late  
for you to repent now, for sith that ye knowe ye were  
in the wronge / ye sholde not have accepted the bataylle 12  
that ye have enterprysed; but sith it is so that the thing  
is com so ferre forthe, I can not leve it / but if it were  
to me grete shame; now helpe me god if it playse hym  
thrughe his merci' / Whan rowland had sayd thise 16  
wordes, he toke on his waye for to goo to the pintre of  
moumtalban, <sup>1</sup>where as the bataille of reynawd & of hym  
sholde be made<sup>1</sup> / And whan he was nygh mountfawcon /  
he saw reynawd, that awated after him <sup>1</sup>at the sayd 20  
tree<sup>1</sup> / And incontynente he began to crie vpon him, 'by  
god, reynawd, this day shall ye have ado wyth me; & I  
promyse you, that whan ye shall goo fro the felde, ye shal  
never doo faites of armes agenst me, nor agenst no other.' 24  
whan reynawd herde rowlond crie so / he cam agenst  
hym, & sayd to hym / 'sir rowlond, it becometh not to  
suche a knyghte as ye be, for to threte me thus; & I tell  
you that I am here redy;<sup>2</sup> and yf ye wyll batayll, ye 28  
shall have it incontynent' / 'reynawd,' sayd rowland, 'I  
am not com here for peas / but kepe you fro me, & ye  
shall doo as a wyse man' / 'Rowlande,' sayd reynawde,  
'beware of me, for I am sure *that* I shall bryng doun 32  
the <sup>3</sup>pride of you, that is soo grete.'

He approaches  
Monfaucon,  
where he finds  
Reynawde await-  
ing him.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Si vous voles paix vous laures a moy . . . F. orig. B. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. viii.

**W**han reynawde had sayd that worde, he spored  
 bayarde wyth the spores, and cam agenste  
 rowlande, and rowlande agenst reynawd / and they  
 4 gaaff to eche other soo grete strokes at theyr brestes  
 that they brake bothe their speres all to peces; and  
 wyth the rennyng that they made agenste eche other,  
 they recounted the one the other so harde wyth theyr  
 8 sheeldes that reynawde muste nedes falle doun to the  
 erthe / wyth his saddle bytwene his thyes / <sup>1</sup>by cause of  
 the gyrtes that brake a sondre<sup>1</sup> / and rowlande lost hys  
 styropes wythall. And whan reynawde sawe hymselfe  
 12 a grounde / he rose vp ryght quyckly, and lighted agen  
 vpon bayard with oute saddle / and cam vpon rowland  
 wyth his swerde in his hande, and gaaff him so grete a  
 stroke that rowland felt hym selfe sore greved wythall /  
 16 and whan he sawe that reynawd had stonyed hym so  
 sore / he set hande to durandall his good swerde / and  
 ranne aspreli vpon reynawd / And whan reynaude sawe  
 hym come / he went right fiersly vpon rowland / and  
 20 thenne beganne the bataylle to be harde / and sore  
 cruell bytwene theym two / And I promyse you they  
 lefte not one pece of theyr harneys hole / nether vpon  
 thone nor vpon the other / <sup>1</sup>but it were all to brosten &  
 24 beten a sondre<sup>1</sup> / in somoche *that* the barons that loked  
 vpon them<sup>2</sup> had grete pyte of thone & of thother. whan  
 the duke naymes had beholde a longe while of this  
 wonderfull batayll, he began to crie as lowde as he  
 28 coude, sayeng in this manner / ‘Ha, kyng charlemagn,  
 ye are over cruel / for thrughe your cruel malice ye put  
 to deth II. of the best knyghtes of the world / wherfor,  
 ye shall ones abie or longe.’ Whan reynawde saw that  
 32 neyther of them two cowde not overcom the other, he  
 sayd to Rowland, ‘Yf ye byleve me, we shall lighte doun  
 a fote bothe, to thende that we kyll <sup>3</sup>not our horses /

The battle begins between the two knights.

Reynawde is unhorsed,

but quickly remounts, and smites Roland severely.

The fight continues with great fierceness.

Naymes calls on the Emperor to part them.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> thein, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. Z. viii. back.

The knights  
determine to fight  
on foot, for fear  
their horses  
should be killed;

the combat is  
then renewed,

tut neither knight  
can overcome the  
other,

and they both  
fall down from  
weariness.

The Emperor  
prays God to  
deliver Roland  
from this mortal  
combat

For yf we slee theym, we shall never recover none  
suche nor soo good.' 'Ye saye well,' sayd rowlande /  
'and I am soo contente' / And thenne they descended  
a fote vpon the medowe. 'Rowlande,' sayd reynawd, 4  
'now are we per to per / Now it shall be seen whiche of  
vs two shall be mayster of the place' / And wyth this  
they ranne the one vpon thother as proudly as it had 8  
ben two lions. who that had seen thenne the grete  
strokes and the dangerous that they gave to eche other /  
he sholde have sayd that there had be never suche two  
knyghtes in all the remenaunt of the worlde. whan  
rowlonde sawe that he cowde not wynne reynawd, he 12  
came to hym, and toke hym wyth a full arme / and so  
dyde reynawde hym, in lyke wyse in maner of wraste-  
lynge togyder a grete whyle / wythout that the one cowde  
cast down the other by noo waye / And I promyse you 16  
that a man sholde wel have goon a myle or ever they  
leste eche other goo, whan they were cowpled ones  
togyder / And at the laste, whan they sawe that the  
one cowde not caste down the other / they lete eche 20  
other goo, the one here, and the other there, for to take  
theyr brethe / For they were right very, and sore  
traveylled so moche that almoste they / myghte not  
stonde no lenger / and theyr helmes, sheeldes / and 24  
theyr armes were all to-cut & broken, and the grounde  
where they foughte thus was all to stamped <sup>1</sup>and beten  
wyth theyr fete<sup>1</sup> / as men had beten corne there vpon.<sup>2</sup>  
**W**han Charlemagn sawe that the one cowde not 28  
overmayster the other, and how they were  
bothe evyll arayed / he was sore a ferde for his newew  
rowlande / And thenne he kneled down vpon his knees,  
& heved his handes togyder towarde hevyn, & began 32  
to saye<sup>3</sup> / 'Good lord, glorious, *that* made worlde, see,  
hevyns, and therth / and deliverde the holy vrygyn

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. B. viii. back.    <sup>2</sup> vopn, orig.

<sup>3</sup> en plorant, F. orig.

<sup>1</sup>margarete from the bely of the horryble dragon / and  
 Ionas from the bely of the fysshe / I beseche you also  
 that ye wyll deliver my newewe rowlonde from this  
 4 bataylle mortall, and sende me suche a token wherbi I  
 mai departe thise two knightes from eche other, to the  
 honour of the one and of the other.' Whan alarde,  
 guycharde & rychard sawe their broder so wery, they  
 8 were a ferde of his persone. And thenne they began also  
 to praye god that he wolde kepe theyr brother Rey-  
 nawd fro deth & from pryson / And whan they had made  
 theyr praiers / our lorde, for the prayer of Charlemagne,  
 12 shewed a fayr myracle / for he made ryse soo grete a  
 clowde, & so thyeke, that they myghte not see eche  
 other / Thenne rowlande sayd to reinawd / 'where are  
 ye goon, reynawd / other it is nyghte, or elles I can not  
 16 see never a whit' / 'Noo more do I,' sayd reynaude,  
 'verely' / 'Reynawde,' sayd rowlande / 'I praye you doo  
 to me a curteys torne, and a nother tyme / I shall doo  
 to you asmoche for you, yf ye requyre me therof.'  
 20 'Syre rowlande,' sayd reinawde, 'I am redy for to doo  
 all that ye wyll requyre me of, soo that my honour be  
 saved' / 'Gramerci, reynawde, of that ye haue graunted  
 me / Wyte that the thyng that I wyll desire of you is  
 24 this, that ye brynge me wyth you to mountalban.'  
 'Syr rowlonde,' sayd reynawde, 'yf ye wyll doo this /  
 I shall be right glad therof / By my feyth<sup>2</sup> I shal goo  
 there wyth you wythoute ony fawte, yf it playse  
 28 you' / 'Syr,' sayd reynawde, 'god of his goodnes yelde  
 you the worship *that* ye wyll now doo to me / for I  
 have not deserved it unto you.' 'Syr reynawde,'  
 sayd rowlande / 'Wyte that I do this bycause that I  
 32 knowe well that ye be in the right, <sup>3</sup>and that ye  
 fyghte in a goode quarell<sup>3</sup> / and I am in the wronge' /  
 And whan rowlande had sayd this, he receyved his

Alarde and Guy-  
charde also pray  
for their brother's  
safety.

A miracle is  
manifested for the  
prayer of the  
Emperor,  
and a cloud hides  
the combatants  
from each other.

Roland begs Rey-  
nawde to take him  
to Montalban,

because he has  
done wrong to  
fight with him.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. i.      <sup>2</sup> se dist rolant, F. orig. C. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. i.

The cloud then disappears, and the two knights mount their horses.

sighte, and sawe as he dyde <sup>1</sup>a fore, and thenne he sawe vylaunche his good horse, and he lighted upon hym / and in like wyse reynawde vpon bayarde / And whan charlemagne sawe this, he was sore abasshed, 4 and began to calle & crye, 'Lordes, lordes, now see! I wote not what I sholde saye / for reynawd ledeth rowland with hym. Now shall I see yf ye shall lete hym goo.' whan charlemagne had spoken thus / he 8 cam to his horse, and lighted vpon him / and he began to crie / 'Now shall I knowe who ben my frendes.' whan the barons of fraunce herde charlemagn speke thus, they spored theyr horses, & ranne after reynawd / 12

Charlemagne calls on his folk to pursue the two knights.

**W**han ogyer saw Reynawde come wyth rowland that he broughte wyth hym, he was right glad, and he came agenst reynawde, and sayd to hym / 'Syre, ye have well wroughte this day that ye have taken 16 suche a proye' / 'Ogyer,' sayd reynawde / 'I promyse you rowlande hath lete hymselfe to be taken wyth his good wyll.' 'Thanked be god of it,' sayd the duke naynes. 'Reynawd,' sayd oger, 'goo your waye to 20 mountalban; and the bysshop turpyn, the sone of oedon, & I shall retorne agen / and we shall tary charlemagne that foloweth after you, and we shall doo so moche that ye shall be well at mountalban or they 24 overtake you' / 'Ogyer,' sayd rowlande, 'ye saye well / and I thanke you of your curtesie' / Whan they had thus shortly spoken togyder / reynawde & rowlande rode soo faste that they came to mountalban / It is not 28 to be asked yf rowlande was well feested at mountalban; I promise you it is not possyble to feste a prynce better nor more honourable than he was at mountalban / This hangyng, ogyer was come agenste 32 kyng Charlemagne / and he dyde so moche by his fayr langage, that he helde the kyng / tyll that he thoughte that reynawd & rowlande myghte be well at moun-

Ogyer promises to delay the Emperor while Reynawde and Roland ride towards Montalban.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. i. back.



talban by that tyme / And whan he had doon soo, he  
 spored <sup>1</sup>his horse, and wente to mountalban after the  
 other / Where as he myghte well goo wythoute to be  
 4 vnbrayed for it / for he was one of y<sup>e</sup> suretes of  
 reynawde, as ye have herde / and whan charlemagn  
 sawe this, he folowed hym vnto the gates / And whan  
 he was come to the gate of mountalban / he began to  
 8 crye wyth a hie voys, ‘Bi god, reynawd, this that ye  
 have doon shall awaylle you lityll, for ye shall never  
 have peas wyth me as longe as I am man a live.’ And  
 whan he had sayd this, he retorned him fro the gate /  
 12 and said to oliver that was there wyth hym / ‘Oliver,  
 goo lightly to mountbendell, and bring here all my  
 oste / for I will besege all this castell.’ Therne sayd  
 oliver, ‘I shall goo there wyth a good wil, but, & playse  
 16 you, ye shall com wyth me, for I promyse you, if ye  
 come not there yourself, they shall not come hether for  
 me.’ ‘Therne shall I goo there myselve.’ and thus toke  
 charlemain his waye towarde mountbendell, where his  
 20 ooste leye. Whan his folke sawe him come, they went  
 agenst hym, & began to saye to hym, ‘Sir, what have  
 ye doon wyth rowlande?’ ‘lordes,’ sayd charlemagn,  
 ‘rowland is goon to mountalban / but I commaunde  
 24 you all, that incontynent, wythout delay that my sege  
 be transported all rounde abowte mountalban / and ye  
 damp̄ oliver, shall bere the oriflam / and damp̄ rycharde  
 of normandy shall lede our oost.’ Whan charlemagn  
 28 had commaunded all this, there was none that sayd  
 agenst it / but set theymselfe to bringe doun the tentes  
 & pavyllions /<sup>2</sup>and to trusse & lede their bagages<sup>2</sup> / and  
 caryed all to mountalban /  
 32 <sup>3</sup>R ycharde of normandy went wyth twelve<sup>4</sup> thousande  
 men to balencon, to kepe the passage of the ryver

Charlemagne follows the knights to Montalban,

and vows he will never make peace with the Sons again;

he commaunds all his men to lay siege to the Castle.

Richard of Normandy keeps the passage of the

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. ii.                   <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Quant tout lost fut trouffe . . . F. orig. C. ii.

<sup>4</sup> dix, F. orig. C. ii.

river, while all the host of Charlemagne assemble before Mountalban.

tyll al the ooste were over the ryver. This hangynge, charlemagn had putte hymselfe a fore, for to see where he myghte best pitche his tentes and his pavyllions / for to kepe sege royall <sup>1</sup>afore the castell of Mountalban. 4  
 And whan all the ooste was come afore mountalban, the kynge made Incontynent his pavyllion to be set vp byfore the grete gate / And whan all the ooste was sette / the nyghte watche of the grete towre came to mawgys / 8  
 and sayd to hym / 'Syr, wyte that charlemagne is come wyth his oost / and he hath put his pavyllion byfore the mayster gate' / 'Is it true?' said mawgis. 'ye, withoute fawte,' sayd the watche / 'Now care not for it,' <sup>12</sup> sayd mawgis / 'for charlemagn seketh his dommage; and he shall have it soner than he weneth' / Thenne went mawgys to reynawde / And shewed hym how charlemagne was come wyth all his oost.<sup>2</sup> And whan <sup>16</sup> reynawd herde this, he wente to rowlande, and sayd to hym / 'Syre, ye muste wyte that charlemagne your vncler hath leyde sege afore vs / but I promyse you that yf it were not for the love of you / I sholde shewe <sup>20</sup> hym *that* that he hath not doon well.' 'Reynawde,' sayd rowlande / 'I thanke you moche; but one thyng I wyll telle you / save your correctyon. Me semeth that I oughte to sende to myn vncler, the duke Naymes, <sup>24</sup> Ogyer the dane / and also the bysshop Turpyn, that shall shewe to hym in this maner / Syre emperour, wyte that Reynawd, for the love of you, <sup>3</sup>wyll not gyve noo yrens to your nevewe, nor he <sup>3</sup>wyll not put hym in <sup>28</sup> pryson, but he maketh hym as goode chere as he dooth to hys owne selfe / And that more is, Reynawde, his bredern / and mawgys doo presente theymselve <sup>4</sup>for to gyve theym and theyr castell vnto your handes<sup>4</sup> / soo <sup>32</sup> that theyr lives be saved' / 'Ye speke well and wysely,

Mawgis tells Reynawde how the Emperor has come with all his host.

Roland sends a message to Charlemagne,

that Reynawde and Mawgis will deliver themselves to him, if he will save their lives.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> et luy sestoit louge devant la maistresse porte, F. orig. C. ii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4-4</sup> de eulx renâre a vostre volente, F. orig. C. ii.

syre rowlande,' sayd reynawde / 'and soo I am redy to  
 doo as ye wyll have it.' 'Rowlande,' sayd the duke  
 Naymes, 'I dare not goo to hym; ye maye well ynoughe,'  
 4 sayd Rowlande / 'for ye be not hated of the kynge.'  
 'Duke naymes,' sayd Ogyer, 'we shall goo <sup>1</sup>to Charle-  
 magne,<sup>1</sup> yf ye <sup>2</sup>wyll doo after me' / And they accorded  
 that they two sholde goo togyder to the kynge, for to  
 8 shewe vnto hym as Rowlande had devysed / And whan  
 thise two prynces / <sup>1</sup>the duke Naymes and Ogyer,<sup>1</sup> were  
 come to the pavylion of Charlemagne, they<sup>3</sup> saluted hym  
 reverently,<sup>4</sup> and the duke Naymes spake to hym in this  
 12 maner of wyse: 'Syre. emperoure, your nevewe Row-  
 lande recomendeth hym humbly to your goode grace /  
 the whiche Reynawde kepeth wythin mountalban for  
 his prysoner not vnkyndely, but he maketh to hym as  
 16 goode chere / <sup>4</sup>and as grete honour he bereth vnto hym,<sup>4</sup>  
 as he were his owne brother and his soverayne lorde;  
 and all this he dooth for your love / And demaundeth  
 of you peas,<sup>4</sup> if it playse you for to graunte it to hym,<sup>4</sup>  
 20 by suche maner that he shall gyve you mountalban /  
 and the egle of golde, and he shall lete goo Rowlande  
 at his liberte wythoute raunsom. And also he shall  
 yelde hymselfe to you / and his brethern in likewyse /  
 24 and also Mawgis, for to doo your wyll wyth theym /  
 sauff theyr lives / And they shall promyse you, yf theyr  
 servyse playseth you, that they shall serve you agenst  
 all men, wyth all their power and puyssaunce / soo  
 28 that ye shall have cause to thanke theym for it.'

Ogyer and Naymes  
depart with the  
message,

and present them-  
selves before  
Charlemagne;

they deliver the  
message.

**W**han Charlemagne vnderstode thise wordes / he  
 shoke all for grete angre / And beganne to  
 saye to the duke Naymes, and to the other that were  
 32 come to hym, 'Flee out of my pavylion, evyll folke! I  
 merveylle me how have ye durste come here wythin.  
 And I telle you that Reynawde shall have noo peas

The Emperer is  
so wrath that  
he commands  
Naymes to fly  
from him.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. A.A. iii.

<sup>3</sup> thye, orig.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. ii. back.

wyth me, but yf I have mawgys, for to doo my wyll of  
 hym.' Whan the barons vnderstode charlemagne that  
 spake thus / they came oute of his pavyllion, and toke  
 noo leve at hym / but retorned Incontynente to moun- 4  
 talban / Whan they were come there, Rowlande and  
<sup>1</sup>Reynawd asked theym how they had doon wyth  
 Charlemagne. 'Lordes,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'it is  
 no force to be asked after it / For Charlemagne wyll not 8  
 doo it, but yf men take to hym Mawgys, for to doo his  
 wyll of hym' / <sup>2</sup>'Lordes,' sayd Reynawd,<sup>2</sup> 'I am sory  
 for it / I merveyll how Charlemagn is soo harde herted ;  
 and I make myn a vowe to god / he shall not have 12  
 Mawgys, though I sholde deye for it' / After these  
 wordes they wente to theyr mete, and Mawgys made  
 theym to be served plenteously and worshypfully. And  
 whan they had souped, the beddes were heeled, and 16  
 they wente anoone to bed / And whan Reynawde wolde  
 goo to his bed / he called to hym Mawgys, and sayd  
 to hym / 'Cosin, I praye you that ye doo make good  
 watche to nyghte / For ye knowe that our lives lieth 20  
 ther vpon.' 'Syre,' sayd mawgys, 'feere not for to  
 slepe well / <sup>2</sup>and reste yourselfe.<sup>2</sup> For I promyse you  
 thys castell shall be well kepte by goddys grace' / And  
 whan all the barons were a bed / Mawgys wente to the 24  
 stable <sup>3</sup>and, saddled bayarde / and thenne he lighted vpon  
 hym / and he cam to the gate, and sayd to the porter, 'My  
 frende, open the gate, for I muste goo oute a lityll / and  
 abyde me here / for I shall come agayne soone' / 'Syre,' 28  
 sayd the porter / 'I shall doo soo wyth a good wyll' /  
 Thenne wente oute Mawgys streyghte to the pavyllion  
 of Charlemagn / And whan he was come there, he  
 beganne to make his cherme / and broughte a slepe all 32  
 they that were in the oost. And whan he had doon  
 soo / he wente to the bed of Charlemagne, and toke

The Barons return  
to Montalban.

Reynawde begs  
Mawgis to keep  
watch during the  
night.

Mawgis goes to  
the pavilion of  
Charlemagne,  
and there works  
a charm upon the  
Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. iii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> de regnault, F. orig. C. iii.

hym in his armes / and broughte him vpon bayarde /  
 And whan he had doon soo / he wente his wayes whom he carries  
 asleep to Mont-  
 alban;  
 agayne to mountalban / and broughte Charlemagne  
 4 wyth hym. <sup>1</sup>And whan he was come there agayne, he  
 toke Charlemagne from bayarde,<sup>1</sup> and bare hym in to  
 his chambre / and layd hym in <sup>2</sup>his bed. Whan all  
 this was thus doon, He toke a torche and fyred it /  
 8 and pytched it bytwene the strawe and the bedsted /  
 soo that it helde faste evyn byfore the vysage of  
 Charlemagne / And after, he wente to the chambre of  
 Reynawd, and sayd to hym, 'Cosyn, what wolde ye  
 12 well gyve that sholde deliver Charlemagn in to your  
 handes' / 'By my soule,' sayd Reynawde, 'I have noo  
 thyng but that I sholde gladly give it, soo that I  
 myghte have hym here wythin this castell of mountal-  
 16 ban.' 'Cosin,' sayd Mawgys / 'wyll ye promyse me  
 that ye shall doo to hym noo harme of his body /  
 nother your brethern, nor none of yours / and I shall  
 putte hym into your handes evyn anoone' / 'Cosyn,'  
 20 sayd Reynawde, 'I promyse<sup>3</sup> you that vpon my feyth.'  
 'Nowe come wyth me,' sayd mawgys. And thenne  
 mawgys broughte reynawde in to his chambre / and  
 shewed hym Charlemagne that was in his bed, and he shows the  
 Emperor to Rey-  
 nawde,  
 24 slepte; and after he sayd to hym, 'My cosyn Reynawde,  
 now ye have here Charlemagne, kepe hym soo well  
 that he scape not you' / And whan mawgys had  
 delivered Charlemagn to Reynawde / he came to the  
 28 stable where he had put bayarde, And toke some  
 strawe and robbed his backe wythall, and his hede /  
 and thenne he kyssed hym all wepynge, and toke leve  
 of hym / And after, he wente and toke the palster and  
 32 the cloke, and came to the porter, and gaff hym all his  
 other raymentes that he wered afore / and went out of and then issues  
 out of the Castle.  
 mountalban /

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. iii.    <sup>2</sup> Fol. A.A. iv.

<sup>3</sup> proimyse, *orig.*

**¶** Now leveth the history to speke of Reynawde / and of Charlemagne a lityll / and shall shewe of mawgys, that lefte all his kynred and frendes, <sup>1</sup>and became an heremyte.<sup>1</sup> 4

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**¶** How after that mawgys had delivered Charlemagn in to the handes of Reynawde his <sup>2</sup>cosyn, he wente wythoute ony leve from mountalban / in to a woode beyonde the <sup>8</sup>ryver <sup>3</sup>of Dordonne in to an hermytage / where as he lived like an heremyte a poure liffe, for to doo penaunce for his synnes. 12

**N**ow sheweth the history, that whan Mawgys had delivered Charlemagne for prysoner vnto Reynawde, he wente oute of mountalban wythoute the leve of Reynawde, and wythoute the knowledge of ony of the <sup>16</sup>castell / excepte of the porter. And wyte it, that the sayd maugys wente soo longe that he came to the ryver of Dordonne / and passed over the water in a bote / And whan he was over, he entred in to a wylde foreste / and <sup>20</sup>walked wythin it tyll it was none. And whan he had goon ynoughe thoru[g]h the woode / he behelde a side / and sawe a lityll hylle / and vpon it a lityll howse in maner of an heremytage<sup>4</sup> / he wente to it, and founde <sup>24</sup>the place <sup>5</sup>devoute and playsaunte<sup>5</sup> / For a fore the gate sprange a quycke fontaine. And mawgys wente in to the chapell / and kneled a fore an ymage of our lady

Mawgis goes over the river Dordogne,

and finds a little hermitage in a wood;

he enters, and prays,

<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> et sen ala hors de montauban habitue moult pourement, F. orig. C. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> bon cousin, F. orig. <sup>3</sup> Fol. A.A. iv. back.

<sup>4</sup> Quant il cogneut que sestoit ung hermitaige . . F. orig. C. iii. back. <sup>5</sup> moult plaisant, F. orig.

1 that was there<sup>1</sup> / and prayed our lorde that he wolde  
 pardonne hym his synnes / And as he was there mak-  
 ynge his prayer / a devocyon toke hym so grete / that  
 4 he made his avowe to god that he sholde dwell in that vowing to remain  
there and become  
a hermit.  
 place, and that he sholde serve there from that daye  
 forthe on, and that he sholde ete none other but suche  
 wylde herbes as grewe in the woode. And thenne he  
 8 prayed our lorde that Reynawde and his bretherne  
 myght have peas wyth Charlemagn. And whan  
 mawgys had doon his prayer / he rose vp, and cam  
 oute of the chapell / and toke the sadle from hys horse,  
 12 and the brydelle / and so lete hym goo to the grasse /  
 and wente agen to the chapell<sup>2</sup> / ¶ But here leveth  
 the hystory to speke of mawgis, that was become an  
 heremyte, And retourneth to shewe of <sup>3</sup>Reynawde and  
 16 of his brethern, that had Charlemagne for theyr  
 prysoner / wythin theyr castell of mountalban.

## CHAPTER XIX.

¶ How the barons of Fraunce that were atte  
 Mountalban / were sory that they cowde  
 20 not awake the emperoure Charlemagne that  
 Mawgys had broughte a slepe thrughe his  
 arte<sup>4</sup> / But whan the tyme of the charme of  
 mawgis was passed, the kynge awoke by  
 24 hymselfe, And he founde hymselfe at mount-  
 alban / he sware that he never sholde make  
 peas wyth Reynawde as longe as he was  
 prysoner. And how Reynawde lete hym  
 28 goo agayne to his oost vpon his horse

<sup>1</sup> qui estoit moult devoete, F. orig. C. iv.

<sup>2</sup> pour faire ce quil auoit en pensee, F. orig. C. iv.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. A.A. v. <sup>4</sup> et apourte a Montauban, F. orig. C. iv.

bayarde / wherof Reynawde repented hym  
afterwarde ryght sore. For soone after  
that, charlemagn dyde besege mountalban  
of so nyghe / that he famysshed Reynawde 4  
and his bretherne wythin, wyth his wyff  
and chyl dren.

**I**n this party sheweth the history, that whan mawgys  
had delivered Charlemagne in to the handes of 8  
Reynawde / and that he was goon as ye have herde,  
Reynawde called to hym his brethern / and sayd to  
theym / 'Come hether, my fayr brethern / telle me  
what we shall doo wyth Charlemagne, that we holde 12  
now in our handes / Ye knowe how longe that he hath  
dommaged vs / and hath doon to vs grete harmes wyth-  
oute reyson ; wherfore me thynketh that we oughte to  
avenge vs vpon hym, sith that we have hym.' 'Sire,' 16  
sayd Rycharde, 'I canne not saye what ye wyll doo of  
hym. But, and ye wyll beleve me, he shall be hanged  
forthe wyth / For after he were deed / there nys no  
man in all Fraunce that we sholde feere ony thyng' / 20  
Whan reynawd vnderstode the counseyll<sup>1</sup> that rycharde  
his brother had gyven hym, he loked down towarde  
therthe, and began to <sup>2</sup>thynke sore / And whan Rycharde  
sawe hym muse soo, he asked him what he thought / 24  
and yf he cared who shold doo execucyon vpon the  
kyng / <sup>3</sup>'For,' sayd Richard<sup>3</sup> / 'ye shall not lacke for  
that, for none other<sup>4</sup> shall hange him but myself / and  
that I shall doo evyn a noone / yf ye wyll deliver hym 28  
vnto me.' After these wordes, reynawd ryghted hys  
hede vp, and sayd, 'My bredern, ye know well that  
cha[r]lemayn is our soverain lorde / And of thother parte,  
ye see how rowland, the duk naimes, oger the dane, the 32

Reynawde asks  
counsel of his  
brethren, what  
they shall do with  
the Emperor.

Richard counsels  
that he shall be  
hung immedi-  
ately.

Reynawde coun-  
sels for peace with  
the Emperor.

<sup>1</sup> counseyll, *orig.*      <sup>2</sup> Fol. A.A. v. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. iv. back.      <sup>4</sup> ether, *orig.*



bysshop turpyn, & also escouff the sone of oedon, are  
 wythin for to make our poyntment wyth Charlemagn /  
 for they know well that we ben in the right, & the  
 4 kyng in the wrong. And thus yf we kylle hym, be it  
 with ryghte or wyth wrong, all the worlde sholde renne  
 vpon vs; nor never, as longe as we lyve, we shall not  
 be wythoute werre.' And whan reynawd had sayd this /  
 8 alard spake in thys maner / 'Broder, ye have spoken  
 wysely; but ye see that we canne not have peas wyth  
 Charlemagne by noo wyse. Me semeth that we  
 oughte to aske it of hym ones for all; and yf he wyll  
 12 not / lete vs kepe hym prysoner'<sup>1</sup> / 'Brother,' sayd  
 guycharde, 'ye saye well, but my herte telleth me  
 that he shall never make peas with vs nor love vs' /  
 'Lordes,' sayd rycharde, 'me semeth that we have a  
 16 goode hede of Reynawde oure broder, thanked be our  
 lorde / the whiche hath governed vs right well hereto /  
 Lete hym shyfte with the kyng as he wyl, and that  
 that he wyll shall be doon' / 'By my feyth,' sayd  
 20 Alard, 'Richarde speketh well' / And whan they were  
 all accorded to that / that Reynawde sholde doo,<sup>2</sup> the  
 foure brethern wente to the chambre where Rowlande  
 was,<sup>2</sup> to whom Reynawde spake in this wyse, 'Syre  
 24 Rowlande, aryse, I praye yov that ye wyll sende for  
 Ogyer, the bisshop Turpyn, and for<sup>3</sup> all other that be here  
 wythin<sup>4</sup> of the folke of Charlemayne;<sup>4</sup> For I wyll telle  
 you one thyng' / And whan Rowlande sawe Rey-  
 28 nawde<sup>4</sup> and hys bretherne<sup>4</sup> atte that tyme of the nyghte  
<sup>4</sup>come in to hys chambre,<sup>4</sup> he was merveyllled. Never-  
 theles he sente for all his felawes / as Reynawde had  
 tolde hym / And whan they were all come, Reynawde  
 32 stode up and sayd / 'Lordes, ye ben all my frendes,

Alard advises  
 that they should  
 demand peace  
 from Charle-  
 magne, or keep  
 him prisoner.

The Sons all go to  
 the chamber of  
 Roland,

<sup>1</sup> le sans le faire mourir par telle maniere que jamais ne nous fasse guerre ne ennuy, F. orig. C. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> Ilz laisserent le roy en dormir et alerent en la chambre de rolant, F. orig. C. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. A.A. vi. <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. iv. back.

god gramercy and you / wherfore I wyll not hyde no  
 thyng from you / Ye muste knowe that I have here  
 wythin a prysoner / by whom I shall have peas, and all  
 myn herytaunce agayne.' 'Reynawde,' sayd Rowlande, 4  
 'I praye you tell me what he is ; For here is noo man /  
 but that wolde fayne ye sholde doo well.' 'By my  
 soule,' sayd Reynawde, 'it is the grete emperour  
 Charlemagn, to whome all Fraunce belongeth.' And 8  
 whan Rowland vnderstode these tydynges, he was sore  
 merveyllled of it, and sayd, 'Reynawde, ye telle me  
 now a wondrefull thyng / How have ye taken myn  
 vncler soo lightly ?<sup>1</sup> telle me, & playse you, how ye had 12  
 hym here wythin / have ye taken hym by force of  
 armes ?' 'Naye, verely,' sayd Reynawde<sup>2</sup> / 'telle me  
 thenne how, I praye you,' sayd Rowlande. 'Wyte it,'  
 sayd Reynawde,<sup>2</sup> 'that I wote not how mawgys my 16  
 cosyn dyde to nyghte / but wel I wote that he hath  
 broughte the kynge here wythin,<sup>3</sup> oute of hys pavylion,<sup>3</sup>  
 and hathe layd hym in a bed / in a chambre, where he  
 is now fast a slepe.' 20

and Reynawde  
 relates to them  
 the capture of the  
 Emperour.

Rowland is sore  
 abashed at these  
 tidings.

**W**han Rowlande and all his felawes herde these  
 tydynges, they were gretly abashed<sup>4</sup> / how it  
 myghte be that mawgys sholde bryng the kynge there /  
<sup>3</sup> 'I merveylle moche herof,' sayd the duke naymes<sup>3</sup> / 24  
 'For ye knowe well that the kynge made hym selfe to  
 be kepte bothe nyghte and daye well sure.' 'Lordes,'  
 sayd thenne oger / 'all this hath doon our lord for the  
 love of reynawd, by cause he setted hym all to <sup>5</sup>mis- 28  
 cheeff <sup>3</sup>agenst Reynawde,<sup>3</sup> and that the werre hathe  
 lasted to longe, the whiche shall now be left, wherof I  
 thanke god for my parte / For many goode knyghtes

Oger says this  
 has happened  
 because the war  
 has lasted too  
 long.

<sup>1</sup> Car de le auoir pris en bataille ne en champnē son ost et pavillon oncques ne fut si recreant, F. orig. C. v.

<sup>2</sup> richart, F. orig. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Seigneurs dist le duc naymes bien fait nostre seigneur a ceulx quil luy plait, F. orig. C. v.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. A.A. vi. back.

have loste theyr lives for it' / And whan Ogyer had  
 sayd thus / Reynawde toke Rowlande and the other /  
 and broughte them, alwayes spekyng, vnto the cham-  
 4 bre, where Charlemagne laye so faste a slepe that they  
 cowde not awake hym for noo thyng that they cowde  
 doo to hym, For mawgys had chermed him soo harde /  
 And whan the barons sawe the kyng so harde a  
 8 slepe / <sup>1</sup>they wondred full sore vpon it, and <sup>1</sup>they were  
 gretely abasshed on it. Thenne spake rowlande fyrste,  
 and said, 'Reynawde, where is mawgys that hath  
 wroughte soo wel to nyghte? I praye you lete hym  
 12 come here / and that he awake myn vncler Charlemagne  
 oute of his slepe / And whan he shall be awaked, we  
 shall all falle atte his fete / and shal crye hym mercy /  
 And soo I praye you<sup>2</sup> that thoughe yf ye holde myn  
 16 vncler in your handes / that ye wyll not be the powder  
 for it in your wordes.' 'By my feythe, syre Rowlande,'  
 sayd Reynawde / 'I wyll that ye knowe / I sholde  
 rather deye than that I sholde saye to my soverayne  
 20 lorde a fowle worde; But I shall put me, my goodes,  
 and all my brethern to his wyll / to the ende that it  
 wyll playse hym to graunte vs peas wyth hym / And  
 I wyll goo fetch Mawgis to you / ther to doo wyth  
 24 hym what ye wyll' / And thenne Reynawde wente and  
 soughte Mawgys, the whyche he cowde not fynde /  
 wherof he was full sory / And whan the porter wyste  
 that Reynawde soughte after mawgys, he came to hym  
 28 and sayd, 'Syre, ye seke hym for noughte, for he wente  
 hys wayes oute ryghte now' / 'And how knoweste  
 thou of it?' sayd Reynawde. 'Syre, wyte it that this  
 nyghte he made me open the gate / and he wente oute  
 32 vpon <sup>3</sup>your horse bayarde / And he had not / taryed  
 longe whan he broughte a grete man and a bygge vpon

The Sons with all  
 the barons enter  
 the chamber of  
 Charlemagne,  
 who still sleeps.

Reynawde goes  
 forth in search of  
 Mawgis.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. v.

<sup>2</sup> pour dieu et pour lamour de moy, F. orig. C. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. A.A. vii.

The porter tells him that Mawgis has gone from the castle and has not returned again.

the horse necke afore hym / <sup>1</sup>and wente in, I wote not where<sup>1</sup> / And soone after he came agayne vpon a nother horse / and he had clothed himself pourly. And thenne he made me to open the gate, and he wente out, and he 4 came not sith agayne. And all this is trouthe that I telle you.'

Reynawde weeps tenderly for his cousin,

and tells the barons of Mawgis's departure.

Richard bemoans the loss of Mawgis,

and would have slain Charlemagne,

**W**han Reynawd had vnderstonde these wordes, he was soo wrothe that he wyste not what to saye 8 nor doo ; For he knewe well by hymselfe that Mawgys was goon his wayes, by cause he wolde noo lenger abyde the wrathe of Charlemagne.<sup>2</sup> Thenne beganne Reynawde for to wepe full tendrely for his cosin that 12 was thus goon / And all wepynge, he came agayne to the barons / and sayd to them how Mawgys was goon awaye wythoute his knowledge,<sup>3</sup> wherof he was soo wrothe and soo sori that he wente almoste oute of his 16 mynde. And whan Alarde, Guychard / and Rycharde had well vnderstonde this, they beganne to make grete moone / and sorrowed full sore. And thenne Rycharde beganne to saye, ' Ha, my fayr cosyn Mawgys, what 20 shall we doo from hens forthon, sith that we have loste you / We maye well saye that we ben dyscomfyted, For ye were our saluacyon, our socours / and our hope, our counseyle, our refute, our deffence / and our guyde / 24 For it is not yet longe agoo that I sholde have deyed an evyll deth yf I had not be socoured thourge your helpe / Alas ! all the hevynes that ye bere of the wrathe that Charlemagn hath agenst you, cometh oonly by vs ' / 28 And whan he had sayd soo, he knacked his teeth for angre, and sayd / ' We ben now well all loste, syth that we have loste Mawgys.' And wyth this, he sette hande to his swerde, and wolde have slayne Charle- 32 magne ; <sup>4</sup>but Reynawde drewe hym a syde, And the duke

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. v.

<sup>2</sup> ne estre en sa mala grace, F. orig. C. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> knowleche, *orig.* <sup>4</sup> Fol. A.A. vii. back.

Naymes and Ogyer sayd thenne to hym, 'Rycharde, Rycharde / refrayne your courage / For it were not well doon for to kille a man that slepeth ; And also, afore 4 that we shall departe hens, we shall sette all attone, and god wylle.' ¶ Shortely to speke, Oliver and the duke naymes spake soo fayr to Rycharde, that they made hym promyse theym that he sholde doo noo 8 harme to Charlemagne / Nevertheles Rycharde lefte not to make grete sorowe for his cosyn<sup>1</sup> mawgys that he had loste ; For all theym that sawe hym make soo grete mone, had pite to see hym. It was not merveylle 12 yf Rycharde made sorow for Mawgys, For I promyse you he had grete nede of hym not longe after, And soo had all hys brethern / as ye shall here /

but Reynawde restrains him.

16 **A**lle thus as the four sones of Aymon made theyr mone for the love of theyr cosyn maugys, The duke Naymes beganne to speke / and sayd in this wyse : 'By god, lordes, ye doo not well for to make soo grete sorow!<sup>2</sup> I praye you leve this hevynes / And lete vs 20 begynne to speke of your peas that muste be made wyth the emperour charlemagne, that an ende maye be had of this werre that hathe endured soo longe' / 'By god,' sayd Rowlande, 'ye be passynge slowe thervpon. 24 And also we muste fyrste have hys merci, or ever we move ony thyng of the peas / For ye wote well that I left him by cause that peas shold be made'<sup>3</sup> / 'syr,' sayd the duke naymes, 'ye speke wysely and well / but 28 how shall we speke wyth hym wythoute Mawgys were here / we can not awake hym / And but yf god remedyeth it / we shall never speke wyth hym.' But all thus as the barons speke in thys wyse, The charme 32 that Mawgys had sette vpon Charlemagne was come

Naymes begs the Sons to restrain their sorrow for Mawgis, and consider how peace may be made with Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> cosym, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> car je ne vis jamais riens gagner en perte que lon fasse pour en demener dueil, F. orig. C. vi.

<sup>3</sup> qui a trop dure, F. orig. C. vi.

The Emperor  
awakes,

and is wrath when  
he finds himself  
at Montalban;

he swears not to  
make peace with  
the Sons.

Richard demands  
of him how he  
dare threaten  
them, seeing he is  
their prisoner.

at an ende,<sup>1</sup> and the strength of it<sup>2</sup> was passed<sup>1</sup> / And  
sodeynly Charlemagne beganne to move his body, and  
arose anone vpon his fete / and ryght sore abasshed,  
loked all a boutte hym / And whan he sawe that he was<sup>4</sup>  
atte mounthalban, in the subgectyon of Reynawde the  
sone of Aymon / he was sore an angred / and made  
suche sorrow for it / soo that all they that were there,  
trowed that he had be mad,<sup>1</sup> and from hym selfe.<sup>1</sup> And<sup>8</sup>  
whan hys wyttes were come to hym agayne, he knewe  
well that mawgys had doon it to hym, and sware that,  
as longe as he were man on live, he sholde make noo  
peas tyll that he were oute of mountalban / and that<sup>12</sup>  
men had broughte mawgys to hym<sup>3</sup> / And whan  
Rycharde vnderstode this that Charlemagne sayd, he  
beganne to saye in this wyse / 'How the devyll dare  
ye thus speke / syre, ye see well that ye be our<sup>16</sup>  
prysoner / And yet ye threten vs / I make to god myn  
a vowe and to saynte peter, were not that I have pro-  
mysed / that I shall not doo to you noo harme atte  
this tyme, I sholde stryke the hede from the body of<sup>20</sup>  
you' / 'Holde your peas,' sayd Reynawde, 'lete the  
kyng say his wyll,<sup>1</sup> ye are over besy in your wordes<sup>1</sup> /  
And lete vs all pray hym that he wyll pardonne vs,  
For the werre hath lasted to longe; cursed be he that<sup>24</sup>  
beganne it / For grete evylles and harmes are happeth  
therby' /

**R**eynawde was wyse and well taughte for to styлле  
thus hys bretherne, to whome he sayd / 'My<sup>28</sup>  
lordes my brethern, yf it playse you / ye shall come  
wyth me / for to crie mercy to our sovereyne lorde the  
kyng Charlemagne.' 'Reynawde,' sayd alarde / 'we  
shall doo all that ye wylle.' 'By my feythe,' sayd the<sup>32</sup>  
duke naymes, 'My lordes, ye doo wysely, and I pro-  
myse you that all goode shall come to you therof' /

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. A.A. viii.

<sup>3</sup> pour en faire sa volente, F. orig. C. vi. back.

Theſſe reynawde and all his bretherne, and Rowlande, The Sons, with Roland and the other barons,  
 and oliver, and Ogyer the dane, the duke Naymes, the  
<sup>1</sup>byſshop Turpyn / and Escouf the ſone of oedon / be-  
 4 ganne all to falle on theyr knees byfore the emperour /  
 And Reynawd ſpake fyrſte / and ſayd in this maner  
 of wyſe : ‘ Noble emperour, have mercy of vs ! for I and plead for mercy and peace from Charlemagne.  
 my brethern, we yelde vs vnto you for to do your  
 8 playſure of vs / and your wyll be ſo that our lives be  
 ſaved / And there is noo thyng but that we wyll doo<sup>2</sup>  
 it for the love of you, if it playſe you to graunte vs  
 peas wyth you. And for that pyte and pardonne that  
 12 god gaaf vnto mary magdalene whan ſhe waſhed his  
 fete in the houſe of Symeon / goode ſyre, have pyte of  
 vs ! And yf it playſe you not to pardonne me / atte  
 the leaſt pardonne my brethern, And take theym agen  
 16 their londes / and I ſhall gyve you mountalban, and  
 bayarde, my good horſe ; And ſoo ſhall I goo in to the  
 holy londe, I and Mawgys, where we ſhall ſerve to the  
 temple of our lorde.’ And whan Charlemagne herde  
 20 reynaude ſpeke thus / he blaſted all for angre / and  
 ſayd, ‘ by that goode lorde that made me / yf all the  
 worlde ſpeke to me therof / yet ſholde I never conſente  
 me to noo peas / but I have mawgis in my handes for The Emperor will not conſent to peace until Mawgis is delivered to him.  
 24 to doo my wyll vpon hym.’<sup>3</sup> ‘ Alas,’ ſayd thenne reynawde /  
 ‘ now have I herde that worde bytyng, wherof  
 I am all dysperate / For I ſhold rather lete my ſelfe  
 be hanged / than that I ſholde conſente to the deth  
 28 of mawgis my good coſin ; For he hath not deſerved  
 towarde vs that we ſholde betraye him / but rather he  
 were worthy by reysen for to be lord above vs’ /  
 ‘ Reynawd,’ ſayd thenne charlemagn / ‘ thynke not,  
 32 thoughe I am your pryſoner, that ye ſhall make me  
 doo ony thyng agenſt my wyll.’ ‘ ſyre,’ ſayd reynawde /  
 ‘ wyte it that myn entent is to meke my ſelfe

<sup>1</sup> Fol. A.A. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> dooo, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> a celle fin que je luy face tout detrancher, F. orig. C. vii.

towarde you / for I have lever that we suffre wrong of  
 you, than ye of vs / now tell me, sir, how I shall deliver  
 you mawgis, *that* is our liff, hope, socours, our com-  
 forte, our sheelde, <sup>1</sup>our spere, and also our swerd / our 4  
 brede, our wyne, and oure flesshe / also our refute, our  
 mayster, our guyde / and our defence in all places /  
 wherby, syre, I telle you, that yf ye had all my brothern  
 in your prison / and that ye sholde make them to be 8  
 hanged, and that mawgis were wythin my power &  
 wyth me / yet wold I not yelde hym vnto you for to  
 quyte wythal my bredern. And also I swere you, vpon  
 my feyth, that I wote not where he is goon : god wote 12  
 it.' 'Ha,' sayd the kyng charlemagne, 'goddys curse  
 have he / for I am sure he is here wythin you' / 'he is  
 not,' sayd reynawd, 'I take it vpon my baptyse' /  
 And thenne reynawde torned hymselfe towarde row- 16  
 lande & the other barons, & sayd to them / 'Lordes,  
 I beseche you for god, that it wyll playse you to praye  
 our sovereyne lorde the kyng, that he wyll have mercy  
 of me & of my brothern / to thende that peas maye be 20  
 had in fraunce, yf it playse him' / And thenne naymes,  
 that was kuelinge vpon hys knees / and that herde that  
 reynawde had sayd, & wyst well that he spake but  
 wel, sayd to themperour in this wyse / 'Sire, I praye 24  
 you that ye wyll not be dy[s]played of that I shall telle  
 you / ye knowe, sire, that I am surete for reynawde /  
 and soo is ogyer the dane ; but me semeth that we  
 oughte now to be dyscharged therof / <sup>2</sup>sith that ye be 28  
 here present wythin his castell ; <sup>2</sup> but a nother thyng I  
 wyll telle you / me thynke that ye ought to take that <sup>3</sup>  
 therle reynawd proffereth to you, or that ony more  
 harme come to you therof ; and so helpe me god, ye 32  
 shall doo well / And all they of your courte shall be

Reynawde replies  
 that he would  
 sooner all his  
 brethren were  
 hung than Maw-  
 gis given up to  
 Emperor.

Naymes fall on  
 his knees before  
 Charlemagne,

and begs him to  
 accept the condi-  
 tions of Rey-  
 nawde.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. i.

<sup>2-2</sup> comment savez, F. orig. C. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> belle offerte, F. orig. C. vii. back.



gladde of it' / And whan the barons herde this that  
 naymes had sayd to the kyng, they spoke all & sayd,  
 'Syre, doo that the duke naymes hath tolde you, for  
 4 he hath gyven you goode counseyll and true; And yf  
 ye doo it not, ye shall come to late for to repente you  
 of it.<sup>1</sup>'

8 **W**han Charlemagn vnderstode this that the duke  
 naymes had sayd to hym, he was right wrothe  
 for it / For hys herte was soo harde astonyed wyth grete  
 angre, that he tooke noo hede of good counseyll; And  
 he sware by saynt Denys of fraunce that he sholde not  
 12 doo it for noo man / but yf he had fyrste mawgys in  
 his handes, for to doo hys wyll over hym. And whan  
 reynawde herde these wordes, he bluste red in his face  
 for angre, and rose vp from knelyng, his brethern & all  
 16 the other barons also. And thenne reynawde said to  
 rowlande & to all the other lordes that were there /  
 'Syre, I wyll well that charlemagne knowe my wyll  
 3 & myn entente<sup>3</sup> / the whiche I shall shewe afore hym  
 20 vnto you. Wyte it, that sith I can fynde noo mercy in  
 hym / I praye you that ye wyl not blame me fromhens  
 forthon yf I seke my right, For I shall seke it in all  
 the maners that a true knyghte oughte to doo' / And  
 24 whan Reynawde had sayd this, he tourned hym towarde  
 the kyng / and sayd to hym / 'Syre, ye maye goo hens  
 whan it playseth you / for by my soule ye shall have  
 noo harme of me now / for ye be my soverayne lorde;  
 28 <sup>4</sup>and wyth good wyll<sup>4</sup> we shall be in good peas wyth  
 you' /

Charlemagne  
 swears he will  
 never accept these  
 terms of peace.

Reynawde gives  
 the Emperor his  
 freedom.

**T**he barons of fraunce that were there, wondred sore  
 of the grete kyndenes of reynawd / Thenne said  
 32 the duk naymes, 'have ye herde the grete humylite of  
 the noble knyghte reynawde?' 'By my soule,' said

<sup>1</sup> Et de ce faire vous prions, C. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. i. back. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4-4</sup> Et quant dieu plaira . . F. orig. C. viii.

rowlande<sup>1</sup> / 'reynawde saythe merveyllously / <sup>2</sup>I wolde not have trowed that he sholde ever have fared soo fayr wyth charlemagne'<sup>2</sup> / And whan rycharde vnderstode that / that his broder reynawd had sayd, he spake <sup>4</sup> in this wyse: 'Broder Reynawde, I holde you mad. what wyll ye doo / ye see that we have in our handes this vengable kyng / the whiche we maye kylle, or elles suffre hym to live; & yet he is set so sore to pryde, <sup>8</sup> <sup>3</sup>that he wyll doo no thyng that his good counseyllle telleth hym / but he thretneeth vs alwayes more & more / and ye wyll lete hym goo thus away. Surely, brother, yf he scapeth vs soo, he shall yet angre vs <sup>12</sup> right sore; and I promyse you, yf he had vs as we now have hym, he sholde make vs to deie shamfully; not all the golde in the worlde sholde not save vs therfro / And therefore I telle you that ye doo grete foly to lete <sup>16</sup> hym goo thus away / For, & ye wyll, ye shall now make our peas; but me semeth ye seke none other but your deth / Wherof I pray god, yf ye suffre hym thus to goo away / that he maye make you deye a shamfull <sup>20</sup> deth' / And whan reynawde herde his broder speke soo, he was wrothe, & sayd to hym in angre / 'holde your peas, brother / for he shall goo his wayes quyte / wyll you or noo; and the peas shall be made <sup>4</sup>whan he <sup>24</sup> wyll,<sup>4</sup> & no soner it shal not be, <sup>5</sup>for there vnto he shall not be compelled of me<sup>5</sup> / and go you hens from me / <sup>5</sup>for your grete wordes dysplayseth me'<sup>5</sup> /

**W**han reynawd had sayd this / he dyd call a <sup>28</sup> gentylman of his, to whom he sayd / 'goo lightly, wythoute ony taryenge, to the yoman of myn horses, and byd hym bryng me my horse bayard, For I wyll that my soverayn lord ryde vpon hym vnto his <sup>32</sup> oost, for he rode never vpon no better horse.' And

<sup>1</sup> olivier, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> Je ne leusse jamais cuide, F. orig. c. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. B.B. ii. <sup>4-4</sup> quant dieu plaira, F. orig. C. viii.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. C. viii.

Richard is very angry at the escape of the Emperor,

and fears they will all be slain.

Reynawde orders Bayard to be saddled for Charlemagne,

whan rycharde herde this, he went fro thens all swell-  
 ynge wyth angre as a fiersfull lion, bycause he knewe  
 that Charlemagne shold goo soo / And wyte it, that  
 4 the kynge charlemagne herde & vnderstode well all  
 these wordes, but he durste not saye noo thyng /  
 soo sore he fered the fiersnes of the yonge rycharde.  
 This hangynge, cam there agen the gentylman that was  
 8 goon for bayard, whiche he brought wyth hym. And  
 thenne Reynawd toke his good horse Bayard,<sup>1</sup> and  
 came to Charlemagne / and sayd to hym / 'Syr, ye  
 may lighte whan it playse you, and goo atte your  
 12 lyberte / for to <sup>2</sup>comforte your folke / whiche I am  
 sure / ben full sory for the takynge of you' / And when  
 charlemagn saw this, he lighted anone vpon bayarde,  
 and went oute of mountalban for to goo to his oost /  
 16 And reynawde conveyd hym to the gate of mount-  
 alban. and whan the kynge was goon, he made the  
 gate to be shet anone. And the frensheman that  
 sawe their kynge come agen, they were ryght glad /  
 20 and receyved hym worthely. and after, they asked  
 hym how it went wyth him, and yf he had graunted  
 the peas / 'Lordes, it is well wyth me, god gramerci /  
 but of peas I have made none, nor never shall as longe  
 24 as I am man a live, for noo man that shall speke  
 to me of it / but yf I have the traytour Mawgys,  
 for to doo wyth hym my wyll' / 'Syr,' sayd some  
 of his barons, 'how have ye be deliverde?' 'by my  
 28 feyth,' sayd charlemagn, 'Reynawd hath deliverde  
 me agenst the wyll of his bredern, all quyte at my  
 liberte.' 'Syr,' sayd the barons, 'have ye not seen  
 rowlande, oliver, the duke naymes, the bysshop  
 32 turpyn, ogyer the dane, nor escouf the sone of oedon?'  
 'ye, surely,' sayd charlemagne, 'but they have all  
 forsake me for the love of reynawd; wherof, bi that  
 god that hynge vpon the crosse, yf I can have them

who mounts upon  
 him and departs  
 from the castle.

The Frenchmen  
 welcome him  
 gladly.

<sup>1</sup> par le frein, F. orig. C. viii. back.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. ii. back.

agen, I shall shewe theym that they have not doon well.' and whan he had sayd thus / he lighted from bayarde, & made hym to be brougte agen to reynawd / And whan reynawd sawe bayarde, that 4 charlemagn had sent hym agen, he called rowland & his felawes, & sayd to theym / 'Fayr lordes, I knowe well that ye be not in the grace of the grete kyng charlemagn / for the love of me / but I wyll not 8 that ye have mawgre for me nor for my brethern / and therfor, fayr lordes, I quyte you all quarelles that I maye laye vpon you and gyve you leve to goo whan it playse you.' And whan the duke naymes 12 vnderstode the kyndnes of the hert of Reynawde, that was <sup>1</sup>soo noble / he thanked him highly, and kissed & embrased him for grete love / and wolde have kneled doun afore hym / but reynawd wold not suffre hym / 16 Theinne the duke naymes began to saye, 'lete vs thynke to goo after the king charlemagn your vncler / sith it playseth reynawd to gyve vs leve.' 'naines,' sayd rowland / 'how can we doo this / shall we leve 20 reynawde, the whiche ye see myn vncler wyll dystroye wrongfully?' 'Syr,' sayd the duke naymes, 'here me, yf it playse you. I counsell that we goo hens / and whan we shall be afore charlemagn / we shall 24 aske hym how reynawd dyde deliver hym; for yf we speke to hym of peas, he shall be wrothe wyth vs; but whan he shall remembre the grete goodnes & curtesi of Reynawde / his herte shall be molified / 28 and it can not be but he shall doo to hym som grace & favour / for he shall knowe well<sup>2</sup> that hys hert is overgrete / <sup>3</sup>and that he hath doon to reinawd grete wrong'<sup>3</sup> / 'Certes, sir naymes,' sayd the barons / 'ye 32 speke wysly, and ye gyve right good counseylle' / And

Reynawde allows  
the barons to  
depart,

and Naymes pro-  
mises to promote  
the cause of the  
Sons with the  
Emperor.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. iii.

<sup>2</sup> quil a grant tort et trop dur cuer, F. orig. D. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. D. i.

whan they were accorded to the counseille of the duke naymes / Rowlande asked after his horse, and eche of the other barons also. And whan they were  
 4 redy for to lighte on horsbacke / there cam my lady clare, the wyf of reynawde, that kyssed rowlande, oliver, & all theother barons. and after, she sayd to them in this maner: 'Lordes that be here present,  
 8 I beseche you in the name of god, & for his blessed passyon, that it playseth you for to purchace the peas of my lord reynawde / and semblably of his brethern, towarde the grete kyng charlemagn. Ye  
 12 knowe, my lordes, that the kyng doth to my lord grete wronge, and also ye know the grete curtesie & the kyndnes that my lord my husbonde hath shewed vnto Charlemagn / and well ye wote that  
 16 yf my lorde had not be / his brother richarde wolde have stryked the hede fro the body of hym' / 'Madam,'<sup>1</sup> sayd the duke naymes, 'doubte not / For and god be playsed, the peas shall be made wythin this  
 20 thre dayes.' And thenne they lighted all on horsbacke / and the brethern of reynawde conveyed theym to the gate. and reynawde taryed after theym vpon the brydge / and whan they were come to the sayd  
 24 bridge / Reynawde sayd to theym, 'My lordes, I comende you to god / I maye no lenger goo wyth you / prayng that ye wyll have me in your remembrance.' Thenne all the peres of fraunce that were  
 28 there began to wepe tenderly / <sup>2</sup>and toke their leue of reynawde, the noble knyghte<sup>2</sup> / and after they toke their waye towarde the oost of charlemagn. And whan themperour sawe theym com, he called to hym  
 32 his barons, & shewed them they that were comyng / And whan the barons sawe theym, they merveyllid

Lady Clare begs the barons to intercede with Charlemagne for peace towards her husband.

The Barons take leave of Reynawde with much sorrow.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. iii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> en luy commandant a dieu disant regnault dieu vous begnie. Et si vous aye en sa garde, F. orig. D. i.

Roland and the  
other barons  
kneel before the  
Emperor, and  
Naymes implores  
for pardon,

and vows that  
they will never  
succour the Sons.

gretly, & had grete fere, for they wist not what it was / but [Gu]ydellon the erle sayd / 'By god, we have recoverde rowland & his felawes.' 'Ye,' sayd charlemagne / 'goddys curse have they!' This hangyng, 4  
rowlande & his felawes cam tofore charlemagne / and lighted a fote / and incontynente they kneled humbly afore the kyng / and thenne the duke naymes began to speke fyrste, & sayd, 'Noble emperour, we are come in 8  
your presence for to crie you mercy, besechyng you for god that it wyll playse you to take vs vnto your good grace, for we have doon noo thyng agensnt you / but *that* it was for your wele. But sith that we 12  
have knowen that your wyll was not to have peas / we have forsaken Reynawd & all his brethern; nor never, whyle we ben a live, they shall have noo socours of vs' / 'Lordes,' sayd Charlemagn, 'I par- 16  
donne<sup>1</sup> you; but I telle you, yf we tary here longe styll / we shall have lityll gaynes therby. wherfore, I praye you that we goo assawte mountalban bothe by daye & by nyght, by suche maner that he be taken of 20  
vs incontinent, and they all *that* <sup>2</sup>ben in it broughte to deth.' 'Syr,' sayd the duke naymes, 'ye sai well / but and yf ony mysfortune happeth to vs, as it hathe doon here a fore tyme, I promyse you it shall be to 24  
you grete dommage; and me semeth it were moche better to have peas than for to contynewe the werre.'

**A**nd whan the barons of fraunce herde this that the duke naymes had sayd to the kyng / they 28  
began to crye wyth an highe voys / 'Syre emperour / we praye you that ye wyll doo this that naymes counseylleth you, For he gyveth you good counseyll.' Whan Charlemagne herde the crye that his folke 32  
made to hym, he came to the duke Naymes, that was kneling afore hym / and toke hym vp / and in like wyse his newew rowlande, & all the other, and sayd to

<sup>1</sup> pardonue, *orig.*      <sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. iv.

theym, 'My lordes, ye knowe that I have pardoned  
 you wyth ry[g]ht good wyll / but I wyll well that  
 ye know, but yf ye kepe yourselfe from helpynge of  
 4 my enmyes mortall / I shall angre you vpon your  
 bodies ; For I hate theym so moche, that yf I shold  
 abyde here all my liff / I shall dystroye theym.' And  
 wite it, that Charlemagne was glad that he had  
 8 recovered his nevewe rowlande & his other peres ;  
 how be it, he made no semblaunt of it. And he sayd  
 yet agen / that he shold never departe from his seege  
 tyll that he had taken mountalban & alle the four  
 12 sones of aymon / wherof he shall doo sharpe iustyce,  
 and shall doo brenne mawgis the false traytour /  
 'Syre,' sayd rowlande, 'I promyse you that mawgys  
 is not wythin mountalban / for he fereth you somoche  
 16 that he dare not abyde you, leest ye sholde make hym  
 to be hanged, by cause he dyde stele you so falsly  
 oute of your oost.' 'Ha, god,' sayd Charlemagne,  
 'whan shall I see that I have hym for to doo my  
 20 wyll of him, For thenne the sones of aymon sholde  
 soone be agreed with me.'

Charlemagne pro-  
 mises to grant  
 the request of  
 Naymes ;

but vovs he will  
 take vengeance  
 upon the Sons  
 and Mawgis.

**T**henne whan the kyng charlemagn had devysed  
 longe ynoughe, he gaff leve to all his barons for  
 24 to goo agen in to theyr tentes for to see theyr folke.  
 And whan the morow cam / all the barons came agen  
 to charlemagne / and whan the kyng sawe them  
 togyder wythin his pavylion / he was therof gladd /  
 28 and spake to theym thus / 'Lordes, I have beseged  
 mountalban as nere, as ye see ; and I am not disposed  
 for to parte hens, nother for colde, for hete, nor for  
 hungre, vnto the tyme that I have taken hym by  
 32 fyne force / the whiche thyng shall be lyghtly doon /  
 for I am sure that thei shall waunt vytaylles wythin /  
 And worse is for them, thei have lost the traytour  
 mawgys, whiche was theyr hope and comfort. wher-

He tells his folk  
 of his intention  
 of starving the  
 Sons into sub-  
 mission.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. iv. back.

fore, I saye that they can not holde it longe agenst my power.' whan the barons herde that charlemain thretened reynawde soo sore / there was none of theym but they were sory for it / for the moost parte 4 of them loved reynawde, for the worthynes & the kyndnes that was in him. Thenne spake the duke naymes, & sayd to themperour, 'Sir, ye say that they of mountalban be dyspurueyd of mete, and that 8 ye shall not departe fro the siege tyll that ye have taken the castell, & that is a thyng that shall be doon lightli. but I promyse you, yf ye tary to their vitaylles be doo, ye shal lie here lenger than ye wene 12 of / Wherefore, sir, I beseche you, syr, that it wyll playse you to byleve my counseyll, yf it semeth you good / fyrst take hede to the curtesy that reynawde hath doon to you; for ye wote well that yf he had 16 not be, his brother Rycharde sholde have slayn you / al the gold in the worlde sholde not have saved you / Item, thinke also in the grete mekenes that he hath alwayes shewed to you / also for the grete trust 20 that he hathe had in you / he lened you his good horse bayard, that hath no matche in all the world / sir, yf ye overthynke wel al, ye shall<sup>1</sup> fynde that noo man dyde never to none other soo grete curtesie as 24 reynawd hath doon to you. and of that other parte, he & his bredern ben suche knyghtes, as everi body knoweth / I swere to you, sire, by all halowen, that or ever ye shall take mountalban, Reynawde & his 28 bretherne shall bere to you suche *dommage*, wherof ye shall be wroth. And yet ye oughte well to take hede how we waist & dystroye the countrey & the feldes, and grete good ye doo dispende / whiche 32 for your honour were better to be employed vpon the sarrasins, than vpon the four sones of aymon / for the sarrasins ben now in rest, makyng grete ioye for

The barons are very grieved when they hear the Emperor's determination,

and Naymes remonstrates upon the injustice of the war,

and says it were better to employ their arms upon the Saracens than

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. v.



the cause of this werre / and they do wel, For werre  
hath lefte theim / and it is come among ourself so  
horrible & soo cruell, that many noble and worthy  
4 knightes ben deed therof.'

continue so cruel  
a war.

**T**he kyng charlemagn was sore abashed / whan  
he herde the duke naymes speke so, and it  
moved his blode full sore, & becam pale as a white  
8 cloth for the grete wrathe that he had at his herte,  
and casted a side his sighte angrely vpon the duke  
naymes, & sayd to hym by grete wrath, 'Duke  
naymes, by the feyth that I owe to that blessed lady  
12 that conceyved the sone of god in her virgynyte / that  
if ther be ony man soo hardy to speke more to me of  
accorde to be made wyth the four sones of aymon,  
I shall never love him, but I shall angre hym on his  
16 body / For I am not disposed to make peas with them  
for noo thing that can be sayd / but I shall hange  
them what soever it cost me, or I departe from this  
siege.' Whan the barons herde charlemagn speke thus  
20 proudly / they were sore mervylled of it / and lefte  
to talke of this matere. But whan oger sawe that  
all the barons helde them styll, he began to saye to  
the kyng charlemagn / 'Cursed be the hour <sup>1</sup>that  
24 reynawd suffred not rycharde to smyte of your hede /  
for ye had not thretened him soo now' / And whan  
charlemagn herde that oger sayd to him / he bowed his  
necke, & loked dou[n]warde all pensifull ; & sin he said,  
28 'now, lordes, make you redy, and see that every man  
fall to his armures / for I wyl now gyve assaute to  
mountalban' / And whan the frenshemen herde the  
commaundemente of the kynge, they made noo tary-  
32 enge, but went & armed theymsel. And whan they  
were all redy, they cam in good ordynaunce, and  
broughte ladders & other instrumentes wyth them <sup>2</sup>for  
to sawte wythall the castelle,<sup>2</sup> & engynes for to breke

In great anger the  
Emperor replies,

that nothing  
shall make him  
consent to peace  
with the Sons,

and commands  
the assault to be  
made upon  
Montalban.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. v. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. D. iii.

doun the walles, and presented them byfore charlemagn for to acomplisse hys wyll / and whan the kyng sawe them soo well appareylled, he commaunded them to goo sawte the stronge castell of 4 Mountalban.

**A**nd assone that reynawd saw his enmyes com, he called his broder alard, & sayd to him, 'Broder, I pray you take bondy, my good horne, & blowe in it 8 strongly / to thende that our folke arme theymsel whan thei here it, for here comen the frenshemen for to sawte vs.' Whan alard vnderstode the commaundement of reynawde / he toke bondy, and blewe in wyth 12 soo grete a wynde thre tymes, that all they of the castell herde it / and were all abashed wyth; and wythoute ony taryeng they went & armed theymsel, and lightly gate vpon the walles for to defende the 16 castell. Nevertheles, the frenshemen came nere, & entred in to the dyches as hogges doon in a myre / and dressed vp their ladders to the walles / But wyte it, that they of wythin the castelle beganne to 20 deffende so strongly with castyng of stones, that thei dommaged sore the frenshemen, so that many of them lay deed within <sup>1</sup>the dyches; for reynawd & his bredern dyde there so grete faytes of armes that no body 24 myght endure their strokes / who had seen the poure duches & her yong children at that sawte brynge stones to reynawd & to his bredern vpon the walles, he wolde have had pyte of it / For the two yonge 28 sones of Reynawde sayd to their vncles / 'holde our vncles thise stones / for they ben grete ynoughe.' Suche defence made they of mountalban, that they overthrewe them that were vpon y<sup>e</sup> ladders to the 32 botom of y<sup>e</sup> diches, all deed & sore wounded / and whan the kyng charlemagne sawe this, he was wrothe, for he knewe the<sup>me</sup> well that he sholde never take

Reynawde com-  
mands his men  
to arm them-  
selves.

The Frenchmen  
assault the castle  
fiercely,

but are driven  
back.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. vi.

mountalban by force, nor also the noble knyghtes  
*that* were wythin it / as Reynawde & his bredern /  
 And therefore he made the trompet to be blowen /  
 4 to calle his folke abacke, wyth so grete *angre* that  
 he was almost mad / and whan the frenshemen herde  
 blowe the retere, thei were glad, for thei were  
 shrewdly handled; and I promyse you that charle-  
 8 magne lefte suche a company deed wythin the dyche  
 that he long after was / full sory for it

Charlemagne  
 withdraws his  
 folk,

**W**han Charlemagn & all his folke were wyth-  
 drawn agen / he began to swere saynt denys  
 12 of fraunce that he shold never departe thens tyll he  
 had famysshed Reynawde & his bredern<sup>1</sup> wythin the  
 castell of mountalban / and thenne he *commaunded*,  
 that a fore every gate of the castell shold be layed two  
 16 hundred knyghtes / for to kepe, that noo body myghte  
 in nor oughte / but he shold be take / And whan  
 reynawd sawe that, he kneled down vpon his knees,  
 and heved vp his handes towarde heven, & sayd, 'Good  
 20 lord, that suffred deth on y<sup>e</sup> crosse, I beseeche you that  
 ye wyll graunte vs that grace *that* we mai have peas  
 with charlemain & save our lives.' and whan richard  
 herde the prayer of reynawd, he toke hede to it, & sayd,  
 24 'Brother / I promyse you yf ye wolde have beleved  
 me, we <sup>2</sup>sholde now have be in good reste & peas / For  
 Charlemagn wolde have be glad therof for to save his  
 liff / Ye knowe that our cosyn mawgys broughte him  
 28 not here for none other cause to be our prisoner / but  
 to the entent that we sholde make our peas; but ye  
 wolde not take hede to it / whan we myghte have had  
 our wyll; and I promyse you we shal not now doo as  
 32 we wolde.'

and vows he will  
 furnish the Sons  
 within their  
 castle.

Richard rebukes  
 Reynawde for not  
 having made  
 terms with Charle-  
 magne when he  
 was their  
 prisoner.

**T**hemperour charlemagn abode soo long at the siege  
 afore mountalban / that they that were wythin it

<sup>1</sup> et tous ses gens, F. orig. D. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. vi. back.

Great famine  
prevails in Mont-  
alban,

and the men  
die daily in the  
streets.

Richard grieves  
because he did  
not slay Charle-  
magne,

had grete nede of vytaylles / for he that had ony mete,  
he hyd it incontynent. and soo grete scarstee of vitaylles  
was there wythin a while, that men cowde gete there  
noo mete for golde nor for silver / <sup>1</sup>And many other fell 4  
doun at grounde here, & there soo feynt for hungre,<sup>1</sup> that  
it was grete pyte for to see / for the derthe was there  
soo grete, that thone broder hydde his mete from the  
other / and the fader fro the childe / and the childe fro 8  
y<sup>e</sup> fader, & fro the moder / And shortly to speke, I  
promyse you, that the pour folke deyed for hungre by  
the stretes / and with this, was soo grete stenze wythin  
mountalban of the deed were there, that noo man cowde 12  
endure it. And whan reynawde sawe this, he was sory  
for it. and the<sup>ne</sup> he dyde do make a grete charnell,  
wherin he made all the deed bodies to be buryed. And  
whan richarde sawe soo grete mortalite wythin the castell 16  
of mountalban, thurgh the cause of the grete derth that  
was there / and sawe his broder reynawd in soo grete  
distresse / he cowde not forbere / but he said to hym,  
'by god, my broder now gooth it worse than ever it 20  
dyde! it had be moche beter if ye had byleved me /  
For yf ye wolde have suffred me to slee the kynge  
Charlemagne / we sholde now not have be in this  
myscheef and grete poverté that we have now / nor 24  
your folke had not deied for hungre as thei doo' / and  
the<sup>ne</sup> he <sup>2</sup>began to wepe tenderly / and sayd, 'Alas!  
why doo I complayn other? I myghte well complayn  
myselfe, sith that I must deye, & be put in to the 28  
charnell as the pourest of vs all. Ha, mawgis, my fayr  
cosin / where be ye now? ye faylle vs at our nede; for  
& ye were here wythin wyth vs, we sholde not be  
famyshed for hungre / and also we sholde not doubté 32  
moche the kyng charlemagn; for I wote well that ye

<sup>1-1</sup> Et commença le pays a lentour a deffaillir de viures,  
F. orig. D. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. vii.

sholde gete vs vitaylles ynoughe to live vpon, for vs &  
our men / and now we muste deye for hungre, as the  
wulff sholde vpon a see / for charlemagne hateth vs  
4 more than he dooth the sarrasins. And therfor it is not  
for vs to wayte after pyte of hym / for he is over cruell  
a kyng vpon us' /

and complains of  
his hardnes and  
cruelty.

8 **C**harlemagn,<sup>1</sup> by the reporte of som folke / knew the  
grete derthe & scarste of vytailles that was wythin  
moutalban / wherof he was right glad / and called to  
hym his folke / and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, now can  
not reynawde escape / but he shall soone be taken &  
12 hanged / and the false richarde drawn at an horse  
taylle / and alarde & guycharde also, and theyr worthy-  
nes shall be lityll worthe to theym.'

16 **A**nd whan the kyng charlemagn had sayd thise  
wordes, he sent for all his peres & barons / and  
whan they were all come wythin his pavyllion / he was  
glad of it, & sayd to theym, 'Lordes, thanked be god  
that I have brought moutalban so lowe, that reynawd  
20 & his knyghtes have no more vitaylles in it / and now  
they shall yelde theymselve at my wyll, mawgre their  
teeth, for the moost parte of theyr folkes ben deed for  
hungre / and yet [they] deyen dayly, and ye must wyte  
24 I wil that reynawde be hanged & his bredern also, but  
first I wyl that Richarde be drawn atte an horse taylle /  
And soo I charge you that none of you be so hardy to  
move my wyll to the contrary. For I wyll that it <sup>2</sup>be  
28 doon as I saye' / Whan the duke naymes, rowlande,  
oliver, oger, the bysshop turpyn, & escouff the sone of  
oedan, that were there, herde the kyng speke thus, thei  
were right sory, for the love of reynawde & of his  
32 bredern / and loked down, & sayd no worde at al, for  
fere that they shold be shent of the kyng / and oger  
wyth grete peyne kept his eyen fro wepyng, leest  
charlemagn shold not perceyve his sorowfull herte.

The Emperor  
rejoices over the  
distress in the  
castle.

His barons grieve  
for the sore plight  
of the Sons.

<sup>1</sup> Charleamgn, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. vii. back.

Here ye ought to wyte that, duryng the tyme that charlemagn laye at the sege afore mountalban persecutyng the four sones of aymon, Reynawde, alarde, guychard, & Rycharde / aymon their fader helde the 4 party of the kyng agenste his children, for he had promysed hym to doo so / as ye have herde above / but wyte it, that whan he herde how the emperour thretned his children, how be it that he had forsaken theym, he 8 was wrothe for it / for he knewe well, if his children deyed soo he sholde never have ioye after that. For what soever werre he made agenst them, he loved them kyndly, as the fader oughte to love the childe, 12 for <sup>1</sup>nature maye not lie. And therefore he toke soo grete sorow, whan he herde of his sones that they were thretned to be hanged, that he almost fell down deed to the grounde ; and of the grete sorow that he had, cowde 16 not kepe himself, but he sayd / ‘ Syr emperour, I besече you that it wyll playse you to bryng my chyldren to right / For thoughe I have forsake them / yet are thei my sones of my body begoten ’ / ‘ holde your peas, 20 aymon,’ sayd charlemagn / ‘ for I wyll that it be so doon of theym / For reynawd dyde slee my newewe berthelot, that I loued so moche.’ And after he torned hymself, & sawe the barons that spake thone to thother, 24 & sayd to them / ‘ Lordes, leve your musyng ! for I tell you for a trowth, that I shall not leve to doo herin my wyll, for no man *that* speketh / ye wote wel it is iij yere goon sith we beseged this <sup>2</sup>castel first, and ever sin have 28 layen here, where we have lost many of our folke / wherfore I commaunde you, *that* eyther of you doo make engynes for to bryng down this grete towre & all the remenaunt also / For wyth suche maner we shall 32 abashe them gretly / and ye, my newew rowland, ye shall doo make of the engynes vii. and oliver shall doo make vi. the duke naymes iiiii. the byssshop turpyn &

Duke Aymon is wroth with the Emperor for this treatment of the Sons,

and in great sorrow implores Charlemagne to forgive them.

The Emperor will not listen,

but in anger commands his barons to make engines for the assault of the castle.

<sup>1</sup> nature, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. B.B. viii.

oger the dane other iiii.' / 'and ye duke aymon,' sayd  
y<sup>e</sup> kyng charlemagn, 'ye shall make thre' /

4 **H**ow shold I now doo this, good lord,' said the<sup>n</sup>ne  
aymon, 'for, sir emperour, ye knowe well that  
they be my chyldren, nother truan<sup>t</sup>es nor knaves / but  
be the best knyghtes of the worlde / and soo I tell you,  
syr, that yf I sawe theym deye / I shold forgoe my  
8 wyttes for angre.' And whan charlemagn herde aymon  
speke thus, he was wroth, & began to gnawe on a staff  
that he helde in his hande, & after sayd / 'By that god  
that made me, yf there be ony of you *that* gaynsayth  
12 my wyll, I shall stryke of his hede wyth my swerde' /  
'syr,' sayd the duke naymes, 'angre not your selfe / For  
that that ye have *commaunded*, shall be doon incont-  
16 nent' / Whan the barons vnderstode the *communde-*  
ment of charlemagne / thei went their waye for to do  
make the engynes that the kyng had *commaunded*, the  
whiche were anone made redi, and thise engynes were  
for to cast grete multytude of stones / And as sone that  
20 thei were made, thei were set for to cast agenste moun-  
talban, and in [a] short tyme they *dommag*ed it full  
sore / and soo I promise you that wythin the castel  
were made grete cryng of wimen & of children / and  
24 for fere of the stones, thei went & hid them vnder the  
grounde; and so thei of mountalban *endured* this  
mischeff aslong as thei had ony morsell of mete / And  
I ensure you that there was soo grete derth & soo grete  
28 mortalite that men wyst nomore where to laye the  
deed / For the <sup>1</sup>charnell was all full / Alas, who had  
seen soo yonge bachelers / that for feintnes went lenyng  
vpon their staves thugh mountalban for lacke of mete /  
32 he wold have had grete pyte / For a fore that the castell  
was beseged, they were so strong & soo myghty that  
none cowde have overcom them; but they were the<sup>n</sup>ne

The barons obey  
the Emperor,  
and the engines  
are filled with  
stones and cast  
against Mont-  
alban.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. B.B. viii. back.

soo feble that they felle where thei wente, musselinge in the grounde as hogges.

Reynawde sorrows for his folk,

**A**nd whan reynaude saw the grete pyte that was amonge his folke, he had of it grete sorow, bicause 4 he myght not put noo remedy thereto; and thenne he began to say in himselfe, 'O good lord, what maye I now doo / now I see well *that* my wytte avaylleth me noo thyng / for I wote not where to seke vytaylles / 8 Alas god! where may maugys be now, that he knowe not my grete nede, & the outrage that Charlemagne doothe to vs' / And whan the good lady Clare sawe her lord reynaude, that complayned hymself soo piteusly / 12 she began to saye vnto hym in this wyse, 'Forsooth, my lord, ye do not well for to dyscomfyte yourselfe soo sore / for ye discourage vs all wythin; moreover, I promyse you that here ben yet wythin moo than a 16 hundred horses / I praye you lete one of them be kylled, and ye, myselfe, & our poure children shall ete of it, for it is more than thre dayes agoo that they nor I ete ony thing that dyd vs good / and whan she had sayd this 20 she fell doun in a swoune at the fete of reynaude her husbonde, for grete feblenes for lacke of mete. And whan reynawde sawe her fall, he toke her vp anone in his armes, and after *that* she was come agen to herself / 24 she sayd, all wepyng / 'Alas, dere lady mary, what shall I poure wretche doo, for all my herte faylleth me / And almoste wyll my soule departe, all soo sore is my body famysshed. Alas, my chyldren, who 28 sholde ever have wende that ye sholde have deyed for hungre' /

and deploris the absence of Mawgis.

The Duchess counsels Reynawde to slay one of their horses for them to eat.

**W**han Reynawde sawe the grete dystresse wherin hys wyff was, he had grete pyte of her, and 32 the teeres began to falle over the chekes of him, and all wepyng he wente to his stable / and there he made a horse to be slayn, the whiche he made to be dressed for

Reynawde departs to the stable,



mete to hys folke / but I promyse you that horse flesshe  
 lasted not longe afore theym / For they were men ynow  
 to ete it vp lightly. And here ye must knowe that all  
 4 the horses that were wythin mountalban were in lyke  
 wyse eten one after a nother except four, that is to  
 wyte, bayarde, & the horses of the thre brethern of  
 Reynawde, the whiche four horses they wolde not ete  
 8 by cause they wolde not be a fote / And whan Rey-  
 nawd sawe that there was noo more thyng that they  
 myghte ete / he called his bredern, & sayd to theym,  
 ‘Fayr bredern, w[h]at shall we doo? we have noo more  
 12 fode to take vs to, but oonly our four horses that are  
 lefte vs alive. Lete vs doo kylle one of theym that  
 our folke maye ete wyth vs. ‘By my hede,’ sayd  
 richard, ‘that shal not be myn / and yf ye have lust  
 16 to it, lete yours be slayn / for ye shall not have myn.  
 And yf ye have grete myscheef, ye be well worthy /  
 For thrughe your pryde we are brought in this plighte /  
 by cause that ye lete goo the kynge charlemagne; for  
 20 and ye had byleved me, this grete myshappe had not  
 befaller vs’ / This hangyng, came the lityll Aymon, the  
 sone of Reynawde, that sayd to rycharde in this maner,  
 ‘Holde your peas, myn vncler / for that thyng that may  
 24 not be amended / men oughte to lete it passe in the  
 best wyse; For it is to shamfull to reherse that / that  
 is passed; but doo as my fader commaundeth you / and  
 ye shall doo well. For ye doo not well to angre him  
 28 soo as ye doo; and thoughe he hath myssed of his  
 entente, he hath boughte it dere ynoughe, as well as we.  
 Yf the kyng charlemagn hath adommaged you long, it  
 may well hap that god shall helpe you, or ought long,  
 32 yf it playse hym; and I byleve certeynly that he shall  
 doo soo / for the kindeness that my lorde my fader  
 dyde shewe vnto charlemagne, whan he had hym here,  
 can never be loste, as I wene.’

and orders a  
 horse to be slain  
 for food.

All the horses  
 are then killed  
 except four.

Richard will not  
 have his horse  
 killed,

and complains of  
 the folly of Rey-  
 nawde.

Aymon, Rey-  
 nawde's son,  
 rebukes his uncle  
 for speaking thus.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. i. back.

Richard embraces  
him, and gives  
leave for his  
horse to be slain.

Grete pyte had richarde of his nevewe whan he herde hym speke thus wysly / and toke hym betwene his armes, and kissed hym all wepyng / and thenne he said to reynawde / 'Broder, *commaunde* my horse to be slayne whan it playseth you / and gyve som comforte therwithall to this folke, and to my lady your wyff, & to my yong nevews, <sup>1</sup>your children<sup>1</sup> / For my lityll nevewe that is here, hathe well deserved to ete of it / for the good counseyll that he hathe gyven to me now.' 'Brother,' sayd alarde, 'lete be slayne whyche ye wyll of the thre / for it were to grete adomage yf bayarde sholde deye ; and also I tell you that I had lever deye my selfe, than that bayard sholde be slayne / 'Broder,' sayd guychard,<sup>2</sup> 'ye saye well;' and anone the horse of richarde was kyllled & dressed to their mete / <sup>1</sup>and soo in lyke wyse was doon wyth the horses of y<sup>e</sup> two other brethern ;<sup>1</sup> and full savourly it was eten / And whan reynawd sawe that there was no mete more, he wist not what he sholde doo, for he was more sory for his bredern, & for his wyff, <sup>1</sup>& his children<sup>1</sup> / than he was for hymselfe ; and began to say in this wyse / 'Alas, what shall I do ? I am vaynquyshed & overcome wythout ony stroke. It had be better for me that I had byleved my broder rychard, for I had not be now in the myserye & grete nede where I am in atte this hour / Now I see well that charlemagne hath chased me soo moche that he hath betrayed me wythin his gynnes / wheroute I can not scape ; and I knowe well that I oughte not to be complayned / for I have made myself y<sup>e</sup> rodde wherwith I am beten ; and yf I sholde repente me therof, it shold proufite <sup>3</sup>noo thyng, for I com to late for to do so.' whan rychard saw his broder reynawde make suche sorowe, he knewe well his mynde, & was right sory for hym, so that he shoke all for

All the horses  
are eaten except  
Bayard.

Reynawde be-  
wails his sad fate,  
and that of his  
people.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Richart, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. C.C. ii.

sorow, and wylt not what he sholde say. For if reynawde wolde have had of his owne flesshe, rychard wolde well have given hym of it, yf he myght have be  
 4 comforted therwith / <sup>1</sup>The<sup>n</sup>ne spake guycharde, that  
 other broder, & sayd,<sup>1</sup> 'My <sup>2</sup>good<sup>2</sup> bredern, what shall  
 we doo / we shall yelde ourself, <sup>3</sup>or elles deye here for  
 grete rage of hungre<sup>3</sup> / and we maye noo more fromhens  
 8 forthon / <sup>2</sup>but oonly wayte after deth'<sup>2</sup> / 'What saye  
 ye, <sup>2</sup>broder guycharde?'<sup>2</sup> sayd reynawd; 'wylt ye yelde  
 your selfe to the most cruell king of the worlde<sup>4</sup> / for  
 he shold make vs all to be hanged shamfully. Yf ony  
 12 pyte cowde be founde in hym, I wold yelde me gladly ;  
 but there ys none in him, and therfor I am delivered  
 that we shall not yelde us to him / we shalle rather ete  
 my children, & after our bodyes / But alwayes yf ye wyl  
 16 ete bayarde, I am therof content for to passe the tyme  
 forthon, for I have ofte herde saye that a day respyte  
 is worthe moche.' But, nevertheles, what soever he  
 sayd / he had no courage to ete bayarde / for it was all  
 20 his socours / 'Broder,' sayd alard, 'I counseille that  
 we ete bayard, rather than we shold yelde vs in to the  
 handes of charlemagn / for he is to cruell, nor he shall  
 never have mercy of vs.' And whan reynawde sawe  
 24 that they wolde ete bayarde his good horse, he toke for  
 it suche a hertly sorowe that he almoste fell in a swoone  
 to therthe; but he toke togyder his strengthes, & stode  
 vpryghte, and began to saye / 'Fayr bredern / what  
 28 wylt ye doo / wylt ye ete bayarde, my noble horse, that  
 soo ofte hath kepte vs from deth, and from perell  
 mortall / I praye you, that a fore ye slee hym / that ye  
 slee me / For I may not see hym dey; and whan ye  
 32 have slayn me / slee hym hardely. And yf ye wylt not

Guycharde proposes that they should yield themselves to Charlemagne.

Alarde advises that they should eat Bayard.

Reynawde says he would rather die than kill his horse.

<sup>1-1</sup> Quant il ent este une grant pisse en celle detresse il dist a ses freres, F. orig. D. vii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3-3</sup> puis que nous ne savons plus que faire, F. orig. D. vii.

<sup>4</sup> et au plus orgueilleux, F. orig. D. vii.

doo<sup>1</sup> soo, I forbede you, in as moche as ye love me, that ye touche not bayarde. For he that shall hurte hym / shall hurte me.' And whan the duchesse herde Reynawde speke thus, she wiste not what to doo / thenne 4 she sayd to hym in grete wrathe, 'Ha, gentyll duke debonayr / and what shall now doo your pour children / wyll you that they deye for hungre, for fawte of your horse? For it is thre dayes passed that they ete ony 8 mete; shortly shall theyr lives come atte an ende / myn also / For my hert clevech me in my body for fyne force of hungre. And soo shall ye see me deye presently / but yf I have socours' / Whan the children 12 herde the moder speke thus, they sayd to Reynawde, 'Goode fader, for goddys love deliver your horse! For he shall deye as well for hungre / And it is better that he deye fyrste than we afore hym.' And whan alarde 16 guycharde and Rycharde herde theyr nevetes speke thus, rycharde spake / and sayd to his brother, 'Ha, gentyll duke, for god suffre not that your children nor my lady, your wyffe, deye for hungre, and we also.' 20 And whan Reynawde herde his brother Rycharde speke so to hym, his herte tendred with all ryght sore / and felle to wepe, and sayd / 'My fayer bredern, syth that it playse you that bayarde shall deye, I praye 24 you go and slee hym' / And whan they were all accorded that bayarde sholde be slayn<sup>2</sup> and eten,<sup>2</sup> they wente streyghte to the stable / where they founde bayarde / that casted to theym a grete syghe / And 28 whan Reynawde sawe that, he sayd he sholde rather slee hymselfe / than that bayarde sholde deye / that many tymes hathe saved hym from deth / And whan the chyldren had herde this / they retourned agayne to 32 theyr moder wepyng, and all deed for hungre.

**T**henne whan Reynawde sawe that hys chyldren were goon / he wente to bayarde, and gaff hym a

The Duchesse rebukes her husband,

and says they will all starve if Bayard lives.

Reynawde relents, and tells his brethren to slay Bayard.

Reynawde, when he sees Bayard, will not have him slain;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. ii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F, orig.

lityll hey, <sup>1</sup>For he had none other thyng to gyve hym.  
 And thenne he came to hys brethern, and founde Alard  
 holdyng Aymon his nevewe that wepte / and Rycharde  
 4 helde Yon, and Guycharde the duchesse, that in his  
 armes was swouned, and sayd to theym / ‘Alas, for god  
 mercy, I praye you take in you corage tyll nyghte.  
 And I promyse you that I shall doo so moche, that we  
 8 shall have mete / and god wyll.’ ‘Brother,’ sayd Alarde,  
 ‘we muste suffre it, wyll we or not’ / Soo longe abode  
 the knyghtes that the nyghte came / and whan it was  
 come / Reynawd sayd to his brethern / ‘My brethern,  
 12 I wyll goo speke to our fader / for to see what he shall  
 saye to me / and yf he shall lete vs deye for hungre’ /  
 ‘Brother,’ sayd rycharde, ‘I wyll goo wyth you, yf it  
 playse you, and ye shall be the more sure that I be in  
 16 your company.’ ‘My brother,’ sayd the good knyghte  
 Reynawd, ‘ye shall not so. For I will goo there alone /  
 and yf I brynge you not mete, I shall thenne deliver  
 you bayarde.’ and whan Reynawd had sayd this, he  
 20 made hymselfe to be well armed, and lighted vpon  
 bayarde, and well secretly went oute of mountalban,  
 and came to his faders pavylion / the whiche he knewe  
 well / For he had aspyed it from above the grete towre  
 24 while it was day. And it happed so that he founde  
 his fader aymon out of hys pavylion all alone, wayt-  
 yng yf he myghte by ony way vnderstonde some tyd-  
 ynges pryvely of the castell / And whan reynawde  
 28 sawe his fader / he sayd to hym, ‘What arte thou that  
 goo now at this tyme of the nyghte all alone?’ And  
 whan aymon herde hym speke, he knewe hym anone,  
 & was righte glad / but he made of it noo semblaunt /  
 32 and sayd to hym / ‘but what art you thiself, that goost  
 at this owre so hie mounted.’ Whan reynawd herde  
 his fader speke, he knewe hym well, & sayd to hym,  
 ‘Syr, for god have merci vpon vs / for we deye <sup>2</sup>all for

he promises to  
get them meat,

and proposes to  
go to his father  
that night.

He mounts  
Bayard,

and goes to the  
tent of Aymon.

Aymon recognizes  
his son,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. C.C. iii. back.

and Reynawde  
prays him to  
succour his folk.

hungre! and all our horses ben all redy deed & eten, and soo we have nomore but bayarde, that shall not deye as longe as I live / For rather I sholde lete me be slayn / For to me & to my brethern 4 he hath often saved our lives. Alas, fader, yf ye will not have mercy on vs, have mercy of my yonge children !'

Aymon declares  
he cannot help  
him, because of  
his oath to the  
Emperor.

'**H**a, fayr sone,' sayd aymon / 'I canne not helpe 8 you of no thyng / but goo your waye agen / for I have you forsworne, ye wote it well / and therefore I wolde not doo agenste myn othe for all the good in the worlde / and my herte is right sory that I maye not 12 helpe nor gyve you socours.' 'Syr,' sayd reynawde, 'you speke yll / sauff your reverence. For I promyse you, yf ye gyve vs noo socours, that my wyff, my children, my brethern, and myself shall deye for rage 16 of hungre, or ever thre dayes ben passed / For it is all redy more than thre dayes, that none of vs ete ony mete / and so I wote not what I shall doo / Alas, ye be our fader, soo oughte you to comforte vs / For I 20 wote well, yf the kyng have vs, he shal make vs all to be hanged, and deye shamfully, whiche were not your worshyp; wherfore, fader, ye oughte not to faylle vs, yf the lawe of nature is rightwys / My fader, for god 24 have pyte & mercy vpon vs, and holde not your courage agenst your pour children for it were grete cruelte; and also ye knowe well that charlemagne dooth to vs grete wrong, for to persecute vs as he dooth' / Whan Aymon 28 herde reynawde speke thus, he had grete pyte of hym / and was soo sory *that* almoste he felle down in a swoune to the erthe. and after he began to beholde his childe reynawde;<sup>1</sup> & sore wepyng, he sayd to hym / 32 'Fayr sone, ye have sayd trouthe that the kyng dooth you grete wrong / and therfor a lighte fro your horse, & entre wythin my pavyllion, and take what it playse

Reynawde still  
implores him to  
have pity on  
them.

Aymon gives  
Reynawde leave  
to take what he

<sup>1</sup> reynawrd, *orig.*

you / for noo <sup>1</sup>thing shall be sayd nay to you / but I shall not gyve you nothyng, for to save my othe' / And whan reynawd herde his fader speke soo, he descended  
 4 a fote, & kneled byfore him / and sayd 'an hundred gramercies, dere fader' / and the<sup>n</sup>ne he entred wythin the pavylion of his fader, and laded bayard wyth brede, & wyth flesshe, both salt & fresshe / and wyte  
 8 it that bayard dyde bere more than x other horses shold have doon. And whan reinawde had well laded bayarde wyth vitaylles, he toke leve of his fader, & went agen to mountalban / it is not to be asked what welcom  
 12 reynawd had of his bredern, of his wyff, & of his men / and wyte it that whan they sawe hym brynge soo moche vitaylles / thei swouned all for ioye to the ertne / And whan reynawd sawe this, he wende thei  
 16 had ben deed for hungre. Soo began he to make grete sorowe, & not wythoute a cause / and while that reynawd sorowed & made grete mone, his bredern began to com agen to theimselfe, his wyff, & also his two  
 20 children. And whan reynawd sawe theym all vpon their fete, he was glad, & presented to theym mete for theym, & for his folke. and thei the<sup>n</sup>ne made grete ioye, & ete their fyll at their ease / And whan they had  
 24 eten well, thei went to slepe, except reynawd, that wold kepe watche himself. And on the morne whan the day was com, they rose & went to here masse / and after the masse was doon, they fell to their mete agayn,  
 28 and ete all that was left over, evin of that reynaud had brought. and whan the next nyght was come, aymon, *that* cowde not forgete his children / made his stywarde to com byfore hym, & sayd to him / ' ye knowe how I  
 32 have forsworne my chydren / wherof I am sory that ever I dyde soo ; but it is sayd, *that* at the nede the frende is knowen / I lete you wyte that my children ben yonder wythin in grete poverte & mysease, and

will from his pavilion.

Reynawde lades Bayard with provisions,

and returns to the Castle.

They all feast joyfully at Mont-alban.

Aymon calls his steward,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. iv.

how be it that I have forsworne them / I oughte nor  
 maye <sup>1</sup>not faylle them / we have thre engynes that  
 charlemagne hath made me doo make for to hurt with  
 my children, wherof we have dommaged them asmoche <sup>4</sup>  
 as we myghte / now must we helpe theym after their  
 dommage / And I shall telle you how : see that ye put  
 wythin the engynes brede & flesshe, bothe salt & freshe,  
 in grete plente in stede of stones / and lete this be cast <sup>8</sup>  
 in to the castell, for yf I shold deye myself for hungre,  
 I shall not fayll them aslong as I have wherof to helpe  
 them / and also I repent me full sore of the harme  
 that I have doon to them / for all the worlde ought to <sup>12</sup>  
 blame me therof wyth good right, <sup>2</sup>and we ben in the  
 wronge.' 'Sire,' sayd the stiwarde, 'ye saye well / for  
 ye have doon so moche agenste them, that all the  
 worlde blameth you therof / but incontynente I shall <sup>16</sup>  
 doo your commaundement' / And thenne the styward,  
 went & made the thre engynes to be fylled wyth  
 vitaylles, & after, he badde the governer to caste them  
 in to mountalban / And ye must wyte that many of <sup>20</sup>  
 thoost blamed aymon sore, that he made his engynes  
 to be caste agenst his children / for they wende it had  
 be stones. And whan the nyght was passed, & that  
 reynawd was vp / he went here & there wythin the <sup>24</sup>  
 castell, and founde foyson of vitaylles that his fader had  
 cast / wherof he was ryght glad, & sayd / 'Good lord,  
 blessed be you / now see I well that they that have their  
 truste in you, can not fare amys.' and thenne he called <sup>28</sup>  
 his bredern, his wyfe, <sup>3</sup>& his children,<sup>3</sup> & sayd / 'My  
 bredern, ye see how our fader hathe pite of vs' / And  
 thenne he made the vitaylles to be gadred vp, & put in  
 a sure place / and soo they ete therof at theyr ease, for <sup>32</sup>  
 they had well grete nede therof, for they were so sore

and orders him  
 to fill three  
 engines with food  
 and let them be  
 cast into the  
 Castle.

The steward  
 obeys his com-  
 mand.

Reynawde in the  
 morning dis-  
 covers all these  
 provisions, and  
 is very grateful  
 to his father.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Car mes enfans ont le droit, F. orig. E. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.



an hungred that it was grete pyte / And wyte it that  
aymon made cast so moche vitayll within mountalban,  
that thei of within had ynoughe for thre monethes  
4 wyth good governaunce.

<sup>1</sup> Now we must vnderstonde that charlemagne had  
some knowledge howe the olde duke aymon had  
gyven vytaylles to hys children, wherof he was sore an  
8 angred, & made aymon to com incontynent afore hym,  
& sayd to hym, 'aymon! who maketh the so bolde to  
& gyve ony mete to myn enmyes mortall? I know well  
all thy wyles / thou mayst not excuse thyself; but by  
12 the feyth that I owe to god I shall avenge me soo well  
are nyght, that yf I may, ye shall lese your hede for it' /  
'Syr,' sayd the duke aymon, 'I wyll not denye it; for I  
telle you truly, yf ye shold make me deye, or be brente  
16 in a fyre, I wyll not faylle my chi[l]dren aslong as I  
maye helpe theym. <sup>2</sup>For my children be no theves, tray-  
tours, nor no murdrers, but they ben the moste valiaunt  
knyghtes of the worlde, & the truest.<sup>2</sup> and wene not you  
20 to slee my children in suche maner! ye have to long  
wrought your foly if it wold suffyre you' / Whan charle-  
magne herde aymon speke thus / he was angri wyth it,  
and for grete wrathe he loked as fire, & almoste he  
24 smote aymon. And whan the duke naymes sawe this,  
he avauanced hym forthe, & sayd / 'Sir, sende home  
aymon, for ye have kept hym here tolong; ye ought  
well to vnderstonde *that* aymon wyll not see his  
28 children to be destroyed, and therfor ye ought not to  
blame him nor smyte hym;' after that charlemagne  
herde the duke naymes speke, he sayd to hym /  
'Naymes, sith that ye have iudged it, ye shall not be  
32 gaynsayd;' and thenne he torned hym towarde the  
duke aymon, & sayd to hym / 'Now goo forth oute of  
myn oost / for ye have doon me more dommage than  
prouffyte' / 'sire,' sayd the duke aymon / 'I shall

Charlemagne dis-  
covers Aymon's  
gift to Reynawde,

and denounces  
him wrathfully.

Aymon swears he  
will not fail his  
children.

Naymes counsels  
the Emperor to  
send Aymon to  
his home.

Aymon is dis-  
missed.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. v.

<sup>2</sup> Damps roy, F. orig.

He recommends  
his children to the  
Peers,

and vows vengeance  
on those  
who shall harm  
them.

The Castle is  
again furnished,

Reynawde fears  
they will all die.

Alarde prays that  
Bayard may be  
slain.

gladly doo your *commaundement*' / And anone he went  
& lighted on horsbacke, and after sayd to the peres of  
fraunce, 'Lordes, I praye you all that ye wyll have my  
children for recommended / for they ben com of your 4  
blode, and lete the kyng <sup>1</sup>see well to / For yf he make  
my children to deye by suche grete vengeance as he  
hathe sayd / yf I sholde be-come a sarrasyn, and dwelle  
in affryque all the dayes of my liff, I shall stryke of his 8  
hede ; for none other gage I wyll not take' / And whan  
aymon had sayd thus, he went oute of the ooste in to  
fraunce to his countrey, well hevvy by cause he lefte his  
children in soo grete poverte / And Charlemagne, that 12  
sawe aymon goo thus quyte, and that he had gar-  
nysshed mountalban of vytayllis, he was full angry for  
it / Soo studied he vpon this a longe while / and whan  
he had studied longe ynoughe, he was soo sory that 16  
none myghte be more / and retourned hymselfe towarde  
his barons / and sayd, 'Lordes, I *commaunde* you that  
ye breke all our engynes / For by them I have myssed  
to have the castell of mountalban.' And In[con]tyrente 20  
the barons made breke the engynes, as the kyng had  
*commaunded* / And by all thus Reynawde abode a  
longe while in good peas, but theyr vytaylles began  
sore to mynysshe / And whan Reynawde sawe that / 24  
he was sory / and beganne to complayne in hymselfe,  
and sayd, 'Good lorde, what shall I doo / I knowe that  
atte longe rennyng we shall not mowe holde, and soo  
shall charlemagn have noo mercy of vs, but he shall 28  
make vs deye. Alas, mawgis, where be you? For yf  
ye were wyth vs, we sholde doubte noo thyng, nor I  
sholde not suffre this grete distresse that I have' / All  
thus as Reynawde complayned hymself / thenne came 32  
alarde, that was so feble, that wyth peyn he myghte  
stande vpon his fete, and sayd to Reynawde / 'Reynawde,  
for the love of god make bayarde to be slayne /

† Fol. C.C. v. back,

For I maye noo lenger live wythoute mete / nother yet  
my brethern.'

**T**henne whan reynawd herde his brother alarde  
4 **I** speke thus / he was right sory for it, & toke his  
swerde, & went <sup>1</sup>to bayarde for to slee him / And whan  
bayarde saw reynaude, he began to make grete ioie /  
and whan reynaud sawe the chere that bayarde him  
8 made / he sayd to him, 'ha, bayarde, goode beast / yf  
I had the herte for to doo the harme, I were welle  
cruell.' and whan yonnet, the yonger sone, herde that /  
he cryed to his fader, 'sir, wherfore tary ye, that ye  
12 slee not bayard, sith he must deye, for I wexe madde  
for hungre / and so I tell you, yf I have not shortly  
som fode ye shall see me dey afore your eyen / and yet  
my moder & my broder also / for we may no lenger  
16 live thus, soo harde we ben famyshed' / And whan  
reynaude herde his sone speke to hym soo, he had  
grete pyte of hym / & grete sorowe in his hert / and  
soo he had of bayard that chered hym somoche.  
20 **T**henne wyst not reynawd what he sholde saye nor  
doo, and soo began to thynke a longe while / And  
whan he had bethought himself longe ynoughe / he  
advysed hym how bayarde shold not deye. And  
24 **t**henne he called after a basin, and made baiard be  
leten blode moche / and after he had lete him blode  
ynoughe, reynawd stopped the vayne, & gaff the blode  
to alarde for to be dressed; and whan it was soden,  
28 they ete all a lityll therof, whiche gauf them grete  
sustenaunse. And to say the trouth / reynawd & his  
folke were well four dayes wythout any other fode.  
And whan came to the fifthe day, that thei wold haue  
32 baiard lete blode agen / he was soo feble that he cast  
noo blode at all. and whan the duches sawe that, she  
began to wepe tenderly, & sayd / 'Sire, for god, sith  
that he gyveth no more blode, lete him be slayn / and

Reynawde goes  
to Bayard, who  
makes signs of  
joy when he sees  
him.

Reynawde cannot  
slay his horse,  
but sends for a  
bason, and draws  
his blood instead,

which his folk  
eat.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. vi.

soo shall ete your pour children of him, that deyen for grete hungre, & I also' / 'Madame,' sayd thenne reynawd, 'I wyll not doo so / For bayarde hathe borne vs goode company in oure liff, and so shall he do tyll 4 thour of our deth, for we shall dey alle togyder.' And ye oughte to knowe that Reynawd <sup>1</sup>and his company were brought soo lowe / that they wayted none other but deth / the whiche was theym nyghe ynoughe, whan 8 an olde man that was amonge theim, cam & sayd to reynawd, 'Sir, what shall it be / I see that you & mountalban shall be distroyed / but in you is not the fawte, for it hath be well defended aslong as ye myght, 12 as it apereth, and syth *that* I see ye may nomore doo / come after me, & I shall shew you a waye, where through we shall well all goo out wythoute ony danger / and I wyll well *that* ye knowe mountalban was ones made, & 16 shit afore ye dyde make it / and the lord that buylded it first, lete make a waye vnder the erth, that bryngeth folke vnto the wode of the serpent; and I was a yong childe whan that way was made, and I know well 20 where it lieth / doo dygge where I shall shewe you, and ye shall fynde it wythout ony fayll, and thus shall we goo fre wythout ony danger' / whan reynawd herde these wordes, he was so gladde of it that none myght 24 be more / so that he forgate his hungre withall, & sayd, 'O fayr god, that all made, blessed be you! Now have I founde that I desired; for I shall goo to ardeyn, whiche I ought to love dere.' and thenne he toke the 28 olde man by the hande, & made hym to bring him to the<sup>2</sup> place where he sayd / and there he made to be dygged in therth, & founde y<sup>e</sup> waye that the olde man said / wherof he was right glad / and thenne he went 32 to the stable, & put the saddle vpon bayard, & after brought him to the weye / but wyte it that bayard was soo feble that he scante cowde goo the pase. And

An old man tells Reynawde of a passage out of the Castle, whereby they can save themselves by flight.

He shows the men where to dig for the passage.

Reynawde saddles Bayard,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> the *repeated in text*.

thenne reynaude, his wyffe, his bredern, his children, & the remenaunte of his folke, put theimself to the way vnder therth, so that noo creature a live abode wythin  
4 the castell.

**G**rete plente of torches made reynawd to be fired,<sup>1</sup>  
that they myght see the beter wythin y<sup>e</sup> cave as  
thei went, and he <sup>2</sup>ordered his forwarde of that few  
8 folke that he had / and wente forthe in good orden-  
aunce wyth his baner displayed / and he with his  
bredern made the reregarde<sup>3</sup> / And whan they had goon  
a longe while thurgh the cave, that was wyde &  
12 large, reynawd made his folke to tary, & sayd to his  
bredern / ‘mi bredern, we have doon evyll / For we  
have lefte behynde vs kyng yon in the prysoñ / certes  
I sholde lever deye than that I shold leve hym soo /  
16 for he sholde deye there for hungre as a famysshed  
woulfe / and that were to vs grete synne.’ ‘By god,’  
sayd richard, ‘he hathe well deserved it, for <sup>4</sup>of a man  
that is a traytour, men oughte not to have pyte’ /  
20 ‘Broder,’ sayd reynawde, ‘ye saie yll.’ and thenne he  
retorned again, & cam to the prison where the kyng  
yon was / whiche he toke out & broughte wyth hym.  
And whan the duchesse sawe her broder the kyng  
24 yon com, she sayd to hym / ‘Ha, broder, ye are right  
yll come to me / for all the harme that we have  
suffred, cometh through cause of you / I am sory that ye  
be not deed rotyn wythin the pryson, for ye have well  
28 deserved it.’ ‘Madame,’ sayd reynawde, ‘lete that  
alone, I praye you, for he shall not dey if I maye, For  
I have doon to hym homage, wherfore I ought to obey  
hym. and how be it he hath wroughte full yll agenst

and with his wife  
and children, and  
the remainder of  
his folk, goes  
through the  
passage.

After they have  
gone some time  
Reynawde dis-  
covers the absence  
of King John ;

he returnes, and  
brings John out  
of the Castle  
prison.

<sup>1</sup> quant luy et ses gens furent dedens la cave, F. orig. E. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. C.C. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Quant Regnault eut bien ordonne sa besongne ilz se mirent a la voye par dedens la cave qui estoit grande et plan-  
tureuse, F. orig. E. iii.

<sup>4</sup> yf, orig.

vs, yet shall I never be forsworne agenst hym' / whan  
his bredern herde him speke thus / they sayd to hym /  
'broder, ye speke well & wysly, and ye doo that ye  
ought to doo / nor ye shall never be rebuked of vs for 4  
it; doo therin as it playseth you' / And after these  
wordes thei went on their waye /

The knights find  
themselves in the  
wood of the  
serpent.

Reynawde's  
son swoons  
from hunger.

His father  
comforts him by  
promises of food.

So longe went these knyghtes, that thei cam oute of  
the cave, and founde theymself at the woode of 8  
the serpent, evyn at the sprynge of the daye / and  
assone as thei were issued oute of the sayd cave, thei  
were glad / bycause that they were soo scaped fro  
charlemagne. Yonnet thenne, the lityl sone <sup>1</sup>of Rey- 12  
nawd, swounded there for grete hungre / And whan  
Reynawd sawe that, he was right sory for it / and toke  
hym vp and sayd / 'Fayr sone, I praye you be a  
good chere, for we shall have soone mete grete plente' / 16  
And whan he had sayd this, he toke his other sone  
aymon in his armes, & recomforted hym moche / and  
whan reynawd had doon soo / he loked about hym,  
& knew wel where they were. and he sayd to his 20  
brethern / 'Lordes, me semeth that we ben nygh the  
hermytage of my good frende bernarde.' 'sire,' sayd  
alarde, 'ye saye trouthe, but what shall we doo?'  
'Broder,' sayd reynawd, 'I counseill for the moost 24  
profytable that we goo there / and we shall abyde there  
tyl the nyght be com / and thenne we shall take our  
way towarde ardeyn; for I counseill not that we goo  
by day / and also it can not be but the hermyte shall 28  
have some mete whiche we shall gyve to my wyff, &  
to my children' / 'Broder,' sayd alarde, 'by my feyth  
ye speke wel.' and thenne they put theimself to the  
waye / and they had goon but a lityll that they founde 32  
the hermytage; but as they wente all thrughe the  
woode, they departed thone fro the other as wylde  
bestes, etyng the herbes and the gresses as it had be

They all go  
towards the  
monastery,  
and on the way  
eat wild herbs  
and apples,  
because of their  
great hunger.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. C.C. vii. back.

apples or peeres, so grete hungre they had. And whan Reynawd sawe this, he was sory, & called theym agen, & sayd, 'Lordes, ye doo not well for to separe thus the  
 4 one from the other, For it myghte lightly tourne vs to dommage / I praye you that every man calle other, & gadre yourself togyder / and lete vs goo in to the hermytage / For we shall fynde there bernarde, that  
 8 shall make vs good chere, I wote it well'<sup>1</sup> / And whan they were come there / Reynawde knocked at the gate / And whan bernarde herde it / he cam anone, and sawe Reynawde and hys folke / wherof he was ryght gladde /  
 12 and came and kyssed Reynawd. And after he sayd vnto hym / 'Fayre lorde, ye be <sup>2</sup>ryght welcome / of whens come you / and how is it wyth you?' / 'My frende bernarde,' sayd thenne Reynawde, 'Wyte it that  
 16 I have lefte myn herytaunce by fyne force of hungre, and soo I goo to Ardeyne<sup>3</sup> / For I canne none otherwyse doo atte this tyme / And I pray you that yf ye have ony mete, that ye, for godys sake, wyll gyve it to  
 20 my wyffe / and to my children, For they ben soo sore famysshed that they dey for hungre, but yf they have some mete.'

Reynawde gains admittance at the monastery, where he finds his friend Bernard, who joyfully receives him.

24 **W**han Bernarde<sup>4</sup> vnderstode these wordes of Reynawde, he had of hym grete pyte / for the dystresse wherin he sawe Reynawde & his folke / And of the other parte, he was gladde whan he wyste that they were scaped oute of the dangeours of Charle-  
 28 magne / and anone he wente to the duchesse, & sayd to her / 'Madame, ye be right welcome / I praye you doubte noo thyng, For ye be arryved in a good place / for to take your reste atte your ease' / And  
 32 thenne he wente in to his chambre, and broughte oute

Bernard is grieved for the sufferings of the Sons ;

<sup>1</sup> quant regnault eut se dist chescun se ralia ensemble et sen vont vers hermitage, F. orig. E. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. C.C. viii.

<sup>3</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> larmite, F. orig.

he sets bread  
and wine before  
them.

brede and wyne / and all suche as god had sente  
hym / And after he sette hym besyde Reynawd, and  
sayd to hym / 'Lorde, take a worthe suche vytaylles  
as god hathe gyven to me! there they ben / I shall 4  
gyve you mete in dyspyte of Charlemagne' / 'Gramercy,  
syre,' sayd Reynawd / 'here ben good tydynges for  
vs; but whan the nyghte is come, we shall goo to  
Ardeyne.<sup>1</sup> For I doubte sore that Charlemagne shall 8  
aperceyve that we ben departed / For yf god graunte me  
that I may bryng me and my company to Ardeyne / I  
shall not sette a rotyn appull for all the power of  
Charlemagne / for I shall well deffende me agaynste 12  
hym.' 'Syre,' sayd the heremyte, 'ye saye well / I praye  
god that he wyll fulfyller your wyll.' All that daye  
soiourned Reynawd and his folke wyth Bernarde the  
heremyte / the whiche served and <sup>2</sup>comforted them of 16  
all his power. and also he gaf of the otis of his asse  
to bayarde,<sup>3</sup> as moche as he myght etc. And whan the  
nyghte was com, Reynawd wolde departe / and bade  
fare well to the heremyte. and whan the heremyte 20  
saw that they wold goo awaye, he founde the meanes  
that they had thre horses, wherof the duchesse had  
thone / and the children had the other tweyne / And  
thus reynaude wyth his felishyp went on theyr waye 24  
so long that they cam to ardeyne.<sup>1</sup> And whan they of  
the cyte wyst that their lord was com, that they had  
desired so longe / they were well glad, & cam agenste  
hym in fayr company, and receyved hym honourable / 28  
and conveyd hym vnto the fortresse. and after they  
went & made feest thorughe all the towne / like as  
god had descended there, <sup>4</sup>for grete ioye that they had  
of theyr lord reynawd.<sup>4</sup> And whan the barons of the 32  
londe wyst that theyr lord reynawd & his bredern were

Reynawde says he  
shall defy Charle-  
magne when he  
reaches Arden.

At night they all  
take farewell of  
Bernard,

and set forth for  
Arden.

The people of the  
city welcome  
them gladly.

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. C.C. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> qui estoit si rescreu, F. orig. E. iv. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.



come to ardeyn,<sup>1</sup> they were glad / and cam soone [to]  
 see hym / and to hym they made reverence / But here  
 levethe the history to speke of reynawde, of his bredern,  
 4 his wyff & his chyldren, that were in ardeyn<sup>1</sup> well at  
 ease / for theyr grete hungre was ceassed / and shall  
 retorne to speke of charlemagn & of his xii peres /  
 for to shewe how he entred in to mountalban, after  
 8 that reynawd was departed.

## CHAPTER XX.

¶ How Charlemagn, after that he had be-  
 seged mountalban, and had famysshed  
 reynawd & his brethern / knewe that they  
 12 were goon, and had habandouned the  
 place,<sup>2</sup> and were goon to Ardeyne,<sup>1</sup> He  
 wente there and beseged theym agayn,  
 But or ever he had pyghte his siege,  
 16 Reynawde / and his bredern made an  
 yssue vpon hym and hys folke, and slewe  
 many of theym, And toke prysoner Richard  
 the duke of mormandy.<sup>3</sup> &c./

20 <sup>4</sup> In this party sheweth the history, that whan Charle-  
 magne was at the siege / byfore mountalbañ, sore  
 an angred that he cowde not take Reynawd ne his  
 bredern / Nowe it happed on a daye that Charlemagn  
 24 rode nighe the castell for to wyte how they bare  
 theymself withiñ mountalban. And whan he was  
 nyghe,<sup>5</sup> he loked vp to the walles, and sawe no body

Charlemagne  
 rides towards the  
 Castle of Mont-  
 alban, where he  
 sees no one on the  
 wall;

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> luy et ses freres sa femme et ses enfans par dessoubz  
 terre, F. orig. E. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> pert de france dont charlemagne fut moult dolant, F.  
 orig. E. v.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. D.D. i.

<sup>5</sup> du chastel, F. orig.

he thinks all the  
people are dead.

that was there / as they were wont to be / And whan  
he saw that / he was abashed of it, and came agen to  
his pavyllion / and sent incontynent for all his barons /  
and whan thei were come, he sayd to theym / ' Lordes, 4  
it is well nyghe eyghte dayes a goo / that I sawe noo  
body vpon the walles of mountalban / wherfore I  
belve that alle they of it be deed.' ' Syre,' sayd the  
duke naymes, ' it were good that men wyste the trouth 8  
of it / sende thider, syre, yf it playse you' / Whan  
charlemagn herde this, he lighted anone on horsbacke /  
and all his barons wyth him, and went to mount-  
alban / And whan they were come to the gate / they 12  
made semblaunt to gyve a sawte to the castell / but  
reynawde was to ferre for to defende it<sup>1</sup> / and thenne  
Charlemagn wende verely that Reynawde & all his had  
been deed for hungre & grete distresse / and he made 16  
to be broughte there a longe ladder, and righted it to  
the walles. And incontynent rowlande mounted vp<sup>2</sup>  
first of all / and after him ogyer, olivere, & the duke  
naymes. And whan they were vpon the walles, they 20  
behelde wythin, and they saw nother man nor woman,  
and soo they went doun from the walles / and yede &  
opened the gate / and made charlemagn to come in, &  
all his folke / But wyte it that Charlemagne wente in 24  
as angry as ony man myghte be. And whan he was  
wythin & founde noo body / he was sore merveyllid,  
that he wyste not what he shold say nor doo. Soo went  
he vp to the dongeon, & he fonde there noo <sup>3</sup>body / 28  
wherof he was more merveyllid than he was a fore,  
and thenne he began to saye / ' Bi my soule, lordes,  
here is grete merveyllid, & well the devylles werke /  
wyte it that Reynawde is goon, & all his bredern, and 32  
all his folke also, and all this hathe doon that theef

The barons mount  
the walls,

and open the gate  
for the Emperor  
to enter.

<sup>1</sup> Quant Charlemaigne vit ce que nessun ne se apparissoit  
pour le chastel defendre, F. orig. E. v.

<sup>2</sup> vs, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. D.D. i. back.

mawgys, that hathe ben here wythin / for it can none  
otherwyse be.'

- 4 **A**fter that Charlemagne had sayd these wordes / he  
begañ to walke wythin the castell, sekyng all  
aboute to see yf he myghte fynde reynawd or any of  
his brethern. And soo longe he went thus here &  
there, that he founde the waye there as they wente  
8 oute / and whan the kyng charlemagne sawe the cave,  
he was sore abasshed wyth it / and called ogyer the  
dane, & sayd to hym, 'Ogyer, here is the waye where  
thrughe the traytours are goon awaye; and all thys  
12 hath doon me mawgis / For he hathe made this cave  
in dyspyte of me, Wherof he maketh my herte to  
breke in my bely.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke naymes /  
'ye blame mawgis; but thys cave sheweth not that  
16 it hathe be vnmade this hundred yeres passed / and I  
telle you for certeyn that sarrasins made it fyrste.'  
Whan charlemagne herde these wordes, he began to  
smyle wyth an angry face / and cursed them that  
20 made the cave / and was merveyllously an angred,  
For he knew wel that reynawd & all his company were  
goon oute at the same hole / and soo he was dysmyssed  
of his purpose. he sayd thenne to his folke, 'Now  
24 goo lightly in, and seke where this hole brynge men  
vnto, for I shall not be at myn ease tyll I knowe it' /  
And whan rowlande vnderstode charlemagne / he put  
hymself wythin the cave / and made lighte a grete  
28 mayne of torches for to see in it. and after rowland  
wente with grete plente of frenshemen, that folowed  
hym / And thei wente soo longe tyll they came at  
thende of the cave, and founde <sup>1</sup>theymsel in the wode  
32 of the serpent / And whan rowlande was come out of  
the cave / he loked about for to know where they  
were, but he cowde not hymself knowe it. and  
thenne he sayd to hys folke, 'Lordes, me semeth that

Charlemagne  
seeks for the Sons  
in the Castle,

and discovers the  
passage under-  
ground;

he curses those  
who have made  
the cave,

and commands  
his folk to dis-  
cover where it  
leads.

Roland goes  
through the cave  
with his men,

and finds himself  
in the wood.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. ii.

for to goo ony forder for to seke after reynaud / it were but foly, for he knoweth well the countrey, and we wote not where to goo' / 'Syre,' sayd his felawes, 'ye saye well; therefore lete vs retourne to charlemagn 4 your vncle, for to telle hym what we have founde wythin this cave.'

**W**han rowland & his felawes were accorded, they returned that way that they were come. 8 And whan ye kynge sawe theym come oute agen / he asked of theym what they had founde, and yf they had founde ony yssue to goo oute of the cave / 'Syre,' sayd rowland, 'ye, wythout faylle / Wyte that reynawd 12 & his folke are scaped you / and they have bayarde wyth theim / for here ye maye see the paath' / And whan the kynge charlemagne knewe the trouthe, how reynawd & his company were goon, he was soo gretly 16 an angred that none myght be more / and the same hour he sent his messagers in all his londes & countres, for to wyte yf he myghte vnderstonde ony tydynges where reynawd & his bredern were become. And 20 whan he had doon this, he commaunded that his osthold dyslodge / and that they shold come all to mountalban. And whan the barons herde the kynge, they dyde his commaundemente / and cam all to 24 mountalban, & lodged theym as wel as they cowde / and abode there well six dayes, makyng grete ioye that reynawd & his brethern were thus expelled out of it. And as the barons were devysing wythin mountalban, 28 there came a messenger to fore charlemagne, and salved him as to hym apperteyneth / and to hym he sayd in this wyse, 'Syre, wyte it that I have seen Reynawd, Alard, guychard, <sup>1</sup>& Rychard, ledyng grete ioye wyth 32 grete company of knyghtes / kepinge a grete courte wythin the cyte of ardeyne<sup>2</sup> / Where as reynawd gyveth grete gyftes to every one, and I am sore

Roland relates to the Emperor how Reynawde and his folk have escaped.

All the host of Charlemagne lodge themselves in Montalban.

A messenger brings tidings of the Sons in Arden.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

merveilled where he hath gotten soo grete tresour.  
 And also is there wyth hym the kynge yon of  
 gascoyn / and that more is, I telle you for certeyn,  
 4 that Reynawd hathe made a grete assemble of folke  
 for to deffende him agenst you, yf ye goo in ony wyse  
 for to assaylle hym' /

**T**he kyng was moche angry whan he herde hys  
 8 messenger / soo sware he by saynt denys he  
 sholde never lie in noo bed tyll he had beseged  
 ardeyn<sup>1</sup> / And whan he had sayd soo, he commaunded  
 to his barons that every man sholde trusse his bag-  
 12 gage / and that they sholde take on theyr way streyghte  
 to ardeyn<sup>1</sup> / And whan the barons herde charlemagn  
 speke soo, they toke on theyr waye wythoute any more  
 taryeng,<sup>2</sup> towarde ardeyne<sup>2</sup> / and rode soo longe tyll that  
 16 they came to mountargweyll / that was not ferre from  
 ardeyne<sup>1</sup> / For men myghte see from thens the steples  
 of the towne. There was lodged the oost of charle-  
 magne that nyghte / but I proymse he dyde doo make  
 20 good watche, for doubte of the four sones of aymon.  
 And whan the daye was come / charlemagne dyde set  
 his folke in good ordenaunce / and wyth his baner dys-  
 played they rode towarde ardeyne<sup>1</sup> / And whan rey-  
 24 nawde wyste that charlemagn was come for to besege  
 theim wyth in ardeyn,<sup>1</sup> he began to swere that he  
 sholde not lete him beseged, as he had doon wythin  
 mountalban. For rather he wolde fyghte wyth charle-  
 28 magne / And yf it maye soo falle that he come in his  
 handes, he shall not have pyte of hym as he had to fore  
 tyme, by cause he had founde hym soo cruell, and  
 wythoute pyte / 'Brother,' sayd thenne Rycharde, 'now  
 32 I see you speke like a knyghte / and by the feyth that  
 I owe vnto you / I promyse you that, or ever charle-  
 magn shal besege vs, I shall slee moo than a[n] hundred

The Emperor  
 determines to  
 besiege the city

The Frenchmen  
 assemble near  
 Arden.

Reynawde swears  
 he will not be  
 besieged again.

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. D.D. iii.

Richard vows to slay more than a hundred of the Emperor's folk.

of his folke. And, but yf god faylle vs / we shall doo suche a thyng that shall be to the grete hurt and dysplaysure of hym / wherof he shall be sori all the dayes of his liff / For he is not manered like a gentyll mañ / 4 For the more that he is prayed / the lesse he dooth.' 'Brother,' sayd alarde,<sup>1</sup> / 'ye speke well & honestly, And I shall conne you thanke for it aslong as I live.'

Reynawde summons his folk, and issues out of the city.

**Y**e oughte to wyte that whan reynawd sawe that 8 charlemagne come for to besege hym wyth a grete puyssaunce of folke / he was noo thyng abashed wyth it. But<sup>2</sup> he made incontynente bondy, his good horne, to be blowen / and made his folke to be arryved 12 redely, that were in grete nombre, and made theym yssue oute of the cyte / And whan his armye was assembled in the feeldes / it was a noble thyng for to see. And thenne he ordeyned his bataylles by good or- 16 denaunce as a wyse fyghter / And after that he had doon soo, he called his brethern, and sayd to theym, 'My fayr brethern, this daye is the daye that we shall deye, or elles doo soo moche that we shall brynge the 20 werre atte an ende / Wherfore, I praye you that every of vs shewe hym selfe a goode knyght ; for in you is all my truste. And soo I promyse you that I have lever deye worthily in bataylle, than for to be hanged sham- 24 fully as a theffe. My brethern, I praye you come alle nyghe me / for I wylle that we ben the firste that shall smyte vpon our enmyes.' 'Brother,' sayd alarde, 'we shall doo your commaundement / doubtte ye not of it / 28 and goo forth whan ye wylle' / And whan they were soo agreed, Reynawde dyde chuse an hundred of the beste knyghtes of his felawship, and sayd to theym, 'Sires, I praye you that ye wyll be with me in the 32 firste bataylle, and ye shall doo me grete honoure.'<sup>3</sup> 'Syre,' sayd the knyghtes, 'we shall gladly doo your

He charges his brethren to fight valiantly, as it is better to die in battle than be hung shamefully;

he chooses 100 knights for his body guard,

<sup>1</sup> par la foy que je vous doy, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Bnt, orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. D.D. iii. back.

commaundemente, and we shall not leve you as longe  
as liff is in vs; and so we thanke you of the grete  
worshyp that ye doo to calle vs in your company.

4 For we knowe well that we can not fare amys as longe  
as we be wyth you.'

**W**han Reynawd had ordeyned well his bataylles /  
he made none other taryeng / but went the  
8 formest of all, the sheelde atte the necke / and the  
spere in the fyst, and was mounted vpon bayarde, that  
behelde proudly about hym, makyng grete noyse /  
And thenne reynawd gaff hym the spore / and wente  
12 fayr vpon the folke of charlemagne. And whan charle-  
magne sawe bayarde comyng, that made so grete bruyte /  
and reynawde vpon his backe that came in soo fayr  
ordenaunce / he was sore abashed of it / and sayd in  
16 hymselfe / 'O, goode lorde / and where the devyll have  
all redy had the four sones of Aymon so many folke as  
I see here now wyth theym? I byleve it is some  
devylls werke; for I had not lefte many wyth theym  
20 late a goo. And now reynawde is soo puyssaunte that  
he fereth me noo thyng. But I promyse god, all this  
shall not avaylle hym / but I shall doo iustyce vpon  
hym & his bredern or oughte longe' / And thenne he  
24 made his bataylle to be sette in ordenaunce in the beste  
wyse that he cowde / and lighted on horsbacke for to  
come fyghte wyth reynawde / And whan the duke  
naymes sawe that Charlemagne was soo madde that  
28 he wolde go fyghte wyth Reynawde, he wente to hym  
and sayd / 'Syre, Syre, what ys that ye wylle doo? I  
promyse you it were grete foly for to fyghte wyth these  
folke / and it were better that ye sholde make peas  
32 with Reynawde / For I am sure that Reynawde shall  
doo all that ye wyll commaunde hym. And I telle  
you well, that yf we fyghte wyth theym, that ye shall  
<sup>1</sup>see many knyghtes to traylle theyr bowelles thorughe

and, mounting  
Bayard, rides  
towards the  
Emperor's folk.

Charlemagne  
fears for his men  
when he sees  
the forces of Rey-  
nawde.

Duke Naymes  
counsels the  
Emperor to make  
peace with the  
Sons.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. iv.

Charlemagne  
refuses his advice  
in anger.

the feeldes / wherof it shall be grete harme to the one party / and to the other. And suche shalle the losse be, that it shall not be recovered agayne' / 'Naymes,' sayd the kynge Charlemagne, 'lete this alone / For I shall doo none other wyse, for no man that liveth. I sholde rather lete me to be dysmembred.' And whan the duke Naymes had vnderstonde his wordes, he was full sory of it / and lefte his spekyng therof. And from that hour, Charlemagne delibered hymselfe for to fyghte / and always he rode forthe in grete wrahte.

Reynawde deter-  
mines to speak to  
the Emperour,  
and demand his  
forgiveness;

And whan Reynawd sawe that the two oostes were approached sore nyghe, thone the other / as to hande and hande, he sayd to his brother Rycharde, <sup>1</sup>that was nexte hym, <sup>1</sup>' I wylle goo speke wyth the kynge Charlemagn, for to wyte of hym yf he wyll pardonne and take vs vnto his grace. For yf he wolde doo soo / I sholde doo enterly all his wylle & playsure, as to our soverayne lorde' / 'By god, brother,' sayd thenne Rycharde, 'ye be not worthe a botelle of heye / For the herte is all redy faylled in your bely' / 'Goo forthe, myschaunte,' sayd thenne Reynawde / 'thou wote not what thou sayste, For I wylle goo there; noo man shall kepe me therfro / and yf he refuseth the peas whan I shall axe it of hym, I shall make myn a vowe to god that I shall nevermore requyre hym therof' / 'Brother,' sayd Alarde, 'ye saye well and wysely, goo there hardely / and doo therin your wylle' / And thenne Reynawde made none other delaynge / but he smote bayarde wyth the spores, and wente incontynente towarde the kynge Charlemagne, and sayd to hym, 'Syre, for god mercy suffre, yf it be your playsure, that we have peas and accorde wyth you / that this werre that hath lasted solong maye fynysse, and that your wrahte be putte awaye from vs, yf <sup>2</sup>it playse you / and I shall be redy to doo all that ye wyll / and also I shall

he presents  
himself before  
Charlemagne,  
and pleads for  
peace.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. E. viii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. D.D. iv. back.



gyve you bayarde my good horse.' Thenne sayd the kyng to hym / 'goo fro me, false gloton / the devyll spede the / for all the worlde shall not conne kepe the, 4 but that I shalle slee the.' 'Syre,' sayd reynawde, 'ye shall not doo soo / and god wylle / for I shall defende me well / And wyte it, sith that it is com to this / ye shall not be spared of vs / but we shall do the worste 8 that we can.' 'Smyte, knyghtes,' sayd the kyng / 'I shall never prayse you yf this evyll gloton scape me now' / and whan reynawd sawe this / he sayd, 'Syr kyng of fraunce, I defye you!' and forthwyth he 12 spored bayarde / and ranne wyth his spere vpon a knyghte / whiche he smote soo harde in the breste, that he overthrewe hym deed to therth. And after that he wente agen to his folke. And whan Charlemagne 16 sawe this, he cryed wyth an hie voys, 'smyte, knyghtes ! now shall they be dyscomfyted' /

The Emperor  
insults him  
wrathfully,

and calls on his  
knights to slay  
him.

Reynawde returns  
to his folk.

**T**henne whan rowlande herde the kyng charlemagne crye thus / he spored after reynawde, and many 20 other knyghtes also / but they overtoke hym not / Whan rycharde sawe his brother come, he cam hym agenst / and sayd to him, 'Brother, what tydynges brynge you / shall we have peas or werre?' 'Broder,' 24 sayd reynawde, 'lete vs doo the best that we can, for peas we shall not have' / 'Brother,' said thenne richard, 'god blisse you for the tydynges that ye brynge ! for I thinke to doo this daye suche a thyng wherof charle- 28 magn shall be angry' / 'Brother,' sayd reynawde, 'I praye you that ye shewe yourselfe vertuou & stronge agenste our ennyes.' Whan the kyng charlemagne sawe that it was tyme to set vpon, he called hastily the 32 duke naymes, & sayd to him / 'Naymes, holde my oryflam, and thynke to smyte well and valiauntly as a worthy knyght ought to doo at ether hande in keping 1 my worshyp, and herof I praye you hertly' / 'Syre,'

Roland spurs  
after Reynawde  
with many other  
knights,  
but cannot reach  
him.

Charlemagne  
commands  
Naymes to fight  
worthily.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. v.

sayd the duke naymes, 'ye nede not for to praye me, for I am bounde to doo the same, but it greveth me that ye have not doon otherwyse / that is, that ye sholde have graunted to the peas; for the werre hathe lasted 4 to longe.' 'Naymes, I commaunde you that ye speke nomore therof to me / for while I live they shall have noo peas wyth me.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke naymes, 'I am sorry for it / Now lete see what ye shall doo / for I 8 goo to bataylle firste of all; and loke that ye folowe me yf ye wyll, for I shal put me in suche a place, wherof ye shall be sore merveylled, and not wythout a cause / for there nys noo man so oolde / but he sholde soone 12 gete hete there wythin a lityll while. Now folowe that wyll!'

**W**han Reynawd sawe the oryflame of fraunce com / he broched bayarde wyth the spores, and ranne 16 among the thickest, and smote a knyghte soo harde that he cast hym down deed to the erthe / And after, he tordned hym towarde his folke, and chered theym honestly, and thenne he went agen vp on his enmyes, 20 and of them he overthrewe foure, one after a nother, and vpon the fyfte<sup>1</sup> he brake his spere<sup>2</sup> in to many peces, & hurted hym right sore<sup>2</sup> / and anone he set hande to his swerde, & smote a knyghte wyth vpon his helme soo 24 strongly, that he cleved hym to the teeth / and forthwyth he smote a nother<sup>2</sup> wyth suche strengthe<sup>2</sup> that he made fle the hede fro the body of hym / And after he had doon thise two strokes, he cried 'ardeyn'<sup>3</sup> as hie as 28 he cowde, for to reioysse his folke. And whan he had cryed soo / he sayd to theym / 'Now vpon theym, goode knyghtes / For this daye we shall avenge the grete shame that charlemagne hathe doon to vs soo 32 longe wythout ony reyson.' And whan alarde, guycharde, & Rychard herde reynawd speke thus / they

Reynawde cheers on his folk, and fights fiercely in the battle;

he crys on high 'Arden,' calling on his knyghts to drive back their enemies.

<sup>1</sup> quartriesme, F. orig. E. viii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. E. viii. back. <sup>3</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

ranne vpon their enmyes by suche <sup>1</sup>a maner that eche  
of them overthrew vii knightes at that enpraynt. who  
that had be there than, he sholde have seen grete faytes  
4 of armes doon of the four sones of aymon / For after  
that they were ones assembled togyder / the folke of  
charlemagn myght not endure a fore theim / For rey-  
nawd & hys bredern went smytynge at eyther hande,  
8 and felde theyr enmyes down sterke deed as bestes /  
soo that the moost parte of them were slayn or dis-  
comfyted /

The Sons repulse  
the Frenchmen  
with great  
slaughter.

12 **W**han the kyng charlemagn sawe the grete damage  
that the foure sones of aymon bare to hym /  
he was right sore an angred for it. And wyth grete  
wrathe he went & ranne vpon the folke of reynawd, &  
smote a knyghte soo vengably that he cast hym down  
16 deed to the erthe / and brake his spere all in peces.  
And after, he toke his swerde in his hande, wherof he  
dyde merveylles of armes / so moche that his folke  
praysed hym for it, for he bare hymself there valiaunt  
20 & stronge / And wyte that this merveyllous bataylle  
was soo cruell that it was grete pite for to see.

Charlemagne  
rides towards the  
folk of Reynawde,  
and fights with  
marvellous  
strength.

**I**t is trouthe that rowlande was a ferde for his vncl  
charlemagn, that he sholde be overthrowen, whan  
24 he-saw hym in the presse, wherfor he went anone nyghe  
hym / and soo dyde oliver, ogyer, & all the xii peres, for  
to kepe that he sholde have noo harme. And whan  
the grete bataylles were assembled one agenst thother,  
28 ye sholde a seen there a sharpe & a hevy bataylle, so  
that it was pyte for to see / for sin that rowland, oliver,  
& all the xii peres of fraunce were com in the medle /  
they begann to make soo grete slauhter of the folke of  
32 reynawd, that they made theym leve the place / and  
whan reynawd & his brethern saw that, thei medled  
them so sharpely amonge the frenshemen that every  
man made them way; for they raught no man / but

Roland fears for  
the safety of his  
uncle Charle-  
magne;

the XII peers  
surround him,

and fight so  
valiantly that the  
folk of Reynawde  
give way before  
them.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. v. back.

thei threw hym deed to therthe, somoche that there was no thing but trembled a fore them. ye ought to wyte, *that* fro thour of prime vnto thoure of <sup>1</sup>none, endured this mortalle bataylle / that none wyste who 4 sholde have the better of it / But whan none was passed, the folke of Reynawde began to wythdrawe theymself, for they myghte nomore. And for to saye the trouth, yf the folke of reynawd wythdrewe them / 8 they were not to be blamed for it / for charlemagn had foure tymes more folke than reynawde, besides the twelve Peres that were suche knyghtes as men well know / But this that the Folke of reynawd dyd, was 12 for the good ensample that they sawe in reynawde & in his bredern / And whan the noble knight perceyved that his folke wythdrewe theymself, he came to him that bare his standarde, & sayd to him / 'My frende, 16 ryde towarde ardeyn<sup>2</sup> in the wysest wyse that ye can, for this day we have foughte right sore / and it is tyme that we goo reste ourself.' 'Sire,' sayd the knight, 'I shall well doo your commaundement.' and incontynent 20 he toke his waye towarde ardeyn.<sup>2</sup> And thenne reynaud called his bredern, & sayd to theym, 'lete vs be behinde <sup>3</sup>for to kepe our folke,<sup>3</sup> for otherwyse we are lost' / 'Brother,' sayd rycharde, 'doubte not / for as longe as 24 god gyveth liffe to you & to bayarde, we nede not fere noo thyng' /

The Sons with-  
draw towards  
Arden.

**W**han charlemagn sawe that reynawd & all his company was goon / he cried wyth a hie 28 voys, 'now after, lordes, after! for now ben they dyscomfyted' / But this worde <sup>3</sup>of Charlemagne<sup>3</sup> was cause that many a worthy knyghte loste his life / For suche dyde folowe after Reynawd that payd derely for 32 it, For Reynawde and his brethern slewe moo than an hundred that folowed after them / And wolde Charle-

Charlemagne calls  
on his men to  
follow them,  
for which cause  
many a knight is  
slain by Rey-  
nawde and his  
brethren.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. vi.      <sup>2</sup> dordonne, F. orig. F. i.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. F. i.

magne or noo, Reynawde and his bretherne entred  
 agayne wyth theyr folke wythin Ardeyn.<sup>1</sup> And ye  
 muste knowe that Rycharde, the brother of Reynawde,  
 4 iousted wyth Rycharde, the duke of Normandy, by the  
 2gate of Ardeyne,<sup>1</sup> as they wolde have entred in / And  
 there the duke was overthrowen, the whiche was taken  
 prysoner by Rycharde the brother of Reynawde / and  
 8 broughte hym in to the cyte, mawgre the folke of  
 Charlemagne / And whan Reynawde and all his folke  
 were wythin Ardeyne,<sup>1</sup> he made the gates to be shutte /  
 And after, went and dysarmed theym for to take some  
 12 ease / For they had well nede therof.

Richard, Duke of  
 Normandy, is  
 taken prisoner by  
 the Sons.

**Y**e oughte to wytte, that whan Charlemagn saw  
 that the four sones of Aymon had saved theym-  
 selfe, and that they had taken Rycharde the duke of  
 16 normandy prysoner, that was one of the twelve peres /  
 he was so angry that noo man canne be more / For he  
 feered sore leste Reynawde sholde make to deye  
 rychard of normandy. and whan he saw that he  
 20 myghte doo none other, he commaunded that the cyte  
 sholde be beseged of all sides ; the whiche thyng was  
 incontynente doon as he had commaunded / And  
 thenne sware charlemagne, that he sholde never leue  
 24 his siege vnto the tyme *that* he had taken the cyte,  
 and the four sones of Aymon to be hanged shamfully /  
 ‘Syre,’ sayd Rowlande, ‘ye knowe that I am he that  
 moost hath hurted the four sones of aymon, nor  
 28 never I spake to you of peas bytwene you & theym /  
 but fro hens forth reyson commaundeth me that I  
 sholde speke & move therunto / Syre, ye know well  
 that it is a goo XV yeres & more that ye have werred  
 32 wyth the foure sones of aymon, and we had alwayes  
 the worse of the werre / and not without cause / for  
 reynawd & his bredern are valiaunt knyghtes, nor they

The Emperor  
 fears that Duke  
 Richard will be  
 slain ;

he commands  
 the city to be  
 besieged.

Roland counsels  
 for peace with  
 Reynawde,  
 as the war has  
 lasted xv. yeres ;

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig. F. i.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. D.D. vi. back.

be not to be lightly brought to dyscomfyture<sup>1</sup> / And I  
 promyse you, if ye had werred solong vpon the sarra-  
 syns, as ye have doon on the four sones of aymon, ye  
 shold have be lord of the moste parte of them / 4  
 whiche had be to you more worship & les dommage.  
 & wors is, ye know how richard of <sup>2</sup>normandy, one of  
 the beste knyghtes that ye had, is taken; and yf  
 otherwyse it happeth to hym than well, it shall be to 8  
 you grete dyshonour and blame, For therof ye shall  
 see all fraunce in a rore & trowble / but yf ye put  
 som remedy therto;<sup>3</sup> and I telle you, yf I were in  
 the cas that Reynawd is in, I sholde slee hym / Syth 12  
 that I myghte have noo peas wyth you / Wherfore,  
 syre, yf ye wyll byleve me, for your honoure & for  
 your prouffyte, ye shall sende worde to Reynawde,  
 that he deliver you agayne Richarde of normandy 16  
 all armed vpon his horse, and ye shall make peas  
 wyth hym. and I promyse you, syre, he shall doo it  
 gladly wythall that ye wyll commaunde hym / and  
 soo shall all his brethern also.' 'rowland,' said 20  
 thenne the kyng / 'wylle ye saye ony thyng more' /  
 'Naye, syre,' said Rowland. 'And I swere you vpon  
 my feyth,<sup>4</sup> that the four sones of Aymon shall never  
 have peas wyth me / and soo I telle, that I fere me 24  
 not for Richarde of normandy, For Reynawde sholde  
 rather put oute bothe his owne eyen than that he  
 durste doo to Rycharde ony harme vpon his body' /  
 And whan the barons herde Charlemagn speke soo / 28  
 the teres began to falle down from theyr eyen, for  
 grete feere that Rycharde of normandy, theyr pere,  
 sholde have ony harme / After all thise thynges, Rey-  
 nawd & his bredern were within ardeyne,<sup>5</sup> makyng 32

he advises Charle-  
 magne to ask for  
 the deliverance of  
 Duke Richard on  
 terms of peace.

The Emperor  
 declines all  
 conditions  
 of peace,  
 and vows Rey-  
 nawde will never  
 dare to hang the  
 Duke.

<sup>1</sup> comment lon cuide, F. orig. F. ii.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. D.D. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Car le dit richart de normandie a moult de grans amy z  
 et parente, F. orig. F. ii.

<sup>4</sup> dist Charlemaigne, F. orig. F. ii.

<sup>5</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

grete ioye / -And after they were all oute of theyr  
 harneys, Reynawd ordeyned good watche vpon the  
 walles of the cyte. And thenne he made come the  
 4 duke Rycharde of normandy a fore hym, and sayd to  
 hym in this maner / 'Duke Rycharde, ye know well  
 that the kyng dothe grete wronge for to trouble vs soo  
 as he hath doon, and yet dooth wythout ony resonable  
 8 cause / And therfor I tell you for certeyne / but yf ye  
 make vs to have peas, thynke not to live ony lenger /  
 For I shall doo smyte of your hede, and <sup>1</sup>your body to  
 be hewed in four quarters' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke  
 12 Richarde of normandy, 'I am in your dangeour, soo  
 may ye doo of me your playsure / Ye have taken me  
 by werre / and none otherwyse. yf ye doo to me  
 otherwyse than ye ought of ryght of werre / ye shall  
 16 have dishonour for evermore / And soo I wylle well  
 that ye knowe, that as longe as I live / I shall not  
 faylle charlemagne for noo fere of dethe' / Whan  
 Reynawde herde Rycharde of normandy speke thus,  
 20 he refreyned a lityll his wrathe; and thenne he com-  
 maunded that he shold be put in yrons wythin his  
 chambres, and that he sholde be well kept & curtesly,  
 and that he be well served of that apperteyneth to his  
 24 estate / Thenne was the duke Rycharde all thus in  
 prison / but he was well served of all goode metes; and  
 he had good company for to playe to what game that  
 he wolde. And also the good duchesse clare dyde  
 28 visite hym often, and recomforted hym with her fair  
 langage /

Reynawde tells  
 Duke Richard he  
 will be slain,  
 unless Charle-  
 magne puts an  
 end to the war.

Duke Richard is  
 treated courteously  
 as a prisoner of  
 war.

**W**han charlemagne had beseged the cyte rounde  
 aboute, and sawe that by noo sawtynge he  
 32 myghte not gete it / he dyde doo make grete engynes  
 for to caste stones in / But what somever that he  
 dyde, Reynawd & his bredern, and also his folke  
 yssued oute often, as well by nyghte as by daye, vpon

The Emperor  
 devises great  
 engines for the  
 assault of the city.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. D.D. vii. back.

the folke of the kyng Charlemagn / and dyde hym grete *dommage* / For reynawd toke noo man but he kepte him for prisoner / for to see yf he myghte have peas wyth charlemagn by meanes of them. and 4 whyle that charlemagn had layd his siege thus afore ardeyne<sup>1</sup> / the kyng yon of gascoyn fell sike a bed of a grete sikenes / and<sup>2</sup> shrofe him of all his sinnes / prayenge god to have pyte & mercy on hym / and 8 after he had be long sike, he deyed / god pardonne his soule! And wyte that reynawde made hym to be buried worshipfully, as to a king perteyneth / but ther was no man *that* wept<sup>3</sup> for hym / For all they of 12 the cyte hated hym, by cause of the grete treyson that he had doon to the four sones of Aymon. Now levethe the history to speke of this matere, and retorneth to speke of mawgys, that was in his hermytage, 16 that served our lorde wyth good herte, somoche that he had forgotten Reynawd, his bredern / and his frendes.

King John dies within the city, and is buried honourably as a king.

## CHAPTER XXI.

¶ How mawgys, he beyng in his hermyt- 20 age / came hym a wylle by a vysion that he had by nyghte in his slepe / for to goo see reynawd & his bredern,<sup>4</sup> And how he mette wyth ii marchautes, that vii 24 theves had robbed in a wood, of whiche theves the sayd mawgys slewe fyve / and deliverred to y<sup>e</sup> marchautes all their good agayn / And after this he wente to ardeyne<sup>1</sup> 28 for to see reynawd & his bredern /

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig. F. iii.    <sup>2</sup> add *orig.*    <sup>3</sup> Fol. D.D. viii.

<sup>4</sup> Au matin se mist a chemin, F. orig. F. iii.



**N**ow sheweth the history, that whan mawgys was  
 in his hermytage, and had watched soo long  
 aboute his prayers to god, he felle a slepe<sup>1</sup> / and him  
 4 semed in his slepe that he was at mountalban, & sawe  
 reynawd & hys bredern, that cam agenst hym, and made  
 their complaynte to hym of charlemagn, that wolde take  
 fro them the goode horse bayarde / but reynawd had  
 8 hym fast by the brydle / and wolde not lete it goo /  
 And wyte it, that mawgys had soo grete sorowe in his  
 dreame, that he awoke wythall all wrothe, and arose  
 on his fete incontinent / And thenne he sware our  
 12 lorde he sholde never cease to goo / tyll he had seen  
 reynawde and his brethern, his good cosyns / And  
 whan mawgys had sayd soo, he made none other  
 taryenge, but he shet the dore of his chapell, and toke  
 16 his wede & his staffe, and wente on his waye all soo  
 sone as he myghte / And abowte the hour of noone  
 he founde hymselfe in a grete woode / where he  
 founde two men, that wente makynge evyll chere<sup>2</sup> and  
 20 grete sorowe / and whan mawgis sawe theym, he cam  
 to theym, & sayd, 'God be wyth you' / and one of  
 them answered & sayd / 'certes, god is not wyth vs /  
 but rather the devylle; For vnhappy was that hour  
 24 that ever we cam in to this wode; for we ben vndoon  
 for ever' / 'Goode sires,' sayd mawgys, 'what eyleth  
 you that ye speke so' / 'Good man,' sayd the one of  
 the two, 'a lityll byfore you are theves, that hathe  
 28 robbed vs of our clothe,<sup>3</sup> and have sleyn one of our  
 felawes / by cause he spake to them angrely' / Whan  
 mawgys herde thise pour marchantes speke thus, he  
 had grete pyte of them, & sayd to theym / 'my  
 32 frendes, come wyth me / I shall praye the theves, in  
 our lordes behalfe, that they wyll deliver you agen  
 your goodes / and yf they wyl not doo it, I shall

Mawgis, while in  
 his hermitage,  
 dreames of Rey-  
 nawde,

and vows he will  
 go to him.

He finds himself  
 in a wood,  
 and sees two  
 merchants who  
 are in great  
 sorrow;

they tell Mawgis  
 that thieves have  
 robbed them,  
 and slain one of  
 their men.

<sup>1</sup> en son oratoyre, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. D.D. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> que nous pourtions vendre, F. orig. F. iii. back.

Mawgis says he  
will fight the  
robbers;

the merchants  
mock him,  
seeing his poor  
appearance.

Mawgis encoun-  
ters the thieves,

and demands  
them to restore  
their stolen goods.

be wroth with theim / and soo I shall fyghte wyth  
theym aswell as I can / wyth my staff, for to wyte yf  
theyr hedes ben softe or harde.' Whan the mar-  
chantes herde mawgis saye soo / they began to loke 4  
vpon hym, yf they cowde knowe hym; <sup>1</sup>but they  
myghte not knowe what he was<sup>1</sup> / Thenne spake to  
hym one of theym in this maner / 'and what devyll  
is that ye say?<sup>2</sup> *thou art but a man alone all naked, 8*  
& thei ben all armed / and also ye can scantly heve  
vp your staff.' 'Lete this fole alone,' sayd that other,  
'see ye not how his eyen goo in his hede.' and  
thenne they sayd to mawgys, 'Broder, goo thy wayes, 12  
and lete vs in peas / or elles I shall gyve the suche a  
stroke wyth this staff that thou shalt fele it well' /  
and whan mawgis sawe the marchante speke thus to  
hym, he sayd / 'Broder, thou doost not well to speke 16  
to me so / for by force thou can not gete oughte of  
me' / And thus departed mawgys fro the marchantes,  
& went his way somoche that he overtoke the theves,  
& sayd to them, 'lordes, god save you / I pray you 20  
tell me why ye take away y<sup>e</sup> goodes fro thise mar-  
chantes: ye know wel *that* it is not <sup>3</sup>yours / Wherfore,  
I praye you, lete theym have agayne theyr marchan-  
dyse, and god shall conne you thanke' / Whan the 24  
theves herde mawgis speke to theym thus / they were  
angri for it, And behelde vpon mawgis from over the  
sholder, as he had be a sarrasyn / Thenne spake the  
mayster of the theves,<sup>4</sup> & sayd to mawgys / 'Goo thy 28  
waye, hourson / or elles I shall gyve the suche a  
stroke wyth my fote that I shall breste the herte  
wythin the bely.' And whan mawgis herde this, &  
knewe that the theeves fered nother god nor his 32  
moder / he was right an anged / And heved vp his

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. F. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Ils sont sept et . . . F. orig. F. iii. back. <sup>3</sup> Fol. E.E. i.

<sup>4</sup> qui estoit de mauuaise part, F. orig.

- palmers staffe, & smote the mayster theef wythall vpon his hede soo strongly, that he caste hym doun deed to the grounde. And whan thother theves sawe  
 4 their mayster deed / they ranne all vpon mawgys for to have kylled hym / but mawgys areched them so wyth his staffe, that he slewe fyve of theym wythin a lityll while / and thenne the other tweyne beganne to  
 8 flee away thurgh the wood. And whan mawgys sawe that they forsoke the place, he followed them not / but cryed vpon them, 'Ha, false theves, tourne agen for to deliver your theft where ye toke it.'
- 12 And whan the marchantes herde mawgys crye thus, they came Incontynent towarde hym / and they founde that the theves that had robbed them were deed / And thenne they sayd the one to the other,  
 16 'here is a good pylgryme ! I wene it is my lorde saynt martyne.'

He slays  
 five of them,  
 and the others  
 fly from him  
 through the wood.

- W**han the marchantes sawe this that mawgis hadde doon, they were ryght gladd of it / Soo came  
 20 they to warde mawgys, & kneled byfore hym, & cryed mercy of that they had sayd to hym. 'Lordes,' sayd mawgys, 'yf ye gaff me grete wordes, soo dyde the theves moche more, For they called me "rybawde,  
 24 truaunt, & hoursone;" but they have boughte it right<sup>1</sup> dere, as ye may see,<sup>1</sup> and I am ryght sory that two of<sup>2</sup> theym are scaped from me. Stonde vp thenne, & take wyth you your goodes agen / and god be with you ! but  
 28 I pray you, telle me, or ye goo, yf ye wote not where is charlemagn'<sup>3</sup> / 'Syre,' sayd the marchauztes, 'We wote well that charlemagn hathe taken mountalban / but we promyse you he hath not yet taken none of the four  
 32 sones of aymon ;<sup>4</sup> for they were goon oute wyth theyr

The merchants  
 kneel before  
 Mawgis, and  
 crave his pardon  
 for having mocked  
 him.

Mawgis enquires  
 of them about  
 Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup>-<sup>1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> si vous en savez ne se Il a pris montauban et les quatre filz aymon qui estoient dedans, F. orig. F. iv.

<sup>4</sup> ne les gens, F. orig. F. iv.

The merchants  
relate to him  
how Charlemagne  
lays siege to  
Arden.

Mawgis goes  
through the host  
of the Emperor,  
and arrives at  
Arden;

he finds the Sons  
at supper;

folke thorughe a cave vnder the erthe, that they founde  
vnder the walles of the castelle, vnto the cyte of  
ardeyn,<sup>1</sup> where as they ben now / And charlemagn hathe  
layd their his siege afore theym / and wylle not make no 4  
peas wyth Reynawd <sup>2</sup>nor wyth his breder<sup>2</sup> / ' Certes,'  
sayd mawgys, ' I am sori for theym, for they ben good  
knyghtes & true.'<sup>3</sup> Whan mawgys vnderstode that  
charlemagne had beseged Reynawd within ardeyn<sup>1</sup> / he 8  
comended the marchautes to god, and toke his waye  
towardre ardeyn ;<sup>1</sup> and soo moche he wente, that he came  
in to the ost of charlemagn, and went streyght towardre  
the cyte, and made semblaunt to be sore feble / for he 12  
went lenyng vpon his staff / And whan the folke of  
charlemagne sawe mawgys goo thus / thei loked sore  
vpon hym, and sayd the one to the other / ' that pyl-  
gryme is like to goo ferre / he can not stonde vpon his 16  
fete' / ' By my othe,' said a nother, ' it myghte well be  
mawgys, that is soo dysguysed for to dysceyve vs' / ' It  
is not soo,' sayd thother / ' mawgys is not a live' / And  
while that they devysed thus togyder, mawgys cam nere 20  
to the wycket of the gate, and founde the meanes that  
he gate in anone / And whan he was wythin ardeyn,<sup>1</sup> he  
wente to the palays / where he founde Reynawd, & the  
duchesse his wyffe, and bothe theyr children, aymonet 24  
& yonnet, and ther vncles, his cosins, with a grete  
meiny of noble knyghtes, that were all at theyr mete.  
Whan mawgys had loked a while vpon theym / he  
lened agenste a pyler that was in <sup>2</sup>the myddes of the 28  
halle<sup>2</sup> <sup>4</sup>afore reynawde. Thenne began he to loke agen  
vpon his fayr cosins, that he loved so moche above all  
thynges of the worlde. And whan the maryshall of  
the halle sawe mawgis, wenyng to hym that it had be 32  
a pour hermyte / he commaunded that he sholde be

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig. F. iv.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. F. iv.

<sup>3</sup> les quatre filz aymon, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. E.E. ii.

served of his dyner, for goddys sake<sup>1</sup> / And whan  
 mawgys sawe the mete that was broughte him / he sayd /  
 ' My lordes, I beseche you, for the love of god, that ye  
 4 wyll playse you for to bryng me som broun brede & water  
 in a treen dyshe / and thus I shall be served as to me  
 apperteyneth, For I dare not take none other mete' /  
 And whan the stywarde<sup>2</sup> of reynawde<sup>2</sup> sawe that / he  
 8 made him anone to be brought all that he wold have /  
 Therne toke mawgys the broun brede, & made soppes  
 in water<sup>3</sup> / and ete of it wyth goode apetyte. And  
 whan reynawd sawe this poure man afore hym, that  
 12 lived soo poorly, and was soo lene & so pale / he had  
 of hym grete pyte / Soo toke he a dysshe that was  
 before hym, that was full of venyson / and sente it to  
 hym by a squire of his, that presented it to him, saing  
 16 thus, 'holde, goode man, the duke sendeth you this' /  
 ' God yelde hym,' sayd Mawgys. and thenne he toke  
 & set the disshe afore hym, but he ete noo thyng of it.  
 And whan reynawd sawe that, he was gretly mervylled /  
 20 and sayd to hymselfe / ' God, who is that goode man  
 that liveth soo harde a lif? yf he were not soo lene, I  
 sholde saye it were myn cosin mawgys<sup>4</sup> / but a nother  
 thyng sheweth me that it is not he / For he wolde  
 24 not hyde hymself from me in noo wyse.'

he is given food  
as a poor pilgrim.

Reynawde per-  
ceiving his poor  
appearance,

sends him  
venison off his  
own table,

but Mawgis will  
not eat it.

**R**eynawd behelde styлле mawgys somoche, that he  
 lefte his mete for to loke vpon hym / And whan  
 the tables were take vp / and that everi man had eten  
 28 at his ease, they wente to their warde to defende the  
 towne as they were wounte to doo / in their harneys.  
 And whan Reynawd saw<sup>5</sup> that every man was goon /

<sup>1</sup> Et que on luy appourtast et pain et vin aussi de cher a grant plante la quelle chose fust Incontinent faicte ainsi que le seneschal lauoit commande, F. orig. F. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> dedens ung anap de bois, F. orig. F. v.

<sup>4</sup> qui nous a fait souffrir maintes detresses, F. orig. F. v.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. E.E. ii. back.

Reynawde goes towards Mawgis after supper, and asks him whether he is his cousin or not.

Mawgis reveals himself, to the great joy of Reynawde.

Mawgis tells him he has vowed to live poorly all his life.

and that there was noo body wythin the hall for whom he wolde leve to saye his wylle, he wente to mawgis,<sup>1</sup> & sayd to hym, 'goode hermyte, I pray you, for the reverence of that god that ye serve, that ye tell me yf 4 ye be mawgis or noo / for ye are well like hym' / Whan maugis herde reynawde speke thus to him / he cowde hide himselfe noo lenger, and sayd all on hie / 'Cosin, I am mawgis without doubt / I am com to se you, and 8 I am glad that I see you, & also all your bredern in good plight.' And whan reynawd vnderstode that it was his cosin that he loved mooste of all the men in the world, and that had kept him dyverse times from perell 12 & dangeur / he had not be soo glad yf men had gyven hym the halve of all the worlde / Soo went he & kyssed him more than a C. tymes, & after he sayd to hym in this maner : 'fayr cosin, I praye you that ye wyll doo of 16 this cope that ye were vpon you / For my eyen can not see you thus pourly arayed.' thezne answerde mawgis to him, & sayd / 'My cosin, be not dysplayzed of that I shall telle you / ye must wyte, that I have made my 20 vowe to god, that I shall never ete but alonly brede & wylde herbes, & that to my drynke I shall take none other but water / and that I shall never were, the dayes of my liff, none other clothes but suche as this is ; for I 24 have gyven myself vtterly to serve & love our blessed savyour & his gloryous moder, for to bryng my soule to salvacyon in the blisse that ever shall laste.'

**W**han Reynawd herde his cosin mawgys speke 28 thus, he was in a thoughte whether it was mawgis or noo, For he cowde not knowe hym well, by cause he was soo sore apayred of hys persone, And began to loke well vpon hym agen. And he sholde 32 never have knowen hym, yf it had not be a lityll liste that he had by his right eye. And after that <sup>2</sup>he had

<sup>1</sup> et luy nust ses bras au col, F. orig. F. v.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. iii.

very knowlege of him / he made grete ioye for hym.  
 And he prayed hym agen / sayenge in this wyse /  
 'fayr cosin, I praye you for the love of the feyth that  
 4 ye owe to me, that ye wylle telle me the trouthe of that  
 I shall aske you.' 'Syre,' said mawgis, 'I shall telle it  
 you gladly' / 'Cosin,' sayd reynaude, 'I wolde wyte  
 where ye have be, ever sith that ye wente fro me / and  
 8 from whens ye come now' / 'Syr,' sayd mawgys, 'sith  
 it plaise you to wyte of my livynge, I shall shewe it  
 you wyth a goode wylle. Ye ought to knowe, my fayr  
 cosin, for certeyn that I have made myselfe an hermyte,  
 12 and I have lefte the worlde for to serve hym that made  
 me, & the blessed virgyn mary, <sup>1</sup>his moder,<sup>1</sup> for to have  
 pardonne of my sinnes that I have doon in my life /  
 For I have don many grete evylles agenst my creatour /  
 16 and by me are deed so many folke, wherof I knowe  
 that our lorde is gretly wrothe agenst me' / After that  
 Reynawde had herde mawgis speke thus / he had so  
 grete pyte on hym that the teres felle alonge his chekes  
 20 fro his eyen for love of his good cosin. And thenne he  
 called his bredern, & sayd to theym / 'come hither, my  
 brethern, and ye shall see your cosin mawgis' / And  
 whan alarde, guchard, & rycharde herde thyse  
 24 wordes / their hertes rose in their belies for ioye, and  
 ranne all to mawgys, & kyssed hym full swetely / And  
 whan the duchesse wyste that mawgis was com, she came  
 anone there as he was, and kyssed hym / wepyng full  
 28 sore <sup>1</sup>for ioye that she had to see hym<sup>1</sup> / And thenne  
 cam there Aymonet & Yonnet, that made grete ioye,  
<sup>1</sup>and welcomed hym<sup>1</sup> / And thurgh all the cyte was  
 anone knowen the comynge of the valiaunt mawgys /  
 32 wherof many folke came to see hym. But he was soo  
 chaunged / and soo apayred, that it was pyte for to see.  
 Thus was Reynawde well glad of the comynge of his  
 goode cosyn / And after that <sup>2</sup>they had made grete ioye

Reynawde asks him to relate his history since he left them.

Mawgis says he has become a hermit.

Reynawde calls his brethren,

who receive Mawgis gladly.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. iii. back.

a longe whyle / Reynawde called his brother Rycharde,  
 & sayd to hym / 'Brother, goo fette anone a goode  
 gowne for our cosin mawgys, and lete hym be brought  
 a payr of shone that ben wyde ynoughe, for I know 4  
 well that his fete ben sore' / and thenne he sayd to hys  
 wyffe / 'Lady, aryse / and fette hym suche linnen as he  
 nedeth' / 'Syre,' sayd she, 'he shall have of the beste  
 ynoughe anone.' And whan mawgys herde this worde, 8  
 he sayd to Reynawde, 'Syre, I telle you truly, that I  
 have sworne that I shall never were shone, nor linnen  
 clothes abowte me / But doo to me, if it playse you, to  
 gyve me a newe sloppe and a large hode, a palster well 12  
 yrende, & a male / and therwyth ye shall well contente  
 me; And thenne I shall comende you to god / and I  
 shall goo my waye. For I am not comen here but only  
 for to see you / wherof my desire was sore sette vnto' / 16  
 Right sory was Reynawde whan he herde mawgys say  
 soo, in somoche that almoste he was swoning for sorowe  
 'Reynawd,' sayd thenne mawgys, 'leve your sorowe,  
 For I have gyven myselfe to god vtterly, for to brynge 20  
 my soule to blysse of heven / And soo wylle I goo to  
 the holy londe, for to serve to the temple of Iherusalem,<sup>1</sup>  
 and for to vysite the holy sepulcre of our lorde / And  
 whan I have doon so, I shall come agen to see you,<sup>2</sup>and 24  
 god spare me my liffe.<sup>2</sup> And thenne I shall goo agayne  
 to myn hermytage / and shall live there as a beest wyth  
 rootes & wyth wylde herbes, as I dyde byfore that I  
 came here' / Whan Reynawde herde this, he was sory 28  
 for it / and sayd to mawgys in this wyse / 'Fayr cosyn,  
 for god, take wyth you a gode horse, and money  
 ynoughe / For ye shall have all thys of me' / 'Holde  
 your peas,' sayd mawgys / 'I wylle not therof / for whan 32

Reynawde orders  
rich clothing for  
his cousin.

Mawgis will not  
have any but such  
as befitte a  
pilgrim;

he says he shall  
leave them again  
soon,

and go to the  
Holy Land.

Reynawde is very  
grieved for his  
cousin.

<sup>1</sup> trois ou quatre ans. Et si dieu me donne la grace que  
Je puisse la venir Je me tray toute ma poine pousse servir,  
F. orig. F. vi.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted. F. orig. F. vi.



I have brede / it is to me ynoughe / For all my hope is  
in god / to whome I praye that I maye come agayn hole  
and <sup>1</sup>sounde' /

4 **A**fter all these thynges thus sayd, Mawgys prayed  
Reynawd that he wolde make haste to make  
hym be deliverde suche thynges as he had desired of  
hym. And Reynawde dyde soo, syth that he myghte  
8 not make hym to take none other thyng wyth hym /  
And whan the morowe came / and that mawgys had his  
newe sloppe and his hode / he toke his palster, and his  
newe male that reynawde had gyven hym / he wente &  
12 herde masse / and after the masse / he toke his leve of  
every one, and wente on his waye. And reynawde con-  
veyed hym vnto the wyket of the gate of the cyte,  
and kyssed him; and in like wyse dyde all his brethern /  
16 and also the duchesse clare and her chyldren / And  
whan they had all kyssed mawgys, he comended theym  
to god / and wente oute of the towne, and wente forth  
the ryght waye. But he was not ferre goon, whan he  
20 was advyronned rounde abowte hym wyth the folke of  
the kynge Charlemagne / And the one sayd to the  
other, 'here is the heremyte that we sawe yesterdaye,  
but he is now better clothed than he was atte that  
24 time / It myghte be well mawgys, the cosin of reynawd,  
that hathe mocked vs dyverse tymes.' 'Certes,' sayd  
the other, 'It is he verely: lete vs slee hym / and we  
shall doo wel' / 'we shall not,' sayd some / 'For this  
28 man semeth to be an hundred yere olde / It can not be /  
but that he muste be a goode man, and it were synne  
to doo hym harme' / All thus as these folke said these  
wordes, Mawgis herde all that they sayd, and helde his  
32 peas, But wente on his waye styлле thorughe the ooste  
withoute ony lettyng of ony man. ¶ Here leveth the  
histore<sup>2</sup> to speke of mawgys, that wente in to the holy  
londe, And retorneth to speke of Charlemagne, that had

Mawgis departs  
on the morrow.

The folk of  
Charlemagne  
wonder if it is  
Mawgis,

although he looks  
so old.

Mawgis departs  
safely through  
the host.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E.E. iv.

<sup>2</sup> hisstore, *orig.*

besege<sup>d</sup> ardeyn<sup>1</sup> / by cause that reynawd & his brethern were wythin.

## CHAPTER XXII.

<sup>2</sup>¶ How reynawde wolde doo hange rycharde of normandy, by cause he myghte not have 4 peas wyth the kynge charlemagne / And how the twelve peres requyred Charlemagne to make peas wyth reynawde.<sup>3</sup> And how they lefte charlemagne by cause he 8 wolde not make peas / And how he sente worde to theym that they sholde come to hym agen, And he sholde make peas wyth reynawde /<sup>4</sup> 12

**I**n this party sheweth, that the kinge Charlemagne was at the siege afore ardeyn<sup>1</sup> sore an angred, that he myghte not knowe how rycharde of normandy dyd. Soo sent he for all his barons for to com to hym ; and 16 whan they were come in his pavylion, he sayd to theym / ‘ Lordes, I see well that it gooth yll wyth me, by cause I see that Reynawde hathe not sente me agen rycharde of normandy / and he myghte well have deliverde hym 20 fre & quyte, and have sende hym vnto me, for all the harmes that he hathe doon to me.’ ‘ Uncle,’ sayd rowland, ‘ I merveylle gretly of that ye saye. Ye shewe well to vs that ye be wythout counseyll. By the 24 feith that I owe to you / I promyse you ye shall never see rycharde of normandy / but if ye pardonne reynawde & his bredern. Dyverse tymes he hathe meked hymselfe vnto you / and hathe be always redy to fulfyll 28

Charlemagne complains of Reynawde's treatment of Duke Richard.

Roland implores the Emperor to make peace for the sake of the Duke.

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> pour auoir leur compaignon le duc richart de normandie a la quelle chose charlemaigne respondit quil non feroit riens dont Ilz furent si mavis quil le laisserent, F. orig. F. vi. back.

<sup>4</sup> Iroit oultre mer son pain querant, F. orig. F. vii.

your playsure / and ye wylle not take hym to your  
 grace. Be not thenne merveyllled yf Reynawde shewe  
 now some dyspyte agenste you. For, and ye consydre  
 4 well the grete curtesy that he hathe doon vnto you,  
 namely, whan he had you atte hys wyll wythin moun-  
 talban, and that he delivered you, and suffred you goo  
 quyte & free from hym atte your libertee, ye sholde  
 8 doo for hym otherwyse than ye doo. But syth that  
 Reynawde seeth that he maye not fynde noo mercy in  
 you / he wylle not lese his <sup>1</sup>curtessye, But he shall doo  
 the worste that he canne / as ye maye well perceyve  
 12 the experyence of it every day / For he dommageth vs  
 dayly, and kepeth his prysoner the beste knyghte that  
 ye had / that is, Rycharde the duke of normandy / the  
 whiche I wene be deed by this tyme.' 'Nevewe,' sayd  
 16 the kyng Charlemagne, 'I promyse you that Reynawde  
 hath not put hym to dethe / But he kepeth hym well  
 atte his ease & wyth grete honoure.' 'Syre,' sayd  
 thenne the duke Naymes, 'syth that the wordes ben  
 20 come to this, I must telle you my minde.<sup>2</sup> Syre, yf  
 Reynawde bereth you dommage / ye canne not blame  
 him for it / For he hathe prayed you soo many tymes  
 humbly that ye wolde have mercy on hym / And ye  
 24 wolde never here hym / But ye have alwayes shewed  
 your self the moost prowde kyng of the world agenste  
 hym, and the moost angry; and ye wylle byleve noo  
 counseyll. And soo I telle, yf Reynawde hathe not  
 28 made to deye Rycharde of normandy, he is the  
 kyndeste man of the worlde / But I byleve better that  
 he is deed than otherwyse; For noo man here canne  
 telle whether he be deed or a live.'

Charlemagne will  
 not believe that  
 Duke Richard  
 will be slain.

Naymes also  
 counsels the  
 Emperor to make  
 terms with Rey-  
 nawde:

32 **W**han the kyng Charlemagne herde the duke  
 Naymes speke thus / he knewe well that he  
 tolde hym trouth / Soo beganne he to syghe sore / and

<sup>1</sup> Fol. E.E. v.

<sup>2</sup> quil me semble estre vray, F. orig. F. vii.

all the Barons  
appeal to him.

Charlemagne  
orders three of  
his Barons to go  
to Arden and tell  
Reynawde to yield  
up Duke Richard  
and Mawgis.

The Barons  
depart, bearing  
olive branches in  
token of peace.

to thise wordes came forth the bysshop Turpyn & Ogyer the dane / that sayd in this maner / 'Syre, wyte it verely that Naymes telleth you trouthe / For Reynawd hathe a goode cause to be angry wyth you.' 4 And whan Charlemagne herde his barons speke thus / he was all abashed of it / And called the duke Naymes, the bysshop Turpyn, Ogyer the dane / and Escouff the sone of Oedon, and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, 8 I praye you goo to Ardeyne<sup>1</sup> / and telle Reynawde in my behalve, that he wylle sende me Rycharde of normandy / And <sup>2</sup>whan he hathe doon soo / that he delyver Mawgys in to my hande, <sup>3</sup>for to doo my wylle 12 of hym<sup>3</sup> / And thenne he shall have peas wyth me<sup>4</sup> all the dayes of my liffe' / 'Dere syre,' sayd the duke naymes, 'ye sende vs for noughte / For I wote well that mawgys is goon from Reynawde / it is thre yeres 16 passed and more / And yf Reynawde wolde deliver hym / he maye not / For he knowe not hymselfe where he is' / 'Naymes,' sayd the kyng / 'ye shall atte leste here what Reynawde shall saye to you / And 20 ye shall also knowe how Rycharde of normandy dooth' / 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes, 'sythe that it playse you that I shall goo, I am well contente / but I praye our lorde that we maye retourne agen hole and sounde 24 of our persones / wythoute to be dyshonoured' / Whan the barons sawe that Charlemagne wolde that they sholde goo to Ardeyne<sup>1</sup> for to doo his message, they durste not saye there agenste / And so they wente 28 theder anone,<sup>5</sup> and eche of theim bare in his hande a branche of an olive tree in token of peas / And whan they came to the gate, they founde it open for theym /

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. v. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> et si luy rendray sa terre et tiendray ses deux enfans avecques moy, F. orig. F. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> et ne cesserent jusques a ce quilz furent a dordonne, F. orig. F. vii. back.

For Reynawde had seen theym come fro ferre. Wherefore he commaunded that the wycket sholde be open. And whan the barons sawe the lityll gate open / thei  
 4 went in to the towne / and came to the palays / And whan Reynawde wyste that they were come within the palais, he wente and layd hymselfe doun on a bed wyth his legges crossed, and sware god & his moder  
 8 that he sholde not praye Charlemagne of noo thyng, For he had doon hym to grete harme. For thrughe the kynge charlemagne he had lost his goode cosin mawgis, & mountalban / that he loved somoche. This  
 12 hangynge, cam there the messagers of kynge Charlemagne a fore Reynawd / Whan the duke Naymes, that was the formeste, sawe Reynawde, he saluted hym honourably.<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>And after, he sayd to hym / ‘Syre Reynawde, the kynge sendeth you worde by vs / that ye sende  
 16 hym agayn Rychard the duke of normandy / And more over, he sendeth you worde, that yf ye wylle deliver hym mawgis, ye shall have peas wyth hym all the dayes  
 20 of his liffe / And he shall deliver you agayne all your londes. And he shall kepe bothe your children in his courte wyth hym, & shall make them knyghtes wyth his owne handes’ / ‘My lordes,’ sayd Reynawde / ‘ye  
 24 be ryght welcome to me, as the knyghtes of the worlde that I oughte to love beste. But I merveylle me gretely of charlemagn / that sendeth me thise wordes ; for every man knoweth well that I have not mawgis / But by  
 28 hym I have loste hym / And wolde god that I had here Charlemagne, as well as I have Richarde of normandy / And yf he wolde not graunte me peas wyth hym / I promyse you he sholde leve his hede for a  
 32 pledge / Soo sholde I be thenne avenged of all the grete harmes and dommages that he hathe doon to me /

They enter the palace,

and salute Reynawde, giving him the message from the Emperor.

<sup>1</sup> et puis luy dist, Sire dieu soit avecques vous et vous gard de mort et de prison, F. orig. F. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. vi.

syth that I have be made knyghte of hym / Lordes, I wende that Charlemagne had be more curteys than he is. For yf I had wyste that he wolde have be soo felle vpon me <sup>1</sup>and my brethern,<sup>1</sup> I sholde well avenged 4 it vpon hym / But it is to late to repente me that I dyde not doo / Wherfore, that ye voyde oute of my paleys, and goo telle your kynge that I have not mawgys / But I have loste hym for hym / and also 8 yf I had hym he sholde not have hym / And by cause I have thus loste my goode cosyn mawgys for hym / I shall make tomorowe Richard the duke of normandy to be hanged vpon the cheef gate of this 12 cyte, in the dyspyte of hym ; for no lenger respyte he shal not haue of me, how be it that he is of my linage. & I telle you / com nomore here / nor no man of Charlemagne / For I promyse you, I shall stryke of 16 the <sup>2</sup>hedes of as many as shall come from hym to me, <sup>3</sup>wythoute ony fayle.’<sup>3</sup>

Reynawde replies that he has lost Mawgis through the cruelty of Charlemagne, therefore he shall hang Duke Richard next day.

**W**han ogyer the dane sawe Reynawde soo angry, and that he answerde soo proudly, he mer- 20 veylled sore / And drewe hymselfe by Reynawde / and sayd to hym / ‘Fayr cosin, I praye you that ye wyll shewe to vs Rycharde of normandy / to the ende that we maye telle Charlemagne that we have seen hym.’ 24 ‘Ogyer, I have well vnderstande you,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘but ye shall never see hym afore that I have hanged hym. And yf Charlemagn be angri wyth me for it / lete him avenge it yf he canne / <sup>1</sup>for I defye hym & all 28 his power;<sup>1</sup> and goo you hens anone ! For, by my soule, yf ye abyde here ony lenger, it shall repente you full sore’ / And whan the barons sawe that Reynawde was soo fervently wrothe / they durst noo lenger tary there, 32 but toke leve of hym / and wente oute of the cyte / and

Ogyer asks to see the Duke,

Reynawde refuses until he shall see him hung.

<sup>1</sup>—1 omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup>—3 car puis que lon este en folie lon la doit maintenir, F. orig. F. viii. back.

wente lightly to the ooste of Charlemagne that awayted  
 after theym. Whan the kynge sawe the barons come,  
 he sayd to theym, 'Lordes, ye be welcome / what  
 4 tydynges brynge you? have ye not seen Rycharde of  
 normandy?' 'Syre,' sayd the duke naymes / 'Rey-  
 nawde dooth you to wyte, that aslong as he maye  
 ryde vpon bayard / ye shall not have mawgys / for he  
 8 hathe loste hym by you / And for vengauunce to be  
 taken of the same / Reynawd sendeth you worde by vs,  
 that he shall hange tomorowe rycharde of normandy  
 vpon the gret gate of his towne; and thus shall be doon  
 12 of all your men that he shall take. and yet he sayeth  
 more / yf he had you aswell as he hathe rychard of  
 normandy / that yf ye wolde not graunte hym peas, ye  
 sholde leve with hym your hede for a pledge.'<sup>1</sup> Whan  
 16 rowlande herde the wordes *that* naymes had reported  
 to his vncler charlemagne / he sayd / 'Syre, be not dis-  
 plaised of *that* I shall telle you / me semeth that ye  
 shall <sup>2</sup> never see the duke Rycharde; and all for your  
 20 pryde. Syre, we fynde in holy scripture that god  
 curseth the frute that never is rype / thus shall it be  
 by you, that never wylle rype, nor condescende to noo  
 peas wyth the four sones of aymon, the best knyghtes  
 24 of the worlde / that so many tymes have praied for it  
 humbly & full pyetously / Wherfore I swere to you  
 vpon all halowes, that yf the duke rycharde be hanged /  
 ye shall lose honour & worship all your liff dayes.'  
 28 Whan charlemagne herde his newewe rowlande speke  
 thus, that sayd *that* rycharde of normandy sholde be  
 hanged, he was soo myschevously an angred, that he  
 gnewe the nayles of his handes / for grete wrathe / And  
 32 ye oughte to wyte that charlemagne was soo angry atte  
 that tyme / that yf he had had ony maner of staffe in  
 his hande / he wolde have gladly smyten rowlande /

Duke Naymes  
 relates to Charle-  
 magne how Rey-  
 nawde will hang  
 Duke Richard,  
 and all who fall  
 into his hands.

Roland tells the  
 Emperour that for  
 his pride the  
 Duke will be  
 slain.

<sup>1</sup> ne aultre chose nen prendroit, F. orig F. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. vii.

Charlemagne  
replies  
that Reynawde  
dare not hang  
the Duke.

But whan he saw that he myght not accomplishe his wylle / he called his barons / and sayd to theym / 'Lordes, ye wene to make me a-ferde wyth your wordes / I am no childe for to be thus abasshed / and 4  
soo I swere you by my feythe, that yf Reynawd were soo hardy to doo ony harme vnto richarde of normandy, I sholde hange hym wyth myn owen handes / he & all his linage, that none sholde be lefte a live' /<sup>1</sup> 8

**R**yght sore wrothe was the kynge charlemagne whan he herde telle that reynawde wolde make Rycharde the duke of normandy to be hanged / But whan ogyer herde charlemagne swere thus, that sholde 12  
hange all the linage of Reynawde / he cowde not absteyne himself, but that the teres felle down fro his eyen ; and thenne he sayd to the bysshop turpyn, 'Syre, what thynke you by our kyng, that sayeth by his grete 16  
pryde that he shall hange vs all ; for all *that* he dothe, procedeth but of enuye & pride / but god sende me deth yf I care for his wrathe ! for if reynaud hathe not lied to vs, he shall <sup>2</sup>doo be hanged to morowe rycharde 20  
of normandy in suche a place where as Charlemagne shall mowe see hym hange wyth his eyen' / This hangyng, the duke naymes sawe that the kynge was angry, and he sayd to hym / 'Syre, wyte it that we all be 24  
sore abasshed, that ye threte vs of one parte, & reynawd of the other / And I merveylle me not of reynawde, for he is soo wrothe, for by cause that ye have made hym lose mawgys, that noo man myghte be 28  
more / And I promyse you, for grete angre he shall make rycharde of normandy to be hanged ; and as to you, namly, he wolde stryke of your hede yf he had you in the cas that he hath rycharde now / and yf he 32  
hangeth rycharde, what maye we doo therto / that ye threten vs somoche therfore / wherfore I counseyll all my

Duke Naymes  
again remon-  
strates with the  
Emperor for his  
conduct towards  
the Sons,

<sup>1</sup> ne Il ne se sauroit eschapper en espaigne qui este tant grant, F. orig. G. i.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. vii. back.



felawes that are of the liuage of reynawd, that we goo  
 our wayes, and that we lete you shyfte of the werre of  
 the four sones of aymon' / 'By god,' sayd thother peres  
 4 of fraunce, 'naymes speketh well, <sup>1</sup>and he gyveth vs  
 good counseylle' / <sup>1</sup>

and is so  
 wroth that he  
 advises the  
 departure of the  
 Barons from the  
 war.

**T**henne whan Charlemagne sawe his barons soo sore  
 moved / he wyste not what he shold doo, but  
 8 gaff them leve to wythdrawe theym selfe vnto the  
 morowe, <sup>1</sup>that they sholde retorne to him; <sup>1</sup> and he  
 hymself went to his bed / but al nyghte he coude not  
 fall a slepe / but wentled in his bed without ony rest /  
 12 and wyst not what to doo / and whan the daye cam, he  
 rose from his bed, and sent for all hys barons. And  
 whan thei were come, he sayd to theim, 'Lordes, what  
 shall we doo of reynawde, that wylle hange the duke  
 16 rycharde of normandy afore myn eyen?' 'Syr,' sayd  
 thenne the duke naymes, 'for noughte seketh one  
 counseyll, that will not put it to effecte / why aske ye  
 counseyll, sin that ye wylle doo noo thing but after  
 20 your owne hede / but, & ye wylle byleve me, I swere  
 you on my feith *that* all good shal com therof / Sir,  
 make peas with <sup>2</sup>reynawde, and ye shall have the duke  
 rycharde / and also ye shall have the good love of all  
 24 your men / for there is none but he is wery of the  
 werre / and they have raison.' 'Naymes,' sayd the  
 kynge, 'I wylle not doo it! holde your peas therof, for  
 that shall be the last worde that ever I shall saye' /  
 28 'Syre,' sayd rowland / 'by my soule ye doo grete wrong /  
 for yf ye suffre the good duke rycharde to be hanged,  
 that somoche hathe loved you & doon grete honour, it  
 shall be to you grete shame; and soo I swere to you vpon  
 32 all halowes, that yf I see hange rycharde of normandy,  
 I shall parte out of your oste fro your servyse / and I  
 shall goo soo ferre that ye shall never have helpe of  
 me' / 'Rowlande,' sayd oliver, 'wene not that I shal

The Emperor  
 gives his Barons  
 leave to withdraw.

Next day he asks  
 them what he  
 shall do for Duke  
 Richard.

They all advise  
 him to make  
 peace with the  
 Sons,

and declare they  
 will depart if he  
 will not consent  
 to end the war.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. viii.

abyde after that ye are goon / for the kyng dooth grete  
 wronge to reynawde our cosin' / Full sore an angred  
 was the kinge to here thise wordes ; but he helde the<sup>ne</sup>  
 his peas, & sayd never a worde. And wyte it, all thoost 4  
 was moved by cause thei fered sore leest reynawde shold  
 make rycharde of normandy to be hanged / for he was  
 wel beloved of the folke of charlemagn / & also he was  
 of a grete kynred & a noble linage. 8

**T**his mornynge, the<sup>ne</sup>, reynawde that was wythin  
 ardein,<sup>1</sup> after that he had herde his masse / he  
 called his thre bredern, & sayd to theym, ' My bredern /  
 It gooth full yll wyth vs that we can have noo peas 12  
 with charlemagn / but sith it is thus com / by the  
 feyth that I owe to the olde aymon, oure fader, I shall  
 angre him ryght sore / For I am sure, yf he had vs in  
 his handes, he wolde vtterly dystroye vs wythout pyte / 16  
 And therefore I am dysposed for to doo the worste that  
 I can agenste hym. For now, afore his eyen, I shall  
 hange y<sup>e</sup> duke Rycharde of Normandy / For I am well  
 sure that Charlemagne shall wexe fyre angry for it, 20  
 whan he shall see hym' / ' Broder,' sayd alarde, ' I  
 praye you, as moche as <sup>2</sup>I can, that ye wylle not <sup>3</sup>doo  
 as ye saye, For I shall hange hym myselfe yf ye wylle.'  
 ' brother,' sayd reynawd, ' I wylle wel.' ' Now com- 24  
 maunde,' sayd alarde, ' that the gibet be dressed all hie  
 vpon the gate, that charlemagn & all his oost may see  
 him.' Shortly to speke, reynawd dyde doo make the  
 gybet in suche a place that charlemagne myghte see it 28  
 as well as he had be by / And wyte it, that rowlande  
 was the firste man that perceyved it / and whan he  
 sawe this, he began to crye as hie as he myghte /  
 ' Syre, sire ! now see how they wylle hange the duke 32  
 richarde wyth grete shame / alas, he hathe shrewedly  
 employed his tyme in your servyse, And now he is full

Reynawde pre-  
 pares to hang  
 Duke Richard ;

the gallows is  
 prepared in sight  
 of the Emperor's  
 host.

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> Fol. E.E. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

yll rewarded for it / and also it is a shrewed ensample  
 to all them that serve you!' 'Alas,' sayd oliver, 'now  
 shall the goode duke rycharde be hanged wyth grete  
 4 shame, for I see the gybet righted vp' / 'Holde your  
 peas,' sayd charlemagne, 'they doo all this but for to  
 make me abasshed, and that they myghte have peas  
 wyth me; but for all this, thei shall not have it / and  
 8 soo I promyse you they dare doo hym noo harme of  
 his body.' Thus recomforted charlemagne hymself,  
 wenyng that reynawd had not durst hange the duche  
 richarde. This hangynge, rowlande,<sup>1</sup> that had the thyng  
 12 at herte, behelde alwayes towarde the towne, and sawe  
 that men ryghted the ladder to the gybet / thenne sayd  
 he to oliver,<sup>2</sup> 'Ha, oliver,<sup>2</sup> true felawe & good frende,  
 yonder I see the ladder that is set vp all redi for to  
 16 hang richarde of normandy / full yll he hath bestowed  
 his good servyse wyth charlemagne.' 'Syre oliver,' sayd  
 rowland, 'ye saye well trouthe, god save Richarde!'

Roland laments  
 over the fate of  
 the Duke.

**A**fter that the ladder was ryghted to the gybet  
 20 above, vpon the hyghe gate<sup>3</sup> of ardeyne<sup>3</sup> / Rey-  
 nawde called ten of his folke / and sayd to theym,  
 'Galantes, goo fet me the duke rychard / For I wylle  
 that he be hanged Incontynente.'<sup>4</sup> 'Syre,' sayd they  
 24 'we shall doo your commaundement.' And they wente  
 in to the chambre wh[e]re the noble duke of normandy  
 was / and founde hym playng atte the ches wyth  
 yonnet, the sone of Reynawd / and thenne these men  
 28 toke hym, and sayd / 'Syre duke, com forth! for Rey-  
 nawde hath commaunded that ye shall be hanged  
 incontynent.' Whan the duke rycharde of normandy  
 herde these felawes speke thus to hym, he loked vpon  
 32 theym over the sho[l]der / and wolde not answer to  
 theym, but sayd, 'my fair yonnet, hast you for to

Reynawde tells x  
 of his folk to fetch  
 the Duke;

they enter his  
 chamber where  
 he is playing  
 chess with  
 Johnnet,

and command  
 him to come with  
 them.

<sup>1</sup> oliver, F. orig. G. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Rolant, F. orig. G. ii. back. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. F.F. i.

playe, for it is tyme that we goo to dyner' / And whan  
 these galantes sawe that rycharde of normandy answered  
 noo worde vnto theym / they began to take hym on  
 everi side, & said to hym / ' Aryse vp, duke rycharde / 4  
 for in dyspyte of charlemagn that loved you somoche,  
 ye shall be hanged now' / Whan the duk rycharde saw  
 that these sergauntes had hym thus by the arme / and  
 helde in his hande a lady of yvery, wherwyth he wolde 8  
 have gyven a mate to yonnet / he wythdrewe his arme,  
 & gaff to one of the sergauntes suche a stroke wyth it  
 in to y<sup>e</sup> forhede that he made him tomble over & over  
 at his fete. and thenne he toke a roke, & smote a nother 12  
 wythall vpon his hede that he all to broste it to the  
 brayn. and after that, he smote another of them wyth  
 his fiste so grete a stroke that he breake his necke, and  
 felle deed to therthe / And whan the other sawe theyr 16  
 felawes thus arayed, they began to renne awaye. And  
 whan rycharde sawe theym goo, he cryed to them :  
 ' Fle, rybawdes, goddys curse have you / come not here  
 again' / And whan he had said soo, he sayd to yonnet, 20  
 that was all abasshed / ' Playe well, my childe / for ye  
 shall be mated / I trowe these truauntes were dronken,  
 that thus wolde have had me awaye, but I have well  
 gyven them their parte.' And whan yonnet herde 24  
 him saye so / he durst not speke agenst<sup>1</sup> it, by cause he  
 sawe hymselfe soo sore an angred / but played wyth his  
 roke that he sholde not be mated / but he myght not  
 save the mate / Whan the duke rycharde had mated 28  
 yonnet, he called a yoman that was there / and sayd  
 to hym / ' Goo, take these carles that lien here deed,  
 and caste them oute at the wyndowes' / The yoman  
 dyde incontynente his commaundement. For he durst 32  
 doo noo thyng there agenst, for doubtte he sholde  
 have fare as the other, that he had seen slayen in his  
 presence /

The Duke slays  
three men,

and the rest  
escape hastily.

Duke Richard  
finishes his game  
of chess with  
Johnnet,

then orders the  
dead bodies of  
Reynawde's men  
to be thrown out  
of the windows.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. i. back.

**A**larde was the same tyme oute of the castell, and  
 awayted that rycharde were brought to hym, *that*  
 he mighte goo hange hym / and he saw how the deed  
 4 were cast doun oute of the wyndowes of the towre /  
 wherof he was wrothe, and wente to reynawde, & sayd  
 to hym / 'Syre, I knowe that the duke rycharde wylle  
 not lete hymselfe be take. and ryght dere it shall coste  
 8 or he be broughte to the gybet / see how he hathe slayne  
 your men / and how he hath caste theym oute atte the  
 towre at the wyndowes' / 'Brother,' sayd reynawde,  
 'the duke rycharde is to be doubted in his takynge /  
 12 lete vs goo to the helpe of our folke, for elles they ben  
 in daungeur of their lives' / And thus as they wolde  
 have goon / they that he had sente for to take rycharde  
 came there vnto hym. and whan they saw reynawde,  
 16 they sayd to hym, 'By god, sire, the duke rycharde  
 shall not be take wythoute grete stryfe, For he hathe  
 slayne thre of our felawes / and whan we saw that / we  
 fledd awaye, and lefte hym playeng wyth your sone  
 20 yonnet.' Whan reynawd vnderstode this / he was  
 ryght angry for it, and sware by all halowes, that yf he  
 had not peas that day wyth charlemagne / rycharde of  
 normandy sholde not scape hangyng, what somever it  
 24 sholde hap therof / And whan he had sayd these wordes,  
 he went towarde the towre where richard<sup>1</sup> was / and his  
 bredern went wyth him / for thei wold not leve him.  
 and also XL men well armed, for to take the duke  
 28 rycharde, yf he wolde defende hymself / whan reynawd  
 was come to the gate of the towre, he made it to be  
 opened, & went in, and whan he was wythin, he sayd  
 to the duke rycharde, 'Vassall, why have you slayn my  
 32 men?' 'cosin,' sayd richarde, 'now here me, if it  
 playse you / It is trouth that X rybawdes cam here  
 ryght now / and layd hande vpon me; and they sayd,  
 that ye had thus commaunded theym / whiche thyng

Alarde complains  
of this treatment  
to Reynawde.

The men arrive  
from the Duke,

and tell Reynawde  
how three of them  
have been slain.

The Sons all  
depart in anger  
for the chamber of  
Richard.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. ii.

I cowde not byleve. For, & ye had sayd soo, it sholde have be spoken outrageously. soo made I theim to flee oute of this chambre in grete haste / and slewe of theim I wote not how many, be cause I myghte not absteyn 4 me<sup>1</sup> / and yf it semeth you that I have doon amys, soo take ye amendes vpon me. But I wyll wel, that ye wite that I wolde not have don to you suche a shame as ye have doon to me, yf I had had you as ye have me. 8 reynawde, yf I have doon amys in ony maner / I am redy to make amendes for it / but ye knowe it is no reyson that no carle shall iudge suche a man as I am / for that longeth to a kyng, to a duke, or to an erle. the 12 custume is suche ye wote it well / Yf the kerles have harme<sup>2</sup> / be it that have medled theym wyth it, none ought to blame me therfore' / 'By god, rycharde,' sayd the<sup>ne</sup> reynaud, 'ye shall saye what ye wyll, but trust 16 me yf I have not this daye peas wyth charlemagne, I shall make you to be hanged in suche a place where that charlemagn may see you'<sup>3</sup> / And whan reynawd had sayd this, he made richard to be take / and made 20 his hande to be bounde fast, and after sayd to him, 'I telle you, on my feyth, that if I have not this daye my peas wyth charlemain, that for no preching that ye can make, nor for noo man of the worlde, I shall not 24 leve, but I shall make you deye a shamfull deth.' 'By my<sup>4</sup> soule, reynawd,' sayd richard, 'I fere me not that ye shall doo that ye saye, for ye dare not doo it as long as charlemagn is a live' / Whan reynawde herde the 28 duke richard speke thus / he was so wrothe that he loked all blacke in the face for angre / and thenne he said to richarde, 'by that god that made me, ye shalle soone knowe what I dare do, & whether I am cowarde 32

Duke Richard defends his conduct.

Reynawde declares he shall be hung unless peace is concluded with Charlemagne;

<sup>1</sup> Puis les fis jecter hors de sceans par ses fenestres, F. orig. G. iii. back.

<sup>2</sup> harmt, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> et si ne vous pour donner ayde ne secours, F. orig. G. iii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. F.F. ii. back.

or hardy' / And thenne he made hym to be brought  
 whereas the galohous were righted / and thenne he  
 sayd to hym / 'Rychard, I wyl that of two thynges<sup>1</sup> ye  
 4 chose thone yf ye lust / that is, that ye make me have  
 peas with charlemagn, or elles that ye helpe me agenst  
 him / and, but yf ye doo this / wyte that I shall make  
 you hanged & strangled, and I shall not leve you for  
 8 all this that ye be of my linage. And yf ye wylle  
 take my parte agenste the kyng Charlemagn, ye shall  
 be deliverde forthwyth.'<sup>2</sup> ¶ 'By god, reynawd,' sayd  
 thenne rycharde, 'now have I herde you speke like a  
 12 childe / wene ye that I shall do *that* ye saye for fere of  
 deth? certes, nay. for the kyng charlemagn is my  
 sovereyn lorde, and of him I holde myn herytage / and  
 thoughe he dothe wronge to leve me here / I oughte  
 16 not to faile hym therefore<sup>3</sup> / But, & ye wylle do well /  
 lene me a messenger, the whiche I shall sende to charle-  
 magn & to his barons, for to wyte yf he be disposed  
 for to lete me deye here shamfully.' 'By my feyth,  
 20 rycharde,' sayd reynaud, 'ye speke now wysely' / and  
 thenne he called one of his folke, & sayd to hym,  
 'Goo & do that rycharde of normandy shall telle you.'  
 'My frende,' sayd rycharde to the messenger, 'ye shall  
 24 goo to charlemain, & tell him on my behalve / that I  
 praye hym as to my sovereyn lorde, *that* yf ever he  
 loved me, that he wylle pardonne reynaude. And I  
 shall take vpon me to make amendes for hym / yf he  
 28 hath in ony thyng mysdoon agenste hym / as the  
 twelve peres of fraunce shall iudge him / And yf he  
 wylle not doo soo, that he<sup>4</sup> wylle loke hederwarde /  
 And he shall see me hange shamfully / Of that other  
 32 parte, ye shall saye to rowland, & to all my felawes,

he has Duke  
Richard brought  
to the gallows.

Duke Richard  
asks for leave to  
send a messenger  
to Charlemagne.

Reynawde grants  
his request,

and Richard com-  
mands the mes-  
senger to pray the  
Emperor for peace  
with the Sons,

<sup>1</sup> thtnges, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> car puis apres feray grant dommage a charlemaigne se vous me volez ayder de tout vostre pouvoir, F. orig. G. iv.

<sup>3</sup> mais le tort quil aura de moy il le trouvera au jour du Jugement, F. orig. G. iv.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. F.F. iii.

and tell Roland  
and the 12 Peers  
that it will be  
unworthy of them  
to let him be  
hung.

The messenger  
goes to Charle-  
magne and  
delivers his  
message.

Roland implores  
the Emperor not  
to suffer Duke  
Richard to be  
hung:

that yf ever they loved me, that thei wylle shew to  
charlemagn that it shal be a grete shame to hym, yf he  
suffreth that I deye thus shamfully' / 'syre,' sayd the  
messenger, 'doubt not, I shall doo your message well' / 4  
After these thynges thus sayd / the messenger wente  
oute of the towne to the oost of charlemagn, the whiche  
he founde<sup>1</sup> full of thought / And whan he sawe him /  
he made hym reuerence / and after sayd to hym, 'Syre, 8  
<sup>2</sup> wyte it that richarde the duke of normandy recomen-  
deth hym humbly to you / and prayeth you as hertly  
as he can, & as to his sovereyn lorde, that yf ever ye  
loved hym, that ye wylle shewe it now / for he mystreth 12  
well of it / For yf reynawd have not peas this daye,  
torne your sighte vpon yonder gate, after that I am  
com home agen / and ye shall see him hange sham-  
fully' / And whan the messenger had sayd this to the 16  
kyng / he loked abowte him, and sawe the twelve  
peres / and sayd to them, Fyrst to rowlande / and  
after to the other / 'Lordes, the duke rycharde prayeth  
you, rowlande, and all ye in generall, that yf ye ever 20  
loved hym, that ye wylle praye Charlemagne that he  
wylle make peas wyth reynawd, or otherwyse he is  
deed without mercy' / And whan rowlande herde this,  
he spake fyrste to the kyng, and sayd, 'Syre, for god I 24  
praye you / suffre not that ye be blamed. Ye knowe  
well that how the duke rycharde is one of the beste  
knyghtes of the worlde, and he hathe best served you  
at your nede. For god, sire, make peas wyth rey- 28  
nawde / for to recover suche a knyght as is the duke  
rychard of normandy / for grete shame it were to you  
for to lete hym thus deye.' And whan the duke  
naymes, and the bysshop turpyn, ogyer, escouffe, the 32  
sone of oedon / and olivere of vyen herde <sup>3</sup>Rowlande

<sup>1</sup> en son pavillon, F. orig. G. iv.

<sup>2</sup> dieu vous saul aussi la belle compaigne, F. orig. G. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. F.F. iii. back.



speke soo, They beganne to saye to the kynge / 'By  
 god, sire, yf ye wylle not make peas with reynawd for  
 to recover our felawe the duke Rycharde of normandy /  
 4 ye shall lose moche by it / For wythin shorte tyme ye  
 shall see your londe dystroyed afore you' /

all the 12 Peers  
 plead likewise  
 for Richard's life.

**W**han Charlemagne sawe that his peres were thus  
 moved for love of Rycharde of normandy /  
 8 and that they accorded all for to make peas / he wende  
 for to have goon oute of his mynde / And sware by  
 grete wrathe as a man mad, that Reynawde sholde never  
 have peas with hym / but yf he had mawgys to doo his  
 12 wylle wyth hym. And whan he had sayd so, he tourned  
 hym towarde the xii peres of fraunce, and sayd to theym,  
 'My frendes, take noo fere for Rycharde of normandy /  
 For Reynawde sholde sooner lete to be drawe one  
 16 of his eyes oute / than he sholde do him ony harme  
 or shame' / 'Syre,' sayd the bysshop Turpyn / 'ye are  
 besyde your selfe / For ye see all redy that Rycharde is  
 iudged to dethe' / 'Bysshop,' sayd Charlemagne, 'ye  
 20 speke well folyshly. Knowe ye not well that Rycharde  
 of normandy is of the linage of Reynawde. I promyse  
 you he dare not doo hym harme by noo maner' / 'By  
 god, syre,' sayd Oliver, 'ye have well payed vs by  
 24 your sayenge. Why dare not Reynawde hange the  
 duke Rycharde? For I knowe somoche by him that,  
 yf he had you as he hathe Rycharde / He durste well  
 hange yourselfe and all vs.' 'Syre Oliver,' sayd the  
 28 messenger / 'I swere you on my feyth, that Reynawde  
 ceased not all this daye to praye the duke Richarde that  
 he wolde forsake charlemagne / and he sholde save his  
 life, wherof the duke Richarde of normandy wolde doo  
 32 noo thyng / but spake grete wordes to Reynawde.' And  
 whan the messenger had sayd thus / he sayd to the kynge,  
 'Syre, gyve me leve to goo, of it playse <sup>1</sup>you, and telle  
 me what I shall saye to rychard of normandy from you.'

Charlemagne, in  
 great wrath,  
 swears he will not  
 make peace un-  
 less Mawgis is  
 delivered up to  
 him.

The messenger  
 asks leave to  
 return.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. iv.

Charlemagne sends him back without an answer to his appeal, and will not believe that Reynawde dare hang the Duke.

‘Frende,’ sayd Charlemagne, ‘ye shall telle hym on my behalve, that he put noo doubt in noo thyng, For Reynawde shall not be soo hardy to doo hym ony harme.’ Whan the messenger, that was a wyse knyght, 4 vnderstode charlemagne, he cowde not absteyn hymselfe, but he sayd to hym / ‘Syre emperour, ye be overproude; but I promyse you that reynawde setteth lityll by your pride / and I make you sure that alarde 8 wayteth well for my comynge agen / For he wolde not take a hundred thousande pounce for to leve rycharde, but that he sholde hange hym his owne handes’ / And assone as he had sayd soo / he went his wayes wyth- 12 oute ony leve takynge of the kynge, streyghte to ardeyn.

The great wrath of the Peers, because of the anger of Charlemagne.

**W**han the xii peres sawe the messenger goo wyth an ill answeere / they were full sory for it. ‘Ha, 16 godys,’ sayd ogyer, ‘how the devyll the kynge is felle, & harde of herte / that wylle nother peas nor concorde / I am well sure that his pryde shall be cause of a shamfull dethe to rycharde.’ ‘Oger,’ sayd rowland, ‘ye saye 20 trouthe, but, & I see him hang, god never helpe me at my nede yf I abyde after it wyth charlemagne whiles I live’ / and whan he had sayd soo, he went to thother peres, & sayd to theim, ‘Lordes, what shall we doo / 24 shall we lete thus rycharde be hanged? our felawe, one of the best knyghtes of the worlde, & moost hardy / for thrughe his prowes he is there as he is. Never noo fowle worde issued oute of his mouth / alas, we shall 28 now see hym hange wyth grete shame. certes, yf we suffre it, we ben shamed for ever.’

Roland determines to leave the service of the Emperor;

**R**owland,<sup>1</sup> as a man dysperate, cam thenne to the kyng all wrothe, & sayd to hym in this maner / 32 ‘Syr, by my soule, I goo now oute of your servyse without your leve.’ and after he sayd to ogyer, ‘Oger, what wyll ye doo / wyll ye com <sup>2</sup>wyth me / and leve

<sup>1</sup> Roluand, *orig.*      <sup>2</sup> Fol. F.F. iv. back.

this devyll here / For he ys all beside hymselfe <sup>1</sup> / ' By  
 my hede, rowlande,' sayed ogyer, ' ye saye trouthe / I  
 shall never in my liffe abyde wyth hym / but I shall

Ogier also threat-  
 ens to leave him,

4 go gladely wyth you where ye wylle. And I shall not  
 leve you for no man in the worlde / syth that he  
 suffreth that suche a valiaunte man shall deye, as is  
 the duke Rycharde of normandy, that he loved somoche.

8 He sholde soone doo soo by vs / for he is a man that  
 hathe in him nother love nor pyte.' And whan Olyver  
 of vyenne vnderstode these wordes, he stode vp / and  
 sayd / ' Lordes, I wylle goo wyth you / I have dwelled

and other of his  
 Peers,

12 here to longe.' ' And I also,' sayd the duke Naymes /  
 and like wyse Escouff the sone of oedon / And whan  
 the byshop turpyn sawe this / he casted a grete sighe,  
 and sayd, ' By my feythe, Charlemagn, It is evyll to

16 serve you / For of gode servyse ye doo yelde an evyll  
 rewarde / as it is well seen now by the duke Rychard  
 of normandy, that hathe served you so well and so  
 truly / And yf I dwelle ony lenger with you, I praye

because of his  
 treachery to the  
 good Duke.

20 god punysse me for it.'

**T**henne whan Charlemagne saw his peres that were  
 soo sore moved wyth angre agenste hym / he sayd  
 to theym / ' Lordes, have noo doubte of noo thyng /  
 24 For the duke Richarde shall have no harme.' ' Syre,'  
 said the duke naymes, ' ye doo grete wronge for to saye  
 soo / for a fole never byleveth <sup>2</sup>tyll he fele sore.<sup>2</sup> wene  
 you to make vs foles wyth your wordes / We see the  
 28 galohous made vp for to hange our felaw / wherfore I  
 tell you that a mischef take me if I dwel wyth you ony  
 lenger.' whan the duke Naymes had sayd soo, he went  
 oute of the pavyllion of charlemagn, and in likewise all  
 32 the peres of fraunce wyth him / and went in to his  
 tent, the whiche he made to be pulde down inconty-

All the Peers  
 depart from the  
 host of Charle-  
 magne,

<sup>1</sup> Pour ce que luy avons tant obey et tant de fois prie et  
 pour ce il sen tient si fier et si orgueilleux, F. orig. G. v. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> tant quil a pris, F. orig.

ment / And whan they of the oost of Charlemagn sawe  
that, they were sore <sup>1</sup>affrayed. And ye oughte to wyte  
that they were so sore moved wythin a lityll while,  
that there abode in the oste of charlemagn not one 4  
baron nor knyghte, but oonly the pour simple gentyll-  
men / and comyn people. Whan Rowlande sawe this,  
he wente on his wayes wyth the other peres / And  
wyte it, atte that hour the oost of Charlemagne was 8  
made lesse than it was afore by XL thousande men.

which is reduced  
by XL thousand  
men.

**R**eynawde, that was vpon the hyghe gate of Ardeyn,  
sawe soo grete nombre of folke comyng togyder /  
soo called he to hym the messenger, that was but comen 12  
fro charlemagn / and sayd to hym in this maner /  
'Come here, messenger, telle me what Charlemagne  
hathe sayd to you.' 'Syre,' sayd the messenger, 'wyte it  
that ye have myssed of peas / For Charlemagne wylle 16  
noo thyng of it, But he sendeth you worde by me, that  
ye be not soo hardy (vpon the eyen of your hede) to doo  
ony harme to the duke Rycharde of normandy' / And  
whan he had sayd this / he tourned hym towarde the 20  
duke Rycharde, and sayd to hym, 'Syre duke, now  
maye ye knowe how moche Charlemagne loveth you /  
Wyte it for certeyn that ye gate nother helpe nor  
socours of hym ; and for the love of you, Rowlande and 24  
all the other peres of fraunce ben full sore an angred  
wyth hym. For ye maye perceyve it well by their tentes  
that ben pulled down / And soo I am sure that the  
moost parte of the oost shall departe for the love of 28  
you / And soo shall not abyde there, but oonly the erle  
Guynellon and his linage / For theyr tentes ben ryghted,  
and all thother broughte down' / Whan reynawde wyste  
that the frenshmen were angri wyth Charlemagn for the 32  
love of the duke rychard of normandy / he chaunged  
his corage, and cowde not kepe hym from wepyng.  
And after he tourned hym towarde Rycharde of nor-

The messenger  
relates to Rey-  
nawde Charle-  
magne's answer  
to him.

Reynawde relents  
of his conduct  
towards the  
Duke,

mandy, and sayd to hym, <sup>1</sup>‘for god, my cosin, I praye  
 you to pardonne me the grete shame that I have doon  
 to you’ / ‘Reynawde,’ sayd Richarde, ‘I blame you  
 4 not, for I wote well ye can not doo therto / For the  
 grete pryde & cruelnes of Charlemagn is causer of all  
 this.’ Whan reynawde had cryed mercy to the duke  
 Rycharde / he vnbounde him; and alarde & gucharde  
 8 cam to helpe him / for they were all glad that richarde  
 was deliverde / notwythstandyng afore that they were  
 dysposed for to make hym deye shamfully / And whan  
 they had doon, Reynawd sayd / ‘cosyn rychard, lene  
 12 vpon this walle, and we shal loke what charlemagn  
 wylle doo’ / ‘Syre,’ sayd the duke rycharde, ‘ye saye  
 wel, lete vs see it’ /

and craves his  
pardon.

The Sons rejoice  
over the release of  
Richard.

16 **W**han Charlemagn sawe that his barons went  
 awaye as it is sayd / he was sory for it, that  
 he wexed almoste madde all quycke for angre, and helde  
 a demye launce in hys hande, the whiche beganne to  
 gnawe wyth his teeth, so angry he was. And whan  
 20 his wrathe was a lityll goon / he called a knyghte, and  
 sayd to hym / ‘Now lighte on horsback lightly / and  
 ryde after rowlande & after the other barons, & telle  
 them in my behalve, that they com speke wyth me,  
 24 and I shall be demened as they wylle theymsel / and  
 that I shalle pardonne reynawd yf they wylle come  
 agen to me.’ ‘Syre,’ sayd the knyghte, ‘blessed be  
 god, that hath brought you to this mynde.’ And  
 28 thenne this knyghte toke an horse, and rode hastely  
 after the twelve peers of fraunce.<sup>2</sup> And whan Rey-  
 nawde, that was wyth the duke rychard vpon the gate  
 of ardeyne, apperceyved this,<sup>3</sup> he sayd to the duke of  
 32 normandy / ‘cosin, I see come a knyghte<sup>4</sup> oute of the

Charlemagne  
sends a knight  
after his Peers to  
beg their return.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> si roydement quil sembloit que la terre deust fendre  
 dessoulz les piedz de son cheval, F. orig. G. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> chevalier qui cheuavchoit si roydement, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> moult vistrement, F. orig.

pavyllion of charlemagn / I byleve that he gooth to the twelve peres of Fraunce for to make theym to retourne agayne / I wene we shall <sup>1</sup>have this daye peas, and god byfore' / 'Syre,' sayd Richard,<sup>2</sup> 'ye shall have peas 4 mawgre all theim that letteth it / I oughte to love derely my felawes that ben cause to kepe me from dethe / and also to have peas.' Wyte it that the knyghte rode so faste that he overtoke Rowland / and all the 8 other peres, and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, the kyng sendeth you worde by me that ye wylle retourne agayne / and he shall pardonne reynawde for the love of you / And for goddys love come lightly / For he 12 never lefte wepyng syth that ye wente your waye from hym.' 'Naymes,' sayd Rowland, 'lete vs retourne agayn / For I hold the peas made / wherof this sorowfull werre shal faylle that hathe lasted soo 16 longe.' Whan the duke Naymes herde Rowlande saye soo / he was glad of it, and Ioyned his handes towarde heven, and sayd / 'Good lorde Ihesus, blessed be the tyme that it hathe playsted for to tourne the corage of 20 our kyng / and that this vnhappy werre is broughte atte an ende.' And whan the duke naymes had sayd this / they retourned agayn towarde charlemagn.

**A**nd whan reynawd apperceyved that the twelve 24 peres wente agayn to Charlemagne / he sayd to the duke Rychard of normandy, 'Cosyn, the barons retourne agayne / I by-leve that the peas shall be made, and that we shall mowe well goo soone at our liberte. 28 now shall reynawd may say that I & my bredern ben at his commaundemente / and shall be as longe as we ben men an live.' Well gladdere were the barons on the one parte / and of the other, By cause that god had 32 suffred that the peas sholde be made / And whan charlemagn sawe his barons come agen, he went agenste theym & sayd / 'Bi god, my lordes, ye are welle full

The knight  
delivers his  
message,

and they all go  
back to Charle-  
magne.

Reynawde per-  
ceives their  
return,

and hopes that  
peace may be  
accorded with  
them.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. vi.      <sup>2</sup> Reynawde, *orig.*

of grete pryde *that* ye make me to be com peasible  
 1 wyth reynaud<sup>1</sup> agenst my wyl; ye knowe *that* I have  
 hated him somoche *that* I maye not see him, <sup>2</sup>but I  
 4 shall be angry by cause of his pryde that is soo grete.

Wherfore, yf ye wylle that I make peas wyth him, I wyll  
 that he goo into the holy londe pourly clothed on fote /  
 And soo I wylle have his horse bayarde. And I shall

Charlemagne dic-  
 tates to his Peers  
 his terms of peace  
 with Reynawde.

8 retourne agayne to his bretherne all their livelode oute  
 of my handes. Therefore, yf thus he wylle doo / I shall  
 falle to peas, and accorde wyth him, and elles not. For  
 I make myn a vowe to god that I shall never do other-

12 wyse therin / than I telle you now. And therefore loke  
 well whiche of you shall doo this message.' 'Syre,'  
 sayd the duke Naymes / 'I shall goo to Reynawde  
 wyth a good wylle / yf it be your playsure that I goo  
 16 to hym.' 'Naymes,' sayd Charlemagne / 'It playseth

me well' / And thenne Incontyent the duke Naymes  
 rode to ardeyne<sup>3</sup> / And whan Reynawde saw hym come,  
 he knewe hym well / and wente hym agenst / and soo

Duke Naymes  
 rides to Arden  
 with the tidings  
 of peace;

20 dyde the duke rycharde / and all the brethern of Rey-  
 nawde / Whan the duke Naymes sawe the noble  
 barons come agenste hym, he lighted from his horse  
 anone / and wente and kyssed theym all, and after he

24 had doon soo, he sayd / 'Reynawde / Charlemagne  
 sendeth me to you with his gretynge' / 'God yelde  
 hym,' sayd Reynawde / 'Now have I that I have  
 desired soo longe / Naymes, shall I have peas?' 'Ye,'

28 sayd the duke naymes, 'vndre a condycyon / whiche  
 I shall telle you. It is that ye must goo pourly clothed,  
 and beggyng your brede for goddys sake in to the  
 holy londe, and soo shall ye leve bayarde wyth charle-

he delivers his  
 message to Rey-  
 nawde,

32 magne / And this doon ye shall have peas / And he  
 shall gyve agayn your heritages to your brethern.'  
 'Duke Naymes,' sayd Reynawde, 'ye be ryght welcome /

1-1 omitted, F. orig.      2 Fol. F.F. vi. back.

3 dordonne, F. orig.

who promises to fulfil the Emperor's commands.

Duke Naymes and Richard rejoice over his concessions.

Roland admires the goodness of Reynawde, who will sacrifice himself for his brethren and his folk.

Naymes presents Bayard to the Emperor;

he tells him how well Duke Richard fareth.

And I promyse you that I am redy to doo the commaundement of the kyng. And yf he wylle have of me ony thyng more by ony wyse, I shall in every poynt fulfyll his wylle if it be possyble / <sup>1</sup>for me to doo 4  
it / Now shall I be a goode trewaunt / for I can well aske brede whan me nedeth' / Whan the duke Naymes herde Reynawde speke thus, he was well gladde of it, and so was the duke Rycharde, that they sawe the 8  
noble Reynawd agreed to the wylle of Charlemagne / soo moche as for to be-come a poure begger for to have peas. And after that Reynawde was thus accorded herto, he went into his stable and toke bayarde, and 12  
deliverde hym to the duke Naymes / and thenne he toke his baner, and bare it on high vpon the highe towre in token of peas. And whan Charlemagne sawe the baner of Reynawde, he shewed it to rowlande / 16  
'Ha god,' sayd Rowlande / 'how meke is Reynawde, and good of kynde, to have made peas in this maner of wyse. Blessed be Ihesus that hathe gyven hym that wylle for to goo now a fote, wherof I playne hym 20  
sore' / 'Rowlande,' sayd ogyer / 'Reynawde is a lambe full of mekenes / and in him are all the gode condycyons that a knyghte oughte to have.' This hangynge, came there the duke naymes that broughte bayarde 24  
wyth hym / and presented hym to charlemagne / and sayd to hym / 'Syre, Reynawde is redy for to doo all that ye have commaunded hym / and he shal departe to morow yf ye wyll, syth your playsure is soo.' 'I 28  
wylle well,' sayd charlemagne / 'but telle me where is the duke Rycharde, For I wylle knowe it.' 'Syre,' sayd the duke Naymes / 'wyte that the duke Rycharde fareth well, and is abyden wyth Reynawde / for he 32  
wylle conveye hym whan he gooth' / And wyte that reynawde, thys hangynge, made grete chere wyth his folke at his ease, and after sayd to theym / 'Lordes /

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. vii.



I beseche you be not sory that I goo / for I have made  
 this peas more for you than for me. I praye you that  
 ye holde well togyder till I com agen.' And whan he  
 4 had sayd this to theim / he wente to his chambre, &  
 1 vnclouted hymselfe from his goode raymentes / and  
 caste vpon him a pour mantell, and a payer of bygge  
 shone wel clouted / and made be broughte to hym a  
 8 palster well yrened for to bere in his hande. And ye  
 muste wyte that the duke rycharde was styлле wyth  
 hym, to whome reynawde commended his wyfe and hys  
 chylidren / and all his brethern / And that he wolde  
 12 praye the kynge that he sholde have theym for re-  
 comended / And whan he had arrayed hymselfe so he  
 came towarde the halle to the duchesse hys wyfe.

Reynawde clothes  
 himself in poor  
 garments,

and commends  
 his wife and  
 children to the  
 care of Duke  
 Richard.

16 **W**han the noble duchesse clare sawe her husbonde  
 soo arayed in his beggers clothyng / she toke  
 suche sorowe for it that she felle down in a swonne to  
 the erthe as she had be deed. And whan reynawde  
 saw her falle, he ranne for to take her vp / and after  
 20 sayd to her, 'Lady, for god take it not soo sore at your  
 herte / For I shal soone come agen, and god byfore /  
 And wyth you shall my brethern abyde that shall serve  
 you as theyr lady / And soo I telle you that I am so  
 24 glad of the peas, that me semeth that I am come agen  
 all redy / Madame, my dere wyfe, I praye god kepe  
 you from all evylles' / And with thys he kissed her  
 full swetly / and thenne he toke on his waye. And  
 28 whan the duchesse sawe hym go, she toke for it soo  
 grete sorowe that she swounded agen / and abode thus a  
 longe while, that all her gentylwymen wene she had  
 ben dead / And after she was come agen to herselfe  
 32 she made grete mone for her lorde reynawde. For she  
 scartched her face / and pulled her heres from her hede  
 for grete sorow / And whan she had made soo moche  
 sorowe / she sayd, 'O gode husbonde reynawde, whos

The Duchesse  
 swoons with  
 sorrow at her  
 husband's  
 departure;

and mourns his  
 loss with great  
 grief.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. vii. back.

like is not in all the worlde of goodnes / god be wyth  
 you / For I wote wel that I shall never see you.' And  
 whan she had sayd these wordes she went in to her  
 chambre, & toke all her noble raymentes & caste them 4  
<sup>1</sup>in a fyre; and whan they were all brente, she toke a  
 poure smocke, and caste it<sup>2</sup> abowte her / And sayd she  
 sholde never were no other clothes tyll she sawe her  
 lorde husbande agen. 8

The three Sons  
 with Duke  
 Richard convey  
 Reynawde on his  
 way to the Holy  
 Land;

he begs them to  
 return and com-  
 fort the Duchesse.

**A**fter that reynawd had taken leve of his wyfe / he  
 departed. the duke rycharde, his bredern, and  
 his folke conveied hym a grete waye / alwayes spekyng  
 that it was pyte to here / and whan reynawd thoughte 12  
 that they had goon ferre ynough with him, he torned  
 him towarde them, & sayd, 'Lordes, I praye you  
 humbly that ye retorne home agen / for aslong as ye be  
 wyth me I am not at my ease / goo your waye in the 16  
 name of god, & recomforte my wife the duchesse, that  
 wepeth so sore. & to you, my bredern, I comende her  
 & my children also.' Wyte it that whan reynawde had  
 sayd this / there was none that cowde take leve of him, 20  
 soo full of sorrowe they were / except alarde, that sayd  
 to him, 'My dere broder, I praye you hertly that ye  
 come shortly agen / for your departyng is so hevy to  
 me that I trowe I shall deye for sorow' / and whan 24  
 alard had sayd soo, he embrased his brother, & toke leve  
 of hym, makyngre grete sorow. and so dyde rycharde  
 of normandy, to whome reynawd sayd / 'my cosin, I  
 comende you ones my wyfe agen, & my children / and 28  
 all my bredern, For they ben of your blode; well ye  
 knowe it.' 'Reynawd,' sayd the duke rycharde / 'I  
 promyse you, & swere as a knyghte, that I shall helpe  
 & deffende them agenst all men except agenst the 32  
 kyng; and doubt not for them, for thei shall want noo  
 thyng.' ¶ Now levethe the history to speke of Reynawd,  
 that went to the holy londe arayed as ye have herde /

Alarde embraces  
 him in great  
 sorrow.

Duke Richard  
 vows to protect  
 and befriend the  
 Sons until Rey-  
 nawde returns to  
 them.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. F.F. viii.      <sup>2</sup> hit, orig.

And retorneth to speke of hys brethern, how they came to the kynge Charlemagne / wyth the duke rycharde of normandy /

CHAPTER XXIII.

4 ¶ How after that reinaude was departed fro ar-  
 dein<sup>1</sup> to make his viage beyonde see clothed  
 pourli as a pilgrim,<sup>2</sup> asking <sup>3</sup>his mete for god  
 sake, the duke of normandy toke alarde,<sup>4</sup>  
 8 guycharde, & rychard / and brought [t]hem  
 wyth him to charlemagne / whiche receyved  
 them honourably / and toke vp his siege /  
 and went agen to parys. But whan he came  
 12 to the cite of lege, vpon the ryver of meuze /  
 he made bayarde to be caste in it / with a  
 mylle stone at the necke of hym. But  
 men sayen that baiard scaped oute / and  
 16 that he is a live yet in the forest of ardeyn.

**I**n this party sheweth the history, that whan reynau-  
 de had put hymselfe to the waye as ye have herde /  
 Richarde of normandy & his brethern came agen to  
 20 ardeyn,<sup>1</sup> full sory <sup>5</sup>for reynawd<sup>5</sup> / where as they founde  
 the good duchesse clare, that made grete sorowe <sup>5</sup>for  
 her lordes departynge.<sup>5</sup> And whan they were come agen  
 there / the duche richard toke the duchesse by the  
 24 hande, and began to recomforte her / and soo many  
 fayr wordes he sayd vnto her that she slaked a lityll  
 her sorowe / and after this, the duke rycharde sayd to  
 the brethern of reynawd in this maner / ‘Lordes, goo  
 28 make you redy, and we shall goo to charlemagn.’ ‘Sir,’  
 sayd the thre brethern / ‘lete vs, whan it playse you.’

Duke Richard and  
 the three brethren  
 return to Arden.

The Duke com-  
 forts the poor  
 Duchess.

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> pilgrim, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Fol. F.F. viii. back.

<sup>4</sup> baiart, F. orig.      <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

and thenne they went, & toke on the beste clothyng that they had; And I promyse you they were thre fayr knyghtes. and after they were well appareylled / they mounted eche of theym vpon a palfrey of hye 4 price, right fayr, without ony armes / And for to speke shortly, they issued oute of ardein,<sup>1</sup> & cam to the pavylion of charlemagn / and whan the kyng sawe theim, he was right glad, Soo commaunded all his 8 barons that they sholde goo agenste theim / 'Ha, god,' sayd rowland / 'now comen the thre brethern well sorry / certes, they haue a cause / for they have loste theyr helpe, socour, & hope. Now I see that the duke 12 richard cometh with them / wherof he dooth wel / for he is their kinneman.'

The Sons and Duke Richard depart for the tent of Charlemagne;

<sup>2</sup>Ye oughte to wyte that the thre bredern of reynawde came to the pavylion of charlemagne 16 welle honestly arayed. and whan they were afore the kyng, thei kneled humbly at his fete / and alarde speke firste, & sayd / 'Syre, reynawd our broder recomendeth him humbly to your good grace, and salveth you as his 20 soverayne lorde / and he sendeth you Rycharde, the duke of normandy, whiche ye see here; and soo he prayeth you that ye wylle have vs for recomended / for he hathe taken his waye towarde the holy londe for 24 taccompyshe your commaundement.' 'Frende,' said the kyng charlemagn, 'ye be ryght welcom / Syth that it playseth our lorde that we shall be frendes, I shall doo for you, and shall brynge you all to honour, 28 as it aperteyneth to suche knyghtes as ye ben / And yf god wylle bringe reynawd sauf agen from his vyage, I shall holde hym as dere as I doo myn owne newew rowlande / for he is replenyshed wyth grete worthynes' / 32 'Syre,' sayd rycharde, 'god brynge hym agen!' Whan the kyng had thus spoken wyth the bredern of reynawde / he cam to the duke richarde of normandy, &

they all kneel before the Emperour, and Alarde tells him how Reynawde has departed for the Holy Land.

Charlemagne receives their tidings graciously;

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. i.

kyssed him more than X tymes / and whan he had  
 feested hym ynoughe, he sayd to hym / 'Duke  
 richarde, I praye you that ye wyll telle me what  
 4 pryson gaaff you reynawde, and what metes for to  
 ete?' 'Syr,' sayd the duke of normandy, 'by the  
 feyth that I owe to god & to you, I had better pryson,  
 & was more at my ease, than ever knyght was, for I  
 8 was served of the same that reynawd was / and som-  
 tyme better; and soo I promyse you, sire, that the  
 gentyll duchesse, his wife, made me grete chere and  
 good company wyth her two fayr children / Sir, I  
 12 beseche you, yf ever ye love me, that ye wylle worshyp  
 Alarde & his brethern, yf it playse you, For they have  
 doon to me grete honoure / And they<sup>1</sup> have gyven me  
 grete yeftes / And yf it playse you, ye<sup>2</sup> shall have the  
 16 goode duchesse and her children for recomended,  
 for she is the humblest lady of the worlde / and the  
 moost wise' / 'Rycharde,' sayd charlemagn, 'wyte it  
 that I shall not faylle theym aslonge as life shall be in  
 20 my body / and whan the children of reynawd shal be  
 in age for to be made knightes, I shall dowbe theym  
 to it myn owne handes wyth grete worshyp / and god  
 spare me liffe, and soo shall I gyve theym landes  
 24 ynoughe for to mayntene theyr astate' / 'Gramercy,  
 sir,' sayd the duke rycharde / 'and god yelde you!'

and kisses Duke Richard with much fervour.

Duke Richard implores the Emperor to befriend the Duchess Clare and her children.

The Emperor promises to make the sons of Reynawde knights in due time.

**W**han they had devysed all ynoughe of the  
 thynges afore sayd, the kynge charlemagne  
 28 commaunded that he sholde be dyslodged; and anone  
 his commaundemente was doon, and thenne every man  
 put hymself to the waye towarde his countrey. And  
 whan the kynge sawe that it was tyme, he mounted on  
 32 horsbacke, and toke on hys waye towarde the cyte of  
 lege / and whan he was come in lege, he lodged hym  
 vpon the brydge of the ryver of meuze. and whan the  
 mornynge was come / he made be broughte afore hym

Every man prepares to depart to his own country.

<sup>1</sup> thye, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. i. back.

the goode horse of reynawd, bayarde / And whan he  
 saw hym he began to saye in this wyse / 'ha, bayarde /  
 bayard / thou hast often angred me, but I am come to  
 the poynt, god gramercy for to avenge me / and I pro- 4  
 myse the thou shalt now abyte it full dere the tourment  
 & felony that I have often tymes had by the.' And  
 whan the kynge had sayd so / he made a grete myl-  
 stone to be fastened at the necke of bayarde / and 8  
 thenne made hym to be caste from the brydge down in  
 to the <sup>1</sup>water / And whan bayarde was thus tombled in  
 the ryver, he sanke vnto the botome of it. And whan  
 the kynge sawe that, he made grete Ioye, and soo sayd, 12  
 'Ha, bayarde, now have I that I desired, and wysshed  
 soo longe / For ye be now deed, but yf ye drynke oute  
 all the water' / And whan the frenshe men <sup>2</sup>sawe the  
 grete cruelnes of Charlemagn, that avenged himselve 16  
 vpon a pour beest, they were yll contente / And thenne  
 spake the bysshop Turpyn, and sayd / 'Ogyer of dan-  
 marke, what thynke you by charlemagn? he hathe well  
 shewed atte this tyme a grete parte of his grete felony' / 20  
 'sire,' sayd ogyer, 'ye saye trouth / he hathe doon to  
 grete foly for to make dey suche a goode beest as this  
 horse was' / 'Syr,' sayd oliver to rowlande / 'Charle-  
 magne is now woxen all folisshe' / 'ye saye full trouth,' 24  
 sayd rowland, 'I perceyve it full well' / and for to say  
 the trouthe, there was none of the twelve peres, but  
 he wepte for love of the good horse bayarde / But who-  
 somever was sory for it / charlemagne was glad of it. 28  
 Ye oughte to know that, after that bayarde was cast in  
 the ryver of meuze / he wente to the botom, as ye have  
 herde / and myghte not come vp for by cause of the  
 grete stone that was at his necke, whiche was horryble 32  
 hevvy / and whan bayarde sawe he myght none other  
 wyse scape, he smote soo longe and soo harde wyth his  
 fete vpon the myll stone that he braste it / and came

Charlemagne  
 orders Bayard to  
 be thrown into  
 the river Meuse  
 with a great stone  
 fastened at his  
 neck.

The Frenchmen  
 sorrow over the  
 fate of the gallant  
 horse.

Bayard contrives  
 to break the stone  
 round his neck.

<sup>1</sup> reviere de muse, F. orig. H. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G. G. ii.

agen above the water / and began to swimme / soo that and swims to land;  
 he passed it all over at the other side. And whan he  
 was come to londe, he shaked hymselfe for to make  
 4 falle the water from hym, and began to crye hie, and  
 made a merveyllous noyse / and after, began to renne  
 so swyftely as the tempeste had borne hym awaye /  
 and entred in to the grete foreste of ardeyne. And he escapes into the forest of Arden,  
 8 whan the kyng charlemagn sawe that bayarde was  
 escaped, he toke soo grete sorowe for it, that almoste he  
 lost his wytte for angre ; But all the barons were glad  
 of it. Thus, as ye have herde, escaped bayarde oute  
 12 of the handes of Charlemagne / And wyte it for very  
 certein that the folke of that countrey sayen / that he where the folk of the country say he lives now, and will not allow either man or woman to approach him.  
 is yet a live wythin the wood of ardeyne. But wyte it,  
 whan <sup>1</sup> he seeth man or woman, he renneth anone awaye,  
 16 soo that noo body maye come nere hym / And after all  
 thyse thynges, the kynge Charlemagne, as angry as he  
 was, departed from meuze, and wente in to a chapell  
 that was nyghe / and called to hym all his barons, and  
 20 gaaff them leve to goo in to theyr countreys, wherof  
 they were ryght gladde / For they were sore desyrynge  
 for to see theyr wyves, theyr chyl dren, and theyr  
 londes <sup>2</sup> /

## CHAPTER XXIV.

24 ¶ How Reynawde<sup>3</sup> founde mawgys his cosyn,  
 as he wente by the waye for to accomplishe  
 his vyage to the holy sepulcre, in the coun-  
 trey of Constanstynoble / And how thei  
 28 wente together to Iherusalem / whiche the

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G.G. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> mais a tant laisse le compte a parler de charlemaigne et de ses barons et retourne a parler du noble regnault qui este en son voiage pour aler aultre mer, F. orig. omitted in Caxton.

<sup>3</sup> fust departy de dordonne de ses freres de sa femme et enfans en moult grans regretz et lamentacions pour aler outre mer acomplir son voiage ou saint sepulcre il . . . F. orig. H. ii. bk.

admyralle of perse had taken by treyson  
 vpon the crysten. But reynawde & his cosyn  
 mawgys dyde somoche wyth the folke of the  
 countrey, that the cyte Iherusalem was gotten 4  
 agayne by the crysten people.

Reynawde departs  
 for the Holy Land,

and arrives at  
 Constantynople;

he lodges with a  
 holy woman, who  
 tells him another  
 pilgrim is there.

Reynawde finds  
 that the pilgrim  
 is Mawgis,

and the cousins  
 embrace each  
 other.

**N**ow telleth the histori that, after that reynaud was  
 departed from ardeyne<sup>1</sup> for to goo in to the holy  
 londe, he wente soo moche by his iourneys that he came 8  
 to Constantynoble, and lodged hym in an holy womans  
 howse / whiche served hym as well as she cowde / and  
 gaffe hym suche mete as god had gyven to her / And  
 after, she washed his fete as she was wounte to doo to 12  
 other pylgrymes / And whan this good woman had  
 doon soo / she toke Reynawde by the hande / and  
 broughte him into her owne chamber / and sayd to  
 him / 'Good man, ye shall lie here, for in my other 16  
 chambre ye maye not be / for there is a poure pylgym  
 that is sore syke.' 'Dame,' sayd reynawde, 'lete me  
 see that pylgryme that ye speke of, whiche is soo  
 syke.' 'wyth a gode wille,' sayd the poure woman, 20  
 'ye shall see hym. For I promyse <sup>2</sup>you there is grete  
 pyte in hym.' And thenne she toke reynaude by the  
 haude, and brought hym to the pylgryme that was in  
 his bedde / And whan reynawde sawe hym, he knew 24  
 wel that it was his cosyn mawgys, wherof he was ryght  
 glad; soo beganne he to speke to hym / and sayd /  
 'Frende, how is it wyth your persone?' And whan  
 mawgis herde reynawde speke to hym, he lepte oute of 28  
 his bedde, as he never had be seke, and embrased rey-  
 nawde more than twenti tymes, and after sayd to hym,  
 'Cosyn, how is it wyth you / and what adventure  
 bryngth you here in this poure clothyng that ye have 32  
 on / telle me, yf it playse you / have ye had peas wyth

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. iii.



the kynge Charlemagne?' 'Cosyn,' sayd reynawde /  
 'ye, by suche a maner as I shall telle you.' And thenne  
 he rehersed hym all the maner as ye have herde above /

Reynawde tells  
 him of his treaty  
 with Charle-  
 magne.

4 and all the treaty that he had wyth Charlemagne<sup>1</sup> /

**W**han mawgys vnderstode the wordes of Rey-  
 nawde, he was ryght gladde of it / And thenne  
 he enbraced agayne reynawd, and sayd to him, 'I am  
 8 now hole, for the gode tydynges that ye have broughte  
 to me, And therefore I am dysposed to goo wyth you /  
 and doubt not we shall not dey for hungre / for I am  
 mayster for to begge<sup>2</sup> brede'<sup>3</sup> / And the goode woman

Mawgis says he  
 shall journey with  
 him to Jerusalem.

12 sawe that thyse two pylgrymes made so grete feest the  
 one to the other, she thoughte it myghte none other-  
 wise be but thei were of grete linage, and that they had  
 had some grete a doo togyder, and she sayd to theym /

16 'Fayre lordes, I see that ye knowe well eche other / wher-  
 fore I pray you telle me what ye be / and from whens  
 ye come.' 'Goode woman,' sayd mawgys, 'syth that ye  
 wylle knowe of our beynge / I shall telle you a parte

20 of it / Wyte it thenne that we ben two pour gentylnen  
 that are banysshed oute of fraunce, Soo muste we goo  
 in suche habyte as ye see in to the holy<sup>4</sup>londe; and we  
 ben cosins germain / and we shall doo our vyage togyder,

24 yf it playse god.' And whan the lady,<sup>5</sup> that gode woman,<sup>5</sup>  
 vnderstode this / she had grete ioye / Thenne made she  
 to brynge theym mete ynoughe / and wyne / Mawgys,  
*that syn so long had dronken noo wyne, dranke some*

The woman of the  
 house brings the  
 Pilgrims meat  
 and wine,

28 that nyghte for love of Reynawde. Shortly to speke,  
 none myghte say nor thynke how grete fest made the  
 two cosyns to eche other. And whan the daye was  
 come, Reynawde & mawgys arose / and toke leve of

and they feest  
 together joyfully.

32 the holy lady, and put theymselfe to the waye. And

<sup>1</sup> sans laisser ung seul mot, F. orig. H. iii.    <sup>2</sup> bedge, *orig.*

<sup>3</sup> Et moy se dist regnault seulement *que* je aye fain, F. orig.  
 H. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. G.G. iii. back.    <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. iii. back.

Reynawde and  
Mawgis arrive at  
Jerusalem;

they see a great  
host surrounding  
the city,

at which they  
marvel greatly.

They inquire the  
cause of it from  
an old man.

The old man  
replies that the  
Christians besiege  
Jerusalem,

which has been  
taken by the  
Admiral of Persia  
through treason,

wyte that somoche wente the two pylgrymes by theyr  
iourneyes, that they came nyghe the cyte of Iherusalem,  
and were but a lityll myle fro it / soo that they myght  
see well the temple and the towre of davyd, and the 4  
moost parte of Iherusalem. And whan mawgys &  
reynawde sawe that, they were ryght gladde of it / and  
yelded graces vnto god that he had suffred theym to  
come soo nyghe the holy cyte. Whan they had doon 8  
thus theyr prayers / they wente on theyr waye for to  
have goon wythin Iherusalem; But they were goon  
but a lityll whan they sawe a grete oost abowte the  
cyte, evyn afore the towre of davyd / Where were many 12  
pavylions of the crysten, that were there for to fyghte  
with the admyrall of Perce, that by force helde the  
cyte of Iherusalem / Reynawde dyde tary whan he  
sawe the oost that was afore the cyte, and sayd to hys 16  
cosyn mawgys, ‘Cosyn, what folke is yonder, as ye  
thynke / for it semeth a grete oost a fore Iherusalem /  
are thei sarrasyns or crysten? what saye you?’ ‘Surely,’  
sayd mawgys, ‘I canne not telle, and I am sore mer- 20  
veyllled what it maye be’ / Thus as reynawde and  
mawgys spake togyder / there cam an olde man rydyng<sup>1</sup>  
that way that came from the oost. And whan reynawde  
sawe hym <sup>2</sup>he wente hym agenste / and sayd to hym / 24  
‘God save you, gode man / telle me, and playse you,  
What be they afore the holy cyte; are they crysten or  
sarrasyns?’ ‘Pylgryme,’ sayd the olde man, ‘they ben  
crysten that have beseged Iherusalem / and canne not 28  
take it / but ye maye well goo wythoute parell’ / ‘Now  
telle me,’ sayd Reynawde, ‘who is wythin Iherusalem’ /  
‘Wyte it,’ sayd the olde man, ‘that the admyrall of  
perce hathe taken it by treyson.’ ‘And how hathe he 32  
taken it by treyson?’ sayd reinawde. ‘Wyte,’ sayd  
the olde man, ‘that the admyrall arrayed hym as a  
pylgryme, and many of his folke wyth hym / and wente

<sup>1</sup> sus ung rousin, F. orig. H. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. iv.

in to the cyte one after a nother / And whan they were  
all wythin, they blewe an horne ryght hyghe, and set  
hande to theyr swerdes / and foughte strongly, soo that  
4 they were maysters of the cyte or ever the kynge  
thomas cowde be armed, nor his folke / the whiche  
cowde not save theymselfe wyth suche fewe folk / as  
was lefte hym a live / <sup>1</sup>but he was taken prysoner<sup>1</sup> / and  
8 anone all the countrey rose vp, and have beseged the  
cyte as ye see ; and I truste wyth the grace of god that  
the cyte shall be take shortly' / 'Now telle me,' sayd  
reynawde, 'yf they of the cyte come oute often vpon  
12 the crysten.' 'Ye,' sayd the olde man, 'for they ben  
moche folke wythin ; and the thyng that most greveth  
vs, is that our folke have noo hede nor noo lorde. And  
ye wote well that folke that have noo hede nor noo  
16 lorde can doo but lityll goode' / And whan reynawde  
herde this worde, he began to smyle, and after he sayd /  
'Fare well, goode man / we wylle goo there for to see  
what shall happe of it' / And whan he had sayd soo,  
20 he toke on his waye wyth his cosyn mawgys / and  
ceased not tyll they were comyn wythin the oost /  
And whan they were come there / every man loked  
vpon reynawde, that was soo fayr a pylgrym, <sup>1</sup>and so  
24 talle a man.<sup>1</sup> And reynawd loked here <sup>2</sup>and there / and  
wyste not where to put hymselfe. Thenne he advysed  
hym, and sayd to mawgys / 'My cosin, we must see  
that we have a lityll reede or some other thyng / for to  
28 make vs a lodges there at one corner of the walle' / and  
whan reynawde had sayd so / mawgys ceased not tyll  
he had made a lityll lodges / This hangyng, that they  
made theyr lodges / thadmyralle of Perce yssued oute  
32 of Iherusalem wyth well thre thousande fyghtyng men /  
And entred in to the crysten oost towarde saynt stevyns  
chirche.

and the King  
Thomas taken  
prisoner,  
whose folk sur-  
round the city.

Reynawde and  
Mawgis go into  
the host of the  
Christians,  
who regard them  
with surprise.

<sup>1</sup>-1 omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. iv. back.

**A**nd thenne whan the good erle of rames, & walleran  
of fayete, & geffrage of Nazareth sawe that, they  
ranne anone to theyr harneys. And I telle you that  
therle Iaffas of rames was soone armed, sooner than 4  
thother, and incontynente he ranne vpon the turkes /  
and began to crie 'Iaffa' as hie as he cowde / and  
smote vpon the persans / and dommaged them sore,  
for he was a valiaunt man in armes. And whan all 8  
they of the oost were armed / thenne began there a  
bataylle of the one parte, and of the other, ryght cruell /  
Thenne came there<sup>1</sup> geffrage of nazareth / whiche entred  
amonge the thyckest of the sarrasyns, and began faste 12  
to smyte them deed<sup>2</sup> to the erthe / Shortly to speke,  
this batayll was ryght grete & mortall / for there were  
many speres broken, & many sheldes cloven; and of  
the one parte and of the other, many men overthrowen 16  
to the grounde. And ye oughte to wyte that<sup>3</sup> waller-  
aven of fayete smote there deed mani a panym,<sup>4</sup> soo  
that it was wonder to see his faytes of armes / for noo  
persante durste abide afore hym / And whan the admyr- 20  
alle sawe this / he sayd to hymselfe / that he sholde  
never set noo thyng by hymselfe / but he sholde  
avenge vpon geffray that soo tourmented his folke.<sup>5</sup>  
And anone he toke a spere in his hande / and went 24  
agenste geffray / And whan<sup>6</sup> geffraye sawe that, he  
ranne asprely vpon hym / and thei gafe eche other  
suche strokes in their sheeldes, that bothe theyr speres  
flewe in many peces<sup>7</sup> / and wyth this cours was thad- 28

Earl Geoffrey  
fights the Per-  
sians valiantly,  
and many are  
slain.

The Admiral  
fights with  
Geoffrey,

<sup>1</sup> le conte de rames monte sus ung destrier, F. orig. H. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> ainsi comment loupz les brebiz, F. orig. H. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> geoffroy de nazareth, F. orig. H. iv. back.

<sup>4</sup> et de turcz, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> Amiral de perse eust moult le cuer dolant de ce quil veoit que geoffroy luy faisoit a luy et a ses gens, F. orig. H. iv. back.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. G.G. v.

<sup>7</sup> si se en contrerent si grans conps lung contre lautre quil enconuint tomber lamiral, F. orig. H. iv. back.

miralle overthrowen from his horse to therthe, but  
 geffraye of nazareth abode in the arsons of his saddle /  
 And whan the admyrall sawe hym on the grounde, he  
 4 was angry for it / soo rose he vp lightely, & set hande  
 to his swerde, and made grete semblaunte for to deffende  
 hymself. and whan geffraye of nazareth sawe thys /  
 he torned hym towarde thadmyralle, & smote hym so  
 8 grete a stroke with his swerde vpon his helme, that he  
 astonyed hym / And whan geffray sawe that he made  
 no defence / he bowed his body towarde hym, and toke  
 the admyrall by the helme, & wolde have broughte  
 12 him away / And whan thadmyralle sawe that he was  
 take, he cryed 'Perce' as lowde as he myghte, soo that  
 his folke herde hym, & ranne there as he was / and  
 deliverde hym from the handes of geffray, and set hym  
 16 vpon a horse, & brought him wyth theym / whan  
 thenne reynawd sawe that the bataylle was soo cruell,  
 he sayd to mawgis, 'Alas, cosyn, yf I had my harneys,  
 I sholde goo gladly socour our folke, for it is that thyng  
 20 that I have moost desired / as that I myghte bere armes  
 agenste the sarrasins' / 'Thenne,' sayd mawgys to hym,  
 'ye are not wyse to say so / ye wote how we ben  
 travellyed of our pylgrimage / and that it is tyme that  
 24 we rest vs a lityll / And also the werre shall not be  
 ended soo soone / but that ye may prove yourselfe in  
 armes afore the holy cyte <sup>1</sup>of Iherusalem be wonne <sup>1</sup> /  
 wherfore I pray you rest yourselfe this nyghte / and to  
 28 morowe, & god byfore, we shall be fyght our *enmyes* /  
 for I have delibered that I shall be noo hermyte aslonge  
 as we ben togyder, but I shall helpe you wyth all my  
 power. But one thyng I telle you, that never whyle  
 32 I live, I shall cast noo charme <sup>2</sup>more, for I have promysed  
 it god, & all the sayntes, to whom I pray to kepe me  
 therfro / but I telle you *that* I love you so hertly,  
 that if I sholde be dampned / yet shold I com

who throws him  
from his horse;

his folk rescue  
him and set him  
again upon his  
horse.

Reynawde wishes  
to join the battle,

but Mawg s dis-  
suades him.

Mawgis vows  
never to work  
with charms  
again.

out of my hermytage for to socour you yf ye had nede' /  
 ' My cosin,' sayd reynawde, ' I thanke you of your good  
 wyll / and I knowe well ye saye trowth, that we have  
 mystre of reste / but I can not kepe myself / but I 4  
 must goo to batayll<sup>1</sup> / Alas, that I have not bayarde, &  
 flamberde my good swerde / for I shold do thys daye  
 that god shold cozne me thanke of it' / Ryght sory was  
 reynawde that he had nother horse nor harneys for to 8  
 helpe the crysten folke.

Reynawde la-  
 ments over the  
 loss of Bayard  
 and his good  
 sword.

**T**hys hangyng, that reynawd & mawgys spake to-  
 gyder, therle of rames, geffray of nazareth, &  
 walleraven<sup>2</sup> made grete slaughter of the turkes & of 12  
 the persans. And whan thadmyrall sawe this,<sup>3</sup> he  
 withdrewe his folke agen in to the cyte of Iherusalem /  
 For he myghte noo lenger suffre the grete harme and  
 hurte that the crysten made hym / And whan the 16  
 crysten sawe that the sarrasyns were dyscomfyted /  
 thei chased theym sharply / and slewe so many of  
 them that none canne telle the nombre / And thenne  
 therle Iaffras, that was a worthy knyghte & a wyse / 20  
 he wente to the gate of saynt stevyn / and kepte him  
 there wyth his folke. And whan the turkes came for  
 to save theymselvy wythin Iherusalem / therle Iaffra  
 went agenst them / and kept the passage that they 24  
 myght not entre at theyr ease wythin the cyte / and  
 there agen were many of theym slayne. And whan  
 the admirall saw that, he was an angred for it, and  
 toke a nother way to the cyte, towarde the gate foere / 28  
 and it happed thenne that the turkes passed afore the  
 lodges of reynawd, and by the grete prees & stampyng  
 of their horses y<sup>e</sup> lodges of reynawde was broken and  
 marred / Wherof reynaude was angry. <sup>4</sup>Thenne Rey- 32  
 nawde loked abote hym / and founde noo thyng for

The Admiral  
 withdraws his  
 men into the city,

the Christians  
 chase them, and  
 slay many at the  
 entrance of the  
 city.

<sup>1</sup> en nulle guise, F. orig. H. v.      <sup>2</sup> conte de Jaffes, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Il en fust moult dolant . . . F. orig. H. v.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. G.G. vi.

to fyghte wythall / but a forke that susteyned vp  
 their lodges / that was grete & stronge. And he toke  
 it anone with bothe his handes, & mounted vpon a  
 4 walle that was bi the waye; and as the turkes passed  
 by, he layed vpon them wyth that grete staff / and  
 smote them down two & two at ones, as swynes. and  
 to say the trouthe / reinaude being thus vpon that  
 8 broken wall, slewe moo than a hundred of theym as  
 they passed bi hym. And whan mawgys sawe that  
 reinawde dyde soo well / he toke his palster & cam  
 vpon the wall by hym, and began to smyte wyth both  
 12 his handes soo grete strokes / that they that he raught  
 felle deed to the grounde. While that reinaude &  
 mawgis dyde thise faytes of armes, cam there therle of  
 rames & geffray of nazareth, that followed after the  
 16 sarrasyns wyth all dyligence, Whiche sawe the grete  
 quantyte of deed sarrasins / that reynawde & mawgys  
 had slayen vpon the way by their prowes / in so  
 moche that almoste men cowde ryde nomore that way,  
 20 for the grete hepe of turkes that lay deed there,  
 wherof the sarrasins were sore abasshed.<sup>1</sup> thezme the  
 erle of rames shewed to geffray of nazareth the grete  
 slaughter that the two pilgrymes had doon,<sup>2</sup> & mer-  
 24 veylled of him that helde the forke, that he was soo  
 grete & soo valiaunt a man / and in like wyse that  
 other that helde the palster, that was not so grete.  
 ‘See,’ sayd he, ‘how the way is covered abowte theym  
 28 wyth this cursed folke; I byleve *that* they ben  
 felawes.’ ‘Ha, goddis,’ sayd geffray / ‘I merveylle  
 what folke they are. I byleve that god hathe sente  
 theym to vs for our savyng / or elles they ben over  
 32 hardy fooles, seenge that they ben all naked / and fere  
 not the deth.’ ‘Syre,’ sayd the erle of Rames / ‘What  
 so ever they ben, they doo like worthy men. God

Reynawde seizes  
 a fork, which lies  
 near, and makes  
 great slaughter of  
 the Turks as they  
 pass;

Mawgis joins him  
 and fights fiercely.

The Earls marvel  
 over the prowess  
 of Reynawde and  
 Mawgis;

and wonder at  
 their strange  
 appearance.

<sup>1</sup> que sus les mors, F. orig. H. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> sur le chemin, F. orig. H. v. back.

all mighty kepe them from hurte, danger,<sup>1</sup> and from  
 2 evyll combraunce / For they have well greved our  
 enmyes ; And I shall never be at myn case tyll that I  
 have spoken wyth theym, for to wyte what folke they 4  
 be / and fro whens they come.'

**G**rete was the chaste that the erle of Rames,  
 geffraye of Nazareth, and walleraven<sup>3</sup> made  
 after the turkes & persans, For ryght grete slaughter 8  
 they made of theym or they were wythdrawen wythin  
 Iherusalem / For they lefte not the chaste tyll they  
 were wythin the gate foree / Whan reynawde sawe  
 that all the sarrasyns were passed / he caste after theym 12  
 his grete staffe / for he cowde doo no more to theym.  
 And after he bethoughte hym / and descended from  
 the walle / and sayd he wolde not lese his forke, and  
 fet it agayn / for it sholde serve for to make his lodgys 16  
 as it dyde byfore. This hangynge, the erle of Rames  
 came from the chasinge agayne / and soughte the two  
 pylgrymes for to speke wyth theym / and he founde  
 theym where they were makynge of theyr lodges / 20  
 Thenne he behelde theym well, and sayd no thyng.  
 And whan he sawe that they were soo grete and  
 so well shapen / pryncypally reynaud / for he waunted  
 noo thing, he lighted from his horse and toke theym 24  
 by the hande, and made theym to sitte beside him /  
 Whan they were set, the erle sayd to Reynawde /  
 'My frende, I praye you telle me trouthe of that I  
 shall aske you / By the feyth that ye owe to the 28  
 temple where ye purpose to goo, telle me your names,  
 and what ye be, and of whens ye come / and why  
 ye goo soo pourly arrayed.' 'Syre,' sayd reynawde,  
 'syth that it playse you to wyte of our beyng / and 32  
 of our name / I shall telle it you wyth a goode wylle /  
 Now wyte it that I am called reynawde of mount-

The Earl of Rames  
 advances towards  
 the Pilgrims,

he takes them  
 by the hand ;

he asks Reynawde  
 who he is,  
 and why he is  
 thus poorly clad.

<sup>1</sup> dargeur, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> et le conte de Jaffes, F. *orig.* H. vi.



alban, but charlemagn hathe casted me therfrom wrong-  
 fully. the duke aymon is mi fader, & am now com  
 in to <sup>1</sup>the holy londe for to serve our lorde agenste his  
 4 enmyes, for thus hathe commaunded me doo, Charle-  
 magne, my soverayn lorde / whan I made peas wyth  
 hym. And that worse is, I muste nedes come thus  
 pourly arrayed, as ye see, beggyng my brede where  
 8 soo ever I goo or come / where agenst I wolde never  
 goo for to have peas' / Whan the erle of Rames  
 vnderstode reynawde, he was gladde of hym / and  
 heved vp his handes toward hevyn / <sup>2</sup>and thanked  
 12 god<sup>2</sup> / and after sayd / 'O, noble knyghte Reynawde  
 of mountalban, the beste knyghte of the worlde, take  
 here my homage / For I gyve myselfe vnto you, and  
 all my goodes' / And whan reynaude sawe this, he  
 16 sayd to the erle of rames, 'Stande vp / for ye prouffer  
 me owterage' / 'By god,' sayd the erle, 'I shall never  
 aryse tylle ye have graunted me a thyng.' 'Syre,'  
 sayd reynawd, 'I graunte it you wyth a goode wyll,  
 20 and wyth gode herte' / 'Gramercy,' sayd the erle /  
 and thenne he stode vp and sayd to reynawde, 'Is  
 it trouth that ye have peas wyth the grete kyng  
 charlemagne / Alas, where ben your brethern, the  
 24 worthy knyghtes / and mawgys your cosyn, in whome  
 ye have soo grete truste, and your goode horse  
 bayarde?' 'Syre,' sayd reynawde, 'wyte that I had  
 peas wyth the kyng Charlemagne of the werre that so  
 28 longe hathe lasted, by suche maner as I shal tel you /  
 that it is, that I muste comē here in suche clothyng as  
 ye see vpon me. and here is mawgys my cosyn, that  
 is comen heder wyth hys free wyll / for he is not  
 32 constrayned therto / for the kyng charlemagn weneth  
 he be deed longe a go, and my brethern ben abyden  
 wyth my wyffe & my children, For the kyng hathe  
 retourned all our livelode vnto them agayne' / And

Reynawde relates  
 to him his  
 history.

The Earl offers  
 homage to Rey-  
 nawde,

and enquires after  
 his brethren and  
 Mawgis.

Reynawde tells of  
 the hard con-  
 ditions imposed  
 on him by Charle-  
 magne.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G.G. vii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

The Earl rejoices  
over the coming  
of Reynawde,

whan the erle vnderstode the trouthe of all, he was  
ryght gladde of it / soo that he beganne to crye wyth  
<sup>1</sup>a highe voyce, 'Ha, duke Reynawde of mountalban /  
how gretely be you welcome here to vs / as the moost 4  
valiaunte knyghte of the worlde / blessed be the  
good lorde that hathe conduytte you hether / And  
I praye you for god that ye receyve my homage / so  
shall ye save the worshyp of the kynge thomas, that is 8  
now prysoner there wythin the cyte<sup>2</sup> / for and ye be  
our capytayne and our hede / I put noo doubte but  
we shall soone take Iherusalem, And thus shall the  
kynge Thomas be delivered <sup>3</sup>oute of the handes of the 12  
false sarrasyns'<sup>3</sup> /

as he may save  
King Thomas.

**T**here came all the barons of Surry, that were full  
gladde of the comynge of reynawde of mount-  
alban, to whome they made grete reverence, and feested 16  
hym ryght highly. And shortly to speke, they all  
prayed hym to be theyr lorde / and hede captayne /  
and that he wolde guyde theym as therle of Rames  
had doon afore / And whan reynawde sawe that all 20  
the barons of Surry desyred & prayed hym so sore for  
to receyve theyr homages, he sayd vnto theym /  
'Lordes, syth that it playseth you for to doo me this  
grete honour / I take it, sauff alwaye the ryght of 24  
kynge Thomas / whyche is your soverayne lorde.'  
'Syre,' sayd the barons, 'we wyll have it thus' / And  
thenne he receyved theyr homages / and whan he had  
receyved theym / the erle Rames kneled byfore hym, 28  
and sayd, 'Syre, I wylle that ye gyve me now that  
thyng that ye have graunted me.' 'Syr,' sayd Rey-  
nawde, 'say what it is / and ye shall have it.' 'Syre,'  
sayd therle of rames, 'it is that ye wylle woushesauff 32

Reynawde accepts  
the proffered  
homage of the  
Barons of Surrey.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. G.G. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> a ses felons mescreans le quel Il ont prins depuis que  
sommes cy-devant, F. orig. H. vii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

to be lodged in my pavylyon, and that ye spende none  
 other good but myn / And yf ye wylle gyve ony  
 thyng / I shall deliver it to you / and I shall gyve  
 4 you syx of my knyghtes for to serve you'<sup>1</sup> / 'Good  
 erle of rames / gramercy of the worshyp *that* ye doo to  
 me'<sup>2</sup> / *thenne* the <sup>3</sup>erle toke Reynawde by the hande,  
 and broughte hym in to his pavylyon / and made hym  
 8 to be served as his soverayne lorde. And whan all  
 the barons had conveyed Reynawde to the pavylyon of  
 the erle of Rames, they toke leve of hym, and wente  
 agayne in to theyr pavylyons / and thanked god that  
 12 he had sente theym suche a knyghte<sup>4</sup> and soo valiaunte  
 a man to be theyr capytayne and theyr lorde<sup>4</sup> / And  
 thenne, whan the erle of rames sawe that all the  
 barons were goon to theyr pavylyons, he made to be  
 16 broughte there many good horses & fayr palfrays, and  
 ryche raymentes of dyverse colours, furred wyth ryche  
 furies, and all maner of good harneys / for the werre ;  
 curaces, and ryche helmes / and noble swerdes / and  
 20 grete plente of plate, bothe of fyne golde & of sylver ;  
 and all thys he presented to reynawde / But he wolde  
 take noo thyng but onely a complete harneys for his  
 body / and a swerde that he chose there amonge all,  
 24 and an horse. And all the remenaunte he made to be  
 dealed to the poure knyghtes<sup>5</sup> that had mystre of it<sup>5</sup> /  
 and whan the erle of rames sawe that Reynawde had  
 taken but one horse, one harneys, & one swerde / he  
 28 sayd vnto him / 'Syre, for god take on you a nother  
 raymente / for ye wote well it apperteyneth not to  
 suche a man as ye be for to goo clothed as ye doo.'  
 'Syre,' sayd reynawde / 'pardonne me & it please  
 32 you / for I shall never were none other rayment but

The Earl leads  
 Reynawde to his  
 tent, and serves  
 him honourably ;

he orders horses  
 and rich garments  
 to be brought to  
 him.

Reynawde only  
 takes a set of  
 armour and a  
 horse, the rest he  
 divides between  
 the poor knights.

<sup>1</sup> de tout leur pouvoir, F. orig. H. vii.

<sup>2</sup> de si beaux dons car Il ne sont mye a reffuser, F. orig. H. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. G.G. viii.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. vii.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. vii. back.

this that I have now on / tyll *that* I have kyssed the holy sepulcre wherin god was put after that he was broughte doun from the crosse' / 'Syre,' sayd thenne the erle, 'doo as ye wyll' / And thenne he wente <sup>4</sup> to mawgys, & sayd to hym, 'I praye you put awaye this cap & this hode / and take other raymentes' / 'Syre,' sayd mawgys thenne, 'I praye you be not dysplaysed / yf I fulfyll not your desyre at this time, <sup>8</sup> for I tell you that I have promysed<sup>1</sup> that I shal were no <sup>2</sup>other clothe as longe as I live, <sup>3</sup>but suche as the same is'<sup>3</sup> / Thenne whan the erle sawe that Reynawde nor mawgys wolde not take none other raymentes for <sup>12</sup>noo thyng that he cowde saye vnto theym, he was sorry for it. And thenne he made the tables redy for to goo to souper / And whan they had souped, the erle Rames called walleraven of ffayet, and geffray of <sup>16</sup>nazareth<sup>4</sup> / and sayd to theym, 'Now thynke for to doo well, syth that god hathe sente to vs suche socour'<sup>5</sup> / And whan the barons herde the erle speke thus / they answerde, 'we shall doo our beste, by the grace of <sup>20</sup>god' / And thenne every man wente to his pavylion, and made grete plente of torches to be fyred, soo that it was merveilles of the light that was in the oost / and every man began to daunce & disporte theymselfe <sup>24</sup>abowte theyr tentes & pavylions a longe while, <sup>6</sup>for ioye of the comynge of reynawde<sup>6</sup> / And whan the turkes that kept the towre of davyd saw the grete light that was in the oost of the crysten / thei were <sup>28</sup>all merveyllled of it. Thenne some of them went & shewed it to theyr mayster & lorde / And whan thad-

Mawgis refuses to accept rich clothing from the Earl.

The Christians light their torches and dance,

rejoicing over the arrival of Reynawde.

<sup>1</sup> a nostre seigneur, F. orig. H. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. G.G. viii. back. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. vii. back.

<sup>4</sup> et le conte Jaffez, F. orig. H. vii. back.

<sup>5</sup> que de regnault et de maugis. Et me semble que en lonneur de dieu nous devons faire ceste nuyt chescun en sa tente grant lumiere de sierges en louant dieu du secours *qu'il nous a envoye.* F. orig. H. vii. back.

<sup>6-6</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. viii.

myrall herde the tidynges / he began to crye hie, &  
 said / 'O machomet, what eileth now that vnhappy  
 folke that make soo grete feest / I byleve that they  
 4 ben as the swāne is whan he shall deye, for I am sure  
 they shall one of thise dayes be all slayn / and ther-  
 fore thei make so grete ioye.' And whan barbas the  
 admyrall had sayd this, he sware by machomet, afore  
 8 all his barons, that he shold make an yssue on the  
 morowe for to hewe all the cristeyn in peces. 'Syr,'  
 sayd an olde paynim / 'beware your flesshe well of a  
 grete kerle that is there newe come amonge theym, the  
 12 whiche bereth a grete forke in his hande / For yf he  
 hit you, ye are but deed. I am well sure that all they  
 of thoost make this ioy for *that* lorden' / 'I know  
 hym not,' said thadmyrall to y<sup>e</sup> panyim, 'but and I  
 16 can hit hym wyth my branke of stele / I shall make  
 hym leve his grete hede behynde hym for a pledge  
<sup>2</sup>tylle he cometh agen<sup>2</sup> / for he is naked, and therefore  
 he maye not endure agenste me.'

The Admiral  
 swears to subdue  
 the Christians on  
 the morrow.

20 **W**han the kyng Thomas, that was there prysoner,  
 sawe the grete feest & the ioye that the  
 crysten made, he wyste not what he sholde thynke /  
 but sayd to hymselfe / 'Ha, goddys, what have now  
 24 my folke that they make suche a noyse / and suche a  
 sporte / Alas, doo they not remembre me / I byleve  
 better ye than nay, for the feest that they make now is  
 for somewhat.' Wyte it that they of Rames & of  
 28 Iapphes / and of all the countrey aboute Iherusalem,  
 whan thei sawe the grete lighte, they wende that the  
 cyte had be sette a fyre; and some were sore a ferde  
 leest thoost had a doo. Thus was all the countrey  
 32 abashed / but they that were in the oost cared but  
 lityll for it / And whan they had sported theymselfe  
 ynough, they ordened the watche / and after went to  
 reste. And whan the daye was come, the barons rose

King Thomas  
 marvels over the  
 mirth of his host;

he grieves lest his  
 men should have  
 forgotten him.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H.H. i.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. H. viii.

The Barons rise early next day and salute Reynawde as their captain.

and wente to the pavyllion of reynawde / whiche was vp & redy. and they salved hym reverently / and after sayd vnto hym thus / 'Syre, what thynke ye that we must doo? shall we assaylle the cyte or noo' / 4 'Lordes,' sayd the duke reynawde / 'me semeth that it were goode for to gyve to it a sawte, For we have grete avauntage a fore hande, for he *that* shall deye in the sawtyng of the holy cyte, he shall be saved wythout 8 doubt.' whyles that the barons devysed thus togyder for to gyve a sawte to the cyte / the admyrall of perce made to open the gate foree, and yssued oute of the towne wyth ten thousande fyghtyng men well armed / 12 And whan reynawd & the barons of surry knewe it, they ranne to theyr harneis / Reinawde was armed incontynente / and toke his helme & his swerde, <sup>1</sup>and lighted vpon his horse that therle of Rames had given 16 him. And whan reynawde was on horsbacke / mawgys armed hym also / and mounted on horsbacke, and began to crye, 'Barons of surry, be not dysmayed in noo wise / for I promyse god I shall never retourne 20 to be hermyte, yf the turkes be not dyscomfyted & overthrowen' / And after he had said soo, he wente to geffraye of nazareth, & sayd to hym / 'Baron, kepe you by reynawde; for yf all thother knyghtes in the 24 feliship were suche as ye be, barbas sholde be dyscomfyted or none.' and whan all the barons were all armed & well on horsbacke / thei ordeyned theyr bataylles as well as they cowde. And thenne came 28 thadmyrall barbas, that smote in to thoost of the cristen. The fyrste bataylle of the sarrasyns was conduyted by a kynge / that had to name margarys, that was lorde of the towre of Talles, whiche was 32 ryght cruell, and bare in his armes a dragon pyctured wyth an horryble figure.

The Admiral issues forth from the city.

Reynawde and Mawgis assemble their folk together, and exhort them to fight valiantly.

The Admiral advances towards the Christian host.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H.H. i. back.

**W**han the kynge margarys sawe it was tyme to  
 smyte vpon the crysten / he spored his horse  
 wyth his spores & ranne agenst reynawde / And whan  
 4 reynawde saw him come / he sayd to therle of rames,  
 'here cometh one to seke his dethe wyth grete hast;  
 ye have don me grete honour, but this kynge shall  
 have dyshonour for your love at the first' / And whan  
 8 reynawd had sayd this / he spored his horse / and  
 ranne agenst margarys so harde that nother shelde nor  
 quyras coude not save hym, but he shoved his spere  
 thurgh the breste & overthrewe sterke deed to the  
 12 grounde / and whan reynawde had gyven that grete  
 stroke, he sayd, 'Goo thy waye to helle, the devylle  
 spede the, and bere felishyp to thy predesessours *that*  
 went there afore the!' and after, he put hande to the  
 16 swerde, & smote another sarrasyn<sup>1</sup> soo harde thurgh the  
 helme that he clove him to the teeth / and forth withal  
 he raughte a nother<sup>2</sup> vnder the bavere soo that he made  
 his hede to flee fro the sholders / And whan he had  
 20 slayn thise thre, he cried, 'mountalban / <sup>3</sup>vpon thise  
 paynymys!'<sup>3</sup> And whan mawgis herde him / he put him-  
 self amonge the turkes soo courageusly / that the fyrste  
 that he encountred he sent hym down in to helle, and  
 24 the<sup>ne</sup> toke his swerde in his hande & dyde merveylles  
 of armes<sup>4</sup> / soo *that* he slewe soo many turkes that  
 reynaude & the barons merveylled gretly. the<sup>ne</sup> sayd  
 reynaude to therle of rames, 'what saye you by my  
 28 cosin mawgys / sawe you ever soo good an hermyte' /  
 'By my soule,' sayd therle, 'he is to be comended /  
 blessed be the wombe that bare him, & thour that ye  
 ben come in to this londe / for now I am wel sure that  
 32 Iherusalem shall be recovered, and the kynge Thomas  
 deliverde oute of prison, <sup>3</sup>wyth the grace of god'<sup>3</sup> /

Reynawde slays  
King Margary;

he cries on  
'Montalban,'  
and fights the  
pagans bravely.

Earl Rames com-  
mends the courage  
of Mawgis;

<sup>1</sup> sarrasyns, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H.H. ii.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. i.

<sup>4</sup> et lors commenca a frapper a destre et a fenestre, F. orig. I. i.

he calls on his  
Barons to smite  
the Saracens  
hardly.

Whan therle of rames had sayd this to reynawd / he  
spored his horse wyth the spores, & smote a turke suche  
a stroke that he made thyren of his spere to apere at the  
backe of hym, that felle deede to therth / and after he 4  
toke his swerde in his hande, & began to crie ‘rames’  
as hie as he cowde, sayeng, ‘Barons, smyte now a goode,  
for the persans shall be now vturli discomfyted / yf  
god kepe the valiaunt reynaude of mountalban & his 8  
valiaunt cosin mawgys / Now is thour come that the  
traytour barbas shall fynysse his life, that thus betrayed  
the holy cyte of Iherusalem by his false wytte.’ Therne  
dyde sette on the barons of the londe, whiche began to 12  
make merveylles of armes agenst the sarrasins / Who  
had seen that tyme reynawde & mawgys, how they  
made waye to theym that cam after theym, he wold  
have merveylled gretly / For I promyse you none durste 16  
abyde afore them, were he never so hardly or valiaunt,  
but he was slayn of theym. After reynawde & mawgys  
was therle of rames, geffraye of nazareth, & walleron of  
fayete<sup>1</sup> wyth their <sup>2</sup>folke, and they made merveylles of 20  
armes agenst their enmyes. and whan the sarrasins  
sawe that thei cowde not abide the grete dommage of  
<sup>3</sup>that the cristen<sup>3</sup> bare to them / they put theymself to  
flight towarde the cyte /<sup>4</sup> 24

The Saracens fly  
towards the city  
discomfited.

**W**han thadmyrall barbas saw that his folke were  
discomfyted, he was angry / for it, and sayd /  
‘hoursons ! why do ye flee thus away / knowe ye not  
that I am your lorde, that shall defende you agenst 28  
this vnhappy cristens / Where is margarys becom that  
I see hym not?’ ‘sire,’ sayd one of the sarrasins, ‘he  
is deed at the first iousting that he made’ / and whan  
thadmyrall herde this, he wende to have gon out of his 32

The Admiral  
hears of the death  
of King Margary,

<sup>1</sup> et le conte de Jaffes, F. orig.    <sup>2</sup> Fol. H.H. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> que regnault et maugis, F. orig. I. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> pour avoir garison. Et disoient que a mahommet ne  
pleut quilz actendissent le grant villain. Car il les mectoit  
tous a mort, F. orig. I. i. back.



wyt, and sayd, 'who is that hath borne me soo grete  
 harme as to slee the noble kyng margarys / Is it not  
 the grete kerle with the forke' / 'ye, sir,' sayd his  
 4 folke / 'for he is called the best knyghte of the worlde /  
 and also he hath brought this daye to deth many of  
 your men with his handes' / Moche sori was thad-  
 myrall for the dethe of margaris, and swore the god  
 8 mahom that he shold perse the hert in his bely / And  
 whan he had made this othe, he gaaf the spores to the  
 horse, & put himselfe to the medle / and the first he  
 recountred was walleron of faiete, to whom he gaff  
 12 suche a stroke through the sheelde that he made his  
 spere hede to apere oute at the backe of hym, & slewe  
 him deed to therth. And whan thadmyrall had gyven  
 that stroke, he put hande to his swerde & shoved him  
 16 amonge the thyckest / crieng 'perce' as hie as he  
 cowde / and sayd, 'barons! smyte vpon this vnhappy  
 cristen, for now shall they be discomfyted.' And  
 whan therle Iaffas & geffray of nazareth sawe *that* thad-  
 20 myralle fared soo fowle wyth the crystens / they put  
 theym in to the prees amonge the sarrasins, and there  
 was grete slaughter made of bothe partyes; but at the  
 laste the crystens had ben shreudly handled yf Rey-  
 24 naude and mawgis <sup>1</sup> had not come lightly there / Rey-  
 naude, that sawe this harde batayll, shoved himself  
 among the thickest, as a wolfe amonge a flocke of  
 shepe, and smote a persante that was cosin to thad-  
 28 myrall / that had to name Orrende, & gaffe him suche  
 a stroke wyth his swerde / that he made his hede to  
 flee well a spere lengthe from his body, wyth helme &  
 all / And after he smote a nother that was newew to  
 32 malbon / soo that he slew both horse & man <sup>2</sup> with one  
 stroke<sup>2</sup> / To say the trowth, reynaude made there soo  
 grete merveylls of armes, that all the paynyms were  
 sore abashed / for he had his shelde caste behynde

and vows venge-  
 aince against  
 Reynawde;

he makes great  
 havoc among the  
 Christians.

Reynawde and  
 Mawgis socour  
 their folk,  
 and slay great  
 numbers of the  
 enemy.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H.H. iii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. ii.

his backe, & helde the rayne of his horse aboute his arme, & helde his swerde wyth bothe his handes, and habandonned hys body, smityng merveyllous strokes on ether side vpon y<sup>e</sup> sarrasyns, soo that he smote noo 4 stroke but he slewe <sup>1</sup>a turke or <sup>1</sup>a paynym / And whan thadmyralle sawe the grete greeff *that* reynawd bare to his folke, he sware his god appolin / he sholde never ete mete tyll he had slayn the grete vylayne / ‘Syre,’ 8 sayd thenne the kyng alebrondy to him, ‘I pray you leve this enterprise, for I telle you for very certeyn that yf ye goo afore him he shall kille you wyth one stroke.’ Thenne sayd thadmyrall to hym / ‘yf I had 12 now a good guysarne in my hande, he sholde as lityll endure myn efforte as shold a boye / For & I brynge hym not down / I shall never requyre to bere any armes more, nor to ryde vpon ony horse more’ / 16

The Admiral swears to conquer Reynawd when they meet.

**M**oche cruell & harde was the medlinge<sup>2</sup> / mawgis was there that made grete occysion fro thone side & fro thother. And whan reynawd saw mawgis that dyde so well, he was glad ; and so smote he a turke 20 vpon his helme suche a stroke / that he cloved his hede in two peces / and soo he smote a nother at the sides so that he cleved all his rybbes / and cut all togyder a sonder his body / and after this he smote a <sup>3</sup>nother soo 24 that he hewed his hede cleue of, and one of his armes ; and whan he had slayn thise thre wyth one enpraynt, he cried, ‘moumtalban,’ sayeng, ‘smyte, barons / for the sarrasins, both turkes & persans, ben deed & over- 28 throwen / and thynke to avenge your lord thomas / whiche is soo excellent a kyng.’ And whan thadmyrall barbas herde crie ‘moumtalban’ / this worde abashed hym more than ony other thyng / for he 32 knew well thenne that he that his men called ‘the grete

The Christians fight so valiauntly that no men can withstand them.

The Admiral hears the cry of ‘Montalban,’ and knows who fights against him ;

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. ii.

<sup>2</sup> dune part et daultre, F. orig. I. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. H.H. iii. back;

carle <sup>1</sup>wyth the forke<sup>1</sup> was the valiaunt reynawd of  
 mountalban / of whome he had herde speke of many  
 tymes afore that / and that he was the best knyght of  
 4 all the worlde / and whan he knew this / he wolde full  
 fayn have be agen in perce; and the<sup>ne</sup> he toke his he retires towards  
the city;  
 waye anone towarde the cyte as a man discomfyted <sup>1</sup>&  
 overthrowen<sup>1</sup> / and drewe to the gate foere for to have  
 8 gon in to it<sup>2</sup> / but the valiaunt erle of rames pursued but is pursued by  
Earl Rames;  
 hym so nygh that he suffred hym not goo at his wyll /  
 And whan thadmyrall sawe that he was soo sore pur-  
 sued / he was aferde to be take / and soo smote his  
 12 horse wyth his spores, & gate into the cyte wyth grete  
 payn, and lefte all his folke behynde, <sup>1</sup>& saved himself;<sup>1</sup> he regains the  
city, but many of  
his folk are slain.  
 but the moste parte of his men were there slayn<sup>3</sup> / And  
 whan reynawde wyst that thadmyrall of perce was soo  
 16 scaped / he was ryght sory for it; and the<sup>ne</sup> he loked  
 abowte him, & sawe there a grete pece of tymbre that  
 had XV fote of lengthe / he lighted doun a fote and  
 toke the balke and trussed it vp afore hym vpon his  
 20 horse necke, as lightly as it had be som pece of welowe.  
 Thenne he sayd to theim that had victory as wel as he,  
 ‘Lordes, folow me yf it playse you.’ ‘wyth a good Reynawde calls  
on the Barons to  
follow him:  
 wyll,’ sayd the barons / ‘for we shall never leve you  
 24 nother for deth nor for liffe.’

**N**ow wyll I telle you why Reynawd dyde take  
 the balke a foresayd / Ye oughte to wyte / that  
 Reynawd <sup>4</sup>bethought well that thadmyrall barbas sholde  
 28 not make the gate to be shet after hym / for love his  
 folke shold com in that were out, and therefore bare  
 reynaude the grete balke or beme, to the ende that yf  
 he founde the gate open, he sholde put it vnder the

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> pour soy garentir de regnault, F. orig. I. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Car regnault et maugis et le conte de rames et geoffroy de nazareh et le conte de Jaffes en firent si grant destruction que peu eschappa, F. orig. I. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. H.H. iv.

porte colisse, that it sholde not be shet lightly agen. And after he had bethought himself therof, he went on his waye <sup>1</sup>wyth the cristens<sup>1</sup> as fast as they cowde renne toward the gate <sup>2</sup>of Iherusalem<sup>2</sup> / where thadmyralle <sup>4</sup> had saved hymself / and whan he came there, he sawe the gate open, wherof he was glad ; soo toke he thezne his beme, & put it vnder the port colisse / soo that it myght not be lete down / nor the gate cowde not be <sup>8</sup> shet nother. But ye maye well knowe that reynawd dyde not this wythout grete traveylle, for there was so many bodyes both quycke & deed in his waye / that he myght not well helpe hymself ; but one thyng <sup>12</sup> helped hym well ; for whan the sarrasins sawe hym, they were soo ferde of hym that they made hym waye / and fled all afore hym.

he takes a large beam and lays it under the port-cullis, so the gate of the city cannot be shut ;

**W**han the noble knyght<sup>3</sup> reynaude sawe that the <sup>16</sup> porte colisse was well faste vpon the beme that he had brought there, wythout ony taryeng he put hande to his swerde and put hymselfe wythin Iherusalem. And whan he was in, he began to crye as lie as he <sup>20</sup> myght / ‘mountalban,<sup>2</sup> mountalban ! the cyte is worne<sup>2</sup> / and made there soo moche of armes that mawgys, the erle of Rames / <sup>2</sup>and many other barons<sup>2</sup> gate in by fyne force / And whan the sarrasins sawe that the crystens <sup>24</sup> were wythin the cyte / they putte themself so to flighte, and hydde theym wythin the houses / where as they myght, for to save theyr lives / and alwayes reynaude was at the gate for to kepe thentre / They that were <sup>28</sup> vpon the grete towre <sup>4</sup>of davyd,<sup>4</sup> cryed fast to the other sarrasins that they sholde shet the gate / sayenge that yf the grete lorden entred <sup>5</sup>wythin they sholde be all lost / And whan reynawde sawe that a grete parte of <sup>32</sup> the cristens were wythin Iherusalem, he sayd to maw-

he enters Jerusalem, followed by the Barons and Mawgis.

The Saracens hide themselves through fear.

<sup>1-1</sup> luy et tous les aultre barons, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> knyght, orig.

<sup>4-4</sup> du portal, F. orig. I. iii.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. H.H. iv. back.

gis / 'Cosyn, kepe well this passage, and I shall goo at  
 a nother gate for to make it open' / 'Cosyn,'<sup>1</sup> sayd  
 mawgis, 'goo your waye hardely / and doubtte noo  
 4 thyng / I shall well kepe this path.' Thenne departed  
 reynawde, acompanied wyth many valiaunt cristens,  
 and went vnto a nother gate, whiche he founde wel  
 garnysshed wyth panyms; but reynawd, thrughe his  
 8 prowes, put them anone to flighte, and gate the gate  
 open. Thus as ye here was doon / for all y<sup>e</sup> sarrasins  
 lost their lives / and was recovered agen the cyte of  
 Iherusalem / thrughe the grete prowes of the noble  
 12 Reynawde of mountalban / And whan thadmyrall sawe  
 this / he wende to have wexen mad all quycke, and  
 fared as he had be oute of his wytte, and cursed his  
 goddis mahomet <sup>2</sup>& appolin,<sup>2</sup> and pulled his heres of his  
 16 berde, <sup>2</sup>and rente all his raimentes,<sup>2</sup> and <sup>3</sup>/ after he sayd /  
 'By apollo, sovereyn god, yf thomas helpe me not to  
 save my life / I shal make him to be slayn incon-  
 tynent.' and thenne he sent for the kyng thomas, &  
 20 sayd vnto hym, 'Kynge thomas, ye must chuse of two  
 thynges thone / that is, that ye must save my liff that  
 I maye go to perce agen wyth two<sup>4</sup> of my men in my  
 felishyp, or elles ye to be now cast oute of this wyn-  
 24 dowes doun' / Thenne sayd the kyng thomas / 'and  
 playse you, ye shall have pacyence that I may speke  
 wyth my folke.' 'goo on,' sayd thadmyrall, 'to theym  
 at this wyndow, For noo ferder ye shall not goo, and  
 28 deliver you lightly' / Thenne wente the kynge thomas  
 to the wyndowes, and sawe reynawde of mountalban  
 & mawgys come, that cam all the formest for to sawte  
 the towre of davyd / where he was prysoner to the  
 32 admyrall / And whan he sawe reynawde & mawgis  
 the formest of all, he knewe them <sup>5</sup>not / and loked

Reynawde departs  
 for another gate  
 of the city which  
 he gains.

The Admiral  
 curses his evil  
 fate,

and vows to take  
 revenge on King  
 Thomas;

he tells the King  
 that unless he  
 will protect him,  
 he shall be thrown  
 from the windows  
 of the tower.

<sup>1</sup> Sire, F. orig.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Quant Il eut asses demene son dueil Il dist, F. orig. I. iii.

<sup>4</sup> troisesme, F. orig.      <sup>5</sup> Fol: H.H. v.

ferder / and sawe therle of Rames behynde theym,  
 whiche he knewe not well / and thenne he aspyed  
 geffraye of nazareth,<sup>1</sup> wherof he was glad whan he saw  
 hym, and thenne he began to crie / <sup>2</sup>' Lorde of naza- 4  
 reth,<sup>2</sup> loke vp to your kyng that is here prisoner; thad-  
 myrall barbas sendeth you worde, that yf ye lete hym  
 not goo sauff in to his countree & royaume of perce  
 wyth two of his men with him / he shall cast me now 8  
 doun oute of this wyndowes' / Thenne answerde to  
 hym therle of rames / 'ha, good kyng, god save you /  
 ye wote well that a good man ought not to make ony  
 lie. It is trouthe *that* yesterday we made our governer 12  
 & maister of that lord that ye see here afore vs / whiche  
 is the best knyght of the worlde, and to him ye must  
 showe your nede, for wythoute hym / we maye noo  
 thyng.' And whan the kyng thomas vnderstode this 16  
 tidynge, he wexed almost out of his wyt for sorow /  
 by cause he wende none other but he shold dey an  
 evyll deth. thenne sayd he to the erle of rames in  
 grete angre, 'Ha, erle of rames / have ye betrayed me 20  
 soo / that ye have made a nother lorde than me.'  
 'Syr,' sayd therle to hym agen, 'doubte noo thyng,  
 for we have doon soo / your right & honoure is alway  
 saved in this behalve; nor ye shall not lese noo thyng 24  
 of your owne / for the good knyght hath ynoughe in  
 fraunce, and ye must knowe that he hathe taken this  
 cyte, he & his felawe; and take noo suspicion of him,  
 nor of vs / for I am sure he shall doo evyn as ye wylle 28  
 yourself / for he is here for none other cause but for  
 to deliver you / for assone as he shall have visite the  
 holy sepulcre of our lorde, he shall goo agen to fraunce.'  
 Thenne sayd the kyng thomas / 'lordes, how is the 32  
 knight named?' 'Syre,' sayd therle of rames, 'he is  
 called Reynaude of mountalban / the sone of the duke

Thomas appeals  
 to Geoffrey of  
 Nazareth, who  
 is within the  
 city;

he fears he will  
 perish when he  
 hears of a strange  
 knight in com-  
 mand of his folk.

Earl Rames  
 assures him of  
 Reynawde's  
 fidelity.

He tells him who  
 Reynawde is,

<sup>1</sup> et le conte Jaffes, F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> Seigneurs, F. orig.

aymon, and the beste knyghte of the worlde. For he is suche a knyghte that the grete kyng Charlemagn myght never greve him / and yet <sup>1</sup>have they mayntened the werre XV.<sup>2</sup> yeres <sup>3</sup>& more,<sup>3</sup> thone agenst thother / and soo hath he doon soo many noble & grete faytes of armes duryng that werre, that the renomnee therof is flowen over alle the worlde' / 'Erle of rames,' <sup>8</sup>said the kyng / 'I pray you that ye will tell him in my behalve, thys that I have said <sup>3</sup>to geffray of nazareth.'<sup>3</sup> 'sire,' said therle, 'with right good wylle I shall doo soo.' And thenne he went to reynawde, and shewed to <sup>12</sup>him all that the kyng had sayd. 'lordes,' sayd reynawde, 'we shall not doo soo / but lete vs sawte the towre / for at the worst fall / we shall alwayes well have that apoyntment that thadmyrall asketh / And <sup>16</sup>soo I telle you, yf we sawte well / the towre shall be lightly wonne by force of armes / and we shall deliver the kyng thomas at our owne wylle / and soo shall we slee barbas that thurgh treyson toke the cyte.' 'sire,' <sup>20</sup>said therle rames / 'we shall doo your commaundement / doubtte not of it.'<sup>4</sup> Thenne commaunded reynawde that the tower sholde be sawted of all sides, and made <sup>5</sup>grete plente<sup>6</sup> of <sup>5</sup>ladders to be righted agenst it, <sup>24</sup>and he hymselfe began first to clime vp, with his shelde for to cover him with; and after hym went mawgys, & thenne therle of rames / and after theim geffray of nazareth, & well thirty<sup>7</sup> knyghtes more; <sup>8</sup>and men with <sup>28</sup>crosbowes & other archers abode byneth for to shote vpwarde / where they sawe the sarrasins loke out<sup>8</sup> / and whan thadmyrall sawe reynawde that wold have com

and how even Charlemagne could not conquer him.

King Thomas sends his appeal to Reynawde forthwith.

Reynawde commaunds the tower to be assaulted,

and is the first to mount the ladders.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. H.H. v. back.      <sup>2</sup> .XVII., F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. iii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Moul't estoit regnault preudomme car Il ne voloit point de mauvais plait . . . F. orig. I. iv.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>6</sup> pleute, *orig.*

<sup>7</sup> .XX., F. orig. I. iv.

<sup>8-8</sup> Le viel conte de Jaffes demoura au bas avecques les archiers et arbalestiers, F. orig. I. iv.

The Admiral  
fears for his  
safety;  
he seizes King  
Thomas,

and vows to cast  
him from the  
tower unless Rey-  
nawde will grant  
him a truce.

The Barons beg  
Reynawde to save  
their king.

Reynawde com-  
mands the  
Admiral to leave  
King Thomas,  
and then he shall  
be allowed to  
return into Persia.

in to the towre, he was sore a ferde / soo wyst he not  
what he sholde doo, but razne to the kyng thomas &  
caught hym by the neck, & sayd to hym / 'By apollo,  
thou & I shall lepe both atones oute of this wyndowe' / 4  
'sire,' sayd the kyng / 'kyll not yourself nor me also /  
for I shall make the sawte to ceasse' / 'I wyll well that  
ye doo soo,' sayd thadmyrall / 'but ye shall com with  
me' / Soo toke him by the [neck<sup>1</sup>] & had him to the 8  
wyndow, and sayd all hie, 'Reynawd of mountalban, I  
shall angre you / For I shall cas<sup>2</sup>te the kyng thomas  
doun yf ye pardonne me not / and I shall slee myself  
wyth him, for I maye well deye after suche a kinge' / 12  
And whan the duke reynawde sawe that the kyng  
thomas hyng thus / the hede dou<sup>3</sup>warde, <sup>3</sup>all redy for  
to fall<sup>3</sup> / he had grete pite of hym, and sayd to him-  
selfe / 'Ha, good lorde, what shall I doo / for if I leve 16  
the sawte it shall be grete shame / for the towre is  
almost taken / and of the other parte it shall be grete  
mysshap yf the good kyng thomas take dethe for it.'  
Thus, as reynawd was vpon the ladder thynkyng what 20  
he myght best doo / all the barons of the londe began  
to crye to reynawde, 'swete sir, for god suffre not that  
our kyng lese his lif<sup>4</sup> / soo it were grete shame to vs &  
to you also.' 'Lordes,' sayd reynawde, 'by the feyth 24  
that I owe to my bredern & to my cousin mawgis, I  
wolde not that the kyng sholde take deth for me' /  
and whan he had sayd so / he cam doun fro the ladder,  
and after cryed to thadmyrall / 'Leve the kyng thomas 28  
& doo hym no harme / for ye shall be delivered bi  
suche a covenawnt that ye and your two<sup>5</sup> men shall goo  
on fote in to perce, & ye shall leve here all your goodes.'  
'By mahom,' sayd thadmyrall, 'I wyll not doo soo / 32  
but shall ride on horsbacke, I & my ii<sup>5</sup> men / and so

<sup>1</sup> Jambes, F. orig. I. iv. Neck in Copland Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H.H. vi. <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> si honteusement, F. orig. I. iv. back.

<sup>5</sup> troys, F. orig. I. iv. back.



shall ye gyve me sauſconduyt vpon your feyth, and yf  
 ye wylle not doo thus, I shall lete fall doun the kyng  
 thomas.' 'Admyrall,' sayd reynaude, 'that ye aske, I  
 4 graunt it to you vpon my feyth / for ye have wyth  
 you suche a pledge that ye shall not be touched at this  
 tyme for me.' thadmyrall was ryght glad whan he  
 herde reynaude speke thus; so drew he vp the kyng  
 8 thomas agen, & sayd to hym, 'kynge thomas, ye shall  
 goo quyte fro me;' and thenne he went doun wyth  
 the kyng / and opened the gate / and wente oute, he  
 & his two<sup>1</sup> men / There was made grete ioye bitwene  
 12 the king thomas and Reynawde, And after, of all the  
 other barons of <sup>2</sup>surre / and the grete thankes that the  
 kyng dyde to reynaude & to mawgis are not for to be  
 named; and the langage that was bytwene them are  
 16 to longe to be recounted. After this, thadmyrall toke  
 his sauſconduyt & went his waye towarde perce. Here  
 of hym is made none other meneyon. and after he was  
 goon / the kyng thomas, reynaude, & wyth all thothre  
 20 barons went togyder in to the towre / and whan they  
 were com vp / the kyng thomas kneled afore reynaude.  
 'sire,' sayd reynaude, 'ye ought not to doo  
 soo.' 'Yes, verely,' sayd the kyng / and whan reynaude  
 24 sawe that / he wexed red for shame, & toke vp  
 the kyng<sup>3</sup> / and thenne the kyng colled him & sayd,  
 'Blessed be our lorde, that brought you in this londe,  
 For ye have socoured Iherusalem the holy cyte / <sup>4</sup>&  
 28 brought myselfe out of the sarrasins handes<sup>4</sup> / Now tell  
 me, & playse you, yf ye have made peas wyth charle-  
 magn the grete kyng of fraunce / that hath doon you  
 soo grete hinderaunce.' 'sire,' sayd reynaude, 'ye /  
 32 and by cause of the peas I am com here / beggyng my  
 bred, & pourli arayed<sup>5</sup> / and whan the king thomas

King Thomas and  
 Reynawde meet  
 joyfully after the  
 departure of the  
 Admiral.

King Thomas  
 professes his  
 gratitude towards  
 Reynawde,

<sup>1</sup> troyes, F. orig. I. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. H.H. vi. back. <sup>3</sup> par la main . . F. orig. I. iv. back.

<sup>4</sup> et moy oste de prison, F. orig. I. iv. back.

<sup>5</sup> comme voyez, F. orig. I. v.

and vows to  
reward him for  
his services.

herde him speke, he had grete pyte of hym / and sware  
by the holy sepulcre that he sholde araye hym honour-  
ably, as to hym apperteyneth, for to retourne <sup>1</sup>in to  
fraunce<sup>1</sup> / after that the kyng had said this worde, they <sup>4</sup>  
cam down fro the towre of davyd for to go to the holy  
sepulcre. And ye oughte to wyte that they made grete  
feest thurgh the cyte of that was soo be-fall /  
The<sup>ne</sup> went they all to the holy sepulcre / for to <sup>8</sup>  
yelde thankes to our lorde of the cyte, that was re-  
covered fro thandes of the sarrasins.<sup>2</sup> And whan all  
this was doon, the barons of surre toke leve of the kyng,  
of reynaude, & of mawgys / and after went every man <sup>12</sup>  
to his place in theyr countrey / And the kyng toke  
reynaude & mawgis / and broughte them to his palays /  
where he fested them a hundred dayes honourably.  
<sup>3</sup>And this hangyng, he shewed theym all the countrey <sup>16</sup>  
<sup>1</sup>about Iherusalem; and whan reynawde had sported  
him ynoughe wyth the kyng thomas / he wolde departe  
for to goo agen in to the marches of fraunce / And whan  
the kyng sawe that, he gaff to reynawd many riche <sup>20</sup>  
yeftes / as horses / silkes, golde and silver / and many  
other thynges in grete plente. and ye oughte to wyte  
that mawgys wolde take noo thyng / nor chaunge his  
hermytes araye in no wyse, but arayed hym agen as a <sup>24</sup>  
pilgryme & bare fote, wherof reynawd was sory / The  
kinge made a shyp be redy honourably atte the haven  
of Iaphes.<sup>4</sup> Reynawd, full tenderly wepyng, toke leve  
of the kyng & of his barons / and entred in to the ship / <sup>28</sup>  
And wyte it, that by fortune of wedryng, they were  
well eyght monethes vpon the see<sup>5</sup> / and at last they

Mawgis and  
Reynawde are  
feasted honour-  
ably by the king,

who gives them  
many rich pre-  
sents before their  
departure for  
France.

Thomas takes  
leave of them  
with much  
sorrow.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. I. v.

<sup>2</sup> felons payens, F. orig. I. v.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. H.H. vii.

<sup>4</sup> pour enmener regnault. Quant tout fust prest le bon roy thomas convoya regnault jusques au port de Jaffes. Et aussi le conte rames et geoffroy de nazareth qui estoient bien dolans du departement de regnault. Quant ilz furent au port de Jaffes . . . F. orig. I. v.

<sup>5</sup> sans pouvoir prendre terre, F. orig.

toke lond at a towne called palerne; and whan they  
 had taken lond / reynaude commaunded that y<sup>e</sup> ship  
 shold be vnlade / and all thus as they vnladed the  
 4 ship, the kyng of palerne / <sup>1</sup>whiche was called simon of  
 puyll,<sup>1</sup> lokyng out at a wyndow of his castell<sup>2</sup> / thenne  
 sayd to theym *that* were about hym / 'I see yonder in  
 the haven a ship setteth her gode a londe, and it can  
 8 not be but there must be som grete man in it / for I  
 see horses that ben had out, & grete riches / I can not  
 say what it may be, but it were pilgrymes.' Thenne  
 he commaunded a horse for to be made redy, for he  
 12 wolde sporte hymselfe to the haven side.<sup>3</sup>

After eight months' on the sea they reach Palermo.

King Simon of that town perceives the ship arrive,

and goes down to the port;

**T**he valiaunt kyng simon of puyll, wythout ony  
 more taryenge / came to the see syde<sup>4</sup> wyth many  
 a noble knyghte in his company / And w[h]an he was  
 16 come to the haven / he founde reynawde, that was  
 come a londe. and assoone as the kyng sawe him /  
 he knewe him well / wherof he was right glad / And  
 also reynawde knewe well the gode kyng Symon.  
 20 Soo thenne embraced they eche wyth other, <sup>5</sup>made grete  
 chere thone to thother / 'Reynaude,' sayd the kyng,  
 'ye be ryght welcom / I pray you com lodge in my  
 castell, for thadmyrall barbas is entred in my londe, &  
 24 wasteth it dayly. I fought yesterday wyth hym / but  
 he drove me out of the feelde shamfully, & dyde grete  
 harme to my folke. and I am sure he shall come to  
 besege me tomorow; and I had thoughte to have  
 28 sende for socours towarde charlemagn / but sith *that*  
 god hath brought you here / I fere not the kyng,  
<sup>1</sup>nother his admyrall<sup>1</sup> of perce' / 'Syre,' sayd reynawde,  
 'I make you sure I shall helpe you wyth all my

he meets Reynawde, whom he knows, and welcomes gladly.

Simon tells Reynawde how his land is wasted daily by the Persian admiral.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> et vist comment lon dechargoit la nef. Lors dist a ung chevallier qui la estoit le quel se appelloit Symon de pueille et a ceulx qui entour luy estoient . . F. orig. I. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> pour congnoistre que ce feroit pour le loger avecques luy, F. orig. I. v. back.

<sup>4</sup> sus son cheval . . F. orig.      <sup>5</sup> Fol. H.H. vii. back.

Reynawde vows  
to help him  
against the  
Admiral.

A knight ap-  
proaches the king,  
and announces  
the arrival of the  
Admiral before  
Palerno.

Reynawde arms  
himself for the  
battle,

and Mawgis also.

power. and if thadmyrall come tomorow, he shall not  
mysse of batayll, for I shall never ete brede tyll I  
have dyscomfyted him.<sup>1</sup> Therne the kyng simon  
brought reynawd to his palays / where he made him 4  
gode chere / and thus as simon <sup>2</sup>fested reynawde<sup>2</sup> /  
cam there a knyghte that was called ymes / that sayd  
to the kyng simon, ‘ Sir, thadmyralle of perce<sup>3</sup> is come  
byfore palerne wyth soo grete folke that all therth 8  
is covered wythall.’ whan the kyng vnderstode these  
tydynges, he was sory for it, & reynawde glad.  
Therne sayd reynawde to the kyng, ‘ sire, I pray you  
be not abashed of noo thyng, for this day shall ye be 12  
avenged, and god before, & the holy sepulcre, fro whens  
I cam but late.’ and whan the kyng herde reynawd  
speke so, he made be cryed that every man sholde  
arme himself.<sup>4</sup> and whan reynawde sawe *that*, he sent 16  
for his harneis, and armed hym / and sware the body  
of god he sholde dco greef to thadmyrall that daye /  
sithe that he had founde hym agen. and whan maw-  
gis saw reynawd wolde arme him for to fight, he sayd 20  
to him / ‘ My cosin, I am yet dysposed for your love  
to bere armes, for I cowde not suffre you in dangeour.’  
And whan the kyng simon herde mawgis speke so, he  
said him grete thanke / and went & embraced hym, & 24  
after sayd / ‘ By my soule, here is a good hermyte /  
For <sup>5</sup>whan it was nede, he put well hande to the  
swerde’ / ‘ sire,’ said reynaude, ‘ ye saye well trouth /  
and I promyse you men shold fynde in the worlde but 28  
fewe suche knyghtes as he is one’ / After all these  
thynges sayd / every man toke his harneys; and the  
kyng all armed went to mawgis, & sayd all laughyng,

<sup>1</sup> mal entra oncques en peulle luy et ses gens, F. orig. I. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> le roy de peulle faisoit grant feste pour lamour de regnault, F. orig. I. v. back. <sup>3</sup> nomme barbas, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> et fist esmouvoir la ville, F. orig. I. vi.

<sup>5</sup> Fol. H.H. viii.

‘My frende mawgis, I pray you that ye wyll bere  
 my standarde this day’<sup>1</sup> / ‘syre,’ answerde mawgis, ‘yf  
 ye take me it, I promyse you I shall have it in suche  
 4 a place that ye shall swete or ever ye shall com to me.’  
 And whan the kyng herde mawgys speke so, he was  
 right glad therof / and thenne he toke him his baner.  
 And whan mawgys had it in his hande, he sayd to the  
 8 kyng / ‘sire, now folowe me that wyll / for this day  
 shall thadmyrall be dyscomfyted, yf it playse god’ /  
 And whan mawgis had said soo / he gaffe the spores to  
 his horse, & put hymself amonge the sarrasins as a  
 12 lion. Reynaude followed him nyghe, & recounted a  
 persan, whom he smote wyth his spere soo grete a  
 stroke that he made hym tomble deed to the grounde,  
 2 wherof thother were sore abashed;<sup>2</sup> & after he put  
 16 hande to his swerde, & shoved himself in to the gretest  
 prees, and smote on eyther side of hym vpon the  
 persans soo mervyllouse strokes that they were gretly  
 mervyllled wyth it, for all they that he hit / he  
 20 brought theim to their endyng / and whan thadmyrall  
 sawe the grete efforte of armes that Reynawde made  
 agenste his folke, he sayd to a nevewe of his *that* was  
 by hym / ‘By mahom, I sawe not yesterdaye that  
 24 grete man of armes / nother he that bereth now the  
 baner<sup>2</sup> of symon<sup>2</sup> / from whens the devyll are they com  
 that soo gretly greveth vs / I see wel they be som  
 straunge knyghtes / I am alle redy soo ferde of theim  
 28 that all the blode in my body trembleth.’ This hang-  
 yng, the king simon & reynawd made grete slaug[h]ter  
 of sarrasins<sup>3</sup> / But whan thadmyrall sawe that his  
 folke<sup>4</sup> bare theimself soo yll, he wyst not whether he  
 32 wolde flee or abyde / Thenne cam reynaude brekyng

King Simon asks  
 Mawgis to bear  
 his standard,  
 to which he will-  
 ingly consents.

The battle begins,  
 and the Persians  
 suffer terribly.

The Admiral  
 cannot discover  
 who the strange  
 knights are who  
 fight so bravely;

<sup>1</sup> car a meilleur chevalier que vous ne la scauroie vailer,  
 F. orig. I. vi. <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Et Illeques eut vue merveilleuse meslee d'une part et  
 daultre . . . F. orig. I. vi. back. <sup>4</sup> Fol. H.H. viii. back.

he hears Reynawde call on Mountalban, and knows against whom he is fighting.

the prees / that cryed as lowde as he cowde 'mountalban' / And whan thadmyrall herde that crie / he was soo sore a ferde that he wyst not whether to goo, but said, 'by machone & by appolin, I byleve that this 4 devyll helpeth himself wyth som devilyr, For I lefte hym in Iherusalem, and now he is here.'<sup>1</sup>

**T**henne whan thadmyrall barbas knew that he that made soo grete greeff to his folke, was reynawde<sup>2</sup> 8 of mountalban / he shoke all for fere, & sayd to his nevewe, 'By machomet my god, we have doon yll to come here for to make werre agenst the kyng simon, sith that he hath this devyll reynaude of 12 mountalban; for his like is there not in all the world of knyghthode. now wold I be well in my ship in the myddes of the see / for if I abyde him, he shall make an ende of me.' 'Syr,' sayd his folke, 16 'have noo doubte of that grete vylayn / For & he come ones in our handes, he shall not lightly scape vs.' 'lordes,' sayd thadmyrall / 'ye wote not what ye saye; ye know not the grete prowes of reynawde; for & 20 we were ten tymes moo folke than we ben / yet sholde not we endure agenst him. and therefore, by the feyth that I owe to machomet, I wylle abyde here noo lenger.' And whan he had sayd these wordes / he 24 torted the bridell / and assone as he myghte, fled towarde his galleys, and all his folke after hym. And whan reynaude sawe that the paynyms were discomfyted, he began to crie / 'after, mawgis, after / for the 28 truauntes<sup>3</sup> are dyscomfyted.'<sup>3</sup> And whan he had sayd so, he put himself to the chase, and the kyng simon after him / and went castynge doun sarrasins as bestes / And wyte that they slewe soo many of 32 theym<sup>4</sup> / that men shold not bileve the nombre / but

The Admiral flies hastily to his ship,

pursued by Reynawde and Mawgis, who

<sup>1</sup> ou je lay trouve par mon peche et sommes en voye de estre perduz se mahom ne nous ayde, F. orig. I. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> reynaude, *orig.* <sup>3-3</sup> sont tous mors, F. orig. I. vii.

<sup>4</sup> autant quilz peussent estre es gallees . . . F. orig. I. vii.

they cowde not take thadmyrall, <sup>1</sup>for he was the cannot overtake  
him.  
formest<sup>1</sup> /

<sup>2</sup>**B**arbas, thadmyralle of Perse, whan he founde  
4 hymselfe saved in his ship / he began to loke a  
londe, & sawe the grete *dommage* that reynawd &  
mawgis made of his folke / for all the shores of the  
see were full of sarrasins slayne, wherof he had grete  
8 sorowe. Soo began he to pulle his heres of his berde /  
and cursed thour that ever he was borne / Reynawde  
cam to the shores, & sawe thadmyralle was saved /  
wherof he was full sory, & wüst not what he sholde  
12 doo more to him / but he made to be cast boltes of  
wilde fyre in to the galley of the admyrall, soo that he  
brent the moste parte of it / and barbas was fayne to  
entre in to a nother shyppe. And ye oughte to wyte  
16 that all the sarrasins that bode a londe, lost their lives /  
Whan the kyng Symon saw that he was to his above  
of hys *enmyes*, he was ryght glad of it / soo ranne he  
& embraced reynawd, & after sayd to hym / 'Rey-  
20 nawde, I knowe well that I am kyng by your prowes /  
for & ye had not be, thadmyralle barbas had dystroyed  
me, and had made an ende of me / wherfore it is  
reyson that ye be rewarded for it / And therefore,  
24 reynawd, I make you lorde of all my goodes &  
of all my londe' / thenne sayd reynawd, 'Syre, I  
thanke you moche of your good wylle / For we be not  
that have dyscomfyted the sarrasins. It was god, &  
28 none other, for we be not soo puyssaunt, I & mawgys,  
for to doo it wythout hym' / And whan they had  
thus spoken togyder a longe while at the see side /  
the kyng toke reynawd wyth the one<sup>3</sup> hande, &  
32 mawgys wyth thother / and went towarde the cite.  
And whan they were com there / the kyng made  
the gayn to be broughte, and presented it to rey-

He bewails the  
evil fate of his  
men, who are  
nearly all slain.

King Simon offers  
Reynawde his  
land and all his  
goods as a reward  
for his bravery,  
which is refused  
by him.

<sup>1-1</sup> se *sauvast dedens sa nef*, F. orig. I. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. II. i.      <sup>3</sup> *tone, orig.*

A great feast is then held in the town to the honour of Reynawde and Mawgis.

The two knights take leave of the king and his barons,

and journey to Rome, where they confess to the Pope;

they then depart for Arden, where they are joyfully welcomed by all the people there.

nawd & to mawgys / wherof reynawde & mawgys wolde take no thing, but gaf it to the pour knyghtes / and incontynent mawgys toke agen his hermytes wede / <sup>1</sup>The<sup>2</sup>ne began the feest to be the<sup>3</sup> grete<sup>4</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>3</sup>for the victory that god had gyven theim / The chere that the kyng made to reynaude in his paleys is not for to saye, for it was grete. and for to make shorte tale / Reynawd was honourably feested the 8 space of four dayes / And thenne he wolde departe / and asked leve of the kyng / wherof the kyng was full sory / by cause he wold byde no lenger. and whan he saw that he wolde goo, he gaff hym many fayr <sup>12</sup> yeftes, and made his shyp to be garnysshed wyth moche good vytaylles. And whan this was doon / Reynawd toke leve of the kyng simon<sup>4</sup> & of his barons / and the kyng conveyed reynawd to the ship. <sup>16</sup> And whan he came to the partyng / the kyng simon kyssed reynawd,<sup>5</sup> sore wepyng / and after went agen to palerne / and reynawde dyde doo hale vp saylle, & toke the see / and ceased never tyll he came to rome. <sup>20</sup> and there they toke londe, and he & mawgis went & confessed theym to the pope. and whan thei were confessed / they retourned agen in to the shyp / and toke theyr waye towarde fraunce / Shortly to speke, <sup>24</sup> they dyde soo moche by theyr iourneis, that they cam to ardeyne about none. and whan the peple of ardeyn<sup>6</sup> wyst that reynaude & maugis were comyng, they were never soo glad / and went to alarde, & sayd, 'wyte <sup>28</sup> that your broder reynaude, our lorde, is come / and also mawgis, your cosin, hole & sounde / <sup>4</sup>thanked be god!' <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> Puis apres la feste commença et les dances et tous aultres esbatemens par toute lacite . . . F. orig. I. vii. back.

<sup>2</sup> there in Copland.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. I.I. i. back.

<sup>4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> et puis maugis, F. orig. I. viii.

<sup>6</sup> dordonne, F. orig. I. viii.



**A**nd thenne whan alarde & his brethern herde  
 these tydynges of theyr broder reynaude that  
 was come, they had almost swoned for grete ioye that  
 4 thei had, and anone wente to the gate of the towne  
 agenst their broder / but they founde hym that he  
 was alrede wythin the towne / and whan they sawe  
 hym / they ranne hym agenst. and alarde embraced  
 8 him fyrst, wepyng / and after kyssed hym by grete  
 love; and in like wyse dyde guycharde & richarde /  
 and thenne they kyssed mawgis, their good cosin /  
 And whan thei had thus <sup>1</sup>welcomed him, they went  
 12 togyder in the paleys / and whan they were there /  
 alarde sayd to reynaude, 'Fayre broder,<sup>2</sup> telle vs how  
 ye have founde our cosin mawgis.' 'Broder,' sayd  
 reynawde, 'I found him in constantyn noble by  
 16 fortune.' and thenne he began to reherse vnto theym  
 alle his adventures that he had sin he becam pyl-  
 gryme / and whan he had tolde all / he loked on his  
 broder alarde in his face, & sawe he<sup>3</sup> was pale, whiche  
 20 gaff him suspectyon, & sayd / 'Fayr broder, how is it  
 with my wyff & my children? I mervyll me moche  
 that I see theym not here' / 'broder,' sayd alarde,  
 'have noo doubtte for theim / for they ben hole &  
 24 sounde at mountalban / and wyte it, that sith your  
 departyng we have doo repayre agen the towne / and  
 have doon garnysshe the castell wyth vitayll ynoughe /  
 for fere of werre, yf ony thyng had happed vs amys.'  
 28 And thenne whan reynawde herde good tidynges of  
 his wyff & his children, he was right glad of it; and  
 soo he kneled doun and thanked god of it.

The 3 brethren  
embrace Rey-  
nawde and  
Mawgis,

and lead them  
into the palace.

Reynawde relates  
all his adventures  
to them,

and then asks  
after his wife and  
children.

Alarde tells him  
his children are  
safe at Montalban.

32 **W**han reynaude knew that his wife & his children  
 were well, it recomforted hym moche / and  
 began to make good chere; but whan he sawe that his

Reynawde is  
comforted at  
these tidings,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. I.I. ii.

<sup>2</sup> vous soyez le tresbien venu . . . F. orig. I. viii.

<sup>3</sup> ehe, orig.

but seeing how  
sad his brothers  
look, he enquires  
the reason.

bredern made noo grete ioie,<sup>1</sup> he merveilled moche /  
soo torned himself towarde alarde that sighed sore, &  
sayd to hym, 'Broder, I awayte for to here som hevvy  
tidynges; I trowe that that ye have tolde me is not 4  
trouthe; and yf ye telle me not how is it of all, I shall  
goo fro myself / and therefore I pray you tell it me,  
for I wyl knowe it' / And alarde sawe that reynawde  
helde hym so short, he began to wepe full tendrely, 8  
and thenne said vnto hym / 'Sire, sith that it playse you  
that I telle you the trouthe / I shall doo soo / Wyte it  
that my lady, your wiff, is deceassed oute of this worlde  
<sup>2</sup>vnto god.<sup>2</sup> For ever sin that ye departed, she ceased 12  
not her sorowe for no thyng that we cowde doo or  
shew <sup>3</sup>vnto her / And thenne she cast all her clothyng  
in to a fyre, & wolde never were vpon her / but a sory  
mauntell & a smocke; and soo longe she wept & 16  
sorowed, day & nyght, that she deyed at last / wherof  
I am sory for it, for she was the goodlyest & fayrest  
of all the worlde.' Whan reynaude vnderstode these  
wordes, he swouned down to therth for grete sorow that 20  
he toke at his hert of the deth of <sup>2</sup>the good duchesse  
clare,<sup>2</sup> his wyfe / and whan he was come agen to hym-  
selfe, he began to wepe, and sayd, 'Ha, kynge charle-  
magne, how well maye I hate you, for by you have I 24  
lost my wyff / for she is deed by cause she see that ye  
chassed me out of fraunce wyth soo grete shame as to  
make me goo a fote / begging my brede like a trewaunt /  
but I know well that my sinnes ben cause of all this.'<sup>4</sup> 28  
And whan reynaude had made his mone / he sayd to  
alarde, his broder / 'fayr broder, I pray you come &  
shewe me the tombe where my wyff is begraven?'  
'broder,' sayd alard, 'wyth a gode wille I shall doo 32

Alarde tells him  
of the death of his  
wife,

who sorrowed so  
much for her  
husband's absence  
that she died.

Reynawde asks  
to be shown his  
wife's tomb.

<sup>1</sup> mais faisoient macte chiere . . F. orig. I. viii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>3</sup> Fól. I. I. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> A dont qui eut fust liez maugis ne fust pas joyeux. Si fust si marry quil ne scauoit que faire, F. orig. I. viii. back.

soo.' And thenne he broughte him to the chirche  
 where his gode wyfe the duchesse was buried / And  
 whan reynawde came there / he swouned thre tymes  
 4 vpon her tombe ; and whan he was come agen to hym-  
 self / began to make grete sorow / for he rented his  
 clothes & pulled his heres / And whan he had sorowed  
 longe / he sayd, as a man replenysshed wyth sorowe,  
 8 'Ha, god, what a pilgryme I am ! I byleve there is  
 none in the worlde more vnhappy than I am. Now  
 see I well that I have lost all my ioye & my com-  
 forte / sith that I have loste the fayreste lady of the  
 12 worlde, & the goodliest'<sup>1</sup> / And as he was spekyng  
 these wordes / came there his children / aymonet &  
 yonnet, that kneled byfore theyr fader. And whan  
 reynawd sawe theym knelinge a fore hym, he wende  
 16 his herte sholde have breste. Soo toke he them vp,  
 and kyssed theym by grete love, all wepyng, and after  
<sup>2</sup>sayd to them, ' My fayr children, see that ye be good  
 men / for I fere me that ye shall mysse me soone.'  
 20 and whan reynawd had said this to his children, he  
 began to make more sorow than he had doon afore, &  
 soo dide mawgis. Thenne began y<sup>e</sup> sorowe thurgh all  
 the towne right grete, and lasted x dayes without  
 24 ceasse / and whan cam to the xiii.<sup>3</sup> daye / Reynawde  
 toke his waye towarde mowntalban / that was almost  
 as well peopled as it was or the werre beganne / And  
 mawgis habandouned never reynawd whersomever he  
 28 went, but he went alwayes on fote in his hermytes  
 aray / and as they went thus to mowntalban / the  
 bredern of reynawd & his children went on fote for to  
 bere company to mawgis their cosin. And whan they  
 32 of mowntalban knewe the comynge of their lorde / they  
 were right glad of it / and made all the stretes for to

Alarde takes him  
 into the church,  
 where they  
 mourn over the  
 loss of lady  
 Clare.

The people of  
 Arden mourn for  
 ten days,  
 and then Rey-  
 nawde and  
 Mawgis depart  
 Mowntalban.

<sup>1</sup> que oncques fis dieu ne men sct ne gre ne grace, F. orig. I. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. iii.

<sup>3</sup> onziesme jour, F. orig. L. i.

They are received  
with great joy by  
the inhabitants,

be hanged wyth fayr clothes;<sup>1</sup> and they cam agenste  
hym all togyder, makyng grete ioye / and made hym  
grete reverence, and welcomed him honourably / and  
reynawde receyved them gladly, & made them good 4  
chere / For at that tyme he dyssymuled his sorowe  
that he had at his hert, bycause he sholde not discom-  
forte his folke, that soo grete ioye made for his comyng  
there. And also they of mountalban welcomed mawgis 8  
honourably / by cause they loved hym of olde very  
well. And thenne they brought reynaude, makyng  
grete ioye, vnto the castell / and whan reynaude founde  
hymselfe wythin his castell of mountalban, he was glad 12  
of it, and came to a wyndow & loked doun in to the  
towne / and saw *that* it was as well pepled as ever it  
was / and had merveylle of whens somoche peple was  
com there for to dwelle; & he was right glad of it / for 16  
he wende never to have seen mountalban in that plight  
<sup>2</sup>as it was byfore the werre began.<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>After that the feest  
was ended, reynaude called his bredern, & said <sup>4</sup>vnto  
them / ‘Lordes, I holde me distroyed for love of the 20  
gode duchesse / whiche I have loste, wherof I am right  
hevy for it, for love of the grete goodnes that I have  
knowen in her / I make my vowe to god, that never  
while I live I shall never mary agen.’ ‘cosin,’ sayd 24  
mawgis / ‘ye doo well / but I praye you recomforte  
yourself / for ye knowe well that a thyng *that* maye  
not be amended must be lefte alone’ / ‘cosin,’ sayd  
reynawde, ‘ye saye well / and I shall doo soo’ / Whan 28  
reynawd, his bredern, & mawgis had doon grete chere  
that daye at mountalban, mawgis on the morow next toke  
leve of his cosins, & went agen to his hermytage; and

who bring Rey-  
nawde into the  
Castle.

He calls his  
brethren, and  
makes a vow that  
he will never  
marry again.

Mawgis takes his  
departure next  
day,

<sup>1</sup> et de plusieurs riches draps tant de foye que de laine, F. orig. L. i. <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Et pendant ceulx de montauban demenoient grant feste merueilleusement mais regnault ne pouvoit faire bonne chiere pour chose quilz sceussent faire, F. orig. L. i.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. 1.I. iii. back.

whan he wolde departe / he sayd to reynaud, ' Cosin, remembre you well, that for you are dede soo many folke / for whom ye be beholden to pray god that he wylle  
 4 have mercy on their soules' / and whan mawgys had sayd soo / he toke his waye, & wolde not suffre no body to conveye him ; and he dyde somoche by his iourneys that he came to his hermytage / where he lived a holy  
 8 life ; for after he was com agen to his hermytage / he ete never but herbes & rotes of the wode ; and in this maner of wyse lived maugis the space<sup>1</sup> of vii. yeres, that he sawe nother man nor woman / And whan it cam to  
 12 the viii. yere, the good mawgis decessed fro this worlde / aboute ester. Thesu for his pite pardonne his soule ! ¶ Here leveth the history to speke of mawgis, whom god pardonne, and tourneth to speke agen of  
 16 reynaud, of his bredern, and of his children, how they were made knyghtes.

and goes back to his hermitage ;

he lives in solitude, eating only herbes and roots for the length of vii. years, when he dies as a holy man.

## CHAPTER XXV.

¶ How reynaude sent his two sones to the kyng charlemagne moche honourably / for  
 20 to be made knyghtes at paris.

In this party sheweth thistory / that after that mawgis was retorned to his hermytage, Reynawde was ever after sory for hym & also for his wyffe. But he  
 24 <sup>2</sup>recomforted hymselfe aswell as he myght wyth his bredern. A longe while abode reynaude wyth his bredern, makyng as good chere as he cowde / and wyte it, that about that tyme deyed tholde duke aymon,  
 28 whiche lefte grete goodes to hys children. But shortly to speke, reynaude departed & gaaff all his goodes, as well that that he had of his owne / as that was fallen bi the deth of his fader aymon, vnto his bredern, ex-

The old Duke Aymon dies and leaves a rich inheritance to his children.

<sup>1</sup> spade, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. iv.

cept only that he reteyned for hymself<sup>1</sup> the castell & towne of<sup>1</sup> mountalban / and founde the wayes that thei were all maryed noble & richely. Who that sholde speke of the bredern of reynaude & of theyr dedes, it 4 were to longe to be recounted. Reynawd thezne dwelled longe at mountalban wyth his children / whiche he endoctryned & taughte in all good & vertuous maners aswell as he cowde, and norysshed theym tyll that 8 they were men / and cowde bere both sheelde and spere. And vpon a daye he had theym to the feelde on horsbacke / and made to be brought there speres & sheeldes for to assaye theymself / and toke wyth hym xx. 12 knyghtes / whom, whan thei were comen in the feelde / he made his children to iouste wyth / And ye ought to wyte that the two sones of reynaude iousted aswell as thoughte they had be hauntyng the werre x. yeres & 16 more. And when reynawd saw that they dyde so wel, he called theym afore hym / and afore the knyghtes, & sayd to them / 'My fayr children / thanked be our lorde / ye ben talle men, and well made of body / It is 20 now tyme that ye were made knyghtes; wherfore I wyll that ye goo serve the kyng charlemagn, our soverayn lorde / whiche shall make you knyghtes. For of more noble hande ye can not be dowbed to the noble 24 ordre of knyghthode.' 'Syr,' sayd aymonet / 'we are redy to fulfille your wylle in every thyng that ye commaunde vs' / 'fader,' sayd yonnet, 'ye saye well to vs / for it is tyme that<sup>2</sup> we folowe the werres; but sith it is 28 your playsure to sende vs to charlemagn, we must goo there honourably / but it can not be wythout grete cost' / 'My sone,' said reynaude, 'care not for the cost / for we have good ynoughe / gramercy our lorde, for 32 to bring you there acordyng to your astate; and I promyse you / I shall sende you there or I be vii. nyghte

Reynawde dwells a long time at Montalban teaching his sons to bear arms worthily.

He tells them it is time they were made knights by Charlemagne,

and promises to send them to Paris in a week's time.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. L. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. iv. back.

elder, as honourabli as ony went thider sin my tyme' /  
 'fader,' sayd the children / 'we are redy to goo whan  
 it please you' / Whan reynaude had said this to his  
 4 children, he went home agen to mountalban well ioy-  
 full of his two sones that proved so well; and whan  
 he was wythin his castell, he called his stiwarde &  
 said to him / 'Stywarde, I commaunde you that ye  
 8 araye my chylidren honorably & richely of dyverse  
 maners of clothyng, <sup>1</sup>& of thinges that longeth to  
 them<sup>1</sup> / for I wyll sende them to ye court of the kyng  
 charlemagne, for to be made knyghtes of him / and see  
 12 that they goo as honestly <sup>2</sup>as ony went thider this xx.  
 yeres'<sup>2</sup> / 'My lorde,' sayd the stiwarde / 'I shall well  
 doo your commaundement, sith that it plaiseth you /  
 for ye have ynoughe clothes full riche of your owne of  
 16 diverse colours.'

he orders his  
 steward to pre-  
 pare rich clothing  
 for his children.

**W**han the stiwarde herde the commaundement  
 of his mayster / wythout ony tarieng / he dyde  
 right well alle that was commaunded him by reynaude /  
 20 for he made to be redy many palfreys & coursers well  
 barded & covered wyth riche clothe of golde, wyth  
 belles of silver & gylte in grete plente / and purveyd  
 for two goode harneyses all complete / <sup>1</sup>for speres &  
 24 swerdes, & for all suche other thynges as aperteyneth<sup>1</sup>  
 for the two yong bachelers. Shortly to speke, it was  
 not possyble to aray better two yonge squyres than the  
 ii. yonge sones of reynaude were by the purvyaunce of  
 28 his stiwarde / and whan all thinges were redy / he  
 brought theym bifore his maisters.<sup>3</sup> And whan reynande  
 sawe this, he was glad, & sayd, 'by god, <sup>4</sup>stywarde /  
 I conne you thanke / that ye have purveyd so well  
 32 for mi children.' and reynawd made V.C knyghtes

The two young  
 sones of Reynawde  
 are honourably  
 arrayed,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> quil en y ala jamais point, F. orig. Z. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> a regnault son maistre, F. orig. Z. ii. back.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. I.I. v.

and v. hundred  
knights are in  
readiness to  
accompany them  
to Paris.

Reynawde  
charges his sons  
to spend their  
money honestly,

and to treat  
all women  
courteously,  
so shall they be  
praised of men.

He tells Johnnet  
to honour and  
reverence his  
brother as his  
elder.

well redy to bere company to his sones. And whan  
they were all redy, reynaude caled his sones, & sayd to  
theym / ' my fare sones, ye be well apoynted / thanked  
be god, and here is a fayr bende of noble men to bere 4  
you feliship / And therefore ye shall now go to the  
court of charlemain our grete kynge, whiche shall make  
you grete chere & honour for my love. my chyldren,  
ye be of hie linage & right noble, and therefore beware 8  
*that* ye doo noo thing agenst your noblenes / ne that  
myght retourne to ony shame to me nor to your  
linage / and I commaunde you vpon the feyth that ye  
owe to me, that the monei that I deliver to you now / 12  
ye dyspende it honestly, and spare not to doo good  
therwyth to pour gentylnen & yonge bachelers <sup>1</sup>that  
wold fayn com to worship<sup>1</sup> / and whan ye have all  
spended it honestly / sende to me for more, and ye 16  
shall have ynoughe; and above this, I charge you that  
ye serve god alwayes afore ony thing that ye have a  
doo;<sup>2</sup> and that ye speke no worde fowll out of your  
mouth to no ladi nor to damesell / worship your better, 20  
& love your neyghbour, and soo shall you be prayسد  
of every man. Moreover, I charge you that ye live  
frendly togyder as ii bredern ought to doo / and to you,  
yonnet, my fayr sone / I commaunde you that ye bere 24  
honour & reverence to your<sup>3</sup> broder / for he is your  
elder / that know ye well.'

**T**henne sayd yonnet, ' fader, be you sure I shall  
serve my dere broder as I wold doo you / that 28  
are my lorde & my <sup>1</sup>dere<sup>1</sup> fader.' ' By my feyth, fayr  
sone,' <sup>1</sup>sayd reynaude<sup>1</sup> / ' yf ye doo soo, ye shall be  
prayسد for it,<sup>4</sup> whersomever ye com or goo. But yet  
one thyng I forbede you / that ye speke not to moche, 32

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> je vous sa recomande les povres crestiens, F. orig. Z. ii.  
back.

<sup>3</sup> chier, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> toute vostre vie, F. orig. Z. iii.



for yf ye doo the contrary / the frenshemen shall  
 saye / that ye be not like in condycions to your  
 parentage'<sup>1</sup> / 'Fader,' sayd the <sup>2</sup>children, 'we have  
 4 suche a trust in our lorde god that he shall kepe vs  
 from all thyng that is contrary to his wylle, and that  
 we shall soo governe vs / that ye shall gladly avowe  
 vs for your children / and all they of the court of  
 8 charlemagne shall love vs, but yf they wylle do  
 wrong' / And whan reynaude herde his children speke  
 soo, he was right glad therof, and drewe them aside,  
 & sayd vnto theym / 'My fayr children, ye goo now  
 12 in to fraunce / remembre well hereafter all whiche I  
 shall telle you now / Ye must knowe that there ben  
 in the court of the kynge charlemaine a grete linage  
 of folke that never loved vs but litill, the whiche are  
 16 of grete power / thei be of maunte / I charge you that  
 ye nor goo nor com wyth theym / for noo thing that  
 they can telle you / and if they hurt you by ony  
 wyse, see *that* ye revenge yourself wysly, and shew  
 20 them that ye be the sones of reynaude of mount-  
 alban' / 'Fader,' sayd the children / 'doubt not we  
 shall not suffre that ony outerge be doo to vs, yf we  
 maye.' 'Fayr children,' sayd reynaude / 'knele afore  
 24 me' / and they kneled anone byfore their fader; &  
 Reynawde gaff them his blessinge, and after kissed  
 theym wepyng many tymes, & gaaff them leve / and  
 after torned him towarde his knyghtes, & sayd, 'My  
 28 lordes, I commende to god, & praye you that ye tende  
 well my children / and suffre not that ony wrong be  
 doon to them to your power / for ye know well that  
 we ben hatred in fraunce; and I pray you gyve them  
 32 alwayes good counseylle / and that they be alwaies  
 courteys, gentyll, & liberall of their goodes / for a  
 prince covetous was never praised.' and whan reynaud

They promise  
 their father to  
 obey all his  
 commands.

Reynawde warns  
 them against his  
 enemies that  
 they will meet  
 at Charlemagne's  
 court;

he gives them his  
 blessing,  
 and takes leave of  
 them, weeping  
 sadly.

<sup>1</sup> car jamais nous ne sermonoyent volentiers, F. orig. Z. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. v. back.

had sayd this, he wythdrew him sore wepyng ¶ Thus levethe thystory to speke of reynawd & of his bredern, and retorneth to shew of his children, that were goon to the court of the kyng charlemagn. 4

## CHAPTER XXVI.

¶ How after that the kyng<sup>1</sup> charlemagn had receyved full swetly the sones of reynawd, thei fought with the sones of folques / and discomfited them in thile of our lady, 8 wythin paris, bycause thei had layd treason vpon reynaud their fader / for cause that he had slayn folques in the playn of valcolours /

**N**ow sheweth the tale, that after that aymonet & 12  
yonnet were departed<sup>2</sup> fro their fader, thei rode somoche by their iourneis / that they cam to paris / and lodged them by the paleys / And whan thei were lodged / the ii children clothed theimself honestly, & 16  
all their folke / and thenne thei went wyth their feliship, holdyng eche other by thandes, to the paleys<sup>3</sup> / And whan the barons of charlemagn sawe com the two bredern so richely arayed, & suche a goodly feliship 20  
of knyghtes after theim, they mervylled gretly what thei myght be / so sayd thone to thother / 'here be two fair children, and by liklihode they shold be bredern / and they must be of som hie linage' / The 24  
barons thenne folowed theym / whan they mounted to the palays / And they entred wythin the grete halle, where they founde the kyng charlemagn / that devysed with som of his barons; and there was the duke 28  
naymes, richard of normandi, salamon of breten, ogyer

Aymonet and  
Johmet arrive at  
Paris,

and go to the  
palace.

The barons  
wonder whose  
sons they are  
accompanied by  
so many knights;

they follow them  
into the palace,  
where Charle-  
magne is seated  
with many of his  
barons;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. I.I. vi.      <sup>2</sup> de montauban, F. orig. Z. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Et devez scauoir quilz ressembloient bien enfans de prince, F. orig. Z. iii. back.

of denmarke, therle ganellon / and also constans & rohars / whiche two hated reynaud of mountalban right sore, for they were the sones of foulques of 4 morillon, that Reynaud had slayn in the playne of valcolours, when he <sup>1</sup>& his bredern<sup>1</sup> defended them so well at the roche mountbron / These ii. bredern, constans & rohars, had grete name in the courte / but 8 their hertes were full false / and the kynge charlemagn loved them well for their prowes & grete knightehode / Wyth charlemagn were also many other grete pryncis & barons / wherof the boke maketh noo 12 mencyon, <sup>1</sup>For it were to longe a thyng to be recounted<sup>1</sup> /

amongst them Constant and Rohart, the sons of Foulques, who are enemies of Reynawde.

**T**henne whan the ii bredern, <sup>1</sup>the sones of Reynawd of mountalban,<sup>1</sup> were com in to the hall / they 16 sawe the kinge among his barons. soo went they vnto hym, & kneled doun afore hym, and kyssed his fete / and the<sup>ne</sup> aymonet spake first, & sayd / 'Syre, god gyve you good liff & longe / and kepe from evyll all 20 your noble company / Syre, we are com to you for to have thordre of knyghthode / <sup>1</sup>yf it playse your gode grace to give it vs<sup>1</sup> / for of noo better hande than is yours we can not have it; wherfore, sir, we beseche 24 you humbly for god, & for the love of our fader, that it wille please you to reteyne vs in your servyse vnto the tyme ye gyve the sayd ordre of knyghthode' / 'Who ben you,' sayd the king, 'that speke thus?' 'sire,' <sup>1</sup>sayd 28 aymonet<sup>1</sup> / 'we are the sones of reynawde of mountalban'<sup>3</sup> / And whan the kyng charlemagne vnderstode that they were the sones of reynaude,<sup>4</sup> he rose vpon his fete lightly, & receyved them honourably, and after 32 sayd vnto them, 'My children, ye be right welcom / and how fareth your fader?' 'sire,' sayd the children /

Aymonet and Johnnet kneel before the Emperor,

and beg for the honour of knight-hood from his hand;

they tell him they are the sons of Reynawde.

Charlemagne then receives them with joy, and

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> a qui dieu doint bonne vie, F. orig. Z. iv.

<sup>4</sup> de montauban, F. orig.

enquires after  
their father.

'he dooth well, thanked be god / and he recomendeth  
him right humbly to your good grace, besechyng you  
that ye will have vs for recomended / and we have left  
him at mountalban / but he draweth now sore to age.' 4  
'Thus gothe the worlde, my children' / sayd the kyng,  
'every man muste take in it an ende.' Moche glad was  
the kyng charlemagne of the comyng of the two sones of  
reynawd,<sup>1</sup> and right gladly he loked vpon theym for the 8  
love of their fader; for the more he behelde them, and  
the more fayrer he founde theym, & better liked theym,  
and well he loved them, bycause they were like the  
fader; and whan he had loked vpon them ynoughe / 12  
he sayd to his barons / 'Lordes, if the children wold  
forsake their fader / they cowde not, for never children  
were more like to him / than they;' <sup>2</sup> and whan he had  
sayd soo, he torned toward <sup>3</sup>the children / and said to 16  
them / 'Fayr children, ye shal be made knyghtes at  
all tymes whan ye wyll / for the love of your fader,  
my good frende / and I shall gyve you moo londes than  
your father hathe, and for love of you / I shall make an 20  
hundred knyghtes more wyth you, for ye ben of suche  
a stocke come / that ye ben worthy to be honoured,  
praised, & holden dere' / And thenne whan the duke  
naymes, rowlande, & olivere that came there, & all the 24  
other peres of fraunce saw that they were the two sones  
of reynawd of mountalban, they were ryght glad of it /  
and thenne every man kyssed theym by grete love, and  
asked theym how reynaude & his bredern dyde / 28  
'Lordes,' <sup>4</sup>sayd aymonet,<sup>4</sup> 'what are you that be so glad  
of our comyng' / 'children,' sayd the duke naymes /  
'we ben all you[r] kinnemen.' And thenne the duke  
naymes tolde them all their names / and whan the 32  
children knewe what they were / thei meked theymself

The Emperor  
promises to  
make them  
knights, and  
grant them a  
larger portion of  
land.

The peers rejoice  
over the arrival of  
Reynawde's sons,  
and embrace  
them with great  
gladness.

<sup>1</sup> de montauban, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Et cuyde quilz feront une fois bonnes gens se ilz vivent  
leur cage, F. orig. Z. iv.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. I.I. vii.

<sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

byfore them honestly; and after, yonnet sayd to them /  
 'Lordes, our fader greteth you well, and prayeth you  
 that ye wylle have vs for recomended as your kynnes-  
 4 men.' And thenne whan the barons herde the two  
 children speke soo wysly / they were glad of it, &  
 also of their comynge. But the ii. sones of foulques of  
 moryllon were full sory & wroth for it. 'bi my soule,'  
 8 said constans to his broder rohars, 'the fader of these  
 two children slewe our fader / wherof the hert in my  
 body swelleth highe for angre that I see them here;  
 nor my eyen can not loke vpon them'<sup>1</sup> / 'broder,' sayd  
 12 rohars, 'nor I nother, by my trouth / but I counseyll  
 not that we fyghte wyth them not here, for it were  
 foly. But lete vs awayte a tyme & place covenable /  
 for sith that they shall dwelle here / we shall avenge vs  
 16 vpon them' / 'Broder,' sayd constans, 'lete vs doo  
 one thing that I shall telle you / whiche is easy for to  
 doo, that ye shal call thone of treyson, & I thother,  
 saieng<sup>2</sup> that theyr fader slewe our fader by treyson.  
 20 And also we shall prove that their fader wrought  
 treyson agenst the kinge charlemagn' / 'Broder,' sayd  
 rohars / 'ye speke well: we must suffre a while tyll we  
 see how they shall bere theimself in court / for & they  
 24 doo any otherwyse than they ought to doo, we shall  
 mow kille them, & be not blamed for it.' After this  
 doon / ye ought to knowe that the children of reynaude  
 of mounthalban / bare theimself full honestly in court,  
 28 for all y<sup>e</sup> barons loved them dere, save oonly the two  
 sones of foulques of morillon, wherof aymonet & yonnet  
 perceyved it right well / and spake not wyth them /  
 nor haunted them not. It was grete merveylle of the  
 32 grete yeftes that<sup>3</sup> the sones of aymon<sup>3</sup> gaff to the barons  
 & gentylmen of the court charlemagn, as were fayr

The two sons of Foulques are envious at the reception accorded to the sons of Reynawde,

and vow to revenge the death of their father by accusing Reynawde of treason.

The sons of Reynawde give costly gifts to the barons and gentlemen of the court, and

<sup>1</sup> Et si ne feray jamais liez jusques je naye ung occis, F. orig. Z. iv. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. vii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> les enfans de regnault, F. orig. Z. v.

horses, & harneys, & many clothes of silke of dyverse colours / and in likewyse they gaff to the ladyes & gentilwymen fair gownes of clothe, of gold, & of silver. And of thother part they kept a grete astate 4 & goode hous to all pour gentylnen & esquyres / and dyde somoche good *that* they were gretly praysed of every man / What sholde I telle you more / the children of reynaude dyde somoche in the court of the 8 kyng charlemain, that of all the worlde they were loved / and pryncipally of the kyng charlemagn / Whan the kyng sawe that they behaved theym soo well & so wysly in his court / he was ryght glad of it, 12 soo loved he theim moost of ony yong knightes of his court, and made theim his keruers afore him / And the<sup>re</sup>ne whan the ii sones of folques sawe that the kyng loved theim so moche, they were full angry / in somoche 16 that they wexed mad all quycke for it / and soo sware by grete angre that they shold slee theim, or ever they sholde goo from the courte. It happed soo that on wytsondaye evyn, as the kyng was atte Parys, and wolde 20 <sup>1</sup>kepe open court, and there were aymonet & yonnet wyth thother barons in the hall / This hanging, aryved there a knyghte of almayn, that presented to the kyng a fayr knyff, after the facyon of the londe. the<sup>re</sup>ne called 24 the kyng yonnet, & gaaff it hym by grete love / and whan yonnet had receyved this yefte of the kyng, & as he sholde have goon to his place agen, he shoved constans wyth his elbow agenst his wyll; and whan con- 28 stans sawe that yonnet had doon soo / he had grete dyspite at it / and sayd, 'what is this? must there be somoche set bi these two boyes, the sones of a traytour / whiche ben not worthe a roten apple / and thys one is 32 all redi becom soo proude that he hath now shoved me wyth his elbow by grete envy & pryde.' moche other langage constans sayd by yonnet, whiche he

are greatly praised by all assembled there.

The Emperor loves them for their good behaviour, and makes them the carvers of his dishes.

Charlemagne presents Johnnet with a handsome knife; returning to his place Johnnet pushes Constant,

who for this offence wrathfully calls him the son of a traitor.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. I.I. viii.

ought not for to saie. And whan yonnet herde that constans had called him the sone of a traytour / he was sore an angred. So cam he to hym, & sayd, 'constans, Johnnet advances towards Constant,

4 ye have lerned a fowle crafte / that ys, that ye can speke shrewdly wythoute a cause lawfull. why for I have herde that ye have called me & my broder the sones of a traytour / and that the kyng knowethe well

8 that our fader slewe yours by treyson / wherof I wyll ye wyte that ye lie falsly / but your fader dyde assaylle our by treyson / as a traytour / come of the linage of traytours. But god wold not that my fader sholde

12 deie soo, nor myn vncles. My fader slewe your fader, it is trouth; but it was in his defendyng of his body / and he dyde thenne as a noble knyghte / as he is / and yf ye be soo hardy that ye wyll mayntene that he

16 dyde it by treyson / here I cast now my gage afore this noble companye / sayeng that ye have lied falsly / <sup>1</sup>save the reverence of the kinge, and of his felishyp.<sup>1</sup>

**T**henne whan the kyng charlemagn sawe that none

20 of the barons sayd noo thyng of the striffe of yonnet <sup>2</sup>and of constans / he was angry for it, & sayd / 'Constans, ye doo grete wrong for to saye that I & the twelve peres of fraunce knowe well that reynawde

24 of mountalban slewe your fader by treyson. holde your peas,' sayd charlemagne. 'For yf ye knewe well how the matere is, ye sholde not speke of it / wherefore I commaunde you, in asmoche as ye fere to angre

28 me, that ye make amendes to yonnet of that ye have sayd / or elles voide incontynent my court & my royaume / for ye have trowbled all my courte / wherof I am not contente.' And whan rohars herde this that

32 the kyng charlemagn had sayd to constance his broder / he was angry, and soo rose on his fete and sayd, 'Sire, I am redi for to prove vpon aymonet that his fader slew our fader by treyson, and here is my gage' /

and tells him he lies in calling his father a traitor;

he throws down his gage before the assembly.

Charlemagne rebukes Constant for his accusation against Reynawde,

and commands him to apologize to Johnnet for his words.

Rohart rises and throws down his gage, stating his willingness to fight Aymonet.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. I.I. viii. back.

‘Rohars,’<sup>1</sup> sayd Charlemagne, ‘here ye take a wronge waye, and it shall be to you over late whan ye shall repente it.’ whan aymonet & yonnet vnderstode thyse wordes / they kneled afore charlemagn, & sayd to 4  
 him / ‘Sir, for god we pray you right humbly that ye take the gages that rohars hath cast / for wyth goddys grace we shall well defende our fader of the treyson / that they put vpon him.’ ‘Children,’ sayd the kyng / 8  
 ‘sith it playse you that I take them / I shall doo soo’ / and thenne the kyng charlemagn toke the gages / and constans avaunced hymself & sayd / ‘Sire, we vnderstode that we shall fyght two & two, thone 12  
 agenst thother.’ ¶ whan the kyng charlemayn had taken the gages of bataylle of constans & of rohars, he asked them who shold be their seurtes? thenne lept forth the traytour guenellon, berenger, escouff of moril- 16  
 lon, lion of pignabell, and gryfon of haute braunche / the whiche sayd vnto kyng charlemagn, ‘Syre, we wyll be suretes for constans & rohars, for they be of our linage’<sup>2</sup> / ‘Lordes,’ sayd charlemagn, ‘I take them you 20  
 to kepe; And I charge you to brynge them agayn to the <sup>3</sup>court whan tyme shall be.’ ‘Syre,’ sayd the suretees, ‘we shall doo as ye commaunde vs.’ and whan the kyng had receyved the suretees of constans 24  
 & of rohars / aymonet & yonnet came forth / and sayd in this manere / ‘Syre, here ben our gages, how that we will defende that our fader slew never foulques of moryllon by treyson.’ ‘Children,’ sayd the kyng 28  
 charlemain, ‘ye speke well / but I must have surete of you, as I have of<sup>4</sup> ye other party / yf I wyll doo reyson’ / Thenne lept forth rowland, oliver, the duke naymes of bavyre, ogier of denmarke, richarde of nor- 32  
 mandy, & escouff the sone of oedon, whiche sayd to y<sup>e</sup>

The sons of Reynawde beg the Emperor to accept their gages.

Charlemagne consents to the battle taking place.

<sup>1</sup> Constans, F. orig. Z. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Si ne leur devons faillir, F. orig. Z. vi.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K.K. i.

<sup>4</sup> ef, orig.



kyng / 'Syre, we ben suretees for the sones of reynaude / and we shall present theym to you at the daye of bataille' / 'Sire,'<sup>1</sup> sayd the kyng charlemagn, 'it  
 4 playseth me well; but the children of reynaude ben not yet knyghtes as ye knowe, but by the feyth that I owe to god, they shall be to morowe,<sup>2</sup> and thenne we shall sende our lettres to reynawd, that he come for to  
 8 see the bataylle of his children / for this daye fourthy dayes I devyse it.' Whan came at theyvn, the kyng charlemain made be called his stywarde, & sayd to hym / 'Goo, and brynge me to morowe the sones of  
 12 reynaude / for I wylle that they ben tomorow named knyghtes / and see that they ben well honourde / for I wylle doo this for the love of their fader; and pourvey soo that thei have eche of them a good courser,<sup>3</sup>  
 16 and gode harneis<sup>4</sup> mete for their bodyes'<sup>4</sup> / Whan the stywarde herde the commaundement of the kyng charlemagn / he dyde well the tenour therof / and whan the mornynge came / the stywarde brought aymonet & yonnet  
 20 well apoynted / and in there company all suche other as the kyng<sup>4</sup> for their love<sup>4</sup> wolde make knyghtes<sup>5</sup> that daye / And whan they were afore the kyng, aymonet & yonnet requyred thordre of knyghthode / to whome  
 24 the kyng gaff it wyth good hert, and in like wyse to the<sup>6</sup> other for love of them; and thenne was a grete feest made that daye / And whan the feest was / finysshed / charlemagn toke a messenger / whiche he sente to reynawde of mountalban, and sent him worde that he sholde come to the court wyth gode company / for his children were called of treyson / by the sones of foulques of morillon, sayeng, that he had slayen their

The Emperor promises to make Aymonet and Johnnet knights next day;

he orders his steward to bring them to him on the morrow,

and see that they have good horses and armour.

After Reynawde's sons are knighted a great feast takes place.

A messenger is sent to Mountalban with commands for Reynawde to come to Paris to see his sons fight.

<sup>1</sup> Seigneurs, F. orig. Z. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> de ma main, F. orig. Z. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> ou parlefroy, F. orig. Z. vi. back. <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> Lesquelz il auoit fait veiller celle nuyt en leglise de nostre dame, F. orig. Z. vi. back.

<sup>6</sup> Fol. K.K. i. back.

fader by treyson / and how his children had caste their gages, sayeng that they had lied falsly.<sup>1</sup>

**T**henne when the duke reynawd<sup>2</sup> herde these tidinges that charlemayne sente hym, he merveyllled of it 4 sore. Thenne sent he for all his bredern by his letters that they sholde com to him in armes, for it was nede / And whan the bredern of reynaude vnderstode these tydynges / wythout ony tarieng they came to <sup>3</sup>their 8 broder at<sup>3</sup> mountalban / And whan reynaude sawe theim, he was glad / and kyssed theym, thone after the other / and after, he tolde theym all that the kyng charlemagn had gyve him to knowe; and whan the 12 bredern of reynaude vnderstode it / they merveyllled of it. ‘Broder,’ said richarde, ‘doubte not / for the mater shall come better than ye wene of / by the grace of god / I counseyllle that we goo to the court of the kyng 16 charlemagn. For whan we shall be there, we shall soone vnderstonde the kynges mynde, and what his wylle is towarde you; and I promyse you yf he hath doon ony wrong to our newewes, <sup>3</sup>your children<sup>3</sup> / god 20 never have mercy on my soule / but I shall slee hym / what hadde therof.’ ‘Broder,’ sayd reynawde, ‘I wylle well that we goo to parys; and whan we shall be there / we shall well vnderstonde how the kyng charlemagn 24 bereth hymself towarde my chyldren.’ ‘Brother,’ sayd alarde / ‘ye speke well & wysly / and me semeth after myn advyse that we ought to goo thider wythout ony long taryenge.’ And thenne whan they were therto 28 acorded, <sup>4</sup>they departed from mountalban wyth right a noble company / and so moche they rode by their iourneis that they cam to the cite of parys. And whan they were comen there, all the xii. peres of fraunce knewe 32

Reynawde sends for his brethren when he hears these tidings of his sons, and tells them to come with him to Paris.

Alarde advises that they should set forth immediately.

They arrive in Paris,

<sup>1</sup> Comment gens traictres extraitz de traictres par droicte lignee, F. orig. Z. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> de montauban, F. orig. Z. vii.      <sup>3-3</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>4</sup> Fol. K. K. ii.

anone of their comynge, and went agenst theim / and  
 brought wyth theym aymonet & yonnet, and receyved  
 reynawd & his bredern wyth grete ioye & honour /  
 4 And thenne whan reynawd saw his two fayr sones, he  
 sayd to them in this wyse / 'My children, now shall  
 it be seen yf ye be my sones or noo; for and ye be my  
 children / ye shall avenge me of that grete shame  
 8 that these traytours put vpon me wythout a cause.'  
 'Fader,' sayd the children, 'doubte not therof / for &  
 they were ten agenst vs / yet shall we overcom them  
<sup>1</sup>by the grace of god / For every man knoweth well  
 12 that ye be as true a knyghte as ony is in the worlde' /  
 And whan the kyng charlemagn knewe the comyng of  
 reynawd, that was come so well acompanyed, he was  
 glad of it / and sent worde to reynawd that he shold  
 16 come to hym, the whyche thyng reynawd dide / And  
 whan the kyng saw hym, he made him good chere, and  
 with good hert / and also to his bredern / And whan  
 reynawd had be with the kyng a longe while, he toke  
 20 leve of hym, & went to his lodges agen / And whan he  
 was there, he called his bredern & his chydren, &  
 sayd to them / 'My sones, come hider / telle me how  
 the kyng charlemain bereth hymself towarde you, and  
 24 what he sayeth of this quarell that ye have vnder-  
 take / I must knowe the trouthe of it' / 'Fader,' said  
 the children, 'wite it that the king charlemagn loveth  
 vs moche / and he entreteyneth vs above all other  
 28 honourabli / for the love of you that he loveth right  
 moche, as he sayeth.' And thenne thei tolde him  
 how he had made them knyghtes<sup>2</sup> / and how he sus-  
 teyned their quarell agenst the traytours and all other.  
 32 <sup>3</sup> **W**hen reynawde and his bredern herde the chil-  
 dren speke thus / thei were glad of it / for

and are joyfully  
welcomed by the  
xii. peers.

The Emperor  
sends for Rey-  
nawde,  
and receives him  
graciously.

Reynawde asks  
his souns how they  
have been treated  
by the Emperor.

They tell him  
how good Charle-  
magne has been to  
them.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> moult honorablement, F. orig. Z. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K.K. ii. back.

they doubted lest charlemagn wolde have faren yll  
 wyth theym / And whan reynaude of mountalban  
 wyst that the<sup>1</sup> kyng had borne himself soo well towarde  
 his sones, he sayd that he sholde serve hym evermore 4  
 as his soverayn lorde / And on the morowe<sup>2</sup> reynawde  
 went to see the kyng at his risynge from his bed, &  
 thanked hym moche of the grete worshyp that he had  
 doon to his children. Thenne sayd Charlemagn to 8  
 hym, 'Reynawde, ever sin that I sawe that ye dyde  
 my commaundement with good wylle, and that ye  
 were obeyeng to me / I dyde cast all my angre from  
 me, & all the evyll wylle that I had agenste you / 12  
 and I wylle that ye wyte that I am well yours, and  
 shall be aslonge as I live in this worlde, for I take<sup>3</sup> you  
 for one of my best frendes'<sup>3</sup> / And whan Reynawde  
 herde the debona'rt<sup>4</sup> & the kynde wordes of the kyng,<sup>4</sup> 16  
 he cast hymself to the fete of hym / and in likewyse  
 dyde all his bredern, and thanked hym moche / and  
 wyte that reynaude & his bredern abode in paris wyth  
 grete ioye<sup>5</sup> & playsure<sup>5</sup> vnto the daye of the bataylle 20  
 that shold be of his children / And this hangyng, rey-  
 nawde had doon make good harneys for his children,  
 and had pourveyed two goode horses for theym /

Reynawde next  
 morning thanks  
 Charlemagne for  
 his kindness  
 towards his  
 children.

The sons of  
 Aymon then  
 dwell happily  
 in Paris.

On the day of the  
 battle the sons of  
 Foulques appear  
 before Charle-  
 magne.

**W**han the daye of the bataylle was come, the 24  
 children of foulques of moryllon cam & pre-  
 sented them afore the kyng redy for to fyghte. And  
 whan the kyng sawe theym / he sayd to theym /  
 'Children, ye have had evyll counseyle<sup>6</sup> to challenge the 28  
 sones of reynawd of mountalban as ye have doon.<sup>6</sup> For I  
 am sure it shall repente you / but thys is not the fyrste  
 fawte that your linage hathe doon / nor it shalle not  
 be the laste / I fere me of it.' And whan ther'e 32

<sup>1</sup> grant, F. orig.      <sup>2</sup> au matin, F. orig. Z. vii. back.

<sup>3-3</sup> pour mon amy, F. orig. Z. vii. back.

<sup>4-4</sup> de Charlemaigne, F. orig. Z. vii. back.

<sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>6-6</sup> de faire ung si fort appel, F. orig. Z. viii.

ganellon and all they of the linage of foulques of morillon herde the <sup>1</sup>kyнге speke soo, they were so gretely abasshed / that they wyste not what they  
 4 sholde doo / but kepte all theyr peas, and answerde noo worde. And thenne sayd constans to the kyнге,  
 ' Syre, we praye you for god that ye wylle telle vs the place where we shall fighte agenste our enmyes'<sup>2</sup> /  
 8 Thenne stode vp the duke naymes of bavyre / and sayd / ' Syre, constans speketh well ; ye must devyse  
<sup>3</sup>the place, and where they shall fyghte two agenst two / or one agenst a nother alone.'<sup>3</sup> ' Naymes,' sayd  
 12 the kyнге / ' I wylle that ye Iudge this matere' / ' sire,<sup>4</sup> syth that it playse you soo / I shall bespeke it wyth a goode wylle. <sup>5</sup>Syre,' sayd the duke naymes<sup>5</sup> /  
 ' me semeth / because that constans hathe callid the  
 16 sones of reynaude <sup>6</sup>to batayll bothe for one matere<sup>6</sup> / that they oughte to fyghte two agenst two / and all foure togyder.' ' Syre,' sayd reynawde / ' the duke naymes sayth ryght well'<sup>7</sup> / ' By my feythe, reynaude,'  
 20 sayd the kyнге charlemagne / ' and I graunte it soo / but I wylle that the bataylle be made in the Isle of our lady wythin savoyne, to morowe in the mornynge' /  
 And whan kyнге charlemagne had sayd thus / the  
 24 barons toke leve of hym / and eche of theym wente to their lodgys, and reynawd also, the whiche toke his two sones wyth hym. and the two sones of foulques of moryllon wente also wyth theyr frendes.<sup>8</sup> Whan  
 28 reynaude & his bredern had souped / and had made goode chere / he made brynge harneys ynoughe, and made alarde & rycharde / and his two chyldren,

Constant asks Charlemagne where they shall fight.

The Emperor fixes the place in the Isle of our Lady.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. iii.

<sup>2</sup> et comment nous devons faire cest assavoir se nous combatrons deux contre deux ou ung contre ung, F. orig. Z. viii.

<sup>3-3</sup> que lon doit faire, F. orig. Z. viii.

<sup>4</sup> dist le duc naymes, F. orig. <sup>5-5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>6-6</sup> traictres sans riens nommer et rohars lautre, F. orig. Z. viii. <sup>7</sup> et juge leaulment, F. orig. Z. viii.

<sup>8</sup> et parens, F. orig.

The four brethren  
and Reynawde's  
children arm  
themselves.

Bishop Turpin  
says masse before  
them next morn-  
ing.

The Emperor  
commands his  
peers to keep  
good order during  
this battle,

<sup>1</sup>aymonet & yonnet,<sup>1</sup> to be armed. And thenne he made to be shewed to aymonet & to yonnet how they sholde defende theymselve of theyr enmyes, and in what maner they sholde assaylle theym / And whan <sup>4</sup>this was doon / reynaude dyde sende his chyldren to saynte vycor, and the traytours went to saynt germayn, <sup>2</sup>for to watche <sup>3</sup>that nyghte.<sup>2</sup> And whan the daye came, a bysshop, that was of the linage of constans & of <sup>8</sup>rohars, sange masse afore his cosins; and the bysshop turpyn sayd masse a fore the sones of reynawd<sup>4</sup> / whiche was wyth theym at saynt vycor / and also the twelve peres of fraunce / And whan the yong knyghtes <sup>12</sup>had herde the masse, they came all in their harneys to the palays byfore the kynge charlemagn / And whan the kynge sawe theym / he called his nevewe rowlande, & oliver, the duke naymes of bavere, & richarde <sup>16</sup>of normandy, and sayd to theym, 'Lordes, ye ben all my men. I commaunde you vpon the trouth that ye owe to me, that ye goo kepe the feelde by suche maner that my honoure be saved bi it, and that ye <sup>20</sup>kepe to every man his ryght / For by the feith that I owe to god / yf there be ony man soo hardy that wylle doo ony owtrage / I shall angre hym ryght sore / Wherefore I wylle that ye passe the water of sayne <sup>24</sup>in to the ysle wyth the fyghters, and that ye bere wyth you the halowes for to make theym swere ther-vpon, afore they shall entre in to the feelde / that they goo to it all in goode quarelle truly.' 'Syre,' sayd the <sup>28</sup>barons / 'we shall doo your commaundemente, and also we shall kepe therin well your honour / for we ben bounde therto.' 'Lordes,' sayd the kyng charlemagn, 'ye speke well,<sup>5</sup> but ye muste take gode hede <sup>32</sup>well to all / For there shall be grete folke gadred of

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.      <sup>2-2</sup> des prez, F. orig. Z. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K.K. iii. back.      <sup>4</sup> de montauban, F. orig.

<sup>5</sup> et loyaulment, F. orig. Z. viii. back.

the one parte / and of the other / wherfore I fere me  
 that some medlynge shall hap amonge theym / For  
 rohars is full of grete treyson, and all his frendes, I  
 4 know it well. And of the other parte / Reynawd &  
 his brethern are right puyssaunt & wyse / and have  
 grete power wyth theym, and they wylle not see  
 theymselfe wronged. and namely, Richarde the broder  
 8 of reynawd / For & he be ones angry / he spareth  
 1 nother kynge nor erle. And therefore I fere hym  
 moost of all the other, for he wolde ones have slayn  
 me / I am yet wel remembered therof / Of reynaude I  
 12 doubtte noo thyng / for he is in every thyng reson-  
 able.<sup>2</sup> 'Syre,' sayd the duke naymes, 'be not dys-  
 mayed of noo thyng, for we shall kepe well your  
 ryght & your honour wythoute to doo<sup>3</sup> ony wronge to  
 16 ony body' / This hangynge, the children of foulques of  
 moryllon went to the sayd isle / where as the kynge  
 charlemagne had tolde theym that they sholde fyghte /  
 And whan they were passed over the ryver in to the  
 20 ysle wyth theyr horses, they bounde theym / and  
 thenne they set theymselfe down vpon the fayr grasse /  
 waytyng after theyr adverse party. Now here what  
 the traytours had ordeyned / Ye oughte to wyte that  
 24 while the kynge charlemagne had spoken wyth his  
 barons <sup>4</sup>as ye have herde,<sup>4</sup> Berenger, arlocke, & gryffen  
 of haute braunche dyde put theymself in a busshe /  
 nyghe by the sayd isle of our lady / and had proposed  
 28 that yf the sones of reynawde had the beter of the  
 feelde agenst the two other sones of moryllon / that  
 thenne they sholde yssue oute vpon theym wyth a  
 ryght grete nombre of folke, for to slee theym sham-  
 32 fully.

for fear there  
 may be too much  
 fighting among  
 the various  
 companies of  
 knights.

Duke Naymes  
 counsels the  
 Emperor to fear  
 nothing, for they  
 will keep good  
 order.

The treacherous  
 barons meanwhile  
 put themselves in  
 ambush to slay  
 Reynawde's sons  
 if they should be  
 victorious in the  
 battle.

**W**han thenne reynawde sawe that it was tyme  
 that his sones sholde goo to the isle for to

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. iv.      <sup>2</sup> et bien amesure, F. orig. Z. viii. back.

<sup>3</sup> dooo, orig.      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted, F. orig.

accomplishe theyr bataylle / he called aymonet, and  
 sayd to hym / 'Come hyder, fayr sone. ye be the eldest /  
 and therefore ye oughte to be honoured a fore the yonger  
 brother. holde, I gyve you flamberde, my goode swerde / 4  
 by the whiche ye shall take vengauunce of thyse tray-  
 tours / For ye ben in the right / and they in the  
 wronge.' 'Fader,' sayd aymonet, 'ye may be in a  
 surete that ye shall see thys daye suche a thyng that 8  
 shall be to your hertes ioie, for <sup>1</sup>we shall brynge the  
 traytours to theyr shamfull dethe / <sup>2</sup>and it please god <sup>2</sup> /  
 And whan reynaud herde his sone soo valiauntly speke,  
 he was glad / and kissed hym / and thenne he gaff hym 12  
 his benedycyon / and in lyke wyse to yonnet. And  
 whan he had don this, he broughte his brethern & his  
 children to y<sup>e</sup> isle of our lady. And whan they were  
 over, he & his bredern came agen towarde the kyng / 16  
 But as they wolde have goon / there came a messenger  
 that ascryed to reynaud as lowde as he mighte / 'Rey-  
 nawde, haue mercy on thy children / For yf thou see  
 not well to theym they be lost / Wyte that gryffen of 20  
 haute braunche is embusshed wyth a grete nombre of  
 folke by the isle for to slee thy chyldeyn' / And whan  
 reinawde vnderstode thise wordes, he blustred rede in  
 his face all for angre / and said / 'Ha, swete fraunce / 24  
 that it is grete dommage that ye maye never be wyth-  
 out traytours' / And whan he had sayd this / he called  
 his brother richarde / and said to hym, 'Fair broder,  
 goo wythout taryeng / and arme yourself / and doo 28  
 arme all our folke, and thenne brynge theym to the  
 isle, and yf the false traytour griffen of hautbraunche  
 come for to greve my children, slee hym incontyent.  
 and whan ye be there, doo that ye may be seen of 32  
 bothe partyes / And for god kepe well, yf the sones of  
 foulques of moryllon have the better, that ye helpe not

Reynawde gives  
 his famous sword  
 to his eldest son;

he blesses both  
 his children,  
 and brings them  
 into the Isle of  
 our Lady.

A messenger tells  
 Reynawde of the  
 plot being laid  
 against his sons.

He orders his  
 brother Richard  
 to take his folk  
 armed into the  
 isle, to protect his  
 children.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. iv. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.



in noo wyse my children, but lete theim deye yf it  
 come soo. For it were grete dyshonour for us yf ye  
 dyde otherwise' / 'Broder,' sayd rycharde / 'lete me  
 4 alone therof / our worship shall be saved by the grace  
 of god. For I wolde not helpe if it came soo, for all  
 the goode of the worlde / For all our live dayes we  
 sholde be rebuked for it, and all our linage also' / And  
 8 whan rychard had sayd soo / he departed fro his  
 brothern / and went & armed hym & all his folke /  
 and <sup>1</sup>thenne thei lighted on horsbacke, and went anone  
 there as reynaude had sayd. This hangynge, went  
 12 reynawde<sup>2</sup> to the kynge in hys paleys / and whan the  
 kynge sawe him / he sayd to him, 'Reynawd, ye be right  
 welcom.' 'Syre,' sayd reynaude / 'god encrease your  
 honour' / And whan charlemagn saw not rycharde  
 16 wyth his brethern, he toke some susspectyon of him, &  
 sayd to reynaude, 'Where is your broder richarde, that  
 he is not here wyth thother?' / 'Sire,' sayd reynaude,  
 'he is goon there as I have sent hym, but take noo  
 20 susspectyon at all for hym' / 'nomore I doo not,' sayd  
 Charlemagne, 'as longe as ye be alive; but we must goo  
 vpon the towre of sayne for to see the bataylle of your  
 children' / 'lete vs goo there, sire,' sayd reynaude,  
 24 'whan it playse you' / Thenne went they vpon the  
 towre, and wyth theym the bysshop turpyn, salamon of  
 breteyne, ogier the dane, guldellon of bavere, & many  
 other barons.

Reynawde goes to  
 the Emperor's  
 palace,

and from thence  
 to the Tower of  
 Seine with  
 Charlemagne and  
 many of his  
 barons.

28 **T**hus as the kynge charlemagu was goon vpon the  
 towre for to see the bataylle / he loked, & sawe  
 come<sup>3</sup> the broder of reynaud / and a grete company of  
 men armed / and whan charlemain sawe hym he knewe  
 32 hym well / for he bare his owne cote of armes. and  
 richarde had doon soo, for bi cause he sholde be  
 knowen / And whan charlemagne sawe this / he was

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. v.      <sup>2</sup> a paris, F. orig. M. i. back.

<sup>3</sup> richart, F. orig. M. ii.

The Emperour asks Reynawde why Richard is gone to the battle-field with so large a company of armed men.

all abasshed of it / and thenne he called reynawde, & sayd to hym, 'What wylle ye doo, reynaude? wille ye dishonour me? have ye forgotten all redi your trouthe?' 'Syre,' sayd reynaude, 'nay, save your reverens / but I 4 wylle serve you & worshyp you as my soverayn lord' / 'whi,' said the kyng charlemagn, 'is rycharde goon in to the isle of our lady wyth soo grete felishyp for to breke the feelde? of the whiche thyng / I shall 8 be dyshonoured' / 'Syre,' sayd reynawd, 'have noo doubte therof / for I take god to surete & waraunt that knoweth alle <sup>1</sup>thynges / that rycharde shall doo no thyng that shall torne to your dishonour ne to noo 12 dommage to you / and I shall telle you why my broder rycharde hathe put himself in armes. ye must wyte that the traitour gryffen of haute braunche is embusshed vnder saynt marcell in a garden, with a grete nombre of 16 folke armed / that wyll breke your felde for to slee my children / And therefore hathe my broder rycharde armed him for to socour theym yf nede be / and yf ye see that rycharde doo ony thyng agenst your wylle & com- 20 maundement / here I am that vpon me take the vengeance' / 'Is it trouthe,' sayd charlemagn, 'that gryffen hathe doon soo as ye saye' / 'ye,' sayd reynawd, 'verely / for I wolde not telle you otherwyse' / Ryghte angry 24 was charlemagne whan he herde that reynawde had tolde hym / Thenne he sware god, & all his sayntes / that yf he myght take gryffen of haut braunche / that he sholde make him to be hanged, and all his folke wyth 28 him. He called thenne salamon & the erle of poytees, & guydellon of bavyere, & said to theym, 'Lordes, make me anone a thousande knyghtes to be armed / For I wylle goo in to the isle for to see the pryde of 32 these traytours. And I swere you by saynte Iames, yf I maye, they shall doo me noo more dyshonoure; and yf I can fynde theym / they shall abyte it full derely' /

Reynawde informs Charlemagne of the traitor's plot against his sons.

Charlemagne swears to revenge this treacherous deed;

he orders a thousand knyghtes to be armed to accompany him into the isle to see the battle.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. v. back.

‘Syr,’ sayd reynaude, ‘ye speke like a kyng.’ The barons thenne dyde that the kyng charlemagn had sente in to the isle, saw rycharde wyth his folke in 4 armes<sup>1</sup> / And whan rowlande sawe<sup>2</sup> that they were armed / he was not well contente wyth it, and sayd to the other barons that were come wyth hym for to kepe the feelde, ‘What wylle rycharde doo / blame have the 8 kyng yf he take not vengauunce vpon reynaude of that they have doon agenst his commaundement.’ ‘by my feyth,’ sayd oliver & the duke naymes, ‘ye saye well’ / Thenne sayd ogyer / ‘lordes, I promyse<sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>that Reynawd 12 knoweth noo thyng of that that rycharde dooth’ / Thus as the peres of fraunce were spekyng of that richarde was come to the feelde <sup>5</sup>in armes,<sup>5</sup> Gryffen yssued out of his busschement wyth his folke, by cause 16 he was a ferde that richarde wold greve the children of foulques of moryllon. And whan rowlande saw him / he cried to hym with a hye voys, ‘By god, traytour, this shall not avaylle you, for afore that ony stroke be 20 gyven of theym, they shall make theyr othe / and ye shall abyge full derely that ye have doon.’ Right sory was rowland whan he sawe the fowle treyson that gryffen wolde have broughte abowte / This hangyng, 24 cam there charlemagn wyth a grete company of folke well armed, and whan he sawe rowland, he sayd to hym, ‘Nevewe, why doo ye suffre the outrage that the sones of foulques of morillon wolde doo to the children 28 of reynawd of mountalban / I blamed reynawd / by cause his broder had armed him, but I knowe now well

Richard enters the field, also Griffon issues out of his ambush.

Roland is very wrath at the treachery of Griffon.

<sup>1</sup> or avez vous bien dist. Passes vous mesmes en lisle et qui fera outre vostre commandement quil soit pugny a la rigueur tellement que ung chescun y preigne exemple. Lors les gens du roy sen alerent sus lisle ainsi que le roy lauoit commande la ou Ilz trouverent richart qui sestoit mis en tel lieu que chescun le pouvoir bien voir, F. orig. M. ii.

<sup>2</sup> richart qui estoit en armes, F. orig. M. ii.

<sup>3</sup> sur ma foy, F. orig. M. ii. back. <sup>4</sup> Fol. K.K. vi.

<sup>5</sup>—<sup>5</sup> omitted, F. orig.

that they had reyson.' 'Sir,' sayd roulande, 'none can beware of traytours' / 'nevew,' sayd charlemagn, 'ye saye trowth / but by the feyth that I owe to god, I shall make theym all to be hanged in dyspyte of all theyr 4 linage, oonly for the treyson that they have doon this daye' / 'by god, sire,' sayd rowlande, 'ye shall doo well.' And thenne cam there reynawd vpon a palfrei wythout swerde; and whan rouland sawe hym / he sayd 8 to hym, 'Sir reynaude, is it your wille that richarde your broder is come hither in armes' / 'sire roulande,' sayd reynaude / 'ye verely / For noo thyng that I have doon shall not be hyd from you. Ye have now seen 12 the treyson that the traytours wolde have wroughte agenst my children / And therefore whan I knewe theyr falshode / I commaunded my brother Rycharde that he sholde put hymselfe shortly in armes wyth my men, 16 for to socour them if the traytours<sup>1</sup> came theym vpon. And yf ye thynke that Rycharde or I have doo amys in ony thyng, soo lete the kyng make iustyce of it' / 'By my soule,' sayd rowlande, 'nother you nor your 20 broder be not to be blamed / but ye have doon as good knyghtes sholde doo / And I promyse you that your enmyes shall be this day broughte to shame & confusion' / 24

**W**han Rycharde of mountalban sawe charlemagne / he knewe well that he was come for to kepe the feelde, and that the traytours sholde not conne doo ony thinge to his nevews / Soo sayd he to his folke, 28 'lete vs take of our harneys, For sith that the kyng is here hymselfe, we nede not to wayte here noo more' / Thenne wente rycharde & his folke, and dysarmed theym / and whan rycharde had doon soo / he 32 lighted agen vpon his horse / and came agen over the ryver of sayne, swymmyng vnto the forsayd isle.<sup>2</sup>

Reynawde  
advances riding  
on a palfrey;

he tells Roland  
why Richard  
carries arms for  
the protection of  
his children.

As soon as  
Richard sees the  
Emperor advance  
with so many  
folk, he and his  
men disarm  
themselves.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> la quelle chose vist charlemaigne, F. orig. M. iii.

and whan he was on londe, he spored his horse / and  
 made hym to lepe thre or four lepes afore the com  
 pany / and thenne he cam streyghte afore the kyng,  
 4 and made to hym reverens honourably / Whan the  
 kyng sawe richarde / he sayd to hym / 'and ye,  
 richarde, wylle ye dishonoure me / that are come in  
 armes for to breke my feelde?' 'Syre,' sayd rycharde,  
 8 'save your grace, for I never thoughte it / but wyte it  
 well for certeyn, that yf griffen of haute braunche had  
 come for to greve myn newewes, I wolde have made  
 his forhede for to swete. Syre, ye be our soverayn  
 12 lorde, so oughte ye to mayntene & kepe vs / and soo  
 shall I telle you a thyng afore al your barons, that yf  
 ye byleve the traytours of Maunt / ye shall ones  
 repente it / I am well apayed that ye / [&] your twelve  
 16 peres have seen the treyson of griffen of hautbraunche,  
 how he wold have slayn myn newews' / 'Ha, bi god,'<sup>1</sup>  
 sayd charlemagne, 'ye saye trowth, he is <sup>2</sup>well worthy  
 to be blamed. and I telle you they that shall be over-  
 20 come shall be hanged / nor shall not be saved for none  
 of theyr linage' / 'Sire,' sayd rycharde, 'it playseth  
 me well, but I telle you that yf I sholde deye / I  
 sholde never suffre my newews to be wronged' / 'By  
 24 my hede,' sayd the kyng / 'ye shal see that I shall do  
 reyson to every party / For I shall bryng them  
 togyder / lete god helpe the ryght!' Thenne whan  
 charlemagne had sayd soo / he wente to the two  
 28 chyldren of foulques of moryllon / and sayd to theym /  
 'Now, lordes, hyghe you of that ye have to doo / goo  
 and swere vpon the halowes, that iustly ye entre in  
 this quarell' / 'Syre,' sayd they, 'we shall doo it  
 32 wyth ryght good wylle / for the children of reynawde  
 ben deed, but yf that they confesse / that their fader  
 slew our fader by treyson.' Thenne spake the bysshop  
 turpyn, and sayd / 'lordes, come hither / and swere

Charlemagne  
 rebukes Richard  
 for bearing arms.

Richard excuses  
 his conduct,

and vows he will  
 always defend  
 his nephews  
 against all  
 traitors.

The Emperor  
 commands the  
 sons of Foulques  
 to swear that they  
 enter into this  
 quarrel in good  
 faith.

<sup>1</sup> richart, F. orig. M. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. K.K. vii.

vpon the halowes / and see to that ye forswere not  
 yourself / For he that forswereth hymselfe shall be  
 overthrowen<sup>1</sup> / <sup>2</sup>noo doubte therof<sup>2</sup> / whan the bysshop  
 turpyn had sayd this, the two sones of foulques of 4  
 moryllon kneled down afore thalowes / and sware that  
 reynawde of mountalban had slayn theyr fader by  
 treyson / and after they had made theyr oth, they  
 kyssed the halowes / and offred two besans of golde / 8  
 and thenne wente & lighted vp on their horses. And  
 thus as they lighted / they were to nye eche other, soo  
 that thone hurted the other soo harde that thei felle  
 doun almoost bothe to the erthe. And whan reynawde 12  
 sawe this, he sayd to thother barons, 'here is an evyll  
 token; I byleve that they ben forsworne.' Thys  
 hangyng, came the chyldren of reynaude, that kneled  
 afore the halowes, & swore that the two sones of 16  
 foulques had lied falsely all that they had sayed / And  
 thenne they putte theyr handes vpon <sup>3</sup>the halowes /  
 and offred a ryche gyfte. and the bysshop turpyn  
 gaaff theym the benedectyon / and in like wyse the 20  
 kynge charlemain / and all the other barons / and  
 thenne of reynawde / and of his brethern / And after  
 they wente & mounted vpon their horses lightly.

**W**han the foure champyons were vpon theyr 24  
 horses, they made none other taryeng / but  
 gaaff the spores to their horses, and ranne the one  
 agenste thother, & smote eche other in their sheeldes  
 so sore that the speres flew in peces wythout that ony 28  
 of theym felle to the grounde. And whan they had  
 broken theyr speres, they set hande to theyr swerdes /  
 Thenne aymonet, that helde flamberde in his hande,  
 sayd to yonnet his brother / 'I praye you, brother / 32  
 thynke to doo well / For yf ye helpe me, they shall be  
 vtterly shamed & dyscomfyted, as traytours as they

They take their  
 oath before  
 Bishop Turpin.

Reynawde's sons  
 also take their  
 oath

and receive a  
 blessing from  
 Bishop Turpin  
 and the Emperor.

The four cham-  
 pions begin the  
 battle.

Aymonet begs his  
 brother Johnnet  
 to fight valiantly.

<sup>1</sup> et mort, F. orig. M. iii. back.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. K.K. vii. back.

ben' / 'Broder,' sayd yonnet, 'doubte not / for I  
 shall never faylle you to the dethe; and also we  
 oughte to recomforte vs / For we ben in the right /  
 4 and they ben in the wronge' / Whan the two brethern  
 had spoke ynoughe, they went bothe atones vpon  
 theyr ennyes / wyth theyr swerdes in their handes.  
 And thenne aymonet overtoke constans wyth flamberde  
 8 his swerde / and gaaff hym suche a stroke that the  
 swerde slided vpon the vyser / and kut it and his nose  
 a sondre. And whan aymonet sawe the nose of his  
 enmye falle to the erthe, he mocked hym, and sayd,  
 12 'By god, constans / it is worse wyth you than it was  
 afore, for ye shall never be wythout a mocke for  
 that, that this stroke hath doon to you / Flamberde  
 that slewe your fadre / and soo shall it doo you, & it  
 16 playse god.' And whan rohars sawe that his brother  
 was so sore wounded, he ranne vpon yonnet / and gaaff  
 hym soo myghty a stroke vpon his<sup>1</sup> helme / soo that yf  
 it had not be of goode stele, he had slayne hym  
 20 wythoute faylle / This hangynge, aymonet ranne agayne  
 vpon constans / and gaaff hym suche a stroke vpon his  
 helme / that he made hym to bowe his backe vpon  
 the sadle / and for the grete myghte of the stroke  
 24 the horse muste nedes falle doun vpon his knees / and  
 smote his mussell in to the erth / And whan the  
 horse felte that stroke, he rose lightly vp agen all  
 afrayed / and began to rezne thurgh the medowes  
 28 magre of his mayster, as madde, nor constans had not  
 the myghte to rule hym / by cause he was amased &  
 astonyed of that stroke / that he had receyved / And  
 thenne aymonet & yonnet wente both vpon rohars,  
 32 and beganne to fare fowle wyth hym. And whan  
 rohars sawe hymself soo sharply handled / he began  
 to crye wyth a hie voys, 'Broder! where be you? shall  
 ye lete me thus to be slayn falsly?' Constans, that

Aymonet over-  
 takes Constant,  
 and gives him a  
 grievous wound,

and vows that his  
 father's sword  
 shall slay him;

he brings the  
 horse of Constant  
 to the ground; ,

the animal is so  
 frightened that  
 he flies through  
 the field with his  
 master.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. viii

ranne thorughe the medowe, was comen agen to hymself, and apeased his horse a lityll, herde his broder crye / Soo came he agayn to hym / and smote aymonet vpon his helme a grete stroke; but the helme was 4 goode, and dommaged hym not / And whan constans sawe that he had not slayne aymonet wyth his stroke / he wende to have goon oute of his wytte; and of the other parte, he saw the place that was all covered 8 wyth the blode of his broder / soo wyst not constans what to doo / For aymonet gaaffe hym soo moche to doo.

Johnnet meanwhile takes Rohart by the helmet, and would have strangled him if Constant had not returned and rescued him.

**T**hys hangyng, yonnet toke rohars by the helme, and 12 wolde have strangled hym bi fyne force / But whan constans saw that / he spored his horse wyth the spores, and shoved hym bytwene rohars & yonnet, soo that it was force to yonnet to lete goo his prise, wolde 16 he or noo / And whan aymonet sawe that constans had delivered rohars from the handes of yonnet / he wente, and ranne vpon constans, <sup>1</sup>and smote him wyth flamberde vpon his sheelde soo harde *that* he made of it 20 two peces / Shortly to speke / the children of reynawde hasted somoche the ii. sones of foulques of morillon that thei began to lese place, and were soo wery / that they asked none other / but to rest theimself / But 24 aymonet & yonnet had none other wylle but for to fight styll / and I telle you for certein, that they were all iiiii. soo sore wounded that they loste moche blode, for thei had fought longe<sup>2</sup> / and whan constans had soiourned 28 a lityll / he cam vpon aymonet, & gaffe him suche a stroke,<sup>3</sup> soo that he made him a grete wounde / but no deed wounde. And whan aymonet saw hym so wounded he gaff constans soo grete a stroke vpon the ere, that he 32 bare it awaye wyth all the iawe bone / whan charle-

All the four champions are badly wounded;

<sup>1</sup> Fol. K.K. viii. back.

<sup>2</sup> sans eulx repouser ne les ungs ne les aultres, F. orig. M. iv. back.

<sup>3</sup> sus lespaulle . . F. orig. M. iv. back.



main saw that grete stroke, he myght not forbere /  
 but he sayd / 'By god, now is he worse arayed thanne but the sons of  
 Reynawde fare  
 the best.  
 he was byfore / for the two sones of foulques of morillon  
 4 ben shamed & confuse.' 'Syre,' said reynaud, 'thei  
 have well deserved it / for thei have forsworne theym-  
 self falsly.' This hangyng, yonnet went vpon Rohars /  
 and gaff him so grete a stroke vpon his helme,<sup>1</sup> that he  
 8 brake it, and made his swerde to entre in his hede a  
 fynger depe / Wyte it that the bataille lasted longe  
 thone agenst the other. and it happed that by force of  
 fightyng / thone agenste the other / they were fight-  
 12 yng two & two togyder, well a bowe shot from eche  
 other / and soo made they two bataylles. For aymonet  
 fought agenst constans, and yonnet faughte agenst  
 robars, whiche was sore greved, for yonnet had brought  
 16 him to therthe / and whan yonnet sawe that he had  
 brought down rohars / he said that it were shame to  
 fight with hym on horsbacke agenst hym on fote, soo  
 lighted he down for to fyght wyth rohars / But whan  
 20 he had habandouned his horse / Incontyent, the sayd  
 horse ranne to the horse of rohars,<sup>2</sup> and wold have  
 strangled hym / and whan charlemagn saw that, he be-  
 gan to lawghe wyth it, & sayd / 'By my feyth, we have  
 24 iii. bataylles; but I see well that yonnet hath broughte  
 rohars soo lowe that he maye noo more.'<sup>3</sup> Whan rohars  
 . sawe that he myght nomore endure the grete strokes of  
 yonnet / he began to crye, & sayd, 'Ha, fayr broder Rohart cries to  
 his brother for  
 succour,  
 28 constans / where are ye that ye com not & helpe me  
 that are soo good a knyght, and that toke first the  
 quarell in hande / wherof it goth full evyl wyth vs.  
 For yf ye socour me not now, I shall deye incontyent' /  
 32 and whan constans herde his broder crye thus / he left  
 aymonet / and went toward yonnet / for to helpe his

<sup>1</sup> helme, *orig.*<sup>2</sup> Fol. L.L. i.<sup>3</sup> mais va en recullant, car il ne peult plus souffrir les grans coups que yonnet luy donne, F. orig. M. v.

but Constant is  
so badly wounded  
he can hardly  
fight any more.

broder / but wyte it well that he went not very sounde  
from aymonet / for he had made him moo than xx.  
woundes / and whan constans was com to his broder,  
incontynent, he ranne vpon yonnet with his horse. 4  
And whan aymonet sawe that / he began to crye after  
constans, & sayd / 'By my soule, he baptysed you full  
yll that named you constans. For I sawe never more  
cowarde than ye be that soo renneth away for fere of 8  
me' / and whan he had sayd soo / he ranne after for to  
socour his broder yonnet. And whan he was come  
there / he went a fresshe vpon constans / and constans  
vpon him / the whiche gaff him a grete stroke vpon his 12  
helme, but the stroke slided vpon the horse, & slew hym  
wyth all / And whan aymonet sawe hym a grounde /  
he righted hym quye[k]ly, & smote constans vpon his  
helme, & it was soo harde that flamberde cowde not 16  
entre in it, and y<sup>e</sup> stroke slided vpon the viser / and  
brest it, and a grete parte of his visage, soo that the  
teeth were seen playnly, and wyth that felle the stroke  
vpon the horse necke / soo that he kut it in two / <sup>1</sup>and 20  
soo felle thorse deed to the erth<sup>1</sup> /

Aymonet's horse  
is slain by  
Constant,

who also loses his  
horse.

Sore abasshed was constans <sup>2</sup>whan he sawe his horse  
slayn.<sup>2</sup> and thenne aymonet sayd to him / 'By  
god, false <sup>3</sup>traytour, now shalt you deye / ye dide yll 24  
whan ye called ever my fader of treyson, whiche is as  
true a knyghte as is ony in all the world / but now is  
the daye come that ye shall aby it full dere.' And  
whan reynaude herde his sone speke thus / he was right 28  
glad of it, and thanked god therof hertly / and whan  
aymonet sawe constans vpon his fete agen, he went him  
vpon / and hasted him right sore with grete strokes, so  
that constans had no power to strike one stroke more / 32  
but he wente abacke here & there for to eschewe the

The two knyghts  
then recommence  
their fight on  
foot.

<sup>1-1</sup> et constans cheust a terre moult felonneusement mais  
incontinent se releva au mieulx quil peust, F. orig. M. v.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. i. back.

strokes of aymonet / And whan constans sawe that, he  
 wyste noo more what to doo, he cast his sheelde to  
 therthe, and toke aymonet by the wast for to wrastle  
 4 wyth hym. And whan aymonet sawe this he was not  
 aferde of it, for he was strong & lighte / soo toke he  
 constans by the helme, and drewe it towarde hym wyth  
 suche myght / that he pulled it from the hede of him.  
 8 And whan constans sawe hym so sore handled / he  
 cried vpon his broder rohars, & sayd, ' ha, broder, socour  
 me, for I have noo power for to defende myself' / Whan  
 rohars herde his broder calle thus / he was full sory  
 12 that he myght not helpe hym, for he had loste soo  
 moche blode that he myght not well stande on his fete,  
 but alwayes he forced hymself somoche / that he came  
 vnto his broder constans / and wende for to have smyten  
 16 aymonet from behynde, but he dyde not, by cause  
 aymonet sawe hym come, and went & smote hym suche  
 a stroke<sup>1</sup> that he felde hym to the erthe / And thenne  
 went agen vpon constans / and gaaff hym suche a stroke /  
 20 that <sup>2</sup>he smote almoste his lefte arme of.<sup>2</sup> Thenne be-  
 gan constans to cry, & sayd / ' ha, fayr broder, socour me,  
 or elles I am deed' / ' Broder,' sayd rohars, ' I can gyve  
 you nother socours nor helpe, for I am myself nere  
 24 goon' / And whan charlemagn sawe this, he sayd, ' by  
 god, now are deed the sones of foulques of moryllon by  
 theyr <sup>3</sup>false wyt.' ' Syre,' sayd ogyer, ' ye oughte not  
 to recke / for they mayntened a false quarell.' ' ye  
 28 saye trouthe,' sayd charlemagn. ' Now their falshode  
 apereth well.' Whan reynaude saw that his chyl dren  
 were to their above, he was right gladde of it / but soo  
 was not ganellon / for he was soo angry for it, that he  
 32 became as blacke as a moure. Thenne called the said  
 ganellon, berenger, hardocke, henry of lion, & pygnabell

Constant calls to  
his brother to  
help him.

Rohart advances,  
but is again  
struck down by  
Aymonet.

Reynawde  
rejoices over the  
victory of his  
children.

<sup>1</sup> parmy les espaulles . . F. orig. M. v. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> quil luy trancha tout le visaige, F. orig. M. v. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. ii.

of moryllon, & sayd to theym, 'Lordes, now be we all dishonoured / for the sones of foulques of moryllon are dyscomfyted. I wolde fayn socour theym yf I durste / but I fere to sore the kyng that is there wyth grete 4 puyssance' / 'Syre,' sayd hardres or hardocke / 'woo is me for it / but we can not doo none other thyng as for this tyme, therefore we must refreyne our wrath, and shewe a good face / to thende that noo medling 8 falle not vpon vs / and lete vs abyde tyll tyme come / that we may avenge vs herof.'

The kindred of Foulques vow to revenge themselves upon Reynawde's sons.

**T**his hangyng, aymonet sawe that he had smyten constans a deed wounde / soo was he right glad 12 of it. 'By god, broder, ye have doon yll that ye have slain this false traitour / for I wold have slain hym myn owne handes; but sith ye have brought it soo ferre, make an ende of hym atones, & I shall goo 16 slee rohars' / 'Broder,' sayd aymonet, 'ye speke well, now goo slee thone & I the other, for thus oughte men to do wyth traytours' / *Thenne ranne the two bredern vpon theyr enmyes that leye on grounde / that is to 20 wyte, vpon constans, to whom he sayd all on hie, by cause all they that loked vpon sholde here it / 'Telle me, constans, false traytour / why dyde ye calle my fader of treyson, wythstandyng that men know well that he 24 is one of the trueste knyghtes of the worlde / And that he slewe your fader in his body defendyng / where as your fader had purchaced for to have slayn him by treyson.* <sup>1</sup>Now telle me your falshode, and confesse 28 your treyson afore the kyng / <sup>2</sup>or elles I shall now cut your throte'<sup>2</sup> / 'Aymonet,' sayd constans, 'for god have mercy on me / For I yelde me to you' / and thenne he toke hym his swerde / And whan aymonet had 32 the swerde of the sayd constans / he toke hym vp and broughte hym afore the kyng charlemagn, to whom

Aymonet and Johnnet run upon their enemies to slay them.

Aymonet commands Constant to confess his falsehood, or he will kill him instantly. Constant yields himself to Aymonet, who presents him to Charlemagne.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L.L. ii. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> ou autrement vous estes mort, F. orig. M. vi.

he sayd, 'Syre, holde this traytour, & doo wyth hym  
 as reyson requyreth' / and whan charlemagn sawe this,  
 he was glad of it, & sayd to aymonet, 'Frende, ye  
 4 have doon wel your devour, I can no more aske of  
 you / and wyte it that whan thother is vaynquyshed /  
 I shall gare theym bothe to be hanged.' 'Syre,' sayd  
 aymonet / 'doo your wylle wyth theim' / And whan  
 8 he had sayd soo, he went agen to his broder yonnet  
 for to helpe hym, holdynge his swerde in his hande <sup>1</sup>all  
 bloody wyth the blode of constans,<sup>1</sup> & said to rohars /  
 'By god, false traytour, ye shal deye here anone' / and  
 12 wolde have smyten hym / but yonnet *that* sawe that /  
 sayd to his broder / 'Fayr broder, slee hym not / nor  
 touche him / but goo your way & rest yourself, for I  
 wyll conquere hym by my self, as ye have doon  
 16 yours' / 'Broder,' sayd aymonet, 'ye saye yll / for it  
 was ordeyned that we sholde eche helpe other.' and  
 whan yonnet saw that his brother wolde nedes helpe  
 agenste his wylle, he sayd vnto hym, 'Fayr broder, I  
 20 make myn a vowe to god / yf ye touche rohars I shal  
 never love you' / 'broder,' sayd aymonet, 'ye saye not  
 well, but I shall forbere me sith it playse you soo;  
 but I promyse you, yf I see you in dangeour, I shall  
 24 helpe you yf ye sholde slee me' / 'Broder,' sayd  
 yonnet, 'I wylle well.' And thenne aymonet wyth-  
 drewe him a lityll a backe, and thenne ranne yonnet  
 vpon rohars / that rose vp agen for to defende hym-  
 28 selfe / thenne gaaffe yonnet to hym soo grete a stroke  
 vpon the sholder / that the arme wyth the sholder bone  
 felle clene of to the grounde, <sup>2</sup>and his swerde wythall.  
 whan yonnet had gyven that stroke / he put his swerde  
 32 agen to the sheth, & said to rohars, 'Thou false <sup>3</sup>tray-  
 tour, thou must now confesse wyth thy owne mouth  
 that reynawd my fader is noo tratour<sup>4</sup> / but he is one

Aymonet then  
 goes to the  
 succour of  
 Johnnet,

but Johnnet will  
 not allow him to  
 touch Rohart.

Johnnet wounds  
 Rohart again,

and then orders  
 him to retract the  
 words which he  
 spoke against  
 Reynawde.

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> strāytour, *orig.*

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L.L. iii.

<sup>4</sup> tratoiur, *orig.*

of the truest knyghtes of the worlde, and yf you wylte not doo soo / thou shalte deye incontynent' / and whan he had sayd soo, he toke rohars by the helme & pulled him to hymwarde so harde that he drew it fro his 4 hede, and began to smyte hym with the pomell of his swerde vpon the bare hed<sup>1</sup> / And whan rohars sawe that he was soo shrewdely handled / he began to crye, & sayd / 'good lorde, have mercy on my soule, for I 8 know well that it is doon wyth my body.' And whan constans herde his broder saye soo / he began to wepe, for he cowde none other doo / and whan yonnet / saw that rohars wolde not forsake that he had said / nor 12 wolde not crye him mercy, he smote hym wyth his owne swerde soo harde that he toke awaye thone legge from the body of hym, and thenne he put his fote vpon hym and sayd, 'Now anone, false traytour, confesse 16 your falshode / or elles ye be now deed,' to the whyche thyng rohars answerde not; and whan yonnet sawe that / he smote hym the hede of / Whan aymonet sawe that his broder yonnet had sleyn rohars / he was glad 20 of it / and went to hym and sayd, 'Broder, ye have doon valiauntly / lorde gramercy, that ye have slayn soo this traytour' / the two bredern toke eche other by the hande & went to charlemagne, to whom aymonet 24 sayd in this wyse, 'Syre, like it you that we have doon / for we be redy for to doo moche more for you yf ye commaunde us.' 'Fayr sones,' sayd charlemagne / 'ye nede not to doo more, For ye have doon 28 ynough / for constans is overcome / and rohars deed / Now goo reste yourselfe / and see that ye have goode<sup>2</sup> leches for your woundes / And I promyse you that I shall doo<sup>3</sup> wyth the traytours as it perteyneth.' And 32 thenne charlemagn commaunded that constans shold behanged / and the body of his broder by him / and

Rohart will not answer him, so he is slain finally by Johnnet.

The two brothers ask Charlemagne if they have fulfilled his commandment.

The Emperor receives them graciously, and orders Constant to be hung with the body of his brother.

<sup>1</sup> de moult grans coups, F. orig. M. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> godde, orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. iii. back.

whan the kyng had gyven this commaundement, constans was anone taken, & the body of his broder, and were drawn at horses taylles byfore all their linage /  
 4 and thenne were hanged as they had well deserved. whan they were hanged, charlemagne sayd, 'Lordes, wyte *that* I wold not for a grete thyng that it went otherwyse.' wyte it that whan ganellon sawe hange the  
 8 ii. sones of folques, that were his nevews / he was sore an angred for it, that he almost had lost his wit / Thenne called he hardres, berenger, & malger, that wyste more falshode than lacyfer, henry of lion, pynabell, &  
 12 geffray, men that never dyde good, & sayd to them, 'Lordes, ye see how charlemagn hath doon to vs grete dyshonour, for he hath doon hange our kynsmen shamfully / but we shall see yet the day that this shame  
 16 shall be avenged.' he sayd truth, the traytour, For he betrayed afterwarde the xii peres of fraunce / and made them all deye at the bataylle of rouncevals.

20 **A**fter these thynges above sayd, reynaude of mount alban sawe that his children had vaynquessed the children of foulques / he was right glad of it, & thanked moche our lord god therof / thenne he & his brethern went to them and asked how they dyde /  
 24 'fader,' sayd the children, 'we do right wel, lorde gramercy' / Thenne alarde & guycharde behelde their woundes, wherof they were glad / This hangyng, cam there charlemagn ; & the children cam him agenst, and  
 28 kneled afore hym. thenne charlemagn asked them, 'children, how is it wyth you? be ye sore wounded' / 'Syr,' sayd the children, 'it is well with vs, thanked be our lorde & you / we shall soone be hole' / Thenne  
 32 the kyng sent for all his leches, & sayd to them that they sholde <sup>1</sup>loke the woundes of aymonet & of yonnet, the whiche thinge they dyde without ony tarieng / and after they sayd to the kyng that they made noo doubt

Reynawde is very thankful for the victory of his children.

The Emperor sends for his own physicians to cure Aymonet and Johnnet of their wounds.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L.L. iv.

Reynawde stays  
in Paris until his  
children are well.

They all take  
leave of Charle-  
magne, and  
depart for  
Montalban.

Reynawde shares  
his possessions  
between his two  
sons,

of them, & that they sholde be soone hole. And after  
that the iustice was doon of the sones of foulques of  
moryllon, Reynawde abode in paris till his children  
were hole / and whan thei were hole, they wente to y<sup>e</sup> 4  
palays to see the kyng charlemagn, the whiche made  
theym good chere, and gaff them many fayr yeftes,  
as ben castelles & fortresses of grete name. Thenne  
reynaude & his bredern asked leve of the kyng / and 8  
he gaff it theym agenst his wylle, and prayed them  
that they wold com see hym agen / ‘sire,’ sayd rei-  
nawde / ‘we shall doo gladly your commaundement’ /  
Whan reinaud had taken leve of the king, & also his 12  
bredern & children, they toke on their waye towarde  
mountalban / and they dyde so moche by their iourneis  
that they cam to bourdeus / And whan reynaud had  
rest him a lityll, he called his children afore his bredern, 16  
& said to them / ‘my children / here what I wylle  
saye to you / I ordeyn at this tyme that yonnet shall  
have arden<sup>1</sup> for his part, & aymonet mountalban / for it  
is not long agoo sin I herde saye that god sayd / that 20  
the tree that bereth fruyt shall never deye. wyte it  
that I have offended god gretly / and me semeth that  
the tyme is now com that I sholde amende myself,  
for I fere sore my pour soule / wherfore I shall doo my 24  
devour for to yelde it agen to that blessed lorde *that*  
made it after hys ymage.’ and whan his bredern herde  
speke thys, they knewe well what he wolde doo / and  
therfore they began to make grete sorow / And whan 28  
reynaud sawe that, he sayd to theym, ‘forsothe, sires, ye  
are not wyse to make suche sorowe, for ye know not yet  
what I wylle doo / see ye not that I am yet wyth you,  
wherof are ye abasshed / be not ye ryche ynough / 32  
there is nother of you / but may kepe a thousand  
<sup>2</sup>horses in his stable / Of the other parte, thoughe I am  
now hole of my body / thanked be our lorde / yet

<sup>1</sup> dordonne, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L.L. iv. back.



wylle I gyve in my life to my children their parte /  
to the ende that they fall not in discorde after my  
dethe; and therefore I wylle that eche of you know  
4 fromhens forthon what he shall have.' And whan  
reynawde had thus ordeyned for his children / yonnet  
departed from his fader<sup>1</sup> wyth his blessing<sup>1</sup> / and wente  
to ardeyn,<sup>2</sup> where they of the londe receyved him to be  
8 their lorde, & made to him fewt & homage / And after  
that yonnet was gon, reinawd & his bredern wyth  
aymonet went to mountalban / and whan they of  
mountalban sawe their lorde / they were right glad, &  
12 receyved him honourably. And whan the feste was  
passed, Reynawd commaunded all his subgettes that  
thei sholde make their homage vnto his sone aymonet /  
and whan al this was doon, and that nyghte was come /  
16 every man went to bed / And thenne reynawde entred  
his chambre & walked in it tyll it was mydnyght  
passed. thenne reynaude vnclouted hymself all naked /  
and toke a cote of sory russet vpon his flesshe wythout  
20 ony shert, and therupon a grete mantell of the same.  
And thus arayed, barefote, and wythout ony wepyn, but  
only a staaf in his hande for to defende him from the  
dogges, yssued out of his chambre / and went oute of  
24 y<sup>e</sup> paleis / and came to the gate of the towne / and  
made it to be opened / and whan the porter sawe his  
lorde soo yll, & in soo pourly araye and barefote, he  
sayd to him / 'Syre, alas, whether goo ye thus wyth-  
28 oute felishyp, and soo yll apoynted? I wylle goo  
awake your brethern, & my lorde your sone / for ye  
be in grete dangeour of theves, by cause ye have  
nother armour nor wepyn for to defende yourself.'  
32 'frende,' sayd reynaude, 'lete alone / goo not there /  
For my truste is in god, that he shall kepe me from  
all dangeour. But thou shalte telle my<sup>3</sup> bredern whan

so that there shall be no discord between them after his death.

Johnnet departs for Arden, where he is well received.

Reynawde command all his subjects to serve Aymonet faithfully;

he then sets forth that night poorly clad like a hermit.

The porter strives to prevent his going,

but Reynawde will not let him,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. M. viii.

<sup>2</sup> dordonne, F. orig. M. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. v.

thou seest theym tomorow, that I grete them well / &  
 to my sone also / and that they thynke alwayes to do  
 well / and that they love eche other as they oughte for  
 to doo ; and soo telle theym that thei shalle never see 4  
 me more as I trowe, For I goo to save my soule, yf god  
 gyve me the grace to doo soo ; and soo shall I deye  
 whan it playse god / For thrughe my cause are deed  
 many a man, wherof I fele my pour soule greved sore, 8  
 and therefore wyll I bere peyn on my body / for it  
 doyng penaunce all the remnaunt of my life / and yf  
 I may save my soule, I aske none other thyng / And  
 whan reynaude had sayd this, he loked on his fynger, 12  
 & toke a rynge wyth a precyous stone, whiche was  
 well worth v.<sup>1</sup> marke, and gaff it to the porter, &  
 sayd to him, ' My frende, ye be well rewarded of your  
 servyse that ye have doon to me.' ' Syre,' sayd the 16  
 porter, ' gramercy of this yefte / but alas, sir, ye put  
 now all your countree in grete sorowe for your depart-  
 ynge !' <sup>2</sup> and thenne he began to wepe right sore. This  
 hangyng, went reynaude on his waye, thus arayed as ye 20  
 have herde ; and as he wente / the porter loked ever-  
 more after hym by the lighte aslonge as he myght see  
 hym ; and whan he myght nomore see hym / he felle  
 down in a swoune to the erthe, and was thus a longe 24  
 while / And whan he was come agen to hymselfe, he  
 made grete mone / and sin sayd / ' Ha, god, whether  
 gooth now my lorde soo pourly arayed' / and after he  
 had made grete sorow a longe while / he shet the gate 28  
 agen, and went in to his house / And whan he was  
 there, he loked vpon the rynge that reynaude had gyven  
 hym, and knewe well that it was a ryche yefte / wherof  
 he was glad. ¶ We shall leve here to speke a lityll 32  
 of the valiaunt reynaud of mountalban, that gooth for

and charges him to tell his people on the morrow that he has gone from them for ever,

to do penance for the safety of his soul ;

he gives the porter a ring,

and departs on his way.

The porter grieves sorely for his master.

<sup>1</sup> cent. F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> or nous est grant mal advenu car nous sommes du hault ou bas, F. orig. M. viii. back.

to save his soule, and to doo penaunce for his sinnes  
thorughe the wodes lokynge dounwarde / and we shall  
speke of <sup>1</sup>his bredern / and of his sone aymonet /

CHAPTER XXVII.

4 ¶ How after that reynaud was goon from  
moumtalban <sup>2</sup> never for to retorne, <sup>3</sup> his  
bredern & his sone aymonet made grete  
sorow / <sup>4</sup>whan they knew of it / that he  
8 had not take leve of them.<sup>4</sup>

**N**ow sheweth thystory / that whan the morowe  
came, & that aymonet & his vnclcs were vp, On the morrow,  
when Aymonet  
and his uncles go  
to church,  
thei went to y<sup>e</sup> chirche / wenyng to haue reynaud  
12 there as they were wounte. And whan they sawe him  
not come to matynes, they merveyllled sore, and there they discover  
the absence of  
Reynawde.  
was com his chapeleyn for to saye matynes there wyth  
hym / the whiche, whan he founde not his mayster in  
16 the chirche / he was al abashed, & spered after him to  
his bredern. ‘Syre,’ said alard / ‘I wene he be seke, for  
god lete vs goo see how he dooth,’ and the~~ne~~ they went  
to seke him in his chambre, where they founde hym  
20 not / wherof they wende all to have ben dysperate /  
‘Lordes,’ sayd alarde, ‘now be we lost / for here ben Alarde deplores  
his brother’s  
departure.  
his gownes, his shertes, his shone, his swerde, & all his  
armours; now is he goon fro vs / I see it well, in pour  
24 araye: god be wyth hym!’ And as they were thus  
makyng their mone / cam in the porter that made  
grete sorowe for the love of his mayster reynawd / And  
whan he was come in to the chambre, he began to crie  
28 as he had be from hymselfe, & sayd, ‘Fayr lordes,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L.L. v. back.  
<sup>2</sup> en guise de pellerin . . . F. orig. M. viii. back.  
<sup>3</sup> apres ce quil eust departiz ses bien a ses enfans . . . F.  
orig. M. viii. back.  
<sup>4-4</sup> quant ils sceurent quil estoit party, F. orig. M. viii. back.

The porter  
delivers his  
message to them.

what shall we do sith that we have lost our lorde? For  
he is goon his wayes wulwarde & barefote, wyth a sory  
staff in his hande / and he sendeth you gretying by me,  
and prayeth you for god, that yf ever ye loved him / 4  
that ye wyll worshyp eche other, & that everi man  
have his part as he hath devysed it / And he dooth  
you to wyte that ye shall never see hym, for he is goon  
to save his soule / and soo hathe he gyven me the 8  
rynge of his fynger, that ye maye see here' /

The four brethren  
and Aymonet  
sorrow grievously  
over the departure  
of Reynawde.

<sup>1</sup> **W**han alarde, guycharde, & richarde, and aymonet  
herde thyse tydynges / they toke soo grete  
sorowe at hert that they felle down in a swoune to 12  
the erthe. And whan they were come agen to theym-  
selfe / they beganne to make a right grete sorowe, and  
so merveillouse, that he that had seen it / his hert had  
be full harde / but he sholde have wepte for pyte. 16  
'Alas,' sayd alarde, 'my fayr brother reynawde / ye  
have lefte vs in moche grete sorowe. Certes it had be  
moeche better for vs that ye had sleyn vs all / than for  
to have lefte vs in this wise / For fromhens forthe we 20  
be noo thyng.' and whan he had sayd soo / he felle  
agen in a swoune. And whan he was com agen to  
himself, he pulled his heres of his berde, & scratched  
his visage<sup>2</sup> / 'Alas, my broder!' sayd richarde, 'how 24  
shall we now live wythout you / Alas! now have we  
lost him bi whom we have had so grete honour in this  
worlde. alas, my broder! ther is not your leke vnder  
the cope of heven, that ever bare swerde, sheelde, or 28  
spere / sith that we have lost you, we maye saye,  
farewell the ioye of this world' / And whan he had  
said soo, his hert swelled so that he lost his speche, so  
that he cowde not speke a good while after. Of 32  
aymonet & of guycharde / what shall we saye / I  
promyse you, none can telle ne reherse half of the  
sorow that they made / so that it was grete pyte to

They all swoon  
for grief at the  
loss of their  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. L.L. vi.      <sup>2</sup> moult ydeusement, F. orig. N. i.

beholde. Grete sorow was made of all four for the love  
 of reynawd, that was goon as ye have herde / praynge  
 our lorde to be wyth him, & to recomforte his bredern.  
 4 But presently leveth the [h]istory to speke of alarde,  
 guycharde, rycharde, & aymonet that were at mount-  
 alban / makyng their mone / and retorneth to speke of  
 reynaude, that was goon at his adventure / sekyng his  
 8 brede for to save his soule.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

¶ <sup>1</sup> How reynawde went to coleyn vpon the  
 ryne, where he founde that men edefyed  
 the chirche of saynte peter. And <sup>2</sup> there  
 12 toke hym a wylle for to serve there the  
 masons for the love of oure lorde / and  
 dyde so / but at the last thother laborers  
 had so grete envy by cause he dide better  
 16 his devour than thei, & that he was better  
 loved than they of the maisters, for the  
 good servyse that he dyde / that they  
 slew him, & put hym in a sacke, & casted  
 20 him in the water of ryne. But bi the  
 wylle of god / his body apered above the  
 water, makyng grete myracl<sup>3</sup> / soo that  
 he was named a saynte that day that  
 24 he was buried.

**I**n this party sheweth thistory, that whan reynawd Reynawde  
departs from  
Montalban,  
 was departed from mountalban / he toke his way

<sup>1</sup> Comment apres ce *que* regnault fust party de montauban pour son ame saulver, il ala a colougne . . F. orig. N. i. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L.L. vi. back.

<sup>3</sup> guerissant de toutes maladies . . F. orig. N. i. back.

and wanders  
through the  
woods,  
eating nothing  
but wild fruit.

He arrives at a  
religious house,  
where he is given  
food by the  
monks;

he journeys to  
Cologne, where  
the church of St.  
Peter is being  
built;

thorough the wodes, & went a long while that he ete  
but apples & medlers wylde all that daye. and whan  
the nyghte was com, he layd him down vnder a tree /  
and as he wold slepe, he made the signe of the crosse 4  
vpon him / and recomended to our lorde, & slept tyll  
it was daye. and whan the daye appered, reynaude  
rose vp & went on his waye thrughe the wode / and  
went evermore thurgh the travers of the wodes wel the 8  
space of viii dayes / wythoute ony other mete / but  
wylde frute. and soo longe he went by his iourneis  
that he cam oute of the wodes / and incontynent  
he fonde a hous of religyon, where he abode that 12  
night / the monkes wold have gyven him mete /  
but he toke no thyng but brede & water. and whan  
the daye cam, he went on his waye / and dyde somoche  
day bi daye that he cam to coleyn vpon the ryn / 16  
And whan Reynawde was come to the cyte / he fonde  
the chirche of saynte peter a makynge / where were  
many masons<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>& many laborers, that served theim.<sup>2</sup>  
And whan he sawe this / he went in to it, and kneled 20  
byfore the hie auter / and made his prayers<sup>3</sup> by grete  
devocyon / And as he was thus knelinge full besely  
aboute his orisons / It came sodenly in to his mynde  
that <sup>4</sup>he wold abyde there and serve the masons 24  
for thonour of god & of saynt peter / And whan he  
had made his praier, he rose, & began to loke the place  
well, & vpon the werkmen that wrought there / and  
sayd to hymself, that it was better to serve the masons<sup>5</sup> / 28  
than to walke styll in the forest amonge the wylde  
bestes. And whan reynawde had bethought hym  
well, he went to the mayster mason, & sayd to  
hym / 'Maister, I am a stranger, & have noo goodes 32  
of the worlde / wherof I may live / yf it playse you

<sup>1</sup> de plusieurs sortes, F. orig. N. ii.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted. F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> a nostre seigneur, F. orig. N. ii.      <sup>4</sup> Fol. L.L. vii.

<sup>5</sup> au mostier de nostre seigneur, F. orig. N. ii.

I shall serve the masons of suche thynges as theim  
 nedeth for their werke as a pour laborer nedeth' /  
 And whaz the mayster mason herde reynawd speke  
 4 soo, and saw he was a tall man & wel made / he  
 answerde to him swetly in this wyse / 'my frende, ye  
 seme not to be yssued of a pour hous / for ye are  
 more like a kyng than a mason <sup>1</sup>or laborer,<sup>1</sup> wherfore I  
 8 dare not put you in werke by noe wyse, notwyth-  
 standyng that ye be thus pourly arayed' / 'Mayster,'  
 sayd reynaude, 'care not therfore, for & it playse you /  
 I shalle serve you truly after my power' / 'My  
 12 frende,' sayd the mayster of the werke, 'sith it playse  
 you to doo soo / it plaiseth me ri[g]ht well / but I  
 wyll not reteyn you for that pryse that I do knaves,  
 for I shall paye you in consyence after the werke that  
 16 ye shall doo' / 'mayster,' sayd reynaude, 'I am wel  
 content.' Thenne the mayster mason said to hym,  
 'my frende, goo helpe thise four that ye see there,  
 that may not bere the stone / for thei be but  
 20 truauntes' / 'mayster,' sayd reynaude, 'be not angri  
 wyth the pour folke, for I wyll goo fetche it to you  
 anone' / 'frende,' said the maister, 'peyn not yourselfe  
 therto, for it is not in your puissaunce wythoute ye  
 24 had more helpe than thilke knaves, For the stone is of  
 grete weyght' / 'mayster, <sup>2</sup>lete me alone,' sayd re-  
 naude, 'I shall brynge it to you.'<sup>2</sup> and whaz reynaude  
 had said soo / he cast his mantell fro him & cam to  
 28 the iiij men *that* helde <sup>3</sup>the stone, & sayd to theym /  
 'Lordes, & playse you / goo fet another stone, &  
 I shall bere the same.' 'frende,' sayd the four men,  
 'ye saye well yf ye can / and we wylle lete you doo  
 32 wyth a goode wylle' / Thenne reynawd toke vp the  
 stone, & charged it vpon his necke / and bare it vpon

he asks for  
 employment  
 from the master  
 mason,

who willingly  
 accepts his aid.

Reynawde is told  
 to fetch a great  
 stone which four  
 other men cannot  
 carry;

he takes up the  
 stone with ease,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted, F. orig. N. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> vous aurez la pierre incontinent sans ayde daultroz que de moy si dieu plait et tous les sains, F. orig. N. ii. back.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. vii. back.

and brings it to  
the master mason,

the walle where it sholde be set / and whan thother  
laborers saw that, they were abashed, & merveyllled  
gretly of it / and began to saye thone to thother, 'here  
is wonder ! fro whens may this devylle becom / we shall 4  
never wizne but lityll aslonge as he is wyth vs here.'  
And whan the mayster masons sawe reynaude bere soo  
grete a stone & soo hevy / he was glad of it ; and whan  
reynaude had brought the stone there as it sholde be 8  
set, the mayster sayd to hym, 'frende, put not down  
the stone yet from you' / 'Syr,' sayd reynawde, 'I  
shall well holde it in my armes as longe as ye wyll.'  
thenne the mayster made the place redy there as the 12  
stone shold be set. and whan he was redy / he sayd  
to reynaude, 'lete goo the stone, my frende, whan ye  
wyll / and blessed be god & thour that ever ye were  
borne.' and whan reynaude had set down the stone, 16  
the mayster commaunded hym that he shold fette him  
morter / 'wyth a good wille,' sayd reynaude. Thenne  
came reynaude down, & laded of the mortar more than  
x. other men sholde have doon / and bare it to the 20  
mayster mason, & sayd to hym / 'Mayster, care not  
for noo thing / for I shall serve you well of all thyng  
that ye nede, by the grace of god. and see *that*  
ye werke as fast as ye can / for I shall bryng you 24  
more stones & mortar myself alone than ye shall conne  
ocupy, but ye haste you well' / and whan the  
mayster mason herde reynaude speke *thus* / he was  
merveyllled, & sayd / 'By my soule, frende, yf ye doo 28  
half that ye say, ye shall doo ynoughe.' thenne went  
reynaude agen, & brought vp so many stones that he  
made wyth it a grete hepe vpon the walles, <sup>1</sup>ynoughe  
for to occupy at <sup>2</sup>ones all the masons that were there<sup>1</sup> / 32  
and thenne reynawd sayd to them / 'Fayr maysters,  
thynke to werke well / for whan these stones ben layd

who is astonished  
at his wonderful  
strength.

Reynawde fetches  
stones and mortar,  
doing more work  
than x. men could  
have done.

<sup>1-1</sup> devant les maistres . . . F. orig. N. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. L.L. viii.



& this mortar occupyed, I shall brynge you more.'  
 And whan the masons herde hym speke soo / thei  
 began to saye amonge theym that the chirche of  
 4 saynte peter had founde a goode laborer / and that he The master mason  
promises to  
reward him,  
 oughte to be well rewarded. 'By my feyth, mayster,'  
 sayd reynawde, 'I care not for noo money' / and but Reynawde  
says he does not  
care for money,  
 whan came at evyn that the laborers sholde leve  
 8 werke & receyve their money, the mayster mason  
 set hym down for to paye the laborers, whiche toke  
 v.<sup>1</sup> peny a daye. thenne the mayster called reynawde,  
 & sayd to hym / 'Com hider, my fayr frende, take here  
 12 what it playse you / for ye have served better than ony  
 of thother' / thenne [Reynawde] put hymselfe forthe /  
 and toke a peny, sore agenst his wylle / And whan the and will only take  
one penny when  
the day's work  
is over.  
 mayster sawe that, he sayd to hym / 'by the body of  
 16 god, my fayr frende, ye shall have xx more / for elles  
 my conscyence sholde becharged wyth your labour;  
 & yf ye wylle werke, ye shal every daye have  
 somoche / for there was never soo good a laborer as ye  
 20 be one.' 'Mayster,' sayd reynawde, 'yf ye wylle  
 that I shall werke ony more / gyve me but one peny /  
 whiche shal be for to bye brede for to susteyne wythall  
 my body / for this that I doo / I doo it for the love  
 24 of god, & for none other.' frende,' sayd the mayster,  
 'I wylle not trouble you nomore; doo as ye wylle' /  
 Thenne toke reynawde leve of the mayster mason, and  
 went to the towne for to get hymself a lodgyng, &  
 28 boughte a peny worthe of brede. and soo had he nomore  
 to his souper but brede & a lityll water. And whan he  
 had eten / he went & leyd him upon a lityll strawe He only eats  
bread for his  
supper,  
<sup>2</sup>for to take his rest *that nyght.*<sup>2</sup> and whan the day was  
 32 com, reynawde rose vp & wente to his werke, & founde  
 no body there / and thenne he wente to the chirche, &  
 sayd his prayers afore an ymage of our lady. <sup>3</sup>This

<sup>1</sup> viii. F. orig.<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.<sup>3</sup> Fol. L.L. viii. back.

hangyng, the masons cam for to goo to their werke ;  
 and whan they were vpon the walle / they asked  
 yf the stronge man were not come. ‘Mayster,’ an-  
 swerde reynaude, ‘I am here ; wylle ye ony thyng?’ 4  
 ‘frende,’ sayd thezne the mayster mason / ‘brynge vs  
 stones & mortar.’ ‘sire,’ sayd reynawde / ‘I shall  
 wyth a good wille, & that anone’ / Thezne fet he  
 stones & mortar in grete plente / <sup>1</sup>and brought it vp 8  
 vnto theim<sup>1</sup> / and I promyse you that reynawd laded  
 more atones than xv. other dyde / And thus served  
 reinawde the masons in the chirche of saynt peter at  
 coleyn many dayes ; and every daye at evyn he toke 12  
 his peny of the mayster, & nomore, for to bye hym  
 brede with, as ye have herde / for he ete never but  
 bred, & dranke water / Thus lived Reynawde there a  
 longe while, servyng there the masons, as it is sayd, for 16  
 the love of god & of saynte peter / and dyde so truly  
 his devour, that thother labourers had grete envy  
 at hym, for they were all set at nought for the love  
 of hym of the masons / for the grete servyse that he 20  
 dyde to theym / Sore an angred were thother laborers  
 whan they sawe that they were all thus forsaken &  
 all set aside, & sayd to eche other in this wyse / ‘By  
 god, we ben dyffamed bi thys grete knave, that doth 24  
 somoche labour / and therefore we be put a side of the  
 maysters. the grete devyll broughte hym well here,  
 for we shall never gete noo thyng aslonge as he is  
 here, for he serveth all the masons alone of al that 28  
 thei nede for to have, and thus we ben left alone.’  
 thezne sayd one of theim / ‘My felawes, yf ye wylle  
 byleve me / we shall slee him.’ ‘How saye ye  
 that,’ sayd a nother / ‘ye wote well it is impossible 32  
 to vs to doo soo, for he is horryble stronge / and if  
 we set vpon hym, he shall kylle vs all.’ ‘frende,’ said  
 he, ‘I shall tell you how we shall doo soo / See you

next day he  
 works again for  
 the masons,

and lives a long  
 while at Cologne  
 in this manner.

The other  
 labourers are  
 envious of him

because they are  
 so inferior to  
 him ;

yonder vawte by the grete hous? 'ye,' said thother / they take counsel  
 'wyte it that *that* grete knave goth & slepeth <sup>1</sup>there him together to slay  
 every nyghte whan we are goon home / And therefore, him when he is  
 4 yf ye wylle byleve me / we shall goo this nyght there asleep.  
 where he is a slepe / and we shall take eche of vs a  
 pykeaxe, or elles an hamer / and therwith we shall  
 dasshe the brayn out of his hede / and whan we have  
 8 thus slayn hym / we shall put hym in a grete sacke,  
 & shall cast him wythin the ryver / <sup>2</sup>that is there  
 nyghe<sup>2</sup> / and thus shall be nomore herde of hym' / and  
 whan thother laborers herde this traitour speke, thei  
 12 accorded all to his counseylle / and they dyde as they  
 were purposed soner than they wende thei sholde have  
 do / For at noone, whan the masons left werke & went  
 to their dyner, the poure reynawd went & rested  
 16 hymself vnder the vawt, where he was wonte to rest  
 hymself every nyghte. And whan the traytours saw  
 that, they cam to him that first had spoken the  
 treyson, & toke him a grete hamer of a mason in  
 20 his hande; <sup>2</sup>and they spyed that reynaud was fallen a  
 slepe. this traitour wyth the hamer went to reynawde  
 softly,<sup>2</sup> & smote hym wyth the hamer well depe in to  
 the brayn / And whan Reynawd felte the stroke that  
 24 the traytour had gyven hym / he set his armes in  
 maner of a crosse vpon his brest, & said in this  
 maner / 'O, good lord Ihesu criste, have mercy on my  
 soule / and wylle pardonze them that have broughte  
 28 me to my dethe' / and whan he had sayd these  
 wordes / the soule departed oute of the body. And  
 whan the traytours had thus slayn reynawd, they  
 put him in to a grete sacke, that they had ordeyned  
 32 therefore / and thenne they laded the carte wherin they  
 brought the stones wyth the body of hym, and soo  
 caryed hym to the ryver of ryne, wherin they cast  
 hym. And whan they had doon soo / they laded the  
 and cast it into  
 the river Rhine.

At noon the  
 masons go to  
 dinner, and  
 Reynawde rests  
 himself under  
 an archway,  
 and falls asleep.

One of the  
 labourers  
 approaches,  
 and slays him  
 with a hammer.

The other traitors  
 then put his body  
 in a sack,

and cast it into  
 the river Rhine.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. i.      <sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

carte wyth stones, & brought theym to the chirche werke as thei were wonte to doo / and as thei were by the way / thei met the mayster mason / that said <sup>1</sup>to theym / ‘By my feyth, galantes, I conne you now 4 thanke, for ye mende yourselfe, For ye have doon grete dyligence sith dyner / that ye have laden soo many stones / and that ye ben soo ferre wyth theym to the werke warde’ / ‘Mayster,’ sayd the traytours / 8 ‘mocke not wyth vs soo; but goo to your purse & gyve vs som drynkyng money’ /

**S**ore merveyllled was the mayster, of that he sawe his laborers more dyligent than they were acustomed / 12 thezne the labourers began to say to the mayster of the werke / bi maner of a mocke / ‘where is that grete lorden, that he helpeth not now / I holde hym goon wythout leve, by cause he myght not labour noo lenger / 16 For we herde saye / that he sholde never ceasse tyll he had founde hys wyfe agen.’ And whan the maister mason herde that / he was sory, & sayd to theym agen, ‘By my feyth, I byleve that ye have chassed hym 20 awaye; but I promyse you yf I can wyte that ye have doon soo / It were better for you that ye were at Iherusalem’ / ‘Mayster,’ sayd the laborers, ‘ye maye well saye to vs what ye wille / but we dyde never saye 24 oughte to hym that sholde dysplayse hym’ / and whan the noble reynawde was thus caste in to the river of ryne by the laborers of the chirche of saynt peter, ye must wite that he wente not to the botome of the 28 water / but wente harde above the water alonge the streme. And at that [hour] our lorde shewed for him a fayr myracle. For all the fysshe of the ryver gadred theym abowte the corps / and by the grete strenghte of 32 the fysshes it was taried, <sup>2</sup>and went noo ferder with the<sup>2</sup> streme / by the wille of our lorde / And the grete fysshes put theymselve vnder hym, and bare hym vpon

The labourers ask the master mason mockingly where the great lord has gone.

The master says they must have driven him away.

All the fish in the river support the body of Reynawde above the water.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. i. back.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

the water, soo that he apered to every mannis syghte /  
And there the fysshes bare him soo vp vnto nyghte.

And whan the nyghte was come / apered abowte the  
4 corps a grete quantyte of torches by <sup>1</sup>the vertue of our  
lorde / and angelles that song there so melodyously,  
that they that herde it wolde never have goon fro it.

A great quantity  
of torches appear  
round the body,  
and angels are  
heard singing  
sweetly.

And to saye trouthe / there was soo grete lighte abowte  
8 the corps / that all they that saw it, wende that all the  
water of the ryne had be a fyre / and whan the folke of  
the cyte saw soo grete a myracle they ranne all thyther /  
bothe men & wymen & children / And also the arch-  
12 byshop of saynte peter wente thyther wyth all his colege  
in a fayr processyon / syngyng by grete devocyon / and  
taryed vpon the ryne / for they durste not goo noo ferther /  
and they sawe the fysshes that bare vp the corps above  
16 the water. And whan they that were there sawe that /

The people of  
Cologne marvel  
at this strange  
miracle.

they were abasshed / <sup>2</sup>and mervyllled gretly what it  
myghte be,<sup>2</sup> and begaunne to saye the one to the other /  
' God ! what may he be, for whom our lorde sheweth so  
20 fayr a myracle ' / ' Lordes,' sayd the archebysshop / ' I  
shall telle you as myn avyse gyveth me / Wyte it that  
it is the body of some saynte that our lorde wylle have  
worshypped, that is come here from somewhere / whiche

The Archbishop  
of the town orders  
men to see what  
this strange sight  
can be; they  
discover the  
corpse of  
Reynawde.

24 god wylle not that he be loste / nor drowned in the  
water / See ye not how the fysshes holde hym above  
the water / by the vertue of our lorde ' / Thenne the  
bysshop commaunded that men sholde goo see what it  
28 was, and anone folke went there wyth botes, and they  
founde that it was the grete man that was one of the  
labourers wyth the masons in the chirche of saynte  
peter / And whan the mayster of the werke saw this, he  
32 was gretly abasshed / and went to theim that had slayn  
him, and sayd to theym, ' Ye hoursons, false traytours !  
ye have slayn the good man / saye ye the trouthe / for yf  
ye denye it, I shall prove it vpon you ' / And whan the

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. ii.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

The labourers  
own that they  
slew him.

The Archbishop  
condemns them to  
do penance for  
their sins.

The body of  
Reynawde is  
carried into the  
church, and mass  
is sung over it.

The corpse then  
rises by itself,  
and is carried  
miraculously out  
of the city,

laborers herde the mayster mason speke thus / they began al to crye, and said, ‘ By god, mayster / we have doon it withoute doubte / for envye that we had atte hym. And therefore <sup>1</sup>lete vs be drowned, hanged, or drawen, or 4 what iustyse ye wylle / For we have well deserved to be punysshed’ / And whan the archebyssshop herde the traytours soo speke, he began to wepe tendrely, and all colege also. And the archbyssshop was counseyllled that 8 he sholde lete goo the murderers at theyr adventure for to doo penance of their sinnes, the whiche thyng the archebyssshop dyde wyth a goode wylle. Thenne was the body of reynawde broughte to londe, and was put 12 vpon a carte for to bere hym to the chirche / whereas he was had worshipfully with fair processyon. And whan the corps was in the chirche, the archebyssshop made hym redy for to syng the masse by grete devo- 16 cyon. And whan the servyce was doon, the archbyssshop wolde have goon a processyon wyth the corps aboute the chyrche, and *commaunded* four lordes that were there that they sholde bere the corps / And thenne 20 the barons wolde have don his *commaundement* / but whan they cam therto / they coude not move the corps / by noo strengthe that they coude put therto. Sore merveilled were the barons whan they saw that, and sayd 24 to<sup>2</sup> eche other / ‘ Now may we well knowe that we be not worthy to touche thys holy corps. For we be wycked synners / wherfore lete vs go to shryve, and put ourself in good astate’ / And while they spake thus 28 togyder / <sup>3</sup>the corps rose vp of hymselfe / and was borne / noo man knoweth how, oute of the chirche in to the carte whiche anone moved / and wente his waye streyghte oute of the cyte, wherof they were all gretly 32 merveyllled.<sup>3</sup> and whan the carte was oute of coleyn, he

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. ii. back.

<sup>2</sup> till, *orig.*

<sup>3-3</sup> le charret se partist tout seul par laid de nostre seigneur nondaultre et se mist a cheminer moult fort au devant de tout

went a pas all the hie waye. And whan the peple sawe  
 that / they began all to wepe by cause the corps wolde  
 not abyde / Thenne sayd the archebyssshop to theym /  
 4 'Syres, now may ye well see that this is a holy corps,  
 by the grete myracles that god sheweth by hym <sup>1</sup>now /  
 and all this daye a fore vs all / wherfore lete vs goo  
 after hym for to worshyp hym / For it were not well  
 8 doon for to lete hym goo thus alone' / 'My lorde,' sayd  
 the peple / 'ye saye well' / and thenne all the clerge &  
 all the comen peple, lityll & grete, that myghte goo,  
 folowed the corps.<sup>2</sup> And ye oughte to wyte, that in all  
 12 the cyte of colen abode nother man nor woman / but  
 went wyth the corps, and all the clergy folowed after,  
 singyng in grete devocyon. Soo moche wente the carte  
 that he came to a lityll towne that is called croyne, and  
 16 there he abode styll. And ye must wyte that our lord  
 dyde shew there many fayr myracles for the love of the  
 holy body / For all sike peple, of what siknes it was,  
 that cam there for to worshyp the holy body / were  
 20 hole incontynent / This happed of the noble knyghte  
 Reynawde of mountalban / as ye have herde. And ye  
 ought to wyte that the renomme of the holy body was  
 soo spred all aboute, that folke cam to croyne, where it  
 24 abode,<sup>3</sup> from ferre ways for to seke hym / and he made  
 there so fayr myracles / that of all the royame,<sup>4</sup> & of all  
 almayn, folke drew theder. And somoche were worthe  
 the offrynges / that were doon there wythin a short  
 28 while / that of a litil chapell there as the body rested /  
 whiche was of our lady, is now a royall chirche & a grete.

the Archbishop  
 and all the people  
 following.

It stops at a little  
 town called  
 Croyne.

Great miracles  
 are performed  
 here; people are  
 healed of all  
 sickness through  
 the holy corpse.

le peuple. Quant le clergie vist ce ils commencerent a plourer  
 tendrement apres le charret qui sen aloit ainsi que ouy avez.

Vous denez scavoir que quant le charret se mist a cheminer  
 quil passa devant la tombe la ou lon le voloit enterrer, mais il  
 passa tout outre que lon ne le peult arrester et sortie hors de  
 la cite de coullongne, F. orig. N. v.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. iii.

<sup>2</sup> saint.

<sup>3</sup> pour la volente de dieu, F. orig. N. v. back.

<sup>4</sup> de France, F. orig. N. v. back.

The Archbishop  
uncovers the face  
of Reynawde,  
that any who  
come there may  
know him.

And whan the holy body was abyden in this lityll  
chapell, as it is sayd, where god made contynuelly  
myracles / tharchebysshop of coleyn & all the clerge  
cam<sup>1</sup> to the corps, and vncovered his visage, that every 4  
body sholde see hym / that cam there, yf haply that  
ony man or woman myghte knowe hym for to have his  
name / for none cowde name him, but the holy corps /  
But there cam noo man that cowde knowe hym. And 8  
whan the archbysshop sawe that no body cowde saye  
what he was / he was sory for it / for if he had knowen  
his name, he wolde have put hym <sup>2</sup>in a shryne of golde,  
by cause of the grete myracles that he made dayly; for 12  
he made y<sup>e</sup> deaf to here / the blinde to see / the lame  
to go, & right mani *that* were dombe he made to  
speke / and often tymes apered tapres of wexe brennyng  
about the corps.<sup>3</sup> ¶ Now shal ye here how the noble 16  
reynaud was knowen / Ye oughte to wite that the  
bredern of reynaud / that is to wyte, alarde, guychard,  
& rycharde, were on a day vpon a mountain soo sory  
that they cowde not comforte theymsel / bycause they 20  
cowde not here noo tydynges of theyr broder reynaud /  
Thenne cam a pylgrym forthby that salved the barons.  
'Pylgrym,' sayd alard / 'fro whens come ye / yf ye  
wote ony newes, telle it vs, I praye you' / 'Lordes,' 24  
sayd the pylgrym, 'wyth a gode wylle I shall telle you  
that I knowe. Wyte it that I com out of almayn,  
from a towne that is called croyne, by colein vpon the  
ryne, where I have seen many grete myracles doon of 28  
god, for the love of a man that cam to the cyte but late  
ago, the whiche was so grete / that every body sayth  
there that he was a gyaunt / and wyte ye, that whan he

A pilgrim appears  
before Rey-  
nawde's brethren  
while they are on  
a mountain griev-  
ing over the loss  
of their brother.

He relates to  
them the miracles  
he has seen at  
Cologne.

<sup>1</sup> a croyne. Quant l'arcevesque vist que le corps estoit delibere de demourer illecques il vit au corps . . . F. orig. N. v. back. <sup>2</sup> Fol. M.M. iii. back.

<sup>3</sup> En celluy temps que l'arcevesque et tout son clergie gardoient a croyne le corps saint, ainsi que vous ay compte, F. orig. N. vi.



cam there / that he sawe men make the chirche of saynt  
 peter / soo dyde he presente there his servyse to the  
 mayster mason, the whiche retheyned hym gladly /

4 Shortly to saye, this grete man dyde wonder of berynge  
 of stones & of mortar. For he bare more atones than  
 XV.<sup>1</sup> other of the laborers that were there wyth him ;

How a great man  
 who worked there  
 at the Church of  
 St. Peter,

and he was all day wythout mete, saff at evyn / he toke  
 8 a peny that he gate, for nomore he wold have for his  
 labour a daye, and therwyth he boughte hym brede, and  
 dranke none other to it but water / <sup>2</sup>and thenne went  
 to his rest vpon a lityll strawe vndre a grete vawte<sup>2</sup> /

12 And ye must wyte that this grete man was well loved  
 of the maysters masons of the sayd chirche, whiche  
 wold often have gyven hym mete & wyne / and more  
 mony. But he wolde never take noo thyng<sup>3</sup> but a

16 peny oonly by the daye for to bye hymself brede, as I  
 tolde you afore / He served so well all the masons there,  
 that they were more contente of hym alone / than of  
 the other laborers. And whan the laborers sawe that

served the  
 masons so well,

20 they were soo lityll set by / for love of this grete man /  
 they were sore an angred / and toke grete envy at him /  
 and conspyred togyder for to slee hym shamfully / Soo  
 dyde they aspye hym where he slepte vnder <sup>4</sup>the sayd

that the other  
 labourers were  
 envious of him  
 and slew him,

24 vawte<sup>4</sup> / while the mayster masons were goon to dyner /  
 And thenne one of theym came to hym with a grete  
 hamer in his hande / and brayned him. thenne they  
 put hym in a sacke, & caryed hym in a cart to the

28 ryver of the ryne / where they cast hym / And wyte  
 that whan they had doon soo / our lorde shewed there  
 a grete myracle / For all the fysshes of the ryne assem-  
 bled theym aboute the corps / and made it abyde in

casting his body  
 into the Rhine.

32 one place above the water. And whan the nyghte was  
 com, angelles were herde there / that songe melody-

<sup>1</sup> dix, F. orig.

<sup>2-2</sup> omitted, F. orig.

<sup>3</sup> Fol. M.M. iv.

<sup>4-4</sup> ung grant voutre sus ung peu de paille entredeux, F.  
 orig. N. vi. back.

ously the servyse of the deed soo hie, that all they of  
 the cite myghte here theym / and it semed that all the  
 water about hym had be in a fyre of the grete light  
 that was seen there / Thenne cam the archebysshop of 4  
 colen wyth all his colege, & made the corps to be  
 taken / and broughte in a carte vnto the chyche.  
 And whan he was there / tharchbysshop sange masse /  
 for this was in the mornyng. And whan the servyse 8  
 was doon, the archebysshop sayd to four lordes that  
 were there / that they sholde take vp the corps for to  
 have hym to his grave wyth fayre processyon / But  
 these foure barons cowde never move hym / from the 12  
 place where he was. <sup>1</sup>But the corps, incontynent to  
 every bodys sight, that was there was broughte in to  
 the carte agayne / wyth the twynkeling <sup>2</sup>of an eye,  
 and sodeynly the carte departed<sup>1</sup> / and wente awaye a 16  
 lone oute of the towne / as goode a pas as ten horses  
 had drawen at it, whiche was sore agenste the wylle of  
 the people, that wept full tenderly bycause it wolde  
 not abyde with theym / But all they of the cyte / 20  
 bothe lityll & grete, wente a processyon after it / vnto a  
 lityll towne / where the corps of the grete man abode  
 styll, whiche is called croyn, in a lityll chapell of our  
 lady / where he dooth now many a fayre myracle ; for 24  
 I ensure you that all the sike that seke hym there be  
 made hole / and retourne to theyr home in goode helthe.  
 And soo have I lefte there the archebysshop of coleyne /  
 and all the clergy that hathe doo make of the offerynges 28  
 that ben gyve there to thys holy corps, a fayr place / and  
 a royall chirche / there as the sayd chapell of our lady  
 was afore' /

How the body  
 was miraculously  
 carried out of  
 Cologne,

and taken to  
 Croyne, where  
 great miracles are  
 performed by it.

**W**han alarde, guycharde / and rycharde herde the 32  
 pylgryme speke soo / they beganne all thre to

<sup>1-1</sup> Et en ce faisant le charret sen partist dillecques tout  
 a par foy . . . F. orig. N. vi. back.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M.M. iv. back.

wepe full sore for pyte that they had of theyr brother  
 Reynawde / for well they knewe it was he of whom  
 the pylgryme spake / ‘Alas, my brethern,’ sayd  
 4 rycharde, ‘now be we well dystroyed / and vndoon for  
 ever; For I knowe well that it is our dere broder that  
 we have soughte soo longe’ / Wyte it that the thre  
 brethern made there soo grete sorowe, that it canne  
 8 not be rehersed / And whan they had made this grete  
 sorowe / they toke leve of the pylgryme / <sup>1</sup>and thanked  
 hym,<sup>1</sup> and wente to make theym redy / and thenne  
 toke theyr waye towarde croyne, by Coleyne on the  
 12 ryne / And they dyde soo moche by theyr iourneys /  
 that they came to Croyne / And lighted byfore the  
 chirche, they and theyr folke / where they founde soo  
 grete a flowynge and gaderynge of the people, and soo  
 16 grete prese <sup>2</sup>of folke, that wyth grete peyne they myght  
 entre wythin the chirche. And whan the knyghtes  
 were wythin, they wente nyghe the holy corps, that was  
 vpon a fayr bere all vncovered, and sawe soo grete light  
 20 abowte the corps as there had ben a hundred torches /  
 Thenne went they as nyghe him as thei cowde for to  
 loke hym in the face / and anone they knewe that he  
 was their broder / and wyth that thei loked vpon hym,  
 24 they felle down all in a swoune to therthe. And whan  
 tharchbisshop sawe that, he was sore abassed, & sayd  
 to some of his colege / ‘Sires, I byleve that we shall  
 soone knowe that we have desired soo longe / For I  
 28 wene that thyse lordes knowe well this holy corps’ /  
 This hangyng, were the thre bredern comen agen to  
 theymselpe / and began to crye and fare as they had  
 ben mad / thenne sayd alarde, all wepyng in thys  
 32 maner, ‘Alas, what shall we now caytyff knyghtes doo,  
 pour of honour & of all wele, sith that we have lost  
 our broder, by whom we were so sore doubted & dred /  
 Alas, dere broder! who was soo hardy to laye honde on

The three  
 brethren weep  
 over the pilgrim’s  
 story, knowing  
 that it refers to  
 Reynawde.

They depart for  
 Croyne,

and arrive at the  
 chapel where  
 the body of  
 Reynawde rests.

They lament  
 sorely over the  
 cruel death of  
 their brother.

<sup>1</sup>—1 omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M.M. v.

you? I byleve that he knew not your debonairte & kyndnesse / for he wolde not have slayne you so cruelly' / And thezne he torned him towarde his two bredern & sayd / 'My fayr bredern, we ought well to 4  
 be sory / sith we have lost our broder reynaude / that was all our hope, our trust, & comfort.' 'Alas,' sayd rycharde, 'broder reynaude, why had ye ever that courage for to habandoune vs as ye dyde / seeng that 8  
 ye loved vs somoche. Alas, ye stale awaye yourself by nyghte / for to come amonge thandes of the murderers that have slayne you soo cruelly / Alas, they wyste not the grete dommage that is of your dethe!' 12  
 Whan the thre bretherne had wepte ynoughe, in grete sobbynges and lamentacyons for the love of theyr dere broder <sup>1</sup>Reynawde / they went and [kissed] the corps on the mouthe, the one after the other; and wyth this 16  
 thei felle doun agen in a swoune / And whan thei were come agen to theymsel / rycharde began to crye, & saye / 'Alas, fair bredern, now ben we lost for ever / For we shall no more be set by, nother doubted nor 20  
 drede more than children / wherfore I saye that we shold slee ourself / to the ende that we maye be wyth you, for we oughte not to live after your deth' / Wyte it that who had be there, he sholde have had an harde 24  
 hert, but he sholde have wepte for to see the thre bredern make theyr mone.<sup>2</sup>

Richard says there is nothing for them now but death.

**W**han the archebysshop and the burgeys that were there, sawe the grete sorow that the thre 28  
 knyghtes made, the good archebisshop<sup>3</sup> came to theym, and sayd / 'Lordes, be ye not dysplayed of that I shall saye to you! Syres, to my semynge, ye doo not well for to make soo grete sorowe, nor to discomforte 32  
 yourself so moche as ye doo / but rather ye shold make

The Archbishop rebukes them for their lamentations,

<sup>1</sup> Fol. M.M. v. back.

<sup>2</sup> et non sans cause, F. orig. N. vii. back.

<sup>3</sup> archebysshep, *orig.*

grete ioie / and be glad for your broder, that is a saynt  
 in hevyn, the whiche hathe suffred martyrdom in the  
 servyse of our lorde / wherof ye maye see that he  
 4 rewardeth hym well for it. For ye see now byfore  
 your eyen the grete myracles that he dooth. wherfore  
 I praye you that ye wyll recomforte your selfe. And  
 telle vs, yf it playse you, what ye ben / and how is this  
 8 holy body named, and what his name was when he  
 lived in this worlde / to the ende that his name be  
 wryten abowte his tombe.' And whan his bredern  
 herde the archebyssshop speke thus, they began a lityll  
 12 to leve theyr sorowe / and thenne alarde, that was  
 theldest after reynawd, sayd to hym, 'Lorde, sith it  
 playse you to knowe what we be, & how this corps is  
 called, I shall telle it you wythoute fawte / Ye muste  
 16 wyte that this corps was called, <sup>1</sup>whan he was amonge  
 us alive<sup>1</sup> / Reynawde of mountalban, the ryght <sup>2</sup>worthy  
 knyghte; and [we three th<sup>3</sup>]at ben here are his brethern.  
 And well I wote that ye have herde speke of the four  
 20 sones of aymon / the whiche charlemagn the grete,  
 kynge of fraunce, werred soo longe.' Thenne whan the  
 archebyssshop / and the people herde that they were the  
 four sones of aymon / of the whiche all the world  
 24 spake / and that the holy corps was the goode reynawde  
 of mountalban / the noble & valiaunt knyghte / they  
 began al to wepe for pyte and for ioie / by cause they  
 sawe all byfore theym the moost noble & worthyest  
 28 knyghte of the worlde / that in his life was more to  
 drede than ony man alive, that was deed in the servyse  
 of our lorde / doinge penaunce. After that thise thre  
 brethern had thus lefte a lityll theyr sorowe / they  
 32 made their broder to be layd in his tombe, that was  
 ryght ryche, that the archebyssshop had doon make /

and says they  
 should rejoice  
 that Reynawde  
 has suffered  
 martyrdom in a  
 righteous cause;

he asks them  
 from whence  
 they come.

Alarde tells him  
 they are the Sons  
 of Aymon of  
 Arden.

The people then  
 sorrow grievously  
 when they hear  
 that the body is  
 that of the valiant  
 Reynawde.

The corpse is then  
 entombed,

<sup>1</sup>-1 omitted, F. orig.

<sup>2</sup> Fol. M.M. vi.

<sup>3</sup> [ ] from Ed. 1554, corrected. A piece cut out of  
 Caxton's edition.

and every year a  
feast is celebrated  
in Reynawde's  
honour.

where the holy corps resteth yet at this daye / as  
evydently is knowen / and he is called saynt Rey-  
nawde the marter / The memory of hym was that tyme  
put in wrytynge auctentykly ; and every yere is there 4  
kepte for hym grete solempnyte & feest. And after  
the sepulturynge of the holy corps, the brethern wente  
agen in to theyr countree.

May all who read  
this present book,  
continue their  
life in good works.

**M**y fayr lordes thenne, that this present boke shall 8  
rede or here, we shall praye god & the glorious  
saynte Reynaude the marter / that he gyve vs grace to  
persevere / and contynue our liff in good werkes, by  
the whiche we may have at our endynge the liff that 12  
ever shall laste.<sup>1</sup>

A M E N

<sup>1</sup> en gloire celestielle de paradis.

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

(N.B.—A few proper names are registered in this Index, because they present features of Glossarial interest.)

- Abacke, 142/6, stepped back.  
 Abasshe, 160/16, humble.  
 Abasshed, 44/33, ashamed.  
 Abbyt, 282/19, habit, dress, uniform.  
 Abie the bargayn, 195/35, put up with it.  
 Abode, 19/26, were made, became.  
 Abote, 504/33, about.  
 Abowte, 482/17, about, around.  
 Abrode, 352/7, abroad.  
 Absolucyon, 335/20, absolution.  
 Absteyn, Absteyne, 474/14, 480/4, abstain, refrain.  
 A busshe, 553/26, ambush.  
 Abyde, 23/4, 63/6, stay; 203/24, remain.  
 Abyden, 490/32, abide.  
 Abyden, 507/33, 586/1, abiding.  
 Abyde to, 42/4, remain with.  
 Abye, 38/6, abide.  
 Accomplyshed, 149/17, finished building (said of a castle).  
 Accorde, 47/17, peace.  
 Acoynted, 135/16, acquainted.  
 Acquyte, 301/8, acquit.  
 Acustomed, 582/12, accustomed.  
 Admyralle, 498/1, commander-in-chief of an army. Later on in the story, the same Admyralle reappears at Palermo, where, being defeated, he and his army take to their galleys; so that, when at sea, he might well have been called an *admiral* in the modern sense.  
 Adommaged, 427/30, damaged.  
 A doo, 52/3, ado  
 A doo, 194/29, 254/17, 499/15, to do.  
 A doun, 291/29, brought down.
- A doynge, 163/7, in progress ("as the feste was a doynge").  
 Adventure, 498/31, chance (or, *qy. mis-adventure*).  
 Advyronned, 467/20, environed.  
 Advysed hym, 501/25, gave himself advice, communed with himself.  
 A ferde, 355/24, 453/22, fearful, in fear.  
 A ferre way, 177/4, a great way ahead.  
 Afflyctyons, 337/1, afflictions.  
 A fole never byleveth tyll he fele sore, 485/26, apparently a proverbial expression.  
 A foote, 35/10, 186/5, on foot.  
 Afore, 19/8, 47/25, 90/26, 453/6, before.  
 A fore hande, 512/7, beforehand (in a truly realistic sense, indicating that any one who joined in the assault on the ho'y city for its relief should, although he died, without doubt be saved).  
 A fote, 232/29, 490/20, afoot, on foot.  
 Afrayed, Affrayed, 142/5, 357/10, 486/2, afraid.  
 A fresshe, 268/16, 564/11, afresh, anew, again.  
 A fyre, 511/30, 583/9, on fire.  
 Agast, 334/33, aghast, frightened.  
 Agen, 189/10, again.  
 Agenst, 230/10, against.  
 A goo, 347/22, ago.  
 A goo, 263/28, gone.  
 A grounde, 45/1, 232/10, 564/14, unhorsed, on the ground.  
 A horsebake, 26/28, on horseback.  
 Al alonge, 18/32, exactly, truly.

- Al fayra, 177/25, all fair.  
 Aliaunce, 202/34, lineage.  
 All by nyghte, 164/9, at night.  
 All halowes, 99/17, all saints; all halowes, 168/18, all the saints.  
 All in generall, 74/25, all of you.  
 All merveyllid, 303/34, much marvelled.  
 All other our, 341/22, all our other.  
 All quycke, 17/28, alive; 544/17, quickly.  
 All redi, 556/3; All redy, 341/28, already.  
 All the faytte, 193/7, all the facts.  
 All they, 420/13, all those.  
 All to brused, 303/24, bruised.  
 All tymes, 542/18, any time.  
 Alle angry, 26/25, ever angry.  
 Alle for angre, 174/16, with rage.  
 Alle to hewen, 35/13, hacked about.  
 Almayn, 42/7, German.  
 Almesse, 121/16, alms.  
 A londe, 145/30, 525/7, 529/4, on land.  
 Alonge, 465/19, adown.  
 Alonly, 464/21, always only.  
 Alowe, 229/21, low.  
 Alredy, 531/6, already.  
 Also sone, 79/14, as soon.  
 Alwayses of, 29/9, out of.  
 Alwayses spekyng, 405/3, talking all the way.  
 A makyng, 576/18, being built.  
 Amased, 561/29, mazed, dazed, bewildered, frightened.  
 Amende hym, 46/24, make amends to him.  
 A mendes, 347/7, amends.  
 Amiablie, 20/20, dutifully.  
 Amys, 320/6, amiss.  
 An angred, 38/3, 162/13, angry.  
 And, 162/1, = and when; 269/18, if.  
 And but yf ye doo, 253/32, but if ye do not.  
 And we maye, 231/26, if we are able.  
 An heygth, 200/10, on high.  
 An hole, 129/19, a whole.  
 An live, 488/31, alive, on life.  
 Anoone, 398/17, anon.  
 A nother, 529/15, 551/11, another.  
 Apayed, 559/15, assured.  
 Apayred, 267/30, 464/29, impaired, injured.  
 Apayred, 117/2, apparelled, clothed.  
 Apeased, 562/2, appeased, quieted.  
 Apeched, 373/20, impeached.  
 Aperceyve, 442/9, perceive.  
 Apere, 514/3, appear.  
 Apered, 583/3, appeared.  
 Apetyte, 463/10, appetite.  
 Apoynted, 547/20, appointed, equipped, provided.  
 Apoyntmente, 357/4, peace ("make your apoyntmente wyth the kyng").  
 Appareyld, 74/25, furnished, fitted up.  
 Appell, 74/16, Charlemagne's golden apple.  
 Apperceyued, 79/16, 375/5, perceived, saw.  
 Apple, 374/32. It seems to mean a round ball of stone set as an architectural adornment on the top of a tower.  
 Appoyntemente, 384/33, peace, atonement.  
 Appull, 442/11, Apull, 222/3, apple.  
 Appyered, 69/16, 241/15, appeared.  
 Arayed, 88/21, bespattered with blood.  
 Arayed, 494/17, arrayed, dressed.  
 Archebyssshop of that feeldes, 343/29, a satirical expression, seeming to mean that he of whom they spoke was then in hell.  
 Arde/yn, 178/30, = Ardeyn = Ardennes.  
 Ardeyne (also called in the French original Dordon), 16/22, Ardennes.  
 Are, 351/12, 435/13, ere, before.  
 Are, 563/29, art.  
 Areched, 461/5, reach, catch, tackle.  
 Armed of all peeces, 232/13, completely armed.  
 Armee, 377/24, army.  
 Armures, 419/29, armour.  
 Armures of stele, 110/6, steel armour.  
 Arneys, 358/13, harness.  
 Arrested, 171/11, rested, sat down.  
 Arreste myselfe, 200/35, rest myself.  
 Arsons, 309/23, seat.  
 As angry, 497/17, all angry.  
 A sawte, 188/28, assault.



- Ascryed, 554/18, cried out.  
 A seen, 453/28, have seen.  
 A seven nyght, 204/8, a week.  
 A side, 580/25, on one side.  
 As longe that I am man on lyue,  
   78/7, so long as I live.  
 Aslong that lyf is in our bodyes,  
   233/12, so long as life remains.  
 As moche, 299/18, as loud.  
 A sondre, 345/9, in sunder.  
 Aspreli, 391/18, Asprely, 502/26,  
   sharply.  
 Aspyed, 431/23, espied.  
 Assaye, 184/17, 536/12, essay. prove.  
 Assayed of, 301/30, tried.  
 Assaylle, 552/4, assail.  
 Assemble 43/7, encounter, fighting.  
   Fr. '*Assemblée* . . . the fight, coup-  
   ing, or incounter of two armies.'  
   —Cotgrave.  
 Assone, 88/30, 203/34, as soon.  
 Assured from their enmys, 149/18,  
   need no more fear their enemies.  
 Assurynge, 380/2, assurance.  
 Astate, 115/19, 295/2, estate.  
 A stonyed, 165/17, astonished. And  
   well he might be, "qu'il luy fist  
   chanceler les dens en la gorge,"  
   which Caxton omitted to trans-  
   late.  
 At, 69/14, 349/5, 496/8, to.  
 At, 69/15, on (30/22, "hanged at a  
   gybet").  
 At a nede, 75/10, necessity.  
 At an ende, 408/1, to an end.  
 At an ende of, 22/1, make an end  
   of.  
 At another, 79/21, to another.  
 At eyther, 453/7, on either.  
 At his shelde, 229/24, by his shield.  
 A thyng, 507/18, one thing.  
 Atons, 82/33, at once.  
 Atorned, 169/31, turned, changed  
   the complexion of.  
 Atte, 190/3, according to.  
 Atte an ende, 430/9, to an end.  
 Atte oo side, 146/7, on one side.  
 Atte the grounde, 141/15, on the  
   ground.  
 Atte the herte. 217/16, at heart.  
 At the first, 513/7, in the beginning.  
 At this owre, 226/29, at this time,  
   just now.  
 A traverse, 179/22, behind.
- Attone, 227/1, 407/4, at one, re-  
   conciled.  
 Aucentykly, 592/4, authentically.  
 Aventure, 86/33, adventure.  
 Aughte answered, 18/12, said any-  
   thing.  
 Aulter, 156/22, altar.  
 Auncyent knyghtes, 193/3, ancient,  
   old knights, apparently, also,  
   minstrels.  
 Auter, 576/21, altar.  
 Avantage, 233/5, advantage.  
 Avaunced hymself, 546/11, came  
   forward, advanced himself.  
 Avaylle, 177/31, avail.  
 Aventure, 370/14, adventure.  
 Avow, 384/23, vow, pledge.  
 Avowe, 539/6, own, avouch.  
 Avyronned, 305/20, environed,  
   surrounded.  
 Awated, 390/20, awaited.  
 A worthe, 247/2, at its worth (when  
   death comes, we are quite pre-  
   pared for it).  
 A wrye, 370/31, awry, askew.  
 Axe, 450/24, ask.  
 Ayde, 327/20, aid.  
 Ayen, 58/9, again.  
 Ayenste, 25/31, against.  
 Aylleth, 226/32, aileth.  
 Ayre, 26/3, Ayere, 96/31, Ayer, 295/  
   31, air.
- Bachelers, 193/25, bachelors.  
 Backe of hym, 63/13, his back.  
 Bagages, 395/30, baggage.  
 Balke, 517/19, a piece of timber.  
 Baner, 17/15, 490/14, banner,  
   standard.  
 Baptysme, 410/15, baptism.  
 Barbacanes, 149/15, barbicans, out-  
   works? Fr. '*Barbacane* : f. A  
   casemate; or a hole (in a parr-  
   pet, or towne wall) to shoot out  
   at; some hold it also to be a  
   Sentry, Scout-house or hole; and  
   therupon our *Chaucer* vseth the  
   word Barbican for a watch-tower,  
   which in the Saxon tongue was  
   called, a Bourough-kenning.'—  
   Cotgrave.  
 Barded, 537/21, barbed, appared,  
   trapt. Fr. '*Bardé* . . . Barbed

- or trapped, as a great [war]horse.  
 —Cotgrave.
- Bare, 157/10, 453/12, 527/31, bore.  
 Bare, 70/9, carried.  
 Barefote, 571/21, barefooted.  
 Bare of their armes, 226/22, without their arms.  
 Bare vppe, 45/18, lifted up.  
 Barle, 337/10, barley.  
 Baronye, 219/21, barons.  
 Base, 93/33, small.  
 Bataylle, 31/13, Battayll, 270/15, Batayll, 526/2, battle.  
 Bataylle mortall, 393/4, deadly battle.  
 Bataylles, 40/8, battalions.  
 Bavere, 513/18, beaver, face-guard of a helmet.  
 Bayns, 129/4, baths.  
 Bayted noo where, 36/11, halted nowhere.  
 Be, 209/13, are.  
 Be, 44/28, been (*sing.*).  
 Be agen, 517/5, been again.  
 Beaulte, 54/23, beauty.  
 Be cause, 202/29, by cause.  
 Becom, 578/4, be come.  
 Bedeleym, 37/8, Bethlehem.  
 Beest, 265/15, beast.  
 Befyghte, 106/19, fight with.  
 Begate, 273/7, begged.  
 Begger, 315/21, 490/10, beggar.  
 Begonne, 176/11, begun.  
 Begraven, 532/31, buried, in the grave.  
 Begyled, 177/32, beguiled.  
 Behalve, 25/14, 76/19, 156/1, 470/10, behalf.  
 Be happed, 33/3, has happened.  
 Beheld, 381/24, Behelde, 237/29, looked.  
 Behelde vpon, 460/26, looked upon.  
 Beholde, 391/26, beheld.  
 Be holde, 74/3, behold.  
 Be in age, 495/20, be of age.  
 Be in a surete, 554/7, be assured.  
 Beme, 517/30, beam or balk of timber.  
 Ben, 3/16, be (*pl.*).  
 Ben, 336/13, are.  
 Benche, 75/30, 377/6, seat.  
 Bende, 538/4, band, train, company.  
 Benefeyttes, 290/11, benefits.
- Ben none other thyng of it, 157/8, nothing would have come of it.  
 Berdes, beards: fyrst berdes, 188/3, pryme berde, 191/17 (said of young knights only just bearded).  
 Bere, 213/14, carry.  
 Bere, 245/21, bear (a wild beast).  
 Bereth, 570/21, beareth.  
 Bere oute, 227/4, carry.  
 Bere oute, 208/1, upho'd.  
 Bere peyn, 572/19, inflict penance.  
 Bering, 327/6, wearing.  
 Besans, 560/8, bezants; gold coins named from Byzantium.  
 Besechynge, 416/9, beseeching.  
 Besege, 70/19, 395/14, besiege.  
 Besely, 576/22, busily.  
 Besemyng, 199/26, seemingly.  
 Besethyng, 4/23, beseeching.  
 Besines, 307/4, business.  
 Bespeke, 551/13, bespeak.  
 Beste, 234/2, beast.  
 Bestes, 164/26, beasts, or oxen and sheep.  
 Besy, 408/22, busy.  
 Be take, 143/10, been taken.  
 Bete, 320/6, beat.  
 Beten, 391/24, beaten.  
 Beter, 553/28, better.  
 Betokenyng, 152/32, meaning, signification.  
 Betraied, 224/23, 360/32, betrayed.  
 Betrapped, 384/11, entrapped.  
 Better, 65/25, richer.  
 Betyde, 388/21, become.  
 Betyng, 73/34, beating.  
 Beynge, 499/19, *lit.* being = whom we are.  
 Bi, 303/30, of.  
 Bi suche maner, 61/24, in such manner.  
 Bi the myddes, 304/5, in the midst.  
 Blastred, 409/20, ? blew forth, broke out.  
 Blindfelde, 331/8, blindfolded.  
 Blisse, 451/26, bless.  
 Bloode ranne me doune, 88/19, blood ran down me.  
 Blown, 69/34, blown.  
 Bluste, 411/14, blushed.  
 Blustred rede, 554/23, became red, blushed.  
 Blynde, 226/11, blind.  
 Blysse, 466/21, bliss.

- Boban, 193/26, sudden enrichment, uplifting. Fr. '*Bobans*: n. Riot, luxurie, wasting, vnthriftinesse, excessiue spending, superfluous or inmoderat expence.'—Cotgrave.
- Bode, 529/16, remained.
- Body of hym, 42/9, his body.
- Body to body, 298/5, hand to hand.
- Boltes of wilde fyre, 529/12, engines of warfare, anticipatory of modern torpedoes.
- Bonde, 238/25, bound.
- Borde, 378/27, board, table.
- Bore, 113/34, boar.
- Borow, 215/18, borough, town.
- Boste, 242/6, boast.
- Bote, 400/19, 583/28, boat.
- Botell, 277/16; Botelle, 450/19; bottle, a bundle, truss. 'Ye be not worthe a botelle of heye' (a proverb).
- Botes, 315/3, boots.
- Botome, 496/11, bottom.
- Boty, 198/24, 374/24, booty.
- Bourdeyne, 114/24, Bourdon, 351/11, burden.
- Bourgeys, 27/24, Burgeys, 150/9, 590/27, burgesses. Fr. '*bourgeois*.'
- Bowelles, 243/27, bowels.
- Brake, 113/30, broke our line of battle, charged.
- Brake, 214/12, 256/6, broke.
- Branke of stele, 28/24, 511/16; Braunk, 81/7, battle-axe. Fr. '*Bran*, *branc*, *brand*, épée, hache d'armes. A.-Sax. *brand*.—Hippeau.
- Braste, 173/13, 496/35, broke.
- Brayn, 581/7, brains.
- Brayned hym, 587/26, knocked his brains out.
- Breake, 478/15, broke.
- Brede, 442/1, bread.
- Bredern, 533/30, brethren.
- Breke felowshyp, 55/26, depart from one another.
- Brenne, 417/13, burn.
- Brennyng, 586/15, Brenynge, 136/21, burning.
- Brente, 19/28, 386/19, 492/5, burnt, burned.
- Breste, 451/13, breast.
- Breste of hym, 273/14, his breast.
- Bresten, 79/9, hurst, broken.
- Brethe, 392/22, b eath.
- Bretherne germayne, 17/10, kinsmen.
- Broched, 265/31, 452/16, pricked.
- Brochng, 63/3, pricking.
- Broder, 36/4, 43/20, brother.
- Brosten, 391/23, burst, broken.
- Brothern, 410/7, brethren.
- Brought . . to deth, 515/5, killed.
- Broun, 463/4, brown.
- Bruyt, 91/16; Bruyte, 21/11, 449/13, noise, commotion, disputation.
- Brigantes, 316/8; Brygauntes, 125/33, brigands.
- Bryngth, 498/32, brings, bringeth, brought.
- Bushement, 136/19, ambush.
- Busifall, 31/30, Alexander's horse Bucephalus.
- Bussynes, 137/27, pipes or straight trumpets. Fr. '*busine*, *buzine*.'
- But and, 511/15, but if.
- But & yf, 142/13, but if.
- But deed, 511/13, only dead (*i.e.* if he only touches you with his firk, you are dead forthwith).
- Buty, 143/27, booty.
- But yf, 496/14, unless.
- Buylde, 65/9, built.
- By, 232/17, be.
- By, 32/5, with ("thwerled his swerde by grete fyersnesse").
- By, 227/25, within.
- Bye, 167/26, buy.
- Byde, 530/11, abide.
- Byere, 29/27, coffin.
- Bygge, 232/6, 405/33, 491/6, big, large.
- By grete love, 230/25, of great love.
- Byheded, 75/1, beheaded.
- Byholden, 74/6, beheld.
- By hym, 298/3, of him.
- By hys pryde, 159/34, of, or from, his pride.
- Byleve, 418/14, 480/1, 559/14, believe.
- Byneth, 521/28, beneath.
- By no wyse, 235/20, on no wise.
- Bysshop, 172/31, 325/14, bishop.
- By suche, 453/1, in such.
- By suche a streyngthe, 43/12, with so much force.

- By suche a wyse, 42/15, in such wise.  
 By suche wyse, 239/32, on such wise.  
 By thanked, 72/9, be thanked.  
 By there iourneys, 156/19, 548/30, on their travels, on their way.  
 Bytwene, 523/15, between.
- Caas, 297/9, case.  
 Caled, 538/2, called.  
 Calle, 566/23, accuse.  
 Called of, 547/30, accused of.  
 Callenge, 550/28, challenge.  
 Cam, 442/27, came.  
 Cam to hym agenst, 151/23, came to meet him.  
 Came at theyyn, 547/9, the evening came.  
 Came for, 70/19 (*for* redundant).  
 Came to his above of it, 206/6, had the best of it.  
 Capitayn, 292/14; Capytayne, 508/10, captain, commander.  
 Carles, 478/30, churls.  
 Carnall frende, 205/3, brother-in-law.  
 Caste, 372/3, heaved.  
 Casted, 55/4, 173/14, cast; 375/3, did cast; 485/14, heaved.  
 Caste their gages, 548/1, thrown down their gages.  
 Cause lawfull, 545/5, lawful cause.  
 Cause why, 148/22, without any cause.  
 Causer, 487/5, the cause.  
 Ceasse, 459/12, cease.  
 Cered, 173/28, waxt.  
 Certente, 33/19, 363/25, certainty, truth.  
 Challenge of you, 261/18, require of you.  
 Chambrelayne, 211/29; Chambrelayn, 333/9, chamberlain.  
 Chapeleyn, 573/14, chaplain.  
 Charbokell, 74/14, carbuncle.  
 Charboncle, 179/5, Charlemagne's carbuncle.  
 Charged me of, 19/1, instructed me to do.  
 Charme, 370/20, enchantment.  
 Charnell, 422/14, burial-place.  
 Chaufed, 314/21, chafed, rubbed, chewed.
- Chauffed, 46/3, chafed, heated, fretted, vext.  
 Chauffed, 339/17, 343/15, hot, heated, vexed, weary.  
 Chayre, 152/4, chair of state, or pulpit.  
 Checke, 350/23, check (in the game of chess).  
 Chekes of him, 426/33, his cheeks.  
 Chere, 26/7, cheer, fare.  
 Chere, 83/16, cheer (*v.*).  
 Chered theym, 452/19, made them good cheer.  
 Cherme, 398/32, charm, enchantment.  
 Chesses, 58/29, the game of chess; ches borde, 58/29, chess board.  
 Cheuysaunce, 104/27, mischance, bad outcome.  
 Cheyn, 335/26, 369/25, chain.  
 Chuse, 112/32, 519/20, choose.  
 Chynne, 287/11, chin.  
 Chyrche, 374/21, church.  
 Clayme, 339/4, claim.  
 Clene of, 516/25, clean off.  
 Clime, 521/24, climb.  
 Clothe, 510/10, clothes.  
 Clothes, 175/19, rolls of cloth or silk.  
 Cloued, 61/31, cleft.  
 Clouted, 491/7, patched and nailed.  
 Cloued, 231/33, cleaved.  
 Clowdes, 302/18, clouds.  
 Clowte, 282/33, cloth.  
 Clymed, 244/29, climbed.  
 Cofres, 372/15, coffers.  
 Cole, 60/19, 209/17, coal. 'Becam blacke as a cole' = turned black in the face with anger.  
 Colege, 583/12, college, all the members of the monastic establishment of the Cathedral of Cologne.  
 Coler, 369/27, collar.  
 Colle, 50/32, 64/5, embrace round the neck. Fr. 'Collée: f. A necke-imbracement, an imbracing about the necke; a greeting, or welcome, expressed by such an imbracement.'—Cotgrave.  
 Combraunce, 19/15, 62/34, 217/3, hindrance, evil, mishap.  
 Come, 173/7, comes.  
 Comen, 41/21, 486/12, 507/31, come.

- Comende you, 492/28, commend to you.
- Commaundemente, 376/1, command.
- Commysed, 58/15, committed.
- Complayne me, 17/11, complain.
- Complyn tyne, 46/1, Evensong, one of the old ecclesiastical divisions of the day equal to 9 o'clock P.M.
- Comyn, 195/6, 501/21, come (*pl.*).
- Comyn, 486/6, common.
- Conclusion effectuell, 151/16, effectual conclusion.
- Concordauns, 220/31, concord, treaty.
- Conduyt, 18/22, safe-conduct, guard.
- Conduytte, 508/7, Conduytted, 41/21, conducted.
- Condycion, 367/20, condition.
- Confuse, 563/4, in confusion.
- Conne, 30/34, 70/32, give.
- Conne, 282/23, know, learn.
- Conne doo soo moche, 61/9, be able to do so much.
- Conqusted, 16/32, 132/30, conquered.
- Constantynoble, 498/9; Constantyn noble, 531/15, Constantinople.
- Contente, 545/31, contented.
- Contrefaytted, 172/24, counterfeited.
- Contynewe, 416/26, continue.
- Cope, 574/28, covering.
- Coppe, 38/11, cup.
- Corageus, 192/16, courageous.
- Cordueners, 173/21, cordwainer's, shoemaker's.
- Corven, 271/5, carved out.
- Corsettes, 79/10, steel corsets, breast and back armour.
- Coste, 130/4, 143/25, country.
- Cosyn, 498/25, cousin.
- Cote, 555/32, coat.
- Cote of mayle, 117/8, coat of mail.
- Coude . . . thanke, 26/24, gave. 'To conne thanke,' to give thanks.
- Coude, 80/12, could.
- Couffres, 371/4, coffers, strong chests.
- Counseyle, 43/20, advise (*v.*).
- Countrefayt, 315/1; Countrefayte, 115/13, counterfeited, changed, disguised.
- Courage, 432/25, heart, disposition.
- Fr. '*Courage* . . . the mind, will, humor, fancie, affection, disposition.'—Cotgrave.
- Cours, 378/26, course.
- Course of the horses, 168/14, horse-racing.
- Courset, 303/26, corset, doublet.
- Courtesli, 320/19, courteously.
- Courteys, 539/33, courteous.
- Covenable, 169/21, 543/14, convenient.
- Covent, 281/27, convent; but in this case applying only to *monks*.
- Cowardes of veri kinde, 295/11, ingrained cowards.
- Cowde, 191/12, could.
- Cowpled, 392/18, coupled, as wrestlers, with their arms round each other.
- Coyffe, 44/28, scull-cap: '*Coif*, a close hood for the head.'—Fairholt. Fr. '*Coiffe*'; f. A coife, cowl, or cap, for the head.'—Cotgrave.
- Craftes, maner of, 150/10, handicrafts.
- Crafty men, 149/5, men of craft, handicraftsmen.
- Crake, 320/22, croak.
- Creatures humain, 23/31, human beings.
- Cristeyn, 511/9, Crysten, 511/22; Crystens, 515/20, Christians.
- Cronyikes, 3/7, chronicles.
- Croper, 267/4, crupper.
- Cruelnes, 29/5, cruelty.
- Crusified, 336/18, crucified.
- Crystendome, 329/31, Christendom.
- Crystmasse, 83/12, Christmas.
- Culpe, 286/32, fault. Fr. '*Coulpe*': f. A fault, offence, trespass, misdeed, or ill deed.'—Cotgrave.
- Curaces, 509/19, cuirasses.
- Cursidnes, 339/12, cursedness.
- Curstly dealed wythall, 257/31, hardly dealt with.
- Curtsse, 469/10, courtesy.
- Curtois, 38/33, courteous.
- Curtoysly, 75/28; Curtoyusly, 146/2, Curtesly, 211/17, courteously.
- Custume, 480/13, custom.
- Cutted, 56/4, cut.
- Cyte, 301/18, city.

- Damoyssel, 144/2, damsel.  
 Damoysselles, 27/18, damsels.  
 Damp, 199/29, 201/19, 272/18, L.  
*Dominus*, Sir or Lord.  
 Darnped, 256/13, 503/35, damned.  
 Dangeour, 352/7, 457/12; Daun-  
 geour, 218/12, 479/13, danger.  
 Dawes, 194/31, birds.  
 Dayned, 17/17, 53/33, 177/23,  
 deigned.  
 Day respyte, 429/17, respited day,  
 or day of respite.  
 Dealed, 143/27, divided, shared.  
 Dealed to, 509/25, divided among.  
 Debonairte, 550/16, good will.  
 Deceasse, 244/17, die.  
 Deceased, 227/5, deceased, dead.  
 Deed, 111/29, 425/29, dead.  
 Deed wounde, 562/31, death wound.  
 Deef, 586/13, deaf.  
 Defawte, 139/35, default.  
 Defende, 546/27, prove.  
 Defende theymselfe of, 552/3, de-  
 fend themselves against.  
 Defoyled, 266/6, stript of renown,  
 overcome. ? Fr. 'Defueiller. To  
 vnleau, to plucke the leaues  
 from, to deprive of leaues.'—Cot-  
 grave.  
 Defferred, 301/22, deferred.  
 Deied, 61/19, died.  
 Delaynge, 450/28, delay, delaying.  
 Delibered, 157/27, deliberated, come  
 to a decision.  
 Delyver yourselfe of, 208/27, get  
 rid of.  
 Demened, 487/24, demeaned.  
 Demye lance, 487/18, a small lance.  
 Departe, 242/10, separate.  
 Departed, 540/13, gone aw<sup>ay</sup>.  
 Departed, 308/22, 535/29, parted,  
 separated.  
 Departed well erly, 52/16, departed  
 very early.  
 Departyng, 492/23, departure.  
 Deppeste, 115/11, closest, thickest.  
 Derely, 454/32, 488/6, dearly.  
 Dere syre, 470/14, dear sir.  
 Derth, 187/31; Derthe, 422/6,  
 dearth.  
 Deservynge, 336/24, deserts.  
 Desire I not, 34/20, I do not desire.  
 Desyrynge, 497/21, desirous.  
 Devocyon, 156/14, devotional im-  
 pulse, desire. "Cam to hym a  
 devocyon for to goo in pylgrym-  
 age."  
 Deuoynr, 72/20; Devoyre, 19/23;  
 Devour, 567/4, devoir, duty.  
 Deuysed, 41/32, arranged.  
 Devyse, 547/9, appoint.  
 Devysynge, 227/14, talking, chat-  
 ting. Fr. 'Deviser. To com-  
 mune, talke, discourse, conferre,  
 devise, chat, conuerse with.'—  
 Cotgrave.  
 Deyed, 406/25, died.  
 Deyen, 438/1, die (*pl.*).  
 Deyeng, 79/12, dying.  
 Deyeth, 232/26, dieth.  
 Digne, 3/16, great.  
 Disherited, 347/20, disinherited.  
 D'spyte, 97/24, despite.  
 Disworshippe, 324/14, dishonour.  
 Do, 22/10, cause to be; "he shoul  
 do hange hym," should cause him  
 to be hanged, have him hanged.  
 Do brenne, 17/29, cause to be burnt.  
 Domm, 82/10, dumb.  
 Dommage, 28/28, damage, hurt,  
 injury.  
 Dommaged, 111/12, done great  
 mischief to.  
 Dongeon, 23/22, donjon.  
 Donn, 132/24, got down.  
 Doo all myn oste, 375/30, make my  
 warriors.  
 Doo dygge, 438/21, caused to be  
 digged.  
 Doo knowe, 72/22, cause to be  
 known.  
 Do marchandyse, 177/32, trade.  
 Doon, 317/16, 548/20, done.  
 Doon, 420/18, do (*pl.*).  
 Doon, 110/13, 189/1, given.  
 Doo of, 464/16, do off.  
 Doo of me, 26/33, do with me.  
 Doon of hym, 56/7, done *with* h'im  
 = "all up with him."  
 Doo put, 90/24, cause to put.  
 Doo repayre, 531/25, caused to be  
 repaired.  
 Doo sawte, 189/26, make assault.  
 Dcoterd, 208/9, dotard.  
 Doo theym nothyng, 248/6, do them  
 no evil.  
 Dooth me to wyte, 211/18, makes  
 me to know.

- Doo to be caste doun, 185/8, cause to be cast down.  
 Doo you to wyte, 89/27, cause you to know.  
 Do pyghte, 73/30, cause to be pitched.  
 Dores, 204/13, doors.  
 Doubed, 31/25, dubbed.  
 Doubte . . . of a strawe, 229/8, care a straw. (Doubte = fear.)  
 Doubte of deathe, 18/10, in peril, fear of losing one's life.  
 Doubted, 155/12, feared.  
 Doubted in his takynge, 479/11, difficult to take him.  
 Douce fraunce, 191/18, 367/23, true, right France, nothing but France, *lit.* sweet France.  
 Doungeon, 96/4, donjon.  
 Douse, great, high, chief, 16/18.  
 Douspyers, 203/19, the "twelve peers" of France.  
 Douve, 53/3, dove.  
 Dowbe, 495/20, dub.  
 Dowbed, 163/5, dubbed.  
 Drawe, 139/12, gone.  
 Drawen, 66/4, withdrawn, gone away.  
 Draweth now sore to age, 542/4, is getting old.  
 Drawnen, 96/26, drawn.  
 Dreme, 221/23, dream.  
 Dressed, 420/19, placed, prepared, got ready.  
 Drew after, 351/3, carried behind.  
 Drewe alle, 27/11, all drew.  
 Dronke, 93/8, drun'. The yeomen of the stable had supped, and "thei were dronke."  
 Dronken, 478/22, drunk.  
 Drynkyng money, 582/10, money to buy drink with.  
 Duange, 248/21, troubled, vexed. A.S. *dwinan*, to dwine, pine or waste away; 'dwinge, to shrivel and dwindle (Eastern), *dwingle*, Brome's Songs, ed. 1661, p. 183.' Hal. Gloss.  
 Duche, 477/10, duke.  
 Dure, 207/12, endure.  
 Dute, 324/17, duty.  
 Duytes, 150/6, duties, dues.  
 Dyches, 65/15, 420/18, ditches.  
 Dyd doo make, 182/26, made.  
 Dyde, 57/27, 88/26, 327/9, did, performed.  
 Dyde caste a grete syghe, 372/3 heaved a great sigh.  
 Dydest, 226/7, didst.  
 Dyde mysse, 90/15, missed.  
 Dyde on, 31/23, put on.  
 Dyde soo moche, 156/19; Dyde somoche, 342/7, 576/15, went so far, went so fast.  
 Dyde so moche by their iourneis, 570/14, rode so fast on their way.  
 Dyde tary, 500/15, tarried, stayed.  
 Dyffamed, 326/22, 580/24, defamed.  
 Dyffyaunce, 112/7, defiance.  
 Dygne, 337/2, worthy.  
 Dynere, 478/1, dinner.  
 Dyverse, 467/25, divers.  
 Dysaray, 354/3, disarrayed, unready.  
 Dysarmed, 198/22, unarmed.  
 Dysarmed hym, 91/11, took his arms away.  
 Dysase, 277/31, disease.  
 Dysavowed, 134/20, disowned.  
 Dysceyve, 462/18, deceive.  
 Dyscoupled, 241/16, uncoupled.  
 Dysease, 244/31, danger.  
 Dysguysed, 314/26, 462/18, disguised.  
 Dyshe, 463/5, dish, wooden bowl.  
 Dysheryted, 134/19, disinherited.  
 Dyspende, 538/13, spend.  
 Dysperate, 245/24, 409/26, desperate.  
 Dyspeyre, 370/10, despair.  
 Dysplayed, 464/19, 510/8, displeased.  
 Dysplaysure, 30/19, displeasure.  
 Dyspurueyd, 418/8, unprovided.  
 Dyspyte, 161/22, 362/6, 478/5, despite.  
 Dyssynmuled, 534/5, dissimulated.  
 Dystressed, 116/6, distrained.  
 Dystroied, 71/14; Dystroyed, 483/5, destroyed.  
 Eche, 453/1, 547/15, each.  
 Edefyed, 575/10, erecting, building.  
 Edyfyed, 67/4, erected, edified.  
 Eeles, 264/13, eels.  
 Eest, 336/7, east.  
 Eere, 136/12, ear.  
 Efforte, 527/21, exhibition.  
 Efte agayne, 252/9, often again.

- Egle, 355/3, eagle.  
 Elder, 537/1, older.  
 Elles, 489/10, else.  
 Elles where, 178/2, elsewhere.  
 Embusshed, 554/21, ambushed.  
 Emonge, 218/31, among.  
 Enbrased, 414/15, 492/25, embraced.  
 Encrease, 214/28, increase.  
 Endevorde, 4/12, endeavoured.  
 Endoctryned, 536/7, instructed.  
 Endure, 511/19, stand.  
 Endynge, 527/20, end.  
 Enewred, 187/15, injured.  
 Engynes, 457/32, war material,  
 machines for casting stones.  
 Enhabyte, 150/4, inhabit.  
 Enlevyn, 125/9, eleven.  
 Enmye mortalle, 64/26, mortal  
 enemy.  
 Enoynted, 169/29 ; Ennoynted, 35/  
 27, anointed.  
 Employed, 476/34, employed.  
 Enpraynt, 453/2. Fr. 'Em-  
 preinte : f. A stampe, a print . .  
 a violent assault, a furious and  
 forcible onset.'—Cotgrave.  
 Enprynting, 4/14, print.ing.  
 Ensampl, 477/1 ; Ensampl, 295/  
 17, example.  
 Ensure, 329/23, assure.  
 Entirely, 450/17, entirely.  
 Entencyon, 359/17, intention.  
 Entent, 409/34, intention.  
 Enterprised, 21/34, undertaken.  
 Enterprys, 54/13, enterprise.  
 Entraylles, 251/30, entrails.  
 Entre, 173/3, entrance.  
 Entreteyneth, 549/27, entertaineth.  
 Envyrnond, 191/30, 227/18, sur-  
 rounded, environed.  
 Erbe, 371/7, herb.  
 Ere, 562/32, ear.  
 Erneste, 328/8, earnest.  
 Eschewe, 564/33, evade.  
 Escuse, 112/21, excus.  
 Ester, 83/12, 535/13, Easter.  
 Ete, 516/8, eat.  
 Eten wyth, 52/34, eaten by.  
 Ether, 451/34, either.  
 Etyng, 440/35, eating.  
 Euyll rest, 70/30, 'God gyue them  
 euyll rest,' = no peace.  
 Euyll was to hym, 27/2, it was  
 unlucky for him.
- Euyne, 73/35, even, close.  
 Euyne, 53/20, evening.  
 Ever, 17/20, always.  
 Everyche, 186/16 ; Eueriche, 53/10,  
 every.  
 Evyll contente, 253/8, not well con-  
 tented.  
 Evyll daye gyve you, god, 107/3,  
 God give you an evil eading.  
 Evylles, 408/25, evils.  
 Evyn, 500/12, even.  
 Evyn, 243/7, evening.  
 Evyn anone, 306/16, even now  
 Expowne, 152/17, expound.  
 Eyn, 99/8, 306/10, eyes.  
 Eyghte, 210/6, Eyght, 74/21, eight.  
 Ey. leth, 226/26, 310/25, aileth.  
 Eyres, 324/7, heirs.
- Facyon, 227/16, 351/11, 544/24,  
 fashion, shape, manner.  
 Falsed your feyth, 264/20, made  
 false your faith.  
 False wyt, 565/25, falseness, falsity,  
 treachery.  
 Falshode, 558/15, falseness, treach-  
 ery.  
 Falsli, 341/5, falsely.  
 Famysshe, 74/27, starve out.  
 Famysshed, 421/13, made him to be  
 famished.  
 Famyshynge, 21/25, famine.  
 Fare, 478/34, fared.  
 Fared soo fowle, 515/20, did so  
 evilly.  
 Fare fowl wyth vs, 42/2, do evil  
 unto us.  
 Fauce posternes, 190/31, false gates,  
 or passages.  
 Faucons, 59/21, Fawcons, 192/25,  
 falcons.  
 Fauell, 33/21, dun. 'Fauveau : m.  
 A dunne horse. Fauveau, yellow-  
 ish, darke yellow, dunne, some-  
 what fallow. Fauve, fallow,  
 deepe-yellow, Lyon-tawnie, light-  
 dunne.'—Cotgrave.  
 Faughte, 99/22, fought.  
 Fawcebraye, 77/27 ; Fawesebraye,  
 149/15, a secret passage, or  
 covered way.  
 Fawte, 215/33, 550/31, fault : 110/  
 35, falseness ; 111/7, default.  
 Faylle, 37/13, fail.



- Faylled, 75/10, failed.
- Fayne, 86/33, fine, good; 301/16, fain, willing.
- Fayr clothes, 534/1, goodly hangings; cloths and carpets hung from the windows, &c.
- Faytes, 4/7; Fayttes, 32/22, feats.
- Faytes of armes, 138/18, 453/3, feats of arms.
- Feere, 80/13, 398/21, fear.
- Feered, 455/18, feared.
- Feest, 499/12, feast, rejoicing; 175/27, sport.
- Feintnes, 425/30, faintness.
- Felawe myn! 301/26, my man!
- Felawshyp, 16/23; Felaushyp, 46/26, company, party.
- Felde, 267/22, 288/30, 565/18, felled, knocked down.
- Feliship. 289/17, 512/25; Felishyp, 545/18, fellowship, following, company.
- Fell, 165/6; Felle, 30/17, wicked, cruel, fierce.
- Felony, 496/20, villainy.
- Ferder, 57/2, further.
- Ferdfull, 249/8, fearful.
- Fere, 481/12, fear.
- Fered, 149/13, feared.
- Ferfull, 361/30, fearful.
- Ferre, 60/27, far.
- Ferre wavs, 585/24, far countries.
- Fery, 337/27, fayery, the fairy race, magic folk.
- Feste, 83/13, 163/7, feast.
- Fet, 477/22; Fette, 216/25, 466/2, fetch.
- Fete, 466/5, feet.
- Fete of hym, 550/17, his feet.
- Feters, 370/28, fetters.
- Fetred, 369/24, fettered.
- Fewte, 571/8, fealty.
- Feynte, 184/15, 249/2, faint (from loss of blood).
- Feysauntes, 124/6, pheasants.
- Feyth, 99/12, 538/11, faith.
- Fiersly, 262/33, fiercely.
- Fiersnes, 413/6, fierceness, ferocity.
- Fifthy, 108/1, fifty.
- Fishes, the miracle of the, in sustaining the body of Reynawde above the water, 582-583.
- Fissher, 264/13 fisherman.
- Flancardes, 79/10, flank or side armour. Fr. '*Flancars*: m. Side Langes; armour for the flankes, or sides of a barbed horse.'—Cotgrave.
- Fleeng, 140/27, fleeing.
- Fleye theym quycke, 157/31, flay them alive.
- Fleyen, 25/11 (slayne in ed. 1554), flayed, slain.
- Fleyn quycke, 320/20, flayed alive.
- Fleyngge, 232/26, flying.
- Floughe, 39/10, 262/5, flew, travelled.
- Flowen, 521/7, flown.
- Flowyngge, 589/15, influx.
- Flyghte, 243/24, flight.
- Fole, 460/10, fool.
- Fole detestable, 331/31, detestable fool.
- Folie, 80/7, mischief, evil.
- Folisshe, 171/5, foolish.
- Folke, 29/6, 224/25, attendants, followers, retinue.
- Foly, 21/34, silly enterprise.
- Folysly, 243/12, foolishly.
- Fonde, 67/20, 194/23, 363/1, found.
- Fontaine, 400/26, fountain, stream.
- For, 36/19, 301/20, from.
- For cause, 53/4, 540/10, because.
- For doubte to be blamed, 81/4, for fear he should be blamed.
- For nyce, 171/18, as asses. Fr. '*nice* . . dull, simple.'—Cotgrave.
- For our saynge, 505/31, to save us, for our salvation.
- For prysoners, 90/6, as prisoners.
- For recomended, 170/20, 495/16, as commended or committed to your charge, under your care. '*Recommander* . . to give one charge, to commit vnto the care, of.'—Cotgrave, 1611.
- For to = to; 18/4, "oughte for to doo"; 18/25, "come not for to serve"; 20/7, "for to tell."
- For to deye for it, 296/27, if I have to die for it.
- For to knowe, 193/6, to find out.
- For to light on horsbak, 74/20, to mount horse.
- For whi, 202/28, because.
- Forbanysshed, 79/32, disinherited, banished, dispossessed.
- Forbede, 244/14, 359/12, forbid.

- Forcened, 201/33. Fr. '*Forcené* . . . Mad, wood, frantick; raging, furious, out of his wits.'—Cotgrave.  
 Forclosed, 289/11, foreclosed, shut off.  
 Forder, 446/1, further.  
 Foreby, 116/5, near.  
 Forewarde, 40/12, the advance guard.  
 Forfaytte, 32/29, default, forfeit.  
 Forfote, 173/12, forefoot.  
 Forgaaff, 336/19, forgave.  
 Forgate, 259/3, forgot.  
 Forgate not, 51/19, did not forget.  
 Forhede, 48/14, 478/11, 559/11, forehead.  
 Formost, 106/27, 137/13, 449/8, foremost.  
 Forsayd, 558/34, aforesaid.  
 Forsoke, 461/9, forsook.  
 Forthby, 586/22, thereby, that way.  
 Foster, 194/17, forester.  
 Fote, 176/3, foot.  
 Fote, 279/33, feet (" xv fote of lengthe" = fifteen feet in height). *Foot* is still used, as 'six foot high.'  
 Fouer, 109/9, four.  
 Founded, 32/6, formed, made.  
 Foundemente, 56/16, fundament.  
 Founde the wayes, 536/2, made the arrangements.  
 Fourth, 39/23; Fourthe, 27/8, 60/7, forth.  
 Fourthe, 26/8, forth.  
 Fourthi, 55/20; Fourthy, 547/8, forty.  
 Fowle fall, 304/11, evil befall.  
 Fowndered, 123/3, bedrenched.  
 Fowndre, 140/3, give way, founder.  
 Foyned, 43/25, thrust.  
 Foyson, 187/4, 434/25; Foi-son, 20/2, plenty, many, a great number.  
 Fraunchyse, 283/12, service.  
 Fraye, 62/11, fray.  
 Fraye hym selfe, 33/18, not put himself in fear.  
 Free knyght, 199/29, free-speaking.  
 Frende, 498/27, friend.  
 Frende carnall, 225/8, near kinsman.  
 Frenshemen, 238/10, Frenchmen.  
 Frenshyp, 83/11, friendship.
- Fro, 302/32, 486/13, from.  
 Frohens, 140/1, from hence.  
 Fromhens forthon, 350/24, from henceforth.  
 From my behalve, 159/18, on my behalf.  
 Frompeled his forhede, 48/14, made the wrinkles appear in his forehead.  
 Frutes, 336/28, fruits.  
 Fullylled wyth, 388/2, full of.  
 Full made, 149/20, finished building.  
 Full often, 35/17, many times.  
 Furret, 199/14, furred, fringed.  
 Fyaunced, 154/16, affianced.  
 Fyfte, 452/22, fifth.  
 Fyghte, 291/19, fight.  
 Fyghte sore atte his herte, 125/19, to be troubled in his mind, by recollection of his shocking treatment of his sons.  
 Fynde, 526/28, find  
 Fyne, 253/19, great.  
 Fyne force, 518/23, 562/13, great force.  
 Fynysse, 514/10, end, finish.  
 Fynysshed, 248/13, come to an end.  
 Fyre angry, 476/20, as angry, as fierce and furious, as fire.  
 Fyred, 510/22, fired, set alight.  
 Fyred it, 399/7, set fire to it.  
 Fyrste, 445/17, first.  
 Fyssh, 393/2, 582/31, fish.  
 Fysshes, 226/8, fish's.  
 Fyste, 43/18, hand, fist.
- Gaaf, 32/35; Gaaff, 62/13; Gaff, 143/29, gave.  
 Gabbe, 338/29, speak mockingly.  
 Gadre, 441/6, gather.  
 Gadred, 168/12, 552/33, gathered.  
 Gage, 218/28, defiance; 386/34, pledge.  
 Galous, 334/21; Galohous, 331/22, gallews.  
 Gare, 567/6, cause.  
 Garnysshed, 87/25, supplied.  
 Garnyssheng, 251/3, gathering.  
 Gate, 374/24, got; 486/23, get.  
 Gate the pryce, 308/7, won the prize.  
 Gayn, 355/1, 529/34, booty, prize taken from the enemy.  
 Gayne, 194/23, gain.  
 Gaynsayth, 425/11, gainsayeth.

- Gentill, 19/19, noble.  
 Gentyll, 495/10, gentle.  
 Gentlywmen, 491/30, gentle-  
 women.  
 Gete, 452/13, get.  
 Girde, 31/25, girded, girt.  
 Gladder, 211/11, more glad, more  
 pleased.  
 Glayue, 82/25, glaive, blade. Fr.  
 'Glaiue: m. A Gleau, or Sword;  
 also a Launce, or horseman's  
 staffe.'—Cotgrave.  
 Glotons, 63/19, 81/1, gluttons,  
 blackguards. Fr. 'Glouton: m. A  
 glutton . . . also a knaue, rascall,  
 filthie fellow.'—Cotgrave.  
 Glystered, 93/14, glistened.  
 Gnewe, 473/31, gnawed.  
 Go, 586/14, walk.  
 God byfore, 488/3, God leading.  
 Goddys, 231/14, God's.  
 Gode, 485/16, 499/8, 525/7, goods,  
 cargo.  
 God mercy, 450/31, God's mercy,  
 or the mercy of God.  
 God yelde you, 146/33, God keep  
 you.  
 Golde massy, 61/23, massive gold.  
 Goo, 452/8, go.  
 Goo agenste them, 494/8, go against,  
 to meet them (*i.e.* in a friendly  
 manner, not as in war).  
 Goo at, 519/1, go to.  
 Goo fro myself, 532/6, go beside  
 myself (*i.e.* lose my wits).  
 Goo in pylgrimage, 156/14, go on  
 a pilgrimage.  
 Goo vppon, 25/23, attack.  
 Good, 30/27, goods, good things.  
 Good arraye, 29/17, a sarcastic way  
 of speaking of a man whose head  
 has been cut off.  
 Good of kynde, 490/18, good by  
 nature, naturally of a good dis-  
 position.  
 Goode gownes, 49/25, best clothes.  
 Goon, 445/22, gone.  
 Goon to sportyng, 193/10, gone  
 sporting.  
 Gooth, 270/6, 315/27, goeth.  
 Goten agayne, 498/4, again taken.  
 Gramercy, 82/30, 301/33, 'grand  
 merci,' great thanks.  
 Greef, 236/21, pain.  
 Greefull, 251/29, grievous.  
 Gresses, 440/35, grasses.  
 Grete, 572/1, greet.  
 Grete hall, 149/8, principal room.  
 Grete luste, 157/8, great haste.  
 Grete name, 541/7, high esteem.  
 Grete occasion, 226/31, great cause.  
 Grete peyne contynuall, 28/32, long-  
 continued trouble.  
 Grete rage of hungre, 429/7, great  
 pangs of hunger.  
 Grete wordes, 412/27, big words.  
 Gretnes, 232/9, greatness.  
 Gretter gentilman, 208/30, better  
 man.  
 Gretyng, 489/25, greeting.  
 Greureth, 76/22, grieveth, angereth.  
 Greveth, 452/2, grieveth.  
 Grovelinge, 370/31, grovelling.  
 Gryeffe, 34/12, grief.  
 Gryffon, 52/31, griffin, dragon.  
 Grylled, 176/32, expanded.  
 Guarissshed, 278/14, healed, cured.  
 Fr. *gueri*.  
 Guyded, 281/18, guided.  
 Guysarne, 516/13, a long weapon  
 with a scythe and a spear at its  
 head. See it figured in Fairholt's  
*Costume in England*, ed. Dillon,  
 i. 216.  
 Guyven, 263/21, given.  
 Gyaunt, 586/31, giant.  
 Gybet, 30/22, Gybette, 96/21,  
 gibbet, gallows.  
 Gyfte, 246/18, gift.  
 Gylte, 537/22, guilt, gold.  
 Gylty, 286/6, guilty.  
 Gynnes, 337/17, clutches; 428/28,  
 snares.  
 Gyrtes, 321/10, girths.  
 Gyrthe, 197/15, part of the harness  
 of a horse.  
 Gyve him to knowe, 548/12, given  
 him to understand.  
 Gyueth, 69/30, forewarneth.  
 Gyveth, 137/9, foretelleth.  
 Habandonne, 336/27, abandon.  
 Habandoned, 239/27, abandoned.  
 Habylymentes, 53/11, habiliments.  
 Habyte, 279/28, habit, dress.  
 Had be, 456/5, had been.  
 Had doo make, 70/5, had made.

- Had enuye vpon hym, 150/23, were envious of him.  
 Had out, 525/9, taken out.  
 Had them, 536/10, took them.  
 Hadde, 92/14, took.  
 Hadde doo brynge, 56/28, had brought.  
 Hale vp saylle, 530/19, haul up the sails.  
 Halfe discomfyted, 228/30, half vanquished (because they had no arms with them).  
 Halowes, 552/26, sacred relics.  
 Halted sore, 177/9, was sore lame.  
 Haltyng, 175/6, lamely.  
 Halve, 464/14, half.  
 Hamer, 581/6, hammer.  
 Hanfull, 107/4, handful.  
 Hanged, 74/18, furnished ('whan the tentes wer all spred & hanged').  
 Hangyng, 50/14, pending; — 'This hangyng,' 71/13 (very frequently), Fr. *ce-pendant*, meanwhile, meantime. (After relating the doings of one set of his characters, the narrator leaves them alone, and goes on with the doings of another set.) Fr. '*Pendant cela* (adverbially), in the meane while, in the meane time, in the meane season.' —Cotgrave.  
 Happed, 86/33, 504/29; Haped, 19/24, happened, came to pass, turned out.  
 Happed of newe, 202/12, newly happened.  
 Hardenes, 106/7, harshness.  
 Hardly, 194/25, hardly, stoutly, quickly.  
 Harneyses, 44/4, armour, accoutrements, both of horses and knights.  
 Hast, 477/33, haste.  
 Haste the mete, 255/15, hasten, 'hurry up' the dinner.  
 Hasted somoche, 562/22, harried, worried, so much.  
 Hastly, 451/31, hastily, in haste.  
 Hathe be, 468/28, hath been.  
 Hatred, 539/31, hated.  
 Haubergeon, 42/24; Haubergen, 79/10, a coat of mail, a breast-plate, the diminutive of 'hauberk.'  
 Haue accorde, 51/10, have accorded, *i.e.* to have made peace between.  
 Haue do made, 70/29, have caused to be made.  
 Haunted, 543/31, acquainted.  
 Hauntyng, 536/16, following.  
 Hauoyre, 64/29, 71/23, goods, valuables.  
 Have, 17/27, capture.  
 Have be, 456/4, have been.  
 Have me, 166/6, take me.  
 Hede, 418/31, heed.  
 Hede, 37/26, 403/16, head.  
 Hede captayne, 508/18, commander-in-chief.  
 Heded, 266/22, beheaded.  
 Heder, 75/19, hither.  
 Hederwarde, 481/30, hitherward.  
 Hedles, 331/6, heedless.  
 Heeled, 398/16, covered (with bedding, &c.).  
 Heeres rise vp, 228/27, hair stands up.  
 Helde, 229/17, beheld.  
 Helde hym so short, 532/8, was so hasty with him.  
 Helde syde, 238/4, took side.  
 Hele, 278/5, heal.  
 Helpeth hymself wyth, 528/5, applies himself to.  
 Hens fourthe, 49/17, henceforth.  
 Hensfourthon, 59/6, henceforth on.  
 Her, 21/29, its; spoken of the castle of Aygremount.  
 Heralde, herawde, 203/16, 31, herald.  
 Herbowryng, 28/9, dwelling-place (*metaphor*).  
 Here, 50/6, hear.  
 Heremytage, 400/24, hermitage.  
 Heremyte, 315/24, 467/22, hermit.  
 Heres, 177/16, hair (referring to colour).  
 Heres pulled, 62/10, hairs torn out of the head.  
 Herke, 246/23, hearken.  
 Herken, 90/21, hearken.  
 Hermyns, 129/9, ermine.  
 Herneis, 79/5, war apparel.  
 Herte, 48/9, heart.  
 Herte so fell, 205/31, such wicked hearts.  
 Herte tendred, 430/22, heart became tender.

- Hertes, 124/5, harts.  
 Hertes rose in their belies, 465/24,  
 hearts rose in their bellies (*ap-  
 parently proverbial*).  
 Hertly, 451/35, heartily.  
 Hertly sorowe, 429/25, sorrow at  
 heart.  
 Herytaunce, 404/4, inheritance,  
 heritage.  
 Hete, 417/30, 452/13, heat.  
 Hether, 31/2, hither.  
 Heved, 194/30, held.  
 Heved vppe, 28/24, lifted up.  
 Hevered, 122/4, heaved.  
 Hevy, 532/3, heavy.  
 Hevy, 114/15, censorious, bullying.  
 Fr. '*Lourd* . . vnhandsome, vn-  
 ciuile, vnmannerlie.'—Cotgrave.  
 Hevy to me, 492/23, heavy on me.  
 Hevyn, 112/29, 507/11, heaven.  
 Hevynes, 99/9, 143/9, heaviness.  
 Heye, 116/27; Hey, 431/1, hay.  
 Hidous, 121/10, hideous.  
 Hie, 3/14, 53/31, 431/33, 476/25, 476/  
 31, high, loud.  
 Hie roche, 73/8, high rock.  
 Highe voys, 165/25, loud voice.  
 Him vpon, 564/30, upon him.  
 His body defendynge, 566/26, de-  
 fending his body.  
 His hert rored in his beli for ioye,  
 261/7, he was so overjoyed, that  
 his heart beat furiously.  
 His strokes cam right, 79/2, each  
 stroke of his sword killed a  
 knight.  
 Hit, 29/29, it.  
 Hode, 282/19, 466/12, hood.  
 Holde here, 154/11, look here!  
 Holde, 62/26, regain, recover.  
 Holden, 70/33, bound.  
 Hole, 46/14, 312/22, whole.  
 Holpe, 110/34, 384/1; Holpen, 159/  
 5, 271/24, helped.  
 Honged, 215/32, hung, hanged.  
 Hongre, 115/14, hunger.  
 Hoote, 136/7, hot.  
 Horns, 137/27, clarions.  
 Horryble, 276/3, horribly.  
 Horsis tayles, 73/19, horses' tails.  
 Hosin, 372/17, stockings or socks.  
 Hoursone, 61/25, whoreson.  
 House of religyon, 280/22, 576/12,  
 religious house.
- How, 363/10, however.  
 How be it, 224/16, though.  
 How somever, 174/27, howsoever.  
 Humylite, 411/32, humility.  
 Hungre, 433/16, hunger.  
 Hurted, 78/20, 452/23, hurt, did  
 hurt.  
 Hurted, 560/11, hustled.  
 Husbonde, 415/14, 491/15, husband.  
 Hydde, 422/7, 518/26, hid.  
 Hyghe, 486/10, high.  
 Hyghe you, 559/29, hie, hasten, be  
 quick.  
 Hylle, 400/23, hill.  
 Hym, 482/10, 503/3, himself.  
 Hym demaunded, 40/26, demanded  
 of him.  
 Hym I beseche, 19/13, I beseech  
 him.  
 Hym shold yll betyd, 61/29, it  
 should ill betide him.  
 Hynge, 413/35, hung.  
 Hyt, 48/3, it.
- I am borne, 316/32, I was born.  
 I am mayster for to begge brede,  
 499/10. This is one of Mawgis's  
 playful remarks that he was one  
 of the best of beggars, and that if  
 fair means did not procure the  
 bread, then his staff did.  
 I am not therto consentynge, 52/15,  
 I do not consent thereto.  
 I me complayne, 183/15, I complain  
 me.  
 'I nether prayse you nor doubtte  
 you not,' 27/3. This seems to be  
 a proverbial expression.  
 I shall maye, 181/24, I may, shall  
 be able to.  
 I wolde be reformed wyth rayson  
 to, 159/26, I would reasonably  
 conform to.  
 Iape, 148/27, jape, play with,  
 mock at.  
 Iawe, 562/33, jaw.  
 Ieopardie, 329/7, put in jeopardy.  
 Ill be it, 17/19, albeit.  
 Imprenable, 21/24, 160/9, impreg-  
 nable.  
 In, 210/20, into.  
 In a good hour, 132/27, an auspi-  
 cious time.  
 In a scorne, 264/11, in scorn.

- In certayne, 22/12, certainly.  
 In the crosse, 62/25, on the cross.  
 In to the breste, 55/32, in the breast.  
 Incontinente, 67/6; Incontynente, 24/26, forthwith, immediately, at once.  
 Indygne, 152/27, unworthy.  
 Inhumaynly, 54/15, inhumanly.  
 Ioye atte my herte, 33/9, apparently a proverbial expression for 'be easy in my mind.'  
 Is abyden, 490/32, does abide.  
 It is no more spoken of him, 227/5, no more is said of him.  
 It semeth me, 21/32, it seems to me.  
 It shall repente you, 550/30, you will repent it.  
 Iustynge, 141/9, jousting.  
 Iustyse, 584/5, justice.  
 Kaytiff, 272/9, caitiff.  
 Kechyn, 255/15, kitchen.  
 Kepe, 453/26, guard.  
 Kepe parlyamente, 202/6, hold counsel.  
 Kepe the wayes, 116/4, play the highwaymen.  
 Kepe well, 62/5, take care.  
 Kepe you by, 512/23, keep close to.  
 Keped, 157/9, kept.  
 Kepeth, 302/24, hindereth.  
 Kerles, 480/13 carls, churls, knaves.  
 Keruers, 544/14, carvers (at the dinner table).  
 Knacked, 406/29, gnashed.  
 Knawe, 264/20, knave.  
 Knewe, 549/13, heard of.  
 Knowe the kyng, 87/25, let the king know.  
 Knowlege, 465/1, knowledge.  
 Knyff, 256/9, 544/24, knife.  
 Knyghtehode, 294/10, knighthood.  
 Knytted, 48/14, knit.  
 Kyndenes, 411/31, kindness.  
 Kyng overthrowen, 203/27, a term of reproach.  
 Kynges name of Fraunce, 252/12, in the name of the king of France.  
 Kynred, 400/3, kindred.  
 Kyt, 267/23; Kytted, 350/2, cut.  
 Laddes, 364/1, lads, pages.  
 Lade, 109/5, laden, bestridden.  
 Lady, 478/8, a chess term, meaning what is now called the queen. It is to be understood that, from the use to which the player put this lady, the 'pieces' employed in the game must have been of gigantic dimensions.  
 Laked, 80/10, lacked.  
 Lamage, 172/25, language, speech.  
 Lapped, 251/31, wrapt up, covered, i.e. put back his entrails into his stomach, and bound them in.  
 Largenes, 143/30, liberality.  
 Late a goo, 449/20, lately, a short time back.  
 Lawde, 208/6, laud, honour.  
 Lawghe, 372/22, laugh.  
 Lawghe wyth it, 563/23, laugh at it.  
 Layd a doun, 291/28, laid low.  
 Layde, 227/31, laid hidden.  
 Layed, 421/15, laid, placed.  
 Leches, 568/31, physicians.  
 Ledded, 240/8, led, did lead.  
 Leden, 81/2, deal with.  
 Ledernes, 125/20, idleness, lethargy.  
 Leest, 289/13, least.  
 Legeauns, 348/3, allegiance.  
 Leiser, 80/7, leisure.  
 Leke, 574/27, like.  
 Lended, 304/9, lent.  
 Lene, 116/24, lean.  
 Lene, 481/17; Lened, 418/21, lend.  
 Lenge, 529/30, long.  
 Lenger, 336/1, longer.  
 Lengthe, 55/12, 335/16, lengthen.  
 Lenyng, 320/30, leaning.  
 Lepe, 258/31, leapt; 522/4, leap.  
 Lepte, 337/3, leaped.  
 Lese, 99/6, 522/23, lose.  
 Lese place, 562/23, lose ground.  
 Lese the pryce for age, 170/4, be reckoned younger than he is.  
 Lesyng, 343/13, lying story.  
 Lete, 172/32, left.  
 Lete falle thyselve, 302/25, let thyself fall.  
 Lete flee, 192/25, let fly.  
 Lete goo doun, 91/10, let down.  
 Lete renne their horses, 42/5, let their horses run.  
 Lete you wyte, 73/6, give you to understand.  
 Leten, 437/25, let.  
 Letre, 214/16, letter.

- Letted, 269/14, 333/2, hindered, prevented, stopped.  
 Lettyng, 467/33, hindrance.  
 Leuer, 33/13, value, estimate.  
 Leuer, 37/17, sooner.  
 Leve, 481/15, leave.  
 Leve, 298/17, take, accept.  
 Leveht, 254/21, leaveth.  
 Lever, 148/12, sooner.  
 Leves, 116/23, leaves.  
 Leye, 45/14, 395/20, lay.  
 Leyed, 579/30, laid.  
 Leyser, 229/5, 383/17, leisure.  
 Liberte, 488/28, liberty.  
 Liff, 142/16, life.  
 Liff dayes, 473/27, days of life.  
 Lifte, 182/23, lifted.  
 Lifte, 233/17, left (side).  
 Ligeaunce, 155/11, allegiance.  
 Lighte, 291/12, lighted.  
 Lightely, 488/12, quickly.  
 Lignage, 166/10; lygnage, 166/30, lineage.  
 Like it you that, 568/25, do you like that which.  
 Like wyse, 485/13, likewise.  
 Limmes, 72/28, limbs.  
 Linage, 499/14, lineage.  
 Lippes, 371/8, lips.  
 Liste, 59/7, care to.  
 Liste, 464/33, outgrowth, excrescence, tag of flesh. Fr. '*Liste* . . a small square out-utting brow, or member of a piller. *Le mol de Voreille*. The lug, or list of th' eare.'—Cotgrave.  
 Litol, 177/27, little.  
 Lityll, 400/23, little.  
 Lityll myle, 500/3, short mile (proverbial expression).  
 Lityll pase, 227/13, slow pace.  
 Live dayes, 555/6, remaining days.  
 Livelode, 489/8, livelihood, possessions.  
 Lodges, 49/31, 174/34, lodgings, or tents; 501/28, a reed hut.  
 Loke, 576/26, examine.  
 Loke, 569/33, look after and heal.  
 Loked, 315/11, looked.  
 Loked a traverse, 179/22, looked behind.  
 Loked ful angrely, 48/15, looked swollen up with anger.  
 Lond, 525/1; Londe, 489/6, land.
- Longed vnto, 193/5, belonged unto.  
 Longeth, 480/12, belongeth.  
 Lorden, 511/14, lurdan, lout, low fellow.  
 Lordeshyp, 90/4, lordship.  
 Loued, 70/10, loved.  
 Loughe, 230/25, laughed.  
 Lounges, 241/15, lungs.  
 Lowde, 503/13, loud.  
 Lust, 481/4; Luste, 370/20, desire.  
 Lyberte, 413/12, liberty.  
 Lyers, 113/9, liars.  
 Lyfte, 123/32, left.  
 Lygthly, 89/33; Lyghtelye, 307/16, lightly.  
 Lykened, 215/34, likened.  
 Lynee, 24/23, lineage.  
 Lynen, 220/9, linen.  
 Lyon, 113/34, lion.  
 Lystes, 167/33, race-courses.  
 Lytyll, 133/6, little.  
 Lyuered, 54/23, delivered over to.  
 Lyvered, 214/15, delivered.
- Machomet, 511/2, Mahomet, now usually transliterated Muhammad.  
 Machyned, 216/8, machinated.  
 Mad, 55/27, made.  
 Made a longe necke, 177/1, arched, or spread out his neck.  
 Made accorded, 153/21, agreed upon.  
 Made be called, 547/10, caused to be called.  
 Made com, 203/16, caused to come.  
 Made noo lenger dwellyng, 76/24, stayed no longer.  
 Made noo grete ioye, 532/1, did not rejoice.  
 Made of it two peces, 562/20, cut it asunder.  
 Made swere my good fader, 289/8, made my good father swear.  
 Made them way, 453/35, made way for them.  
 Made to be redy, 62/23, made ready.  
 Made to open, 512/11, cause to be opened.  
 Magre, 86/14, Fr. *malgre*, in spite of; 86/16, damage.  
 Magyke, 349/7, magic, necromancy, enchantment.  
 Mahom, 515/8, Muhammad.  
 Mai, 393/5, may.

- Maister, 265/27, master.  
 Make as mani men for to *make* the warre, 22/3, *number* as many men to *carry on* the war.  
 Make his berde to be cutte harde by the chynne, 186/2, shave him (*apparently proverbial*).  
 Make the forwarde, 235/16, be in front.  
 Make to hym, 26/8, to tell him.  
 Male, 466/13, knapsack, bag. Fr. 'Male: f. A Male, or great Budget.'—Cotgrave.  
 Malencolye, 38/10, melancholy.  
 Maner, 486/13, 499/3, manner, matter, doings.  
 Man of werr, 74/20, man of war, warrior.  
 Maner of craftes, 150/10, handicrafts.  
 Manly, 102/16, manfully.  
 Manson, 178/27, common-man's son, a derisive title (*filz de proudomme*).  
 Many of sheldes, 42/23, large number of shields.  
 Marbell, 282/7, marble.  
 Marchauntes, 458/24, merchants.  
 Marches, 138/33, countries.  
 Marre not, 140/32, do not endanger.  
 Marter, 93/27, slaughter.  
 Martyrdome, 164/14, trouble, torment.  
 Maryshall, 462/31, marshal, senechal; in modern parlance, master of the ceremonies.  
 Masse, 325/18, ? mass, religious profession; not mace, or bishop's pastoral staff, now called a crozier.  
 Massi, 374/26, massive.  
 Masterles, 298/31, without masters.  
 Masters gate, 76/33, the chief gate.  
 Mate, 478/9, a chess term: it seems here to mean 'check,' and not 'mate,' as the game is now played.  
 Mated, 478/22, checkmated.  
 Matere, 253/9, matter.  
 Mathe, 90/19, maketh, for 'made.'  
 Matynes, 573/13, matins, early morning (3 A.M.) prayers, according to the old ecclesiastical regimen.  
 Mauntelles, 212/2, mantles.  
 Mawgre, 229/1, in spite of. Fr. *malgre*.  
 Maye, 26/27, 232/21, be able.  
 Maye noo more, 563/25, may do no more, unable to do more.  
 Mayles, 142/1; Maylles, 267/24, links. Fr. 'Maille: f. Mayle, or a linke of mayle, whereof coats of mayle be made.'—Cotgrave.  
 Mayne, 357/35, 445/28, many, number, lot, mass. Cf. 'the main of them are fools.'  
 Mayntene, 545/15, maintain.  
 Mayntened, 358/22, maintained.  
 Mayster theef, 461/1, chief of the thieves.  
 Maysters masons, 149/4, master masons.  
 Maystres strete, 94/5, principal street.  
 Meane, 134/33, 219/25, means.  
 Meddle, 22/14; Medle, 292/24, battle, fight.  
 Medlee, 37/10, meddle.  
 Medled, 43/5, mingled.  
 Medlers wyld, 576/2, wild medlars.  
 Medlynge, 289/1, fighting.  
 Medowe, 392/4, meadow.  
 Me dysplayseth, 373/18, it displeases me.  
 Meete, 123/29, meat.  
 Meiny, 462/26, many, train.  
 Meke, 409/34, make meek.  
 Meked hymselfe, 468/27, borne himself meekly.  
 Mele, 124/2, meal.  
 Melodyously, 227/11, melodiously.  
 Men bryng, 74/22, men shall bring.  
 Men make often a rodde for theym selfe, 97/11, a proverbial expression, apparently put into Charlemagne's mouth to belittle him, because he would set down all his misfortunes to the fact that he had knighted the Four Sons.  
 Men of crafte, 27/25, handicraftsmen.  
 Mercy of you, 20/21, mercy on you.  
 Merueyliouse, 307/8, marvellous.  
 Merueyille, 32/35, marvel.  
 Merueylled, 36/33, marvelled.  
 Merueylled hym selfe, 53/22, marvelled within himself.  
 Mervelouse, 246/10, marvellous.  
 Merely, 227/3, merrily.  
 Mery, 102/8, merry.



- Messenger, 74/31; Mesager, 287/32, messenger.  
 Mete, 547/16, meet, sufficient.  
 Mewed, 152/6, fastened with a peculiar string (said of a hawk).  
 Mewle, 189/3, mule.  
 Meyne, 316/6, men, followers.  
 Meyne of knyghtes, 34/1, body or troop of knights.  
 Mischeeff, 404/28, mischief.  
 Misdoone, 20/34, done amiss.  
 Misprysed, 359/14, done wrongly, erred, offended.  
 Moche, 299/18, loud.  
 Moche glad, 542/6, very glad.  
 Moche honourably, 535/19, very honourably.  
 Moche humbly, 212/17, very humbly.  
 Moche sori, 515/6, very sorry.  
 Moche worthyly, 45/23, very worthily.  
 Moche wroth, 36/3, very angry.  
 Mocke for that, 561/13, something to mock at.  
 Mocyon, 290/15, motion, action of the mind.  
 Moeved, 136/27, stirred, moved.  
 Molified, 414/28, mollified.  
 Mone, 111/28, 312/27; Moone, 29/33, moan.  
 Moneth, 359/24, month.  
 Montagne, 90/26; Montayn, 145/13, mountain.  
 Moo, 328/7, more.  
 Mooste, 209/5, most, greater.  
 More dred, 190/24, more dreaded.  
 Morowe nexte, 146/5, next morning.  
 Mortalle, 213/23, deadly.  
 Mote, 364/20, might.  
 Mountenaunce, 29/21, amount, valuè.  
 Moure, 565/32, Moor (*i.e.* became as black as a Moor).  
 Moved, 164/28, bestirred.  
 Mow, 89/26, 162/10, be able.  
 Mowes, 173/29, pasterns.  
 Muche longe, 21/17, for a long time.  
 Murderers, 435/18, murderers.  
 Murtrished, 264/22, murdered, murdered.  
 Musardes, 171/18, Fr. '*Musard* : m. A musar, dreamer, or dreaming fellow . . . a pauser, lingerer, de-  
 ferrer, delayer . . . a man of no dispatch.'—Cotgrave.  
 Musike, 225/24, music.  
 Musselinge in the grounde, 426/1, grubbing with their faces in the ground.  
 Mussell, 561/25, muzzle, a horse's face.  
 Mustres, 187/33, musters.  
 Musyng, 425/25, complaint.  
 Myddes, 160/26, 304/5, 528/15, midst, middle.  
 Myght, 165/13, power, strength.  
 Mykyll, 99/4, much.  
 Myle, 35/4, miles.  
 Mylle, 493/14, mill.  
 Mylstone, 496/17, millstone.  
 Mylte, 52/33, the spleen.  
 Myn, 190/6, mine.  
 Myn, 52/32, my (*pl.*).  
 Mynysshe, 436/24, diminish.  
 Myracle, 582/31, miracle.  
 Myre, 420/18, miry, dirty place.  
 Myschaunt, 72/24; Myschaunte, 125/27, wicked.  
 Mysdoon, 481/28, misdome, done amiss.  
 Mysdyde, 344/23, did amiss.  
 Myshap, 231/12, mishap.  
 Mysprysed, 59/26, 347/2, mistook, mistaken, erred.  
 Myssayed, 174/17, missaid.  
 Myssed, 486/16, missed.  
 Mysshaped tyll vs, 375/11, ill-betided us.  
 Mystre, *vb.* 129/14, 141/5, behove, supply need, help; Mystre, *n.* 504/4, need. Fr. '*Mestier* . . . need, lacke, necessitie, want, occasion for the vse, of a thing.'—Cotgrave.  
 Mystruste, 219/33, distrust.  
 Nacyon, 121/15, nation.  
 Nagge, 133/6, small horse.  
 Nainly, 72/30, specially.  
 Nature maye not lie, 424/13, nature is true to herself, *i.e.* the paternal instinct cannot be overcome.  
 Naturell, 36/30; Natureill, 83/17, natural.  
 Nayles, 473/33, nails.  
 Ne, 25/22, nor.  
 Ne, 168/18, never.

Nere goon, 565/23, nearly dead.

Nerer, 273/8, nearer.

Netheles, 206/21, nevertheless.

Never dayes of our lyues, 50/23, never again.

Never dethe was so sore solde ne so dere boughte, 38/25 (apparently a proverbial expression), Never was such terrible vengeance taken, or misery caused, as was for the death of Lohier.

Never in my dayes, 228/26, never before.

Never wylle rype, 473/22, never will become ripe.

Nevev, 188/6, nephew.

Newe, 63/26, newly.

Newe tyme, 89/25, next spring.

Nighed, 315/15, come nigh to.

Nigromancy, 24/6, necromancy, enchantment.

Noblesse, 44/12, nobility, noblemen.

No moo but two, 239/13, no more than two.

None, 400/21, noon.

None, 454/3, the old ecclesiastical division of the day, viz. 3 P.M.

None otherwyse, 457/14, not otherwise.

Noose, 371/8, nose.

Norished, 172/18, brought up, bred.

Norysshed, 114/26, 327/28, nourished.

Nostrelles, 176/32, nostrils.

Nother, 25/22, 60/25, 70/32, 217/12, neither.

Not well atte ease of his persone, 216/19, uneasy in his mind.

Noynted, 278/13, anointed.

Noyntement, 169/29, ointment.

Noyous, 227/18, difficult.

Nye, 560/10, nigh.

Nyggte, 69/15, night.

Nyghte was the sonne vnder, 45/35, the sun was well nigh set.

Nygramancer, 277/20, necromancer.

Nys noo, 452/12, is no.

Obeyeng, 550/13, obedient.

Obeysaunce, 33/31, obeisance.

Obeysaunte, 166/10, obedient.

Oblacyons, 315/35, oblations.

Occupyed, 579/1, used up.

Occysion, 45/16, 82/1, slaughter.

Fr. 'Occision: f. An occision, killing, slaying, murthering, slaughtering.'—Cotgrave. L. *occidere*, to kill; *occisio*, killing.

Of, 20/21, 73/33, on.

Of, 26/33, with.

Of, 49/25, off.

Of, 74/20, for.

Of, 210/6, by.

Of, 369/29, in.

Of a freshe, 110/23, again.

Of a heygthe, 73/26, from on high.

Of a longe whyle, 153/32, for a long time.

Of all foure sides, 151/9, said of Reynawde, who was 'a noble gentylman of all foure sides.'

Of ferre, 106/17, from afar.

Of fro y<sup>e</sup> sholders of hym, 81/7 from off his shoulders.

Of heyghe, 62/4, on high.

Of his behalve, 158/27, on his behalf.

Of hym, 472/1, by him.

Of length, 194/4, long.

Of lighte, 106/6, lightly.

Of newe, 288/24, afresh, again.

Of ryght of were, 457/15, by right of war.

Of that, 87/6, for that.

Of whens, 158/15, 441/13, from whence.

Offre, 298/17, offer.

Offrynges, 585/27, offerings.

'Often happeth evill for a good torne,' 265/14. This is quoted as a proverb, and seems to mean that in doing a good turn for any one, evil often happens to the doer.

Olyue tree, 47/23, an emblem of peace.

Ones, 64/16, once, at one time.

On lyue, 29/11, alive.

Onoly, 116/22, only.

Ony, 116/5, 226/21, any.

On you, 306/14, on your account.

Oo, 113/13, 146/7, one.

Oolde, 452/12, old.

Oonly, 486/5, only.

Oost, 69/14, host.

Ootes, 116/21, oats.

- Operacyon of the deuyll, 80/2, the devil's work.
- Oppynyon, 192/19, opinion.
- Or, 129/22, 269/5, before, ere.
- Ordenaunce, 195/15, ordinance, order.
- Ordered, 511/34, ordered, ordained.
- Ordeyned, 188/25, made ready.
- Ordeyned, 69/18, put under the leadership of.
- Or ever, 160/3, 301/15, before.
- Or ever a, 90/14, before a.
- Or ener it be a moneth, 74/27, before a month's time.
- Or evyn, 360/10, before evening.
- Or oughte longe, 449/23, before long.
- Oroyson, 226/19, orison.
- Oryflam, 451/33, banner; Oryflame, 41/17, the banner of Charlemagne.
- Othe, 112/6, oath.
- Other, 213/9, either.
- Other two, 220/13, two other.
- Otis, 442/17, oats.
- Querthrowe, 106/6, overthrown.
- Oughte, 125/13, owe.
- Oughte for to doo, 18/4, ought to do.
- Our, 545/10, ours.
- Oure, 55/31, hour.
- Ourselwe, 78/15, ourselves.
- Overhwarte, 238/28, cross-ways, athwart.
- Over late, 546/2, too late.
- Overmayster, 392/29, overcome.
- Overronne, 177/20, overrun, beaten.
- Over subtyll, 171/2, very cunning.
- Overthynke, 418/23, think over.
- Overtoke, 460/19, overtook.
- Owen, 17/20, owe, *pl.*
- Owen, 474/7, own.
- Oweth, 173/33, owneth.
- Owre, 27/16, 70/6, hour, time.
- Owterage, 507/17, outrage.
- Oxeforde, 3/19, Oxford.
- Paas, 114/1, 174/23, 229/19, pace, step.
- Pacyence, 233/28, patience.
- Padde, 314/21, toad.
- Pagnymes, 164/27, pagans.
- Palays, 19/32; Paleys, 530/6, palace, castle.
- Palfrays, 509/16; Palfrei, 558/7, horses.
- Palfrenyer, 257/17; Palfreyner, 257/15, the keeper of the palfrey. Fr. '*Palefrenier*': m. A Groomer of a stable; a Horse-keeper.—Cotgrave.
- Palmer, 315/23, pilgrim.
- Palster, 399/31, 466/12, a pilgrim's staff, shod with iron.
- Pappes, 143/12, breasts.
- Paremente, chambre of, 151/27, chamber hung with tapestry. Fr. '*Parent* . . Arras, Tapistrie, or any costlie Hangings.'—Cotgrave.
- Parentage, 123/10, parental care.
- Pareyll, 121/21, peril.
- Parforce, 133/24, by force.
- Parforce, 138/4, to make greater exertions than usual.
- Parfornysse, 304/33, perform, finish.
- Parliament, 136/6, speech.
- Parte of paradys, 297/27, hope of Paradise.
- Party, 115/27, 143/27, part.
- Parylle, 243/5, peril.
- Pase, 315/6, pace.
- Patrymonye, 327/3, patrimony.
- Paulyon, 73/30, tent.
- Payed, 483/23, paid.
- Payer, 491/6, pair.
- Payment, 28/34, reward.
- Paynym, 17/2, pagan, infidel, misbeliever.
- Peas, 26/26, 47/24, peace.
- Pease, 207/19, appease.
- Peasible, 489/1, peaceably.
- Peces, 96/26, pieces.
- Peeres, 441/1, pears.
- Pelow, 370/32, pillow.
- Penouncell, 153/24, pennon.
- Pensifull, 419/27; Pencyfull, 120/21, pensive, thoughtful.
- Penthecoste, 16/3, Pentecost.
- Pepled, 150/11, peopled.
- "Perce!" 515/16, "Persia!" (a war-cry).
- Perced, 339/21, pierced.
- Perceyve, 224/27, perceive.
- Perdicyon, 224/13, perdition, destruction.
- Perell, 291/19, peril.
- Perell mortall, 429/29, mortal peril.
- Peres, 481/29, peers, lords.

- Persante, 502/20, Persian.  
 Perse, 515/8, pierce.  
 Persone, 498/27, person, body. The common phrase is, 'Frende, how is it wyth your persone?' = 'Friend, how are you?' (spoken to a man who is ill in bed).  
 Perteyneth, 458/11, pertaineth.  
 Per to per, 392/5, peer to peer = hand to hand, equal to equal.  
 Pertryches, 124/6, partridges.  
 Peryle, 226/19, peril.  
 Peyn, 259/20, pain.  
 Payne, 116/24, 314/2, pain, peril.  
 Peyne, 248/24, trouble, effort.  
 Pighte, 191/11, pitched.  
 Pintre, 390/17, pine-tree, fir-tree.  
 Plaise, 509/31, please.  
 Plaisur, 50/22, pleasure.  
 Plane, 193/18; Playne, 195/31, plain (country).  
 Playne, 490/20, complain.  
 Playsant, 74/1, pleasant.  
 Playse, 29/25, 303/20, please.  
 Played them not well, 226/22, did not well please them.  
 Playseth, 159/28, pleaseth.  
 Playsure, 298/7, pleasure.  
 Plente, 445/29, plenty.  
 Plentouise, 129/27, plentiful.  
 Pomell, 169/25, pommel.  
 Portcolisse, 149/15; Porte colisse, 518/1, portcullis.  
 Postle, 272/6, apostle.  
 Pouerli, 319/22, poorly.  
 Pouff (pouffe in ed. 1554), 25/18, puff.  
 Pour vnhappy, 270/19, poor unhappy [one].  
 Poure, 139/31, poor.  
 Poure estate, 49/30, evil condition, naked.  
 Poure herte myn, 131/3, my poor heart.  
 Pourest, 422/29, poorest.  
 Pourvey, 547/14, provide.  
 Powre, 117/19, 220/27; Power, 242/19, poor.  
 Poynte me wyth, 239/18, point at me with.  
 Poyntment, 403/2, peace.  
 Poytrell, 197/15, breastplate of the armour or harness of a horse.  
 Praiers, 393/11, prayers.  
 Prate, 320/22, talk.  
 Prately, 282/7, prettily, neatly, deftly, that is, savagely.  
 Praty, 150/1, piety.  
 Praye, 200/2, prey.  
 Praye god, 74/25, pray to God.  
 Praysyng, 208/6, praise.  
 Prechinge, 480/23; Prechyng, 235/1, preaching, speaking.  
 Predessoures, 513/14, predecessors.  
 Preeff, 161/2, proof.  
 Preesse, 44/18, pressure.  
 Pren, 23/32, prey.  
 Presently, 287/4, at once, forthwith.  
 Preu, 43/30, ? Fr. *preux*.  
 Preue, 72/19, prove.  
 Prince covetous, 539/34, covetous prince.  
 Promytte, 32/27, 56/26, promise.  
 Proteccyon, 388/18, protection.  
 Prouesses, 72/23, prowess (*pl.*).  
 Prouffer, 507/16, proffer.  
 Prouffyte, 127/11; Prouffytte, 26/20, profit.  
 Prove vpon, 545/34, affirm, make known.  
 Proye, 164/12, prey, booty.  
 Pru, 79/30, 197/6, *preux*.  
 Pryce, 144/5, 175/23, prize.  
 Pryme, 369/34, prime; the old ecclesiastical division of the day, meaning 6 A.M.  
 Pryour, 382/6, prior.  
 Pryse, 32/13, praise.  
 Pryse, 577/14, price.  
 Pucell, 144/10, damsel.  
 Pulde, 485/33, pulled.  
 Punyssh, 485/20, punish.  
 Punysson, 30/24, punishment.  
 Purchase this matere, 151/13, compass, carry out, follow up this matter.  
 Purchaced, 232/15, purchased; 566/27, bargained.  
 Purveyd, 378/13, 537/22, provided.  
 Purvyaunce, 537/27, providence.  
 Put, 508/10, make.  
 Putted, 176/22, put, got ready.  
 Pyctured, 512/33, pictured, painted.  
 Pyetous, 45/15, 59/6, piteous, sorrowful.  
 Pyetously, 473/25, piteously.

- Pykeaxe, 581/6, pickaxe.  
 Pylgrymage, 156/15, pilgrimage.  
 Pyller, 369/26, pillar.  
 Pyller of marbell, 282/7, marble pillar.  
 Pyn tre, 239/20, pine tree.  
 Pytched, 399/8, fixed.  
 Pyt, 236/34; Pytte, 327/18, pit.  
 Pyte in hym, 498/22, ? cause for pity in you for his sore sickness, or like Fr. '*Pitié*, Pitie, ruth, compassion . . . charitie, kindnesse or tendernesse of disposition' (Cotgrave) in the pilgrim himself.  
 Quarelle, 272/20, quarrel.  
 Quicke, 19/18, 62/6, 320/20, alive.  
 Quycke, 400/26, lively, running.  
 Quycke & deed, 518/11, 'dead and alive' is the modern equivalent.  
 Quyras, 241/32, 299/4, cuirass.  
 Quyte, 210/16, insure.  
 Quyte, 29/19, quit, free.  
 Quyte, 268/16, quits, equal.  
 Quyte, 412/23, quietly.  
 Quyted, 143/25, quieted.  
 Ranne hym agenst, 531/7, ran up to him.  
 Rasier of whete, 187/28. Fr. '*Rasier de bled*. A measure containing about foure Bushels.'—Cotgrave.  
 Rather, 63/31, sooner.  
 Raught, 453/35, 505/12, struck.  
 Raunsom, 397/22; Raunsome, 144/21, ransom.  
 Rayled, 353/23, rallied, gathered together.  
 Raymentes, 492/4, raiment.  
 Rayne, 516/1, reins.  
 Rayson, 20/15, 225/7, 231/34, reason.  
 Reconyssaunce, 218/11, recognizance.  
 Recounted, 52/20, 72/7, 302/9, encountered.  
 Recountre, 307/19, encounter.  
 Recovered, 309/20, returned.  
 Recreaunte, 109/17, worn out.  
 Recule, 81/27, recoil.  
 Red, 211/11; Redde, 214/15, read.  
 Redi, 477/15; Redy, 468/28, ready.  
 Redoubted, 329/29, redoubtable.  
 Redyly, 61/17, readily, easily.  
 Reede, 501/27, reeds to build a hut with.  
 Reest, 45/19, 229/21, the 'rest' for a spear.  
 Reformed, 159/27, conformed.  
 Refrayne, 407/2, refrain, restrain.  
 Refreynd, 457/20, refrained.  
 Refuce, 159/34, refuse.  
 Refute, 406/24, refuge.  
 Regulet, 325/19, ? unfrocked, turned out of the service of the Church. Lat. '*Regulatus* Regulis seu lineis distinctus; rayé, réglé. Ad regulam institutus, ordinatus; réglé.'—D'Arnis. '*Rayé* . . . . Rased, scraped, crossed, or cleane put out; also rayed, rewed, streaked, or skored all ouer.'—Cotgrave.  
 Reherce, 214/23, rehearse, tell.  
 Reherced, 142/31, rehearsed.  
 Reherse, 427/25, retell, recount.  
 Reioysse, 452/29, rejoice, reanimate.  
 Rekenynge, 264/31, reckoning.  
 Rele, 198/21, 268/13, reel, stagger.  
 Reled, 314/25, reeled, rolled.  
 Relesse, 324/5, release.  
 Reliques & hallowes, 112/28, sacred relics.  
 Remedied it, 213/27, willed otherwise.  
 Remedyeth, 407/29, remedies.  
 Remenaunt, 150/27, rest, remainder.  
 Remyse, 367/20, remit.  
 Remysed, 270/26, committed, retained, kept. Fr. *Remettre* is 'also, to remit, forgiue, pardon, acquit, release, vnto.'—Cotgrave.  
 Renne, 141/25, 478/17, run.  
 Renne theym vpon, 77/21, run upon them.  
 Renomme, 39/9; Renommee, 132/15, 292/19, renown.  
 Rented, 533/5, rent.  
 Replenysshed wyth, 494/32, possessed of.  
 Replenysshed, 533/7, possessed.  
 Repreued, 65/30, 328/12, reproved, repented.  
 Requyre, 450/25, seek for.  
 Requyred, 547/23, requested.  
 Reregarde, 292/4, rear guard.  
 Resonnably, 297/6, reasonably.

- Respyte, 336/1, respite.  
 Reteche to you, 234/4, reach you.  
 Returned, 70/12, returned.  
 Retourne, 301/15, return.  
 Retrete, 421/6, retreat.  
 Reynes, 117/6, reins.  
 Reyse, 156/6, raise.  
 Reysedest, 336/15, raised.  
 Reyson, 38/13, reason; 546/31, reasonably.  
 Right a noble company, 548/29, a goodly host.  
 Right now, 304/10, just now.  
 Righted, 370/32, put right, put straight; 316/29, lifted.  
 Righted vp, 477/4, put all ready, right and proper.  
 Rightwys, 432/24, righteous.  
 Robbed, 371/7, 399/29, rubbed.  
 Roke, 478/12, a chess term, now called indifferently 'rook' and 'castle.'  
 Rokked a slepe, 376/21, rocked to sleep.  
 Rood, 113/13, rode.  
 Rore, 456/10, roar. (Apparently proverbial: 'Ye shall see all Fraunce in a rore & trowble.')  
 Rored, 261/7, made a noise ('his hert rored in his beli for ioye').  
 Roten, 544/32, rotten.  
 Rotes, 116/23, 505/9, roots.  
 Rotyn, 439/27, rotten.  
 Rought, 63/10; Roughte, 141/33, wrought.  
 Roume, make hym, 79/19, give him, or leave him, room; give him a wide berth; keep out of his way. (The Four Sons don't want to fight their father.)  
 Rousty, 117/4, rusty.  
 Rouwte, 374/5, quantity.  
 Rowme, 245/9, make room.  
 Royame, 35/21, 68/7, realm.  
 Rybawde, 173/4, rascal, rogue.  
 Rybbes, 516/23, ribs.  
 Ryden, 233/30, ridden.  
 Ryghtnow, 332/17, just now.  
 Ryght sore traueylled, 77/20, very weary.  
 Ryghtwys, 207/17, right wise.  
 Ryght-wyse, 20/13, lawful.  
 Ryghtwysness, 114/33, righteousness.
- Rype, 473/22, become ripe, ripen.  
 Ryvage, 221/21, bank, shore, water-side.  
 Sadel, 257/33, saddle.  
 Sadeles, 268/23, without a saddle.  
 Sadyllles, 117/5, saddles.  
 Saenge, 297/34, saying.  
 Sage, 18/1, 298/3, wise.  
 Said, 526/24, spoke, gave.  
 Salettes, 42/24, light helmets for soldiers, first used in the 14th century. See cuts of them, from Hewitt's *Ancient Armour*, in Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, ii. 356.  
 Salued, 24/16, 47/27, saluted.  
 Sapyn tre, 242/33, 323/20; Serpyn trees, 213/20. Fr. 'Sapin: m. A Firre tree.'—Cotgrave.  
 Sarasyns, Sarasins, 16/8, 9; Sarra-sins, 127/4; Sarrasyns, 163/11, Saracens.  
 Satysfye, 348/7, satisfy.  
 Sauf, 29/20; Sauff, 103/2, 192/30, safe.  
 Saufconduyt, 51/15; Sauf conduytte, 385/25, safe conduct.  
 Sauff garde, 388/18, safeguard.  
 Sauldyer, 70/31, soldier.  
 Save, 545/17, saving.  
 Sawdours, 129/17, soldiers.  
 Sawe thus, 42/13, thus saw.  
 Sawmons, 264/13, salmon.  
 Saw the day, 389/25, woke up.  
 Sawtyng, 149/13, assault.  
 Sawtyng, 253/20, 457/31, assaulting.  
 Sayd, 162/15, spoken.  
 Sayed, 560/17, said.  
 Saye on hardely, 146/15, speak out boldly.  
 Sayen, 196/8, have said.  
 Scante, 438/35, scarcely.  
 Scantly, 460/9, scarcely.  
 Scape, 62/5, 330/16, escape.  
 Scaped, 53/1, escaped.  
 Scarmysse, 87/15, skirmish.  
 Scarmysshynge, 108/11, skirmishing.  
 Scarstee, 422/2, scarcity.  
 Scartched, 491/33, scratched.  
 Scathe, 308/1, harm, injury. A.S. *scaetan*, to harm, injure.

- Seased, 365/26, in possession of ;  
320/4, seized.
- Secretare, 210/8, secretary.
- See, 327/3, 423/3, sea.
- See h's dethe, 223/9, see him put to death.
- Seen, 316/16, 382/11, seeing.
- Sege royall, 396/4, royal siege.
- Seke, 498/29, sick, ill.
- Seke so moche, 157/24, go quickly and seek.
- Sekynge, 445/4, seeking.
- Semblaunt, 230/24, semblance.
- Semeth you, 480/5, seemeth to you.
- Sendall, 154/25, 'A thynne stuffe lyke sarcenette, and of a rawe kynde of sylke or sarcenett, but courser and narrower then the Sarcenett nowe ys, as my selfe canne remember.'—Francis Thynne, *Animadversions*, 1599, ed. Furnivall, 1875, p. 41.
- Sende, 214/27, sent.
- Sendynge, 17/18, summons.
- Separe, 441/3, separate.
- Sepulture, 200/26, 317/1, sepulchre.
- Sepulturynge, 592/6, burying, burial.
- Sergautes, 478/10, sergeants.
- Sermon, 252/4, speech.
- Servyse, 325/5, service.
- Sesne, 16/10. ? (Fr. 'Sener, 1. faire signe ; 2. guérir.'—Hippeau. Fr. 'Sesne : Synode, assemblée ecclesiastique. Voyez Senne.'—Roquefort. Fr. 'Sesne. The mother of wine, the white or mouldie spots which float on the top of old wine.'—Cotgrave.)
- Set, 377/6, sit.
- Setted, 245/23, 404/28, set, did set.
- Setteth lyttle by me, 20/4, doesn't think much of me.
- Set to your necke an halter, 233/28, put a rope round your neck.
- Seurtes, 387/4, sureties.
- Shaked, 497/3, shook.
- Shall goe besyege, 17/26, will go and besiege.
- Shall wyll, 64/21, shall desire to.
- Shalt you, 564/24, shalt thou.
- Shamed, 377/14, made ashamed.
- Sharpe, 141/23, fierce.
- She, 136/27, it (applied to a city).
- Sheetes, 86/32, sheaths.
- Shelde paynted, 32/3, painted shield.
- Shelynges, 187/29, shillings.
- Shent, 423/33, punished, disgraced.
- Shertes, 49/32, shirts.
- Shet, 22/33 ; Shette, 72/31, shut.
- Shevered, 259/2, shivered.
- Shit, 335/25 ; Shiite, 312/18, shut, closed.
- Shoke, 161/12, trembled ; 272/3, 528/9, shook.
- Shoke of, 217/5, shook with.
- Sholdre, 241/34, 356/27, shoulder.
- Shone, 466/4, shoes.
- Shoren as monkes, 279/31, shorn as monks.
- Shortly, 558/16, quickly.
- Shot of adventure, 221/31, chance shot.
- Shote, 521/28, shoot.
- Shotte of a bowe, 180/33, bowshot.
- Shoued, 54/2, ? shoved (in the sense which is now considered vulgar).
- Shreudely handlyd, 257/32, roughly handled.
- Shrewdly, 421/7, harshly.
- Shrewedly, 476/33, evilly, badly.
- Shrofe, 458/7, shrove, shrived.
- Shrynke his eeres, 257/25, shrink, draw in, his ears.
- Shryve, 335/10, shrive.
- Shyfte, 274/8, 403/18, deal.
- Shyfte hardely, 301/13, deal harshly.
- Shyp, 524/26, ship.
- Signyfycasion, 152/18, signification.
- Si:e, 458/6, sick.
- Sikenes, 458/7, sickness.
- Silkes, 524/21, pieces of silk.
- Simple, 153/13, common, not of high lineage.
- Sin, 64/5, 225/17, since.
- Sithe, 68/1, since.
- Skyne of parchemente, 280/3, parchment skin.
- Slaked, 493/25, slackened, abated.
- Slauhter, 453/31, slaughter.
- Slaundred, 263/10, disgraced.
- Slayen, 505/18 ; Slayne, 504/26, slain.
- Slea, 18/29, 93/26 ; Sle, 230/21, slay.
- Slea him quycke, 22/10, slay him alive.
- Slepe, 459/4, sleep.

- Sloppe, 466/12, a gown fit for a hermit.
- Slougthe, 117/28, sloth.
- Slyne, 336/26, slime.
- Smal, 188/12, short.
- Smalle lynen clothes, 220/9, under-linen.
- Small people, 187/31, poor, common people.
- Smocke, 492/6, smock.
- Smot, 61/26, smote.
- Smote, 243/23, took.
- Smote hym the hede of, 568/19, smote off his head.
- Smyt, 273/3, smote.
- Smyte, 231/28, smite.
- Snyten, 370/5, smitten.
- Sobhynges, 590/14, sobbings.
- Socoured, 159/5; Socourde, 278/33, succoured, relieved.
- Socoures, 40/30, succour, relief.
- Sodaynly, 56/8, suddenly.
- Soden, 437/27, seethed, boiled.
- Sodenly, 304/2, suddenly.
- Softe, 88/21, mild, quiet; 177/25, gently, slowly.
- So hardy, 74/20, be so disobedient.
- Solempnyte, 592/5, solemnity.
- Somer nexte comyng, 29/22, next coming summer.
- Somer, 280/20, sumpter horse, a baggage horse laden with provisions, *i.e.* he had not one with him.
- Sommeres, 100/26, 145/2, sumpters, forage carriers.
- Somoche, 299/12, so much.
- Somwhat, 511/27, something.
- Somwhat more to do thenne I wende, 74/11, something more to do than I thought for.
- Soner, 223/30, 320/20, sooner.
- Song, 583/5, sung or sang.
- Sonken, 177/2, sunk.
- Sonne, 341/28, sun.
- Sonne goon vnder, 63/32, the sun was set.
- Soo moche, 26/14, so great.
- Soper, 92/15, supper.
- Sopped, 92/17, supped.
- Soppes, 463/9, sopped bread.
- Sore an angred, 28/22, he was very angry.
- Sore apayred, 117/2, clad in sorry clothes.
- Sore badde, 247/10, very wicked.
- Sore charged for you, 209/9, h rd pressed on your account.
- Sore depe, 116/2, a great way; 227/22, very deep.
- Sore grete, 216/11, very large.
- Sore lade, 232/4, sore laden.
- Sore lene, 117/22, very thin.
- Sore vengable, 52/26, very revengeful.
- So requyre I to you the deth humbly, 34/19, Charlemagne thus prays to God for death.
- Sori, 81/13, 181/7, sorry.
- Sory, 571/19, sad.
- Souked, 143/13, sucked.
- Souldyours, 256/27, soldiers.
- Sounde, 564/1, whole.
- Sounded of the noyse, 55/30, the noise of the battle resounded all around.
- Souped, 551/28, supped.
- Souper tyme, 87/3, 364/10, supper-time.
- Soverayne, 216/26, sovereign.
- Sowne, 176/21, sound.
- Sowned, 217/1, sounded.
- So worthy, 225/26, such worthy.
- Sowre loue, 83/11, anything but a father's love.
- Sped, 49/21, prospered.
- Spede, 451/3, speed.
- Spekyng, 492/11, speaking.
- Spere went in peces, 141/11, spear broke in pieces.
- Spered, 573/16, enquired.
- Sperhawke, 152/6, sparrowhawk.
- Sperkled, 352/6, dispersed.
- Spoken to, 269/24, spoken for, *i.e.* in behalf of.
- Spored after, 451/19, spurred after.
- Spored hys horse terryble, 42/30, spurred his horse terribly.
- Spores, 31/23, spurs.
- Sporte, 525/12, go, ride.
- Sported, 524/17, disported, gone about with.
- Sported, 192/31, had sport with falcons.
- Spryngyng, 369/14, uprising.
- Spylle my selfe, 247/11, do myself more harm.
- Spyrites, 332/10, spirit.
- Stacke, 52/32, stuck.



- Stakerde, 302/11, staggered.  
 Stale, 590/9, stole.  
 Stamped, 169/24, bruised.  
 Stamping, 93/22, stamping, making a great row.  
 Stele, 561/19, steel.  
 Stele, 360/25, 417/17, steal; 381/9, stole.  
 Sterke deed, 45/4, stark dead.  
 Sterte, 328/13, started.  
 Sterying, 94/4, staring.  
 Stocke, 542/22, lineage.  
 Stode, 485/10, stood.  
 Stomackes, 288/20, stomachs. But in this case the word seems to be used in a sarcastic sense: 'knewe their stomackes,' really meaning knew their minds.  
 Stoure, 42/21, stir, noise.  
 Stranged, 251/7, 324/8, strangled.  
 Streme, 582/34, stream.  
 Strengest, 208/23, strongest.  
 Strengthed, 109/6, put forth his strength.  
 Streyght, 156/21, 361/3; Streyghte, 62/20, straight.  
 Striff, 111/27, 264/1, strife.  
 Stronge, 370/22, sound, deep (sleep).  
 Stryffe, 175/28, strife.  
 Stryked, 415/17, struck.  
 Stuff, 149/7, building material.  
 Stycked, 48/8, s'uck, said of Longinus who pierced the side of Christ.  
 Style, 408/27, make still, quiet.  
 Styrop, 197/31; Styrope, 296/31, stirrup.  
 Stywarde, 31/13, 59/20, steward.  
 Sualowe, 258/31, swallow (bird).  
 Subgectyon, 408/5, subjection.  
 Subgettes, 25/15, 228/8, 571/13, subjects.  
 Subtillest, 277/20, most subtle.  
 Suche, 208/14, such people.  
 Suche a thyng, 233/3, a wonderful thing.  
 Suche a wyse, 28/5, in such manner.  
 Suerte, 219/20, surety.  
 Suffraunse, 116/12, distress.  
 Suffyre, 436/21, suffer, bear, put up with.  
 Sure, 311/21, safe.  
 Surely, 330/15, securely.  
 Suretees, 387/9, sureties.
- Suspectyon, 148/25; Susspectyon, 531/20, suspicion.  
 Sustenaunse, 437/29, sustenance.  
 Suster, 144/1, sister.  
 Susteyned, 549/30, sustained, maintained.  
 Susteyned vp, 505/1, propped up.  
 Swan that syngeth that yere that he shal deye, 225/27, the swan's dying note.  
 Swanne, 511/4, swan.  
 Swete, 527/4, sweat.  
 Swete, 158/16, sweet: 'We ben of the swete Fraunce.'  
 Sweted, 31/32, sweated.  
 Swetly, 540/6, sweetly.  
 Swoninge, 466/18, swooning.  
 Swonne, 491/17; Swoune, 80/11, 224/15, swoon.  
 Swynes, 505/6, swine.  
 Sybbe, 18/13, kindred, relationship.  
 Syghe, 372/3, sigh.  
 Syke, 294/16, sick.  
 Syn, 19/5, since.  
 Syngyng, 225/25, singing.  
 Syre Peter, 209/30. This seems to be a synonym for a "secretary," like "Sir John" for a "priest."  
 Syth, 32/15, sit.  
 Syth, 66/8, 192/3, since.
- Tables, 368/33, the game of backgammon.  
 Taccomylysshe, 494/25, to accomplish.  
 Take, 247/19, 374/2, 479/17, taken.  
 Take, 136/29, put.  
 Take, 546/20, give.  
 Take an ende, 87/31, be ended, come to an end.  
 Take kepe, 101/13, take care.  
 Take the head from the body of him, 19/22, a roundabout way of saying they would cut his head off.  
 Take the liff fro me, 306/21, kill me.  
 Take to theym, 228/4, given to them.  
 Take wages, 216/14, take service.  
 Taken lond, 525/2, come to the shore.  
 Taken to you my men in your kepyng, 164/1, given my men into your keeping.  
 Taketh us to mercy, 88/28, granteth us mercy.

- Tapres of wexe, 586/15, wax  
 tapers.  
 Tapyssery, 154/24, tapestry.  
 Tare alle his heres, 34/16, tore his  
 hair.  
 Taries, 582/33, stayed.  
 Tarieng, 69/13, waiting.  
 Tarre, 78/3, tarry.  
 Taryed, 18/31, delayed.  
 Taverners, 150/14, tavern-keepers.  
 Telled, 174/4, told.  
 Tempered, 169/25, mixed.  
 Tende, 539/28, tend, look after.  
 Tendred, 430/22, became tender.  
 Tenour, 547/18, meaning.  
 Teres, 99/7, tears.  
 Thabbot, 282/13, the abbot.  
 Thacqytaunse, 112/6, the acquit-  
 tance.  
 Thactes, 4/7, the acts.  
 Thadmiralle, 502/28, the admiral  
 (i.e. commander-in-chief).  
 Thalowes, 560/5, the hallows, i.e.  
 sacred relics.  
 Than, 453/3, then.  
 Thandes, 524/10, 590/10, the hands.  
 Thanked be god, 530/30, to God be  
 thanks.  
 Thanswere, 257/21, the answer.  
 Tharchbyssshop, 588/7, the arch-  
 bishop.  
 Tharsons, 345/2, the seat.  
 That, 88/26, 136/9, what; 523/3,  
 545/28, that which; 452/14, 515/  
 25, who.  
 That that, 218/30, that which.  
 The, 72/21; ? ye = yea.  
 The, 26/1 (thee in ed. 1554), 36/29,  
 thee.  
 The whiche, 546/18, who.  
 Theder, 470/29, thither.  
 Theeftes, 361/19, thefts.  
 Theff, 184/20; Theffe, 448/25, thief.  
 Temperour, 70/27, the emperor.  
 Thende, 74/25, 232/30, the end.  
 Thentente, 207/2, the intent.  
 Thentre, 95/7, 518/28, the entry.  
 Ther, 85/5, their.  
 Ther vpon, 398/21, thereupon.  
 There agenste, 470/28, thereagainst.  
 Therefro, 333/2, therefrom.  
 There-out, 371/5, therefrom.  
 Therle, 72/8, the earl.  
 Theropon, 213/4, thereupon.  
 Therth, 80/29, 336/26, the earth.
- Theves, 125/33, thieves.  
 Thevyn, 547/9, the evening.  
 They, 90/19, those.  
 They two togyder, 301/13, the two  
 together.  
 Theym, 58/5, them, those.  
 Theymselfe, 39/3, themselves.  
 Thiderward, 287/28, thitherward.  
 Thie, 303/3, thigh.  
 Thile, 540/8, the isle.  
 Thilke, 577/24, those.  
 This during, 23/33, 53/35, ap-  
 parently a variation of "This  
 hanging." See Hanging.  
 Thise, 78/5, these.  
 Thistory, 111/20, the history.  
 Tho, 292/21, those, them.  
 Tho ther, 44/8, thother = the others  
 = *les aultres*.  
 Thocasion, 111/22, 286/1, the oc-  
 casion.  
 Thoder, 233/6, the other.  
 Thoffyce, 326/10, the office.  
 Tholde, 152/33, the old.  
 Thone, 233/11, the one.  
 Thonour, 204/18, the honour.  
 Thoos, 186/11, those.  
 Thoost, 70/14; Thooste, 191/15,  
 the host, the army.  
 Thordre, 541/21, the order.  
 Thoroughe, 173/17, 467/32, through.  
 Thorse, 564/21, the horse.  
 Thorughe and thorughe, 56/11,  
 through and through.  
 Thother, 42/26, the other.  
 Thoughte, 206/10, anxiety, trouble.  
 Thour, 513/30, the hour.  
 Threde, 173/28, thread.  
 Threte, 390/27, threaten.  
 Thretyngc, 19/30, 207/31, 279/15,  
 threatening.  
 Throte, 566/30, throat.  
 Thrughe, 461/8, through.  
 Thurste, 171/14, thirst.  
 Thwerled, 32/4, twirled, handled.  
 Thye, 236/6, thigh.  
 Thyke, 103/33, thick.  
 Thyren, 514/3, the iron.  
 Thystoryes, 3/15, the histories.  
 To, 159/15, from; 160/24, so; 83/  
 25, 496/21, too; 50/4, with.  
 To a knyghte, 163/6, a knight.  
 To broste, 478/13, to burst.  
 To bro ten, 79/11, burst, broken.  
 To cut, 392/25, hewed.

- To day in the mornynge, 249/11, this morning.
- To fore, 186/24, 310/17, before.
- To hymwarde, 568/4, towards him.
- To sore, 566/4, to make angry.
- To stamped, 392/26, trampled.
- To the regarde, 27/31, in regard.
- To the werke warde, 582/8, towards the work.
- To their above, 565/30, had gained the victory.
- To warde, 461/20, towards.
- To wyte, 163/11, to know.
- Togyder, 47/3, together.
- Toke, 145/10, captured.
- Toke grete debate, 341/16, made much talk.
- Toke hym, 566/32, took to him, *i.e.* gave him.
- Toke hym selfe for to wepe strongly, 54/4, began to weep.
- Toke on, 143/14, went on; 494/1, put on.
- Toke the see, 530/20, put out to sea.
- Toke them the hande, 217/20, took them by the hand.
- Toke togyder, 429/26, pulled together.
- Toke up his hede, 249/33, lifted his head up.
- Toke vp his sieg, 493/10, raised the siege.
- Tomble, 478/11, tumble.
- Tonge, 283/16, tongue.
- Too, 274/33, toe.
- Toren, 62/11, torn.
- Torne, 168/19, 265/15, turn.
- Torned, 170/6, changed.
- Tourmented, 502/23, tormented.
- Tourned, 486/20, turned.
- Tournement, 34/18, torment, trouble, tribulation.
- Towre, 479/4, tower.
- Transfigured, 170/2, disfigured, disguised.
- Trase, 310/21, trace, track, trail.
- Trase, 238/30, trace.
- Trason, 51/14, treason.
- Tratour, 25/10, traitor.
- Travers, 576/8, diameter, cross-roads. Fr. *Travers* . . crosse, crosse-wise. *Traverse*: f. A crosse-way, or by-lane, which leads out of the highway.—Cotgrave.
- Traveyille, 116/18, 518/10, trouble labour.
- Traveylled of our pylgrimage, 503/23, journeying as pilgrims.
- Traylle, 449/35, trail (*v.*).
- Trayson, 90/20, 189/32, treason.
- Traytorsly, 61/12, traitorously.
- Traytour approved, 287/31, approved traitor.
- Traytours sarrasyns, 164/17, Saracen traitors.
- Traytte, 87/20, treaty.
- Trayueyille, 70/30, cause much trouble or travail.
- Treen, 463/5, wooden: "treen dyshe" = dish or bowl made out of a tree.
- Trembleth, 527/28, trembles: "All the blode in my body trembleth."
- Treawaunt, 490/5, truant.
- Trewes, 142/9, truce.
- Treyson, 230/8, 373/21, treason.
- Treysour, 371/5; Treysur, 372/18, treasure.
- Triews, 106/18, truce.
- Tronpettes, 69/34, trumpets.
- Trotte, 280/1, trot.
- Trouth, 97/31, truth.
- Trowed, 43/27, thought.
- Troweth, 21/34, thinketh.
- Truauntes, 478/22, truants.
- "True blood may not lye," 248/25, a proverb. [ready.]
- Trusse, 395/30, 447/11, to make
- Trussed, 98/16, made ready; 517/19, placed.
- Truste, 166/33, trusting.
- Tryewes, 51/32, trews, promises of safety.
- Tryews, 166/6, truce.
- Turques, 348/14, Turks.
- Tuycion, 358/22, tuition.
- Tweyne, 442/23, twain, two.
- Two and two, 235/14, fight in pairs of two.
- Two & two at ones, 505/6, four at a time.
- Two tymes, 67/14, twice.
- Twynkeling, 586/15, twinkling.
- Twys, 46/32, twice.
- Tydynges, 193/13, tidings.
- Tymbre, 517/17, timber.
- Tyme forthon, 429/16, time to come.
- Tyme shall be, 546/22, at the proper time.

- Tyme ynoughe, 173/4, in time.  
 Unarmed them, 87/2, took their arms off.  
 Unto, 212/29, until.  
 Valop, 229/21, wallop, gallop.  
 Valure, 374/29, value.  
 Valyaunte, 31/18, valiant.  
 Valyauntnes, 16/11, valour.  
 Varienge, 203/29, varying.  
 Vassall, Vassayll, 172/20, 30, varlet.  
 Vasseylls, 69/22, vassals.  
 Vaunced, 273/2, 350/5, advanced.  
 Vawte, 581/1, vault.  
 Vayne, 437/26, vein.  
 Vaynquyshed, 428/22; Vaynqueshed, 569/20, vanquished.  
 Vaysall, 25/15, vassal.  
 Vengable, 412/6, revengeful.  
 Vengably, 453/15, vengefully.  
 Vengeance, 59/30, vengeance.  
 Venge, 244/16, avenge.  
 Venyson, 463/14, venison.  
 Veray certeyn, 60/13, the truth.  
 Vereli, 224/22, verily, truly.  
 Vertuous, 451/29, strong, powerful, valiant.  
 Very frenshe, 191/18, nothing but French.  
 Vitupere, 182/2, reproach.  
 Vmbrayed, 241/30, taken in umbrage.  
 Vnbocled, 42/25; Vnbokled, 343/23, unbuckled.  
 Vnbrayd vs, 377/13, taken umbrage at us.  
 Vnder couerte, 77/29, under cover.  
 Vnderstonde, 431/26, learn.  
 Vndertake, 549/24, undertaken.  
 Vndoon, 459/24, undone.  
 Vnhappe, 38/24, mischance.  
 Vnhappy, 194/7, unlucky.  
 Vnhosed, 371/8, took off his hose or breeches. Fr. '*Deschausser* . . to vnhose, or draw off hosen.'—Cotgrave.  
 Vnlade, 525/3, unload.  
 Vnmayled, 79/10. Fr. '*Desmailler*. To vnlinke, vndoe, cut in peeces, or hacke to peeces, a coat of maile. *Desmaillé* . . Vnmailed; vnlinked; vndone, cut in peeces, hacked vnto peeces, as a coat of maile.'—Cotgrave.  
 Vnstopped hys eyen, 306/10, took the bandage off his eyes.  
 Vntrewth, 387/11, untruth.  
 Vntrue, 63/6, untruthful.  
 Voyde from our sighte lightly, 76/21, quickly begone from our sight.  
 Voyde oute of my presence, 60/21, begone!  
 Voys, 44/17, voice.  
 Vtturli, 514/7, utterly.  
 Vyage, 155/18, voyage.  
 Vygoriously, 263/14, vigorously.  
 Vylayne, 516/8, villain.  
 Vysage, 61/26, face.  
 Vysages, 230/3, faces.  
 Vyser, 561/9, visor.  
 Vytayers, 188/13, suppliers of victuals.  
 Vytaylles, 74/23, victuals.  
 Vytupered, 337/15, vituperated, reviled.  
 Waast, 350/7; Wast, 565/3; Waste, 319/33, waist.  
 Wages, 216/14, service.  
 Waloped, 305/17, galloped.  
 Wan, 303/13; Wanne, 318/32, won.  
 Warde, 463/28, guard, station.  
 Warraunted (wraunted in ed. 1554), 27/9, guaranteed.  
 Was betyng a grete riuier, 73/34, a great river was beating.  
 Was force to yonnet, 562/16, Johnnet was forced.  
 Was to his above, 529/17, had overcome.  
 Wasse, 61/2, wash.  
 Washed their woundes to them all, 278/12, tended all their wounds.  
 Wasted, 19/28, destroyed.  
 Wasteth, 525/24, destroyeth.  
 Waye, 227/28, road.  
 Waye crossed in four, 278/28, four cross roads.  
 Wayte, 558/30, wait, stay.  
 Wayte after pyte of hym, 423/5, wait for pity from him.  
 Waytynge after, 553/22, waiting for.  
 Wede, 459/16, garment, robe, cloak.  
 Weke, 55/18, weak.  
 Wele, 290/25, 416/12, weal, good.  
 Well, 47/1, wi l.  
 Well, 245/33, 501/32, quite.

- Well, 528/14, better.  
 Well contente, 557/5, satisfied.  
 Well defensible, 149/15, well to be defended.  
 Well depe, 238/25, deeply.  
 Well ferre, 176/26, far away.  
 Well folyshly, 483/20, very foolishly.  
 Well garnysshed, 106/5, well armed, prepared for any emergency.  
 Well gladde, 490/7, very glad.  
 Well greved, 506/2, well caused to grieve.  
 Welle honestly arayed, 494/17, dressed very handsomely.  
 Well lik, 177/15; Well like, 464/5, much like.  
 Well like a beste, 234/1, most like a beast.  
 Well nyce, 159/16, overmuch nice.  
 Well rayson, 225/7, with reason; 231/34, good reason.  
 Well shape, 232/9, well shaped.  
 Well sure, 221/23, well assured.  
 Well trouth, 159/1, good truth.  
 Well wonte, 178/21, well used.  
 Wel ye wote, 20/13, you know well.  
 Welowe, 517/20, willow.  
 Wene, 26/33, think.  
 Wente hyn agenste, 500/24, went up to him.  
 Wente nyghe out of his wytte, 62/4, was beside himself.  
 Went to their mete, 287/13, sat down to dinner.  
 Wentled, 475/11, ? tossed about all night in his bed, not being able to sleep.  
 Wepyn, 571/21, weapon.  
 Were, 31/17, ? wene, 'think.'  
 Were, 492/7, wear.  
 Were not, 273/14, were not here.  
 Were take, 73/15, was taken.  
 Wered, 117/8, 399/33, wore.  
 Werke, 582/8, work.  
 Werof, 106/3, whereof.  
 Werre, 72/15, make war.  
 Wery, 161/33, weary.  
 Weryes, 271/18, wearies.  
 Werynes, 77/23, weariness.  
 Wether, 91/30, whither.  
 Wexe, 61/13, 476/20, wax, become.  
 Wexed, 226/20, waxed.  
 Wexen, 170/4, wax.  
 We be not that, 529/26, it is not us that.
- Wedryng, 524/29, the weather.  
 Weete, 226/20, wet.  
 Whan, 153/10, even if.  
 What we ben, 78/3, what we are.  
 What wynde brought you hider, 162/21 (*apparently a proverbial expression*).  
 Whatche, 69/30, watch, guard.  
 Where thrughe, 445/10, through which.  
 Wheroute, 428/28, wherefrom.  
 Whete, 187/28, wheat.  
 Whether they are drawn, 66/4, whither they are gone.  
 Whiche, 43/14, 512/1, who; 547/27, whom.  
 Whiles, 33/7, whilst.  
 Why for, 545/5, ? *pour quoi*, because.  
 Whylte, 28/10, wilt thou.  
 Whytsontyde, 184/2, Whitsuntide.  
 Wilde fyre, 529/13, wild fire (a war term).  
 Wisly, 333/4, wisely.  
 Wit, 20/14, know.  
 Wold he had, 301/17, would that he had.  
 Wolde, 47/2, would; 479/28, should.  
 Wonde, 143/10, wened, thought.  
 Wonne, 238/1, won, procured.  
 Woode, 28/22; Wood, 267/32, mad.  
 Worde bytynge, 409/25, biting word.  
 Worde fowll, 538/19, foul word.  
 Worship, 329/26; Worshyp, 77/16, 495/12, honour.  
 Worship your better, 538/20, honour your superiors.  
 Worshypd, 315/34, worshipped.  
 Worshypfully, 34/28, properly, honourably.  
 Worsse shalle retourne vnto hym, 39/17, he shall be worsted.  
 Worste dooth, 78/19, doth most harm.  
 Worthe, 442/3; 'take a worthe,' ? take for what they're worth.  
 Wote, 327/33, know.  
 Wounde mortall, 356/9, mortal wound.  
 Wounte, 215/19, 463/29, wont.  
 Woushesauff, 508/32, vouchsafe.  
 Woxen, 496/24, waxed.  
 Wrangle, 34/15, wrung.  
 Wrapped, 357/20, covered.  
 Wrastle, 565/3, wrestle.

- Wrestled, 320/1, wrestled.  
 Wrathe, 78/26, quickness.  
 Wronge waye, 546/1, wrong course.  
 Wrongen, 37/26, wrung.  
 Wroth for it, 150/23, wroth on account of it.  
 Wrothe to theym, 50/4, wroth with them.  
 Wulff, 423/3, wolf.  
 Wulwarde, 574/2. 'Woolward, in wool only, without linen, a dress often enjoined as a penance by the church of Rome.'—Schmidt, on 'I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 717).  
 Wycket, 471/2; Wyket, 467/14, wicket.  
 Wylde, 401/7, wild.  
 Wyld bores, 216/11, wild boars.  
 Wyll fyghte, 174/2, in the habit of fighting (intending to imply that Bayard was a vicious horse).  
 Wyll do knowe, 74/22, will cause to make known.  
 Wylle, 458/21, desire.  
 Wymen, 131/9, 164/13, women.  
 Wyndowes, 519/24, windows.  
 Wynne, 169/12, win, gain, carry off.  
 Wyselli, 38/34, wisely.  
 Wysest wyse, 454/17, wisest manner.  
 Wysly, 539/19, wisely.  
 Wysshe, 38/8, washed.  
 Wysshe after, 242/8, wish for.  
 Wysshed, 54/5, 496/13, wished.  
 Wytchecraft, 357/13, witchcraft.  
 Wyte, 27/22, know.  
 Wyte it for trouth, 44/9, know it for the truth.  
 Wyte vs of cowardnes, 78/4, deem us to be cowards.  
 Wyth, 586/15, in.  
 Wyth all, 241/34; Wyth alle, 37/10, withal.  
 Wythdrawe, 352/12, withdrawn.  
 Wythin, 357/16, within. 'Ye shall not goo oute of (= from) wythin,' = 'Ye shall not go outside,' *i.e.* 'Thou shalt not attempt to escape.'  
 Wythout to make any noyse nor crye, 78/24, without making any noise.  
 Wythout, 560/28. It means that
- though they fought so hard that their spears broke in pieces, *still* none of them fell off their horses.  
 Wythoute to be dyshonoured, 470/25, without dishonour.  
 Wythoute to doo, 553/15, without doing.  
 Wythstandyng, 566/24, alsobeit.  
 Wytsondaye, 544/19, Whitsunday.  
 Wyttes, 408/9, wits.  
 Ye, 64/7, 511/26, yea, yes.  
 Ye, 17/2, 546/30, y<sup>e</sup> = the.  
 Yede, 444/22, went.  
 Yeelde, 66/2, ? ailed; A.S. eilede.  
 Yefte, 129/14, 153/3, 495/15, gift.  
 Yelde, 74/32, 142/15, yield, yield up.  
 Yelde, 495/25, shield, help. It occurs in the phrase, 'And God yelde you!'  
 Yelded, 304/9, returned.  
 Yelded graces, 500/7, heaved prayers of thanks.  
 Yemen, 93/7, grooms.  
 Yere, 271/24, year, time.  
 Yet wel remembered, 553/11, still recollect.  
 Yf it be longe of you, 50/23, if it be your fault.  
 Yll, 173/9, evil.  
 Yll a hungred, 367/29, sore hungry.  
 Yll chere, 226/28, evil cheer.  
 Yll contente, 496/17, not well satisfied.  
 Yllumyned, 336/26, illumined.  
 Ynke, 210/10, ink.  
 Ynough, 111/21; Ynowe, 303/9, enough.  
 Yoman, 123/27, 150/10, 478/29, yeoman.  
 Yon, 82/11, John.  
 Yong, 420/26, young.  
 Yonglynge, 162/18, youngling, young man.  
 You, 142/8, thou.  
 Yougthe, 244/5, youth.  
 Your hertes ioye, 554/9, joy of your heart.  
 Yrefully, 230/21, full of ire.  
 Yren, 369/27, iron.  
 Yrende, 466/13, shod with iron.  
 Yrens, 369/24, fetters.  
 Yron, 136/7, iron.  
 Yssue, 250/3, 446/11, issue, way out.  
 Yuori, 61/22; Yvery, 478/8, ivory.

## NAME INDEX.

[*Note.—In the following pages the letter C. stands for CHARLEMAGNE, the King of France. The letter R. stands for REYNAWDE, Duke of Mountalban.*]

Affryque (Africa), 436/8.

Alaffre upon the see, a province of Spain, 327/3. [? Algarve in Portugal.]

Alais, Alays, the watchman at Mountaynforde, 75/15.

ALARDE, THE SECOND SON OF AYMON, at the court at Paris, 16/24;—is knighted by C., 31/21;—he comes to C.'s court at Paris, 59/16;—he slays Thierry, 80/28;—he is right sorry to see their folk go back, 81/28;—he slays the Earl of Estampes, 84/24;—his horse wakes him, and thus reveals the treachery of Hernyer, 93/7, and he tells R., 'We ben betrayed!' 93/23;—he declares he will not separate from his brethren, 98/13;—he tells R. to cheer up, 99/12;—his horse is slain under him, 108/13;—he mounts Bayard behind R., 109/3;—he mounts Esmenfray's black horse, 110/16, and slays Sir Anfray, 110/20;—he is forced back by Aymon's folk, 110/32;—he counsels that they all should go and see their mother, and try to obtain service with some great lord, 118/11;—he counsels R. not to set his hand on Aymon, 126/22;—seeing Borgons slay one of R.'s men, he becomes wroth, and speedily fells a 'paynym' 'sterke deed,' 138/12;—thinking that R. has been slain, he makes grievous moan, 139/13;—he rejoices much when he meets with R., 143/8;—he advises R. to seek permission to build the cast'e afterwards called Mountalban, 147/17;—he well advises R. concerning his marriage, 153/6;—he recommends R. to the care of Mawgis, 170/19;—he tells his followers to come out of their ambush, 179/28;—he tells his brethren to have no fear as long as R. can ride Bayard, 185/22;—he thanks King John for the gift of the scarlet mantles, 218/4;—he reminds R. how often C. had taken oath to bring them to a shameful death, and counsels that they should not carry out King John's instructions, 219/23;—he joyfully sings a new song when going to Vaucoulores, 225/21;—he questions R. wherefore he weeps, 226/25, and bids him bear out a good face, 227/4, advising him to join in the harmony, 227/7;—he discovers that they have been betrayed, 228/18;—thinking that R. has betrayed them, he induces Guycharde and Richard with himself to attack R., 230/4, but they speedily repent, 230/28;—he reproaches R. for having betrayed them, 230/32;—he advises that they should shrive themselves, 232/28;—he tells Guycharde that he had been well deceived for doubting R., 235/20;—he bewails when R. is overthrown, 236/8;—he wins a horse, and also a wound, 238/1;—he promises to help in the rescue of Guycharde, 239/25;—he deems it unwise to search for Richard,

243/3 ;—he carries Richard to the top of the rock, 245/25 ;—he is angered because so many knights come against them, 246/4 ;—he advises R. to go to Mountalban to procure help, 246/23 ;—not wishing that the Frenchmen should be dismayed and run away at the coming of Mawgis, he advises that they descend to the bottom of the rock, and re-engage in the battle, 259/32, which is forthwith done, 260/7 ;—he tells R. not to be overhasty, for that Ogier had well helped them that day, 269/16 ;—he thanks Ogier, and advises R. to return and see how it is with Richard, 269/23 ;—his wounds are cured by Mawgis, 278/12 ;—he curses King John, and also Roland, if the latter omits to hang the former, 287/27 ;—he tells R. he will not go to help King John, 290/19, but relents and says he will never fail R., 291/31 ;—he meets with R., and asks him why he makes such sorrow, 310/24, is told of the capture of Richard, 310/27, and his sorrow therefor, 310/32 ;—he reproaches it to R. for coming to succour King John, 311/9, and counsels Guychard to cut off King John's head, 311/14 ;—he stays R. from going to C., 311/28 ;—he acquaints Mawgis of the capture of Richard, and how R. would go to C. to rescue him, 312/6 ;—he kisses Aymonet, and acquaints the Lady Clare of the capture of Richard, 313/15 ;—he advises his brethren to put themselves in ambush, 323/1 ;—he counsels R. that C. should be asked once for all if he will grant peace ;—if not, then detain him prisoner, 403/8 ;—he summons his folk to defend the castle, 420/12 ;—he counsels that Bayard should be killed for food, 429/20 ;—he beseeches R. to kill Bayard for the love of God, 436/33 ;—while waiting to hang Richard of Normandy, he sees the three dead bodies flung out of window, and acquaints R. thereof, 479/1 ;—he takes leave of R., begging him to come again shortly (the other brothers were too much cut up by sorrow to take leave of him), 492/22 ;—he comes before C., and tells him how R. has gone to the Holy Land, 494/19 ;—he tells R. that his wife and children are whole and sound, 531/23, but seeing that R. holds him so short, he recounts how the Lady Clare had pined away and died, 532/9 ;—he counsels that they depart speedily for Paris, 548/25 ;—he discovers the departure of R., and makes great moan, 573/21 ; he and his brethren are informed by a pilgrim of the great miracles being worked at Croyne, where the body of R. is honourably tended by the Archbishop of Cologne, 586/24—588 ;—he and his brethren, feeling sure that the corpse is that of R., make great sorrow and set out for Croyne, 589/11 ;—he explains to the Archbishop of Cologne that the corpse is that of **Reynawde of Mountalban** 'the right worthy knight,' 591/13.

Alebrondy, king, advises Barbas to let R. alone, 516/9.

Alexander the Great, his horse Bucephalus compared with Bayard, 31/30 ;—never was heard such history since his time as this, 68/2.

Almagne, Hughe of, taken prisoner by R., 346/10.

Almayne, Ponthus of, joins C. at Paris, 187/6.

Almaynes (Germans) at the Court at Paris, 16/19 ;—33/15 ;—43/4.

Alphas, the Earl of, placed in front of the second gate at Mountayneford, 77/3.

Amaney, 81/6, one of R.'s knights, slain by Aymon, 81/6.

Anfray, Sir, one of Aymon's knights, slain by Alarde, 110/20.

Anguonon, the Earl of, slain by R., 237/13.

Ansom, the Duchy of, offered as a bribe to Salamon of Breton, 325/29.

Ansom, the Earl of, counsels King John to yield the Four Sons to C., 205/19, and is slain by R., 231/32.



- Anthony, the old Earl, traduces R., and advises King John to yield the Four Sons to C., 206/32.
- Antony, the Earl, wounded by Richard, 309/17.
- Appolin, the god of Barbas, 516/7. [It is not quite clear what god is here meant: can it mean Appollion? Further on, Barbas swears "By Apollo!"]
- Ardeyne, 16/22, *see also* Aymon, and Dordon;—the great forest of, 65/5, where the Four Sons take refuge, 103/20;—the fight in, between Aymon and his Sons, 107—111.
- Ardeyne, Margerye, Duchess of (wife of Aymon, and mother of the Four Sons), right gladly welcomes her husband and children, 36/13, advises R. to honour his king, and upbraids Aymon for departing from C., 36/31, counselling him to serve the king, 37/12;—she is grieved with R. for slaying Berthelot, and advises them to flee away, giving them her treasure, 62/15;—she weeps when she sees her husband, and tells him she knows not where the Four Sons have gone, 66/1;—she upbraids Aymon for fighting against their children, 114/18;—she is frightened when she sees her sons, and weeps for pity of them, 121, but recognizes and embraces them, 122;—she makes them and their three knights good cheer, 123;—she prays Aymon to let the Sons stay that night, 124/20;—she causes baths and clean raiment to be made ready for her sons, and clothes them in rich apparel, 129/1, advises them to go to Spain, 129/26, swoons when they set out, 130/29, and mourns grievously for them, but is recomforted by Aymon, 131/3.
- Ardeyne, the city of, the Four Sons come to, 120/1;—they set out therefrom with six hundred men, 131/1;—the Four Sons arrive at, after the abandonment of Mountalban, 442/25;—C.'s host arrives at, 447/23;—the battle near, 452—455;—R. and his folk retreat within the gates of, 455/2;—C. lays siege to, 455/20;—Mawgis comes to, 462/12, and departs from, 467/20;—C.'s messengers arrive at, 470/31, and depart from, 472/33;—great joy at, when R. returns from the Holy Land, 530/28;—it is given by R. to his son Yonnet, 570/19.
- Ardocke, one of the treacherous barons ambushed in the Isle of Our Lady, 553/25.
- Arles, conquered by Borgons, 132/22.
- Armony, 187/9.
- Aspes, otherwise called Myleyne, 70/2.
- Aubeforde, Guyon of, one of C.'s peers, 69/22.
- Aulbery, 80/18.
- Avynyon (Avignon), Godfray the Earl of, joins C. at Paris, 187/3.
- Aygreounte, description of the castle of, 21/20;—the battle at, between Duke Benes and Lohier, 27—29.
- \* **AYGREMOUNTE, DUKE BENES**<sup>1</sup> OF, had not done the bidding of C., 17/9;—he, his son Mawgis, and his wife are unkindly spoken of by C., 17/19;—he is informed by a spy of the coming of Lohier, 19/32, of which he tells his folk, 20/3;—he rejects the good counsel of Sir Simon, 20/22, and also that of his Duchess, 21/5;—he will not make peace with C., 21/16;—the porter tells him of the arrival of Lohier, 23/8;—his speech to his barons, 23/23;—enraged at Lohier's threatening message, he answers that not only will he disobey the behest of C., but that he will destroy the land of France, 25/20, and tells Lohier that

<sup>1</sup> 'Benés' is the spelling all through this book, and is doubtless a mistake for 'Bevis.'

to his own evil cheer he came to do his message, 26/7;—he than's Sir Water for his wise counsel, but bids him hold his peace, 26/24;—he waxes very wroth and calls on his barons to slay Lohier, 27/5;—he tells Lohier this day shall be his last, 28/16, cleaves him to the teeth, 28/26, and cuts his head off, 29/5;—he causes all Lohier's followers to be slain, except ten, whom he sends back to C., in charge of the corpse of Lohier, and with his message to C., 29/13;—his message is told to C., 33/30;—he hears of C.'s projected attack, 39/10;—he sets out for Troyes, 39/22;—he goes against the host of C., 41/27;—he slays Enguerran, 42/30, and Sir Walter Pyerelee, 44/13;—he jousts with Duke Richard of Normandy, and his horse is slain under him, 44/20, but quickly rising to his feet, he slays a knight, Sir Symon, 45/4;—he is horribly wounded, 46/11;—he adopts Nantuell's advice, 47/1;—he comes before C., begging pardon [and there were four thousand in his train 'alle bare fote & in theyr shertes'—what a sight it must have been!], 50/16;—swearing fidelity, and promising to do his service, he takes leave of C., 51/1;—he departs from Aygreounte to go to the court of C. at Paris, 51/19;—he is apprehensive of treachery through the vengeance of C., 52/26, and relates his dream, 52/30;—he commands his men to arm themselves, 53/8, and laments that C. is an untrue prince, 53/23;—he laments the absence of his son Mawgis, his brethren, and the Four Sons, 54/6;—his folk are beaten back by Earl Guenes, 55/5, but he defends himself as well as he could, 55/11, and slays Sir Helye, 55/27, but is unhorsed by Gryffoon of Hautefelle, 55/31;—he is treacherously slain by the Earl Guenes, 56/12;—his body is treated with indignity by Duke Gryffon, 56/17, and is put in a lier and taken to Aygreounte, 57/1, where it is reverently buried, 57/29.

Aygreount, Myneus of, father of Ogier the Dane, 272/28.

Aygreounte, the Duchess of, gives her husband good counsel, 20/29;—hears the news of her lord's death, and her grief therefor, 52/16.

Aymanoy, cousin of Gerarde of Roussillon, killed at the battle of Troyes, 46/6.

Aymery, the Earl, interferes in the quarrel between Ogier and Roland, 273/11.

AYMON, THE DUKE OF ARDEYNE, at the court at Paris, 16/22;—is cousin-germain to Benes of Aygreount, 18/14;—he offers his service to C., 30/23, who commands him to send his sons to be knighted, 31/3;—being afraid of C.'s anger for the slaughter of Lohier by the Duke Benes, he and his sons depart from Paris, 36/1;—he comes to C.'s court at Paris, 59/15;—he complains to C. of the treason done to Duke Benes, but agrees to forgive it, 59/25;—he swears to C. that he will war against his sons, and leaving Paris, goes to Dordon, 65/24;—he relates to his lady the doings at Paris, and the reason why he has come seeking his sons, 66/6;—he is placed in front of the third gate at Mountayneford, 77/4;—he comes against R.'s army, and does much damage to it, 79/13;—he is stung by R.'s words, and suffers his sons to pass by him unharmed, 80/8;—he slays Amaney, one of R.'s knights, 81/6;—he is rebuked by R. for his harsh conduct, 83/7, and he retaliates that he is too old to do treason towards C., 83/25;—he again commences an attack on R.'s folk, 85/24, and his horse is slain under him by R., 85/27;—he is succoured by Ogier the Dane, 86/1;—when he is again horsed, he

<sup>1</sup> The Earl Guenes, who is mounted on a good horse, sees Duke Benes on foot, and acting uncavalierly (*i. e.* without waiting till he should be horsed again), takes him at advantage, and thus treacherously slays him.

pursues his children as a 'man wrothe and oute of his wyte,' 86/6, but his folk are put to flight by R., 86/14;—on returning to his own country, he falls in with his sons, 105/9, and seeks counsel of his lords, 105/11, which being withheld, he says he will do his own will, and sends two knights to defy Reynawde and his brethren, 105/32;—he spurs after his sons, 106/27, makes an outrageous speech to R., 106/34, and bringing his spear in rest, puts himself among his children 'lyke as they hadde ben strangers,' 107/10;—he loses half his men in the battle, 108/4;—he chases R. to the mountains, 108/6;—he is unhorsed by R., 108/26;—many of his knights are slain, and he grieves for Esmenfray, 110/28;—he makes moan and grieves for the state to which R. is reduced, 111/21, and taking the body of Esmenfray, he sets out for Paris, 111/32;—he comes before C., to whom he relates the recent events, 112/2, which C. doubting, 112/21, he offers to swear it on 'reliques and hallowes,' 112/28;—he perceives C.'s anger, and departs for his own country, 113/12, where he relates all his adventures to his wife, 113/18, to whom he acknowledges his fault, 115/1;—he is hawking upon the river when his sons arrive at Ardeyne, 120/19;—he curses them, and tells them to go beg at another place, 124—125;—his heart waxes soft, 127/14, and he goes without, because he will not be forsworn against C., and tells his lady to give their sons whatever they desire, 127/32, and excuses his conduct to R., 128/13;—he parts amicably from his sons, promising for evermore to be their good father, 130/17;—he recomforts his duchess, 131/9;—he takes the part of C. against his sons, 424/4, but becomes wroth with C. when he threatens them, 424/9;—he beseeches C. to right the Sons, 424/17;—R. comes to his pavilion, begging for succour, 431/24;—he tells R. that he cannot help him on account of his oath to C., but bids him enter the pavilion and help himself, 432;—he bids his steward fill the three engines with food and cast it into Mountalban, 433/31;—C. threatens him with the loss of his head for relieving his sons, 435/9;—he tells C. that he will not fail his children so long as he can help them, 435/14;—he is dismissed by C. from his host, 435/33, and threatening C. if harm happens to his sons, he departs from C.'s host to his own country, 436/3;—he dies, leaving great riches to his sons, 535/27.

AYMONET, the elder son of Reynawde, is spurned by R. in his anger at King John's treachery, 285/5;—he rebukes his uncle Richard, and counsels him to submit to the will of R., 427/23;—he arrives at the palace of C. at Paris, 540/18;—he introduces Yonnet and himself to C., asking him to bestow on them the order of knighthood, 541/18;—he is knighted by C., 547/24;—he and his brother swear on the 'halowes' that the sons of Foulkes had lied falsely, 560/16, and the fight begins, 560/26;—he cuts off the nose of Constans, 561/9;—he is wounded by Constans, 562/30;—he cuts an ear and all the jawbone off Constans, 562/32;—his horse is slain by Constans and he slays that of Constans, 564/13;—he overthrows Rohars, 565/17;—he almost snites Constans' left arm off, 565/20;—he takes Constans prisoner, and brings him to C., 566/32;—he is applauded by C. as having 'doon wel' your devour,' 567/4;—he wants to assist Yonnet in despatching Rohars, but is not permitted by Yonnet, 567/11;—he compliments Yonnet on his valour, 568/21;—Mountalban is given by R. to, 570/19, and the folk thereof render homage to him, 571/14.

- Balancon (Balencon), one of the rivers bounding Vaucoulores, 227/24;—Roland pitches his tent at, 191/20;—the battle at, 194—199;—other battles near, 298—307;—the meeting of Mawgis and the brethren at, 372/24;—Richard of Normandy keeps the passage over the river of, 395/32.
- Banyere, Guydellon of, 40/10.
- Barbas, the Admiral of Perce (? Persia), has treacherously taken the city of Jerusalem, 500/12;—he issues from Jerusalem into the besieging host, 501/31;—he engages in combat with Geffray of Nazareth, by whom he is overthrown, but is relieved by his folk, 502/24;—he withdraws his forces into Jerusalem, 504/14;—when he sees the great joy and feasting made in the Christian camp, he believes that 'they ben as the swanne is whan he shall deye,' 511/2;—he again comes forth from Jerusalem, and attacks the Christians, 512/11;—he reproaches his followers for running away, and hearing of the death of Margaris, he furiously attacks Walleron of Faiete, and kills him, 514/25;—he vows to slay the 'grete vylayne' R., but becomes abashed on hearing R. cry out 'Mountalban!' 516, and he takes his way to the city as a man discomfited, 517/6;—seeing that the Christians have retaken Jerusalem, he is very wroth and curses 'his goddis Mahomet and Appolin,' 519/12;<sup>1</sup>—he goes to king Thomas, and tells him that he (Barbas) must be allowed to depart in peace, or that he (Thomas) must be instantly cast out of the window, 519/20;—seeing R. coming to assault the tower, he seizes king Thomas and threatens to cast him out of window, unless R. grants his terms, 522/9;—R. accedes to his terms, and he descends the tower, and with two of his followers goes out through the gate of the city, 523/3;—at Palermo he is afraid of the strange knights he saw not yesterday, 527/25;—he discovers who they are, and quickly takes to flight, 528/3.
- Barnyers at the court at Paris, 16/20;—Bernygars, 33/14;—Banyers, 33/16;—Bernyers, 40/2.
- Bason, the 'grete thief,' who aided C. against the treachery of the Twelve Peers, 327/17.
- Bauyers, at the siege of Mountayneforde, 77/14.
- Bavyre, Guydellon, the Earl of, 292/16;—he withdraws Ogier from fighting Roland, 308/21;—he overthrows Richard from behind, 309/22;—he is ordered by C. to take and hang Richard, but refuses, 324/20.
- BAYARD, Reynawde's wonderful horse, given to him by his cousin Mawgis, 31/28;—when he 'wyste hymselfe lade wyth two knyghtes, he strenghted hymselfe' accordingly, 109/5;—he could feed better with roots than other horses with hay and oats, 116/27;—he runs after Borgons' horse, and taking him by the mane, brings him back to Borgons, 141/26;—he uplifts his fore-foot and kills the 'Rybawde' who would have arrested the progress of R., 173/12;—his feet are bound up by Mawgis, so that he goes halting, 173—175;—he is mocked and jeered at by the assembled competitors, but being unbound by Mawgis, he speedily wins the race, thus securing C.'s crown for R., 175/7;—he resents being handled by Mawgis, but, being 'curstly dealed wythall,' he submits to the inevitable, 257/24;—he smells his lord, and runs to him carrying Mawgis on his back, 262/9;—he kneels before R., when

<sup>1</sup> There is something incongruous here, considering that Mahomet preached the existence of one only God. Indeed, the whole of the Jerusalem story seems quite out of place in the romance—the crusades against the Saracens not taking place till long after C.'s time.

- Mawgis alights, and he is mounted by R., 262/11;—he engages on his own account in a fight with Ogier's horse Brayford, 267/9, and also with Roland's horse Melantes, 303/1; he understands human speech, and awakens his master, 337/28;—he is embraced by the brethren, because he awoke them in time to deliver Richard, 340/28;—he smells Mawgis coming, and goes to him, 372/28;—he is bled, to provide food for the folk at Mountalban, 437/24;—he is delivered to Duke Naymes to be taken to C., 490/12;—he is cast into the river Meuse, with a millstone at his neck,<sup>1</sup> sinks to the bottom, breaks the stone with his feet, rises and swims over the river, and running as swiftly as the tempest, enters the Forest of Ardeyne, wherein, according to popular tradition, he still abides, 496, 497.
- Bayonne, Duke Guymarde of, upholds the conduct of R., 207/22;—he defies Sir Humarde, 208/7.
- Beaulande, Sir Arnaulde, slain by the Saracens, 16/16.
- Berarde the Bourgoynier, slays Simon of Bremois, 84/11.
- Berenger, 51/26.
- Berenger, one of the sureties for Constans and Rohars, 546/16;—he ambushes in the Isle of Our Lady with treacherous designs, 553/25.
- Berenger, Sir Yvorye, slain by the Saracens, 16/16.
- Bernard, a Doctor (apparently a Ph.D., not an ordinary M.D.), expounds the dream of Godefraye of Molyms touching the marriage of the Lady Clare, 152/14.
- Bernard (*qq.* the same person as the foregoing), the hermitage of, 440/22;—he welcomes and succours R. and his folk, 441.
- Berne, Guynarde, the lorde of, 202/29.
- Bermyer, Sr Lambreyght, 17/14.
- Berthelot, the nephew of C., engages R. to play at chess, 61/16, a quarrel arises, 24, and R. slays him with the chess-board, 31.
- Bethe (Bertha), the mother of C., 327/1.
- Boye, C.'s army arrives at, 188/12.
- Boye, Toyusselyne [*? Josceline*] of, slain by Earl Guenes, 55/4.
- Bollon, Boullon, Bryllon, Walleran, Duke of, 40/10;—he slays a nephew of Duke Gerard, 43/24;—48/27;—at C.'s court at Paris, 59/12.
- Bollon, Sir Walleraunte of, slain by the Saracens, 16/16.
- Bondy, Boudyere, the name of R.'s hunting horn, 216/25, 342/1.
- Bordews (Bordeaux), a city in France, where the Four Sons first meet with King John, 132/22;—the battle at, between King John and Borgons, 136—139.
- Borgoyns, Borgons, Bourgons, the Saracen, has conquered nearly all King John's territory, 132/28;—he marches from Toulouse to Bordeaux, and there put himself in ambush, 136;—he emerges from ambush, 137/26, and slays one of R.'s men, 138/7;—he and his folk flee from the battle, pursued by R., 139/4;—he is overtaken by R., 140/24;—he breaks his spear on R., 141/10, by whom he is overthrown and wounded, 141/13;—he fights on foot with R., and is severely wounded, 141/23;—he begs for a truce, and surrenders himself to R., who promises him his life shall be spared, 142/7;—he appeals to be delivered from prison, offering a rich ransom, 144/19;—he is ransomed, and with his folk goes to his own country, 144/34.

<sup>1</sup> Charlemagne perpetrates a little joke at Bayard's expense, which is perhaps worth noting. When Bayard 'was thus tumbled in the river,' he remarks that his desire has been accomplished, 'for ye be now deed, *but yf ye drynke oute all the water.*'

- Pourdelle, Geoffroy of, slain by the Saracens, 25/4.  
 Bourdelois, Sampson of, a knight who came to help R., 77/33.  
 Bourgoyne, Bourgyne, Guyon, Guynon of, in command of a thousand knights, assists in Hernyer's treachery on the Four Sons, 91/14;—he enters the castle of Mountaynford, slaying all he can find, 93/1.  
 Bourgoyne, Sampson of, 35/5.  
 Bourgoyne, the Duke of, placed in front of the second gate at Mountaynford, 77/2.  
 Bourgoyns, at the siege of Mountaynford, 77/14.  
 Bourgoyns, in C.'s army, 40/3.  
 Bournoy, 169/11.  
 Brayford, Broifyrte, Ogier's celebrated horse, 45/26;—he engages in a fight with Bayard, 267/9.  
 Bremons, Simon of, slain by Berarde the Burgundian, 84/11.  
 Bretayne, Salamon of, joins C. at Paris, 39/31, 186/25;—he weeps on seeing the combat between R. and Roland, 300/28;—he is commanded by C. to hang Richard, but refuses, 325/26.  
 Bretayne, Salomon of, slain by the Saracens, 16/15.  
 Bretons, at the siege of Mountaynford, 77/13.  
 Brouseau, the isle of, 31/33.  
 Broycarre, Mawgis's celebrated horse, 'the best that men wyste after Bayarde,' 276/15.  
 Busifall (Bucephalus), the Great Alexander's horse, 31/30.  
 Byheuse, a province of France, 132/6.
- Cedres, King, slain at Pampelune, by C., his armour given to R., 31/15.  
 Champayne, the country of, 39/23.  
 Champenoys, 33/15.
- CHARLEMAGNE, Emperor of France, 4/9;—holds court at Paris, 16/5;—his address to his barons, 16/31;—becomes angry with them, 18/17;—grieved to part from his son Lohier, 19/16;—his doubts as to the safety of Lohier, 30/13;—he knights the four sons of Aymon, 31/25;—again in fear for Lohier, 33/1;—receives the news of the fight at Aygre-mounte, and the death of Lohier, 33/30;—his grief thereat, 34/15;—buries Lohier, 35/27;—receives news of the departure of Aymon and his four sons, and his anger thereat, 38/2;—determines to wreak his vengeance on Duke Benes, 38/14;—instructs his followers to prepare next summer, 39/4;—sets out for Aygre-mount, 40/8;—he goes to Troyes to succour Aubrey, 41/16;—fights with Gerarde of Roussyllon, 45/19;—Roussyllon, Aygre-mount, and Nantuell offer their allegiance to, 47/28;—he pardons the three Dukes, 49/7, who appear naked before him to express their thanks, 50/25;—holds a great court at Paris, 51/15;—endeavours to persuade his nephew Earl Guenes from acting traitorously towards Benes of Aygre-mount, 51/32;—again holds court at Paris, 59/7, and Aymon complains to him of the treachery done towards Duke Benes, 59/26, when they come to a mutual understanding that the death of Lohier is to be set off against that of Benes, 60/3;—but Reynawde expresses his hatred for him, 60/15, and he becomes as black as a coal for wrath, 60/19;—his nephew Berthelot slain by R., 61/31;—he commands Aymon to make war against his sons, 65/24;—he gains tidings of the Four Sons, 68/19;—he sets out after them, 69/13, and reaches Mountaynforde, 70/4;—his grief for the loss of Guyon, 71/17;—he swears to be revenged on R., 73/15, and commands his men to surround the castle of Mountaynforde, 73/28;

—the splendour of his tent, 74/14;—his message to R., 75/32, and R.'s answer, 76/8;—he commands that the castle be assailed, 76/31;—his grief for the death of Thierry, 80/30;—calls for help, 81/1;—commands his men to depart from the battle, 84/7;—he goes against R., and forbids him to go further, 86/23;—he besieges the castle fourteen months, 87/14;—sends for more men to help him, 89/10, and seeks counsel of his barons, 89/17;—he adopts Hernyer's advice, 90/10;—laments his evil fate, 97/8;—he was glad when R. evacuated Mountaynforde, 100/32, and follows after the four brethren, 101/7;—is in danger of his life from R., 101/28, but is saved by Dame Hugh, 101/32;—he stops the pursuit, 102/20;—he orders his men to disperse, 104/11, and himself retires to Paris, 104/16, where he gives way to grief, for that he cannot avenge himself on R., 104/20;—he will not believe that Aymon had fought against his own sons ('for never raven ete his yonge byrdes'), 112/22, and becomes angry with him, 113/1;—he goes on a pilgrimage to Galicia, 156/19, and on the way back sees the castle of Mountalban, 156/27, and when he understands to whom it belongs, he becomes right angry, 157/17;—he commands King John to deliver to him the four brethren, 157/25;—he holds a council at Paris, 161/16, and receives his nephew Roland, 162/26;—he puts Escorfuwe in prison, 166/35, and inquires after Roland, 167/5, for whose benefit, he ordains a horse-race, 167/31, at which he is sore afraid that R. will appear, 171/1;—he comes to the field appointed for the race, and commands 'that noo noyse nor noo stryffe were there made,' 175/27;—he offers to purchase Bayard off R. (who is disguised), 177/29, when the latter tells him he has been beguiled, 177/32;—he follows after R., offering him a truce, and begging for his crown, 169/29;—but R. only jeers at him, 179/4;—he seeks counsel of his barons as to how he may recover his crown, 181/23;—he causes preparations to be made for a seven years' siege of Mountalban, 182/31;—bids his followers be ready for the war by next Easter, 185/30;—he musters his army, 188/1, and gives the command to Roland, 188/7;—his message to R., 189/21;—he resolves to starve out R. and his brethren, 191/4;—and for that purpose closely invests the castle, 191/13;—when he sees the golden dragon on the high tower at Mountalban, he weens that Roland had taken the castle by force, 198/31;—he hears the news of Roland's defeat, 201/25, 'and thenne he sware saynte Denys by grete angre,' 201/33;—he causes a parliament to be held, 202/6;—he sends a herald to King John, bidding him send back the four sons of Aymon, on pain of wasting his land, 203/17;—his joy at the reply of King John, 211/12;—he sends letters to King John, and instructions how to carry out their traitorous proceedings, 211/30;—he details the particulars of the plot to Foulques of Moryllon and Ogier the Dane, 212/26;—his wrath when he hears that the Four Sons have escaped, 271/16, and hatred for Mawgis, 271/26;—he stops the quarrel between Roland and Ogier, 273/24;—is befooled by Mawgis, 315/16;—his joy when he sees that Richard has been made prisoner, 319/8, whom he threatens to torture and hang, 319/18, and smites him with a staff, 319/29;—he wrestles with Richard, 320/1;—he orders his peers, one

<sup>1</sup> This is a clever and amusing scene: the way in which Mawgis comes the old soldier over Charlemagne, culminating in the former (after much fulsome adulation) asking the latter to kiss his palmer's staff in return for the 'pardons' that he bestows on Charlemagne.

after another, to hang Richard, 324/1 ;—becomes very angry when all, even Roland, refuse to 'bringe his wyll aboute for to hang Rycharde,' 326/31 ;—he relates to his barons the story of his life, 327/1, and calls on another baron to 'goo hang that hourson Richard,' 327/32, but is refused and rebuked, 328/9 ;—he is deserted by the Twelve Peers of France, 328/15 ;—once more he tries to induce a baron to hang Richard, 328/26, and again is severely rebuked, 329/1 ;—he is further reproved by Duke Naymes, 330/6, and by Ogier the Dave, 330/25 ;—he pardons the Twelve Peers, 333/4 ;—he prevails on Rypus of Riplemonde to execute Richard, 333/9 ;—he goes after Ogier for fear he should slay Ripus, 342/31 ;—he fights with Richard, 344/29, and with R., 346/22 ;—he refuses R.'s terms of peace, 348/16, and demands that Mawgis be given into his hands, 348/29 ;—he refuses to listen to R., 349/31, and renews his attack, 349/33 ;—he falls into the power of R., who lays him on Bayard, 350/6, but is obliged to let him down, 351/22 ;—his pavilion is cast down by Richard, 354/28 ;—his attempted assassination by Mawgis, 355/20 ;—complains of the infidelity of his barons, 358/21, and offers to resign his crown, 359/1 ;—he consents to take back his crown if Mawgis (against whom again he expresses his deep hatred) 's delivered to him, 360/17 ;—his joy when he sees Mawgis a prisoner, 361/13 ;—he is anxious to hang Mawgis before supper, 366/2, but consents to remand him till to-morrow on the surety of the peers of France, 367/18 ;—he derides Mawgis for wishing to eat (since 'soo lityll a terme he hathe to live'), 368/1, but at the same time is himself unable to eat, 'leest that Mawgys sholde werke witchecrafte vpon hym,' 368/14 ;—he commands his steward to keep lights burning all night, 368/23, and the Twelve Peers and a hundred armed men to keep watch over Mawgis, 368/28 ;—he jests with Mawgis for wishing to sleep, 369/9, and fetters him with 'a grete payre of yrens,' 369/24 ;—he is angered at Mawgis's speech, and would have slain him, 370/2 ;—he is thrown into a deep sleep by the enchantment of Mawgis, 370/23 ;—he awakes, and discovers the flight of Mawgis, 371/16, and arouses the Twelve Peers, 371/20 ;—he discovers that Mawgis had bewitched them, 372/6 ;—he perceives that the Four Sons mock him, 375/7, complains to his barons, 375/18, and sends to R. demanding restitution of his crown and treasure, 375/22 ;—he is informed by a spy of the coming of R., 381/11, and sends Oliver to fetch R., 381/25 ;—he becomes angry with Naymes and Ogier, 382/8, and he vows that R. shall die a shameful death, 382/24 ;—R. is brought before him, 385/7 ;—he refuses to listen to Ogier, 386/8, and threatens R. that he shall be 'cutte in smalle peces,' 386/18, but relents, accepting sureties from him, 387/16 ;—he commends Roland to God, 390/6, prays to God to part the two knights, 393/5, and a miracle is manifested in answer to his prayer, 393/12 ;—he sees Roland following after R., 394/4, spurs after them, 394/12, and comes to Mountalban, again threatening R., 395/7 ;—he returns to Mountbendell, 395/19, commanding his army forthwith to lay siege to Mountalban, 395/24 ;—he pitches his tent before the great gate, 396/7 ;—he receives Roland's message, 397/12, which makes him shake for anger, 397/29, vowing that he will not make peace unless he may do his will of Mawgis, 398/1 ;—he is again enchanted by Mawgis, 398/32, and carried to Mountalban, 399/3 ;—when he discovers that he is in the 'subjectyon of R.,' he is sorely angered, 408/6, and swears that he will make no peace, 408/11 ;—he is granted liberty by R., 411/25 ;—he holds his tongue because



'he fered the fiernsnes of the yonge Rycharde,' 413/5;—he mounts Bayard and leaves the castle, 413/14;—he is received by his men with gladness, 413/19, and tells them he has made no peace, 413/23, and explains how he was delivered, 413/28;—he returns Bayard to R., 414/3; he pardons Roland and the other lords, 416/16, and orders the assault on the castle to be renewed, 416/21;—he announces his intention of starving out the four brethren, 417/28, and becomes in great anger with Naymes for endeavouring to dissuade him therefrom, 419/10, again avowing that he will never make peace with them, 419/16;—he discovers that he will be unable to take Mountalban by force, 420/34, and orders a retreat, 421/3, declaring that he will famish the brethren, 421/12;—he rejoices over the scarcity of victuals in the castle, 423/8, thanks God Mountalban has been brought so low, 423/18, and devises fresh indignities for 'yonge Rycharde,' 423/25;—he will not listen to the appeal of Aymon, 424/20, nor that of his barons, 424/25, but commands them to make engines 'for to bryng down this grete towre,' 424/31;—he discovers that Aymon had supplied his sons with food, 435/5, is very angry therewith, 435/22, and dismisses Aymon from his host, 435/33;—he rides to Mountalban, and not seeing any one, believes its defenders are all dead, 444/7, but entering the castle, he finds they are all gone, 444/32;—he discovers the underground passage through which they escaped, 445/8, and curses those who had made it, 445/19;—in great anger he sends everywhere for tidings of R., 446/19, and eventually learns that he is in the city of Arden, 446/34, whereat he is so 'moche angry' that he swears he will 'never lie in noo bed' till he had besieged the city, 447/7, and forthwith proceeds to do so, 447/22;—he is sore abashed when he sees R. in such good condition, 449/15, and still hopes to do 'justice upon him,' 449/22;—he uses bad language towards R., 451/2, and calls on his knights to slay him, 451/8;—he is right angry when he sees the damage done to his army by the Four Sons, 453/11, and taking his sword in his hand, he performs 'merveylles of armes,' 453/18;—he is 'so angry that noo man canne be more' when he sees the brethren have saved themselves and taken prisoner Richard of Normandy, 455/13, and swears that he will not leave the siege till he has taken the city, and hanged the Four Sons, 455/24;—he is angry at having no tidings of Richard of Normandy, 468/14, and sends to R. to yield up Duke Richard and Mawgis, 470/8;—his anger when he hears of the unpleasant position of Duke Richard, 474/9;—he gives his barons leave to withdraw, 475/8, but cannot sleep at night, 475/11;—he tells his barons that R. dare not hang Duke Richard, 477/8;—he again refuses to make peace, 483/11, and repeats that R. will not injure Duke Richard, 483/15;—he is deserted by the peers of France, 485/30, on which he sends after them, offering to make peace with R., 487/21;—he acquaints the peers with his conditions for the peace, 489/5, and sends Duke Naymes to inform R. thereof, 489/16;—his gracious reception of the *three* brethren and Duke Richard, 494/25, and his promise to look after the children of R., 495/20;—he raises the siege and departs from Arden, 495/28, and casts the good horse Bayard into the Meuse, 496/9, but the horse escapes, whereat he 'toke grete sorowe,' 497/9, and, angry as he was, he gives his followers leave to go to their own countries, 497/17;—he honourably receives the two sons of R., 541/31, makes them his carvers, 544/14, and gives Johnnet a fair knife, 544/25;—he rebukes Constant for bringing a false charge against

R., 545/23;—he accepts the gages of Jchnnet and Aymonet and of Constant and Rohart, 546/8;—he knights R.'s two sons, 547/24, and sends to R. to come to the court, 549/29;—he makes R. good cheer, 549/17, and makes friends with him, 550/9;—he reproves the sons of Foulkes of Moryllon, 550/25;—he fixes the place of the battle, 551/21;—he commands that good order be kept at the battle, 552/17;—he becomes suspicious of Richard, 555/16;—he ascends the tower to see the battle, 555/28, and again is suspicious of Richard, 555/34;—his anger when he hears of the treachery of Gryffen of Hautbranche, 556/24;—he comes to the battle-field, 557/24;—he rebukes Richard, 559/5, and commands the children of Foulkes to swear that they enter the quarrel justly, 559/29;—he is glad when Aymonet has overcome Constant, 567/3, and commends the two brothers, 'for ye have doon ynough,' 568/27;—he orders that Constant be hung, and the body of his brother by him, 568/33, and express s his satisfaction thereat, 569/5;—he appoints his own physicians to tend the wounds of Aymonet and Jchnnet, 569/32, and they, with R. and his three brethren, take leave of him, 570/8.

CLARE, the Lady, sister of King John of Gascoyn, 144/1;—rejoices when she hears of the prowess of R., 144/11;—she is making 'a penoucell of a spere' for R. (but she durst not tell it), when King John informs her of the projected marriage of herself to R., 153/24, wherat she is right glad, 154/5, and the marriage presently takes place, 154/19;—she promises to take great care of the castle during R.'s absence, 168/35, and gladly welcomes him back, 180/17;—she welcomes King John, who repulses her, 215/20;—she affectionately receives R., 220/15, implores him not to go to Vaucououres, 221/10, and relates her fearful dream, 221/24;—she is very glad when R. and the brethren return, 285/14, but is cruelly repelled by R. in his anger against King John, 285/21;—she cries him mercy, and reminds him that she had tried to persuade him not to go, for that she misdoubted of the king her brother, 285/31;—through the mediation of his brethren, R. makes peace with her, 287/2;—she is glad to meet again with R., 313/3;—she makes great sorrow for that Richard has been taken prisoner, 313/25, and joy when she sees he is rescued, 362/17, and grieves at the absence of Mawgis, 363/9;—she beseeches the barons to protect R., 380/12;—she takes leave of Ro'and and the other barons, beseeching them to purchase peace with C., 415/7;—she counsels that the horses be slain for food, and swoons 'for grete feblenes for lacke of mete,' 426/13;—she and her sons beg R. to have Bayard killed for food, 430/5;—since he can give no more blood, she prays R. to slay Bayard, 437/34;—she is sorry her brother has not rotted in his prison, 439/24;—she recomforts Richard of Normandy, 457/28;—seeing her husband arrayed in beggars' clothing, she swoons, 491/15, and mourning grievously for him, she casts her 'noble raymentes' in the fire, and taking a 'poure smocke,' vows to wear no other clothes till his return, 492/1;—she weeps and sorrows so much that 'she deyed at last,' 532/16.

Clermout, the earldom of, offered as a bribe to Escouf, 327/31.

Cologne, the Archbishop and College of, make a procession to the miracle exhibited on the Rhine, 583/12;—he avows the body to be that of some saint, 583/22, and they discover that the body is that of R., 583/29;—he orders the murderers to do penance, 584/10;—he points out that the corpse is a ho'ly one, by reason of the great miracles shown forth, 585/4;—he and all the people of Cologne follow the corpse, 585/9;—he

- uncovers the visage of the corpse, so that, if possible, it may be recognized, 586/4 ;—he tells R.'s brethren not to be displeased with him, but they do make too much sorrow, 590/30 ;—they should rather rejoice because now he is a saint in heaven, 591/1, and inquires of them how the corpse should be called, 591/14 ;—he and all the people, when Alarde has answered his question, begin to 'wepe for pyte and for joye by cause they sawe all byfore theym the moost noble and worthiest knyghte of the worlde,' 591/21.
- Cologne, the city of, besieged by the Saracens, 163/9 ;—the battle at, between Roland and the Saracens, 164, 165 ;—R. arrives and works as a labourer on the church of St. Peter at, 576/16.
- Constans (Constant), a son of Foulkes of Morillon, possesses a false heart, 541/1 ;—he conspires with his brother to do harm to the sons of R., 543/7 ;—being accidentally shoved by Aymonet, he makes use of hard words, and calls him the son of a traitor, 544/30 ;—he is rebuked by C., and bidden to hold his peace, 545/22 ;—he asks C. to tell the place where the fight shall take place, 551/6 ;—he and his brother swear on the 'halowes' that R. had slain their father by treason, 560/5 ;—his nose is cut off by Aymonet, 561/9 ;—he wounds Aymonet, 562/30 ;—an ear and his jawbone are cut off by Aymonet, 562/36 ;—he kills Aymonet's horse, and Aymonet kills his, 564/13 ;—he surrenders himself to Aymonet, and is taken to C., 566/30 ;—he weeps when he hears Rohars pleading for mercy, 568/10 ;—he is drawn at four horses' tails, and then hanged, 569/3.
- Constantinople, R. arrives at, 498.
- Cortyne, Ogier's address to his sword so called, 268/1.
- Croyne, the town where the corpse of R. stopped, 585/15 ;—R.'s brethren come to, where they recognize his body, 589/17, and make great sobbings and lamentations, 590/14.
- Damp Rambault, tells Ro'land and Oliver what has happened at Balencon while they been bent on sport, 199/29.
- Dampe Hughe, slain by R., 101/32.
- Dordon, apparently synonymous with Ardeyre, 20/27, 30/23, 31/22, 36/13, 38/2, 59/15, 62/20, 64/3, 131/23.
- Dordonne, the name of one of the rivers bounding Vaucou'oures, 227/23.
- Douse Peres (the Twelve Peers) of France, assemble at the court at Paris, 16/18 ;—they have come with C. into Gascony, 203/19 ;—C. relates to them his former exploits, and warns them that they may meet the same fate as their predecessors, 327/11 ;—when they see C.'s assault on Escouf, they all leave him, 328/14 ;—(having had news that Mawgis is acquainted with the state of affairs), they come to C., and tell him they are willing that Richard shall be hanged, 332/27, and he pardons them, 333/3 ;—they listen to C.'s complaints and offer of resigning his crown, 358/20 ;—their amazement when they discover how finely they have been cozened by Mawgis, 371, 372 ;—their swords, etc., are returned to C.'s messengers, 379/7 ;—Richard of Normandy's message is delivered to them, 482/19 ;—they each in turn implore C. to make peace, if only to release Richard of Normandy, 482/32 ;—in great wrath and with angry bitter words to C., they all depart from him, 484/15 ;—the messenger tells them of C.'s resolve at last to make peace, and they all return again, 488/9 ;—they are disgusted with C.'s treatment of Bayard, 496 ;—they receive the Four Sons with great joy and honour, 549/1.
- Durandall, the name of Roland's sword, 282/16.

Dygeon (Dijon), Robert of, son of the Duke of Burgoyne, slain by R., 237/23.

Erglyshemenne (Englishmen) at the court at Paris, 16/19;—33/16;—at the siege of Mountaynforde, 77/14.

Enguerran, lord of Peronne, slain by Duke Benes, 42/31.

Escorfawde, the Saracen, taken prisoner by Roland, and cast into prison by C., 166.

Escouf (Estorfawde, 318/14), Hector, the son of Oed n, 40/11, 45/11;—he is ordered by C. to hang Richard, and refuses, 327/26, whereat enraged, C. throws a staff at him, 328/12;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/33.

Esmenfray, one of Aymou's knights, advises him to keep faith with C. and assail his sons, 105/25;—he follows after R., 109/30, by whom he is forthwith slain, 110/6, and his horse given to Alarde, 110/10.

Estampes, the Earl of, 78/17, is slain by Alarde, 84/24.

Estborwgh in Almayne, 268/5.

Fawcon, Sir, slain by the Earl Guenes, 54/1.

Fawcon, the name of one of the gates of Mountalban, 258/7.

Fayete, Walleran of, kills many of the Persians, 502;—he is attacked and killed by Barbas, 511/11.

Feyry, the valley of, 65/6.

Flamberge (Flamberd, 300/17), the name of R.'s wonderful sword, 95/22;—R. gives it to his elder son, 554/4.

Flamynge (Flenings), 33/15, 40/2;—at the siege of Mountaynforde, 77/13.

Fletcher, the name of one of the gates of Mountalban, 215/17.

Foree, name of one of the gates of Jerusalem, 512/11.

Foulquet, Sir, slain by Ogier, 45/27

Fryse, Goodebew of, 41/11.

Fryse, Leon of, 45/10.

Fryse, Sir Magon of, 245/33.

Galicia, *see* St. James in Gales.

Garner, one of C.'s peers, 69/23.

Garnyer, son of Gerarde, Duke of Roussyllon, 26/30.

— Gascoyn, Kyng Yon of (King John of Gascony), the Four Sons first hear of him, 132/10;—he rejoices at their coming, 134/25, and retains them in his service, 135/3;—he comes to succour R., fights valiantly, and gives great praise to R., 138/17;—he orders the chase after Borgons to be stayed, 139/15, and goes seeking for R., who was supposed to be amongst the slain, 139/23;—he tries to comfort R.'s brethren, and they all go in search of R., 140/6;—he and his party meet with R. after the latter has captured Borgons, 142/26;—he promises Borgons that no harm shall happen to him, 142/34;—he makes a great feast in honour of the Sons, 143/19, and causes the 'buty' to be dealed, 143/27;—he takes counsel of R. as to the release of Borgons, 144/26;—he grants permission to R. to build a castle, 146, and next day goes to examine the site, 147;—he is reminded by a knight that he runs some risk if he allows R. to build the castle, 147/19, and begins to hesitate, 147/31, but will not break his promise, 147/35, and confirms his gift to R., 148/29;—he goes to view the cast'e built by R., 149/20, and names it Mountalban, 150/2;—he gives the lordship of Valery to R., 150/20;—his

- barons, envious of R., tell him to beware of R., 150/22, but he tells them that R. will never think of treason, 150/30;—an old knight<sup>1</sup> counsels him to give his sister to R. to wife, 151/7, to which he agrees, and returns to Bordeaux, 151/12, where he receives R. with great joy, and taking him to the 'chambre of paremente,' they play at chess, 151/24;—he hears Godfray's dream and Dr. Bernard's interpretation thereof, 152, and causes the marriage of R. and the Lady Clare to be accomplished, 153, 154;—he hears C.'s message delivered by Ogier, and his answer thereto, 158, 159;—he receives C.'s herald, and tells him to wait seven days, 204/4;—he relates C.'s message to his barons, and asks for counsel, 204/16;—he bewails himself because his barons have advised him to surrender R. to C., 209/4, and indites the letter of betrayal to his secretary, 209/30;—he receives C.'s letter giving the details how to carry out the treachery, 214/9;—he goes to Mountalban, but, full of his evil intent, forbears to salute his sister, 215/16;—the trumpets sounded in his honour arouse his guilty conscience, 217/3;—he feigns illness as an excuse for his cold reception of the Sons, 217/21, and puts the scarlet mantles on them, 218/3;—he tells them that he has made peace for them with C., and explains how they are to go tomorrow to Vaucoulores to render homage to C., 218/23;—he tells R. they must go to Vaucoulores mounted on mules only, and unarmed except their swords, 222/32;—he swoons four times when he sees the Sons depart, 224/15;—his folk comfort him, 224/25, but he is apprehensive of the vengeance of Mawgis, 225/6;—his name and dignity are rooted out for ever, 225/16;—he is informed by a spy of the disastrous ending of his treacherous designs, 278/19, and, bewailing his evil fate, resolves on becoming a monk in the Abbey of St. Lazare in the Wood of the Serpent, 279;—he arrives at St. Lazare, where the abbot 'made them monkes in the devylles name,' 281/22;—he is taken prisoner by Roland, by whom he is scoffed at, placed backwards on a horse, and taken to Mountfawcon, 282/22;—he bewails his unhappy fate, and prevails on one of the knights to go to R. for succour, 283/4;—he is observed by R., 305/19;—he is abandoned by the fourscore knights his guards, 306/3;—he is unbound by R., and rebuked for his treachery, 306/10, and he begs R. to slay him, 306/19;—he is reproached by his little nephews, 313/7;—he gets left behind, in the prison at Mountalban, but is brought therefrom by R., 439/13;—he falls sick, dies, and is honourably buried, 456/6.
- Gascoyns, in C.'s army, 40/2;—they bless R. for going to the succour of King John, 290/29;—are considered to be cowards, 295/10;—they draw aside to see the combat between R. and Roland, 300/24.
- Gastynoys, a province of France, 132/7.
- Gaydon, an assumed name of Mawgis, 316/32.
- Gefray, one of C.'s peers, 61/23.
- Gerard, Sir, one of Ogier's knights, is sent to Mountalban for succour, 253/31.
- Godfray, Sir, nephew to King John of Gascony, counsels his uncle not to act in such a manner as to bring dishonour on himself, 204/31.
- Godfraye, Duke, serves C. at dinner, 61/6.
- Godras, Godarde, Sir Peter, the secretary of King John, 209/30, pens King John's treacherous letter to C., 210/10;—he weeps when he reads

<sup>1</sup> This old knight was the author of the memorable saying, that 'R. is well a noble gentylman of all foure sides.'

- of C.'s treachery, 214/16, and explains C.'s letter to King John, 214/26;—he weeps for pity when he sees the Sons go forth to their death, 255/5;—and tells the sad tale to Mawgis, 255/23;—he stays Mawgis from slaying himself, 256/10.
- Guenes, Guenelon, Ganellon, the Earl, nephew of C., suggests that he should waylay and slay Duke Benes, 51/28;—with four thousand men, he carries in the Vale of Soissons for Duke Benes, 52/19;—he slays Reyner, 51/29, and Sir Fawcon, 54/1, and Toyusselyne of B'oye, 55/4;—he becomes surety for Constans and Rohars, 546/16;—he calls his kinsmen together, and points out to them the dishonour done to them by C., 569/13;—his treason at Rounceva's foreshadowed, 569/17.
- Guithelym, Guetelym, the Sesne, overcome by Charlemagne, 16/9, and reduced to the Christian faith, 17/3.
- Guy, the Earl, joins C. at Paris, 39/32.
- GUYCHARDE, THE THIRD SON OF AYMUN, at the court at Paris, 16/24;—is knighted by C., 31/21;—he comes to C.'s court at Paris, 59/17;—he inquires of Earl Guyon, who are these folk? 70/26;—receiving a rough answer, he fights with Guyon and slays him, 71/1;—he regains Mountaynforde, and is commended by R., 71/28;—he relates his adventure to R., 72/1;—he counsels R. to go to Vaucoulores fully armed and mounted, 222/16;—he advises R. that they should cross the river, 232/16;—his faith in R. is restored, 235/25;—he is taken prisoner, and maltreated, 238/23;—his captors set him free, 240/10, and he is unbound by his brothers and set upon a horse, 240/23;—he does not mind for himself, but wants no damage to happen to R., 246/12;—he is sore wounded, and advises R. that they should surrender themselves, for which he is sharply rebuked by R., 249/1;—he regains his courage when he hears the words of Richard, 250/7, and implores Ogier to save R., 250/15;—he descends the rock with his brethren, to re-engage the French, 260/8;—his wounds are cured by Mawgis, 278/12;—he recommends the Lady Clare, 286/11;—he tells R. he will not go to rescue King John, 290/22;—he restrains R. from going to C. alone, 311/29;—he opines that C. will never grant peace, 403/13;—he counsels that they should yield themselves to C., 429/4.
- Guymarde, the Earl, tells R. he was a fool to believe King John, and asks him whether he will yield or defend himself, 247/17;—he commands Ogier to join in the attack on the Sons, 252/12;—he is slain by Mawgis, 263/18.
- Guynemault, Anthony, taken prisoner by R., 85/14.
- Guyner, C.'s esquire, is slain by R., 83/31.
- Guyon, one of R.'s knights, overthrown by King Yon of St. Omars, 82/13.
- Gyronde (Gironde), the river, 145/12.
- Gyrounde, the name of one of the rivers bordering Vaucoulores, 227/22.
- Hardres, 51/26.
- Haton, a knight, slain by the Saracens, 16/16.
- Hautebraunche, Gryfon of, one of the sureties for Constans and Rohars, 546/17;—he ambushes near the Isle of Our Lady with treacherous designs, 553/25;—he issues from his ambush, 557/14.
- Hautefelle, Gryffoon, Duke of, unhorses Duke Benes, 55/33, and is himself unhorsed, 56/3;—he treats the body of Duke Benes with indignity, jeering at it the while, 56/14.
- Hawteclere, the name of Oliver's sword, 371/3.

- Hector, son of Oedon, 297/33 ;—he weeps on seeing the combat between R. and Roland, 300/28.  
 Hector, the ancient Earl, advises King John to deliver the Four Sons to C., 208/13.  
 Helye, Sir, slain by Duke Benes, 55/27.  
 Henry, the Earl, 80/19.  
 Hosi, the mount, where Sir Gerarde keeps watch against the coming of Mawgis (but this is a little counterplot of Ogier the Dane's contrivance), 254/4.  
 Humall the Breton, smites Richard, and is unhorsed by him, 309/19.  
 Humarde, Sir, tells Duke Guymarde that he has lost his wit, 207/32.  
 Huon, Earl of Mauns, slain by the Saracens, 16/15.  
 Huon, *see* Mauns.

Illande, 187/8.

Iousser, the assumed name of Mawgis, 172/9.

Ioyuse, the name of C.'s sword, 349/34.

Isle of Our Lady wythin Savoyne, the spot selected by C. for the fight between Yonnet and Aymonet and Constans and Rohars, 551/21 ;—Constans and Rohars arrive at, 553/20 ;—Aymonet and Yonnet arrive at, 554/15 ;—C. and his company arrive at, 557/24 ;—the fight at, 560—568.<sup>1</sup>

Iudas, King John compares himself to the traitor, 216/1.

Jerusalem, King Thomas of, taken prisoner by the Admiral of Perce, 501/7 ;—when he sees the joy amongst his folk, he thinks they have forgotten him, 511/20 ;—the alternatives put to him by Barbas, 519/20 ;—he addresses Geoffrey of Nazareth, acquainting him with Barbas's terms, 520/4 ;—he is vexed when he hears that h's barons have made R. lord over them, and accuses Earl Rames of betraying him, 520/16 ;—he is placed in a perilous position by Barbas, 522/5, and Barbas takes his leave of him, 523/8 ;—the joyful meeting between him and R., 523/12 ;—he thanks R. for succouring Jerusalem, and honourably entreats him for some days, bestowing rich gifts on him, 523, 524.

Jerusalem, Mawgis and R. arrive nigh the city of, 500/2, which they learn has been treacherously taken by the Admiral of Perce, and is now besieged by the Christians, 500/28 ;—the battle outside the city of, 502—506 ;—the second battle, 512—517 ;—it is retaken by the Christians, 518.

Julius Cæsar's tower at Troyes, 41/3.

Langon, one of C.'s peers, 69/23.

Langres, Odet (Oedon) of, 48/27.

Langres the province of, held by Escouf, the son of Oedon, 327/29.

Lews (Lewis), a nephew of C., would have slain R.'s brother Richard, 288/27.

Lezonne, taken by C.'s army, 192/7.

Lion (? Lyons), Henry of, 565/33.

Lion (? Lyons), the city of, offered as a bribe to Ogier, 325/4.

Lohier, the eldest son of C., is commanded to go to Duke Benes with a

<sup>1</sup> The telling of this fight is done with great gusto by the chronicler ; but his gloating over the gruesome details is not calculated to raise the reader's estimation of the characters of the knights as being much higher than that of the ordinary sanguinary savage.

threatening message, 18/21 ;—he departs, 19/15, bragging by the way, 19/20 ;—he notes the impregnability of the castle of Aygremounte, 21/26 ;—his conversation with Sir Savare, 22/16 ;—he arrives at Aygremounte, 22/33, and he and his folk enter the castle, 23/21 ;—he delivers his inflammatory speech to Duke Benes, 24/17, which is followed by another full of imprecations, 25/26, and then one of contempt, 'I nether prayse you nor doubt you not,' 27/3 ;—he slays one of the knights of Aygremount, 28/4, and, perceiving in what deadly peril he is, prays God for succour, 28/7 ;—he attacks Duke Benes, by whom he is slain, 28/17 ;—his body is sent back to C., 29/27 ;—the burial of, 35/27 ;—the great sorrow for the death of, 37/24.

Lombardes at the court at Paris, 16/20 ;—43/4.

Lombardy, C.'s return from, after fighting with the Saracens, 16/6.

Loyre (Loire), the river, crossed by the Four Sons, 132/8 ;—169/18.

Lyetary, conquered by Borgons, 132/31.

Malbon, a nephew of, slain by R., 515/32.

Marcyll, a Saracen, beheaded by R., 205/5.

Margarys, King, is slain by R., 513/1.

Mascon, the city of, offered as a bribe to the Earl Guydellon, 324/25.

Mauns, Huon, Earl of, joins C. at Paris, 39/34 ;—45/7, 48/26.

Maunsealx at the siege of Mountaynforde, 77/14.

Maunte, the territorial name of the enemies of R., 539/16.

MAWGIS, son of the Duke Benes of Aygremounte, and cousin to the Four Sons, threatened with death by C., 17/28 ;—is a great master of the science of Nigromancy, 24/6 ;—his gift of Bayard to R., 31/34 ;—hears of his father's death, 57/19, and says that C. 'shall aby for it full derely,' 57/33 ;—he recomforts his mother, promising to avenge his father's death, 58/4 ;—he fights well in the fray that ensues from the slaughter of Berthelot, 62/13, and escapes with the Four Sons, 62/16 ;—his meeting with the Four Sons, 129/28 ;—he comes from Paris, having stolen three horses laden with gold, belonging to C., 130/7 ;—he advises R. to serve King John of Gascony, 132/14 ;—he backs up Alarde's advice about the building of Mountalban, 145/24 ;—he disguises Bayard and R., 169/24 ;—he deceives Duke Naymes, telling him that he is of Percn, and that R. is his son, 172 ;—he makes a bed for Bayard, and binds his feet so as to make him go halting, 173/27 ;—he rebukes R. for slaying the cordwainer, 174/27 ;—he mounts Morell, and goes with R. to the place appointed for the race, 174/31 ;—he unbinds the feet of Bayard, 176/24 ;—he leaves Paris, and meets R. on the way, 177/17 ;—he advises R. to attack C.'s army, 193/20 ;—he comes out of his ambush, and slays a number of Frenchmen at Balencon, 198/6 ;—he captures the golden eagle, 198/18, and sets it up on the great tower of the castle, so that both hosts may see it, 198/28 ;—his wrath when he knows the treachery of King John, 255/25 ;—he takes a knife to kill himself with, 256/8 ;—he causes all the soldiers in the castle to arm themselves, and acquaints them with King John's treachery, 256/27 ;—he orders the 'palfreyner' to saddle Bayard, and he refuses, whereupon Mawg's smites him with his fist and casts him to the ground, 257/15 ;—he saddles Bayard, after 'dealing curstly' with him, 257/33 ;—he departs from the castle by the gate Fawcon, 258/7 ;—he comes to Montbron, and bitterly upbraids Ogier, 261/17 ;—he wounds Ogier, 262/5 ;—he dismounts from Bayard, 262/12, and mounted on another steed he slays the Earl Guymarde, 262/16 ;—he encourages his followers, and bids



them not let Ogier escape, 263/23;—he is specially cursed by C., 271/23;—his address to R., in which he promises to make Richard whole and sound, if R. will help him to be avenged of C., 276/22;—being the ‘subtillest nygramancer that ever was,’ he incontinently cures the wounds of Richard, 277/17;—by the same means, he cures the wounds of the other three, 278;—he is eager for the fray, and tells R. he makes too long a sermon, 293/22;—he causes R. to remount, 304/18;—he inquires of the Sons the cause of their sorrow, 312/4, and dissuading R. from going to C., offers to proceed himself, 312/12;—he comes to Mountalban and disguises himself, 314/12;—he leaves Mountalban and reaches the tent of C. before the arrival of Ro'and, and he salutes C., praying God to keep him from treason, 315/5;—in his disguise he banters C., and tells him how he had been set on by the Four Sons, and maltreated by Mawgis [himself!], 315, 316;—he gives C. half the pardons that he had ‘wonne in his vyage makyngge,’ 318/1;—he notes the coming of Richard, 319, and returns to Mountalban, 321/13;—he tells the Sons that C. has promised to hang Richard at Mountfawcon, and that they must go there to deliver him, 322/3;—he resumes his armour, and they all set out for Mountfawcon, 322/24, which they reach, and put themselves in ambush, 323/6, and they all go to sleep, 323/17;—he blesses God because Bayard had awakened them in time to rescue Richard, 340/24;—he slays the lord of Pyerreffrite, 345/32;—he enters the pavilion of C., whom he tries to slay, 355/13;—in returning he is attacked at Balencon, where he slays Mylen of Puyll, 356/7, but is himself wounded and overthrown by Oliver, 356/13, and surrenders himself to Oliver, 356/31;—he is brought back to C.'s pavilion, and swears to Oliver that he will not attempt to escape, 357/8;—he tells Oliver that he has betrayed him, 360/31, and is led before C., 361/10;—he is threatened by C., 361/14, and he advises C. to let him go, and to make peace with R., 361/22;—he is sought for by the brethren at Mountalban, 362/26;—he promises the Twelve Peers not to go forth without their leave, 367/9;—he asks for some meat, 367/29, for which he had a good appetite, 368/16;—a goodly watch is ordered to be kept over him, 368/28;—he asks C. where he is to sleep, 369/9;—he is fettered to a pillar, and an iron collar placed on his neck, 369/23, but tells C. that he shall still see Mountalban before prime to-morrow, 369/32;—he makes his charm and causes C. and the Twelve Peers to fall asleep, 370/20, another charm, and the fetters fall off him, 370/27;—he then collects all their swords, and the treasure of C., 370/33, whom he awakens, and departs for Mountalban, 371/8;—he meets with R. at Balencon, 372/25;—he shows the spoil to R., and explains why he had taken Ogier's sword with the others, 373/13, and he relates his adventures in the pavilion of C., 374/1;—he advises that the answer to C.'s message be deferred till the morrow, 377/26;—he prepares a special banquet for the messengers, and they are honourably treated, 378;—he is informed of the designs of C., and tells R. thereof, 396/9;—he goes to the pavilion of C., and charming all the host asleep, he takes C. in his arms, he lays him on Bayard, and returns with him to Mountalban, 398/24;—he then puts C. in bed and informs R. of what he has done, and showing C. to him, bids him ‘kepe hym soo well that he scape not you,’ 399;—he then, after kissing Bayard, dons a hermit's garb, giving his other raiment to the porter, and quits Mountalban, 399/28;—he crosses the Dordonne, and finding a hermitage in a wild forest, he makes his avow to God to dwell there, living on wild herbs, and then prays that there

- may be peace between C. and R., 400, 401;—he is sought after and lamented by R., who apprehends that he has departed because he will no longer abide the wrath of C., 405, 406;—he dreams about the Four Sons, sets out to see them, and on the way finds two merchants who have been robbed, 459;—he tells them that he will fight with the thieves, 'to wyte yf theyr hedes ben softe or harde,' 460/1;—he overtakes the thieves and s'ays five of them, 460/19, whereat the merchants exclaim, 'Here is a good pylgryme! I wene it is my lorde St. Martyne!' 461/16;—he inquires after C., 461/28;—understanding of the siege of Ardeyne, he goes straight there, 462/8;—he passes through C.'s host, but not without suspicion, 462/17;—he reaches the palace at dinner-time, 462/23, and being deemed a poor hermit, food is offered to him, 463/1, but he says he only wants brown bread and water, which is brought to him, 463/4;—he is suspected and discovered by R., 464/3, whom he acquaints with the particulars of his present life, 464, 465;—great joy is made over him by all the folk of R., 465/20;—he will not accept any of the luxuries provided for him, 466/9, and says that he is going to serve the temple of Jerusalem, 466/22, and takes leave of every one at Ardeyne, 467/13;—he again passes through the host of C., but at great risk, 467/20;—he is recognized by R. in the holy woman's house at Constantinople, 498/25;—he is so rejoiced by R.'s good tidings that he becomes whole again, and they feast together, both leaving Constantinople on the morrow, 499;—he makes a 'lityll lodges' for himself and R., 501/29;—he advises R. to rest this night, and fight the Saracens to-morrow, and tells him that he will never more make charms, 503/21;—seeing the slaughter made by R. with the fork, he brings his 'palster' into use, 505/10;—he refuses the rich gifts that the Earl Rames would bestow upon him, 510/7;—he admonishes the barons of Syria, 512/19;—he performs marvels of arms, to the admiration of R., 513/21;—he offers again to bear arms, for he cannot suffer R. to be in danger, 526/21, and becomes King Simon's standard-bearer, 527/2;—he recomfor s R. for the loss of his wife, 534/24;—taking leave of R., he returns to his hermitage, where he lives a holy life for seven years, and then 'deceased fro this worlde aboute Ester,' 525.
- May, the month of, when all 'creatures humain' ought well to rejoice, 23/31.
- Melanke, Bawdoyn, lord of, slain by the Saracens, 25/5.
- Melantes, the name of Roland's horse, 302/10;—his master would 'kit of his hede,' 302/23, and Bayard nearly breaks his thigh, 303/3.
- Melym, Myllon (Melun), Al rde and the others stay at, while R. and Mawgis go to the horse-race, 169/14, and they all meet again at, 179/27.
- Mobandes, the Earl of, relates the good deeds of R., and tells King John that he will be a traitor if he delivers the Four Sons to C., 206/11.
- Molyns, Godefraye of, counsels King John to give his sister to R. for wife, 151/8, and he relates his dream, 152/1.
- Mondydyer, Dron of, one of C.'s barons, 104/31.
- Montrolonde, Richard of, is ordered by C. to hang Richard, but refuses unless C. will accompany him, 328/24.
- Morell, the name of Mawgis's horse, 170/10.
- Moreoedon, the real possessor of Langres, 327/33.
- Morillon, Escouf of, one of the sureties for Constans and Rohars, 546/16.
- MORYLLON, Foulkes, Fougues, Aoryfoulquet, Duke of, acquaints C. of the coming of Duke Benes, 51/25;—he rebukes Duke Benes for slaying

- Lohier, 53/18;—he advises that Mountaynford be forthwith assailed, 73/22;—he is placed in front of the 'masters gate' of Mountaynford, 76/33;—80/19;—he exhorts C. to make greater exertions against the Sons, 81/18;—he rai's at R., and threatens him with death, 88/8, for which he is rebuked by R., 88/33;—he thinks R. is in his power, but R.'s disguise and the speech of Mawgis completely baffle him, 171, 172;—he is made acquainted with C.'s treacherous designs against R., and proceeds to Vaucoloures to carry them out, 212, 213;—he taunts R., telling him his best friend King John has betrayed him, and threatens to slay him, 233/25;—he refuses to entertain the proposals of R., 235/1;—he overthrows R., 236/4, but directly afterwards he is 'clove to the harde teeth,' and slain outright by R., 236/30.
- ount marter (Montmartre), the horse-race proclaimed at, 167/32.
- Mountalban, the first inception of the building of the castle of, 145/8;—details of the building, 149;—it is first called Mountalban by King John, 150/2, and is by him made free from dues for ten years, 150/6;—it speedily becomes well peopled, 150/12;—it is beheld and admired by C., 156/27;—the Sons depart from, in order to take part in the forthcoming horse-race at Paris, 168/27, and they all safely arrive home again, 180/16;—preparations are made by C. for a seven years' siege of, 182/26;—a spy arrives at, with news of C.'s projected attack, 184/23;—C.'s army encamps before, 188/19;—King John arrives at, bent on treachery, 215/16;—it is left by the Four Sons, who go on their perilous journey to Vaucoloures, 225/20;—Mawgis departs from, to the rescue of R., 258/7;—the Sons and Mawgis return to, 285/3, and a right great feast takes place there, 287/12;—the Sons again depart from, 291/33;—R., Alarde, and Guycharde again arrive at, 312/28, but depart again from, to go to Mountfawcon, 322/23;—the Four Sons again arrive at, 362/13;—they again depart from, to try and find Mawgis, 363/32;—and again return to, with Mawgis, 374/14;—C.'s messengers arrive at, 376/3, where they receive courteous welcome, 376/28;—the castle is left by R. in the charge of Mawgis, 388/16;—R. returns to, with Roland, who is there entertained right honourably, 394/28;—C. comes to the gate of, and threatens R., 395/8;—it is again laid siege to by C., 395/23;—C. pitches his tent before the 'myster gate' of, 396/3;—the assault of, commences, 419/32—439;—the great dearth at, 422;—it is abandoned 'so that noo creature a live abode wythin,' 439;—C. discovers that it is deserted, whereat he is as angry as any man might be, 444;—it is occupied by C. and his barons, 446/24;—the Four Sons and Mawgis return to, 533/25, and are welcomed by the inhabitants with great joy, 534/1;—it is given by R. to his son Aymon't, 570/19.
- Mountargweyll, some place near Ardeyne, 447/16.
- Mountaynford, R. builds the castle of, on the river Mense, 65/9;—C.'s host arrives at, 70/4;—the first battle at, commences, 71/1;—description of the castle of, 73/32;—it is assailed by C., and before each of its three gates are placed sundry warriors, 76/31;—the various nationalities arrayed against it, 77/13;—its 'fawcebraye,' 77/27, from which R. and his folk issue without noise and fall upon the host of C., 78/24;—the second battle at, rages fiercely, 79/7, and a long description of it follows, 79—86;—R.'s forces return to, 87/1;—it is besieged for fourteen months, 87/14;—it is treacherously entered by Hernyer of Seveyne, 91/10, and he lets in Guyon of Bourgoyne, 93/1;—the treachery is made known through the 'somwhat proude' horse of Alarde making a noise and waking his master, 93/7;—the castle is set on fire, 94/16;—

- the third battle at, commences, 95, 96 ;—the castle is deserted by the Four Sons and their folk, 98/31, much to the grief of R., 99/7.
- Mountbandell, Mountbendel, C.'s tent at, 270/12 ;—Pygwade the spy arrives at, 280/18 ;—C. removes his pavilion from, when laying close siege to Mountalban, 395/19.
- Mountbron, the rock at, 198/1 ;—Richard flees to, 238/22 ;—the fight at, 249—269.
- Mountfacion, the 'pyn tree' of, 239/20 ;—Mawgis and the three brethren ambush themselves at, 323/6 ;—Richard is brought to the gallows at, to be hanged, 334/20 ;—the great fight between R. and Roland at, 390—393.
- Mountferrant, the Earldom of, offered as a bribe to Escouf, 327/31
- Mountlyon, one of C.'s towns, 69/14.
- Mountpeller, Guyon, Guy, Earl of, in the 'forewarde' of C.'s army, 69/19 ;—he gives a brutal answer to Guycharde's question, 70/26, and is forthwith slain by Guycharde, 71/1 ;—C.'s grief for his death, 71/15.
- Mountpeller (Montpelier), 65/13 ;—conquered by Borgons, 132/31.
- Muse (Meuse), the river, 65/7.
- Myleyne, otherwise called Aspes, 70/2.
- Myllon, Duke, father of Roland of Bretayn, 162/24.
- Nantuell, Duke Dron of, had not done the bidding of C., 17/9 ;—comes to help Duke Benes, 39/13 ;—he goes against the host of C., 41/28 ;—he counsels his brethren to sue to C. for mercy, 46/18 ;—he refuses to go with C. into Gascony, 183/20.
- NAYMES, Duke of Bavyere, gives good advice to C. concerning Benes of Aygreounte, 17/32 ;—he tells C. to put no credence in dreams, 33/10, and not to fray himself till he knows the certainty, 33/18 ;—he comforts C., and advises him to go against Duke Benes, 34/22 ;—38/22 ;—he counsels C. to accept the allegiance of Duke Benes and his brethren, 49/2 ;—69/24 ;—he goes with Ogier after Guycharde, 'but their labour was nought worthe,' 71/27 ;—he advises C. to send a message to R., commanding him to surrender Guycharde, 74/30, and he and Ogier forthwith depart for Mountaynforde, 75/12 ;—he delivers the message, 75/31 ;—having heard R.'s answer and defiance, they quickly return, 76/23 ;—he counsels C. to raise the siege of Mountaynforde, and resume it 'whan the newe tyme [next spring] shall be come,' 89/21 ;—he advises C. to cease from the pursuit of the Sons, 103/30 ;—he accompanies C. to Galicia, 156/13 ;—he counsels C. to remain quiet for five years, 162/6 ;—he highly extols the merits of Roland to C., and says he only wants a good horse, 167/6, to obtain which, he advises C. to proclaim a horse-race for a valuable prize, the winner of which is to be bought for Roland, 167/20 ;—he says that C. makes him look like a fool, 171/16 ;—he is deceived by the disguise of Bayard and R., 171, 172 ;—he advises C. to restrain his anger, and prepare to go against R. 'atte Candelmas nexte comynge,' 182/11 ;—he advises C. either to grant the request of R., or to starve out the castle, 190/18 ;—he advises C. to send messengers to King John ordering him to deliver up the Four Sons, 202/25 ;—he interferes in the quarrel between Ogier and Roland, sharply rebuking the latter for his great pride, 273/12 ;—he rebukes C. for striking his barons, 328/20 ;—he counsels C. to restore Richard to his brethren, to make peace with them, and induce them to become his subjects, 329/14 ;—this counsel not being acceptable to C., he proposes that Richard should be put in a deep prison and starved

- to death, 'and ye shall not be blamed yf ye doo soo'! 330/6;<sup>1</sup>—he begs C. not to lay down his crown, promises him that Mount-alban shall soon be taken, and that the Four Sons shall not be spared, 359/11;—he advises that Mawgis should be spared till to-morrow, and the Twelve Peers become surety for him and Mawgis, 366, 367;—he rebukes C. for his unseemly language, 382/27;—he advises the barons to accept O'iver's counsel, and that if any outrage is offered to R., they will help him, 384/33;—he goes to C., telling him how well Roland is treated by R., and offering terms of submission on the part of the Four Sons, 397/12;—he tells R. that C. will not listen unless Mawgis is delivered to him to do his will of him, 398/7;—he marvels at the capture of C., considering what strait watch he always kept, 404/24;—he counsels the Four Sons to cease bewailing Mawgis, and think of the peace to be made with C., 407/18;—he entreats C. to accept the terms proposed by R., 410/24;—he and the other barons wonder greatly at the kindness of R. in letting C. go scot free, 411/30;—he counsels the barons that they should go after C. and plead the cause of R. before him, 414/21;—he kneels before C., crying his mercy, and advising him to make peace, 416/8;—he again appeals to C. to make peace, 418;—he counsels C. to allow Aymon to return home, 435/25;—he again urges C. to make peace, 449/29;—he tells C. that he believes R. has caused the death of Richard of Normandy, 469/19;—he delivers C.'s conditions of peace to R., 471/15;—he tells C. that R. sends word that he will hang Richard of Normandy to-morrow, and moreover that he would also hang C., were he in his power, unless he made peace, 473/5;—he expostulates with C. for his angry threats, and counsels that all the kinsmen of R. go their ways, leaving C. to shift by himself, 474/24;—he tells C. that it is useless seeking counsel, since that he will 'do no thing but after his own head,' 475/16;—he rides to Ardeyne with C.'s conditions for the peace, 489/17;—he makes R.'s children to become acquainted with their kinsmen, 542/30;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/32;—he decides how the forthcoming fight is to be 'two agenst two and all foure togyder,' 551/17;—he tells C. not to be dismayed, for they will well keep his right and honour, 553/13.
- Nazareth, Geffray of, kills many of the Saracens, 502, and fights with the Admiral of Perce, whom he overthrows, 503/1;—King Thomas is glad at the sight of Geoffrey of Nazareth, and addresses his speech to him, 520/4.
- Nemours, Yzacar of, 40/10.
- Neron (Nero) of Rome, never made so great a treason as King John of Gascony, 279/11.
- Neuers, Neners, the Earl of, placed in front of the 'masters gate,' at Mountaynford, 77/1;—he is taken prisoner by R., 85/15.
- Nore (Noire), one of the rivers surrounding Vaucoulores, 227/24.
- Normandy, Rycharde of, joins C. at Paris, 39/29;—placed in the 'fore-ward' of C.'s army, 40/9;—he is one of the guardians of the 'Oryflame,' 41/17;—he slays one of Roussillon's knights, 43/11;—he jousts with Duke Benes, and kills his horse, 44/20;—69/24;—he rejoins C. at Paris, 186/22;—he keeps the passage over the river Balencon, 395/32;—he is

<sup>1</sup> This advice, though seriously given, seems meant for a joke, for C. in reply tells Naymes, 'ye doo jape wyth me,' and that the necromancer Mawgis would not allow Richard to remain long in prison.

made prisoner by Richard, and carried into Ardeyne, 455/4;—he is threatened with death by R. unless peace is made, 457/10, to which he replies that he is a prisoner of war, and does not fear death, 457/14;—he is recomforted by the Lady Clare, 457/28;—ten of R.'s men are sent to fetch him to the gibbet, of whom he slays three, and the rest flee away, 477/21, and he causes the three dead carles to be thrown out of the window, 478/30;—he expostulates with R. for sending 'kerles' to take him, and assures R. that, if their cases had been reversed, he would not have done such a shame to R., 479/32;—he taunts R. that he dare not hang him as long as C. is alive, 480/25;—he is brought to the gallows, 481/1, and sends a messenger to C., entreating him to pardon R., 481/23;—the messenger tells him of the failure of his mission, and how the Twelve Peers have deserted C., 486/21;—he is released by R., who prays pardon for the great shame done unto him, 487/1;—he is entreated by R. to take care of his wife and children, 491/10;—he takes leave of R., 492/26;—he recomforts the Lady Clare, 493/23;—he recounts to C. how honourably he had been treated by R., and begs him to worship R.'s wife, children, and brethren, 495/5;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/32.

Normandy, Thiery of, taken prisoner by R., 85/15.

Normans at the court at Paris, 16/20;—33/14, 40/2.

Nycoll, Emery the Earl of, slain by R., 195/33.

OATHS, GREETINGS, AND BATTLE-CRIES:—

Alas, dere lady Mary! [*i. e.* the Virgin], 426/25.

And God confounde me! 171/20.

Ardeyn! Richard's battle-cry, 233/21.

Arme you, knyghtes! 136/25.

A thousande gramercys, 154/13.

Aygreounte! 42/34.

Aygreounte his banner! 45/6.

Balancon! Guycharde's battle-cry, 233/20.

Blessyd be the hour that ever ye were borne! 163/26.

By all halowen! 418/27.

By Apollo! 519/17.

By God onnypotente! 37/16.

By my soule! 379/16.

By myne othe! 188/22.

By St. Denis of France, 17/24.

By St. James, 556/33.

By St. Palle! 379/13.

By St. Peter of Rome! 311/31.

By St. Peter the postle! 272/6.

By St. Symon! 60/22.

By that God that suffred death and passyon! 23/25.

By the body of God! 579/15.

Goddys curse haue thou! 28/6, 42/33.

God gramercy! 181/4, 277/34.

God gyve you good adventure! 133/17.

Goo thy waye to helle! 513/13.

Hourson cowarde kaytiff! 272/9.

Jaffa! 502/6.

Mountalban Cleremount! Mawg's battle-cry, 263/22.

Mountalban! R.'s battle-cry, 233/19.

Mounteinforde ! 71/7.

Mountioye St. Denys ! 71/6.

O Machomet ! 511/2.

Pavereyment ! one of Alarde's batt'e-cries, 345/29.

Perce ! (Persia !), 503/13.

Rames ! 514/5.

Roussillon, Roussyllon ! 42/11.

St. Nycolas ! Alarde's battle-cry, 233/20.

The devylle sped you ! 326/28.

OGIER of DENMARK, does on the spurs of R. when made a knight, 31/22 ;— in the 'forewarde' of C.'s army, 40/11 ;—he is one of the guardians of the 'Oryflame,' 41/17 ;—he slays Ponson, 42/15, and Sir Foulquet, 45/27 ;—69/23 ;—he goes after Guycharde, but is too late, 71/26 ;—he returns to C., and tells him of the strength of the castle of Mountaynford, 73/5 ;—he is placed in front of the 'masters gate' at Mountaynford, 77/1 ;—he prevents Aymon from being made prisoner by his sons, 86/1, and banter him on their chivalry, 86/3 ;—he encourages R., and tells him he will deliver his message to C., 87/32 ;—he accompanies C. to Galicia, 156/13 ;—he delivers C.'s haughty message and defiance to King John, 158/20, and rebukes R. for his inflammatory speech, 160/15 ;—he returns to C., and relates the saying of King John and R., 161/9 ;—he responds to Duke Naymes' assertion that they had been made fools of by C., 171/19 ;—he is left in charge of the camp at Balencon, 193/1 ;—he prepares to meet the host of R., 195/12 ;—he overthrows Richard, 197/4, but is himself speedily overthrown by R., 197/16 ;—he promises to do a good turn for R., 197/28 ;—he slays many of the Gascons, 198/4 ;—he is made acquainted with the details of C.'s treason towards R., 212/33, and, with Foulkes of Moryllon, goes to Vaucoulores to carry it out, 213/19 ;—he first spies the Sons coming to Vaucoulores, and prays his folk to do them no harm, 228/5 ;—he bids the captors of Guycharde to let him go, 240/6 ;—he tells the Sons they did as fools to believe King John, 246/2 ;—he will not fight against the brethren, but withdraws himself and his folk a bow-shot away, 248/5, and makes great sorrow for R., 248/16 ;—he orders the assault to be stayed, 250/24, and tells his cousins to rest and have breathing-time, 251/1 ;—to R.'s ungracious speech he retorts that for what he is now doing C. will give him no thanks, 251/18 ;—he tells the Frenchmen that he will help his cou ins, 252/9, and prays that they may be left in peace, 252/19 ;—he threatens to smite off the head of any one who ventures to take any of the brethren, 252/27 ;—he sends one of his knights to fetch Mawgis to help the brethren, 253/31 ;—thinking that the brethren are about to surrender themselves, he tells them they are fools for abandoning the rock, 260/23, but he is warned by R. to escape, 260/32 ;—his great delight when he sees the host coming to the succour of the Four Sons, 261/2 ;—he is rebuked by Mawgis, 261/17, and is also wounded by him, 262/3 ;—he is unhorsed by R., 262/33 ;—he and his followers fly from the battle across the river Dordonne, 264/8, where he is chaffed by R. for running away, and bitterly assailed for his treachery, 264/12 ;—the Frenchmen also reprove him and depart from him, 265/3 ;—he laments his ill-fortune, and cries to R. that he wrongfully blames him, 265/16 ;—he recrosses the river, and made himself ready to joust all wet as he was, 265/31 ;—he tells R. that he will fight, and he had rather be slain than return in this manner to C., 266/7 ;—he is defied by R., and the combat takes place, 266/32 ;—both knights are unhorsed, 267/4 ;—he

goes to assist his horse Brayford, 267/15, and is wounded by R., 267/25;—he deals R. a stroke that makes him reel, 263/13, but seeing his brethren come, he flies from R. and again swims over the Dordonne, 268/22;—he promises to wait for R., 269/9;—he is thanked by Alarde, 269/23, and bestows a parting threat on R., 269/32;—he comes before C., to whom he relates the adventure at Vaucoulores, 270/26;—he is fiercely assailed by Roland, who calls him 'cowarde kaytiff,' 272/4;—he tells Roland that he lies falsely, and recounts his noble kinsmen, 272/18;—he tells Roland to beware of setting hand on him, 273/5;—he tells C. that there is no one who can accuse him of treason, and explains how he had not joined in the attack on the Four Sons at Montbron, but that in the future he will help them, 273, 274;—he promises to go with Roland after R., and derisively offers to lend him a rope if he has need of it, 281/13;—he prays God to grant Roland's request that he might find R., so that R. may take the pride out of Roland, 284/3;—he blesses God, and chuckles in his sleeve that now Roland has found R., 292/26, and turns himself round with a mocking speech to Roland, 293/1;—he is very pleased when R. unhorses Roland, 304/22;—he again mocks Roland about the superiority of R., 308/10;—he is ordered by C. to take and hang Richard, but refuses, defying C., 324/32;—he tells Naymes that he makes too long a sermon, and bids him argue no more with C., 330/24;—he and the other barons quit C.'s pavilion, 330/31;—he threatens any one who should be so hardy as to lead Richard to hanging, 331/3;—he goes to the pavilion where Richard is, whom he is minded to release, 331/7, and then rails angrily at him, 331/31;—he reminds Roland of his promise, 332/9, and is delighted to know Mawgis had been there, 332/23;—he calls Rypus of Riplemonde a coward for avenging himself at this time, 333/12;—he thinks Rypus is returning from hanging Richard, and swoons for grief thereat, but recovering, goes after Richard, who is arrayed in Rypus's armour, 342;—he argues with him, and discovering his identity, inquires after Rypus, 343;—he bids good-bye to Richard, and returns to C., giving his reason for not striking off Rypus's head, 344/2;—he comes with the other barons to Mountalban, 376/3;—he relates C.'s message to R., 377/9;—he advises R. to come to C., 379/25;—he promises the Lady Clare that no harm shall happen to R., 380/16;—he begins to doubt the wisdom of having brought R., and counsels that they shall discover C.'s intentions, 380/24;—he chides C. for his evil reception, since they have accomplished their mission, and also brought R. with them, 382/9;—he threatens to forsake C. if any outrage or damage is done to them, 383/8;—he comes after Roland to prevent him harming R., 384/12;—he relates to C. how the barons had conveyed his message to R., and that R. had performed all that was required of him, and yet C. had caused R. to be taken, and advises him to send R. back to Mountalban, and there do his worst against him, 385, 386;—he congratulates R. on having taken such a prize as is Roland, 394/15;—he tells R. to take his way to Mountalban, and he will do all he can to prevent C. from following, 394/20;—he does so much by his fair language that he holds the king till he thinks R. and Roland are at Mountalban, 394/32;—he deems the capture of C. to be a miracle ordained by God to terminate the war, 404/27;—he begs R. to show him Richard of Normandy, 472/22;—hearing C.'s threat to hang R. and all those of his lineage, he asks Turpin what he thinks of 'our kyng that sayeth by his grete pryde that he shall hange us all,' 474/9;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/32.



Olyvere (of Vienne, ? Vienna), 185/12 ;—he reminds Roland how they had taken Lezonne and Sernoble, 192/6 ;—he goes hawking with Roland, and is beside himself when he knows what has happened during their absence, 200/15 ;—he deals roughly with the Prior of St. Lazare, 282/6 ;—he praises R. as knowing more of war than any other knight, and relates his good qualities, 294/28 ;—he counsels Roland to fight with R., because he (Oliver) will be enemy to R. 'onely for his worthynes,' 298/10 ;—he causes Roland to remount, 304/21 ;—he takes Melantes' bridle, and stops Roland from going to finish the duel with R., 305/14 ;—he withdraws Roland from fighting Ogier, 308/20 ;—he wounds and overthrows Mawgis, 356/13, whom he takes prisoner, 356/31, and brings back to C.'s tent, 357/8 ;—he promises C. to surrender Mawgis to him before evening, 360/8 ;—he extracts a promise from C. to resume his crown, 360/17, and delivers Mawgis unto him, 361/10 ;—he laughs at C.'s evident dread of Mawgis, 368/18 ;—he goes to Balencon to take R. and Alarde, 381/34 ;—he overtakes R., who is afoot, 383/16 ;—he advises Roland to let R. be at peace, and taken courteously before C., 384/25 ;—he tells Roland he will not stay with C., after his (Roland's) departure, 475/35 ;—he tells C. that R. would have no more scruple about hanging C. than he has of hanging Richard of Normandy, 483/22 ;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/31.<sup>1</sup>

Origners, at the siege of Mountaynford, 77/14.

Orleance (Orleans), a city in France, 132/7 ;—169/12.

Orrende, a cousin of Barbas, slain by R., 515/28.

Palerne (Palermo), R. arrives at, 525/1 ;—the battle at, 527.

Pampelune, the battle at, referred to, 31/15.

PARIS, C. holds a great court at, 16/5 ;—the jousting at St. Vyctor, near, 32/16 ;—assembling of C.'s forces at, 39/26 ;—C.'s court at, 51/19 ;—another great court held at, on the Feast of Pentecost, 59/8 ;—C. returns to, after the fighting at Mountaynford, 104/16 ;—C. departs from, to go on a pilgrimage to Galicia, 156/13 ;—C. returns to, and holds a great council at, 161 ;—R. and Mawgis arrive at, preparatory to the horse-race, 173/2 ;—the horse-race at, in a meadow by the Seine, 175—177 ;—Mawgis departs from, 177/17 ;—the gathering of C.'s subjects at, 183/4, 186/18 ;—great dearth at, 187/27 ;—C.'s army sets out from, 188/11 ;—R.'s two sons arrive at C.'s place at, 540/18 ;—R., his brethren and sons depart from, on their return home, 570/13.

Paris, the Archbishop of, *see* Turpyn.

Pepyn, the father of C., 327/1.

Peronne, Enguerran of, 42/31.

Perron, 268/6.

Pignabell, Lion of, one of the sureties for Constans and Rohars, 546/17.

Poeteuyns, at the court at Paris, 16/20 ;—40/2 ;—43/4.

Ponson, a knight, slain by Ogier, 42/15.

Ponthus of Almayne, joins C. at Paris, 187/6.

Poycy, Godfray, the lord of, 202/30.

Poytees (? Poitiers), the Earl of, 556/29.

Poyters (Poitiers), a province of France, 132/9, where the Four Sons first hear of King John of Gascony, 132/11.

<sup>1</sup> On p. 477, line 11, Caxton by a *lapsus calami* has transposed the names *Roland* and *Olivier*, as shown in the footnote on that page.

Puyll, Mylen of, slain by Mawgis, 356/7.

Pyerelee, Sir Walter, slain by Duke Benes, 44/14.

Pyerrefrite, Magon, alias Sampson, the lord of, slain by Mawgis, 345/32.

Pygwade, the spy, who had 'fifteen fote of lengthe, and wente as faste as any horse cowde trotte,' 279/32;—he goes to Mountbendel, and tells Roland of the flight of King John, 280/18.

Pynabell, the spy, tells C. of the arrival of R. and Alarde at Balencon, 381/5.

Rambault, the free knyght, 199/29.

Rames, the Earl Jaffas of, kills many of the Turks, 502;—he bars the ingress of the Turks into Jerusalem, 504/20;—he speaks to the two pilgrims, wishing to know who they are, 506/27, and offers to pay homage to R., 507/13;—he rejoices at the coming of R., and begs him to be 'our capytayne and our hede,' 508/3;—he lodges R. in his own pavilion, and fully equips him with horses, raiment and arms, 509, and wants to do the same with Mawgis, 510/3;—he commends the great prowess of Mawgis, 513/29;—he tells King Thomas that he must address his speech to R., 520/10, and to have no doubt of R., 520/22;—he takes King Thomas's message to R., 521/10.

REYNAWDE, THE ELDEST SON OF AYMON, 16/24;—his stature, 16/28;—he is knighted by C., 31/24;—his wonderful horse Payard, 31/28;—he jousts before C., 32/19, by whom he is much commended, 32/22, and whom he promises to serve truly, 32/26;—he leaves the court of C., with his father and brethren, 36/9, but returns there again, 59/15;—his indignant speech to C. for the death of Duke Benes, 60/10, and C.'s insulting answer, 60/21;—he cannot eat because of the shameful insult, 61/7;—he plays at chess with Berthelot, 61/21, they quarrel, 61/24, and he slays Berthelot with the chess-board, 61/31;—he escapes from the palace, 62/15;—he makes sorrow for his brothers, 62/32;—he slays three of the pursuing knights, and gives their horses to his brethren, 63/10--26;—he reaches Dordon, 64/3, and tells his mother the reason why he has left the court, 64/7;—he departs from Dordon and enters the forest of Ardeyne, 65/5, where he builds the castle Mountaynford, 65/12;—he welcomes his brother Guycharde, 71/32, whom he highly commends, 72/14, and then, addressing his folk, tells them that the time is come that 'everiche of us must preve hymselfe a good man,' 72/17;—he orders the gate of the castle to be shut and to draw up the bridge, 72/31;—he receives C.'s envoys, 75/28, becomes angry when he hears their message, 76/6, and with a scornful answer defies the king, 76/8;—he well defends the castle, 77/10, gives his followers good counsel, 77/17, and they issue forth from the castle upon the host of C., 78/23;—his wonderful feats of arms, 78/31;—he perceives his father in the battle, 79/16, and turns to another side, 79/21;—he reasons with Aymon, 79/26, and threatens him with injury if he does not repent, 80/6;—he sees C. and others coming, 80/20, and causes his men to be brought together, 80/21;—he rebukes Aymon for slaying one of his men, 81/9;—none can compare with him for 'so grete merveyll of arms,' 82/4;—he causes the horse of King John of St. Omers to be captured, 82/19, and gives it to his brother Richard, 82/31;—he again rebukes his father, 83/7;—he kills C.'s esquire, 83/31, and three hundred knights, 84/18;—he blesses his brother Alarde for slaying the Earl of Estamps, 84/29;—he puts the folk of the Emperor to flight, 85/12, and causes his own folk to withdraw, 85/19, but again encounters his father,

whom he unlorses, 85/28, and eventually he puts Aymon's folk to flight, 86/14;—he encounters C., to whom he makes reverence, 86/26, forbids his followers to lay hands on him, 86/30, and they enter into the castle, 86/34, where he again thanks Alarde for slaying Estampes, 87/6;—though closely besieged, he is not debarred the pleasure of the chase, 87/17, and at divers times he speaks with the followers of C., offering to give up the castle if he may have his life and goods safe, 87/20;—he excuses his conduct to Foulkes of Moryllon, 88/11, whom he rebukes for unseemly language, 88/33;—he welcomes the traitor Hernyer of Seveyne, 91/30, whom he treats as a friend, 92/13, and whose treachery is speedily discovered, 93/10;—he prepares to defend himself, 94/1, but the castle being fired, he and his folk issue out at the fausebray, 94/28;—they enter a pit for fear of the fire, and defend themselves strongly, 95/1, but hearing the cry of his men who are being slain, they come out of the pit and join in the battle. 95/17, and he gives marvellous strokes with his sword, 95/22;—he accuses himself of cowardness for hiding, 95/32, and seeing the fire a little quenched, he shuts the donjon-gate, and has up the drawbridge, 96/5;—he causes Hernyer to be drawn and quartered, his body burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds, 96/22;—he finds out that their victuals had been consumed in the fire, 98/3, and prepares to depart from the castle, 98/16;—he beholds the burning castle, whereof he takes great pity, 98/34;—he and his followers fight their way in the night through the host of C., 100;—he sets his forces in array, 101/12, and would have slain C., but Dampe Hugh intervenes, and receives the death-stroke, 101/28;—he does so much harm to the followers of C., that the latter stops the chase, 102/10;—he passes over the river, 103/1, and finds the pursuit has stopped, 103/4;—he goes to the forest of Ardeyn, 103/20;—he receives Aymon's messengers, and pleads for a truce, 106/16;—he expostulates with his father, 106/29, and receiving hard words in reply, 107/1, prepares for the fray, 107/14;—he is beaten for lack of men, 107/34, and flees towards the mountains, 108/5;—he overthrows Aymon, 108/26;—he makes four jousts, having at the same time Alarde behind him on Bayard's back, and kills each time, 109/9;—he never wearies or becomes weaker for all his exertions, 109/18;—he slays Esmenfray, 110/7, and gives his horse to Alarde, 110/10;—he is saved by a little river, 110/33;—his grief for the loss of his folk, 111/16;—his sufferings in the forest of Ardeyn, 116, 117;—he asks counsel of his brothers, 117/28, consents to return to their mother, 118/29, and departs the same night, 119/5;—he raises a doubt as to the action of their father, 119/17;—they enter Ardeyn, and make their way to the palace, 120/14, and wait till the arrival of their mother, 120/29;—they are recognized by the Duchess, 122/10, to whom he relates his misfortunes, 123/5;—he and his brethren and knights dine with his mother, 123/30;—they are cursed by Aymon, 124/26, and R. blames his father for his cruel treatment, 124/29;—his conversation and reconciliation with Aymon, 125—128;—his delight at sight of his father's treasure, of which he takes at his will, 129/11;—he meets with Mawgis, 129/31, and they all depart from Ardeyn, 130/31;—he and his followers pass through France, wasting the country, 132/4, go to Bordeaux, 132/22, and arrive at King John's palace, 133/11;—he talks with the steward at the gate, 133/16, and salutes King John, 133/31, to whom he offers his service, 134/1, which is willingly accepted, 135/4;—he causes his men to prepare to meet Bourgons, 136/30, promising success to the king, 137/5, and goes

forth foremost against the Saracens, 137/13, slaying the 'paynymes' as beasts, 137/24;—he pursues after Bourgons, 139/5, whom he overtakes, 140/93, and they fight, 141/7;—he dismounts because Bourgons had been unhorsed, 141/21, and finally takes him prisoner, 142/20;—he presents Bourgons to King John, 142/32;—he shares his portion of the booty amongst his followers, 143/29;—he counsels the king to ransom Bourgons, 144/29;—he requests permission to build a castle on a high mountain, 146, and next morning takes the king to see the place, 147/7;—his request is granted, 148/6, for which he thanks the king, and defends himself against a suspicion of treachery, 148/10;—he causes the castle to be built, 149, which is named Mountalban, 150/2;—he is described as 'well a noble gentylman of all foure sides,' 151/8;—he goes to see King John at Bordeaux, 151/20, who plays with him at chess, 151/29, and offers him his sister Clare to wife, 152/34, to which he readily consents, 153/17;—he is affianced<sup>1</sup> to the Lady Clare, 154/16, and the marriage is forthwith solemnized, after which great feasting and jousting take place, 154, 155;—he recounts to Ogier the evils wrought against him by C., 159/23, to whom he sends his defiance, 160/11;—he sets out with his brethren for Paris, 169/6;—he is enchanted by Mawgis, so that he appears as if he had become only twenty years of age, 169/29, and in this disguise he befools Duke Naymes and Foulques of Moryllon, 171, 172;—he enters Paris and is recognized by a 'rybawde,' 173/4, upon whom Bayard lifts his forefoot, so 'that he braste the herte in hys bely,' 173/12;—he alights at a shoemaker's house, 173/21, by whom he is recognized and threatened, 174/10;—he slays the shoemaker, 174/24, and, mounting Bayard, departs from his lodging, 174/34;—he follows after C. and the barons to the appointed race-course, 175/14;—he is scorned and mocked at by the assembled knights, 175/32, and though his heart swelled high, 176/9, yet he cared not much of what was said to him, 176/19;—he encourages Bayard, 176/28, who overruns all the other horses, 177/20, and he takes C.'s crown, but the silver and the cloth he leaves alone, 177/21;—he tells C., 'Now have I well beguiled you, and I hold you for a child,' 177/31, and, giving the spurs to Bayard, 178/6, he passes over the Seine, 178/20;—he tells C. that he will sell the crown, and pay his knights withal, 179/4, and, meeting with Mawg's and his brothers, 179/24, 180/4, they all return to Mountalban, where, being right gladly received by the Lady Clare and the folk of the castle, he relates his adventures, 180/22;—he is informed by the spy of C.'s projected attack on the castle, 184/32, which he retails to his brethren, 185/16;—his reply to C.'s messengers, 189/31;—a spy informs him how Oliver and Roland have gone sporting, 193/11, whereupon he arms his men, 193/31, who issue from the castle, 194/12, and they all come to Balencon, 194/20;—he perceives that they are discovered, 195/20, and, spurring into the opposing host, he slays Earl Emery, 195/33;—he makes great 'occysion' of knights, 196/4, and calls after Roland and Oliver, 196/7;—he fights with Bishop Turpin, 196/14, whom he jeers at, 'it were better for you to be in some churche to synge some masse,' 196/24;—he unhorses Ogier, 197/17, but restores him his horse again, 197/25;—his party discomfit the enemy, 198/13, and he deals out the booty, 198/25;

<sup>1</sup> The ceremony of affiancing, or betrothal, was generally in olden times, and still is in some countries, held to be of equal importance with, if not greater than, the ceremony of marriage.

—he returns from hunting, 216/9, and makes 'feest and joye' for the coming of the traitor King John, 216/25, whom he offers to tend right well, 217/26;—he consents to go to C., for which he is upbraided by Alarde, 219/21;—he takes leave of King John, and goes to 'the fayr lady his wyff,' 220/11, telling her that John has made his peace with C., 220/21;—he is implored by his lady not to go, 221/10, but he will not listen to her, 222/11;—he and his brethren (in accordance with King John's treachery), clad in scarlet mantles, with roses in their hands, and without any armour, take their way on mules to the plain of Vaucoulores, singing as they go, 225;—he prays to God for protection, 226;—he discovers the treachery, 229, and is upbraided by his brethren, 230;—he demands of the escort that they help him, 231/21, and slays the Earl of Ansom, 231/32;—his mule falls under him, 232/4;—he rebukes Foulkes of Meryllon for the treachery, telling him 'to doo as a gentylman oughte to doo,' 234/10;—he proposes certain terms of peace, 234/12, which Foulkes scornfully rejects, 235/1;—he and his brethren prepare to fight, 235/14, and they go amon<sup>st</sup> their foes, 235/30;—he is overthrown by Foulkes, 236/6, but quickly rising, he clove Foulkes 'into the harde teeth, and felde hym deed to the erthe,' 236/30;—he kills many dukes, earls, and knights, 237/21;—he is mad with anger when he sees that Guycharde has been taken prisoner, 239/4, and sets out to rescue him, making a 'grete noyse wyth his swerde amonge his enmyes,' 239/25;—he finds his brother Richard, 243/30, whom he causes to be taken up the rock by Alarde, whilst he and Guychard 'rowme the waye,' 245/5;—his great feats of arms, 245/18;—he jeopardises himself as a man desperate, 245/23;—he tells Guynard and Ogier that he will never yield, 247/27;—he tells his brethren he will never yield, nor will he forsake them, 249/7;—he casts great stones on his enemies, 249/28;—he threatens to slay Ogier, 251/12;—he binds up the wounds of his brethren, 251/27, and gathers a heap of stones, 251/35;—he bewails the absence of Mawgis and Bayard, 253/5, and weeps for his brethren, 253/15;—he rests himself, 253/21, and sees Mawgis, mounted on Bayard, coming with his folk, 258/28, of which he informs his brethren, 259/5;—he takes Richard in his arms, and shows him Mawgis, 259/26;—he and his two brethren descend the rock, 260/12, and he counsels Ogier to flee, 260/32;—Bayard smells his lord, and ran mightily and kneeled before him, 262/9;—he arms himself, and leaps upon Bayard, 262/22, and runs upon Ogier, striking him to the ground, 262/32;—he causes Ogier to remount, 263/4, and bids him keep away, 263/8;—his sarcastic address to Ogier, after the latter had crossed the river in the general retreat, 264/12;—Ogier recrosses the river, and the fight is renewed, 266/33, and R. wounds Ogier, 267/25;—he again taunts Ogier (who had once more crossed the river), 268/29, and wishes himself to cross the river to again renew the fight, 269/12;—he returns to the rock Mountbron, 276/1, and falls into a swoon when he sees the sad state of Richard, 276/7;—he consents to do the bidding of Mawgis, 277/4;—he spurns his children, and upbraids his wife, for the treachery of her brother, 285/17, but, on the entreaty of his brethren, he makes peace with her, 287/11;—the message of King John is delivered to him, 287/18;—he recounts the story of his life, 288—290, and resolves to rescue King John, 290/17, for which he is thanked by the Gascons, 290/30, and for which purpose he makes preparations, 291/8, and arrives at the camp of Roland, 292/12;—he orders the plan of battle, 293/17, and prays 'everi

man doo his parte wyth all his power,<sup>1</sup> 293/30;—his brethren try to persuade him not to fight with Roland, 294/3, but he will not listen to them, 294/7, and goes before his host fully armed, 294/22;—he hastily approaches Roland, 295/28, alights on foot, 296/1, appealing for mercy, and offering terms of peace, 296/6;—he remounts Bayard, 296/30, and offers to engage in single combat with Roland, 297/17;—he puts himself ‘amonge the thickest of the frenshemen,’ 298/35, and crying ‘Mountalban!’ makes great slaughter of them, 299/9;—he fights with Roland, 300/22—304/16;—he receives the traitor King John, 305/19, whom he unbinds and reproaches for his treachery, 306/10;—he learns that Richard has been taken prisoner, 310/8, his grief thereat, 310/17, and he sets out to rescue him, but is restrained by his brothers, 310/27, and they return to Mountalban, 312/25;—he swoons when Mawgis returns without Richard, 321/14, but is recomforted by Mawgis, 322/14;—he sets out with Mawgis and his brethren for Mount-fawcon, 322/24, they put themselves in ambush, 323/6, and, being very weary, fall asleep, 323/20, from which they are awakened by Bayard, 337/29;—he leaps to his feet, and sees Richard on the ladder, and quickly lighting on Bayard, he rushes to rescue him, 338/3;—he slays Ripus, and releases Richard, 339/26;—he encases Richard in the armour of Ripus, 340/8, and hangs the corse of the latter on the gallows, 340/13;—he tells Mawgis who it was that waked him, 340/22; he comes to the succour of Richard, 345/27;—he fights with C. (though unknowingly), 346/24, and, when he understands who it is, he withdraws, 346/33, blaming himself, 346/35, asking pardon of the Emperor, 347/10, begging for peace, 348/1, offering Mountalban and Bayard therefor, 348/3, and also he and Mawgis will go and fight against the Turks, 348/13;—he argues with C., 348, 349, but the latter will not listen, and renews the attack, 349/28;—he catches the king in his arms (because he would not smite him), and lays him on the neck of Bayard, 350/5;—he is attacked by Roland, 351/7, and lets C. fall down, 351/22;—he orders the greater part of his folk to return to Mountalban, 353/25, and himself going straight to C.’s pavilion, he cuts the cords thereof, making it fall down, 354/27, and, with the help of Mawgis, possesses himself of the golden eagle, 355/3;—he withdraws his folk from the battle, 357/29, and returns to Mountalban, 362/13, and inquires after Mawgis, 362/22;—he and his brethren grieve for Mawgis, 363/2, of whom he goes in search, 363/33, and learns that Mawgis is a prisoner in C.’s hands, 364/16;—he meets with Mawgis, 372/32;—he causes C.’s golden eagle to be set on the high tower of Mountalban, 375/1;—he honourably receives the envoys of the king, 377/1, and consents to his conditions of peace, 379/1;—he restores the peers’ swords, the crown and the golden eagle to Ogier, 379/6;—he consents to go to C., 380/1;—he abides with Bishop Turpin while Ogier goes to find out C.’s intentions, 381/3;—he fears that he is betrayed, 383/20, and accuses the Bishop of treachery, 383/23;—he requests Oliver to render him the courtesy he owes him, 383/32;—he is led to C., 385/5, and after some hot words from C., 386/17, a duel is arranged, 387/16, and he returns to Mountalban, 387/28, where he recounts the news, 387/32;—he makes a feast that evening, 388/5, hears mass in the morning, and takes leave of his wife and friends, 388/11;—he leaves Mawgis in charge of the castle,

<sup>1</sup> An early synonym of the saying, ‘England expects this day each man to do his duty.’

388/33, and departs for the place 'there, as the bataylle shold be doon,' 389/6;—he meets with Roland, and they exchange mutual courteous speeches, 390/20;—the fight commences, 391/1, and is continued with varying fortune till Roland yields himself, 391—393;—he and Roland ride fast to Mountalban, 394/28;—he finds out the castle is besieged, 396/16, and adopts Roland's advice, 397/1;—he marvels at C.'s hard-heartedness, 398/11;—he shows C. (who had been brought thither by the magic of Mawgis) to his brethren, 402/10, and counsels that no harm shall be done him, 403/4;—he goes to Roland's chamber, and thither summons the other Frenchmen, 403/22, and explains to them the capture of the Emperor, 404/1;—he takes them to the place where C. lies fast asleep ('for Mawgys had chermed him soo harde'), 405/4;—he tells Roland that he will not say a foul word to his lord, 405/19, and goes in search of Mawgis, 405/24, for whom he weeps when he knows the cause of his departure, 406/12;—he pleads for peace with the Emperor, 409/6, and beseeches the peers of France to support his appeal, 410/17;—he tells Roland that since C. will not grant peace, he will seek his own right, 411/18, and tells the king that he may go hence, 411/25;—he is displeased with his brother Richard, 412/22;—he orders Bayard to be brought for C., 412/29, whom he conveys to the gate of Mountalban, 413/16;—when he sees that Bayard has been returned, 414/4, he gives the barons of France leave to go, 414/11, who courteously take leave of the Lady Clare, 415/4;—he accompanies them to the gate, 415/21, and commending them to God, 415/23, they take leave of him, 415/28;—he perceives the beginning of the second assault on the castle, 420/6, and performs great feats of arms, 420/24;—his prayer to God when he discovers C.'s intention of starving him out, 421/19;—his grief when he sees the piteous condition to which his folk are reduced, 426/3;—he orders a horse to be slain for food, 426/35;—after all the horses had been eaten, except those belonging to the four brethren, he advises them to let one of theirs be slain, 427/13;—he bewails his evil state, 428/22;—when it is suggested that Bayard should be eaten, 429/20, he prays that 'a fore ye slee hym, that ye slee me; For I may not see hym dey,' 429/30, but his heart becomes tender and he consents, 430/22, though when the crisis comes, he again says he would rather slay himself before Bayard is slain, 430/28;—he promises to get food for them, 431/5, proposes going to see his father, 431/12, and comes to his father's tent, 431/22;—he speaks to Aymon, 431/28, and tells him that they all die for hunger, 431/35;—he has permission from Aymon to take what he can find, 432/35, and, lading Bayard with bread and flesh, 433/7, returns to Mountalban, 433/11, where they all made great joy and eat their fill, 433/23;—he finds the victuals that his father had caused to be cast into the castle, 434/25, which begin 'sore to mynysse,' 436/24, and he goes to Bayard to slay him, 437/5, but he has not the heart to do him harm, 437/9, on which his younger son rebukes him for delaying, 437/11, and after long thought, he 'made baiarde be leten blode moche,' 437/25;—he and his company are brought very low, 438/7, when an old man comes to him, and offers to show him a way out of Mountalban, 438/10, whereat he was so glad that he forgot his hunger, 438/24, and causing the entrance to be dug out, he and all his folk quit the castle, 439/1;—he returns and brings out the traitor King John, who had been left in the prison, 439/21;—they find themselves at the Wood of the Serpent, 440/8;—he advises his men not to separate, 441/3, and coming to the monastery, where he finds Bernard,

he begs food of him, 441/15 ;—he bids farewell to Bernard, 442/19, and, with his followers, comes to the city of Ardeyne, 442/25, and is well received by the citizens, 442/28 ;—when he perceives that C. would again besiege him, he swears he will not be besieged, but would rather fight with C., 447/23, for which saying his brother Richard praises him, 447/31 ;—he calls his folk together and they issue out of the city, 448/12, and he ordains his battles as a ‘wyse fyghter,’ 448/17 ;—he exhorts his brethren to show themselves good knights, 448/19 ;—he chooses a hundred knights to be with him in the first battle, 448/30 ;—mounted on Bayard, he goes upon the folk of C., 449/9, whom he approaches, and pleads for peace, 450/31, which not being granted, he says, ‘Syr Kynge of Fraunce, I defye you !’ 451/10, and after smiting a knight, he returns to his own folk, 451/13 ;—he slays many of the enemy and rejoices his folk, 452/16 ;—his folk give way before the Frenchmen, 453/32, and he orders the retreat into Ardeyne, 454/16, himself bringing up the rear, 454/22, slaying more than a hundred of the pursuers, 454/34, and when all were within Ardeyne, he made the gates be shut, 455/10 ;—he causes the prisoner, Richard of Normandy, to be brought before him, 457/3, threatens him with death, unless peace is made, 457/9, and has him put in irons, but otherwise behaves courteously, 457/21 ;—he and his brethren often issue out of the city, 457/34, and take many prisoners, 458/2 ;—he begins to suspect that the ‘goode man’ before him is Mawgis, 463/22, of which when he is assured, ‘he had not be soo glad yf men had gyven hym the halve of all the worlde,’ 464/12 ;—he asks Mawgis to relate his story, 465/6 ;—he shows Mawgis to his brethren, whose ‘hertes rose in their belies for joye,’ 465/21 ;—he orders a fresh outfit for Mawgis, 466/1, and conveys him to the city gate, 467/14 ;—he sees come the messengers from C., 471/1 ;—his angry reply to them, 471/23, bidding them tell their king that he will hang Richard of Normandy on the morrow, 472/11 ;—he refuses to let Ogier see the Duke, 472/25 ;—he tells his brethren that he intends to hang Richard of Normandy, 476/11, and causes the gibbet to be dressed in the sight of C. and his host, 476/28 ;—he sends ten of his men to fetch the Duke, 477/21, of whom the Duke slays three, and the rest take to flight, 478/10 ;—he and his brethren go towards the tower where Richard was, 479/25 ;—his colloquy with Richard, 479, 480 ;—he has him brought to the gallows, 481/1, and tells him that he must either cause peace to be made, or be hanged, 481/3 ;—he bids one of his folk go to the Duke, and do what he is told, 481/21 ;—the messenger relates to him how C. will have no peace, 486/16 ;—he tells Richard how the peers have deserted C., 486/21, and craves his pardon for the shame done to him, 487/1, releasing him from the gallows, 487/7, and tells him to lean on this wall and see what C. will do, 487/11 ;—he perceives the messenger sent after the peers, 487/31, and their return to C., 488/24 ;—he goes to meet the messenger of peace, 489/19, and offers to do all—and more if necessary—that C. requires of him, 490/2 ;—he gives Bayard in charge to Duke Naymes, 490/12, and hangs his banner on the tower in token that he accepts the conditions of the peace, 490/14 ;—he arrays himself as a pilgrim, 491/5, and commends his wife and children to Duke Richard, 491/10 ;—he tries to soothe his lady, who had swooned, 491/20, ‘and thenne he toke on his waye,’ 491/27, and takes leave of his brethren and Duke Richard, 492/14 ;—he departs for the Holy Land, and arrives at Constantinople, 498/9, where he meets with his cousin Mawgis, 498/25, to whom he rehearses the treaty of peace, 499/4 ;—he and Mawgis come



'but a lityll myle fro' Jerusalem, 500/2, and they see a great host about the city, 500/11;—he inquires who they are before the city, 500/25, and learns how it had been betrayed, 501;—he sees the cruel battle between the Christians and Saracens, and wishes that he had his harness, 503/18, and laments that he has not Bayard and Flamberde, 504/5;—he is angry when the Turks trample down his lodging, 504/32, and taking a fork 'with bothe his handes,' 'he smote them doun two & two at ones, as swynes,' 505/1; he is interviewed by the Earl Rames, to whom he relates his story, 506, 507;—he accepts the leadership of the barons of Syria, and accepts their homage, 508/23;—he is honourably entertained by the Earl Rames, and lodged in his pavilion, 509/1;—he is offered many valuable things, 509/16, but accepts only 'a complete harneys for his body, a swerde, and an horse,' 509/22, dealing the remainder to the poor knights, 509/24;—he advises the barons of Syria to assault the city, 512/6, but while thus devising, the Persians issue out, 512/12;—he instantly arms himself, 512/14, and they ordain their battles as well as they could, 512/28;—he slays King Margary, 513/10, and seeing the 'merveylles of armes' performed by Mawgis, he asks Earl Rames if he 'sawe ever so good an hermyte,' 513/27;—he puts himself in the battle 'as a wolfe amonge a flocke of shepe,' 515/25;—he slays many of the Turks or Persians, 515, 516;—he picks up a great balk of timber, 517/17, which he puts under the portcullis of the gate of the city, so that it could not be shut, 518/7, and he enters Jerusalem, followed by the barons and Mawgis, 518/19;—he keeps the gate till a great part of the Christians are within the city, 518/32, and calls Mawgis to take care of this gate, while he goes to open another, 519/1;—he commands the tower where King Thomas is kept prisoner to be assaulted, 521/21, and is the first to climb up the ladders, 521/24;—seeing the perilous condition of King Thomas, he offers peace to Barbas, 522/28;—his meeting with King Thomas, 523/12, who entertains him honourably, 524/15;—he takes leave of King Thomas, and entering a ship, arrives at Palermo, 524/27, where he is welcomed by King Simon, 525/17;—he again makes great slaughter of the Persians, 527/12;—he is sorry when he finds that Barbas is safe aboard, 529/10, and he causes his ship to be burnt with 'boltes of wylde fyre,' 529/4;—he is thanked by King Simon for his prowess, 529/20, and honourably entertained, and taking leave of Simon, he comes to Rome, confesses to the Pope, and finally reaches Ardeyne, 530;—his brethren swoon for joy when they see him, 531/3, and he relates his adventures, 531/15;—he is recomforted when he hears that his wife and children are well, 531/32, but observing the deception played on him by his brethren, he tells them he awaits to hear some heavy tidings, 532/3, and swoons for sorrow when the manner of the Lady Clare's death has been rehearsed to him, 532/20;—when he sees her tomb, he swoons thrice, 533/3;—when he sees his children, he tells them to be good, 'for fere ye shall mysse me some,' 533/19;—he takes his way to Mountalban, 533/25, where he is received with great joy, 534/2;—he vows never to marry again, 534/24;—he parts his inheritance amongst his brethren, 535/31, and married them all nobly and richly, 536/2;—he dwells at Mountalban with his children, endocrinng them in good and virtuous manners, and in the use of arms, 536/7, tells them it is time they were made knights, 536/20, and promises to send them to Paris come seven nights, 536/34;—he causes proper outfits to be prepared for his sons, 537, appoints five hundred knights to bear them company, 538/1, and giving them good counsel and his blessing, he

weepingly bids them farewell, 538, 539 ;—he is sent for by C. to come to Paris, 547/27, and calling his brethren to him, 548/5, they all arrive at Paris, 548/31, where they are joyfully received, 549/3 ;—he extols his sons, 549/5, and has an interview with C., 549/16 ;—his sons relate to him their adventures, 549/25 ;—he thanks C. for the worship done to his children, 550/6 ;—he and his brethren cast themselves at the king's feet, thanking him for the amity and concord that has been established between them, 550/16 ;—he instructs his sons how to conduct themselves in tomorrow's battle, 552/1 ;—he gives his good sword Flamberd to Aymonet, 554/4, and after blessing his sons, he brings them to the Isle of our Lady, 554/12 ;—he is made acquainted with the treachery of Gryffen of Haute-branche, 554/18, and orders his brother Richard to take measures to guard against its accomplishment, 554/27 ;—he returns to the palace of the king, 555/12, and tells him not to be suspicious of Richard, 555/20, and they and others go up the Tower of Seine, 555/23 ;—he acquaints the king with the reason why Richard has gone on with so great fellowship, 556/9, and this he repeats to Roland, 558/10 ;—he thanks God much when he perceives that his sons have vanquished the children of Foulkes, 569/19, abides in Paris till they are made whole of their wounds, 570/3, and taking leave of C., 570/8, they all depart for Mount-alban, 570/13 ;—he rests at Bordeaux, and there calling his sons, gives Arden to Jonnet, and Mountalban to Aymonet, 570/17 ;—his brethren, foreseeing that he means to dedicate himself to the service of God, make great sorrow, 570/26, for which he rebukes them, 570/29 ;—he arrives at Mountalban, where he tells his subjects that they must pay their homage to Aymonet, 571/13 ;—then, laying aside his clothing, he dons the garb of a hermit, 571/18, and leaving the palace, comes to the town gate, 571/24, and bids the porter to tell his brethren on the morrow that he has gone to do penance to save his soul, 572/1 ;—he gives the porter a ring, and goes on his way, 572/12 ;—he wanders through the woods a long while, and finally reaches Cologne, where the church of St. Peter is being built, 576/18, and he obtains employment in carrying stones and mortar, 577, 578, and will only accept a penny a day to buy bread with, 579/20 ;—the other labourers become envious of him, 580/18, and they agree to slay him, 580/30 ;—he is slain next day as he slept with the stroke of a hammer, and feeling the stroke, his last prayer ere his soul departed from his body was that Jesus would pardon those who had brought him to his death, 581/21 ;—his body is put into a sack, and cast into the Rhine, 581/34, but did not go to the bottom of the water, 582/28 ;—all the fish of the river gather about the corpse, and keep it upon the water, 582/31, and torches appeared round it, so that the folk weened that the river was on fire, 583/4 ;—it is discovered to be the corpse of R., 583/29 ;—it is brought to land, and mass said over it in the church, 584/12 ;—the corpse rises up, and was borne out of the church to the cart in which it had been brought there, 584/28 ;—the cart containing the corpse proceeds in a miraculous manner, followed by all the people of Cologne, till it comes to the little town of Croyne, where it stops, 585/15, and here our Lord worked many miracles for love of the holy body, 585/18 ;—the visage of the corpse is uncovered so that it may be recognized, 586/4 ;—his brethren hear from a pilgrim of the remarkable events, 586/24, and they weep for pity of R., 589/1 ;—they arrive at Croyne, and recognize their brother, over whom they sore lament, 589/13 ;—the corpse is entombed, he is called *St. Reynaude the flartyr*, and the memory of him is put in writing, 590—592.

Renyer, one of C.'s peers, 69/22 ;—he is placed in front of the 'masters gate' at Mountaynford, 76/31.

Reyner, cousin of Duke Benes, slain by the Earl Guenes, 53/29.

Riplemonde, Rypus of, nephew of Foulkes of Morillon, commanded by C. to hang Richard, 333/5 ;—he willingly consents because Richard slew his uncle at Balencon, 333/9 ;—he takes the oaths of the Twelve Peers that they will do him no hurt when he returns, 333/20 ;—he leads Richard forth to the gallows, 334/7 ;—arrived at Mountfawcon, he shows Richard the gallows, and tells him he will hang him with his own hand, 334/20 ;—he grants permission to Richard to repeat his orison (' wherof he dyd like a fole'), 336/5 ;—he is abashed when he sees R., tells Richard he is delivered, begs his mercy, and tells him to go down from the ladder, 338 ;—he is reproved by R. and Mawgis, 339/19, and slain by R. with his sword Flamberd, 339/26 ;—his body is stripped of his armour, and trussed up on the gallows with the halter round his neck, 340.

Rohars (Rohart), a son of Foulkes of Morillon, possesses a false heart, 541/1 ;—he conspires with his brother to harm the sons of R., 543/12 ;—being angry for C.'s reproach to his brother, he throws down his gage and offers to fight Aymonet, 545/33 ;—C. tells him he takes a wrong way, and it will be overlate when he shall repent it, 546/1 ;—he is severely wounded and unhorsed by Yonnet, 563/6 ;—he is overthrown by Aymonet, 565/17 ;—Yonnet cuts off one of his arms, and smites him on the bare head, 567/29 ;—he cries for mercy, which he does not obtain, 568/8, but loses a leg, and finally his head, 568/14 ;—his body is drawn at horses' tails and hanged with that of Constans, 569/3.

Rouncevals, the treason at the battle of, hinted at, 569/18.

Rousellon, Roussillon, Roussyllon, Duke Rycharde (also called Gerarde) of, had not done the bidding of C., 17/8 ;—comes to help Duke Benes, 39/13 ;—he is informed of the approach of C., against whose host he proceeds, 41/23 ;—he slays an Almayn, and raises his war-cry, 42/7 ;—he slays one of Ogier's men, 42/18 ;—he counsels Nantuell that they should turn back, 43/20, and sends to Duke Benes for aid, 43/28 ;—his nephew is killed by Walleron of Bollon, 43/24 ;—he is overthrown by C., 45/19 ;—he counsels that the fight be renewed on the morrow, 46/15 ;—he adopts Nantuell's advice, and sends messengers to C., lamenting the death of Lohier, and offering their allegiance, 47/1 ;—he recommends that they all take off their 'good gownes,' and go naked before C., crying him mercy, 49/24.

ROWLANDE OF BRETAYN (nephew of C.), first meets with C., 162/22 ;—he is made a knight, 163/6 ;—he offers to go and raise the siege of Cologne, 163/21 ;—he goes to Cologne, puts the Saracens to rout, and, taking prisoner Escorfawde, brings him back with himself to Paris, 164—166 ; he intercedes for Escorfawde, 166/28 ;—he advises C. to exile R., 182/3 ;—he is put in command of C.'s host, 188/6 ;—he pitches his tent at Balencon, 191/20 ;—he marvels at the strength of Mountalban, 192/1, and says that they will never be able to take it, 192/5 ;—he extols R.'s character, 192/16 ;—he goes hawking, 192/28 ;—he gets a hint of what has been done at Balencon during his absence, 199/29, whereat he is astounded, 200/12, and calls upon his barons for counsel, and, fearing the wrath of C., offers to go to the Holy Land, but is recomforted by Bishop Turpin, 200/34 ;—he returns to C.'s camp (with a hundred followers all afoot because they had lost their horses), and is so ashamed

that he remains hid in Duke Naymes's tent, for he dare look no man in the face, 201/4;—he sharply reproves Ogier, whom he calls a coward, 272/4;—he is 'wonderful wrothe' when he hears Ogier's rebuke, and advances against him to smite him, 273/1;—he is rebuked by Duke Naymes, and advised by C. to keep quiet, 273/12;—he tells Ogier that he shall be glad to meet R. mounted on Bayard, 274/30;—he is informed by Pygwade of the flight of King John, 280/18, and also of the whereabouts of the Four Sons and Mawgis, 280/30;—he thanks Pygwade, and tells him he deserves a great reward, 281/1;—he calls his knights to follow him and tells Ogier to go also, so that he may see the great prowess of R., 281/4;—he comes to St. Lazare, 'seeking,' he tells the Abbot, 'the falseste traytour of the worlde,' 281/24;—he deals roughly with the Abbot when the latter refuses to yield King John, 282/4;—he enters the cloister, finding King John on his knees before an image of the Virgin, 282/17;—he derides King John for the failure of his treachery, and blindfolding him, places him on a horse with his face to the tail, 282/23, and returns with him and his company to Mountfawcon, 283/33;—he espies the coming of R.'s forces, 292/15, and swears to Ogier that before evening it shall be seen who shall be master, 293/8;—he sets his battle in order, 293/15;—he asks his friends what they think of R.'s battle array, 294/26;—stung to the quick, because of the praise bestowed on R., he rushes against him, 295/19;—he tells R. he cannot accept the proposed terms of peace unless Mawgis is delivered to him, 296/24;—he comes to an agreement with R. for a single combat, and departs to take leave of his fellows, 297/24;—he tells Oliver and the others that R. has required to fight with him 'body to body,' 298/5, but his barons dissuade him from the single combat, 298/14, to which he agrees, 298/22, and shouting Mountjoy St. Denis! he commences the battle at Mountfawcon, 298/28;—he calls on R. to come to single combat, 300/13, the duel forthwith commences, 300/22;<sup>1</sup>—he is unhorsed, 302/13;—in his wrath he would cut off Melantes' head, 302/24, and seeing how Bayard is dealing with Melantes, he turns to smite Bayard, 303/4;—he is mocked by R., 303/12, 29;—he cleaves R.'s shield, 304/4, and gibes back at R., 304/8;—he calls scornfully after R., 304/32;—he is withheld from going to the Wood of the Serpent with R. to finish the combat, 305/14;—his folk are discomfited, and all ashamed, 308/4;—he is mocked by Ogier, and runs upon him with his sword, but is stayed by Oliver, 308/10;—he fights with Richard, 308/30, and calls on him to surrender, 309/25;—he brings Richard to C. as a prisoner, 319/12;—he is prayed by C. to go and see Richard hanged, and offered therefor the city of Cologne, 326/8;—he refuses to do the bidding of C., prays the Twelve Peers not to take the charge on them, and threatens to forsake C. and serve under R., 326/14;—he vows to keep his promise to Richard, 332/13;—he attacks R. so fiercely that the latter has to let go of C., 351/5, but being himself attacked by R.'s brothers, he puts himself to flight, 351/24;—he reproaches C., 352/19;—he restrains C. from striking Mawgis, 370/6;—he and the other Peers are awakened by C., 371/19;—he comes to Balencon to take R., 384/10;

<sup>1</sup> With his usual bias, the chronicler has made R. put his sword Flamberd in the sheath, awaiting with his spear only the onslaught of Roland. The kinsmen of R., apparently deeming the contest to be unequal (with the exception of Ogier, who tells them that R. is no child to be made afraid so lightly as they trow), induce Oliver to remonstrate with Roland, who then, 'like as a curteys man,' did as he was told, and 'toke a spere' (pp. 300—302).

—he brings R. into C.'s pavilion, 385/7;—he offers to fight for C. against R., 387/19;—he prepares for the combat, and receives C.'s blessing, 390/2;—he arrives at the 'pintre' of Mountfawcon [here fortuitously printed Mountalban], and meets with R., and after the usual amenities have passed, the fight begins, 390/20, but eventually Roland surrenders to R., because he knows well that R. is in the right, and that he is in the wrong, 393/22;—he is entertained by R. at Mountalban in a princely manner, 394/27;—he is told by R. of C.'s designs against the castle, 396/18, and R. is counselled by him to send to C. stating how honourably he is treated, and that R. is willing to surrender the castle, 396/22;—he is awakened by R., who tells him to assemble the other barons of C., and when they are all come, R. tells them that C. is his prisoner, 403/23, whereat he is amazed, 404/21;—he views C., who had been 'chermed soo harde,' that he cannot be awakened, 405/4;—he marvels at the mansuetude of R., 412/1;—he is released by R., 414/6, and takes his leave of the Lady Clare, 415/5;—he comes before C., 416/5;—he tells C. that Mawgis has gone from Mountalban, 417/14;—he enters the secret way by which R. had gone from Mountalban, and reports the result to C., 445/26;—he counsels C. to make peace, 455/26;—he tells C. that he will not see Richard of Normandy until he makes peace with R., 468/22;—he tells C. that if Duke Richard is hanged, it will be all through his (C.'s) pride, 473/17;—he threatens C. that if the Duke Richard is hanged, he will quit C.'s service, 475/28;—he first espies the preparations for the hanging of Duke Richard, 476/30, and acquaints C. thereof, 476/32;—he supplements Duke Richard of Normandy's appeal to C. to make peace with R., 482/24;—he becomes surety for Yonnet and Aymonet, 546/31;—he is not content when he sees Richard and his folk in arms, 557/4;—he cries out at the traitor Gryffen of Hautebranche, 557/17;—he tells C. that none can beware of traitors, 558/1;—he praises R. and Richard for acting as good knights should do, 558/20.

**RYCHARDE**, THE YOUNGEST SON OF **AYMON**, at the court at Paris, 16/24;—is knighted by C., 31/21;—he comes to C.'s court at Paris, 59/17;—he perceives the host of C. coming to Mountaynford, and tells his brother Guycharde, 70/13;—he slays king Yon of St. Omars, 82/25, and captures his horse, 82/26;—he encourages R., 138/1;—he fears that R. is being chased, 179/30;—he is overthrown by Ogier, but quickly rises up again, 197/4;—his heart slakes for fear of betrayal, 228/25, and he rebukes R. for not taking the good advice offered him, 229/4;—he is the first to repent of having doubted R., 230/25;—he flees to the rock Mountbron, 238/22;—he slays many earls and knights, 240/31;—he is wounded by Gerarde of Valcome, whom he forthwith slays outright, 241;—he laments the absence of his brethren, and prays God to succour them, 242;—he is discovered by R., 243/25;—he recovers from his swoon, and counsels R. that they should go to the top of the rock, 244/24;—he asks R. to bind up his belly, so that he may help in the fight, 250/1; he is lifted up by R. to see the coming of Mawgis, 259/26;—he abides at the top of the hill because he could not move, 260/9;—his brothers and Mawgis lament over his evil condition, 276;—he is made whole of his wounds by Mawgis, 277/15, and inquires after Ogier and his folk, 277/32;—he is mounted on a horse, and they all return to Mountalban, 278/14;—he counsels his brothers to beg R. to pardon the Lady Clare, 286/18;—he tells his brethren that they shall do the will of R., 290/23; he fights as valiantly as R., and calls on the latter to give some of his

great strokes upon the Frenchmen, 299/16;<sup>1</sup>—he fights with Roland, and is unhorsed, 308/30;—he is attacked by forty Frenchmen—all at once, and his horse is killed under him, 309/12;—he is smitten by Humall the Breton, 309/19, and overthrown by the Earl Guydellon from behind, 309/22;—he yields himself to Roland, 309/27, and is set upon ‘a mewle,’ 310/1;—his servant acquaints R. with the case, 310/8;—he is brought before C. as a prisoner, 318/12;—he is derided by C., whom he sharply answers, 319/18;—he wrestles with C., and they both fall, 320/1;—whilst engaged in mutual recrimination with C., he turns and sees Mawgis, whereon he becomes sure of his life, 320;—he hears C. call separately on each of his peers to hang him, and also their refusal, 324—328;—he thanks the barons for travailing themselves for him, but advises them not to lose the grace of C., 331/18;—he is reproached by Ogier, 331/31;—he pardons Roland, 332/4;—he tells Ogier that he had seen Mawgis ‘ryghtnow,’ 332/16;—he is delivered to Rypus of Riplemonde, and led forth to execution, 334/4;—he begs Rypus to have pity upon him, 334/32;—he asks for a priest to shrive him, 335/9, and when the priest (‘som sayen that he was a bysshop’) came, he relates ‘many moo synnes than ever he dyd,’ and this was ‘for to lengthe the tyme,’ 335/12;—he receives absolution, 335/20, and asks Rypus for time to say an orison that he ‘dyde lerne in his youthe,’ 335/30;—he offers up his prayers, and then resigns himself to Rypus, 336;—he is perceived by his brethren, 338/3, and told by Rypus of his release, 338/18;—he is brought down the ladder by R., 339/31;—he puts on the armour of Rypus, 340/7;—he relates the goodness of the barons of France, and begs permission to show himself to Ogier before returning to Mountalban, 341/9;—he goes to the host of C., bearing the banner of Rypus, 342/5, which deceives C. and the barons, 342/14;—he makes himself known to Ogier, and tells him the fate of Rypus, 343/23;—he tells C. who he is, recounting the fate of Rypus, and defying him, 344/16, and they fight each other, 344/30;—he is unhorsed, but quickly aims such a stroke at C. that he kills his horse, 345/3;—he sounds his horn, and his brothers come to his succour, 345/20;—he cuts the cords of C.’s pavilion, making it to fall down, 354/27;—he is angry with R. for returning C.’s golden eagle, 379/13;—he counsels R. to hang C. forthwith, and offers to do the job himself at once, 402/16, but afterwards counsels that R. should do his own will in the matter, 403/15;—bemoaning the departure of Mawgis, he would have slain C., but is restrained therefrom by R., 406/20;—he admonishes C. to be more circumspect in his language, 408/15;—he considers R. to be mad and working great folly in releasing C., 412/5;—he retorts upon R. that he should have made peace with C., when the latter was their prisoner, 421/24;—he points out to R. how much better they had fared if his counsel had been followed, and grieves over their present distress, 422/20;—he tells R. that he will not have his horse slain for food, because it is R.’s great pride that has brought them to their present plight, 427/15;—but being rebuked by Aymonet, he consents, and his horse is slain and ‘ful savourly’ eaten, 428, and he is willing to yield up his own flesh if it would comfort R., 429;—he tells R. that now he speaks like a knight, and that he will slay more than a hundred of C.’s men, because C. ‘is

<sup>1</sup> Reynawde had apparently been dealing small strokes like those of the ‘lityll Rycharde,’ because he did not wish to be thought more of might than Richard, that is, in the choice, sly humour of the text, ‘Reynawde faughte not for to loke the better upon hym’ (*i. e.* Richard).

- not mannered like a gentyllman,' 447/32 ;—he makes a prisoner of Richard Duke of Normandy, 455/3 ;—he counsels R. to proceed to Paris, the better to know C.'s intention, and whether any wrong has been done to R.'s sons, 548/14 ;—he goes with his followers to the Isle of Our Lady, 555/10 ;—he is suspected of treachery by C., 556/1 ;—he disarms himself and followers, and coming to C., makes him honourable reverence, 558/31 ;—he shows C. how Griffen of Hautebranche would have wronged his nephews, and vows that he will never suffer them to be wronged, 559/7 ;—his grief at the departure of R., 574/24.
- Ryne (Rhine), the body of R. is cast into the river, 581/34 ;—the fishes of the, bear up the body of R., 582/31 ;—it seems to be afire owing to the miraculous light about it, 583/3.
- Salamon, King, the fair, serves C. with the cup, 38/11, 61/5.
- Salienne (also spelt Galiene), the 'love' of C., whom he wedded on the same day that he was crowned King of France, 327/5.
- Savary, a knight, advises Lohier to deal gently with Duke Benes, 21/31.
- Sawmore (Saumur), the Four Sons arrive at, 62/30.
- Sernoble, taken by C.'s army, 192/8.
- Serpent, the Wood of the, whither King John proposes to betake himself after the failure of his treachery, 279/24 ;—R. is on his way to, when he meets King John, 305/19 ;—the secret way between Mountalban and, is discovered to R., 438/16.
- Seveyne, Sayne, Hernyer of, promises C., on conditions, to yield him the Four Sons prisoners within a month, 90/1 ;—his request is granted, 90/8, and he proceeds to put his treacherous scheme in operation, 90/22 ;—he reaches Mountaynforde, and, pleading that he is pursued by C., is quickly admitted, 90/31 ;—he is made right welcome by R., 91/30, and tells lies about the condition of C.'s host, 92/1 ;—after supper, he is 'well and honestly brought to bed,' 92/22, but, 'as the false Judas,' he slept not, 92/24, and arising, he lets down the drawbridge, and slays the watchman, 92/30 ;—he lets in Guyon of Bourgoyne, 93/1, and then his treachery is made known to R., 93/24 ;—he sharply attacks R. and his brethren, who are in the pit, 95/5 ;—he is made prisoner, and dire retribution is taken on him as a traitor, 96—97.
- Simon of Puyll, the King of Palermo, sees R. arrive, makes great cheer with him, and tells him of Barbas, 525 ;—he thanks R., and offers him all his possessions as a reward, 529/19, and after honourably feasting and entertaining R., he takes leave of him, 530/16.
- Simon, Sir, a knight, gives Duke Benes good counsel, 20/10.
- Soysson (Soissons), the Four Sons arrive at, 63/34.
- Soyssons, the battle in the valley of, between Earl Guenes and Duke Benes, 52—58.
- Spayne, Dyssers of, joins C. at Paris, 186/28.
- Spayne (Spain), was apparently then accounted a wealthy country, 170/22.
- St. Germaine of the medowes, near Paris, 34/28 ;—burial of Lohier at, 35/26 ;—Constans and Rohars watch in the church of, the night before the fight, 552/6.
- St. Gyle Tarasoon, conquered by Borgons, 132/31.
- St. James in Gales (Galicia), C. goes on a pilgrimage to, 156/14.
- St. John the Baptist, C.'s court at Paris on the feast of, 51/17.
- St. Lazare, the Abbey of, in the Wood of the Serpent, where King John proposes to take up his residence as a monk, 279/27 ;—the Abbot of, makes King John a monk, 281/23 ;—Roland and Oliver arrive at, where

- they are welcomed by the Abbot, 281/32, who is dealt savagely with by Roland, and the Prior also by Oliver, 282/4, and he and all his monks run away, leaving King John to his fate, 282/13.
- St. Marcell, where the treacherous barons ambush themselves, 556/16.
- St. Mychaell, Mount, R. is in a hurry to go to, naked in his 'smalle lynen clothes,' 220/9.
- St. Nycolas, the chapel of, at Mountalban, 221/33, 223/33.
- St. Omars, King Yvon of, overthrows one of R.'s knights, 82/11, but is himself slain by Richard, 82/25.
- St. Peter, the church of, at Cologne, in the building of which R. assisted as a labourer, 576/18.
- St. Quynntyne, Engieran of, 42/31.
- St. Stevyns church at Jerusalem, 501/33;—Earl Jaffras prevents the Turks from entering Jerusalem by the gate of, 504/20.
- St. Vyeter, near Paris, the jousting at, 32/16;—the church of, where the sons of R. watch the night preceding the fight, 552/6.
- Steuyne, Sir, one of Roussillon's messengers to C., 47/26;—C.'s answer to, 48/17.
- Surry (? Syria), the Barons of, tender their homage to and elect R. for their 'hede captayne,' 508/14;—they are exhorted by Mawgis, and await the onset of Barbas, 512/19.
- Symon, Sir, a knight, slain by Duke Benes, 45/4.
- Talles, the tower (? town) of, 512/32.
- Temple, the, at Jerusalem, 500/4.
- Thiery, Tyery, Thyerry, one of C.'s knights, slain by Alarde, 80/28.
- Tholouse (Toulouse), conquered by Borgons, 132/31.
- Tower of David at Jerusalem, 500/4, where King Thomas is kept prisoner, 519/31;—it is assaulted by R., 521/24.
- Tower of Sayne, where C., R., and the barons go to view the fight between Aymonet and Yonnet and Constans and Rohars, 555/22.
- Troye, Aubrey of, seeks aid of C., 40/30.
- Troye, Hector of, was not worth more than R., 127/28.
- Troye, Pyramus (Priam) of, never had better men to his children than are the Four Sons, 127/19.
- Troyes, the town of, 39/22, besieged by Duke Benes, 40/32;—the battle at, 41 *et seq.*
- TURPIN (Turpin), the Archbishop of Paris, 32/34;—he joins C. at Paris, 187/13;—is left in charge of Roland's forces at Balencon, 193/1;—he sees three ravens and three 'dawes' flying over Roland's pavilion, which he regards as an evil token, 194/27;—he sees the enemy come, and informs Ogier thereof, 195/2;—he fights furiously with R., 196/16;—he recomforts Roland, 200/29;—he relates to C. the disaster that has overtaken the force of Roland, 201/16;—he tells Roland that the approaching force is that of R., and they will have to fight, 292/21;—praises R. as a good guide, a valiant man, and a worthy captain, 295/13;—C. offers to make him Pope of Rome, if he will take and hang Richard, 325/14, but he refuses, 325/16;—he swears to R. that he has not betrayed him, and that he will live and die with him, 383/26;—he says mass before R.'s sons on the eve of their fight, 552/10;—he celebrates the ceremony of swearing on the sacred relics, 559/35, and gives the benediction to R.'s sons (this was apparently withheld from the sons of Foulkes), 560/20.



Valcome, Gerarde of, cousin of Foulkes of Moryllon, grieving over the death of Foulkes, perceives Richard, whom he so wounds that 'the guttes come oute of the body into his lappe,' 241, and he is immediately thereafter slain by Richard, 241/32.

Valery, the lordship of, given to R. by King John, 150/20.

Valoys (Valois), Berenger of, is requested by C. forthwith to hang Richard, but politely refuses, 324/1.

Vaucoloures, the plain of, the spot appointed by C. and King John for the betrayal of the Four Sons, 212/5;—the Sons depart for, clad in scarlet, mounted on mules, bearing roses in their hands, escorted by the eight earls, and singing by the way, 224, 225;—they arrive at, and description of the place, 227/15;—the great battle at, 228—270.

Vydelon, one of C.'s barons, 104/5.

Vylaunche, the name of Roland's horse, 394/2.

Water, Sir, a knight in attendance on the Lady Clare, 144/4.

Water, Sir, a knight of Duke Benes, counsels him to submit to C., 26/10.

Wylliam the Englysse (William the Englishman), at C.'s court, 59/12.

Ymes, one of Simon of Puyll's knights, 526/6.

Yonnet, the younger son of R., is spurned by R. in his anger at King John's treachery, 285/5;—he asks R. why he tarries from slaying Bayard, 437/11;—he promises R. to behave to his brother as a younger son should behave, 538/27;—he arrives at the palace of C. at Paris, 540/18;—he receives a knife from C., and on going to his place, accidentally shoves Constans with his elbow, 544/26;—he reproves Constans for his unseemly language, tells him that he lies, and defies him, throwing down his gage, 545/3;—he is knighted by C., 547/24;—he gives Rohars a stroke so that the sword entered his head a finger deep, 563/8;—he unhorses Rohars, and himself dismounts, 563/16;<sup>1</sup>—he will not call his brother to help him to slay Rohars, 567/13;—he cuts an arm off from Rohars, 567/29, and calls on him to acknowledge that R. was no traitor, 567/32;—he smites him on the bare head with the pomel of his sword, 568/5;—he cuts off one of his legs, again calls on him to confess, and finally smites off his head, 568/14;—Ardeyn is given by R. to, 570/19;—he takes his way there, and is received with homage, 571/8.

Yves, Sir, slain by the Saracens, 16/16.

<sup>1</sup> No names are given to the horses; but, like Bayard, Yonnet's horse runs after that of Rohars, and would have strangled it, at which C. begins to laugh, 563/22.







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