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Guy of Warwick (Romance)

The romances of Sir Guy of

Warwick and Rembrun his Son

JH





“  
THE ROMANCES  
OF  
SIR GUY OF WARWICK,  
AND  
REMBRUN HIS SON.  
”

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.  
MDCCC.XL.

205792

EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY, 12, SOUTH ST DAVID STREET.

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F. A. Crowninshield.





## INTRODUCTION.

OF all the early works of fiction, Sir Guy of Warwick is one of the most ancient and popular: Mr Ellis considers it as no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious. Our ancestors, doubtless, thought otherwise, and M. De la Rue held a very opposite opinion. I fully concur with Mr Ellis.

But, heavy and protracted though it be, in a philological point of view, and as illustrative of ancient manners, this Romance possesses considerable interest. For this reason, the Council of the Abbotsford Club has agreed to sanction its publication.

The text of the ensuing pages is that contained in the Auchinleck MS., No. 23. It consists of thirty-nine folios, and is imperfect at the commencement and towards the middle, owing to the barbarous mutilation which this valuable volume has suffered. The continuation of the Romance forms No. 24 of the same MS., and occupies twenty folios. It is complete, is

in twelve line stanzas, and in a larger hand-writing. In this continuation, designated by Mr Ellis "The Romance of Guy and Colbrand," that talented and amiable gentleman "saw, or thought he saw, a degree of spirit and animation, which formed a striking contrast with the usual monotony of the minstrel compositions." The two Romances are here printed as they follow in the MS., without break or division.

As supplementary to the gest of Sir Guy, the story of his son Rembrun immediately succeeds. It is No. 29 of the MS., is contained in nine folios, and wants the end. A fac-simile of the MS., and of its illumination, which has fortunately escaped the ruthless clutch of the spoliator, has been executed, with commendable fidelity, by Mr Leith.

Alas! for Sir Guy. "In fact and truth, famous as his name is, the man himself never existed." So says Ritson, who gravely instituted an inquiry into his history.\* To a similar conclusion came Mr Pegge, who devoted several pages of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*† to a "Memoir on the Story of Guy of Warwick," wherein he painfully disproves the being of such an individual, "not going so far as to deny that there might be some warrior of that name of romance in the Saxon times, but certainly that there was no such Earl!" This memoir is illustrated with an engraving of the remains of the statue (said to be of our

\* Ancient Metrical Romances, I. xciii.

† No. XVII.

hero) in the chapel at Guyscliff, then (1783) a carpenter's shop in the vicinity of Warwick.

Notwithstanding that Ritson is pleased to observe that Dugdale "must have been conscious that the story of Guy was altogether fabulous when he introduced it into his *History of Warwickshire*," I insert the fiction here. After precluding upon the ancient nobility of that county, Sir William continues,\*—"But I will forbear to enlarge myself further on this subject, and descend to our reputed Earles of the Saxon race; whereof the first that my Author mentions is *Rohand*. This man, being a famous Warriour, and inricht with great possessions, lived in the days of K. *Alfred* and K. *Edw.* the elder, and left issue one onely daughter, named *Felicia*, that married unto *Guy*, son of *Seward*, Baron of *Wallingford*, who, in her right, became Earle of *Warwick*; the memory of which *Guy*, for his great valour, hath ever since been, and yet is, so famous, that the vulgar are of opinion he was a man of more than ordinary stature; and the Welch, taking notice of his brave exploits, will needs have him to be descended from Brittish parentage: but of his particular adventures, least what I say should be suspected for fabulous, I will onely instance that Combate betwixt him and the Danish Champion *Colebrand*, whom some (to magnifie our noble *Guy* the more) report to have been a Giant. The storie whereof, however it may be thought fictitious by some, forasmuch as there be those who make a question whether there was

\* Edition by Thomas, 1730, pp. 374-5.

ever really such a man ; or, if so, whether all be not a dream which is reported of him, in regard that the Monks have sounded out his praises so hyperbolically : yet those that are more considerate will neither doubt the one nor the other, inasmuch as it has been so usual with our ancient Historians, for the encouragement of after ages unto bold attempts, to set forth the exploits of worthy men with the highest *encomiums* imaginable : and, therefore, should we for that cause be so conceited as to explode it, all History of those times might as well be vilified. And, having said thus much to encounter with the prejudicate fancies of some, and the wayward opinions of others, I come to the story, which, from certain authors of good credit, is in substance as followeth :

“ In the third year of K. *Athelstan*, (which hapned in *An. 926*.) the Danes having invaded *England*, cruelly wasted the Countreys where they marcht, so that there was scarce a Town, or Castle, that they had not burnt, or destroyed, almost as far as *Winchester* : and, hearing that the K. with his Nobles, then was in that Citie consulting about some timely means to prevent the utter losse of all, they sent messengers to him, proposing that either he would forthwith resign his Crown to the Danish Generals, *viz. Aulafe* and *Govelaph*, or submit to hold this Realm of them, doing homage and fealty, and paying tribute according to their appointment : or lastly, that the whole dispute for the Kingdom should be determined in a single Combat by two Champions for both sides ; this being added by *Aulafe*, that,

if in that Duel K. *Athelstan's* Champion had the victory, he would presently depart the land with his Army, but otherwise, without any more ado, it should wholly belong to the Danes.

“Of which proposals K. *Athelstan* accepted the last, and, calling together his Nobles, offered that Province, (viz. *Hants-hire*,) for a reward to him that should conquer the Danish Champion, called *Colbrand*: and to the end that God would direct him in the choice of one to undertake this Combate, he enjoyned a Fast for 3 dayes, in which, with earnest prayers and abundant tears, he besought his favour. But in this choice the English were exceedingly astonisht, forasmuch as one *Heraud*, a most valiant and hardy Knt. of this Nation, was then beyond Sea, seeking after *Reynburn*, the son of his Lord and master Earle *Guy*, that had been stolen away by Merchants of a forreign Countrey in his infancy; as also that Earle *Rohand*, the most valiant of a thousand, was dead; and that the same *Guy*, a man of extraordinary courage and skill in martial feats, shortly after his marriage with the Lady *Felicia* before mentioned, being gone into the *Holy land* on Pilgrimage, was not yet returned; but it so fell out, that God, being moved with the sorrowfull tears and intercessions of the English, sent a good Angel to comfort the King as he lay upon his bed, the very night of the *Nativity* of *S. John Bapt.*, directing that he should arise early on the morrow, taking two Bishops with him, and get up to the Northgate of that Citie, staying there till the hour of *Prime*, and then should he see divers poor people and pilgrims enter

thereat, amongst which there would be a personable man in a Pilgrim's habit, barefooted with his head uncovered, and upon it a Chaplet of white Roses; and that he should intreat him, for the love of *Jesus Christ*, the devotion of his Pilgrimage, and the preservation of all *England*, to undertake the Combat, for he should conquer the mighty *Colbrond*, and deliver his Realm from the Danish servitude. Whereupon K. *Athelstan* with fervent zeal hasted betimes in the morning to *Masse*, and sent for the Archb. of *Canterbury*, with the Bishop of *Chichester*, to whom he related his Vision, taking them along to the Gate assigned.

“ About this time it hapned that the famous *Guy* before specified, returning from his Pilgrimage in forreign parts, landed at *Portsmouth*, and being there advertised of Sr. *Heraud's* absence, with the occasion thereof; as also of Earle *Rohand's* death, together with the great distresse that the K. and his Nobles were then in, hasted towards *Winchester* immediately; and comming at night unto an Hospital, but little distant from the Northgate of that Citie (in which place afterwards the Hospital in honour of the *Holy Crosse* was founded) where he rested himself, on the next morning he went with other poor people to the City gate. To which place the K. being come, for the purpose before specified, and espying one neatly clad in a white short-sliev'd Gown reaching to the mid-leg, with a Garland of Roses upon his head, and a large staff in his hand, but looking wan, and much macerated by reason of his tra-

vailing bare-foot, and his beard grown to a very great length, he concluded that the same was the man described to him by the Angel, and being full of joy, told those that were with him as much.

“ The *Palmer* (for so was he at that time called) taking notice of the K. and Bishops, put off his Chaplet, and reverently saluting them, entred the Gate: whereupon the K. hasted down, and laying hold of his coat, tendred him entertainment, with desire to hear some news: but the *Palmer*, returning humble thanks, answered, that the hour to take up his lodging was not yet come, for that he intended first to visit the Churches of that Citie, and there offer up his prayers unto God, but afterwards seek some food for to refresh himself withall; which being done, he purposed to depart thence, and perform such penance as he was to do for his sins. Whereunto the K. replied, The reason why we have here stayed, hath been onely to wait upon your coming; for it is the will of God, that you must encounter with that wicked *Colbrond* the Saracen, for the safeguard of us and all the English nation, and freedom thereof from the yoke of slavery: for *Olaus* K. of *Denmark*, and *Golarvus* of *Norway*, have besieged us here almost a twelve moneth; and now have we concluded a truce, upon condition that we must finde a man to undergo the Combate with *Colebrond* their Champion, and in case our Champion shall overcome him, they are forthwith to quit the Land without doing injury to any, and not disturb this Realm any more; therefore we do desire

you, for the love of Christ our Saviour, and for the pardon of your own sins, that you will heartily undertake this Duel against that cursed Pagan, for the cause of God's Church and Christian Religion. To whom the *Palmer* answered, Oh my Lord the King, you may easily see that I am not in any condition to take upon me this fight, being feeble and weakned with dayly travail: alas, where are your stout and hardy Soldiers, who had wont to be in great esteem with you?

“ Ah, quoth the K., some of them are dead, some of them are gone to the *Holy land*, but not yet returned: I had one valiant Knight, which was Earle of ~~Warwick~~ *Warwick*, called *Guy*, and he had a couragious servant, named Sr. *Heraud de Ardene*, would to God I had him here, for then should this Duel be soon undertaken, and the War finisht; and, as he spake these words, tears fell from his eyes. Whereat the *Palmer*, being very sorrowfull, besought him to forbear further grieving, assuring him, that, for the love of *Christ-Jesus*, and the blessed Virgin, as also for the honour of God's holy Church, and for the Soul of *Guy* and *Heraud* his companion, he would in the fear of God undergo that Combat. Then did they bring him into the Citie, and to the Church with ringing of Bells, and *Te Deum* was begun with cheerfull voices; and entertained him with meat and drink, as also with bathing, putting apparel upon him, and for the space of 3 weeks cheared him up with the best refreshments.

“ After which, when the day appointed for that Duel was



come, the *Palmer* rose early and heard three Masses ; the first of the *Holy Ghost*, the second of the blessed *Trinity*, and the third of the *Holy Crosse*, Which being ended, he forthwith armed himself with the King's best harness, and girt the sword of *Constantine* the great about him ; and taking *S. Maurice* his Lance in his hand got upon the K.'s best Courser, being accounted of all that then beheld him, the most proper and well appointed Knight that ever they saw. From thence rode he through the midst of the Citie towards the place assigned for the Combate, which was in a valley, called *Chiltecumbe*, where he waited for *Colbrond* ; who, shortly after, came so weightily harnessed, that his Horse could scarce carry him, and before him a Cart loaded with Danish axes, great Clubs with knobs of Iron, squared barrs of Steel, Lances, and Iron hooks to pull his Adversary to him : and so soon as he saw the *Palmer* make towards him, calling loudly, he bad him get off his Horse, and cast himself down with submission : but the *Palmer*, arming himself with the sign of the Crosse, and commending himself to God, put spurs to his Horse to meet the Gyant, and in the first encounter pierced his shield so far, that his own Lance broke into shivers ; which so enraged the Gyant, that he bore up fiercely towards the *Palmer*, and smote his horse with such strength, that he cut off his head. The *Palmer* therefore being dismounted, nimbly and with great courage directed his blow at the Gyant's helmet ; but by reason of his height, could reach no further than his shoulder. Then *Colbrond* smote at

the *Palmer* with a square bar of steel; but he, seeing his danger, interposed his shield, which bore off the blow, and on a suddain did so vigorously lay at the corner of the Gyant's target, that his Club bossed with Iron fell to the ground; which, whilst he stretched out his arm to take up, the *Palmer* with his sword cut off his hand: whereupon the Danes grew much dismayed; and on the other side was there as great rejoycing by K. *Athelstan* and the English; and yet notwithstanding did *Colbrond* hold out the Combate till the evening of that day, that by loosing so much bloud he fainted, so that *Guy* with all his strength fetching a blow, cut off his head.

“The victory therefore thus happily obtained, occasioned the Danes with great confusion to hasten away, and the valiant *Guy* to give thanks unto God, repairing forthwith to the Cathedral, where he was honourably received with solemne Procession by the Clergy and others, and offered his weapon to God and the Patron of that Church before the high Altar, which my Author saith, even to his time, was kept in the Vestry there, and called by the name of *Colbrond's Ax*: but, this being done, reassumed his Pilgrim's habit. Whereupon the K. became most importunat with him to discover his name; but he utterly refused so to do, except to himself, and that upon his oath not to reveal it: unto which condition the K. assenting, they walkt out alone in a by path to a certain Crosse at some distance from the Citie; and as soon as they came thither, humbly bowing himself to the K., and saying that he was *Guy Earle of War-*

wick, the K. embraced him in his arms, kissed him, and promised him large rewards if he would live in his Court: but he, with much thankfulness, refusing to receive any, besought the K. that he would not disclose what he had said, in regard his resolution was to continue in that Pilgrim's state; and so they there parted with tears.

“ From whence the Earle bent his course towards **Warwick**, and coming thither not known of any, for three dayes together took Almes at the hands of his own Lady, as one of those xiiij poor people unto which she dayly gave relief her self, for the safety of him and her, and the health of both their souls. And having rendred thanks to her, he repaired to an heremite that resided amongst the shady woods hard by, desiring by conference with him to receive some spiritual comfort, where he abode with that holy man till his death, and upon his departure out of this World, which hapned within a short time, succeeded him in that Cell, and continued the same course of life for the space of two years after; but then discerning death to approach, he sent to his Lady their wedding Ring by a trusty servant, wishing her to take care of his burial: adding also, that when she came, she should find him lying dead in the Chapel, before the Altar; and, moreover, that within xv dayes after she her self should depart this life. Whereupon she came accordingly, and brought with her the Bishop of the Dioces, as also many of the Clergy and other people, and finding his body there, did honourably interre it in that Heremitage, and was herself after-

wards buried by him, leaving her paternal inheritance to *Reynburn* her onely son. Which departure of our famous *Guy* hapned in the year of our Lord *D.CCCC.XXIX.*, and of his own age the seventieth.

“To whom succeeded the noble *Reynburn*, Earle of *Warwick* through his mother’s right ; who haveing been stolen away in his childhood, and carried into *Russia*, where he gave great testimony of his singular valour in sundry warlike feats, whilst he continued in those forreign parts, upon his return into *Engl.* wedded the beautifull Lady *Leonetta*, daughter to *K. Athelstan* ; but afterwards dying beyond the Seas, was buried in a certain Island near unto *Venice*, and left for his successor *Wegeat*, alias *Weyth the humed*, a person of great courage, and much honoured for his skill in martial affairs.”

The authorship of this Romance has been attributed to various individuals, but without any positive certainty. The greater number seem to agree with Bale in assigning it to Walter of Exeter. Ritson, however, is not so easily satisfied, and it were perhaps most prudent to assert that the author is altogether unknown. The story is apparently of Saxon origin, wrought into its existing shape by the more practised cunning of some French or Anglo-Norman minstrel. Referring generally to Ritson, Warton, and Ellis, the following observations of the late erudite M. De la Rue, in his *Essais Historiques*

*sur les Bardes, &c.* (tome iii. p. 249,) seem sufficiently apposite :—

“ Ou attribue à Walter d’Exeter le Roman de *Guy de Warwick et de Felice fille du comte de Bukingham*. Cet auteur, suivant Warton, et Carew, dans son histoire du Cornuailles, était un moine franciscain du convent de Carocus dans le même pays, et qui vivait dans le XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle.\* Cependant Bale dit simplement que Walter d’Exeter écrivit la vie de Guy, (*vitam Guidonis*, †) et long-temps avant lui Girard le Gallois l’avait insérée dans son histoire latine des West-Saxons ;‡ enfin Hearne a fait aussi imprimer en latin un extrait de la vie de ce champion.§ Mais est ce en français ou en anglais? Est ce en prose ou en vers que ce moine a écrit le Roman de Guy de Warwick? C’est ce que Warton ne dit pas, et ce qu’il nous est impossible de savoir, d’autant plus que le Trouvère qui a mis ce Roman en vers, ne se fait pas connaître dans son ouvrage. Au reste, que ce soit Walter d’Exeter ou tout autre écrivain, toujours est-il vrai que l’auteur était anglo-normand, son langage le prouve, plusieurs de ses expressions sont même prises dans la langue anglaise de son temps.

“ Ce Roman est très intéressant : le plan et la marche ti-

\* Warton, Vol. I. p. 91.—Carew’s Surv. Cornw. p. 59.

† Bale, X. 78.

‡ Hist. Reg. West-Saxon. Cap. XI.

§ Appendix ad Annales Dunstapl. No. XI.

ennent beaucoup du genre épique ; la lecture attache par des incidents toujours bien amenés et toujours piquants ; Guy de Warwick est pieux comme Enée ; ses compagnons preux et loyaux ; leur morale pure et vraiment chevaleresque ; il y a du merveilleux dans les détails, la divinité même intervient dans le dénouement. Aussi le poète Chaucer fait l'éloge de l'ouvrage en l'appelant un *Roman de prix*. Il en existe un exemplaire dans la bibliothèque Harleienne, No. 3775, mais il est incomplet ; celui de la bibliothèque du Roi, MSS. de Colbert, No. 4289, est sans lacune, et comprend 11,424 vers ; mais il faut observer qu'il renferme aussi les exploits de Hérault d'Ardenne, instituteur de Reynburn, fils de Guy de Warwick, et que dans quelques manuscrits on en a fait un Roman particulier.

“ M. Ellis a publié une version du Roman de Guy, en vers anglais, écrite dans le XIV<sup>e</sup> siècle ;\* il en existe une version en prose française, imprimée à Paris en 1525.

“ Pour donner une idée de la poésie du Trouvère, voici le portrait qu'il nous fait de Guy encore jeune :

“ Guy de Warwick fut apelé,  
 En la Court ert mout honoré.  
 De chevalers et de sergans,  
 Ambur de petits et de grans ;  
 N'ont si petit en sa maisun  
 Ki de luy n'ont riche doun,

\* Specimens, etc. Vol. II. p. 1.

Ne n'ont valet en la regné  
 Ki tant fût amé et prisié ;  
 Pur co ke il est bons et prus  
 Et de bonté surmontoit tus ;  
 A mervoyl l'ont tus egardé,  
 Tant ert beaus et aligné ;  
 Mout se pensa Dame Nature  
 D'en faire bele creature ;  
 Tutes bontés en lui estoient.  
 Et tus de lui grant bien disoyent,  
 De Burdure et d'eskyrmyr,  
 De chevaux poyndre et retenir,  
 Guy de Warwik un mestre avoit  
 Herault d'Ardenne apelé estoit,"  
 Etc.

The earliest and most curious MSS. of this Romance are the portions here printed from the Auchinleck MS., in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. A perfect one is preserved in that of Caius College, Cambridge, (A. 8,) and another in the public library there, (More, 690.)

The printed editions of the "Geste" of Guy are numerous, and abridgments, both in prose and in verse, have been circulated in chap publications with marvellous profusion. A play by "J. B.," (erroneously attributed to Ben Jonson,) entitled "The Tragical History of Guy Earl of Warwick," was published in 4to, London, 1661.

Of the early printed editions, the following are the principal:

"Cy commence Guy de Waruich, chevalier d'Angleterre, qui

en son temps fit plusieurs prouesses et conquestes en Angleterre, en Allemaigne, Ytalie et Dannemarche, et aussi sur les infidelles ennemys de la chrestieneté." Paris, Fr. Regnault, 7 Mars 1525, small fol. Lit. Goth.

Four leaves of preliminary matter, and ninety numbered leaves. A copy sold at the Roxburghe sale for L.33, 12s. There is an earlier undated edition. An abridgment is in the *Mélanges tirés d'une grande bibliothèque*, X. 63.

The next is Copland's edition of the Romance of Sir Guy, which is thus described by Dibdin :

" The text begins thus on the recto of A ij, (A j having probably been a blank leaf :)

"Sithen the tyme that God was borne  
And Christendom was set and sworne  
Many adventures haue befall  
The which that men know not all."

" At the end, ' *Finis. Laus Deo omnipotenti : Here endeth the booke of the moste victoruous prynce, Guy of Warwick. Imprynted at London, in Lothbury ouer agaynst Saynt Margarit's church, by Wyllyam Copland.*' It contains A to Z inclusively, in fours, in the first set of signatures, and A a to L L in the second set ; also in fours, except L L, which contains five leaves, making in the whole 141 leaves, not reckoning A j. The perfect copy of this exceedingly rare volume, which Mr



Beloe mentions as having been in the Roxburghe collection, is now in the library of Mr Heber. It was obtained at the extraordinary sum of L.43, 1s. Mr Heber informs me that this copy had successively belonged to West, Pearson, Steevens, and the Duke of Roxburghe; and at some previous time had been in the possession of Steevens's great-grandfather, (John Steevens,) in whose handwriting (it seems) there is a glossary prefixed. The copy in the Garrick collection is imperfect at the beginning."

At the sale of a part of Mr Heber's library in 1834, this copy was sold for L.25,—a price not so astounding as the former, but still very handsome, considering the *then* depressed state of the bibliomania.

The History of Guy, Earle of Warwick. London, Printed by John Cawood. No date;—4to, in verse.

The famous History of Guy, Earl of Warwick, in Verse, by Samuel Rowlands. London, 1667, 4to. A copy of this at the White Knight's sale brought L.7, 17s. 6d.; and one of the other Editions, London, 1703, 4to, at that of the Duke of Roxburghe, was sold for L.5, 15s. 6d.

In the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS., No. 5243, is stated to be "an oblong paper book of 134 leaves, (besides six of introductory matters, written in two columns, containing a Poem in 26 cantos, on the History of Guy. It has the following title :

*d*

“The corrected historie of Sir Gwy Earle of Warwick, surnamed the Heremite; begun by Don Lidgate, Monck of St Edmundes Berye; but now dilligentlie exquired from all Antiquitie, by John Lane, 1621.” Under this title is the figure of a skeleton robed, rising out of a coffin, drawn in Indian ink. On the coffin this motto,

“Virtus post cineres vivere sola facit.” On the back of the title is a Sonnet to the Author, thus superscribed, ‘Johannes Melton, Londonensis Cives (sic) amico suo Viatico in Poesis Laudem. S. D. P.’

“On the next leaf is a small Chapel in Indian ink also, with Guy in Armour, standing in a niche, and, on the floor, this Couplet:

“Bove all the Knightes that ever were or shall,  
Sir Guy of Warwick bears the Coronall.”

“Then follows an address to his reader, by John Lane. At the end, the Poem is signed, ‘John Lane:’ under which signature is the copy of a Licence to print it, thus expressed,

“The Licence.”

“This Poem, containing a corrected historie of Guy Earle of Warwick, in 87 leaves of large quarto, written by Mr John Lane, hath licence to be printed, Jul. 13<sup>o</sup>, 1617.

“John Taverner,

“As in the original.”

“ The present seems to be the Author’s corrected copy. It is composed throughout in Stanzas of seven lines each, and is certainly a most elaborate performance.

“ The original by Lydgate, entitled, ‘ Acta Guidonis Warwicensis,’ is in the Bodleian Library. Laud. D. 31. f. 64.

“ There is a large figure of a Pilgrim at page 97, prefixed to the 20th Canto, at p. 116, as also a Hermit, in the 24th Canto.”

Two fragments of a French Metrical Romance of Sir Guy, discovered on a half sheet of parchment, which had been used as a fly-leaf to a life of St Thomas à Becket, printed early in the sixteenth century, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, are contained in the British Bibliographer, Vol. III. p. 268.

The following manuscript histories of Sir Guy, which formerly existed in the Royal Libraries of Burgundy, are noticed in the very interesting work of M. Barrois, entitled, “ Bibliothèque Protypographique, ou Libraires du Fils du Roi Jean, Charles V. Jean de Berri, Philippe de Bourgogne et les siens.” Paris, 1830, 4to.

At Bruges, about 1467, was “ Ung livre de papier couvert de cuir jaune, escript en prose, à longue luigne, et au dehors, le Livre du noble Chevalier Guy de Harelwic; guemenchant, Pourceque tous les coraiges des nobles; et le second feuillet, Cy comence le livre du noble Chevalier, et le dernier, Cause avoit esté.”

At Bruxelles, in 1487. “ Ung autre grant volume en papier, couvert de cuir jaune, à deux cloans et cinq bouts de léton, historié et intitulé: **Le livre du noble Chevalier Guy de Warwick**; comenchant ou second feuillet, **Dame moult s’entre-amoyent**, et finissant ou derrenier, **Le 27<sup>me</sup> jour de May l’an mil CCCCLVI.**”

By the politeness of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. of Middlehill, co. Worcester, I am favoured with the very singular fragments of a metrical version of this Romance, printed at his private press from a MS. found in the cover of an old book. As the impression is excessively restricted, and is contained on a single isolated sheet, I have deemed it advisable to preserve the whole here *verbatim*.

## GUY OF WARWICK,

### A FRAGMENT.

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.	.	.	.	in fht		
.	.	.	.	als did I	.	.
.	.	.	.	bald Sir Gy		

## INTRODUCTION.

xxix

. . . . . I moht me na langer defend  
Wiht my lemman gan I wend  
I went awai ay good paas  
Right to nyht they gown me chas  
Til I com at a water brad  
My hors swam over I was glad  
Wen thay com ther they durst noht pas  
Swa dep that ilk water was  
Wot than torned thay ogayn  
My lemman and I went forth aley  
I wend that nicht sicerlyk  
Rest me in thys wod thyk  
Wat for fastyng wat for wakyng  
I fel her down in slumeryng  
My lemman sat by for me  
And my horse bounden by an tre  
Fifteen *koyches* com in a stounde  
Al slap and gaf thay me thys wounde  
I *mun dye* thay of wol I wate  
Swa ic ham in snel state  
Of myself ne hys me noht  
On my lemman es al my thoht  
The theves led hyr fra me  
Thurn thaym mun she honyst be  
Mon haf I talde the  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
Of the Cite some . . . ride  
Thay rad ay ful gret pas  
To thay com thay thayr land was  
Many fel Sarzynn thay sagyen  
Wiht swirdes in thayr hands dragyen  
Al about in the felde  
*They stand* wiht spers and shelds  
Al thay rad wiht sterne fasce  
G. of Warwike for tu chace

## INTRODUCTION.

Thay . . . avanced hym for to sla  
 If they moht hym or ta  
 About hym fast gan they ride  
 To assayle hym on ilka sid  
 Sum hys hors be the bridel tok  
 Thay for their hevedes of he shoke  
 Sum the hand sum the harme  
 Thay ne . . . noht for outer harme  
 . . . . Heraud to Sir G.  
 And hys felaus stouttely  
 Heraud smate ay Sarazyn  
 Hym helped noht Apolyn  
 Swilk ay *dong* he hym lent  
 To . . . . ground sone he went  
 . . . . . hys felus alle  
 Many Sarzyn . . . . thay falle  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . the knyth . . . o gayn . . .  
 . . . . . was the Duke's schwester . . .  
 "Wiste we thou hys felaugh war  
 "We suld bynd the fast into *Sar*  
 "Bothe suld be thar jugment  
 "To hange and *draw* on *favonente*  
 "Ye did ay.wik deed that day  
 "Wen the Osile led away  
 "Defend te nou on any sted  
 "*If thou can then haf es hed*"

\* The five previous lines are cut from the MS., but the two fragments above quoted have been impressed on the opposite side, and have been decyphered by means of a glass.

Thym smate swa on hys sheld  
 That he never myht after *spell*d  
 G. thurug out the bodi hym stang  
 That afterward he lifed noht lang  
 He smat ay nother al to wounder  
 That hys bert cleve ysonder  
 Swa he met the *arid* and te *ferd*  
 That bathe thay fel ded to the herd  
 He tok Sir Terry that was ner slayn  
 And led him to the thorn agayn  
 ¶ Of G. will I now lef my tale  
 And of hys felaugh spek I sale  
 That south him al o bout  
 Of hym afved gret dout  
 In the wod als tay s . . . . Gy  
 Of a womman they herd a cri  
 That mad gret soru and wepyng  
 Thay wend it had ben the ivel thyng  
 Heraud looked under ay hagh  
 Ay fair mayden he ther sagh  
 Sary sighand under ay thorn  
 Heraud hir asked quar she was born  
 Wot she wald hym noht say  
 He tok her and went ham be the way  
 Wen com at hys ostele  
 In a chamber he laid that damysel  
 Wot na dryng wald she nane  
 Swa mykel soru ad she tane  
 G. cums to the thorn thar he was are  
 . . . . . *reht are*  
 . . . . .  
 Of nothyng that . . . . .  
 Then said G. . . . .  
 Wat hys *tat* noys thou *men*  
 . . . . ay fair mayden and gentil  
 Heraud hir broht out of perils  
 For she was doleful and . . . .  
 Heraud *gert* . . . . .

## INTRODUCTION.

G. said *that* . . . .  
 That she . . . .  
 He for hys *faith* that was thar  
 Into the halle before Sir G.  
 Als sone also . . . .  
 Than began hyr soru to ne . . .  
 She fell on hym and said "allas  
 "Thy hert wil paler *sud* to was  
 "W—— was to quyt and nede  
 "Allas for dole quyne war I ded  
 "Wat if ded\* wil me tan  
 "For soru myself than sal y slan  
 "Walyway gentil Terry  
 "That for my luf thou sal di"  
 She kyst hys mouth and hys face  
 And fel in swonyng in that place  
 G. took hyr up als swihte  
 And bad so suld be glad and blythe  
 And said that ay leche hym bithe  
 That he hym wel hel myhte  
 Son after wen he was halle  
 Then began to slak hyr balle  
 Wen hys he hale of his woundes  
 He wendes to play wiht hauk and hundes  
 Then said G. to that knyth  
 "I wal that to me thy trouht plyht  
 "That thou sal luf me and I the  
 "An . . . ed brether that we be"  
 Sone than answered Sir Terry . . .  
 And he Sir G. "Grammerci  
 "Thof I wcest to be slayn  
 "I sal never ald te ogayn  
 "For thou havest broht me *obale*  
 "And mad my woundes hale  
 "Ful wikked halden mund I be  
 " . . . als my hert I lufed te

\* For "Deth."



## INTRODUCTION.

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“ . . . . .  
 “ *Al* that *in* land be thar  
 “ That tay sul be at hym be live  
 “ Agaynes te for te stryfe  
 “ Hys men al day mun be *gadredand*  
 “ And *hours* for soht mun be *skaderand*  
 “ Wha sal ding the cite down  
 “ *Has* to na fors to defend te toun  
 “ And to hafes ay knyth here  
 “ In al the werld ne es hys pere  
 “ G. that hys of Warwike  
 “ *For* soht he wille *the* noht beswike  
 “ And hys felau Heraud  
 “ Ay stalworht knyth and bald  
 “ In thaym thu may the afye  
 “ Thof thay wist for to dey  
 “ To the Soudan then them send  
 “ I waht blethely they wil wend  
 “ Sythen he wil haf thy land  
 “ Wiht werch of hys and  
 “ Byd him to . . . ay knyth  
 “ That for hym . . . . fiht  
 “ And tak thu . . . . to the  
 “ The wilk *tho* . . . . *duhty* be  
 “ *Du* hym swa . . . . and  
 “ That to *wilk* . . . .  
 “ Has in . . . . .”  
 Than he . . . . .  
 . . . . na mare . . . .  
 “ *And hys* . . . .  
 “ *Other cum* . . . .  
 “ Of thy land . . . .  
 “ Than wil he thys war swage”  
 Than answered Sir Hernys  
 “ Methynk thu says gud avys  
 “ *Ger* sone unto me calle  
 “ Myne Barouns hider alle  
 “ If any wil te message gave  
 “ I hald him a baroun brave

“ . . . . .  
 “ . . . . .  
 “ . . . . .  
 “ . . . . .  
 “ Wiht hys *knyth* . . . . .  
 “ And . . . . . hys Sarzynne  
 “ Wiht fors my knyth wene  
 “ I wil grant hym blethely  
 “ Of al my landes the *senthury*  
 “ If my knyth oreum hys tare  
 “ Out of my land that he far  
 “ And wer na mar me ogayn  
 “ Thus I thynk for to sayne  
 “ Wasa thys message wil do  
 “ And cum ogayn me unto  
 “ Wether sa it be knyth or knave  
 “ My luf sal he ever hafve”  
 Wen the emperor had this tald  
 Ther was non o thaim sa bald  
 That answered hym ay word untile  
 Wot as a stan than stud tay stile  
 Up stert Christer wiht the quit berde  
 To spek wiht hym he noht ferd  
 In ay riche bleant was he clad  
 Lang berd to the brest he had  
 “ Sir Emperour understond to me  
 “ For soht I sal telle the  
 “ Ivel chaunce be hym befor  
 “ Be hem ever sa wel born  
 “ That thys counsail the as red  
 “ Fors *hevel* wald be at to sped  
 “ For hyf thou any men thider send  
 “ Thou noht als wel als hym wiht *thy hend*  
 “ Thinkes the noht of Sir Gyfforn  
 “ That was sa nobel ay baroun  
 “ To the Sodan he went *tyn wand*  
 “ Com he never gahen in thys land  
 “ Thar was hys dohti bodi slan  
 “ Nathyng bot hys heued com ogayn

## INTRODUCTION.

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“ And ever sithen . . . durst nan  
 “ Wend in message to the Soudan  
 “ Wiht to wel Sir Hernys  
 “ I ne say it for na cowardis  
 “ For bodi non als mikel fors  
 “ . . . was in my cors  
 “ I wal . . . held . . .  
 “ For to wiht . . .  
 “ If out of them alle  
 “ That stud ther in the halle”  
 . . . under . . .  
 On thys wand . . .  
 Forth he wend . . .  
 . . . and said . . .  
 That he said “ Turne the dor noht  
 “ I ne wald for thys cite  
 “ On thys Heraud send te  
 “ I ne sayd this words but to prove  
 “ Wa to me had mast luf  
 “ Nou I wat by thy corage  
 “ That thu wald du thys message”  
 G. answered wiht gret ire  
 “ I ne sal noht lef sertis Sire  
 “ That I ne wil thider on ay pays  
 “ *The way* to hym as ordeyn ways”  
 He ged out of the palays  
 Hym lued al the . . .  
 They sayd ged at . . . pashion  
 He wiht . . .  
 And he him swa . . .  
 Then he cam ogayn unto the palays  
 Nou hys G. to hys . . .  
 Hys . . .  
 Al thay wald *wiht* hym *afarne*  
 “ Nay” G. said “ I sal you warne”  
 Then said Heraud “ Wiht the wil I  
 “ Be thou thar deed than will I di”  
 “ Nay” said G. “ here sul . . . lend  
 “ For wiht me sal te noht wend”

Hys armes he haskes . . . .  
 Men brougt hym . . . .

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

That to ne *hep ostie* dwel not lang  
 Wen G. wist it was Terry  
 That dohty knyth and *tat* hardy  
 He gret als swiht for pite  
 To *wenge* Terry gud \**wle* had he  
 He tok the sheld als he bad  
 And te swerd that Terry had  
 Hys hors fet wald he noht spare  
 To he cam thar the robbour ware  
 He ged unto thayr loge on ane  
 "Wy haf the traitours yone knyth slane  
 "That lyes yonder under ay thorn  
 "Sham sal the haf thar forn"  
 An ras upwerd wel haf done  
 G. smat hys heved of als sone  
 And thother and the thryd  
 The ferde nakel sam betid  
 Swa leyde he thay into strife  
 Thay tar ne lest he *bet an* en lyefe  
 He fled fast for he was rad  
 Thuru the body ay wound he had  
 "Fair maden" said Sir Gy  
 "I sal te led to Sire Terry"

## INTRODUCTION.

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For that word she was sa bliht  
 That she fel in swonyngs wiht  
 G. raysed up that mayden der  
 And set hyr on ay gud destrer  
 Wan thay com at te thorn  
 Then was the bodi away born  
 For dul and car that mayd fel doun  
 Wot wel hir comforted Sire Gyoun  
 Of theyr hors fet he sagh the *trace*

· · · · ·  
*Wiht* · · · · · Danys · · · · · his neef  
 Many ay Sarazen gut he lef  
 · · · · · hys *mouht* stode *to* have  
 Swa hys enemys he drave  
 Hys hauberk brak with dentes baride  
 That men moht se hys naked hide  
 Al that Heraud moht take  
 He felled thym wiht his strak  
 Alswa did Sir Gyoun  
 He faht tar als a lyoun  
 The King of Chartre they tok then  
 Wiht hym ma then sixty men  
 G. *gert* make gret gynnes  
 For to sla the Sarazyns  
 Thas gynnes was castand  
 Grete pises of Iren wel strycand  
 It was na men that tay come ate  
 That all tu dust thay hym smate  
 Thay kest doun many gret stan  
 Wham sa thay tok he was slan  
 Ay thousand tar they did toke  
 Thuru the stanes that doun shoke  
 The nyht cums and passes the day  
 Many a Sarzyn was tar fay  
 That aker lengthes fyften  
 Na man moht passe I wene  
 That hym behoved on dede men  
 Outher on feet or on heud

*Dyrabel* ay Sarzyn hiht  
 Was newly dubbed to knyht  
 He hys cuen to the Soudan  
 Ay strak thuru the bodi he haftan  
 " Sir Soudan I red we fle  
 " Or eles dede mun we be  
 " Our Godes that we onour ay  
 " Than helpes us ille thys day  
 " To hur herbergh wend we now  
 " At tys tym we do na . . .  
 " . . . . .  
 " . . . . .  
 " *Pale* haf ye quyt me in stour  
 " On you I sal me wreke  
 " Al your bakes I sal to breke"  
 He begynes to dyngge thaym fast  
 Til ay gude stafe myht last  
 He gaf thaym swilk strak  
 That tayr bakkes al to brak  
 " Wy suffed ye my men be wounde  
 " I *hat* thou were then ay hounde"  
 Sum he brynd al on loogh  
 And sum he cest in ay sloogh  
 Than sent he many ay messenger  
 After Sarzyns baht far and ner  
 He bad that na kyng suld be  
 Fra thehen unto the lyvend se  
 That tay after thaym ne went  
 To du thayr lauerd comandement  
 G. says to hys meygne  
 God loved than miht he be  
 Thuru the help of God . . .  
 Wel than haf . . .  
 Our henmys . . .  
 To our . . . wend . . .  
 Our felaw . . .  
 Wer we . . .  
 A on hys . . .

INTRODUCTION.

Wiht alle . . . .  
 And . . . .  
 Thuru . . . .  
 He has . . . .  
 Al hys wille . . . .  
 Wen thys *saugh* . . . .  
 That . . . .  
 Than he smytes . . . .  
 For he mayd . . . .  
 He thynked . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . and telle  
 . . . . d felle  
 . . . . of thy *moigne*  
 . . . . ys that cite  
 . . . . thys day  
 . . . . way  
 . . . . knythes gud  
 . . . . tay war wed  
 . . . . *end* of Ardern  
 . . . . hy fern  
 . . . . hes of Almayn  
 . . . . rayn  
 . . . . enham  
 . . . . elsham  
 . . . . der drogh  
 . . . . noogh  
 . . . . ern up raas  
 . . . . s paas  
 . . . . his companye  
 . . . . ardy  
 . . . . neralle  
 . . . . we do  
 . . . . us to

## INTRODUCTION.

. . . . . pany  
 . . . . . *ein*y  
 . . . . . thousand  
 . . . . . went pryend  
 . . . . . wardes  
 . . . . . als cowardes  
 . . . . . gret dyntes  
 . . . . . par of flyntes  
 . . . . . fast  
 . . . . . werste atte last  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

Wot he fled under ay *licte*  
 . . . . . the dub was far fra  
 He . . . . . weed a bid traytour  
 And defend te of the *feleur*  
 Tet to us did in Lumbardy  
 The Duk com him untill  
 To fiht wiht hym he had gude wille  
 Swa thay thurled thair hauberk gud  
 Out of thayr sides ran the blood  
 Atte last Heraud smat Otoun  
 A quarter of hys sheld fel doun  
 Into the sulder ful sare  
 Alf ay fote tha swerd spare  
 Of thretty knights he had help sone  
 Elles had his life son ben done  
 Thay faht wiht Heraud everilk ane  
 Wiht gud wil thay wald him slane  
 But al the woundes that he had  
 Yet for thaym was he not rad  
 Natheles he was in gret dout  
 Thay had hym closed ale about



## INTRODUCTION.

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Thay mad ful red that har was wiht  
Wiht swerdes that grymelli couht biht  
Wot he defendes hym hardily  
Many a haved he made bloody  
Thar was ay Lumbar riht ner  
Heraud he smat wiht hardi cher  
And Heraud fendes wiht gret payn  
Fo to smite hym ogeyn  
Als he hit hym wiht a strak  
His swerd in the hilt he brak  
“Laurd” said he “wat sal I do nou  
“Defend me I ne wat hou  
“Lever me war to di in feld  
“Than hy me suld to Lumbards yeld”  
Ay Lumbard hym sesed be the brest  
“Traytour” he said “I sal be thy Prest”  
He hym smat swa wiht his *non*

. . . . .  
“I seek *Terri* of Germoys”  
“War to” said Sir Gy  
“Sir I sal tel the *witerly*  
“*Terri* was wiht the Duk Louwi  
“He hym luved and had . . . .  
“He gaf hym armes wiht great onur  
“*Terri was . . . gret Valour*  
“The Duk had a dohter *Seli*  
“That was given to the Duk of *Pavi*  
“Fra the Duk Otoun *Terri* her *reved*  
“That *her in . . . tynte* hys heved  
“The Duk of Loryn gret chivaler  
“Had gadred out of Lumbardi  
“Wiht hym the Duk Otoun  
“Toward Germoys thay *hir al boun*  
“Thay moht destray the Duk *aurun*  
“But yf he may *fynd* Sir *Terri*  
“At help his *fader* for to wer  
“For he ne may nan *armes bar*”  
G. said “Knyth shal her . . . welle  
“Of Sir *Terri* I sal te telle

f

" Sir Terri *praied* G. als hys frend  
 " That he wald wiht hym wend  
 " Cam into hys . . . . *thed*  
 " To help hys fader at hys ned  
 " For hyf my fader be . . . . slan  
 " Or hys landes be fra hym gan  
 " For the luf thou wil noht  
 " Than *hys to noht* . . . .  
 " G. . . . hym soun and . . . .  
 " Help me never mer . . . .  
 " That ilk day . . . .  
 " For any perel that may be  
 " . . . . *baht sheld prosper*  
 " *Give to Almighty* . . . .  
 " After . . . .  
 " Five hundreth . . . .  
 " Al to fiht *than* . . . .  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 . . . .

Before concluding this hasty notice, I may remark, that Seward is throughout, in Mr Ellis's specimens, erroneously termed *Segard*. In his selections from the Auchinleck MS., I have invariably found that Mr Ellis has been supplied by a very careless or very ignorant transcriber.

For the illustrative title-page to the volume I am indebted to the ever-active courtesy of my friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. whose exquisite graphic abilities are their own panegyric.

W. B. D. D. C.

**The Romance of  
Sir Guy of Warwick.**

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PHYSICS 101  
LECTURE 1  
MECHANICS

1. Kinematics  
2. Dynamics  
3. Energy  
4. Momentum  
5. Rotational Motion  
6. Oscillations  
7. Waves  
8. Relativity  
9. Quantum Mechanics  
10. Modern Physics

# Here ginneth Sir Gij.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
His lord he serued treweliche  
In al thing manschipeliche  
Ther was non erl in Ingland  
That to geines him durst stond  
Bot gif he wold be with him at on  
He wald do nimen him anon  
And with strengthe him nim wolde  
Thei he to Scotland suwe him scholde  
His lordis honour he held worthschipliche  
And defended it wele and hardiliche  
Ther was [no] kni[z]t in Inglonde  
That with wretthe durst him astonde  
Thei a man bar an hundred ponde  
Dpon him of gold y-grounde  
The nas man in al this londe  
That durst him do schame no schonde  
That bireft him worth of a flo  
So gode pais ther was tho

Chilke steward hadde a sone  
 Crewe and wise atte frome  
 Al folk he dede him loue  
 For that no man schuld him schoue  
 And riche giftes giuen he wold  
 For that he schuld be fre y-hold  
 Therl Bohand he serued tho  
 As he schuld his kinde lord do  
 Therl him loued swithe dere  
 Duer al other that there were  
 Of his coupe serue he him dede  
 He was preyed to him in euerich stede  
 Therl michel him worthschipede  
 And for his fader loue to him clepede  
 Gij of Warwicke his name was  
 In court non better beloued ther nas  
 So he was among gret lordinges  
 Litel and michel in al thinges  
 Gentil he was and of michel might  
 Duer all other feirest bi sight  
 Al thai wonderd strongliche  
 For his feirhed was so miche  
 So mani godenes in him were  
 Al him preyed ther y-fere  
 Of bordis and turnament þ wis  
 Knightes to hauen and holden of pris

Gij a forster fader hadde  
 That him lerd and him radde  
 Of wodes and riuer and other game  
 Berhaud of Ardern was his name  
 He was hende and wele y-taught  
 Gij to lern forgat he naught  
 Michel he couthe of hauk and hounde  
 Of estriche faucouns of gret mounde  
 It was opon a Pentecost day y-teld  
 Therl a gret fest held  
 At Warwike in that cite  
 That than was y-won to be  
 Thider cam men of miche might  
 Erls and barouns bothe aplight  
 Leuedis and maidens of gret mounde  
 That in the lond wer y-founde  
 Eueriche maiden ches hir loue  
 Of knightes that wer thider y-come  
 And euerich knight his leman  
 Of that gentil maiden wiman  
 When thai were fro chirche y-come  
 Ther alight mani a noble gome  
 Therl to the mete was sett  
 Gij stode forn him in that flett  
 That was the steward sone  
 Therl to serue it was his wone

To him he cleped Gij  
 And him hete and comandi  
 That he in to chaumber went  
 And grete wele that maiden gent  
 And that he schuld that ich day  
 Serue wele that feir may  
 Gij him answerd freliche  
 Sir Ichil wel bletheliche  
 In a kirtel of silke he gan him schrede  
 Into chaumber wel sone he zede  
 The kirtel bicom him swithe wel  
 To amenden theron was neuer a del  
 The maidens biheld him feir an wel  
 For that he was so gentil  
 Gij on his knes sone him sett  
 And on hir fader half he hir grett  
 And seyde he was thider sent  
 To serue hir to hir talent  
 Felice answerd than to Gij  
 Bieus amis molt gramerci  
 And seththe sche asked him in the plas  
 Whennes he cam and what he was  
 Hi fader he seyde hat Suward  
 That is thi fader steward  
 That with him me hath y-held  
 And forth y-brought God him forpeld



Artow sche seyde Suward sone  
 That of al godenes hath the wone  
 Gij stode stille and seyde nought  
 With that was the water forth brought  
 Thai sett hem to mete anon  
 Erl baroun sweyn and grom  
 Gij was bisy that ich day  
 To serue wele that feir may  
 That day Gij dede his might  
 To serue thritti maidens bright  
 Al anamourd on him thai were  
 And loued Gij for his feir chere  
 Therof no gaf he right nought  
 Al another it was his thought  
 On Felice that was so bright  
 Gij hir loued with al his might  
 So michel sche was in his thought  
 That neye he was to deth y-brought  
 He gan to wepe and sore sicke  
 And biment him wel reweliche  
 And grete wonder he hadde þis  
 That Felice so feir a creatour is  
 Ac he no dar his loue kethe  
 No sen hir wel vnnethe  
 He is in so gret thought  
 His conseyt wil he schewe nought

6 SIR GY OF WARWIKE.

Into the maidens chaumber he is y-go  
 At Felice he tok his leue tho  
 And in his way he goth aflight  
 Unto his chamber he went ful right  
 And wepe and made grete wo  
 For he loued that maiden so  
 His men axed him on hy  
 Whi that he was so fori  
 He hem answerd sone anon  
 That swiche iuel is comen him on  
 That he weneth his liif forgon  
 Bote no tit him neuer non  
 In the Court biment was Gij  
 Mani man for him was fori  
 For he was won to serue hem wel  
 And gif hem mani aniwel  
 Now is Gij in gret tempest  
 Sorwe he maketh with the mest  
 Of Felice that feir may  
 For hir loue he sorweth ay  
 And grete wonder he hath þ wis  
 That him so hard bifallen is  
 He acursed the time that hir say  
 Felice with hir eyghen gray  
 Hir gray eyghen hir nebbis schene  
 For hir mi luf is miche I wene

To hir Ichil tellen al mi thought  
 Whi that Icham in sorwe brought  
 Tide me gode other qued  
 I nil it hele for no nede  
 Right to hir that I ne go  
 And schewe hir of mi miche wo  
 Ac now to hir schewen I nille  
 Alas wreche hou may I duelle  
 For mi lordes douhter sche is  
 And Ich his nori forsothe I wis  
 Therefore Ich aught him trewethe bere  
 And neuer more him to dere  
 Gif Ich hir loued and it wist he  
 And he might ouer take me  
 He wald anon mine heued of smite  
 Other heye hong for that wite  
 Other hewe me with swardes kene  
 Gif Ich hadde don him that tene  
 Alas wreche what may I do  
 I loue thing I no may com to  
 Now is Gij in sorwe y-brought  
 Of his liif nis him nought  
 He went and trent his bed opon  
 So man that is wo bigon  
 He no may sitt no stonde  
 Do vnnethe drawen his onde

Best no take slepeinge  
 Eete ete no drinke dringe  
 No may him no man conforti  
 Bot euer his song is wo and wi  
 In so gret thought was he tho  
 And so gret sorwe toke him to  
 Leuer him wer walk and wende  
 And dye in trewe loue bende

Thus [he] lay in grete turment  
 Til that the fest was al to went  
 Swiche an iuel is on him fast  
 That he no may it of him cast  
 He no wil no man his care schewe  
 His sorwes ben euer aliche newe  
 That he no may his loue haue  
 Grete strengthe him doth withdratwe  
 Therefore he seyd Ichil hir schewe  
 Gy peyne is euer aliche newe  
 Of al mi sorwe nis hir nought  
 Ich wold Ich were to deth y-brought  
 Bitide me iuel other gode  
 Ichil it held in mi mode  
 And gif sche wil sche may me spille  
 Ac for al that leten I nille  
 Now is Gy to court y-go  
 A man that is ful of wo

And on his knes he him dede  
 Bifor Felice in that stede  
 And to hir he spac wel euen  
 With a wel queynt steuen  
 And seyde Felice the feir merci  
 For Godes loue and our Leuedi  
 That I the no finde mi dedliche fo  
 For Godes loue herken me to  
 No longer hele I nille  
 Al that sothe tellen I wille  
 Thou art the thing that I most perne  
 Fro the no may mine hert terne  
 Opon al other I loue the  
 I no may it lete ded to be  
 Under heuen no thing nis  
 Noither gode no qued I wis  
 That I for the don I nolde  
 To lete that liif don I wolde  
 Thou art mi liif mi ded I wis  
 Withouten the haue I no blis  
 I loue the and tow nought me  
 I dye for the loue of the  
 Bot thou haue merci on me  
 For sorwe Ichil meself se  
 For wifestow the heuinisse  
 The sorwe and the sorinisse

That me is on night and day  
 Bi trewe loue siggen Ich it may  
 And tow it might with eyghen se  
 Thou wost haue merci on me  
     Felice the feir answerd tho  
 Artow this Bij so mot thou go  
 The steward sone Suward  
 Ich wene thou art a fole musard  
 When thou of loue me hast bifaught  
 Al to fole hardy thou art y-taught  
 Wele thou holdest me for a fole  
 Thou art y-taught to a lither scole  
 And Icham thi lordes douhter bi name  
 Than dostow him wel michel schame  
 When thou of loue bisechist me  
 That I schold thi leman be  
 No fond I neuer man me so missede  
 No me so of loue bede  
 No pther knight no baroun  
 Bot thou that art a garfoun  
 And art mi man and man schalt be  
 Huel were mi fairhed sett on the  
 And I swiche a grome toke  
 And so mani grete lordinges forsoke  
 Erls doukes of the best  
 In this world and the richest

We haue desired aflight  
 That neuer of me hadde sight  
 That wer gret deshonour to me  
 Al to loth mi liif me schuld be  
 Al to sole hardi thou were  
 When thou me of loue bisoughtest here  
 Bi mi trewthe I schal the swere  
 Schal I mi fader the tiding here  
 Thou worthest to hewen uther fordo  
 Bi the be warned other mo  
 Other with wilde hors to draue  
 For thi foly and that wer lawe  
 And other schul be warned bi thi dede  
 And her lordinges the more drede  
 Go hethen sche seyd and vp arise  
 And cum nammore in mi propriis  
 Wel forwefuliche went Gij  
 Into his chaumber al dreri  
 Gij in to his chaumber gan to gon  
 And schett him therin anon  
 Therin he made sorwe anough  
 And his clothes al to drough  
 Under heuen nas that it ne might haue rewthe  
 Of his sorwenes and of his trewthe  
 Of loue he biment strongliche  
 For whom that he loued so miche

Loue he seyde take now mi sore  
 That is dedeliche as I seyde ore  
 Loue of this zongling  
 Maketh me iuel fonding  
 Loue bring me of this wodenisse  
 And bring me in to sum lisse  
 For to reste me athrowe  
 That I might me seluen knowe  
 Sore me meneth for me smert  
 Whiche care is in mine hert  
 Whiche I am y-cast of might  
 Al to fer with vnright  
 Loue me doth to grounde falle  
 That I ne may stond stes withalle  
 Loue doth min clothes done  
 And after me clepeth wreche sone  
 Hou schal I liue hou schal I fare  
 Hou long schal I liuen in care  
 Leuest thing me were to dye  
 And I schal bi wiche weye  
 Deth he seyde wher artow so long  
 Thou makest me I may nought stond  
 Thou makest me out of the way to gon  
 Whi ne comestow to feche me anon  
 Worthi I schal were ded to be  
 I loue thing that loueth nought me



Herkeneth now hou seith the wise  
I schal you schewe bi this assise  
For a sole he schal him held  
That taketh more than he may weld  
To a fenestre than Bij is go  
Biheld the castel the tour also  
Tour he seyde feir artow bisett  
In the is that maiden bischett  
That liueth ther in ioie and blis  
And Ichir loue for sothe I wis  
Tour when wer thou ouer-throwe  
And with the winde al to blowe  
That I might hir with eyghen se  
That I loue more than me  
He ginneth to wepe and soreliche  
His care him neweth euerliche  
Adoun he fel and swonne bigan  
More sorwe made neuer man  
And cursed the time that he was bore  
For now he hath his witt forlore  
Loue he seyde acursed thou be  
To michel might it is in the  
That I ne may the fro me were  
Loue merci thatow me no dere  
Leuer me were for to dye  
Than long to liuen here in eyghe

Alas Felice that ich stounde  
 Thi loue me hath so y-bounde  
 And that I serued the that day  
 Acurfed be that time sepen I may  
 Do bid Ichaue non other mede  
 Bot take mi sorwe Ichaue nede  
 I loue the and tow nought me  
 Euen dole may it nought be  
 For of mi sorwe no hastow nought  
 Alas to grounde Icham y-brought  
 Thou hast the gode and I the quede  
 I brenne so spark on glede  
 Seththe thou me lokedest first to  
 Thou me woundest with a flo  
 Schal I dye for that sight  
 Merci Felice that swete wight  
 Mine hert is ful of venim spilt  
 Of blis no worth it neuer fult  
 Swiche liif ladde Gij likerliche  
 Al that seuennight holeliche  
 His fader was for him fori  
 Sabin his moder biment Gij  
 Therl for him fori was  
 Ther liked non in that plas  
 Litel and michel al and some  
 Biment Gij att[e] frome

Therl dede the leches of sende  
 Of Gyes iuel to wite that ende  
 The leches ben to him y-go  
 Gij thai finde blaike and blo  
 Hij asked him where his iuel stode  
 He seyð for hete he brend nere wode  
 So hot Ich am and breninge  
 Mi sorwe is euer cominge  
 That al mi limes it hath to tight  
 Swiche liif I lede day and night  
 After the hete me cometh a chele  
 That me greueth with vnkele  
 That I were cold as ise  
 So vnkinde iuel it is  
 That al mine limes it wil to te  
 And seththe me cometh swonninges thre  
 For anguis swonne it me doth  
 Twiis or thriis I say for soth  
 Swiche liif I lede night and day  
 Non other wise I no can you say  
 Than seyð that on a feuer it is  
 Pa quod Gij a lither I wis  
 The leches gon and lete Gij one  
 That maketh wel michel mone  
 God quod Gij what schal I do  
 Hou long schal I liuen in wo

That þ no might ded be  
 When þ no may hir with eyghen se  
 That hath al mine hert and thought  
 And þ no misgilt hir neuer nought  
 Bot on that Ichir loue wel  
 And euer more loue schel  
 Gif Ich it hir schewe sche wil telle  
 Hir fader and he me wil quelle  
 Thei he it wist liker aplight  
 More than me he don he no might  
 Gif he me slough it were schonde  
 Schuld þ than for deth wonde  
 To hir for sothe Ichil go  
 And schewe hir of mi michel wo  
 Under heuen is so strong thing  
 So is loue and wowing  
 Now he seyð what for than  
 Thei Ich hir loue blame me no man  
 To warant Ichil drawe atte frome  
 That loue doth me thider come  
 And that loue doth me go to the  
 That þ no may with-hold me  
 With this Gij arisen is  
 And to the gate goth þ wis  
 God quod Gij þ do folliche  
 þ he meseluen likerliche

Mine owen I go now secheinde  
 God he seyð be mine helpinde  
 Adoun he fel a-swounie  
 And when he gan to dawie  
 To the court he seyð Ichil go  
 Be it for wele or for wo  
 To the court Ichil what so bitide  
 Thei gret strengthe me do abide  
 Now is Bij to court y-comen  
 As man that is with sorwe y-nome[n]  
 And into an erber he is y-go  
 Felice findeth therin tho  
 At hir fet he him leyð  
 Al wepeand to hir he seyð  
 Felice now Ich am comen to the  
 And gif thou wilt thou might m[e] be  
 For now Icham within thi loke  
 And thine hest Ichauē to broke  
 For Ich wold thatow seye  
 The sorwe that I for the drepe  
 The strong pine and the wo  
 I drepe for the euer mo  
 Mine hert schal bileue with the  
 Wiltow niltow it schal so be  
 That mi bodi ferli may  
 Bot that wille it lasteth ay

Ther while þ̄ liue loue þ̄ the wille  
 And bot gif þ̄ do Ichil me spille  
 For me no schal it to deled be  
 Ther while that liif it lasteth in me  
 The to loue no mightow me forbede  
 In wo and sorwe thou dost me fede  
 When it worth thi fader y-teld  
 Thatow hast mine hert in weld  
 And he wite that þ̄ loue the  
 Ichot for sothe he wil me le  
 And that schal turn me al to blis  
 When þ̄ schal dye for sothe þ̄ wis  
 Henne forward ne reche þ̄ me  
 Of mi liif whare it be  
 No of mi deth neuer the mo  
 No reche þ̄ neuer where þ̄ go  
 He ferd as he wer mat  
 Adoun he fel alwoune with that  
 Felice stode and loked him to  
 And biheld his strong wo  
 To a mayde sche seyd tho  
 Take him vp in thine armes to  
 And lay him soft on the grounde  
 And sche dede so in that stounde  
 That mayden yede to him wepeinde  
 And Gij wel sore biminde

Bi God of heuen sche seyd  
And Ich wer as feir a mayd  
And as riche kinges douhter were  
As ani in this warld here  
And he of mi loue vnder nome were  
As he is of thine in strong manere  
And he wald me so o loue perne  
He thenke þ no might it him nought werne

Felice the feir answerd tho  
Damisel sche seyd whi seistow so  
Thou art to blame also þ se  
No thing ther mid no painstow me  
Oft thou hast y-herd in speche  
That we no schal no man biseche  
Ac men schul biseche wimen  
In the feirest maner that thai can  
And fond to speden gif thai may  
Bothe bi nightes and bi day  
Of his swouning he vpros tho  
The maiden him tok in armes to  
Felice seyd to Gij thou dost folie  
Thatow wilt for mi loue dye  
Schal þ do mi fader of sende  
I schal him telle word and ende  
That tow dost me litel worthschipe  
When thou me desirest to schenschipe

In his court he schal deme the  
 And al to lime to queme me  
 Gij answerd anon therto  
 God geue that it wer y-do  
 That of mi deth thou haddest wite  
 Of mi liif is me bot lite  
 Bedi Ich am it to vnder-song  
 Be it with right be it with wrong  
 Felice hadde of him gret rewothe  
 Gij quod [sche] thou louest me in trewothe  
 Al to michel thou art afoild  
 Now thi blod it is acoild  
 Ac o thing I grant the  
 More no mightow asky me  
 Ther nis leuedi no maiden non  
 In this cuntre so wide so man may gon  
 And tow louedest hir astow dost me  
 That sche no wold grant hir loue to the  
 Gij seyde to Felice now lete this be  
 Now me thenke thou scornnest me  
 Dis me nought iuel anough y-dight  
 When thou wilt of me no wight  
 Now a sole Ichil be  
 And mi witt chaunge for the  
 Gij seyde Felice now vnderstond  
 For now nil I nothing wond



And thei þ̄ say the al mi wille  
 No hold it for non vnskille  
 No grome louen þ̄ no may  
 Fort he be knight forsoth to say  
 Feir and held to tellen by  
 S[t]rong in armes and hardi  
 And when thou hast armes vnderfong  
 And Ichaue it vnderstonde  
 Than schaltow haue the loue of me  
 Gif thou be swiche as þ̄ telle the  
     When Gij herd that tiding  
 For ioie his hert gan to spring  
 At hir he tok leue anon  
 Into the castel he gan to gon  
 Al so swithe as he it might do  
 Into the court he gan to go  
 Of euerich day him thought ten  
 Fort he seye his lemen  
 And when he feld him hole an fere  
 He went to court with glad chere  
 Michel ioie with him thai made  
 And alle thai wer blithe and glade  
 To therl than went Gij  
 And gret that knight hardi  
 And seyde sir thine armes Ich ar  
 Gif Ich am ther to y-war

Ich am redi hem to fong  
 And the to serue withouten wrong  
 Therl answerd and seyde tho  
 Bletheliche Gij seyththe thou wilt so  
 Therl dede anon aparaille  
 Gyes dobing withouten feyle  
 Wel richelich he dubbed Gij  
 And with him felawes twenti  
 That al barouns sones were  
 For Gyes loue he dubbed hem there  
 That with therl Bohand hadde ben long  
 In his seruise armes to vnderfong  
 It was at the holy Trinite  
 Therl dubbed Sir Gij the fre  
 And with him twenti god gomis  
 Knightes and riche baroun sonis  
 Of cloth of Tars and riche cendel  
 Was he dobbeing euerich adel  
 The pauis al of fow and griis  
 The mantels weren of michel priis  
 With riche armour and gode stedex  
 The best that wer in lond at nedis  
 Alder best was Gij y-dight  
 Thei he wer an emperour sone aflight  
 So richeliche dubbed was he  
 Was no swiche in this cuntre

With riche stedes wele erninde  
 Palfreys coursours wele bereinde  
 No was ther noither sweyn no knaue  
 That ought failed that he schuld haue  
 Now is Sir Gij dobbed to knight  
 Feir he was and michel of might  
 To Felice went Sir Gij  
 And gret her wel curtepyllie  
 And seyde Ichaue don astow seydest me to  
 For the Ichaue suffred miche wo  
 Arme for the Ichaue vnderfong  
 The to se me thought long  
 Thou art me bothe leue and dere  
 Ich am y-comen thi wille to here  
 Gij seyde Felice heye the nought  
 Hete hastow no thing of armes y-wrought  
 Now artow the better neuer a del  
 Than thou wer ere I say the wel  
 Bot on thatow newe dobing  
 And art cleped knight withouten lesing  
 Bot it be thurch thi might  
 Thou no might chalang loue thurch right  
 When Gij herd Felice so speke  
 He tok his leue and gan out reke  
 At hir leue he tok anon  
 And to his fader he gan to gon

And seyd fader vnderstond me  
 Icham newe dobbed as ze may se  
 Duer the se Ichil now fare  
 To win priis and los thare  
 His fader him answerd sone  
 Sone God leue the wele to done  
 And als michel as the nede be  
 Sone schaltow haue with the  
     Suward cleped Herhaud to him  
 And seyd Herhaud frende min  
 With Gij mi sone schaltow wende  
 In gode stede mot ze lende  
 Thou schalt kepe mi sone Gij  
 For he is mi sone and tow mi norri  
 Loke Herhaud that tow him kepe  
 And thine felawes that ben zepe  
 Bothe Corold and Sir Urri  
 On zou I trust sskerli  
 And with Herhaud schul ze go  
 To kepe mi sone from care and wo  
 And hii answerd sone anon  
 Hastiliche sir wil we with him gon  
 Thai weren bothe strong knightes  
 Bold and hardi in ich fightes  
 Gij tok with him what he wold  
 Bothe of sfluer and of gold

To the se thai ben now y-come  
And seyled ouer atte frome  
Thai comen in to Normondye  
Knightfchippe thai sechen on heye  
In Ron Gij taketh his herberwe  
With the richest man of the borwe  
Wete and drink thai hadde anough  
Was ther non that it withdrough  
Sir Gij his ost cleped him to  
And him bigan to frein tho  
And asked him wher the turnament schuld be  
So mani scheldes than seye he  
His ost seyde sir wite ye nought  
Of this turnament that is bithought  
No seyde Gij bi mine wite  
I no herd therof neuer yete  
His ost him answerd snelle  
Of that turnament I schal you telle  
It schal be for a maiden of priis  
Chemperours douhter sche is  
A turnament he hath don grede  
A swithe michel and vnrede  
Ther nis no knight in Speyne  
Al to the se of Breteyne  
That ought y-told with be  
Ther men schal his might se

He that best doth that day  
 Ther he schal winne that play  
 Of euerich londe thider com knightes  
 That strong ben and bold in fightes  
 For who that is gode and snelle  
 As Ichaue herd other men telle  
 Who that ther be of mest might  
 Grete worthschipe he winneth aflight  
 For the maiden þe spac of er  
 Is themperours douhter Beyner  
 He schal bring to the turment that day  
 Wele is him that it winne may  
 A gerkauk that is milke white  
 To him nis nowhare his liche  
 And a stede of gret bounte  
 He no schuld be gouen for a cuntre  
 And twai grehoundes that white ben  
 Swiche no hath men nowhar y-sen  
 And who so winneth the tournament al  
 Bi aither half the priis have schal  
 The gerkauk and the gode stede  
 Bothe he schal haue to mede  
 And the tway grehoundes that gode beth  
 He schal haue that ther best deth  
 And the maiden that is so fre  
 Bot he haue a fairer in his cuntre

When Sir Gij herd that tiding  
Glad he was withouten lesing  
Sir Gij seyde to his fere  
In gode time come we here  
To morwe so sone so it is day  
We wil wenden in our way  
Sir [Gij] his ost a palfrey gaf tho  
For the tiding he teld him to  
Anon amorwe wel erliche  
Thai don hem in her wai likerliche  
Of rideing wil thai neuer stent  
To thai com to the turnament  
And when thai wer thider y-come  
Thei sepe ther mani doughti gome  
Bi feldes and bi riuers ridinde  
Mani a knight thai sepe cominde  
And when thai were thider y-come  
To the turnament thai went al and some  
Out of the rengge thai gun hem dight  
The barouns that were of miche might  
Than axed anon Sir Gij  
To the barouns that oned him bi  
What is he that ich knight  
That out of the renge hath him dight  
With tho armes bright and schene  
Hi answerd anon þ wene

It is a knight of miche priis  
 Douhti he is bi Seyn Deniis  
 Out of the rengge he hath him dight  
 Gif he might finden ani knight  
 That with him wald iusti  
 Therto he maketh him redi  
 Ogaines Sir Gij ther come Gayer  
 To iuste with him he drough him ner  
 He rode to him as a gode knight  
 He semed a man of miche might  
 Gaier smot Sir Gij bifore  
 And thurch the scheld him hath i-bore  
 The launce brak that was wele wrought  
 The hauberck was gode and failed nought  
 Gij afterward Gaier smot  
 To grounde he feld him fot hot  
 The stede toke bi the reyn  
 And lepe vp with gret meyn  
 Now ginneth the turnamint  
 Ich smit on other wel gode dint  
 Thai smiten togider for soth þ plight  
 Eueriche to nim other dede his might  
 Wel mani knightes Gij wan that day  
 Of the maistri he wan that play  
 So mani helmes he to drof  
 That mani man wonderd therof



Sat he neuer so wel no so fast  
 That he no feld him sone on hast  
 The douke Otus of Hauie  
 To Gij he hadde envie.  
 With him he wald iusti  
 It turned him to vilani  
 The douke come prikiand on his stede  
 That certeyne was and gode at nede  
 And Sir Gij on another also  
 Gode knightes thai weren bo  
 Gij thurch the scholder him smot  
 And feld him to grounde fot hot  
 The douke Reyner seye that cas  
 Of Selloine wel modi he was  
 He come als swithe as he might driue  
 Gij to smite he heyed bliue  
 And leyd to him in iuel stounde  
 Gaf thou the douke Otous wounde  
 To wrother hele iuste thou with him  
 He is mi germain cosyn  
 Icham the douke Reyner that to the speke  
 Icham y-comen him to awreke  
 Turn the and iuste with me  
 Bletheliche quod Gij bi mi leute  
 Gij him turned and gan to smite  
 He nold spare him bot lite

He smot the douke on the scheld  
 That it flepe in the feld  
 And bar the douke Reyner faunfeil  
 Duer and one his hors tayl  
 The stede bi the reyn he hath y-nome  
 Ogain to the douke he is y-come  
 Here is thine hors I giue it te  
 When Ichaue nede aquite it me  
 And wele he zalt him his while  
 As gode knight withouten gile  
 I schal you tel feir and wel  
 How he it zald him eueri del  
 When the douk Dtous y-sepe this  
 To-gaines Gij he come I wis  
 Sir knight he seyde I prey the  
 Tel me thi name and whenne to be  
 Sir Gij answerd wel freliche  
 I schal the tel ful bletheliche  
 Gij of Warwike men clepeth me  
 Ich was y-born in that cuntre  
 The douk Lowayn cum with this  
 A gode spere in his hond I wis  
 To Gij he smot with gret hete  
 And Gij ogain to him smite  
 Togider so hard gun thai driue  
 That her speres gan al to riue

Thai smiten togider hard and wel  
With her swerdes of grounden stel  
Church scheld and hauberk also  
Strong fight was bitven hem to  
With that come Berhaud priking  
The douk he met coming  
And of his hors him hath y-feld  
Right long streght in the feld  
With that come the douke Gandiner  
And mett with Sir Corold ther  
Sir Corold smot him on the scheld  
That he feld him in the feld  
He semed knight gode and hardi  
With that come prikeing Sir Arri  
Chan gan the fight to ben aferd  
Of swiche ne haue ye nought y-herd  
No Ich it nought telle no might  
For long dueling þ you plight  
No no clerk vnder sonne  
That the sothe you telle conne  
Bot al the folk of that cuntre  
Seyd that Gij the best might be  
And that other day y-same  
Sir Gij wan that Ich game  
And therefore on euerich a-side  
On him was leyd al the pride

So upon the thridde day  
 The knightes tok her leue and went oway  
 With this com the douk prikeing  
 A gode knight and wele doing  
 Lordinges he seyð herkeneth to me  
 Ichil you telle hou it schal be  
 And who so ther ogain sey ought  
 Of bateyl no tharf him feyl nought  
 Thai seyden al couinliche  
 The dome was gouen likerliche  
 The gerfauk and the gode stede  
 The grehoundes schul haue to mede  
 Bij of Warwike the noble knight  
 For best nob doand in this fight  
 Thus the knightes ben departed þ̄ wis  
 Sir Bij to in y-comen is  
 And dede him vnarmi  
 Of turnament he was weri  
 With that come a seriant prikeinde  
 Gentil he was and wele spekeinde  
 To Sir Gyes in he is y-come  
 And him he gret atte frome  
 Thou art y-chesen chef and priis  
 Of al this cuntre for sothe þ̄ wis  
 For thou hast y-won this turnament  
 þ̄ make the here this present

Fram the maiden Blancheflour  
 That is mi lordes douhter themperour  
 The gerfauk and the stede also  
 And the thay grehoundes therto  
 And zete hir loue with than  
 Bot thou haue a fairer leman  
 Sche that is the tour withinne  
 To day thou might hir loue winne

Wel curteplliche answerd Sir Gij

Sir he seyde gramerci  
 Ich vnderfong this present  
 And thonke hir that it hider sent  
 Hir druerie Ich vnderfong  
 Hir knight to [be] withouten wrong  
 Leue fere he seyde herken to me  
 What that I schal telle the  
 This armes Ichil the giue  
 And make riche while thou liue  
 And al thine feren that be with the  
 Riche giftes schullen hauen of me  
 And do Ichil you grete honour  
 For that maidens loue Blaunchefflour  
 Gramerci Sir Gij seyde he  
 For armes come I nought to the  
 Ac to the maiden Ichil wende  
 And tel hir bothe ord and ende

Blauncheffour that swete thing  
 Ichil hir tel gode tiding  
 The seriant goth and lete Gij thare  
 That liueth in joie and nought in care  
 That swaines Gij clepeth him to  
 Anon he seyde to hem bo  
 This present ye schullen vnderfong  
 And wende therwith into Ingland  
 And present therwith bi mi word  
 Rohant mi kinde lord  
 And when thai herd what he hem hete  
 In her way thai dede hem skete  
 And went the[r]with in to Ingland  
 And therl Rohant ther thai fond  
 The gersfauk and the gode stede  
 The twai grehoundes with hem zede  
 Therl thai made therwith present  
 That Sir Gij wan in turnament  
 And anon thai him teld  
 Gij was the best in the feld  
 And that he was best y-teld bi  
 Of al the knightes of Normandi  
 Therl therof wel glad he was  
 And thonked God of that gras  
 And Felice the feir dede also  
 When the tiding come hir to

And al his frendes eld and ying  
 Glad were of that tiding  
 Now Gij wendeth into fer lond  
 More of auentours for to fond  
 Forth he went into Speyne  
 And after in to Almeyne  
 Ther nas noither turnament no burdis  
 That Gij therof no wan the priis  
 He was out al that yer  
 In mani londes fer and ner  
 And best is teld vnder sunne  
 And mest frendes hath y-wonne  
 Than seyð Herhaud to Sir Gij  
 His maister he was and knight hardi  
 Into Ingland we schul nob go  
 So wele so we may it do  
 For we han ouer al y-be  
 The priis y-wonne in euerich cuntre  
 Gij seyð maister þ grant wel  
 At thi wil be it eueridel  
 Now we han ben her and tar  
 The pris y-wonne eueray war  
 To king Athelston thou schalt aqeynt the  
 Of Ingland that is so fre  
 And with the barouns also  
 So wele thou may it nob do

Gij seyð tomorwe when it is day  
 Wende we wil in our way  
 And when the day is y-come  
 In her way thai ben y-nome  
 Duer se thai gan wende  
 In Ingland thai gun lende  
 Anon thai com to king Athelston  
 Wel fair he hem vnderfenge anon  
 With erls and barouns aqueynt him dede  
 That riche giftes him bede  
 Now is Gij to Warwike fare  
 Therl Bohant he fint thare  
 He welcomed him and his fere  
 For he was him leue and dere  
 And kist him wel sweteliche  
 And of his present thonked him miche  
 To his leman he is y-come  
 And euen forth hirselt sche hath him nome  
 Glad was his fader for him  
 Sabin his moder and al his kin  
 And al the folk of that cuntre  
 Blithe were thai might him se  
 To Felice than Sir Gij is go  
 Sweteliche he seyð hir to  
 Leman he seyð wele thou be  
 Mi liif Ichaue for loue of the



Ded Ich were gif thou nere  
 Thi bodi destrud and leyd on bere  
 When thou thi wille hadde seyde to me  
 Armes þe fenge for loue of [the]  
 And when Ich hadde armes take  
 Thou seyde thou noldest me forsake  
 Thou noldest thi loue wern to me  
 And now Ich am her comen to the  
 Dere leman þe prey the  
 Thi wille thatow tel to me

Felice answerd swithe an heye  
 No rape the nought so Sir Gy  
 Zete nartow nought þe-preyde so  
 That me ne may finde other mo  
 Orped thou art and of grete might  
 Gode knight and ardi in fight  
 And gif Ich the hadde mi loue þe-geue  
 To welden it while that þe liue  
 Sluthe the schuld ouercome  
 Namore wostow of armes loue  
 No comen in turnament no in fight  
 So amorous thou were anon right  
 þe schuld misdo so thenketh me  
 And miche agilt ogaines te  
 And Ich thi manschip schuld schone  
 Wit me euer more to wone

Gij quod Felice forhele I nulle  
 Ac al the sothe Ichil the telle  
 Thou art me leuest of other alle  
 For thi leman Ichil the calle  
 Ac mi loue no schaltoto haue  
 For nothing thatow may craue  
 Er thou perles holden be  
 And best doand in this cuntre  
 That nowhar bi lond no w[a]ter  
 No be founde thi beter  
 And when thou art hold best doinde  
 In armes that ani man mai finde  
 That vnder heuen thi beter no be  
 Bi loue Ichil than graunti the  
 When Gij herd Felice speke so  
 Wel depe he gan to like tho  
 Now Ichot thou scornest me  
 Swiche answer Ichauē of the  
 That I schuld be the best y-teld  
 That be fightand with spere and scheld  
 Swiche no might I neuer werthe  
 To be the best on this erthe  
 Into other cuntres Ichil go  
 For thi loue to wirche me wo  
 For dout of deth nil I nought fle  
 Gif I dye it is for the

Sir Gij of hir toke his leue  
 And kist hir with wepeand eye  
 Unto his in he goth snelle  
 Ther nil he no lenger duelle  
 To therl he wil gon  
 And tak his leue sone anon

Gij him com to court thore  
 And alight atte halle dore  
 And to therl he went tho  
 And schewed him wat he wald do  
 Sir erl quod Gij I bid the  
 Leue to wende gif thou me  
 Duer the se Ichil now wende  
 God to gode hauen me sende  
 Time it is that Ich fond  
 To winne priis in vncouthe lond  
 Al the glader ye mow be  
 Gif we of armes preised be  
 And gif thou hast folk of grete might  
 It is te gret worthschip y-plight  
 For al the more men schal the dout  
 Within thi lond and eke without  
 Sir Gij quod therl tho  
 Failleth the out that I mai do  
 Gold other siluer other heye stede  
 To passe the se hastow no nede

Sir Gij he seyd lete ben al this  
 Anough the worth that the nede is  
 And to pleyn vnder the linde  
 The hert to chacen and the hinde  
 Of al thinges thou schalt haue plente  
 Bileue at hom Sir Gij with me  
 We schul wende bothe y-fere  
 To play bi wode and bi riuer  
 Al bi times thou might wende  
 Hete no hastow ben her a moneth to thende  
 Wiche thank Sir quod Gij tho  
 For sothe so no may nought do  
 His leue he toke withouten more  
 Therl it of thought swithe sore  
 He goth him to his fader tho  
 That for his wending was ful wo  
 Bonfader quod he Ichille  
 For no thing leten þ nille  
 Gif me leue Icham al zare  
 Duer the se for to fare  
 To winne priis and los also  
 So yong man schal in youthe do  
 Long to bileuen in this cun[t]re  
 Dis it nought worth for me  
 For yong man that is mighti  
 In his youthe schal fondi

So that men may him in erthe preple  
 And in eld liue in mirthe and ayle  
 Therwhyles Icham pong and light  
 Los Ichil winne bi mi might

Leue sone he seyð leue that thought  
 Bi mi wil schaltow wende nought  
 Thou schalt bileue here with me  
 Al the blither we wille be  
 Leue sone his moder him sede  
 Thou do bi thi faders rede  
 Soiourne with ous to yer mo  
 I rede the sone that it be so  
 Another yer thou might ouer fare  
 Bot thou bileue I dye for care  
 For we ne haue sonis no mo  
 Gif we the schul now forgo  
 Glad no worth we neuer mo  
 For sorwe schul ous selue lo  
 Gij answerd with that speche  
 Fader God I the biteche  
 And mi leue moder also  
 For hastiliche Ichil nou go

Gij forth goth and thai bileue thare  
 That for him hadde miche care  
 To the se he is y-come  
 Gode winde he hath atte frome

H-comen he is in to Dormundye  
 Knighthschip he schewed on hye  
 Chennes he went in to Speyne  
 Dis turnament non into Almeyne  
 That Gij no hath therat y-be  
 And michel y-preised so is he  
 Chennes to Lombardye he went  
 Ther ben the iustes and the turnament  
 Ther he dede him preyse miche  
 The Lombardes him loued inliche  
 He was large curteys and fre  
 Of miche might so was he

Of an vnsele H may you telle  
 And ye wil astounde duelle  
 As he cam fram a turnament  
 That was biside Bonevent  
 In the bodi wounded he was  
 That sore him greuand no wonder it nas  
 Than bithought him the douk of Toun  
 That vntwraft was and feloun  
 That he wald ben atwreke that day  
 Of Gij of Warwike gif he may  
 For he him wounded in a turnament  
 As Ichaue herd telle verrament  
 Therefore Gij him was swithe loth  
 And wel depe he swore his oth

That he of him awreke wald be  
 Er than he wende out of that cuntre  
 When the douke Dtous y-sepe that cas  
 That Gij so sore wounded was  
 Therl Lambard he cleped to him  
 A knight he was stout and grim  
 And fiftene knightes in his compeynie  
 That were strong men and hardie  
 On a dern stede he dede hem hide  
 Ther as Gij schuld cum ride  
 Lordinges than seyð the douk of Toun  
 Understond to mi resoun  
 Mine men ye beth and to me swore  
 Dmage ye schul me therfore  
 Mine heft ye schul fulfille  
 That Ich you bid with gode wille  
 He to wreken ye schul go  
 Of a treptour that is mi fo  
 That is y-come vp mi lond  
 Wer he thenketh to bring me an-hond  
 Gij of Warwike that wounded is  
 With a sward thurch the bodi þ wis  
 On the halidom ye schul me sweri  
 In the forest of Pleyns that is so miri  
 And ther ye schul you al hide  
 Ther Gij of Warwike schal cum ride

His bodi oliue ye schul me bring  
 And len his feren eld and zing  
 I schal him in mi prisoun do  
 Out no cometh he neuer mo  
 With sorwe [and wo] he schal ther ende  
 Thennes no schal he neuer wende

Sir thai sepd we schul go  
 And al thine hest we schul do  
 Thai dede hem arme swithe wel  
 Bothe in iren and in stiel  
 Unto the pas thai wenten snelle  
 And ther thai houed swithe stille  
 As Bij schuld cum sone  
 Do wilt he nought of that tresone  
 Do of that sorwe neuer the mo  
 That him was comand to  
 For al his felawes that gode were  
 Al he forles hem there  
 And his owen liif he hadde forlore  
 Do hadde Godes help ben bifore  
 Church the traitours that weren her fon  
 That kept hem there for to non

Now cometh Bij soft rideing  
 Upon a mulet ambling  
 His wounde him greueth swithe sore  
 And smert him euer the lenger the more



In pais he wende for to wende  
Ac the traitours Lombardes unhende  
The helmes thai seyen bright schine  
The stedes nyen and togider whine  
God quod Gij we ben y-nome  
Al we be ded thurch tresone  
Sir Gij of that mulet alight  
And asked his stede his armes bright  
And seyde to his felawes snelle  
Dere we schul our deth selle  
Dur deth is now al bispeke  
Bot we ous manliche atwreke  
Ich kepe him selue seththe it so is  
And Ichil while I liue I wis  
So dere so I may Ich wille  
To the treptours mi liif selle  
Sir seyde herhaud tho  
For Godes loue hennes thou go  
For thine loue we schul her dye  
And defende this pas y-seye  
Leuer ous were heron be ded  
Chan thou wer ded in our ferred  
Chan answerd Gij anon right  
As gode knight and ful of might  
Gif ye dye Ichil also  
Nil Ich neuer fram you go

With that come a Lombard ride  
 A modi man and ful of pride  
 Bij quod he yeld the anon  
 He ben ded now euerichon  
 To the douke we han trewothe plight  
 To bring him thi bodi this night  
 With that ich word wel smert  
 Bij him smot vnto the hert  
 No spard he for no drede  
 That ded he feld him in the mede  
 Bi the trewothe I schal mi leman yeld  
 To day no schaltow thi trewothe held  
 Another Lombard he smot anon  
 Church the bodi the sward gan gon  
 No thou treptour no schalt me lede  
 To the douke that is ful of qued  
 To his presoun no worth I forthe brought  
 Herhaud smot another and spared nought  
 Church the bodi his sward glod  
 Ded he fel withouten abod

Than come Corald a gode knight  
 Swithe gode and hardi in fight  
 With a Lombard ther he mett  
 And so wele his strok he sett  
 That his heued fram the bodi flei  
 He yede him laweliche neye

With that come Urri prikeinde  
A better knight no might man finde  
A Lombard he smot tho  
That thurch his bodi the swerd gan go  
So he smot him forsoth to say  
That ded he feld him in the way  
Seththe he seyde thurch no toun  
Schal ye ous lede to no prisoun  
Than might men se fight aginne  
Heuedes cleue vnto the chinne  
Euerich that day that Gij of toke  
Sone anon his liif forfoke  
Sum he smot opon the hode  
At the girdel the swerd astode  
And sum he smot thurch the side  
That might he neuer go no ride  
Was ther non that might astond  
Dint that com of Gyes hond  
So mighti strokes ther wer giuen  
That strong schaftes alto driuen  
Do was ther non in that ferrede  
That of his liif him might adrede  
With that come ride therl Lambard  
A sterne knight and a Lombard  
Urri anon he slough thar  
It othought Gij tho he was war

With therl Lambard he wald iusti  
 And atwreke the gode Urri  
 With swiche hete he smot him to  
 His armour no was him worth a flo  
 Church out his hert the launce he bar  
 Adoun he feld him ded right thar  
 With that him come forth Hugoun  
 That was the doukes nebe Dtoun  
 A knight he was of gret might  
 Swithe gode and hardi in fight  
 Corold he hath a-queld  
 Herhaud anon that biheld  
 When her Herhaud y-sepe this  
 That he down fel and ded he is  
 For his deth he was sorri  
 Him to atwreke he hath gret hy  
 Deuer yete so sorri he no was  
 Toward Hugoun he made a ras  
 Als a loun he heped him fast  
 That his prey wold haue on hast  
 Church the body he him smot  
 With gret strengthe God yt-ot  
 That biforn the Lombardes alle  
 Of his hors ded he gan falle  
 When Dan Ganter that y-sepe  
 To Herhaud he stert wel an hepe

And with his swerd he smot him so  
 That his hauberk rent ato  
 Thurch his bodi that swerd zede  
 Al thai wende that he wer ded  
 When Gij sepe herhaud y-feld  
 To hewen his hauberk and his scheld  
 And of his hors feld he was  
 As ded man lay on the gras  
 He sepe the blod that cam him fro  
 Wonder him thought and seyde tho  
 Thou lording to the B sigge  
 His deth thou schalt wel sore abigge  
 So mot Ich euer word speke  
 Mi maisters deth Ichil atreke  
 And for a couward Ich held the  
 Thou slough him and lete me be  
 Bi him that made sonne and mone  
 Thou schalt it wite swithe sonne  
 That tow schalt it bizelp nought  
 That he is to deth y-brought  
 Gij with spors smot the stede  
 As a man that hadde nede  
 That fire vnder the fet acros  
 Was ther non that him agros  
 With al his might he smot him to  
 Wel euen he cleft his scheld tho

Church his bodi the swerd he thriste  
 Tho at arst fight him liste  
 In the sond he feld him down  
 And bede him Cristes malisoun  
 For that he wald herhaud sen  
 And lete him oliues ben  
 Now is Gij wel hard bifalle  
 H-lorn he hath his felawes alle  
 So fori he is he not what to do  
 He no hath no wight to bimen him to  
 Bot thre Lombard oliue ther nere  
 Upon Gij hastiliche thai were  
 The tway ben hole and sounde  
 The thridde hadde thurch the bodi a wounde  
 Gij that on with his swerd raught  
 His heued of flepe with that draught  
 Than com prikeing Dan Gwiffard  
 A duhti knight and no couward  
 Gij quod he yeld now the  
 It no may no nother be  
 On the erthe lithe thi scheld to dreued  
 Nought o pece is with other bileued  
 And thine helme is alto hewe  
 Thine hauberck to rent that was netwe  
 And wounded thou art thou might wele se  
 Long might tow nought oliues be

To day Ichil yeld the to the douk Dtoun  
And he the schal do in his prisoun

Chan leyd Gij Gwichard þ nille  
To yeld me to the is nought mi wille  
Therwhiles Ichaue mi sward y-grounde  
And mi bodi withouten wounde  
Gwichard smot Gij with michel might  
Dpon the helme that schon so bright  
That a quarter out flepe  
The knight was bothe queynt and flepe  
Dpon his scholder that sward glod  
Of his hauberck it tok a pece brod  
God saued Gij that he nas ded  
Do for that dint hadde no qued

When Gij sepe him so smite  
He was wroth ye may wele wite  
Gwichard he wald fond to smite  
With his sward that wold wele bite  
To him he smot swithe smert  
Thurch the bodi ful neythe the hert  
That gode sward thurchim thrang  
Gwichard wald abide nought lang  
He turned his stede and gan to fle  
And Gij after him bi mi leute  
Gode was the hors that Gwichard rod on  
And so fast his stede gan gon

That Gij might him nought atake  
 Therefore he gan sorwe make  
 Gwichard slepe in his way  
 Toward Haui so swithe he may  
 The douk Dtous fram hunting com  
 And with him erls mani on  
 A knight he sepe cum prikeing  
 His armes to rent his woundes bledeing  
 The douk Dtous duelled athrowe  
 What he hadde Gwichard y-knowe  
 Wele he semed man aferd  
 That hard tiding hadde y-herd  
 With that is Gwichard to him come  
 The douke him ored atte frome  
 Gwichard who hath wretthed the  
 And where hastow in bateple be  
 Where is Gij is he nome  
 Liues or deth do him come  
 Ichil you sigge likerly  
 So michel so I wot of Gij  
 At a ford we him mett  
 And strongliche we him bisett  
 Bot his bodi no nom we nought  
 Ac al to deth we ben y-brought  
 Bot Icham passed as ye may se  
 Bi nebou Hougoun whar is he



Quod the douk Dtous tel me rathe  
 Sir in the sond he lithe and that is scathe  
 And therl Lambard that gode knight  
 Ded he lithe in that fight  
 When douk Dtous herd that  
 Sori he was and nothing glad  
 That he hath his folk forlore  
 For weful man he was therfore  
 Meighe his hert brast for mode  
 For sorwe and zede ner wode  
 When he wist his folk y-lawe  
 And thurch him brought oliue dawwe  
 Now hath Gij miche sorwe made  
 For his felawes he is unglade  
 Allas quod Gij felawes dere  
 So wele doand knightes ze were  
 Al to iuel it fel to me  
 Felice tho I was sent to serue the  
 For thi loue Felice the feir may  
 The flour of knightes is sleyn this day  
 Ac for thou art a wiman  
 I no can nought blame the for than  
 For the last no worth I nought  
 That wimen han to gronde y-brought  
 Ac alle other may bi me  
 Gif thai wil y-warned be

Allas þerhaud mi dere frende  
 What thou were curteys and hende  
 Who schal me now help in fight  
 Neuer no was no better knight  
 In ich fight wele halp thou me  
 Ful iuel Ichaue y-zolden it the  
 For me thou hast thi liif forgon  
 Of the no tit me neuer help non  
 How mai Ich now fram the wende  
 That þ no mai dye the hende  
 Acursed be the Lombardes ichon  
 That slowen the and lete me gon  
 And that thai hadde y-slawe me  
 And leten the oliue be  
 Whatto lete thai me alon  
 Thus Sir Gij biment his mone  
     Allas allas Rohant mi lord  
 That þ no hadde leued thi word  
 Than hadde þ nought y-passed the se  
 Ich hadde bileued at hom with the  
 Thus puel nere me nought bifalle  
 þ no hadde nought lorn min felawes alle  
 Who so nil nought do bi his faders red  
 Oft-sithes it falleth him qued  
 For often Ichaue herd it say  
 And þ me self it sigge may

Who that nil nought leue his fader  
 He schal leue his steffader  
 What for his woundes that strong bledeth  
 What for his sorwe that he ledeth  
 Al for sorwe and for wo  
 Adoun he fel a swon tho  
 When he of swoning vp-stod  
 His feren he biheld with dreery mod  
 Than he lepe opon his stede  
 To an ermitage he wold ride  
 Ermite quod he com with me  
 This hors of priis giue þ the  
 To bodis thou schalt in erthe graue  
 That in this forest ben y-slawe  
 Bletheliche sir than seyde he  
 Wende bifore þ folwe the  
 The bodis him scheweth Sir Gij  
 Bothe Coraud and Sir Arry  
 Seththe he lepe opon his stede  
 Þerhaud he wil with him lede  
 And so he dede likerliche  
 And seththe he was heled softliche  
 Ac no for than Gij wend wele there  
 That Þerhaud to deth y-wounded were  
 Now is Gij thennes y-fare  
 For his felawes he hath gret care

Verhaudes bodi with him he bar  
 For he nold it nought lete thar  
 He went him to an abbay  
 That was bisiden on the way  
 With the gode abbot ther he mett  
 And pitoufeliche he him gret  
 Sir abbot he the haue and weld  
 That made man wer into eld  
 And for the loue of the Trinite  
 Ich the bidde par charite  
 That thou this bodi vnder-fo  
 And feir biry thou it do  
 Ful wele I schal zeld it the  
 And I mot haue hele and liues be  
 Who artow seyde the abbot telle it me  
 Bletheliche seyde Gij bi mi leute  
 A knight Icham of fer cuntre  
 At a pas assailed wer we  
 With strong theues and mani outlawe  
 That mine feren haue y-slawe  
 And Ich me-self am iuel y-wounde  
 I wene I liue no stounde  
 Ac gif I liue I zeld it the  
 The trauail that tow dost for me  
 Chabbot answerd tho  
 Al thi wille it schal be do

Now goth Gij sore desmaid  
 His woundes him han iuel afreyd  
 To an ermite he is y-go  
 That he was ere aqueynted to  
 His woundes ther hele he dede  
 Withouten noise in that stede  
 Wiche he him dradde the douk of Coun  
 So ful he was of tresoun  
 Chabot of whom Ich er-of teld  
 On Herhaud he hadde gret rewthe to biheld  
 He dede beren his body  
 Into a chamber to vnarmy  
 A monk of the house biheld him  
 Bodi and heued and ich a lim  
 Thiske monk forgien was  
 The vertu he knewe of mani a gras  
 The wounde he biheld stedfastliche  
 That in his bodi was so griseliche  
 Bi the wounde he seye **H** wis  
 That to the deth wounded he nis  
 And seye that he him hele might  
 And so he dede ful wele **H** plight  
 Bi the moneth ende at eue  
 Gij was al hole and toke his leue  
 From the gode ermite he went his way  
 Toward Poile also the way lay

To the king he is i-come  
 That him bede mani warifone  
 And miche tresour of siluer and gold  
 Ac Bij therof non haue no wold  
 At ich plas and turnament  
 Bij hadde the priis verrament  
 Was ther non in al that lond  
 That his dent might astond  
 Therfore men loued him swithe miche  
 And vnderfenge him bletheliche  
 Alle gode men he was leue and dere  
 And with hem alle plepe fere  
 Atte king he toke leue tho  
 Into Sessoyne he is y-go

Now he is comen to the douk Beyner  
 That him loued and held dere  
 He him vnderfeng with worthschipe  
 And dede him miche manschipe  
 So long in that cuntre bileued he is  
 That ouer alle other he is praised Þ wis  
 Bij him bithought tho  
 That he hadde ther ynough y-do  
 Into Ingland he wald wende  
 For to speke with his frende  
 For it was ago fif yer  
 That he was last ther

In lasse while than that was  
 Nighit falle mani wonder cas  
 Church cuntres has he hadde y-went  
 Quens and cuntas him hath of sent  
 Ac non of hem he nold likerliche  
 Bot Felice that he loued so miche  
 What for his might and his godenisse  
 For his nortour and his largesse  
 Ther nis knight that so miche preyed be  
 Unto Antiage that riche cite  
 Gij him spedde night and day  
 Into Ingland he toke the way  
 Of Gij Ichil lete now  
 And more after I schal tel you  
 Of Berhaud Ichil telle astounde  
 That wele is heled of his wounde  
 When he feld him hole and fere  
 Of thabot he tok his leue ther  
 His lord Gij he goth secheing  
 Nighit and day him for to finde  
 Toward Ingland he tok his way  
 Crist him saue so wele he may  
 At a pinnacle bi the se  
 Gij seye a man of rewly ble  
 Go in pilgrims wede  
 That was Berhaud so God me spede

Gij him cleped wel swithe to him  
 And seyde wen comestow pilgrim  
 Sir he seyde I com fram Lombardy  
 Of hard y-schaped for the maistrie  
 And Iorn Ichaue mi kinde lord  
 Gode knight he was and bold  
 Bitraid ous hadde the douk of Toun  
 Haue he Cristes malifoun  
 In this wise Ichil go  
 And bid for mi lord euer mo  
 Pilgrim say me trewelich  
 What hete the man thou loued so miche  
 Gij of Warwike was his name  
 A knight he was withouten blame  
 With that he gan to like sore  
 And wepe with his eyghen therfore  
 He him might no lenge at held  
 Gij him gan reweliche biheld  
 Gode man quod Gij for thi leute  
 What is thi name telle thou me  
 Berhaud of Ardern bi mi leute  
 Ich was y-born in that cuntre  
 Fif yer thus Ichaue y-go  
 To seche Gij I loued so  
 When Gij herd Berhaud speke  
 Him thought his hert wald to breke



And in his armes he hath him take  
And gret joie with him gan make  
Him he kist wel mani lithe  
For ioie he wepe so was he blithe  
Hoyl Herhaud maister min  
Do knowestow nought norri thine  
Certes quod Herhaud Sir nay  
Ded he was for mani a day  
He him answerd Icham Gij  
Sir quod Herhaud merci  
Sone so Herhaud vnderstode  
That it was Gij that was so gode  
For ioie he fel aswon anon  
Gij him in his armes nome  
Ther men might se ioie make  
Aither knight for other sake  
Ther was non that it y-seye  
That he no wepe with his eyghe  
    Adoun thai sett hem bothe thare  
And aither teld of otheres care  
Sir Gij hath Herhaud y-teld  
Hou he him ladde out of the feld  
For to birry him at on abbay  
That was bisiden on the way  
And seththen hath Herhaud y-teld  
Hou his woundes weren y-heled

And that mani lond he hadde ouergo  
 To seche his lord with sorwe and wo  
 On hors thai lopen anon with this  
 Unto a cite with ioie and blis  
 Than dede Bij Berhaud bathey  
 And with riche metes comforti  
 From thennes thai went to the douk Hiloun  
 And to him thai ben ful welcome  
 Of her auentours thai teld him there  
 Hou tho was gode that wicke was ere  
 Ther thai maden her dueling  
 Long anough to her likeing

At the douke thai token leue tho  
 For into Ingland thai wald go  
 The douke hem wald lenger duelle  
 Ac it nas no thing in her wille  
 Ther to bileue with him no more  
 And that bithought the douke wel fore  
 Toward Seynt Omer he is y-go  
 Berhaud the gode with him also  
 Toward the se thai token her way  
 So swithe her hors hem bere may  
 When thai ben to toun y-come  
 Her in thai han sone y-nome  
 To a windowe Sir Bij is go  
 Into the strete he loked tho

A palmer he seye cominge  
 Gessailliche bi the strete walkinge  
 To him hath y-cleped Sir Gij  
 And curteplliche gan him axi  
 Wiltow herberwe for it is night  
 For ferther go thou no might  
 The pilgrim answerd Gij  
 Swete sir gramerci  
 Gij doth him than bileue  
 Ferther he no may for it was eue  
 And seththe he badde he schuld him say  
 Sum soth tidinges of the way  
 Gif he herd neye other fer  
 Speken of batayle and of wer  
 Ichil the telle he seyde sot hot  
 Of al the wer that I wot  
 Therof is mani man aferd  
 Of stronger sorwe no haue ye herd  
 Gij seyde to him telle it me  
 For sothe I graunt than seyde he  
     Of Almaine the riche Emperour  
 Reyner that weldeth that anour  
 The douke of Lowayn he hath bisett  
 His men slain and that is vnnett  
 For his nebou that he slough  
 With wer he doth him wo enough

Almost a yer it is ago  
 A turnament ther was y-do  
 The douke Segyn was ther tho  
 That Alowayn bilongeth to  
 With his knightes of his lond  
 Thider come her might to fond  
 When the turnament com to thende  
 The douke Segyn thennes wald wende  
 With that come Sadok prikeing  
 The douke Segyn vnder-secheing  
 With the douke he hadde gret enbie  
 For he was gode knight for the maistrie  
 Sadok was y-hoten that gome  
 Out of Mirabel he was y-come  
 Of turnamens he was praised tho  
 His hauberk was of y-do  
 In sengle armes he was y-dight  
 Þ-preyled he was for a gode knight  
 To the douke he seyð wende tow the  
 Ones thou schalt justi with me  
 As knight that wele alofed is  
 Sone it worth sen Þ wis  
 Sadok seyð Segyn lete me be  
 With gode loue Þ pray the  
 With the to justi haue Þ no wille  
 For Þ the loue and that is skille

And to eken that thou art mi lordes nebou  
 His softer sone so artow  
 Unworthschip it wer to me  
 Gif þ schuld iusti with the  
 Ac go in and arme the snelle  
 And þ com anon þ nil nought duelle  
 Seyd Sadok to arwe artow  
 When ones iusti no darstow now  
 Now Ichil the for a couward held  
 And for a knight vntwraft in feld  
 Bot thou wilt with me iusti  
 Ichil the don a vilani  
 Hennes forward war the fro me  
 Chi dedliche so Ichil now be  
 Now Sadok smot to Segyn  
 And nothing he no spared him  
 Sadok toforn hath him smete  
 Of his scheld a quarter with gret hete  
 That he him wounded thurch that arm  
 And he him wrethed for that harm  
 So strong is that strok y-giue  
 That his helme is al to driue  
 The douke him wreththed for that smite  
 And was ful wroth ye mow wele wite  
 And thurch the bodi he Sadok smot  
 That ded he fel down fot hot

With that he is out of the place y-went  
 For ther was giuen a sorweful dent  
 With him he dede that bodi lede  
 Unto an abbay and biri it dede  
 The douke Segyn anon right  
 Into the cite of Arrascoun him hath y-dight  
 Ther in he holt him soiourninge  
 For dred of themperours cominge  
 And when themperour herd this cas  
 That his nebou y-slawe was  
 Duer al his lond his hest he bede  
 To com to him for gret nede  
 And when thai al i-comen beth  
 The douke of Lowayn he sege deth  
 No wil he neuer thennes come  
 Er the douke be ded or nome

When the pilgrim hadde al y-teld  
 Gif him herkened and biheld  
 He stont and bithought him yerne  
 Whether he forth go other ogain terne  
 He seyde to herhaud what rede  
 Sum gode conseyl gif thou me  
 Gif we forth in our wai go  
 Other to the douke him socour to do  
 That tow me redest don I wille  
 Thi conseyl forsake I nille

Than seyde Herhaud I wis  
 I gif conseil and gode it is  
 Hem to helpe men schul spede  
 That to help han gret nede  
 For los and priis thou might ther winne  
 And manschip to the and al thi kinne  
 Sir Herhaud quod Gij the gode  
 Thiske Lord that died on rode  
 The blisse and saue the  
 For gode conseil giftow me  
 Gij him graithed and made him pare  
 Into Loreynie for to fare  
 And with him other fifti knight  
 In feld the best that might fight  
 H-comen thai ben to Arascoun  
 To the douke thai ben welcom  
 In the cite thai han her in y-take  
 Gani wer blithe for her sake  
 Gij bi the morwe aros tho  
 Right to chirche he is y-go  
 Gatings and masse he herd there  
 And seththe went hom with his fere  
 Bi the strete he seye miche folkerne  
 Hemself to were thai most lerne  
 Sir Gij to his ost sede  
 What is al this so God the rede

Bele oft þ bidde say thou me  
 What may al this erning be  
 Sir Ichil the telle than sepd he  
 No word nil Ich lyze the  
 It is themperours steward  
 A gode knight and no coward  
 Anon to Speyne his better nis  
 And with him gret compeynie þ wis  
 An hundred knightes gode of ker  
 Her better no may wepen ber  
 The cite thai han bisett  
 Gif ani knight be out y-mett  
 He no mai nought passe vn y-nome  
 Other y-slayn atte frome

Than sepd Gij lordinges knight  
 Ogains hem we wil ous dight  
 Sone thai ben in the way y-don  
 The steward seth hem anon  
 Thidertward he him dight  
 Al so a knight of gret might  
 His armes than he ginneþ right  
 Ogaines Gij he ritt aflight  
 Anon togider thai gun smite  
 Aither spard other bot lite  
 Gij the steward so hard smot  
 Of his stede he feld him fot hot



Then he smot him with his sword broun  
A quarter of his helme adoun  
Thurgh grete strengthe he him wan  
And hom with him ladde him than  
When the Almaines that y-seye  
That strong wer and of fight seye  
Her lord nomen in that fight  
Dwai thai priked with al her might  
Ther was thirled mani a scheld  
Mani a knight lay in the feld  
Gij is ogain went wel sone  
And al his feren midydone  
The Lombardes thai leggen fast opon  
Nil thai spare neuer on  
When the knightes of that cite  
This dede alle y-seyghen he  
To army he wel fast hy goth  
Gij wel gode socour hii doth  
And seththen thai went forth aright  
And Gij socourd ful wele aplight  
Swiche strokes men might ther se  
Togider smiten tho knightes fre  
Bothe with launce and with sword  
Thai giuen mani strokes herd  
Ther might men se stray the steden  
So mani knight cri and greden

That wer thurch the bodi wounde  
 And ded fellen on the grounde  
 Michel him pepned Sir Gij  
 And perhauð of Ardern likerly  
 This Almayns thai han ouercome  
 Sum y-lawe and sum y-nome  
 Than Sir Gij anon right  
 Into the cite he him dight  
 Bothe he and his ferred  
 The prisouns with hem thai lede  
 Into the cite thai ben y-gon  
 And to her innes thai wenten ichon  
 Proude thai ben alle and some  
 That the Almainis ben ouer come  
 When the douke y-herd this tidinge  
 For blis his hert bigan to springe  
 That Gij of Warwike was y-come  
 And hadde the steward y-nome  
 On his stede he lepe anon  
 To Gyes in he is y-gon  
 Gij he seyð thou art welcome  
 As of the warld the best gome  
 To forn al other Ichaue desired the  
 God y-thanked mot he be  
 That tow art come with me to ben at nede  
 For now Ich worth the more loued and drede

Al of mi dedelich fo  
 That al this lond hath brought in wo  
 Sire and lord now Ichil make the  
 Of mi court and of mi cite  
 Mine castels and mine londes therto eke  
 And hennes forward þ the bileke  
 Thatow the worthschipe vnderfo  
 And thine hest therof thou do  
 Bi thi conseyl Ichil nob don  
 For to greue mi dedli fon  
 Wel curteplliche answerd Gij  
 And seyd Sir gramerci  
 Bi mi might Ichil help the  
 On ich stede where that y-be  
 The steward he zelt him than swithe  
 Of whom that he was glad and blithe  
 Thurch him he wende acorded be  
 Of themperour his lord so fre  
 Bitvene hem thai tolden tale  
 Of her gode frendes fale  
 Now sent Gij his londes about  
 Zepe men withouten dout  
 To cuntres that he hath thurch went  
 Grete frendes he hath of sent  
 Of barouns and of knightes beld  
 The best that might wepen weld

Bi hundred and bi thousinde  
 That al wil ben his helpinde  
 The castels and the borwes that lorn were  
 The douke ogain wan hem there  
 Church Gyes help and his ferrede  
 That wele wer helpeand at nede  
 Bi him and bi his conseyl also  
 That thennes forward him trewethe wil do

When themperour y-herd this  
 That Gij to the douke y-comen is  
 And that he hath his men ouercome  
 B-lawe and his steward nome  
 Wroth and sori he is therfore  
 That he hath so his men forlore  
 To his barouns than he sede  
 Lordinges what schal me to rede  
 Neuer no worth Ich glad no blithe  
 Bot Ich be atreken swithe  
 Of Segyn and Gij that is our fo  
 That mi folk hath brought in wo  
 Sir the douke Pauil sede  
 Therof tharf the haue no drede  
 Ar the thridde day worth to ende y-brought  
 That play worth wel dere abought  
 For of thine folk take we wille  
 That gode ben and snelle

The best doand at swiche nede  
 With scheld and spere armed on stede  
 Of Sessoine the douke Reyner  
 And the constable Gandiner  
 And Ich with hem wil be  
 And gret ferred lede with me  
 To Arascoun we schul fare  
 Gif we the douk finde thare  
 Bot we the treptours the yelde  
 We wil thatow in prisoun ous held  
 Theemperour answerd þus  
 A gode conseyl so is this  
 Sir douk Reyner thou schalt go  
 And thou constable also  
 Al so schal the douke of Hauie  
 With his grete cheualrie  
 To Arascoun that gode cite  
 The douke and Gif bring to me  
 Who so to me bring hem to  
 Mi loue he schal haue for euer mo  
 Sir thai seyde we willen go  
 Al thine heft for to do  
 Now hij han her way y-nome  
 To Arascoun thai ben y-come  
 When thai of the cite wist hem thare  
 Dgaines hem thai dight hem zare

Hastiliche to armes thai ben y-go  
 Knightes and squiers with hem also  
 When thai wer al redi  
 And wele y-dight in her parti  
 The douke cleped Berhaud him to  
 And swetely seyde to him tho  
 Sir Berhaud thou schalt afong  
 Four hundred knightes wight and strong  
 Thou schalt gif the first asaut  
 Upon the Almaundes Sir Berhaud  
 And thou Sir Gij an hundred to the  
 Of mi londe that best be  
 And gif that Berhaud haue nede  
 Him to help thatow spede  
 And Ichil com withouten delay  
 With al the strengthe that I may  
 Togider with hem we schul fight  
 And hem ouercom thurch Godes might  
 As Ichauē seyde loke ze don  
 And goth and asailleth hem anon  
 Berhaud ginneeth hem to asaili  
 That fight he wil comenci  
 Of the douk Otous Berhaud is vndernome  
 In the alder first scheltrome  
 His so he is euen forth his might  
 For he it hath deserued thurch right

Berhaud him leyd Otous of Paue  
 Underfond tow of that felonie  
 That tow in Lombardi ous dedest  
 When thou mi lord betreydest  
 Wele we schul therof awreke be  
 Gif God wil er the sonne down te  
 Otous answerd thou lert on me  
 And that I schal sone kithe the  
 Gret scorn is here so I go  
 I warn the Icham thi fo  
 Togider thai smiten with gode wille  
 That bothe of her hors adoun felle  
 And after thai drough her swardes newe  
 With gret envie togider thai hewe  
 The douk him wereth mightliche  
 Berhaud him asailleth strongliche  
 Church the feld he goth him driueinde  
 With that com his folk prikeinde  
 And her lord rescuweth there  
 Berhaud to nim angwisous thai were  
 Berhaud . . . . .  
 With th . . . . .  
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 To the douke . . . . .  
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 Aruend he . . . . .  
 With londe . . . . .  
 To the douk . . . . .  
 Thou fals wr . . . . .  
 Wel litel thou . . . . .

Dr Ichil telle themperour  
 He han y-don him gret deshonour  
 When ye for a fewe men  
 Schul so sone oway fien  
 Thai turned hem anon right  
 And bigun a newe fight  
 Al togider thai gun smite  
 Slemblant of loue thai kidde bot lite  
 Heteliche to him smot Gyoun  
 His scheld nas nought worth a botoun

Do his twifold armes halp him nought  
 That in Loreyn weren y-wrought  
 Strokes hij togider deden þ̄ wis  
 On helmes and on bright scheldes  
 So hard thai striken hem bitvene  
 That gode stones fallen ther ben  
 Aither semed a loun of mode  
 So hard thai smiten with swordes gode  
 With him smot the douk Segyn  
 No lenge might he withhelden him  
 Togider thai smiten hard and wel  
 With brondes wele wrought of stel  
 With that come prikeinde Tirri  
 Of Gurmoise therl sone Aubri  
 Wel sternliche he smitt a knight  
 That ded he fel anon right  
 So sone so douke Segyn seth this  
 Wel wroth he was with him þ̄ wis  
 Wrothlich he seyð to Gij  
 Here is gret scorn likerly  
 When that o lepi knight  
 Schal ous do so michel vnrighht  
 And than with his saut owai fien  
 Gij answerd turn we ogen  
 And hardiliche aseyl we hem  
 Anon turn we ogen

The Almauns thai go to asayl  
 With gret strengthe in batayl  
 Sorweful of hem was the meteinge  
 With brondes of stiel wele kerueinge  
 Anon the Almaundes gin fen  
 And the other turnen ogen  
 The douk Segyn ogain come  
 Right to his cite the way he nome  
 And Bij afterward with him is go  
 And eke his feren also  
 With hem thai habben her prisouns  
 Doukes erls and barouns  
 Wel glad and blithe than ben he  
 And al that weren in that cite  
 To her innes thai ben y-gon  
 Wel glad ben hij euerichon  
 The douke goth into the tour  
 His prisouns he doth gret anour  
 Therl Reyner of Selloine  
 And therl Gandiner of Coloyne  
 And with hem the steward  
 That gode knight was and wel y-herd  
 With him eten he hem dede  
 And more than himself hem worthschipede  
 The douke his foster cleped him to  
 The fairest maiden thar might go

The prisouns thou nim to the  
 In thi chaumber with the to be  
 In thi chaumber kepes me  
 This gentil knightes hende and fre  
 And ouer alle other the douke Repner  
 In hert he is me les and dere  
 Sir sche seyð Ichil so  
 Hem to kepe mi might I do  
 At the riche emperour fre  
 Of this comberment nist he  
 With a knight he pleyd atte ches  
 Of Hungri that he loued I wis  
 With that com Cirri prikeinge  
 In his felt his brond bereinge  
 His hauberck was al to tore  
 And his nase abaled bifore  
 Thurch his bodi the blod ran  
 Cirri made no semblaunt of than  
 His strong scheld alto hetwen was  
 Dought a fot hole of ther nas  
 Emperour he seyð vnderstond to me  
 Hard tidinges may I telle the  
 Of thine barouns that y-nome be  
 No schal thai neuer com to the  
 Sum be ded and brought to grounde  
 And sum be nomen and sum be wounde

þ-nomen is the douk Reyner  
 And the constable Gandiner  
 The douke of Paue wounded is  
 With a swerd thurch the bodi þ wis  
 Of the deth he drat him sore  
 Hele no worth him neuer more

When themperour herd tho  
 What therl Tirri seyð him to  
 Wel sori he was and wroth therfore  
 That neyghe he hath his witt forlore  
 þ-sworn he hath a wel gret oth  
 Bi God Almighty al for-soth  
 That neuer blithe no worth he  
 Al what that cite þ-nomen be  
 And that the traitours ben þ-slawe  
 Other for brent other þ-slawe  
 His heste he dede cri anon  
 His men to arm hem euerichon  
 His scheltromes anon he dight  
 And redi thai ben al to fight  
 The feldes thai ben sone ouergon  
 That were the tounes bisiden on  
 Al what hii comen to the cite  
 Gaier than forth zede he  
 With fif hundred armed knightes  
 Hardi and wele doand in lightes

Tho that weren in the cite  
 On the Almaynes bihelden he  
 And sepe the cuntres and al the feldes  
 With white hauberkes and with scheldes  
 The douke him com forth with that  
 Wele y-armed on stede he sat  
 Gif he seyde what schal we do  
 Gif we go and smite hem to  
 Or we gon our walles to were  
 That the Almayns ous nought dere  
 Than spak Sir Gif fot hot  
 Wele schaltow forsothe I wot  
 Nim we now an hundred knightes  
 And go asayl hem anon rightes  
 Bifor the cite I se stond here  
 Gaier themperour sone Repner  
 And fif hundred knightes in her ferred  
 Wele y-armed on hepe stede  
 Biforn her oft thai ben y-comen  
 Angwifous ous to nimen  
 And gif we habbeth grete nede  
 Ogain-ward we mai ous spede  
 Anon thai nomen an hundred knightes  
 Hardi and of most mightes  
 Thai wenten out of that cite  
 Wel modi men weren he

With the Almauns thai wil iusti  
 Nil hii nought with hem acordi  
 Togider thai smiten hard and swithe  
 Of hors thai fellen mani a lithe  
 Sir Gij him smot to Gaier  
 And feld him doun of his destrer  
 And seththen he wan him in that fight  
 The other oway flouen anon right  
 Toward the ost thai flouen snelle  
 The hete was swithe strong withalle  
 Mani thai nomen and bounden fast  
 And ladde into the cite on hast  
 When thai of the ost y-seye this  
 That her folk ouercomen is  
 And that was in that fight y-nome  
 Gaier that was themperour sone  
 Than hastiliche the ost ichon  
 Opon Segyn thai smiten anon  
 Ther bigan a newe fight  
 What thurch died mani a knight  
 On aither side mani on dyed þ wis  
 Ac the douke wers bifallen is  
 For miche of his folk he les  
 Al aunteouliche ther he comen wes  
 Thurch pride than ferd he  
 Fram his ost and fram his cite

Wele hii deden no the les  
 He and Gij that mighti wes  
 And with hem Berhaud of Arderne  
 To hem thai smiten swithe perne  
 With that com prikeing Cirri  
 That gode knight was and hardi  
 To the douk Segyn he smot  
 And of his hors feld him fot hot  
 At the douk anon by stert  
 As he that was agremed in hert  
 And out he drough his sword of stiel  
 And defended him swithe wel  
 Whom that he raught ded he fel  
 Strong knight he was hardi and snel  
 Ther he defended him asperliche  
 The Almaunis him asayl hastiliche  
 B-loken he was hem amidwerd  
 To him thai launced bothe spere and sword  
 In mani stede wounded is he  
 Wele he werthe him thei he sailed be  
 When Gij sepe the douke of fot  
 For sorwe no wist he no bot  
 Wel hardiliche he smot a knight  
 That ded he feld him anon right  
 His sword of stiel he hath by plight  
 And smot so another knight



That afailed the douke Segin  
 That heued sone binam him  
 And seththe he sett him his stede opon  
 And fast hii afailed her son  
 Thennes nil hii neuer gon  
 Er hii han slawe mani on  
 Sir douk seyde Gyoune  
 Understond to mi resoun  
 To the cite ogain we wil go  
 Ful wele we may it now do  
 A thousand ther beth of armed knightes  
 That sone with ous wil holde fighthes  
 And we here lenger duelle  
 For soles we schullen ous telle  
 Into her cite thai ben y-gon  
 Togider thai asembled hem ichon  
 And at the alours thai defended hem  
 And abiden bataile of her fomen  
 When themperour y-herd this  
 That his sone y-nomen is  
 With loude steuen than hete he  
 His folk asayl that cite  
 With schot of bowe and alblast  
 With swerdes speres schete and cast  
 With laddren stepe that couthe best  
 The cite to asail haue thai no rest

With stones and mangunels fast to cast  
 The fair walles alto dast  
 And hii within fended hem wele aflight  
 And hii withouten zeld hem gret fight  
 The Almayns that ilke day there  
 With gret sorwe y-slawe were  
 Strongliche thai asail the cite  
 Ac that day nothing no speden he  
 At euen thai withdrough hem ogan  
 Chemperour was therfore a fori man  
 That he nought of that cite spede  
 Do atwreken him for no nede  
 The cite ich day what night  
 Thai asailed with gret might  
 Ac the douk Gij and Berhaud  
 Oft hem maketh mani asaut  
 And miche of his folk than slough hii  
 Whatfore he was in hert fori

Lordinges listeneth to me now  
 Of a tresoun Ichil telle you  
 It was opon a somers day  
 Chemperour hadde eten soth to say  
 His huntres he of sent tho  
 And seyde he wald on hunting go  
 Into the forest erlike  
 That the douk Segyn nought no wite

In his knightes neuer the mo  
 That him herd a spie tho  
 That out of that ost dede him fast  
 To the douke Segyn he com on hast  
 The douke Segyn ared him snelle  
 What newe tidinges he couthe telle  
 Sir quod [he] herken to me  
 Gode tidinges I telle the  
 That themperour likerliche  
 Wille huntte to mortwe arliche  
 In his forest priueliche  
 With litel folk and nought with miche  
 With also litel als he may  
 I no gabbe nought for sothe to say  
 Than he had seyde thus to Segyn  
 Bi Seyn Richer leue frende mine  
 Seyde the douke and it so be  
 An hundred besauns gif I the  
 The spie seyde sothe I sigge  
 Bi bodi therfore in ostage I legge  
 Than hath the douk y-cleped Gij  
 And Berhaud of Arderne likerlii  
 Dan Belin and Dan Ganter  
 And the thridde Dan Holdimer  
 And Joceran that was of Speyne  
 Was non wiser into Almayne

A gode conseyl for to giue  
 Therfore he was michel to leue  
 Lordinges he seyde what rede ye  
 Seththe that ye be sworn to me  
 What is ous best for to done  
 Of our king Reyner telle me sone  
 Gif to him answerd snelle  
 The best rede Ichil the telle  
 Knightes we schul han a thousnde  
 And bi the morwe gif we him finde  
 Ichil him bidde with hert fre  
 That he wil acord with the  
 And that he cum with the at ete  
 And gif he seyth ought with hete  
 That he it wil graunt for no thing  
 Hider we schul bring the king  
 And thou schalt here bileue now  
 Dpon thi lord go no schaltow  
 Chi palays thou schalt graythi  
 And riche metes dight redi

The douk answerd anon right  
 So help me God ful of might  
 Also thou wilt thou schalt do  
 With that is Gif thennes y-go  
 In to the way he dede him anon  
 Ther themperour schuld forth gon

Chemperour bi the mortwe aros  
 Into his forest he rideth and gos  
 A gret bore thai founden þ̄ wis  
 And hii vncopled her houndis  
 Her hornes thai blewe loude and stille  
 Her houndes vrn with gode wille  
 Chemperour biheld sone with than  
 Unto a dicke that water in ran  
 He seyð y-treyst we ben here  
 Sir Cirri mi frende dere  
 Do lestow you that yonder ride  
 Knightes thai ben of gret pride  
 On ich halue bifett we beth  
 Dis her nought bot the deth  
 Felawes thai be the douke Segyn  
 Whom that God gif iuel fin  
 Gij of Warwike ther þ̄ sey  
 Þ̄-armed on his stede an hey  
 Sir emperour quod Cirri anon  
 For the rode loue that God was on don  
 Ich the bidde hennes go now  
 For Godes loue no lenge bileue thou  
 And Ichil here bileuen ay  
 And gif Ich Gij mete may  
 With meschaunce þ̄ schal him gret  
 And al his feren that þ̄ mete

Ar Ich be ded or nomen be  
 Thou schalt passe al this cuntre  
 Theemperour seyð for sothe y nille  
 Here Ichil with you duelle  
 Hastiliche thai armed hem anon  
 And lepe her gode stedez opon

With that come Gij prikeinde  
 And a smal twige in his hond bereinde  
 Of oliue in token of pais  
 To theemperour he grad as curteys  
 And seyð God that alle thing may se  
 Sir emperour so loke the  
 Thiselue and al thi meyne  
 That in place with the be  
 The douke Segyn the sent bi me  
 That trewothe and loue he wil to the  
 And biddeth the als his lord dere  
 Theselue and alle thine fere  
 That with ye ben togider here  
 That ye come to him to the dinere  
 And his gode cite he wil the yelde  
 With al his castels he hath in welde  
 And gif he haue don ogain skille  
 He wille amende it to thi wille  
 When theemperour herd him speke so  
 And so gret loue bede him to

The king of Hungrie he cleped tho  
 And Sir Tirri he dede also  
 Lordinges he seyde what schal we do  
 Bede ye that we thider go

. . . . .  
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Sir emperour what hastow do  
 Is the acord made bitven you to  
 Astow the douke Segyn y-kist  
 The strong traitour and vntwrest  
 And hath forgif al in lone  
 Sadok deth thi suster sone  
 That the wil dred say me on  
 The misdo thai willen ichon  
 When her wretthe and her gilt  
 So lightliche forgif thou wilt  
 Hennes forward wil the dred non  
 Schame anough thai wil the don  
 And gif thou haddest the douk anhong  
 In thi lond men wil the dred strong  
 And than afterward the treptour Gij  
 That neuer dede ous bot vilayni  
 Ac now thai worth with the priue  
 And better than alle we

And topen al this gif Gij wer ded  
 We mighten haue the lesse dred  
 When Gij herd Dtous speke so  
 Als a wilde bore he lepe him to  
 Dtous quath Gij thou schalt dape  
 When thou of treloun clepes ous bape  
 Bothe Segyn and eke me  
 Thou it schal abie bi mi leute  
 Him he smot with his fest  
 Amide the teth right al in earnest  
 Ac the barouns bitbene hem goth  
 And themperour swore his oth  
 Gif ani ther were so hardy  
 That dede other schame other vilanie  
 Bren men him scholde other to hewe  
 Other al to hewe at wordes fewe  
 Than doth thai crie thurch the cuntrape  
 That of tho wordes no man schuld sape  
 And gif ther doth withouten no  
 Bond other fot he schal forgo  
 Than seyde themperour on this maner  
 To the douke Segyn oforn hem ther  
 Sir douke Ichil loue the  
 Wiif thou schalt haue bi me  
 A feir foster Ich haue in mi bour  
 Ichil the gif quath themperour



Erneborwe hat that may  
 Anon he hir spoused that day  
 The bridale was holden with game y-plaint  
 Neuer yet nas non fairer in sight  
 He loued hir and worthschiped swithe  
 To his cite he ladde hir sithe  
 He and Erneborwe his leuedi  
 Ther hii wold sojornij  
 Anon after the tende day  
 Of her sojourn sothe to say  
 Gij is to the douke y-go  
 And at him asked leue tho  
 Sir douk he seyde gon Ich ille  
 In this cuntre bileue I nille  
 In wer Ich haue serued the  
 Gif thou haue euer eft nede to me  
 After me thou sende likerliche  
 And Ich com to the hastiliche  
 Sir quath the douk gramerci  
 Hete haue I nought serued the Sir Gij  
 Here Ich bid the bileue with me  
 Half mine castels and half mi cite  
 The worthschip of Lowayn haluendel  
 Ich it the graunt Gij fair and wel  
 Gij toke his leue oway went he  
 The douke wepe sore and hadde pite

Chemperour that was so fre  
 With him Gij than ladde he  
 Castels him bede and cites  
 Gret worthschip and riche fes  
 Ac he therof nold afo  
 For nothing that he might do  
 To Almayn went ben he  
 To Espire that riche cite

Chemperour worthschiped Gij the fre  
 A while with him bileft he  
 To pleyn hem thai went bi riuer  
 That of wilde foule ful were  
 To her wille an hunting hij gos  
 To chace the hert and the ros  
 On a day as he cam fram hunting  
 A dromond he sepe ariueing  
 Thiderward Sir Gij is y-gon  
 And gret the marchandes euerichon  
 Lordinges whennes com ye  
 That in this riuer ariued be  
 Bi your semblant þ se þ wisse  
 That ye ledde gret richesse  
 Among hem alle ther spac on  
 That couthe speke for hem euerichon  
 Fram Costentine the noble y-comen we be  
 Lond of peys than seche we

Marchandes we ben of that lond  
 And out y-driuen with michel wrong  
 Out of Coyne the riche Soudan  
 So prout he is and of so gret boban  
 That with .xv. hethen kinges  
 And thritti Emeraus withouten lesinges  
 In Costentyn the noble emperour Ernis  
 Thai han strongliche bisett þ̄ wis  
 Castel no cite nis him non bileued  
 That altogider thai han to dreued  
 And for brant and strued þ̄ wis  
 Into Costentyn flouen he is  
 Ther he werth him ogaines his son  
 That secheth on him for to flon  
 Thritti mile men may riden and gon  
 Ne schal men finde man non  
 And we ben aschaped vnnethe  
 That we no were to hewen to dethe  
 Þ̄-comen we ben into this cuntre  
 Fowe and griis anough lade we  
 Gold and siluer and riche stoness  
 That vertu here mani for the noness  
 Gode clothes of sikelatoun and Alifaundrinis  
 Theloure of Watre and pu[r]per and biis  
 To your wille as ye may se  
 Swiche be the tidinges of that cuntre

Gij answerd mi frende fre  
 For your tidinges blisced ye be  
 God for his name seuene  
 He bring you to gode heuene

When the marchaundes hadde seyde as þe say  
 Gij bitaught hem God and gode day  
 Unto his in he is y-go  
 And Verhaud he cleped anon him to  
 Verhaud mi frende wille we gon  
 At theemperour take we leue anon  
 Into Costentyn noble Ichil go  
 To help theemperour of his wo  
 That with the Soudan biseged is he  
 So siggeth men of that cuntre  
 That lond destrud and men aqueld  
 And Cristendom thai han michel afeld  
 Verhaud answerd þe graunt it be  
 Giche worthschipe it worth to the  
 At theemperour thai toke leue to go  
 And he hem graunted vnnethe tho  
 Anough he bedeth hem castels and tours  
 Riche cites halles and bours  
 Sir Gij toke an hundred of his knightes  
 Strongest and best in fightes  
 That he might in Almayne finde  
 Best y-preised and best doinde

Now thai ben to schippe y-went  
 Gode winde God hath hem lent  
 To Costentynnoble thai ben y-come  
 And in the cite her in y-nome

Ac when themperour wist atte frome  
 That Gij of Warwike was y-come  
 That day erls he dede after him go  
 And loueliche he bad hem com him to  
 And Sir Gij him goth to themperour fre  
 Welcome Sir Gij than seyde he  
 Of thine help gret nede haue we  
 Michel Ich haue herd speke of the  
 Mine men ben sleyn in this tide  
 And mi lond destrud in ich aside  
 Al bot this ich selue cite  
 Destrud and brent hauen he  
 Fourti thousand thai slowe on a day  
 Of mine men as Ich you telle may  
 Mine men thai slowe mi sone also  
 Whatfore leue frende I bede the to  
 Gif thou might me of hem wreke  
 And the felouns out of mi lond do reke  
 Mine feyr doughter thou schalt habbe  
 And half mi lond withouten gabbe  
 Than answerd anon Sir Gij  
 Sir he seyde gramercij

And þ the sigge bi mi leute  
 That treweliche Ichil serue the  
 Al the while that Ich with the be  
 Therof Sir thou might leue me  
 At themperour he toke leue anon  
 Unto his in he gan to gon  
 Noyse and cri he herd in that cite  
 He gan ory what it might be  
 He hem ored what it were  
 And what was al that noise there  
 So mani knightes he sepe to armes go  
 So mani seriaunce stepe to kernels tho  
 Sir quath a burieys bi Seyn Martin  
 It beth the lither Sarrazin  
 It is the Amiral Costdram  
 The nebou of the riche Soudan  
 So strong he is and of so gret might  
 In world þ wene no better knight  
 For ther nis man no knight non  
 That with wretthe dar loken him on  
 His armes alle a-benimed beth  
 That benim is strong so the deth  
 In this world is man that he take might  
 That he schuld dye anon right  
 That other day he dede ous sorwe anough  
 Of themperour sone that he slough

That was so gode and stalworth knight  
 That opon hem had geuen mani fight  
 In this cite so gode knight was non  
 That with wretthe durst loke him on  
 Comen he is with grete cheualrie  
 And with him the riche king of Turkye  
 With an hundred Turkes strong  
 Beth non better in non lond

And when Sir Gij herd this  
 That his ost seyde to him þæt wis  
 To his felawes he seyde anon  
 To armes he seyde euerichon  
 The Sarrazins we willen agast  
 For Godes loue smiteth on fast  
 Hastiliche y-armed hij beth  
 Opon her steddes as foule thai fleth  
 Forth thai went and on hem smite  
 With her swardes that wil wel bite  
 Gij to the Amiral smot so  
 Scheld no hauberk nas him worth a flo  
 Thurch the body he gaf him wounde  
 And dede he feld him on the grounde  
 Sir Gij his gode sward out drough  
 That heued fram the bodi he slough  
 To themperour he it hath y-sent  
 That wel glad was of that present

Berhaud smot the king of Turkie  
 Was non feller into Surrie  
 Church the bodi he him smot  
 Ded he feld him down fot hot  
 With that com Tebaud prikeinde  
 In Fraunce y-bore a knight wel kinde  
 With swiche strengthe he smot Helmadan  
 Al was nought worth he hadde opan  
 Church his bodi the launce glod  
 Ded he fel withouten abod  
 Ganter come prikeing anon right  
 Of Almayne a wel gode knight  
 Heteliche he smot Redmadan  
 He no haue herd speke of no swiche man  
 The bodi atwo he hath to deled  
 That he fel down in the feld  
 With that come Sir Morgadour  
 That was steward with themperour  
 Knight he was gode and hardi  
 Ac traitour he was ful of endie  
 He smot vnto a Sarrazin  
 No halp him nought his Apolin  
 Now thai smitte togider comonliche  
 And fight thai agin ardiliche  
 Ther men might se Gij smite  
 And the Sarrazins heuedes of strike



And with him Herhaud also  
Bothe thai strengthed hem wele to do  
The Sarrazins thai strengthed hem for to be  
To hewen and iuel to bise  
The Sarrazins hem zeld gret fight  
For strong thai ben and of gret might  
With that come Esclandar prikeinde  
A Sarrazin and of foule kinde  
The kinges sone of Birrie  
Strong he was for the maistrie  
Dan Tebaud he felled tho  
Church the bodi he dede the launce go  
And seththe he slough a Freyns knight  
In Bleyues he was born aright  
Romiraunt com forth snelle  
A Sarrazin a strong with elle  
Y-slawe he hath Dan Guinman  
A strong knight he was and an Aleman  
With that come forth an amireld  
A Sarrazin of wicked erd  
Dan Ganter he hath y-slawe  
And gode Gilmin his felawe  
When Herhaud that of sepe tho  
In his hert him was ful wo  
An amiral he smot so  
Ded he feld him an hast tho

And mani another he hath aqueld  
 And adoun feld in the feld  
 Sone so Esclandar y-seye this  
 To atwreke the amiral lef him is  
 To Verhaud he smot heteliche  
 And he him mett hardiliche  
 Heteliche thai smiten togider tho  
 That of her hors thai fellen bo  
 Seththen thai drough her brondes of stiel  
 And smiten togider hard and wel  
 To hewe hauberk and scheldes also  
 Gode bodis thai ben bothe to  
 Of her helmes the flours gan fle  
 So heteliche togider smiten he  
 Verhaud goth him driueand fast  
 His heued to smiten of on hast  
 Ac so gret socour him com ther  
 An hundred Turkes and her pouer  
 Verhaud thai gin alle asaille  
 And nepe hadde slain him in that bataile  
 No hadde Gij that y-seye that was sorij  
 Hastiliche he com him to socourey  
 His gode brond than drough he  
 The heued of a Sarrazin he dede of fle  
 And another he dede also  
 The thridde to deth he dede do

Verhaud he socourd in that nede  
 And dede him lepe opon his stede  
 The Sarrazins onon gun thai mete  
 Gani on ther her liif thai lete  
 Gani on ther dyed in aither side  
 Ac the Sarrazins wers gan bitide  
 Sir Gij and alle his feren  
 The Griffouns that gode weren  
 Han ouercomen and aqueld  
 To hewen thai lepen in the feld  
 Toward her oft thai ben fleinge  
 And Gij hem after fast folweinge  
 Ac hij the down were ouer gon  
 H-lawe hij ben and to hewen ichon  
 Esclandar is oway fleinde  
 Duer the dounes fast erninde  
 And alto broken his scheld is  
 His helme alto darsched H wis  
 Gij it of thought when he it seye  
 That he so lighteliche oway fleye  
 Esclandar seyde Gij wende ogain to me  
 And forsothe al liker thou be  
 Drede the of no nother than of me  
 Dnes to iusti Ich ori of the  
 Esclandar seyde artow Gij  
 Ich the defende likerly

Bi Mahoun that Ich leue opon  
 Neuer no schal Ich oway gon  
 Do neuer schal y blithe be  
 Til Ich that heued binim the  
 Bihoten Ich it haue a maiden of priis  
 The Soudans douhter that wel fair is  
 Her steden thai turned snelle  
 And togider thai smiten with gode wille  
 Esclandar first smot Gij  
 Thurch the scheld as knight hardi  
 Gij smot him anon right  
 Scheld no hauberck halp him no wight  
 He smot him thurch at that chaunce  
 Thurch the bodi with his launce  
 Esclandar flepe forth a wel gode pas  
 Sir Gij of toke him nought therfor wo him was  
 To his felawes he is y-go  
 Right to the cite he zede him tho  
 The Sarrazins were ouercome  
 Therefore thai were blithe all and some  
 Chemperour of sent Gij him to  
 And miche honour he hath him do  
 Gij quath he thou art me dere  
 Thou schalt bileue with me here  
 Mi feir douhter that is of priis  
 Ichil the giue to spouse I wis

Thou schalt ben emperour after me  
 Thou art a knight of gret bounte  
 Al tho that ben to me serueinde  
 Ichil thai be to the boweinde  
 Gramerci seyð Sir Gij anon  
 A fair gift is this now on  
 The steward come forth bliue  
 More treptour nas non oliue  
 His name was hoten Morgadour  
 God gif him eucl auentour  
 Toward Gij he bar gret ond  
 And seththe he died thurch his hond  
 Quath Morgadour Sir that wil wele be  
 For Gij is curteys gentil and fre  
 When he schal thi douhter spousy  
 Right is that we him onoury  
 Ac what so he seyð bifor Gij tho  
 Gif he may to deth he wille him do  
 Esclandar went oway fleinde  
 Toward her oft fast prikeinde  
 Thurch the bodi he bar a trounsoun  
 With bothe honden he held him to the arsoun  
 Bothe bifore and eke bihinde  
 The blod gan out fast winde  
 His helme in the on half honginde  
 And his visage al bledeinde

His scheld to held hadde he no might  
 He drad him to dye anon right  
 To the Soudans pauiloun he come  
 The Soudan him biknewe anon  
 Esclandar when comestow seyd he  
 In strong fight thou hast y-be  
 Were thou alon at the cite  
 Say me who hath thus wounded the  
 Sir quath he Ichil the telle  
 Of hard tidinges wel snelle  
 Y-lorn thou hast the Amiral Col[t]drum  
 That leuest the was of ani man  
 And the king of Turkie thou hast forgon  
 Of hem no tit the neuer help non  
 And alle thi best men y-bore  
 Bifor the cite thou hast forlore  
 Than answerd the riche Soudan  
 That hadde no gamen of than  
 Him is than sum socour y-come  
 What thurch mi Turkes be me binome  
 Sir quathe Esclandar Y wis  
 An ontwraft gome y-comen ther is  
 Socour he hath gret and beld  
 In the world nis swiche a scheld  
 Gij of Warwike his name it is  
 Sterner than eni youn Y wis

His strokes no may no man drepe  
 That he ne most dye on hye  
 With him he hath an hundred knightes  
 Of Almayne the best in lightes  
 Thurch the bodi thus me he smot  
 Dede Ich am wele þ̄ wot  
 Than swore a gret oth the Soudan  
 Bi Mahoun that he leued opan  
 That neuer glad no worth he  
 What he haue y-nome that cite  
 For asayle he it wille do  
 At the thridde day be ago  
 Anon a spie it herd this  
 That to Gy it nold forhele þ̄ wis  
 Sone he come to the cite  
 At this to Gy than teld he  
 That the Soudan with his men elle  
 The cite wil asayle snelle  
 At theemperour wist therof nought  
 That so strong tiding ther were y-brought  
 At when he wist the sothe herof  
 Ernist him thought and no scof  
 Theemperour made him blithe tho  
 That ouercomen weren his fo  
 And Gy to theemperour is y-go  
 And swithe feyr he gret him tho

Sir quath he be blithe and glad  
 Gode tidinges me hath ben seyd  
 Themperour of sent his foules tho  
 Ocuriis faucouns and ierfaukes also  
 Gon he wil to the riuer  
 Him to solas and play ther  
 Seththe he of sent of his Gregeys  
 That gode weren and curteys  
 To the riuer thai ben y-gon  
 Ther foules were mani on  
 With that come forth Sir Morgadour  
 That steward was with themperour  
 And seyd to Gij mi frende dere  
 Þ the loue in gode manere  
 Ac alle that he seyd Gij to bitrape  
 That was wele sen in his last dape  
 Non no may so wele trefoun do  
 So may he that his trust is to  
 Þete seyd to him Morgadour  
 Castels Ich haue and mani feir tour  
 Riche cites and ful strong  
 To thine wille thou hem astrong  
 Michel Þ desire thi loue to haue  
 Go we togider with game and platwe  
 Into the chaumber go we bape  
 Among the maidens for to playe



At tables to pleye and at ches  
 Wele we may don it þ̄ wis  
 Bifor thi leman Clarice so fre  
 Chemperours douhter bright of ble  
 And lete we themperour to wode go  
 To chace the hert and the ro

Sir quath Gij wille we go  
 When thou it wilt it schal be do  
 Into the chaumber thai zede tho  
 Hond in hond y-fere ho  
 To the maiden thai come wel sket  
 That curteplliche hem hath y-gret  
 Sir Gij sche seyð welcome thou be  
 Duerfitt and pleye the here with me  
 He toke the maiden and her kiste  
 That of thought the steward untwreste  
 He hir hadde loued mani a day  
 And wende haue spoused that feir may  
 The cheker thai ory and the meyne  
 Bifor the maiden than pleyen he  
 þ̄-lett thai han the first game  
 The steward it les bi Godes name  
 Seththe thai han another y-gonne  
 Anon it hath Gij y-wonne  
 And the thridde ful hastiliche  
 The steward was fori likerliche

Al mody he ros vp tho  
 Wroth and sorri he was bo  
 Gij quath he bileue thou here  
 Thiseelf and Clarice thi plepe fere  
 Al what Ich come now son oge  
 Anon seyð Gij it schal so be  
 Out him went Morgadour  
 At his in he tok a chasour  
 To themperour he goth right  
 When themperour of him hadde sight  
 Ogaines him he is y-gon  
 And tidinges he ored him anon  
 Now forth Sir steward he seðe  
 Comestow for gode or for qued  
 Chi comestow so prikiinge  
 Tel it me withouten lesinge  
 Gif thou of Sarrazins hast herd ought  
 Tel it me forhele it nought

Sir quath he þ schal the telle  
 Chi schame forhele þ nille  
 An soudour thou hast with the  
 And wil that thou y-schent be  
 Chi douhter that so feir is  
 Forlay he hath forlothe þ wis  
 Into his bour with strengthe he zede  
 And bi thi douhter his wille he dede

Gif thou ne me leuest hom thou fare  
Zete thou schalt him finde thare  
Ther thou might him finde þu wis  
And thi douhter clippe and kisse  
Therfore þu com the to say  
For thi schame forhele þu no may  
Gif thou him finde in that stede  
Into thi prisoun thou him lede  
And in thi court thou deme him do  
For treitour he is þu telle the to  
The more adouted thou schalt be  
Of alle thi regne þu telle the  
Therfore ne wonde thou no thing  
Dought for him no his helping  
Afterward that he demed is  
And thi court of that treptour deliuerd is  
Into Almayne Ichil gon  
To themperour Reyner anon  
Socour fram him Ichil bringe  
And deliuer thi lond withouten lesinge  
Of alle thine dedeliche son  
That thine men haue sleyn ichon  
Who is that themperour sede  
Gif of Warwike so God me rede  
Thou do him nim and binde fast  
And in thi prisoun thou do him cast

Quath themperour lat now be  
 No speke nought so of him to me  
 Ogaines me misdo he nold  
 Nought for twenti somms of gold  
 No for to ben al to hewe  
 So gode a knight he is and trewe  
 And gif he is therin wele be it so  
 With hir his wille he may do  
 For mi douhter Ichim bihote habbe  
 Nil Ich nought of couenaunt gabbe

When the steward him hath bithought  
 That themperour nold here him nought  
 Hom to his in he is y-go  
 And alight of his palfrey tho  
 Anon into chaumber he zede  
 And to Gij of Warwike he sede  
 Gij thou art ful wele with me  
 Therfore Ich it kithen it the  
 To themperour y-teld it is  
 Bi the lord Seyn Denis  
 That with strengthe thou comen to his bour  
 And has forleyn his douhter with desonour  
 And gif he the may ouergo  
 He wil the bren other flo  
 And Ich hot the that thou hennes fle  
 That he nought of take the

Bi God quath Gij that were wrong  
That I schold here mi deth afong  
For thing that Ich haue gilt non  
No neuer thought it to don  
An arnemorwe when he out zede  
Whiche he me o loue bede  
Hou schuld Ich euer liker be  
Of ani bihest men hotes me  
For themperour me seyde tho  
And trewelich me bihete therto  
That he me wold gret worthschipe  
And now he me wil sle with schenschipe  
For the speche of a losanger  
And of a feloun pautener  
Out of the chaumber he is y-go  
Sori and dreeri he was tho  
To his in he zede swithe  
And cleped his felawes bliue  
Lordinges he seyde to armes snelle  
Here wil we no longer duelle  
To themperour y-wraid we beth  
Alle he wil don ous to the deth  
Bi the treuthe I schal our Lord zeld  
That heuen and erthe haueth in weld  
Er than we be nomen and ded  
So mani schal dye of her ferred

That it worth abought wel strong  
 That Ich am bitrayd wrong  
 To armes thai went with that ichon  
 Out of the cite thai ben y-gon  
 And went toward the hethen men  
 With them to holden and to ben  
 To help the hethen men ichon  
 With that com themperour anon  
 Fram the riuer he come rideinge  
 And with his folk fast prikeinge  
 Feir weder it was and miri also  
 The bright armes he seye tho  
 Themperour hem seye and knewe Gij  
 For he come hem swithe neye  
 At an herhaud than asked he  
 This armed folk what may this be  
 Sir quath he it is Gij  
 That in wretthe fram the wil parti  
 Unto the Soudan he wil fare  
 And wirche the sorwe and michel care  
 Church wraping that teld him is  
 Wele þ wot that sothe it nis  
 Wele it semeth that wroth is he  
 Al armed on his stede Ich him se  
 When themperour herd this  
 Alle droupeninde he was þ wis

He gan to prike and that anon  
As hauk that fleythe his hors gan gon  
After Gij loude he gradde tho  
Abide and speke me now to  
For Godes loue lete now be  
Thi wiltow fir go fro me  
Gif Ich ought haue agilt to the  
For Godes loue thou say it me  
Be it in dede other in speche  
That ani the han agilt þ the biseche  
To thi wille it schal amended be  
And topon al other þ loue the  
Wile Ich wene that the Soudan þ wis  
To whom al precie atended is  
After the hath sent Ich vnderfond so  
He the schal habbe and þ forgo  
Gold and siluer he may giue the  
And fesse the with mani a riche cite  
Therefore thou wilt with him be  
And strongliche holden ogaines me  
Sir quath Sir Gij to themperour  
Do was Ich neuer thi traitour  
And gif God wil þ nil nought be  
Therwhiles the lif is in me  
He was y-teld biforen now right  
Of on that is thi priue knight

That thou no hadest to don with me seruise  
 And that I the serue with feyntise  
 And that Ich was bitrayd to the  
 For thi nold Ich no longer here be  
 And that thou wolt do me to hewe  
 And mine barouns that ben so trewe  
 For thi I thought that I go scholde  
 To hem that mi seruise zeld me wold  
 Ac for al Damas and that cuntre  
 Dold Ich haue holden ogaines te  
     Themperour than him nome  
 Bitvene his armes and seyð anon  
 Nay Sir Gij he seyð bi Seyn Denis  
 It no was nought so I wis  
 Hi dere frende Gij ogain thou go  
 Lordinges barouns biddeth him so  
 For to thine wille it is alle  
 Alle that min is and ben schal  
 Ac bitrayed thou war to me  
 An therfore haue he maugre  
 Neuer est worth non loued of me  
 That ought sigge bot gode of the  
 Themperour than to Gij seyð  
 Thi wille thou do bi that mayde  
 Sir Gij kist themperour tho  
 And to the cite thai ben y-go



Tho wilt wele Gij bi than  
 Bitreyd him hadde his foman  
 Ac no semblaunt therof he no made  
 Do no thing to him seyde  
 An armorwe erliche  
 Chemperour aros likerliche  
 Anon he seyde to Gij his speche  
 Herken to me þ the biseche  
 In this morning anon  
 We worth aseyled of our fon  
 Of Sarrazins that misbileued be  
 Alle for sothe þ telle it to the  
 The Soudan himselue wil ther be  
 A spie for sothe teld it me  
 That hij the cite wil asayli  
 And that hij thennes nil parti  
 Al fort he haue nome this cite  
 Or that it destrued be  
 Chemperour seyde Sir Gij the fre  
 Als so thou wilt it schal be  
 The cite alle op the þ do  
 With Cristes blisceing therto  
 Gif hij ous seyl we schul ous were  
 The cite is strong thai mow it nought dere  
 Gij that constable cleped him to  
 That gode knight was and wise also

Cristor he hete with the berd blowe  
 Lord and douke of Almayne þ trowe  
 Sir Cristor he seyð listen to me  
 Asepled we worth liker thou be  
 Therof thou most birede the  
 Gif we wille were this cite  
 Oþer we wille ogain hem te  
 At pathes that destrued be  
 And mete we hem ther on the doune  
 Acumbre hem and legge hem doune  
 Sir anon seyð the constable  
 This ich speche schal be stable  
 Do than grede thurch the cite  
 That alle redy armed be  
 Alle that armes may welde  
 And who so that feyneth for couward be helde  
 Bi the morwe thai ben armed wel  
 Bi tale .xx. thousand hauberkes of stiel  
 Out of the cite thai ben y-go  
 With gret noise and din also  
 Lordinges quath Gif herkeneth to me  
 Þe that here asembled be  
 Of your kinde that is y-slawe  
 Of edwite and of missawe  
 That ous is don thenke we theron  
 And baldeliche asepl we our son

For Sarrazins ous aseple wille  
 Alle for sothe þ you telle  
 We wil hem mete with speren and scheld  
 At the narwe pathe bitben the held  
 Dow bithenketh you wele to don  
 And awreke your lond of your son  
 Of your londes and your cites  
 That destrud and wasted beth  
 Þou to awreke bithenketh you  
 And strongliche asepleth hem now  
 Bot ye were you wele and bliue  
 And hij mow you of the feldes driue  
 Alle we ben ded other nome  
 And in thraldome euer more wone  
 Forthi mete we with hem sone  
 And strengthe ous alle wele to done  
 And Ich me self wil with you go  
 Þ nil you feyle neuer mo  
 Wele speketh now Sir Gy  
 And alle thai siggeth gramerci  
 To the pas of the hulles thai ben y-come  
 And the Sarrazins han vndernome  
 And sepe the cuntres and the feld  
 With bright brini and with scheld  
 The Soudan cleped after Helman  
 That deined fle for no man

He was coraious and gode knight  
 And michel adouted in euerich fight  
 Sir king quath he come to me  
 With .xx. thousande Turkes Ich hot the  
 The Cristen ye schul aseyle anon  
 Loke ye nim hem other den ichon  
 Dpon pon hulle thai ben lo  
 Gret harm thai han ous y-do  
 The king forth went with his men ichon  
 With strengthe the helde thai vndernome  
 With strengthe thai wene the flade ouergo  
 Ac gret combraunce hem com furst to  
 At the entring of the pas Bij gan to grede  
 Helpeth lordinges alle our ferrede  
 Bithenketh you to winnen wele  
 And hij ogaines you vndernim the hille  
 Quel ous worth than bigo  
 Bot God ous on thenke that al may do  
 Thai ben binethen and we abone  
 Amidde the pas thai ben togider come  
 And asailleth hem smerteliche  
 And togider we go now commonliche  
 Throweth with stones and bowes scheteinge  
 Launces swardes and dartes kerueinge  
 Smiteth with swardes and speres y-grounde  
 Scheteth with piles and gif hem deth wounde

Gani Sarrazin ther y-lawe is  
Ther doth Gij as the right wise  
Into the narwe hij come hem to lett  
Bi hundredes foure thai aseyl hem sket  
Bi hundred and bi thousande  
Thai ben the Sarrazins quellinde  
Gij smot on this side and on that  
Was ther non that his dint fat  
Ermine he smot on thurch the scheld  
Almost he feld him in the feld  
Than come Anther ouer thuert  
A Sarrazin modi of hert  
Ermine smot him on the helme an heyghe  
That he cleue him to the teth  
Al ded he made him on the grounde to lie  
With that come the king of Dubie  
Toward Berhaud he come prikeinde  
And Gij him was ogain cominde  
With grete strengthe Sir Gij him smot  
That he feld him anon fot hot  
When the douke of Cire that y-seth  
His men dye on so reweliche deth  
An hond he held a dart kerueinde  
The Cristen therwith threteninde  
He forth zede and smot a knight  
That ded he feld him anon right

When Gy of Warwike that y-seye  
 Thiderward he drough him swithe neye  
 A gode dart on hond he bar  
 And to him he launced heteliche thar  
 Ther with he smot Ebban the king  
 That ded he fel withouten letting  
 The Sarrazines hij to heweth and quelleth  
 Bi the doun hij gredeth and yelleth  
 When the Soudan seye his folk dye  
 Bi ten bi tvelue in the waye  
 He cleped to him the king of Dubye  
 That was ful of felonie  
 Sir king he seyde lest tow nought  
 Hou mine men ben to deth y-brought  
 Descumfit and y-lawe hij beth  
 The bodis ded wele ye seth  
 This Cristen our men to deth doth  
 Ac bi Cariot þ swere min oth  
 And bi Apolyn the grete  
 Bi Teruagaunt and bi Bahoun the swete  
 Bot we of hem be wreken swithe  
 No worth þ neuer glad no blithe  
 Bot we hem aseyle biginne  
 And the hille with strengthe awinne  
 An hundred we ben ogain hem on  
 And al we schul hem nimen anon

The helden thai nimeth about strongliche  
 And the Cristen aseyl stalworthliche  
 At the brode pathe and narwe also  
 The Gregeys wele werd hem tho  
 On the Cristen thai gun smite  
 The Sarrazins bothe miche and lite  
 And our men hem werd wel  
 With scharpe speres and grounden stel  
 With ares and swardes y-grounde  
 With gifarmes thai gif dethes wounde  
 The Soudan forthwith alderfast  
 On the Cristen smot wel fast  
 On hepe on helmes he hem smot  
 With his fauchon that wele bot  
 Togaines Bij he smot tho  
 And seyde war Ichil the flo  
 Bij he smot so ouer thuert  
 That he was sumdel y-hert  
 Ac Bij with strengthe to him smot  
 With his sward that wele bot  
 Wel strong was that ich fight  
 Ac the Soudan wered him with might  
 Wharto schuld Ich you telle more  
 The Sarrazins ouercomen wore  
 Wele hath Bij don that day  
 As gode knight and verray

At a pas he houed right  
 As a knight of gret might  
 A gisarme he bar kerueinde  
 He smot bifore and bihinde  
 The Sarrazins so he agast  
 Al that he smot to grounde he cast  
 His scheld he hadde forlore  
 To hewe it lay his fet bifore  
 So mani Sarrazin he slough that day  
 That ich on other ded lay  
 So mani to ded ther he dede  
 That the hepe lay to his girdel stede  
 Who so sepe than Berhaud fight  
 Of a gode knight yelp he might  
 A damfar he bar on his hond  
 Al that he raught to grounde he wond  
 Sarrazins he slough more than sexti  
 And Gij an hundred and fourti  
 Berhaud that day so sore swong  
 That thurch his mouth the som it sprong  
 Alto hewe was his helme  
 The blod ran out als a welme  
 What schuld I make tale mucche  
 The Sarrazins thai slouwen strongliche  
 Ac euer he was gode aplight  
 Gij of Warwike michel of might



More dede than ani other  
 His stroke was heui so a fother  
 Hij and his feren also  
 Als houns thai foughten tho  
 And the Gregeys forth with hem  
 Thai wered hem as douhti men  
 Weynes and cartes thai han y-nome  
 Ho than fiffen thousende atte frome  
 H-ioined hij han the gret piles  
 Ginnes thai made on selcouthe wise  
 Sum piles scharpe kerueinde  
 Al aboute so mani stoninde  
 That Ich ne can the noumbre telle  
 Noither in rime no in spelle  
 That nas man that ther neye come  
 That he ne was to corwen anon  
 So griseliche be the engins  
 For to sle the Sarrazines  
 In ich half y-sett arawe  
 Scharpe soules doun of the hulle y-drawe  
 Thermid thai hewe the gret stonis  
 Bihewe quarre for the nonis  
 So gret so twenti men might drawe  
 To slen hem of the hethen lawe  
 Swiche a thousende for smiten thai be  
 That neuer after schullen y-the

Wel iuel hem is bifallen thare  
 Ded thai ben with sorwe and care  
 Whatto schuld Ich tale telle  
 The Soudan lepe on hors ful snelle  
 Gret onde he hadde to Goun  
 And to herhaud his compaynoun  
 For hij han slawe so fel of his  
 He sat on an hors of pris  
 With gret hete he smot to Gij  
 Upon his helme likerly  
 That he feld that o quarter  
 To Gij he seyde a bismer  
 I sekow lord bi Apolin  
 That was a strok of a Sarrazin  
 Gij to the Soudan smot tho  
 His helme no was him worth a flo  
 Refares euen forth the breyn  
 Helme and fesse he carf with meyn  
 Than he seyde to him a bismer  
 Mahoun halp the litel ther  
 Bodi and soule no nought therof  
 No is nought worth a lekes clof  
 Hou so it go of mi wounde  
 Of Mahoun thou hast litel help y-founde  
 Er thou scorndest me  
 Of mi wounde thou madest thi gle

Leche gode schal Ich haue  
 That mi wounde schal to hele drawe  
 Thou hast a croun schauen to the bon  
 Tomorwe thou might sing anon  
 Wele thou thoughtest to ben a prest  
 When thou of swiche a bischop order wert  
 Now biginneth that gret fight  
 Bi thre bi four adoun right  
 The Sarrazins ben ouercome  
 Dway fleinde that ben some  
 The night cometh the day is go  
 The Sarrazins han ful michel wo  
 For so mani y-slawe ther be  
 So seyde the folk of that cuntre  
 That men might wade ouer the scho hem  
 In the blod that of hem kem  
 So miche folk ther was y-slawe tho  
 That fiftene forlong men might go  
 That thei he kept him neuer so  
 He most nedes opon men go  
 Othre on fot othre on hond  
 Othre opon arm coruen with brond  
 With that come an amiral prikeinge  
 Newe dubbed he was withouten lesing  
 To the Soudan he is y-come  
 Church the bodi he hath woundes some

Sir he seyde hennes we go  
No leetow al our folk lo  
Bi thousandes thou sest hem to deth ligge  
Dur godes ous hateth for sothe to sigge  
Thou sest Mahoun ne Apolin  
Be nought worth the brestel of a swin  
Anon rightes withdrawe thou the  
And to thi pauloun thou fle  
Alle the wounded thou do with the lede  
Zete thai may the help an rede  
Chi cereban thou do of sende  
To atwreke thou haue in mende  
Anon thai hem withdrawe and ben ouercome  
Sori thai ben alle and some  
The Soudan dede biforn him bring  
Alle his godes withouten lesing  
Toward hem he is wel wroth  
Do he wil hem harm and loth  
A ze fals godes untwreste  
Sone zou tit a lither feste  
Ogain ous ye ben of wicked mode  
Schame ye don ous and no gode  
Ye don ous alderwerst to spede  
When that we han mest nede  
Fy fy he seyde on Apolin  
Thou schalt haue wel iuel fin

And thou Teruagaunt also  
 Michel schame schal com zou to  
 And thou Bahoun her alder lord  
 Thou nart nought worth a tord  
 Therfore thou it schalt abigge  
 With stanes gret opon thi rigge  
 So he gan his godes to cloute  
 That the erthe dined aboute  
 Her armes and legges he to tight  
 And cleped hem wroches anon right  
 Godenes in zou nas neuer y-founde  
 No more might thar in an hounde  
 Bi the fet he hem out drough  
 And dede hem schame right anough  
 Bij dede clepe her cheuetejn  
 With gode will and hert fejn  
 Lordinges he seyð God y-thonked be  
 Feir grace so habbe we  
 That the Sarrazins ben ouercome  
 Wende we to the cite atte frome  
 And when thai ben comen ogen  
 To themperour welcom thai ben  
 And nameliche Bij the gode knight  
 Best was worthschiped in that fight  
 When that y-seye Morgadour  
 That steward was with themperour

That Bij bitwreped vntwraftliche  
 That themperour loued so miche  
 He bigan for to asay  
 Hou he might Bij bitray  
 O felonie he hath him bithought  
 Of swiche no haue ye herd nought  
 He thought in his wille tho  
 That Bij o message schuld go  
 In swiche thought and swiche wille  
 An while he held him stille  
 Anon he went to themperour  
 And seyde Sir par amour  
 The Soudan hath his folk y-sent  
 Into al Peyni his sond is sent  
 Ther nis noither ying no eld  
 That armes may bere and wepen weld  
 Alle he is haueth of sent  
 The to bisege verrament  
 To him thou thi sond sende  
 Alle thi wille word and ende  
 Who he seyde durst thider wende  
 Sir Bij a knight hardi and hende  
 Of thine house and that y-plight  
 Bij of Warwike of gret might  
 Berhaud of Arderne that other best  
 On hem tveye ye motw you trest

To the Soudan thou sende thine knightes bold  
 And say thou wilt with him a day hold  
 Of acord in swiche manere  
 Sir steward seyde themperere  
 Toward Gij thou berst iuel wille  
 He no schal nought go therof be stille  
 At mine barouns Ichil of sende  
 And wite who wille thider wende  
     His barouns he hath of sent  
 Quere alle his lond thai ben y-went  
 That thai schuld to themperour wende  
 To hem he seyde mi leue frende  
 Ich wold sende to the Soudan  
 Gif Ich wist euer bi whom  
 To him to sende Ich am in wille  
 With him to acord loude other stille  
 Gif ani of you so hardi were  
 That to him the message bere  
 When themperour had seyde his resoun  
 Ther nas noither knight no baroun  
 That him a word answerd tho  
 Nas ther non the message durst do  
 A baroun of the benche aros  
 Sir Cristor his name was  
     Sir emperour vnderstond me  
 For leyer no schal Ich holden be

For Ich it sigge for gret loue  
 And thine worthschipe to held aboue  
 Fif thousande lithe haue he maugre  
 That the consept gaf to the  
 For he the loueth right nought  
 That in that wille the hath y-brought  
 That thou to him yelde scholdest  
 Bot thou thi sonde sende woldest  
 Do thenkestow nought of that baroun  
 That was of so gret renoun  
 Hou thou sendest him to  
 Ogain no come he neuer mo  
 He the sent the heued withouten more  
 Do durst neuer eft non com thore  
 In the world is knight non  
 That the message durst don  
 For arwe no sigge Ich it no wight  
 Gif in min armes were so gret might  
 Also Ich hadde and as pong were  
 As Ich was hennes an hundred pere  
 This ich message don Ich wold  
 For drede of deth lete I nold  
 Ac Icham now a neld man  
 Alle mine mightes ben now gan  
 It is now gon mo than fifti yer  
 That Ich on rigge hauberck ber



Ich you sigge for sothe **I** wis  
 To lese a good man gret harm it is  
 For gif he ani sendeth thider  
 His heued him schal comen hider  
 Now Ich haue mi wille **p**-sede  
 Now giue another better rede

When Cristor hadde **p**-seyd this  
 Withouten ani other abod **I** wis  
 Ther nas nought on litel no miche  
 That durst speke sskerliche  
 Bij of Warwike vp arist  
 Sir emperour bi mi Lord Ihesus Crist  
 This message Ichil aso  
 And it thurch Godes help do  
 Seyd themperour that schaltow nought  
 Thider to go haue thou no thought  
 Ich it dede mine men to fond  
 To whom Ich might trust in mi lond  
 Than answerd Bij wel snelle  
 For sothe Sir leten **I** nille  
 That Ich the message wil do  
 To dye er Ich thennes go  
 With that he went out of the halle  
 The Gregeys siked among hem alle  
 God what Bij is noble baroun  
 Ihesu that suffred passioun

Saue him fram cumberment  
 And him ogain bring in sauement  
 Gij cam to his in in a stounde  
 His felawes droupeing he founde  
 Lordinges he seyd hou is it now  
 Almighty God ꝑ biteche you  
 Sir quath þerhaud Ichil go  
 Bi thine wille with the also  
 Gij answerd so no schal it be  
 Icham ꝑ-go biddeth for me  
 He ored his armes hastiliche  
 And men es him brought skerliche  
 Hosen of iren he hath on drawe  
 Non better nar bi tho dawe  
 In a strong hauberk he gan him schrede  
 Who so it wered the ded no thurt him drede  
 An helme he hath on him don  
 Better no wered neuer knight non  
 The serche of gold ther on was wrought  
 For half a cite no worth it bought  
 So mani stoness therin were  
 That were of vertu swithe dere  
 Seththe he gert him with a brond  
 That was ꝑ-made in Gluene lond  
 His scheld about his nek he tok  
 On hors he lepe withouten stirop

On hond he nam a spere kerueinde  
 Out of the cite he was rideinde  
 Alle that weren of that cite  
 For him wel fori weren he  
 No wene thai neuer his gain cominge  
 Alle thai wene ther his endinge  
 Now is Gij in the right way  
 Toward the Sarrazins I say  
 Mele y-armed on his stede  
 A lance he bar gode at nede  
 Smerteliche he dede him in the ways  
 Duer the dounes and the valeys  
 To the Sarrazins y-comen he is  
 And her paulouns he leth I wis  
 A real pauloun he ther seye  
 With an eren of gold an heye  
 That was the Soudans pauloun  
 Haue he Cristes malifoun  
 In to the pauloun Gij him wond  
 And an hast ther he fond  
 Alle atte mete that ther was  
 And nought michel noise ther nas  
 At the heye bord eten kinges ten  
 That alle were Gyes fomen  
 Than seyde Gij the Englisse  
 Underfond to mi speche

Thiske Lord that woneth an hepe  
 That al thing walt fer and neye  
 And in the rode lete him pini  
 Al Cristen men to saui  
 And in the se made the sturion  
 So gif you alle his malisoun  
 And alle thilk that Ich here se  
 That misbileued men be  
 And the at the first Sir Soudan  
 Cristes wreche the come opan  
 Puel fure breninde fast the opan  
 And cleue thi brest down to thi ton  
 For Icham Bij ye mow wel se  
 Pael mot ye alle y-the  
 Underfond treitour mi resoun  
 Haue thou Cristes malisoun  
 And alle thilke forth mitt te  
 That Ich her about the se  
 The hepe God that is ful of might  
 Binim your limes and your sight  
 Bi me the sent word themperour Barioun  
 That might men hath in his bandoun  
 Church wham thou art y-brought to schond  
 And hoteth the wende out of his lond  
 For here has tow no right  
 Finde a Sarrazin other a knight

And he schal another finde  
 That schal deray his right kinde  
 I schal with the glotoun fight  
 And gif thine haue the more might  
 And ouercometh our champioun  
 Hi lord the schal giue ransoun  
 And als his lord serue wille  
 Euermore and that is skille  
 And gif it so bitide that our knight  
 Duercome your in feld in fight  
 Hastiliche than I rede the  
 Out of this lond that thou fle  
 Therof thou take a day  
 On mi lordes word I the say  
 To thi pauloun Ich am y-come  
 To do the bateyle atte frome  
 Onswere me withouten lesing  
 What word I schal mi lord bring  
 Quath the Soudan whennes artow  
 Into mi court comen art now  
 And misseyft me so schameliche  
 And thretest me so dedeliche  
 Gij answerd Ichil the telle  
 Hi name forhele I nille  
 Gij of Warwike mi name is  
 In that cuntre I was born I wis

The Soudan answerd tho  
 Artow Gij so mot thou go  
 Thou slough mi nebou Col dram  
 His heued thou smot the bodi fram  
 Thou it schalt abigge bi Apolin  
 Today is comen ending thin  
 He hete anon that Gij wer nome  
 And y-cast in his prisoun  
 Fort the cloth ben y-drawe  
 And than reweliche ben y-slawe  
 Gij drough out his sward anon  
 And priked his stede wel gode won  
 Bi Seyn Denis he gan to swere  
 Gif ani man so hardi were  
 That him neyghed with schond  
 He schuld dye thurch his hond  
 Bifor the Soudan com Gyoun  
 And him biheld als a lyoun  
 And seyde Soudan thou schalt abigge  
 Thine heued thou schal forgon þu sigge  
 Upon the cheyer ther he sat  
 Gij toke him bi the top with that  
 And that heued he dede of fle  
 Upon the bord of appel tre  
 The heued he toke in his hond  
 And in his lappe he it wond

Wel hastiliche he went him þis  
Of the Sarrazins adrede he is  
An hundred heuedes he dede of fien  
Of thilke that him stode ogen  
With him he forth that heued bar  
Gaugre alle that ther war  
Church that oft he rode smartliche  
His hors him bar hastiliche  
Ther might men se the Sarrazin  
Bi on and on wende to Apolin  
Wel fast after him thai come  
And alle thai wold han him nome  
Gif to asylen thai wer yep  
Unarmed were the most hep  
Gif drough him toward an hulle  
The Sarrazins him driuen snelle  
Bothe bi hundred and thousende  
Him go the Sarrazins driueinde  
On ich half thai smiten him to  
And he ogain to hem also  
Neuer no was an lepy knight  
That so mani stond might  
Bot God nim of him yeme  
His liif it is michel awene  
Listeneth now and sitteth stille  
Of Berhaud Ich you telle wille

That of swoning no may him duelle  
 For his lord Gij þ you telle  
 So michel sorwe him was an  
 That telle no might he it no man  
 Euerich man is swithe wo  
 When he schal a gode frende forgo  
 So was Berhaud for his lord fre  
 No wende he him neuer more y-se  
 Than bigan his sorweinge  
 His her tar his honden gan wring  
 Allas he seyð Sir Gij  
 Now Ich wot wele likerlye  
 That þ no schal the neuer y-se  
 Allas for sorwe wo is me  
 For grete sorwe that he hedde  
 He fel adoun on his bedde  
 Ther he is y-falle on slepe  
 As a man weri of wepe  
 A sweuen him mett wel ferly  
 That he seye his lord Sir Gij  
 On his stede swithe cominge  
 And on his hond his swerd kerueinge  
 Aseyled he was with wolues and bere  
 Annethe he might him fram hem were  
 Alle thai hadde to broken his scheld  
 And his brini to rent manifeld



Unnethe he might him were  
So thai gun on him to tere  
With that is herhaud awaked  
And of his sweuen gret sorwe maked  
And seyde anon to alle his compeynie  
Felawes wil we ous armi  
Gij to help we ought to spede  
For to help he hath gret nede  
Wele Ich wot bi mi sweuen  
Now help ous God that is in heuen  
P-armed thai ben sone anon  
And on hors thai lopen ichon  
And wendeth forth with gode wille  
Duer the dounes and the dales snelle  
With alle her might thai heye fast  
For to socour Gij on haft  
The Sarrazins thai gun thretni  
And made gret sorwe for Gij  
Thai seyde alle that ther were  
Hem dred thai him seye neuere  
Other ded he was other y-nome  
For him thai were fori alle and some  
Sone thai neyghed toward that ost  
Of Sarrazins thai herd gret host  
Of hem was wrin al the feld  
On hors thai were with spere and scheld

That euerichon thai thretten Gij  
 Him to ſen thai han gret enbie  
 Amonges hem thai ſepe Gyoun  
 That him wered als a lyoun  
 On ich half thai him aſeple  
 And he him werth withouten feyle  
 Bi the reynes thai ben him nepe nimminge  
 Ac he him werth with ſwerd kerueinge  
 Dani he ſmot of ſot and feſt  
 He hadde al nede la wite Criſt

Now thai bigin to prike ſwithe  
 To ſocour Gij thai han gret hye  
 Verhaud him ſmot a Sarrazin  
 That litel him halp his Apolin  
 Thai ſmiten togider and faſt thrung  
 Thai corwen thurch liuer and thurch lunge  
 The Sarrazins thai teche an iuel play  
 Euerich on other y-ſlawe lay  
 Verhaud is ful wele bifalle  
 He ſocourthe Gij with felawes alle  
 Amonges hem was gret gladneſſe  
 The moſt hepe wepen for blis  
 Thai kiſten Gij alle for blis  
 And thonked God ful yern Þ wis

The Sarrazins wenten alle ogen  
 Sori and dreri alle thai ben

Thai token her lordes bodi there  
 As fori wrechis oway it bere  
 To Alcone thai ben therwith y=come  
 B-schent thai ben alle and some  
 Bij and Berhaud and her meyne  
 Glad and blithe alle ben he  
 That heued thai han on a spere y=sett  
 Ther might men se that Bij was wel net  
 Bifore him bere that it hath y=do  
 Dani on pelt her finger ther to  
 Into the cite thai gun it bring  
 For ioie thai gun the belles ring  
 Sir Bij to themperour y=comen is  
 The heued he him zalt B wis  
 Themperour gret thanke him can  
 And in that cite he doth make onan  
 A piler of gray marbel ston  
 That heued he sett anon ther on  
 In swiche wise deuised it was  
 That it was bitwrepen in bras  
 What thurch that other might ben war  
 To come with ani ost more thar  
 Than Bij hadde y=don so  
 Themperour cleped Bij him to  
 Welcome be thou to me Sir Bij  
 Hennes for dayes thritti

Michel monschip Ichil the do  
 Mi feir douhter giue the to  
 To themperour onswerd Sir Gij  
 An hundred lithe Sir gramerci  
 Chemperour aros amorne tho  
 To sen the cuntre thai ben y-go  
 Alle that day thai riden hem so  
 Alle what euen thai rested hem tho  
 Thai seye toward a pleyn plas  
 That bisiden a doun was  
 A loun thai seye cominde tho  
 Bot a smal pas no might he go  
 With penende mouthe and weri he was  
 Gij that seye and seyde allas  
 Whi no haddestow help non  
 Ac that foly thai dradden ichon  
 For with a dragoun he hade y-fought  
 And ouercomen he was nere him thought  
 Gij anon asked his stede tho  
 His spere and his sward also  
 In his hond a gode sward he bar  
 That y-seye alle that ther war  
 When the dragoun seye com Gij  
 The loun he forlett and gon him sayly  
 With open mouthe ogaines him he come  
 Gij bar his spere ogaines him anon

Into his throte he it threst with strengthe  
 In his bodi was alle his schaft lengthe  
 That ded to grounde he feld him tho  
 What schuld I make tales mo  
 He smot of the heued and went oway  
 And come to themperour so sone so he may  
 Gyoun with right gode wille  
 The Iyoun after him folweth snelle  
 Bisorn him he goth swithe sket  
 And folwed him at his stede fet  
 His fet he licked so pede he nepe  
 And lepe bp on his stede an hepe  
 And seththe he lepe adoun anon  
 And made him gret joie opon  
 To themperour is comen Gij  
 That of him was glad likerli  
 Alle thai bihelden the Iyoun  
 And hadde gret joie bot the feloun  
 Morgadour the steward  
 That euer was Gij ogeinward  
 A lither tresoun than thought he  
 That he wold the Iyoun sle  
 With that into the cite thai ben y-gon  
 Themperour went vnto his tour of ston  
 And Gij is to his in y-go  
 The Iyoun him folwed euer mo

Biforn his bed he goth to ligge  
 Fram him he nold for sothe to ligge  
 So long thai riden her jurneys  
 And thurch riden the cuntreys  
 That to Costentin thai ben y-come  
 Themperour hath Gij on speche y-nome  
 And seyð Gij make the redi  
 Tomorwe thou schalt mi douhter weddi  
 Wel sweteliche him answerd Sir Gij  
 Sir Emperour motw gramerci

Amortwe so sone so it was day  
 Gij him schred in fou and gray  
 With him his felawes also  
 To chirche thai gon euer to and to  
 With that thai ben to chirche y-come  
 Worthschiplich alle and some  
 And that maiden was also  
 Gret joie hadde al her kin tho  
 The erchebisshop was comen also  
 Redi the spouseing for to do  
 Themperour seyð to Gij there  
 Mi douhter Ich giue the here  
 And thritti castels with hir also  
 With the worthschip that lith therto  
 And half mi lond Ich giue the  
 Bifor mi barouns that here be

Thou schalt ben Emperour after me  
Biforn hem alle þ̄ graunt it the  
Alle he seyd that thou bedest me  
Ichil aſong quath Gij with hert fre  
The erchebiſchop come forth  
With a ring that miche was worth  
He tok it Gij and it gan aſong  
And Gij biſhought him than wel ſtrong  
He biſhought than in his wille  
That Felice he ſchuld don vnſkille  
He thought him repent and withdrawe  
Whither he might hir lete other haue  
Leuer him thought to hau hir bodi on  
Withouten ſiluer and gold and precious ſton  
Than alle other that were oliue  
With alle the gode men might him giue  
Gij ſett him adoun anon  
And ſeyd ſwicke iuel is comen him on  
That he no may of the ſtede gon  
Him thenketh his hert breketh ato  
Gij fel aſwoning in that plas  
And aros vp ſone after thas  
Gij ſeyd an heye to themperour  
Sir þ̄ the pray par amour  
That this feſt deleyed be  
Fort eſſones þ̄ bidde the

That Ich am apassed this hache  
 And that Ich in gode hele be  
 Quath themperour that reweth me  
 This spofayl schal delayed be  
 Chennes hij gon alle y-fere  
 Alle sone with droupeand chere  
 That maiden wepe and was sori  
 For Gij no might hir spouff  
 For neuer more hij no wende  
 With loue com him hende  
 No ioie ne may comen hir inne  
 For hij no wende him neuer winne  
 Sche wrong hir honden and wepe sore  
 Sorwe made neuer wiman more  
 Sche wrong hir fingres and tar hir here  
 And cursed the time that moder hir ber  
 And the time that hye bigeten was  
 Neuer woman wer nas

Gij is to his in y-go  
 No wist no man of his wo  
 Bot him self bi night and day  
 Al a fourten night like he lay  
 That he no com his bed fram  
 No out atte dore he no cam  
 Now wille we of Gij duelle  
 And of his lyoun Ichil you telle



Of his lyoun hou he fard  
 Ther while that Gij lay like so hard  
 Dold he noither ete no drink  
 Ac sorwe he made and gret morning  
 Gij cleped Berhaud him to  
 And alle his conseyl schewed him tho  
 Sir Berhaud he seyde conseyl me  
 Of mi conseyl Ich ori the  
 Gif I schal themperours douhter take  
 Or yete abide forth and hir forsake  
 Ich haue a leman in Ingland  
 To telle the nil I nought wond  
 Therls douhter Rohant I wis  
 Felice that feir maiden of pris  
 Other than hir loue I no may  
 Sir Berhaud for sothe to say  
 Berhaud onswerd Ichil you telle  
 The best conseyl Ich haue in wille  
 Gif thou themperours douhter afo  
 Riche thou best euer mo  
 After him thou best emperour  
 God hath the don gret anour  
 In the world ne worth man of so gret might  
 Ne of so gret pouer I plight  
 More riches the worth bi a thousandel  
 Bothe of cites and of riche castel

Forestes ful of hertes beld  
 Than therl Rohant hath in weld  
 Stille be thou quath Gij of that thought  
 Now Ich wot thou louest me nought  
 When thou conseyls me mi leman fro  
 Mi liif to lese nil Ich it do  
 Sir quath Verhaud Ichil be stille  
 When it is ogain thi wille  
 That thou hir loue dedest wist I nought  
 And tho thou of conseyl me bisought  
 The best Ich wold giue the  
 That Ich hadde within me  
 When thou Felice loues so  
 Unright it were an thou hir forgo  
 Gij aros after the fourtennight  
 Glad and blithe with hert light  
 He is to the court y-come  
 And ful welcome to alle and some  
 With him his lpoun to court getho  
 Church whom aros gret sorwe and wo  
 Chemperour of Gij wel blithe he was  
 Into al the court no nother ther nas  
 Al bot Morgadour likerliche  
 He hated Gij wel inliche  
 For the maiden he hadde Gij in hete  
 Gij bileft in court atte mete

Him to play and solanci  
Tho at the court vileft Sir Gij  
Ther whiles the king ate mete fat  
The Iyoun goth to play withouten the pat  
In pais withouten vilanie  
Herkeneth now lordinges gladli  
When themperour hadde y-hete  
Gode while Gij hath bi him sete  
With him to play in compeynie  
Solus he loued withouten vilanie  
That ich while his Iyoun  
Pede out of the pauloun  
Al abouten he is y-go  
For to resten him in a wro  
Ogain the sonne he slepe in a stede  
Gret while of the day and so he dede  
When Gij wold his way he nam  
Unto his in that he cam  
The Iyoun no folwed him nought  
In an erber he slepe wel soft  
Than was the steward goinde  
In to an orchard alon cominde  
Under a windowe he him sepe  
Wher the Iyoun lay wel nepe  
For to resten him in a wro  
Bi God quath the steward tho

The Iyoun lith here now slepeing  
 Seyd Morgadour in his thought thenking  
 A scharpe wepen ther forth he drough  
 And the Iyoun ther with he slough  
 The Iyoun afrayd by stert  
 As he that was to deth y-hert  
 At a maiden that y-seye  
 And grad to the steward an heye  
 Sir steward that was iuel y-smite  
 In vnworthschip it worth the atwite  
 The Iyoun him goth forth groning  
 His guttes after him draweing  
 To Gyes in he is y-go  
 In a chaumber he fond him tho  
 At his fete he fel down in that stede  
 To hauen of him socour at nede  
 His hondes he gan to licky  
 That was his loue likerly  
 When Gij that Iyoun wounded seth  
 For sorwe him thought his hert cleft  
 O Lord he seyde God Almighty  
 Who hath the so iuel y-dight  
 That mi Iyoun hath y-lawe me  
 Þ nold it wer don for this cite  
 Do that ther to bilonge  
 So michel sorwe me hath along

In swiche wretthe and grame anough  
 His gode swerd with strengthe he drough  
 Seththen on his stede he wond  
 His swerd y-drawe in his hond  
 To the court he com prikeing  
 Wele hij seyen bi his lokeing  
 That he is sori and swithe wroth  
 Alle ogaines him thai goth  
 Lordinges quath Gij Ich you biseche  
 Gif ani of you me can teche  
 Who slough mi lyoun to-day  
 Alle thai seyð sir certes nay  
 With that into the halle he come  
 A maiden he mett ther anon

Sir Gij [ic]he seyð leue swete  
 Is thi lyoun ded or liues yete  
 For thurchout smite Ichim seye  
 Tho seyð Gij mi swete les ney  
 Ich the bidde forhele it nought  
 Who hath mi lyoun y-brought  
 Sir sche seyð Morgadour  
 That is steward with themperour  
 Church the bodi he him smot  
 His deth it worth wele I wot  
 When he herd that ich feloun  
 Hadde y-slawe his lyoun

Out of halle he gan driue  
 Fram chaumber to chaumber al so swithe  
 With naked sward in his hond  
 Gif he him findeth he goth to schond  
 Into chaumber he com that stounde  
 And Morgadour sone he founde  
 With his nebou in consayl fast  
 When thai seye Gij thai weren agast  
 Gij seyð thou me hast bitreyð  
 When thou to grounde mi loun leyð  
 No dede Ich the neuer bot gode  
 Thou fel treytour vnkinde blod  
 Morgadour answerd anon  
 Stalworth knight as he was on  
 Thi lerk amidward thi teth  
 And therefore haue thou maugreth  
 Thi berstow me on treysoun  
 That Ich haue sleyn thi lioun  
 Gij with his kniif smite he wold  
 Ac Gij him suffri nold  
 His sward anon vp he hef  
 Morgadour down right he clef  
 Fram the heued down to the fot  
 Of that stroke no com him neuer bot  
 When his nebou p-seye that cas  
 That his eme so smiten was

Him to awreke him thought long  
And as he schuld his dart afong  
His arme atbo smot Gij  
And he him anon crid merci  
Gij for rewthe is thennes y-gon  
And cam to themperour anon  
And seththe he seyde to themperour  
Ich haue the serued with gret honour  
Zolden thou hast me iuel mi while  
When thi folk thurch tresoun and gile  
Haue mi lyoun to deth y-brought  
Mi while is iuel zalt he it hath abought  
For sothe he me to the bitweyd  
And now to grounde mi lyoun is leyde  
Ded he lithe alto hewe  
Chi steward at wordes fewe  
Wele Ich haue zolden him his treysoun  
And that he slough mi lyoun  
Seththe thou no might waranti me  
What to schuld I serui the  
On oncouthe man in thi lond  
When thou no dost him bot schond  
Harm me is and michel misdo  
Therfor Ichil fram the go  
And in other cuntres serue I wile  
Ther men wille yeld me mi while

Merci Sir Gij seyd themperour tho  
 Gif ani of our hath the misdo  
 Swiche right do als tow wilt  
 And take the amendes after the gilt  
 For alle thai schul be thine men on  
 In thi nede serue the ichon  
 And at thi wille take her catel  
 Withdrawe thi mod Sir I bidde the wel  
 Ich wil thatow tomorwen arly  
 Mi douhter at the chirche spously  
 Gij answerd therof speke nought  
 Hir to nim nam Ich nought bithought  
 For gif thou haddest me hir giue  
 And Ich hir toke ther whiles I liue  
 Than wold thi men anon  
 That wonderful be mani on  
 The seggen with deshonour  
 Thou haddest made a pouer man emperour  
 And unworth thai wold holden of me  
 And sum edwite ther wold be  
 That thi douhter desperplid were  
 Gif thou to me hadde giuen her here  
 Leuer Ich hadde litel with worthschipe  
 Than michel welden with schenschipe  
 Therefore Sir Emperour I the telle  
 In non maner bileuen I nille



Whende Ichil in to mi cuntre  
 Mine frendes to visite and to se  
 Leue he toke with that speche  
 And seyde Godes sone þe biteche  
 When theemperour with holden him no may  
 He seith his wille is to wende oway  
 When he gan with his eyghen to  
 Alle tho of the court dede also  
 His grete tresour he dede forth bring  
 And bede it Gij to his likeing  
 Ac therof liked him nought to take  
 Anough he hadde of Sarrazins blake  
 Al so a gode man dede theemperour there  
 Ther after to alle Gyes fere  
 Riche tresour than gaf he  
 Gold and siluer gret plente  
 As miche as thai wold vnderfo  
 For theemperour it comend so  
 Gret thai geue theemperour  
 That he was man of gret honour  
 Gij dight him with riche dubbeing  
 Riche wede he dede for him bring  
 Of theemperour he toke his leue  
 And he al wepend it him geue  
 And alle the knightes of the cite  
 Of euerichon leue nam he

Ther might men se sorwe make  
 For Sir Gij wold fram hem rake  
 Wimen and children mani on  
 For him thai wepen euerichon  
 Ther whiles he was in her ferred  
 Of no wer no stode hem drede  
 Theemperour cleped Berhaud him to  
 And arefound him toene hem to  
 Sir Berhaud thou schalt bileue with me  
 Wele Ich the sigge and liker thou be  
 That Ich in this yere wille giue the  
 The richest honour that in mi lond be  
 Sir quath Berhaud gramerci  
 Wele ye wite Icham with Sir Gij  
 I no wil depart him fro  
 For non honour men may me do  
     Sir Gij is to his in is y-go  
 And areliche amowe he aros tho  
 Into Ingland he went God itot  
 Ac when theemperour that sothe wot  
 That Gij the curteys is y-go  
 At his hert him was ful wo  
 So was Blauncheffour the schene  
 For his loue sche tholed tene  
 Toward Ingland is Gij y-drawe  
 And with him Berhaud his gode felawe

Swithe hastiliche thai gun ride  
The weder was hot in somers tide  
In May it was al so Ich wene  
When floures sprede and springeth grene  
Into a forest Sir Gij is go  
Hepe a cite nought fer ther fro  
Than seyde Gij to his meynep  
Wendeth swithe wel an hepe  
Gine in to nim in the cite  
Ich wil a while here pleye me  
For to here the foules singe  
Ther in was tho his likeinge  
His folk he doth fram him go  
Alon bileft Sir Gij tho  
Hadde he noither knaue no grome  
Seriaunt no squier non  
Selcouthe it was for to here  
In priue stede stode Gij there  
So michel he herd the foules sing  
That him thought he was in gret longing  
So mani thinges he of thought  
That out of his right way him brought  
So long forth he is rideing  
In his way forth secheing  
That o groning fram fer he herd  
He of list and thider he ferd

The mening seyð allas allas  
 That Ich was born for swiche trespas  
 Ac now is me iuel bifelle  
 Deth whi wiltow so long duelle  
 Thiderward Sir Gij him drough  
 And loked vnder an hawethorn bough  
 The bodi he sepe of a knight  
 Therof he hadde wonder aflight  
 Feir and michel he him seth  
 Gij thenketh michel and nought no seyth  
 That hors he priketh and forth he goth  
 That bodi he bihalt inliche forsoth  
 His barbel first adoun he deth  
 Withouten colour his neb he seth  
 For the blod he hadde for lore  
 That of his bodi he hadde forth bore  
 Þ-girt he was with a gode sward  
 That was wele kerueand down to the uerd  
 Wele he was y-armed gentilliche  
 Gij of him hadde reuthe miche  
 His name he asked sweteliche  
 Who him bisepe so reweliche  
 What is thi name where wer thou bore  
 And who hath y-wounded the so sore  
 Ich the bidde thatow say me  
 And for sothe Þ plight the

For me schaltow harm haue non  
 Who hath the thus iuel bigon  
 He answerd that wille þ̄ nought  
 In mine hert is swiche forwe brought  
 That þ̄ dar schewe the no speche  
 Lete me dye þ̄ the biseche  
 So michel sigge þ̄ the Sir knight  
 Gif thou wilt plight me anon right  
 Thi treuthe in hond mine  
 Siker thou be that al mi pine  
 And alle mine estris Ichil telle the  
 Elles no wostow it nought for me  
 His treuthe sone he him plight  
 His liif he teld him anon right  
 Now he seyde Sir knight fre  
 Mi name þ̄ the telle and whennes þ̄ be  
 Of Gormoise Icham cleped Cirri  
 Theld eris sone Aubri  
 With the douke of Loreyne Ichawe p-be  
 A feir douhter than hadde he  
 Duer alle othe we loueden ous  
 And for loue treuthe pligheten thus  
 For non othe sche nold me lete  
 No þ̄ no loued non bot that swete  
 In Godes lawe for sothe þ̄ wis  
 Swiche a treuthe bitwix ous is

Armes for hir loue þ nam  
 And now þ thought to han went ham  
 Hi priis Ichauē wide p-sought  
 Fram stede to other no wond þ nought  
 Than come fram hir to me a sond  
 That brought me miche sorwe an hond  
 That the douke Dtous of Þauī  
 Wald mi leman spousey  
 To wham Ich was treuthe plight  
 Disel was hir name ful right  
 That bi letters sche sent to me  
 And bi toknes that wer so fre  
 That gif Ich hir hadde wold  
 That to hir comen þ schold  
 To on day that was p-sett  
 Other sche worth fro me fett  
 To hir ward þ gan spede  
 With thritti knightes in mi ferred  
 Eueriche of ous his stede bistode  
 And riden ous forth withouten abode  
 Ther the douke Dtous was and his ferred  
 With an hundred knightes of gret pride  
 And wele to hundred of seriaunce  
 Of Lombardy and of Fraunce  
 For to spouse min owen wiif  
 That þ loued more than mi liif

When þæt that wiſt þæt ſent hir to  
 So priueliche ſo Ich might it do  
 That hij ſchuld come to me  
 For gret loue ſo dede ſche  
 To me ſche come thurch queyntiſe  
 Doun of the caſtel in ſelcouthe wiſe  
 Bi on cable alle ſtepeliche  
 That folk it no founde ſikerliche  
 þæt ſett hir on a mule amblinde  
 In the way we dede ous rideinde  
 Ac ther Ich dede gret childhod  
 That alto long þæt ther abod  
 At our wending of that cite  
 The light day we mighten ſe  
 Ther we were y-knowen tho  
 At a brigge as we hadde go  
 That Ich for Diſel was y-come  
 Hir fader it was teld atte frome  
 Church the cite the crie was gradde  
 The maiden was oway ladde  
 Ther might men ſe knightes on hors wende  
 And me thai of token at the brigge ende  
 Ther we ſtronglich mett with hem  
 þan̄i we ſlowen of her men  
 Alle thai ſlough mine ſeren  
 That ſwiſthe gode knightes weren

He thai com to nim snelle  
 Ac þe nold no longer duelle  
 Ich toke mi leman on mi stede  
 And ouer that water with hir Ich pede  
 Alle that day thai driuen me  
 Alle fort thai no might for night þe  
 When þe was passed the riuer aright  
 In hert þe was glad and light  
 That water passi thai no durstin  
 Than owayward turn thai mostin  
 In this forest þe come rideinde  
 Bifor me mi leman ledeinde  
 þe no dred robours no thef non  
 Ac al liker Ich wende forth gon  
 What of wakeing and of fasting  
 And eke that other treueþling  
 Sleped swithe sore Ich was  
 And lay and slepe in this plas  
 Than com fiftene outlawes strong  
 With her men and here me afong  
 Alle slepende thai wounded me  
 Anon right nomen he  
 Bi leman thai han hir ladde fro me  
 Now Sir take therof pite  
 Bi the treuthe thou hast me plight  
 Socour mi leman gif thou might



And when that Ich dede be  
 Do me birij Ich bidde the  
 To that hulle thou wende anon  
 Thou hem findes ther ichon  
 And gif that thou so mighti be  
 Thatow may hem alle le  
 Winne thou might a maiden fre  
 In the world may non feirer be  
 And yete þ may the more telle  
 Mi stede thai han that is so snelle  
 That with strengthe in þeyneme Ich wan  
 Of Solagimis the sone soudan  
 Therfore men han y-boden me  
 .xv. castels and touns and riche cite  
 And .xv. somers of siluer and of gold  
 Ac for an hundred giuen Ichil nold  
 Now thou hast Sir alle y-herd  
 Hou Ich am bitreyd and amerd  
 Take mi scheld and mi hauberk of stiel  
 And mi sward that biteth wel  
 And mine armes Ich am in dight  
 For Ich the se man of miche might  
 To quite thi treuthe thou hast y-plight  
 Than stode ther Sir Gij vp right  
 Wel depe in hert he hath y-light  
 Grete pite he hath of that knight

He knewe Cirri for his frende  
 That lay ther in hard bende  
 Sir he seyde bi treuthe mine  
 That Ich haue plight in hond thine  
 Euen forth mi might Ichil help the  
 More might thou nought ori me  
 With that hath Bij his brond y-nome  
 And his hauberk atte frome  
 His scheld and his other wede  
 And to the hulle in gret perill he pede  
 A loge stonden ther he seye  
 And ther withouten a gode stede and hepe  
 That was to a bough y-tepd  
 Bij theron his talent leyde  
 Sterneliche prikeing he come  
 His swerd he drough out anon  
 He alight and seyde at his cominge  
 Cheues ye be ded withouten lesinge  
 Awarid worth ye ichon  
 Bothe your flessche and your bon  
 Whi slough ye that ich knight  
 Alle ye schul die anon right  
 And gif ani so hardi be  
 That hennes sir toward me  
 Ich wille you for sothe say  
 He bes the first that schal day

An Almaunde he araught  
 His heued of at the first draught  
 Ar ani of hem hem were might  
 Alle he hem slough þ you plight  
 Tho he hadde hem slaun ichon  
 He lepe upon his stede anon  
 Comen he is to that mayde  
 Wel sweteliche to hir he seyde  
 Na more fori thou no be  
 Ac arise vp and com with me  
 To thi leman þ bringe the sket  
 Under the thorn ther thou him let  
 Upon a mule sche warth anon  
 To the hawethorn thai ben y-gon  
 Ac thai no haue the knight y-founde  
 Þ-ladde he was owai that stounde  
 Tho he fond him nought he was fori  
 For he wend wel likerli  
 That lyouns him hadde to drauwe  
 He loked adoun vnder the wode schawwe  
 Gif he ought y-herd loude or heye  
 Of hors traces hy ther seye  
 That maiden he lete thare  
 And after swithe he is y-fare  
 So fast he rode that he com neye  
 Four knightes he ther seye

Gij of toke sone that ferrede  
 And sepe than kn[i]ght with hem lede  
 Gij that hepe rode on his stede  
 Verne he bad gif he might spede  
 To the knightes Sir Gij him sade  
 Lordinges thilke Lord that you made  
 And the night and the bright day  
 You do worthschipe so wele he may  
 Gif it be your wille speke with me  
 To mi speche vnderfond ye  
 Lordinges Ich haue mi treuthe y-plight  
 To him that ye lede th[i]ke knight  
 That biri I schal his bodi  
 Mi treuthe I him plight likerly  
 Al for loue Ich you biteche  
 His bodi that ye me biteche  
 That o knight went to him ward  
 That was the douke Dtous steward  
 That hadde y-passed the riure  
 In a bot that he fond there  
 And seyde to Gij who artow  
 Als a sole comen artow now  
 Comestow now to aski right  
 To haue the bodi of our knight  
 For his fere we nim the snelle  
 To the douke Dtous lede we the wille

And ye schul bothe demed be  
 And heye hong on galwe tre  
 Gij him seyð thou misseyt  
 And bi mine heued thou it abeyt  
 Dpon the heued Gij him smot  
 Unto the girdel stede that sward bot  
 Another he smot right anon  
 Spare nold [he] neuer on  
 Of his hors he has him feld  
 His heued he dede flepe in the feld  
 With that come the gode Hogoun  
 The doukes nevou of Toun  
 He smot Gij on the scheld bifore  
 That nepe he hath his sward forlore  
 For schame he hadde of the stroke thare  
 Gij smot Hogoun and nought him forbare  
 Duer thuert that sward glod  
 And to clef him withouten abod  
 Wharto schuld þ make tale of nought  
 Alle he hath hem to deth y-brought  
 He nam Cirri in his armes anon  
 And sett him his hors opon  
 To that hawethorn he is y-fare  
 An fond he nought that maiden thare  
 Lete we now of Gij be stille  
 More ye schul here gif ye wille

Of that maiden hou sche was nome  
 Than schal we til our tale come  
 Of Gyes felawes þu wille you telle  
 So þu finde in mi spelle  
 That so long were in the cite  
 Wonder hem thenketh where Gij be  
 For the mete was al yare  
 Wonder hem thought wer Gij ware  
 Perhaud of Ardern and other mo  
 Into the forest thai ben y-go  
 Thai might finde for no secheing  
 Perhaud cast sone his lokeing  
 Beside him he herd a mening  
 Also it were a woman schricheing  
 Þye bigan loude to grede  
 Perhaud neyghed and his ferrede  
 The hawethorn thai yede wel neye  
 And the maiden ther thai seye  
 Perhaud hir ored what hij was  
 Sche no told him nought al her cas  
 Bot that sche was a wriche wiman  
 That michel sorwe so was an  
 For alle that sorwe than hade he  
 For sche no might her leman se  
 Sche forbede him anon right  
 That no man sett on hir sight

Verhaud toke that mayde with him  
 And ladde hir hom to his in  
 Now wende we ogain to our spelle  
 That ye me herd er than telle  
 Of Gij and Tirri therls sone  
 Hou thai ben to the hawethorn come  
 When hij thider y-comen were  
 Do fond hij nought the maiden there  
 Gij bileft ther Sir Tirri  
 And sought that maiden bi and bi  
 Op and down he yede hir secheinde  
 And sorwefulliche hir himeninde  
 He wende sche were stole with outlawe  
 Other with wilde bestes y-drawe  
 For hir in hert him was ful wo  
 That he no wist what to do  
 Do wist he what do he might  
 To the cite he went anon right  
 When he hir finde no may  
 Homward he most take the way  
 Than toke he that knight  
 On his stede nek he sett him right  
 Y-comen he is to the cite  
 His men al fori findeth he  
 And when hij her lord sepe come  
 Blithe thai were alle and some

Lordinges he seyð nimeth this bodi  
 And to the grounde it lay wel softli  
 The bodi thai toke of that knight  
 Dpon a pal leyð it anon right  
 Gij hath of sent leches there  
 The wisest that in that cite were  
 Lordinges he seyð vnderstond to me  
 Gif ye this knight that ye here se  
 Day on him his woundes hele  
 It worth you yolden eueridele  
 Gif he dede or liues be  
 Ich bihat you min frende fre  
 Him to hele your might ye do  
 An hundred besaunce I gif ther to  
 Thai groped his beynes and his wounde  
 Thai feld hem bothe hole and sounde  
 Wele hii seth he nis nought dede  
 The leches taken hem to rede  
 In forward hele him thai wille  
 In non maner lete thai nille  
 Thertwihiles of herd Sir Gij  
 Noise and wepe and wel gret crie  
 His chaumberleyn he cleped him to  
 And alle in wretthe he ored him tho  
 Who it was that noise made  
 Bid hem alle be blithe and glade



Sir he seyd a maiden it is  
 That herhaud fond wel feir þ̄ wis  
 Under an hawethorn in the forest  
 Quath Gij fete hir to me in hast  
 Swithe that Ich might hir se  
 Now hastiliche bringeth hir to me  
 The chaumberleyn is forth y-gon  
 And brought hir biforn hem anon  
 Gij hir knewe and gar hir gret  
 Welcome be thou mi lef swete  
 As sche was into the halle y-come  
 Wepeinde and sorwende vndernome  
 With that hij seye that bodi þ̄ wis  
 Liggend on a pal of priis  
 A leman Tirri quath sche tho  
 What þ̄ se thi neb al blo  
 That so white of colour was  
 Thi better neuer y-born nas  
 In wroched time mi bodi thou say  
 When thou schalt for me day  
 Dye Ichil forth with the  
 For sorwe liues no may þ̄ be  
 Bot þ̄ may dye Ichil me quelle  
 Lenge to libbe is nought mi wille  
 Seththen thou hast thi deth for me  
 For sothe dye Ichil for the

When sche seye Cirri hir leman  
 Duer him sche fel a swon onan  
 Bij hir in his armes nam  
 And seyde to hir mi leue leman  
 Do make thou nought sorwe so miche  
 Thi leman worth hole hastiliche  
 In that cite thai bileued there  
 What Cirry was hole and fere  
 To the wode thai ben y-go  
 Niche loue was bitven hem to

On a day as thai com fram hunting  
 Bij seyde to Cirry withouten lesing  
 Ich wil that we be treuthe plight  
 And sworn brether anon right  
 Cirri seyde to Sir Gyoun  
 Understonde now to mi resoun  
 That noither other after this  
 Do faile other while he liues is  
 With that answerd therl Cirri  
 And seyde wel blethelich Sir Bij  
 Now thou louest so miche me  
 That tow mi sworn brother wil be  
 Do wille Ich neuer feyle the  
 For nought that may bifalle me  
 Gret worthschip thou hast don me  
 God leue me yete than day þe se

That Ichil the mow wele yeld  
For gode baroun thou art y-held  
Fram deth thou hast y-warist me  
Wel gret wrong it schuld be  
Bot Ich the loued as mi lord fre  
Wel gret worthschip Ich ought bere the  
Treuthe bitven hem is plight  
And after kist anon right  
Seththen thai went into the cite  
With ioie and mirthe gamen and gle  
Now Gij him maketh him alle pare  
Into Ingland for to fare  
Cirri he wald lede with him tho  
And Dysel his leman that he loued so  
To the king thai wold hem aqueynti  
And gode throwe with him soioerni  
Biteche he him wille his castels alle  
So he him bithought gif it might falle  
It was opon a somers day  
Gij out at a windowe lay  
To Cirri he spac of her fare  
Of her wele and of her care  
With that com prikeing anon right  
A knight he semed wele aplight  
Wele he semed he treuaifd were  
Gij anon clept to him there

Sir knight he seyde whennes comestow  
 And what thou sechest telle me now  
 The knight answerd Ichil the telle  
 And nought therof leyghen I nulle  
 Cirri of Gurmoise I go secheinde  
 Theris sone Aubri wele doinde  
 In mani londes Ich haue him sought  
 Whatto quath Iij hele it nought  
 Sir quath he I telle the sone  
 Of a gret sorwe that is y-done  
 Cirri serued the douke Loyere  
 The douke him loued and held him dere  
 And gaf him armes with gret honour  
 Knight he bicom of gret valour  
 The douke hadde a feir doughter for the meistri  
 That was y-gouen to the Douke of Paui  
 Cirri hir loued and oway ladde  
 What thurch mani man the deth hadde  
 With strengthe him folwed knightes bliue  
 I not wher he be pete oliue  
 The douke Loyer bithought him tho  
 Opon his fader for to go  
 The douke Loyer with him ladde  
 The douke of Paui thider he hadde  
 With his gode cheualrie  
 The best of al Lombardye

In Gormoise therl bisett han he  
And destrud alle his cuntre  
Bot God me leue Tirri finde  
That he be his fader helpinde  
Al his lond him tit forgo  
Do schal he it ogain win neuer mo  
His fader no may armes weld  
Do no lenge help himself for eld  
Sir knight than seyde Sir Gij  
Here with ous thou schalt herberwei  
And of therl Tirri telle þ the  
Gif Ich ought can mi frende fre  
Gramerci Sir than seyde he  
Of him to here leue war me  
Gij hete his folk hastiliche  
That hpe him vnderfeng curteplliche  
Ichil the telle quath Sir Gij  
That þ can of therl Tirri  
When thai hadde d[r]onken in the halle  
And glad thai were þ telle you alle  
Than seyde therl Tirri  
For loue þ bidde the Sir Gij  
Ogain to mi cuntre com with me  
Als so we sworn brether be  
Mi fader to help that we spede  
For of help he hath gret nede

Be stille seyð Gij what seyðtoto me  
 That day to God vntworthi þ be  
 Gif þ Sir Cirri feyle the  
 Therwhiles that Ich haue luf in me  
 Sir Gij he seyð gramerci  
 Thilke þ sigge the likerly

Now sendeth Gij after knightes inelle  
 Almaines swithe and of gode wille  
 To him ther come gret plente  
 Er the twenti day y-comen be  
 Fif hundred knightes hardi and hende  
 To Cirri come for his frende  
 And seyð to Cirri to thi fader we wil gon  
 Wele we it aught to don  
 Wel redi we ben ichon  
 So long thai han forth y-gon  
 Y-comen thai ben to Gormoise  
 In that cite was gret noise  
 In an euening thai com to the cite  
 That hye withouten aperceiued nar he  
 Wel glad him was therl Aubri  
 Of the cominge of his sone Cirri  
 And of Sir Gyes coming  
 That gode knight was withouten lesing  
 Her eyghen watred for gladnesse  
 Alle thai yede ogain him to kisse

Leue fader seyde Sir Cirri  
 Worthschip wele now Sir Gij  
 Felawes we ben treuthe y-plight  
 I wil that ye it wite now right  
 Fram deth he hath y-heled me  
 Quath therl God y-thonked mot it be  
 Hennes forward alle that min is  
 To his wille schal ben I wis  
 His best to don and his wille  
 Erliche and lat loude and stille  
 A wel eld man Ich am I wis  
 That I bar armes twenti yer it is  
 I-horn Ich haue cheualrie  
 Of mi lond haue thou the meistrie  
 Than y-herberwed weren he  
 Worthschipliche in that cite  
 In the cite gret noise is made  
 Of the barouns com thai ben wel glade  
 Therin is now therl Aubri  
 So is Sir Gij and Sir Cirri  
 An arnmorwe aros Sir Gij  
 And cleped to him his compeynie  
 Bifor therl than thai ferden  
 A gret crie thai herden  
 Of the barouns of the cite  
 Anon ored Gij the fre

Of that noise what it was  
 A squier told him al that cas  
 The douke steward Loyer  
 For present he cometh to iusti here  
 Gif he finde with whom to do  
 That ani knight durst cum him to  
 Sir Gij answer gif I may  
 Therof him worth his fille to day  
 Lordinges he seyð ginneþ you armi  
 And gin we hem to asaily  
 Sir erl Cirri Gij him fede  
 Take to hundred knightes in thi ferred  
 The lordinges to aseyl ye go  
 In þerhaud and in me trist also  
 We wil abide in this cite  
 In thi nede we schul socour the  
 Cirri nimeth with him knightes  
 To hundred armed in fighþes  
 Out of the cite he nam his way  
 Dani scheld he to drof that day  
 Cirri smot with gret might  
 Opon the helmes that schine bright  
 Thurch the bodi a knight he bar  
 Ded he feld him adoun þar  
 Another lording he smot tho  
 His hauberck nas him worth a flo



Thurch his bodi the brond went  
Ded he feld him verrament  
Ich on of hem that he toke he slough  
Were it with right were it with wough  
Wel fel knightes ther weren y-feld  
That lay long streghte in the feld  
Sum were thurch the bodi wounde  
And sum lay ded opon the grounde  
So wele did therl Cirri  
And with him alle his compeynie  
The lordinges thai han so thurch gon  
That ded thai fel mani on  
Cirri smot to the constable  
Of his stede he feld him withouten fable  
And ney he hadde him wonne in fight  
Ther com an hundred knightes of gret might  
Alle thai folwed him abaundoun  
And he mett with hem als a loun  
Mani heuedes he dede of fle  
Alle that he smot ded most be  
Cirri misdede nought for than  
Ther he les his feren euerich man  
Thurch strengthe of the lordinges snelle  
Fif hundred of knightes felle  
Cirries felawes ben ouer come  
Of held y-slawe other y-nome

Ac Cirri hem goth than meteing  
 With mani strok of his brond kerueing  
 A fot no deyned him nought to fle  
 Do his stede with wende oge  
 His feren he rescoud as a gode knight  
 Mani on he feld ded anon right  
 Than seyde Berhaud leue Sir Gij  
 Sestow now the gode erl Cirri  
 Of grete valour now so is he  
 His better wot þ non bot te  
 Him to socour we aught to go  
 Gij him answerd we schul so  
 Forth thai yede with gode welle  
 The lordinges hij astounded snelle  
 With that com forth Sir Gij  
 In his hond his sword blodi  
 Wel heteliche he smot a knight  
 His bodi he cleft adoun right  
 Another knight he smot anon  
 That ded he feld him on the ston  
 Sir Gij him smot to Gayer  
 That was the doukes nebou Loyer  
 Of his hors he hath him feld  
 Church Cirries help in the feld  
 For he smot his felawe  
 In the sond he hath him slawe

Berhaud smot another forth  
 His armes was him nought worth  
 Church his bodi the sward pede  
 Ded he feld him of his stede  
 Another he smot him as gode knight  
 Of his stede he feld him down right  
 Now thai ginne togider smite  
 Non no spared other bot lite  
 Togider thai smite hard with alle  
 Mani on ther was ded and down falle  
 Who that sepe than therl Cirri  
 With his felawe Sir Bij  
 And Berhaud of Arderne the gode  
 That wele to smite was in his mode  
 So mani thai nomen and feld that day  
 Is non the best chese may  
 Of thre knightes so wele doinde  
 Ogain the Loreyns fighting  
 Bij to the steward hath y-smite  
 Of his hors he feld him with hete  
 Church strengthe of fight he him wan  
 The other oway flepe ich man  
 Bij and Cirri hem folweth strongliche  
 And her ferren hardiliche  
 Alle thai ben ded other ouercome  
 Ther bileued non vnnome

Gij and Cirri ogain ben y-gon  
 With hem thai ladde her prisouns ichon  
 Whatto schuld þ therof lye  
 That day thai hadde the maistrie  
 Than com forth a knight ther  
 The tiding teld the douke Loper  
 Sir douk he seyð vnderstond to me  
 To ben atwreken now biþhenke the  
 Bifor Gormoise that cite  
 On arnemorwe than come we  
 With fif hundred of gode knightes  
 On a cumbraunce ous come anon rightes  
 Alle nomen and slawen ben hpe  
 With him of Warwike Sir Gij  
 Ogein ne beth nought comen fourti  
 Repeired is therl Sir Cirri  
 Herhaud of Ardern the gode marchis  
 And with hem fif hundred knightes of priis  
 That gode ben to fight and modi  
 Thine knightes thai han slayn bi and bi  
 The douk answerd is it sothe this  
 That therl Cirri repeired is  
 Gij of Warwike and Herhaud also  
 And her seren that gode ben mo  
 The fende hem hath thider y-brought  
 To slen ous alle thai han in thought

Than bispac Dtous of Pauli  
 To Gij he bar gret enbie  
 Do thing Sir desmay thou the  
 Ful wel we schul atwreken be  
 To morwe we schal to the cite go  
 With a thousand knightes and mo  
 And gif the treptours y-founden be  
 We schul hem aseyle & telle the  
 Euerichon thai worthen ded  
 Duath the douk that is a gode red  
 Wel erliche thai arisen tho  
 And to the cite thai ben y-go  
 And a thousand knightes in her compeynie  
 The best that were in Lombardye  
 Alle thai threten Sir Gij  
 Him for to slen and Sir Cirri  
 Togider fast thai gun smite  
 With swerdes that wil wele bite  
 Als Gij com fro chirche go  
 Into a pleyne he loked tho  
 He seye the doukes ost was neye  
 So mani knightes ther he seye  
 Than therl Cirri he cleped him to  
 And to him wightliche spac tho  
 Sir erl he seyde what schal we do  
 Alle the ost of Loreyne & se lo

The ost of Lorepne wele y-dight  
 With scheldes and with brinis bright  
 The douk of Paui is y-come  
 By his armes þ knowe that gome  
 þ no may him loue he is mi fo  
 Gret wille me cometh ogain him go  
 Therl seyde arme we ous euerichon  
 A thousand knightes schul with ous gon  
 Gij him mett with therl Jordan  
 Lord he was of alle Belan  
 He smot him ouer the gilden scheld  
 Ded he feld him in the feld  
 Anon he smot another knight  
 That ded he feld him anon right  
 With that come prike therl Tirri  
 And mett with a knight hight Amori  
 That was the doukes constable Dtoun  
 To deth he him smot with his swerd broun  
 Another he smot with his brond  
 That ded he feld him on the sond  
 With that com prike Berhaud  
 And mett with Gwishard the Houhaut  
 Berhaud him hath ther afeld  
 That dede he lay in the feld  
 Chemperour with that ginneth fle  
 On euerich half driuen ben he

Swithe hij hem nimeth and queleth  
 Bi the pleynes thai gredeth and yelleth  
 Wel gret it was the scomfitour  
 To the Lombardes bifel iuel auentour  
 Bi that side was Dtous sleinde  
 In his hond his sward kerueing  
 Now folweth him Berhaud alle on  
 So swithe so the stede might gon  
 Als so the douk was flogen him fro  
 That no moder bern no seye him tho  
 Bot Berhaud him folwed stouteliche  
 His bodi no drad he nought miche  
 Bihinden him he smewe his wede  
 The lasse of him was his drede  
 Biwende the seyde Berhaud fre  
 The douke of Paui and wer thou the  
 Of that ich wicked felonie  
 That thou ous dede in Lombardye  
 When the douke Dtous this y-seye  
 It was Berhaud that after him slepe  
 Hastiliche he hath him mett  
 And at a diche him bisett  
 He smot him on the helme bright  
 A quarter of his helme down right  
 Than seyde the treytour glotoun  
 Dye thou schalt with resoun

Ich the abie in this stede  
 Herhaud anon to him sede  
 Thou lertt he seyde vile losaniour  
 Thou it abist bi seyn Sauour  
 Herhaud a strok him raught  
 Dpon his scheld with gret maught  
 On the helme that strok glod  
 And fel on the stede that he on rode  
 So he mett him in that stede  
 That his stede knewele he dede  
 Up stirt the stede that was snelle  
 Than come ther bi an hongend hille  
 The mighti and the hardi Gyoun  
 In his hond he bar a trounfoun  
 Dous he smot therwith so  
 That he les his stiropes to  
 Than seyde Gij to Dous so vntwraft  
 To me ward thou wende on hast  
 And were the of that felonie  
 That thou dest me in Lombardye  
 Dous him went with gret hete  
 Church the thei Gij he hath y-smite  
 With hete he smot Gyoun  
 That his stede knewled adoun  
 Than bithought him Sir Gij  
 To atwreke him he hadde gret hye



The douke he sepleth there  
And of his helme he carf a quarter  
He made him a croun brod there  
As a monke that orderd were  
Of that helme that swerd glod  
With that strok withouten abod  
Allas that reuthe and that sorwe  
That he no hadde his bodi forcorue  
Ac in that maner yete it schal wende  
Who so hereth this tale to thende  
Ther him hadde Gij his heued binome  
No hadde gret socour to him come  
An hundred knightes and fifti  
That stalworth were and hardi  
The douke thai ben to socour y-come  
Dani Gij hath her heuedes binome  
With that ther com a stout Lombard  
Of Hohaut he was y-hoten Grimbold  
Gij he smot in that stounde  
Thurch the scholder a grete wounde  
Gij wold atwreke him anon  
Upon his helme he hewe gode won  
Than com ten knightes prout  
And Gij thai bisett about  
And Gij him wered with his brond  
Til that it brac into his hond

Allas quath Gij this vnthang  
 Were no may þ me nought lang  
 Ther come prikeand a prout Lombard  
 Atte last he held him auuisard  
 Bi the nase he tok Gij  
 And seyð him a gret vilanie  
 Thou wreche glotoun losaniour  
 Thou schalt the yeld bi seyn Sauour  
 Now Ichil yeld the to prisoun  
 To mi lordes wille the douke of Toun  
 Thou lert than Gij sede  
 Thou lither bodi so God me rede  
 Erst thou it schalt abigge  
 Er thou me in prisoun legge  
 Gij him smot so with his fest  
 That his nek bon to brest  
 With that come another knight  
 Of Fraunce y-bore Amori he hight  
 Douke Dtous soudour was he  
 For his warisoun with him to be  
 Gij he seyð now yeld thou the  
 Al likerliche now to me  
 The no tit harm litel no miche  
 þ nil quath Gij likerliche  
 Bete no drede þ nought alle you  
 Sey me wreche what seistow

With that come Berhaud prikeinde  
 And in his hond a swerd wele kerueinde  
 He it brought to gode Gyoun  
 Therwith he him werd as a loun  
 Gij was socourd swithe wel  
 When he hadde the brond of stiel  
 Neuer ther nas non so hardi  
 That enes durst com him bi  
 Wharto schuld Ich held long tale  
 And michel speke about dualle  
 Ich sigge Ichil sotheliche  
 With fewe wordes simpeliche  
 Gij and Berhaud and Cirri the fre  
 With her felawes that gode be  
 Han ouercomen the batayle  
 Atte nende withouten faile  
 Alle the Lombard ben ouercome  
 Oway y-flowen ther be some  
 The douke Dtous oway flepe snelle  
 Gij him drof with gode wille  
 Dtous him went and smot Sir Gij  
 And Gij opon him likerly  
 Gij fonded to smite wel  
 Ac that swerd glod sumdel  
 Bitvene the bodi and the arsoun  
 Gyes swerd glod adoun

That the sabel and the stede also  
 Altogider he smot atbo  
 That he no hadde allas allas  
 Gouen him swiche another so that was  
 Ac for vp coming he no might  
 So gret socour him com of knight  
 That han p-socourd the douke sone  
 With that anon right mididone  
 Gij and Cirri with went ben he  
 And gon ogain to that cite  
 With that come Herhaud prikeinde  
 After the douke loude gredeinde  
 Douk he seyd wende and were the  
 Of the trefoun thou dest Gij and me  
 That thou ous dede in Lombardye  
 Were we now of that felonie

The douk with [that] went him fot hot  
 And with his brond he him smot  
 Ther thai foughten togider snelle  
 And smiten strokes with gode wille  
 Thai hewe on armes and brini bright  
 The blod sprang out anon right  
 Bitbene hem was strong fight  
 Aither no spard other no wight  
 Than biginneth Herhaud swithe  
 Bot he him wreke he is vnblithe

Fast he sayleth the douk Dtoun  
A quarter of his helme he smot adoun  
Dpon his scholder that swerd glod  
And in he it schef an hand brod  
Dpon his honden he dede him falle  
And seththe he tok him bi the naselle  
Bletheliche he wold the heued haue nom  
Ac so mani knightes to him come  
And on herhaud thai smiten snelle  
Hernne thai strengthed him to quelle  
Herhaud mett with hem there  
Made he no semblaunt that he wounded were  
With a Lombard so mett he  
The heued he dede fram the bodi fle  
As a gode knight he werd him þ wis  
Ac swithe lither bifallen him is  
Also he wald to the cite go  
His stede dyed vnder him tho  
With swerdes thai smiten him than about  
And on his helme hard him clout  
Thai hewe on his helme that blod out ran  
Ac he werd him as a man  
Dani on he made blodi y-plaint  
Of Lombardes in that fight  
A Lombard come forth with than  
Richard he hete an ontwraft man

To Berhaud he smot a strok grim  
 Thurch the scholder with a sward in  
 Berhaud wold of him be wreke  
 On his helme a stroke he gan reke  
 Ac he failed of him tho  
 Upon the arfoun the strok gan go  
 Ac hetelich he plight out that brond  
 That it brak in his hond  
 God what schal I do than seyde he  
 No lenger may Ich weri me  
 A sward he that made the  
 Of Godes mouthe acursed he be  
 Why feylestow so sone me  
 Iuel bifeyn worth I for the  
 Leuer me is her to be ded  
 Than hy mi bodi with hem led  
 With that come driuend a Lombard  
 Atte last he held him a couward  
 By the nase he raught him tho  
 And sternliche he seyde him to  
 Feloun thou schalt it abigge  
 Today thou schal thine heued her ligge  
 Berhaud smot him with his fest tho  
 That his nek bon brac atbo  
 Ded no worth I nought for the  
 Alle to heteliche thou com to me

Againward him went Sir Gij  
So is the gode erl Cirri  
The Lombardes thai han ouercome  
What y-slawe and y-nome  
After Herhaud he asked tho  
Whare he is and whider y-go  
A knight it seyde him anon  
Out of the scomfite he was y-gon  
Strongliche a knight driueing  
The douk Dtous bi his witeing  
God merci than Gij seyde  
Be mi frende ded Icham bitreyde  
Herhaud that so loued me  
For no thing may I confort be  
Lordinges he seyde ginneth ye to gon  
And lede your prisouns with you anon  
And Herhaud Ich seche wille  
Nicht no day I wiken I nille  
Liues or dethes that Ich him se  
Gif Ich him lese wo is me  
Com with me felawe Cirri  
Hastiliche Herhaud to socouri  
With scharp spors thai smiten her stede  
And sprongen forth so spark on glede  
Swithe thai priked for sothe to sigge  
Chalaunge on Herhaud to legge

At an ende of the ost bihalt Gij tho  
 The douk of Paui hou he is y-go  
 And that Herhaud was y-nome  
 Gret sorwas at his hert y-come  
 Bi God quath Gij Herhaud I se  
 Among his fon nomen is he  
 Go we smite to hem Cirri  
 For dout of deth spare nil I  
 So gode a knight leten I nille  
 Herhaud thai socourd snelle  
 To a Lombard smot Sir Gij  
 And feld him and his fere him by  
 Cirri another smite bigan  
 That ded he feld bothe hors and man  
 Swerdes thai drowen withouten feyle  
 Wharwith was wrought mani batayle  
 Thai hewe and slough with gret hete  
 So mani ther the liif forlete  
 Herhaud thai socourd mididone  
 A gode sward thai toke him sone  
 Toward his ost the douke hepeth bliue  
 And Gij after him gan driue  
 A strok him gaf Sir Gpoun  
 Bitvene the bodi and the arsoun  
 The dint of that strok alight  
 The stede he smot adoun right



Knightes than out of that ost  
 To Gij lopen with michel boft  
 Thurch that gret ost went Gij snelle  
 The Lombardes him folwed with gode wille  
 Tirri and Berhaud her ost metten there  
 And of him michel awonderd were  
 Hou hij fram the ost alchaped is  
 Of hem thai hadden gret blis  
 Gij and Tirri and Berhaud also  
 Ogain to the cite thai ben y-go  
 And the citiseins of that cite  
 Wel often God thonkeden be

The douke Dtous to his pauloun he yede  
 And vnarmed him of his wede  
 And lete loken to his wounde  
 And went to the douke Loyer in that stounde  
 His gret encumbraunce him telde  
 Conseyt ther of he wold helde  
 Gij Berhaud and Tirri also  
 To the cite thai ben y-go  
 Joie thai make and blisse also  
 The night is comen the day is go  
 Berkeneth me ye that ben in wille  
 Of a tresoun I schal you telle  
 That was swithe miche traifoun  
 And y-wrought thurch the douke of Coun

Tellen Ichil of the douke of Toun  
 That cruwel was and feloun  
 To the douk Loyer he is y-gon  
 And seyde sir herken me anon  
 Bot thou gode conseyl chese  
 Al thi lond thou schalt forlese  
 Church treptours that ben comen herin  
 Gij and Cirri and Berhaud with him  
 Gif thou wilt here me speke  
 Church gile thou schalt ben awreke  
 Otherliker winnen hem I no may  
 Do nother rede no can I say  
 Dan schal ben awreken of his fo  
 In what maner he may com to  
 Wel les me were gode conseyl to here  
 Thus him answerd the douk Loyer  
 Sir douke now I bidde the  
 To thes Aubri sende ye  
 And to his sone Cirri also  
 Sende to sigge to hem bo  
 That thou wilt him thi douhter geue  
 With him to acord while thou liue  
 And that he com hider to the  
 Right siker therof may thai be  
 And when thai ben farn her iurne  
 And fer fram her cuntre

The treitours thou schalt nimen icho[n]  
 And dem hem in thi court anon  
 And so michel I bid the  
 Gij and Herhaud giue thou me  
 And so thou schalt atwreke be  
 Of thine enmis as I telle the  
 And bot ye wil thus don  
 Thai worth thi dedliche fon

With that answerd the douk Loer  
 Lat be Sir Dtous for Seyn Richer  
 That felonie I nil hem nought do  
 For nought that I might afo  
 I nil bitray therl Cirri  
 For loue that he was mi norri  
 Fram childehed now he is a man  
 Now do ye the best that ye can  
 And he wil amend ogines me  
 Bi him I nold no trayfoun se  
 Do Herhaud no Gij the fre  
 Do wille Ich nought bitrepe I telle the  
 For thai ben gode men alle thre  
 Amende thai may ogaines me

Dtous answerd with wicked mod  
 And seyð sir no seystow bot gode  
 When ye the traitours loue so  
 That ye no wille hem to deth do

In prisoun thou schalt hem legge  
 So that hij it schul dere abigge  
 Alle fort thai han y-founden the ostage  
 That hij no do the non vtrage  
 So he glosed the douk in that stede  
 And so pernne he hath him bede  
 That he him graunted his talent  
 And in that fourme he hath of sent  
 An erchebisshop than sent he  
 The wisest of alle that cuntre  
 The message he schewed him tho  
 And to the cite he dede him go  
 Than he is to Gormoise come  
 And ther alight the gentil gome  
 Ther fond he therl Tirri  
 And his fader and eke Sir Gij  
 Lordinges he seyde herkneþ now  
 The douk me hath y-sent to you  
 And greteth you wele wil þ nought hele  
 The douke with you acord he wele  
 And amenden that he hath misdo  
 He bit thou that it be so  
 Tirri he wille his douhter giue  
 To haue hir while that he liue  
 Into the cite of Lorein he wil ye hir lede  
 And spouse hir ther with gret ferrede

And ther he wille the bridal held  
 Therat schul ben his barouns beld  
 That the loue stedefast be  
 Bitvene mi lord and the  
 Hennes forward he seyde me  
 Schuld the sposails couthe be  
 Than schul ye acordi  
 And togider laughten wele an hi  
 Sir seyde therl Aubri  
 Here now me and gramerci  
 The douke I thanke for the frendschip  
 That he wil mi sone so miche worthschipe  
 Bletheliche we wil to him come  
 At a day y-sett alle and some  
 Mi sone Cirri kepe wele the  
 That bitrayed thou no be  
 He douteth the douke of Pau  
 Lest he do the sum felonie

The bischop answerd therof thou no drede  
 Al liker ye beth of thilke dede  
 The bischop ogain y-farn he is  
 Her answer he telleth hem I wis  
 When the day come that was sett  
 Therl com forth withouten lett  
 With to hundred knightes and mo  
 That blithe were thider to go

Ac therof thai dede foliliche  
 Was ther non of hem likerliche  
 That ani wepen with hem bere  
 So liker thai wende to be there  
 In riche clothes thai were schred wele  
 That were gold broider eueridel  
 To themperour thai comen anon  
 To therl Tirri and his men ichon  
 He comen thai ben to the douke Loer  
 And brought the maide with leygheand cher  
 He comen thai ben to the parlement  
 For to here that iugement

Lordinges seyde the douke of Toun  
 Understond now to mi resoun  
 He wite wel that Tirri that is here  
 Hath agilt the douk Loere  
 That him forth brought and armes him gaf  
 Juel yolden he it him hath  
 Now he bringeth vncouth folk miche  
 Upon his lond so dedliche  
 Ac Ichaue the douke bisought  
 And mine feren hider brought  
 That forgif it be him euermo  
 And gret worthschipe he wil him do  
 His douhter he wille him giue  
 And gret worthschip while that he liue

And Ichil with Cirri wende  
 Hennesforward we schul be frende  
 Hete vnderstond seyð Sir Dtoun  
 Bifor you alle þ̄ biseke Sir Gyoun  
 Gif Ich him haue ought misdo  
 Amenden Ichil wele therto,  
 Bi so that he wille kisse me  
 Euer eft we schul frendes be  
 Lat he seyð Sir Gij the fre  
 No wille Ichauē no cosse with the  
 In Lombardye thou bitraydest me  
 And min men thou dest sle  
 Ac kisse thou schalt therl Aubri  
 And with him thou schalt acordi  
 Than seyð the douk Loer  
 Understond now ye that ben here  
 That therl Sir Cirri  
 Aubri sone that is her bi  
 He that maiden Dylsel schal spouse  
 In Godes law vnto his house  
 Acorded we ben of that dede  
 And forgeuen al hatrede  
 Than hath the douke y-kist Cirri  
 For gret traifoun and nought freli  
 Gij and herhaud held hem in pays  
 þ̄ij no kist Lombard no Gyays

Ac the Loreins thai kist  
 And the douke Loyer att first  
 Ac Dtous no kist thai nought  
 Thai no hadde to him no gode thought  
 Than seyð to Loer therl Aubri  
 The Ich biteche mi sone Cirri  
 Alder-first Thesu heuen king  
 And the Þ biteche mi pongling  
 No may Ich for eld trauaily  
 Hom Ichil wende now an hye  
 He bitaught hem God and gode day  
 He lete hem thar and went his way  
 Gij and Berhaud the maiden gan forth lede  
 Dysel sche hete with the rode so rede  
 Gret iurne thai riden that day  
 Fram Gormoise thai riden owai  
 Wele fiffen mile other mo  
 For gret hete thai resten hem tho  
 In a pleyne that lighten hem snelle  
 Ther thai wald resten and duelle  
 When thai alight the knightes fre  
 Alle thai wende y-nomen to be  
 Than seyð Dtous of Pau  
 Berkeneth to me al mi compeynie  
 The Loreins and the Lombardes ichon  
 Alle that in our side riden and gon



Bi the rede of the douke Loer  
 Ichot bothe knight and squier  
 That ye Gij Verhaud and Cirri binde  
 Fast her hondes hem bihinde  
 In to Loreine we lede hem snelle  
 Tomorwe we schul hem hongen alle  
 Who so him feyneth hem to nime  
 Forth with hem men schal him blim  
 Than lopen about hem the Lombars  
 As wicked coltes out of haras  
 And Loyers deden also  
 And therfore hem was ful wo  
 Anon Cirri aseplden he  
 And nomen him he no might nought fle  
 And Verhaud that was gode of might  
 Thai nomen ther anon right  
 Gij vp stirt hastiliche  
 And to hem spac wel sternliche  
 Now the deuel hong you ichon  
 Is this acord now alle agon  
 Worthschiped ous hath the douk Loer  
 With alle the tresoun that is her  
 No war we acorded bifor the barnage  
 And kist withouten vtrage  
 This has made the douke of Coun  
 That is so ful of tresoun

Alle this tresoun he hath bispeke  
 God ous of him awreke  
 For thurch the no war it nought  
 Bot it were first of him y-thought  
 The douk Loer was so wo  
 D word no might he speke tho  
 With that stirt forth anon right  
 Dtous collyn an vnwraft knight  
 Gij bi his mantel he drough so  
 That the tassels brosten ato  
 Than seyde a Cyas to a Lombard  
 Now is Gij of Warwike a couward  
 Lo now he hath no might  
 Lorn he hath contenaunce aplight  
 With that thai speken hem thus bitven  
 Gij seye it might no nother ben  
 To him that him held turned he  
 And gaf him swiche bendicite  
 That he brak his nek ato  
 Alle the other on him thresten tho  
 The mantel that he had opon  
 To cloutes it was drawen anon  
 So that ichon oway bar  
 An pece of his mantel thar  
 Gij werd him fast in that sturbing  
 Now helpe him Ihesu heuen king

Smer[t]liche thai gun him asaily  
 He werd him as a knight hardy  
 So that he neyghed his stede  
 For to him he hadde nede  
 Withouten stirop he lepe theron  
 Whani on he made that liif forgon  
 When the douk Drous that y-seye  
 That Gij on his hors oway flepe  
 Anon he seyde to his knightes  
 Now to hors with alle your mightes  
 For gif he pas ous in this biker  
 Of mi liif am I nought liker  
 And therefore nimeth him anon  
 Als ye wil haue mi loue ichon  
 Bot ye bring him me to  
 We ben y-schent for euer mo  
 An hors thai lopen thar on haft  
 And driuen Gij swithe fast  
 And Gij no hadde wepen non  
 Wold God of heuen that made man  
 That he hadde his brond kerueing  
 He no hadde ther no frende him helping  
 Bi that o side oway he ginneeth fle  
 Bot God of him haue pite  
 Ther he worth y-slawe anon  
 Alle abouten him thai ben y-gon

With that ther come rideing a knight  
 About his swere his scheld bright  
 And with a spere upon his hond  
 Toward Gij wel swithe he wond  
 And thurch the bodi smite him wold  
 Ac God of heuen it suffre nold  
 The strok of the spere it gan glide  
 Bitven the arsoun and his side  
 His blihant he carf his schert also  
 Gij strongliche him mett tho  
 With his fest he him smot so  
 That to grounde he dede him go  
 With that Sir Gij forth him dight  
 Ac he mett with another knight  
 Swerd he bar that wele wald bite  
 In the heued he wald Gij smite  
 The strok upon his hors glod  
 Upon the croupe a fot brod  
 Thei he war aferd no wonder nas  
 Gij ferd from him a fast pas  
 He seye with that a grom cominde  
 To him ward fast erninge  
 A gret soule in his hond he bar  
 So wold God that it war  
 Gij wel feir him bisought  
 Gif him the staf that he brought

Ichil yeld it the ful wel  
 Hauē here Sir bi Seyn Nighhel  
 Wele Ich thi gret nede se  
 Now God fram schame kepe the  
 He tok that soule in his hond  
 Anon forth to hem he wond  
 A Lombard wel sone he mett  
 And with the sward to him grett  
 That ded he feld him anon  
 He tok his hors and gan to gon  
 And seyde to the grom tho  
 Thou nim this hors and gin to go  
 With gode wille I giue it the  
 For the staf thou lentest me  
 The knaue him thonked bliue  
 Dway with the hors he gan to driue  
 Than went forth Bij the gode  
 Nas neuer man of his mode  
 That better him werd in his ende  
 Er he out of that fight gan wende  
 Pete he slough on of her felawe  
 In lasse while he hadde y-slawe  
 Then men schold sigge a pater-noster  
 I telle it you bi Peter the Apostel  
 That neuer swiche nas y-seye non  
 When he hath ouercomen ichon

Wel long he werth him that day  
 When he no lenge doure ne may  
 Than seyð he to hem anon  
 The deuel biteche Ich you ichon  
 And namliche Dtous of Pauie  
 That hath y-don ous this felonie  
 And gif Ich a yer libbe may  
 He schal ich abigge for sothe to say  
 Than is he goand oway ful yernne  
 So that he com to a water sterne  
 In he him dede and ouer he goth  
 Alle thai wondred ther of for soth  
 Don no durst after him wende  
 For drencheing at her liues ende  
 Dgain than thai ben y-come  
 To the douke Dtous alle and some  
 And telden him wel sone anon  
 That Gij was ouer the water y-gon  
 The douke Dtous is now wel fori  
 For Gij is schaped so oway  
 And swore bi God and Seyn Gelen  
 Neuer est nold he leuen his men  
 For that hii leten him oway fle  
 Gret wille he hadde him to fle  
 Ac Gij him werd with mani wrenche  
 Bothe of fole may of blenche

Sir douk Loer seyð Dtoun  
 Þ-schaped is the felle Gyoun  
 To Þau Ichil now gon  
 And spouse thi douhter anon  
 Riche bridal Ichil maki  
 With me schal Þerhaud and Tirri  
 Ther thai schul be don in prisoun  
 Schul thai neuer come to raunsoun  
 Dye thai schul with miche wo  
 And yete to yer Ichil now go  
 With min men to sechen Gij  
 What he be nome likerly  
 Alle this other prisouns with the go  
 And thine wil with hem thou do

Sir seyð the douk Loer  
 That nil Ich nought in non maner  
 That tow Tirri no do ðe  
 Þ nold in non wise Sir douk the fre  
 Ac gif Tirri schal with the go  
 In fre prisoun thou schalt him do  
 Thou do him kepe worthschipliche  
 With gret plente manschipliche  
 Alle fort he haue mi wille Þ do  
 Ichil now that it be so  
 And Ichil lede Þerhaud with me  
 In mi fre prisoun schal he be

I nil nought he with the go  
 To michel iuel thou wost him do  
 Than thai token her leue tho  
 With gret loue thai kisten hem bo  
 To Lorein went the douke Loer  
 That with worthschipe dede kepe ther  
 Berhaud of Arderne the marchis  
 Wele leuer him were he ded I wis  
 When he to Gij com no might  
 Leue him were dye anon right

Now is Dous to Pauí gon  
 With him he ledde his feir leman  
 Also he dede therl Sir Cirri  
 Fast y-fetred likerly  
 Right fast vnder the hors fet  
 In to Pauí and ther him let  
 When Dysel sepe him lede so  
 Sore sche wepe for his wo  
 Allas sche seyde and walewo  
 Sone is mi ioie went me fro  
 Of the hors sche fel a swon anon  
 For sorwe almost hir hert to chon  
 When the douk hir falle sepe  
 Bi his oth he swore an hepe  
 Iuel thou dost mi gode leman  
 When thou for swiche a man



Swiche sorwe schaltow make  
 And gif thou more sorwe for his sake  
 Other euer eft make swiche sorweing  
 And Ich it perceiue bi ani thing  
 To hewe he worth bifor the  
 Or hepe hong on galwe tre  
 Glad and blithe leman thou be  
 With ioie to Pauil I lede the  
 Ther Ichil nim the to wiue  
 And with the helden alle mi liue  
 Tirri Ichil in prisoun do  
 He no schal haue sorwe no wo  
 Ichim hate wel sore sskerly  
 For the loue of Berhaud and Gij  
 Richeliche he schal serued be  
 Ther of nought no dred thou the  
 Sir gramerci of thi speche  
 Ac of o thing I the biseche  
 Fourti days respite thou gif me  
 Til that mi sorwe asslaked be  
 And seththen spouse me with worthschipe  
 I graunt wele quath the douke sskerlike  
 To Pauil thai ben than ago  
 Ac alle another thought that maiden tho  
 Another sche sought than sche seyd  
 Gret sorwe in hir hert sche leyd

Ar sche wille to him spoused be  
 With a kniif sche wil hir le  
 Ac o thing hir glad likerliche  
 Dpon Gij sche trust miche  
 Seththe that he aschaped was  
 Welle sche thought thurch sum cas  
 He schuld Tirri out of prisoun cast  
 Hir swete leman wel on hast

That com to Paui with that  
 The douk Dous nought forgat  
 That erl Tirri he bond fast  
 And into thester prisoun him cast  
 Ther he was in sorwe aflight  
 He nist whether it wer day or night  
 Litel he hadde of mete or dring  
 His leman lan neuer wepeing  
 Anight when sche alon was  
 That noman with hir nas

Now to telle of Gij Ichaue y-thought  
 Hou God him hath fram deth y-brought  
 When he was passed that water sternne  
 He loked about him wel yernne  
 Of his felawes him vnderstode  
 Welle neye he was for sorwe wode  
 God he seyde what schal I do  
 Werri wreche whider may I go

Ichauē forlorn the gode Cirri  
 And Verhaud for wham Icham fori  
 Amow Sir douk Loer  
 Hou mightestow drepe the bismer  
 That the fals douk of Toun  
 Dede bifor the that traifoun  
 For traitour thou worst euer i-held  
 When thou comest in place or feld  
 Lord he seyde what may I do  
 Into whiche lond may I go  
 An arnemorwe no thing I no dred me  
 Tho Ich went out of that cite  
 With me Ich hadde an hundred knightes  
 To mi wille for me in fightes  
 And now I no haue a grom to held mi stede  
 That so miche me might help at nede  
 For me thai ben y-lawe ichon  
 Other in peine in prisoun don  
 A mi dere frende Sir Cirri  
 For our departing Icham fori  
 No schal I the se neuer est mo  
 For the Ichil mi liif in perill do  
 That I ne schal his body smite ato  
 That thus this traifoun hath ous do  
 And so Ichil atwreke the  
 Dye Ichil bot it so be

Gij rode forth in his way  
 Alle that iche self day  
 So long that he a castel seye  
 Upon a roche stode an heye  
 He thought to herberwe thare  
 For he no might no ferther fare  
 Also he to the gates come  
 A yong knight he fond ther anon  
 Michel he was hende and fre  
 Feren he hadde with him thre  
 Gij sey bi his semblaunt anon  
 That he was lord ouer hem ichon  
 Sir quath Gij vnderfond to me  
 The lord that made me and te  
 The loke gif thi wille be  
 And miche blisse he gif the  
 A knight Icham deswarre  
 That in  $\mathcal{H}$  bid par charite  
 The lord answerd sweteliche  
 Thou it schalt haue bletheliche  
 He dede vnderfong his stede tho  
 Bi his on he dede it do  
 Bi the right hond he toke Sir Gij  
 And went into his halle on hey  
 A mantel of silke he of sent on hast  
 And about him he dede it cast

Wonderliche thai bihelden him alle  
 Knightes that weren in the halle  
 For he was michel and wele y-sett  
 Thai him bihelden wele the bett  
 The lord with that to him sede  
 Ich the bidde for loue rede  
 That thi name telle thou me  
 And nought forhole it no be  
 Bij answerd wel sweteliche  
 Mi name I the telle likerliche  
 Bij of Warwike mi name is  
 Iuel Ich am acumbred I wis  
 When the lord herd that  
 That it was Bij that to him spac  
 Sir he seyde welcome ye be  
 In your owen herberwe ye  
 Ful welcome artow to me  
 And ful wele I knowe the  
 Ich aught the loue so moti gon  
 Wel michel gode thou hast me don  
 Tho Ich the serued thou louedest me  
 Armes Ich vnderfenge of the  
 And thou me sendest ner and fer  
 To turnamens and to wer  
 So that gret word sprong of me  
 Tho I went hom to mi cuntre

Amis of Hounteyn mi name it is  
 Wele ought ye me knowe þ̄ wis  
 When Gij him seye he knewe the knight  
 He kist him ther anon right  
 Sir quath Amis when comestow  
 Thatow gost alle on now  
 It semeth wele so thenketh me  
 Fram gret periil aschaped be ye  
 Whare his herhaud thi knight so fre  
 Alle thine knightes where ben he  
 Ichil the telle than seyð Sir Gij  
 Now vnderstond Ich am sori  
 Than teld he him al that cas  
 Hou therl Cirri wounded was  
 And hou he hadde y-heled his wounde  
 And socurd his fader and ost him founde  
 And hou he passed himself vnnome  
 And hou thai were thurch traisoun ouercome  
 And hou his felawes weren y-nome  
 And hou that he was thider y-come  
 And hou Cirri was y-nomen tho  
 And the gode herhaud also  
 And with hem six hundred knightes  
 Drped men and gode in fightes  
 þ̄ not gif thai be liues or dede  
 Al Ich hem sey nimen and lede

When Gij hadde y-teld that cas  
 Hou iuel him bifallen was  
 Suffre awhile Sir quath he  
 Gif it is thi wille listen to me  
 Ich haue castels and cites strong  
 Dani and fele in mi lond  
 Alle Ichil bitake the  
 Mine knightes Ichil of sende to me  
 Fif hundred Ich of sende may  
 That schal do thi wille night and day  
 Alle that to min erldom falleth I wil it be  
 To thine wille so schal com to the  
 Wende we wille to the douk of Coun  
 And bring him to destrucciou  
 His londes we schul thurch ernne  
 And his castels felle and his tounes bernne  
 And so thou might awreke be  
 His londes destru him seluen be  
 Of werre no swike wille we  
 Al what he a-lawe be

Amis quath Gij God yeld it te  
 To long schuld Ich here be  
 Gif Ich orn on him so thou speke  
 To late Ich worth of him awreke  
 For drede of deth nille I be  
 Hastiliche Ichil awreken be

Al a day he bileft thare  
 His hert was in michel care  
 Amis emforth his might  
 Confort him bothe day and night  
 Of him he toke his leue tho  
 Toward Pauil he is y-go  
 Amis with him gon wold  
 Ac he seyð that he no schold  
 Amis bileft that was fori  
 And often to God he bad for Gij  
 That for his swete moder loue  
 Leue him harmeles ogain come  
 Gij him dight in a queyntise  
 .And com to Pauil in squier wise  
 An vnement purchast he  
 That made his visage out of ble  
 His here that was palu and bright  
 Blac it bicome anon right  
 Was no man in this world so wise of sight  
 That afterward him knowe might  
 Now to Pauil y-comen he is  
 Of no man aferd he nis  
 The douk Dtous he fond there  
 And gret him as ye may here  
 Sir douk Dtous he seyð God loke the  
 Al so Ich it wold so mot it be



A man Icham o fer cuntre  
 Hider Ich come to seche the  
 Ich haue the brought here a stede  
 In this world is better non at nede  
 Noris it dede a Sarazin  
 And me it gaf min owen cosyn  
 In alle the world is so swift a best  
 Libard no ro in no forest  
 No dromedarie no is ther non  
 So swithe goand so is he on  
 No tharf the drede non arme of the se  
 And tow opon this stede be  
 Gif ye nille therof me leue  
 Ichil that ye it asey ar eue  
 Ac on maner hath that hors  
 Therfore mani hath fare the wors  
 In the world is man that ney him come  
 That he no wold him non wel lone  
 Bot the man that boked it  
 Ther fore I loue it out of witt  
 Quath the douk now gramerci  
 This is a fair gift likerly  
 With that hors Ichil at hold the  
 And make the riche of gold and se  
 To swiche an hors Ich hadde nede  
 That Ich might the better spede

Of min fomen Ich wold ben atreke  
 And som in min prisoun ben y-steke  
 Ac on of hem is schaped fro me  
 Now wold God that alle may se  
 That he were now in this halle  
 Wel iuel him schuld sone bifalle  
 Wel sone he schuld an honged be  
 With gode right I telle it te  
 Sir quath Gij who that be  
 In gret perill now is he  
 Ichil the telle quath the douk tho  
 Gij of Warwoike that is mi fo  
 Siker no be Ich neuer mo  
 The whiles that he oliues go  
 Ich wold now he stode the bi  
 Sir quath he I knowe wele Gij  
 He slough on of mi nepe kin  
 Therefore Ich am right wroth with him  
 And with therl Cirri also  
 He is mi dedliche fo  
 Church felonie mi fader he slough  
 Mi brother he desirrit with wough  
 God lete me neuer ded be  
 Er Ich him to mi wille se  
 Mi dere frende seyð the douk of Coun  
 Ichauē Cirri in mi prisoun

Now Ichil thou loke him to  
 And alle schame thou him do  
 Sir quath he gramerci  
 And þ the sigge likerly  
 That alle his liif Ichil wende  
 Er than come seuen nightes ende  
 The douke doth him the keyes take  
 Maister iaioles he doth him make  
 The douk oretþ what his name be  
 Þon men clepet me in mi cuntre  
 Þon he seyð Ichot now the  
 That thou that hors wele kepe me  
 An hous he deliuer him tho  
 That no thing com in bot thai to  
 The douk that nought no wist  
 That Gij was therin bi Crist  
 Alle his wille he may now do  
 Þon vnworthschip men seyð him to  
 Gij into a tour is y-go  
 A strong prisoun fond he tho  
 Fourti fadom depe it was  
 He hadde y-herd cri allas  
 He ored anon who that were  
 That made ther so reuly bere  
 Ich he seyð a wreched man  
 He reueth sore that þ liues am

Erl Cirri mi nam is  
 Now Icham a wreche þ̄ wis  
 The douk no misdede þ̄ neuer nought  
 And in this prisoun Icham y-brought  
 More iren about me is  
 Than a somer might beren þ̄ wis  
 On armes on legges on bodi also  
 Mi deth Ich wold were com me to  
 For than that Ich felawe was  
 To a knight that neuer his better nas  
 Whom the douk Douk hated þ̄ wis  
 On me the wreche fallen now is  
 That Ich ete this is the thridde day  
 Long liue þ̄ no may

Cirri quath Gij no he nought wo  
 Icham Gij thou louedest so  
 Out of prisoun þ̄ schal cast the  
 So sone þ̄ may mi time se

Sir Cirri spac to Gij tho  
 For Godes loue hennes thou go  
 Hou come thou hider Sir Gij  
 Thine hider-com wil me harmi  
 Gif the douk wite that thou it be  
 This ich day he wil be the  
 Leuer me were alon to day  
 Than wite the ded sothe to say

Therefore Sir hennes thou go  
 For Codes loue Sir do now so  
 Als thai togider speken this  
 A Lombard it of herd þ̄ wis  
 That after into the tour was y-go  
 To aspie what Gij wold do  
 With loude steuen he hath him gred  
 Gij thou hast wel iuel y-sped  
 Bothe ye schul an honged be  
 Now Ich thou bothe here y-se

Lete be quath Gij so God the amende  
 So thou might ous bothe schende  
 What schuld the the better be  
 Gif thou dest ous bothe le  
 Thine owen man Ichil be  
 And as mi lord seruy the  
 And therl Tirri bi his might  
 And therto mi treuthe þ̄ the plight  
 Hold thi pes quath the Lombart  
 Haue neuer God of me part  
 Bot Ich the douk Otous it telle  
 For nothing leten þ̄ nille  
 Adoun of the tour he goth erninde  
 And Gij after him fast solweinde  
 Right bifor the doukes fet  
 Gij araught him with a staf gret

Swiche a strok he him gaf  
 That his breyn fley about the staf  
 Seyd the douk whi destow this  
 With hors to woth to drawen þu wis  
 Whi hastow mi man y-slawe  
 Hou dorstow bigin that plawe

Sir quath Gij herken to me  
 Anon Ichil telle to the  
 Into the tour Ich was y-gon  
 For to se the esters ichon  
 Ther Ich fond this feloun  
 And spac to Cirri in the prisoun  
 And mete him brought gret plente  
 Tho Ich it seye it of thought me  
 With his fest he me smot  
 Therefore Ichim sutwed God it wot  
 And smot him so thou might se  
 The gilt Sir forgiue thou me  
 Sothe to sigge in this stede  
 For thine anour Ich it dede  
 That other bi him y-warned be  
 To fede thi prisoun withouten the  
 The douk gret oth swore tho  
 That gif he other loker had do  
 He woth to drawe other an hong  
 Or other schames deth to asong

Ac now forgiuen it the be  
Gij him thonked on his kne  
Sone to the knight him come  
Gij into the cite nome  
Wete anough he bought there  
And to Tirri he gan it bere  
Thus he dede þ not hou long  
Michel he slaked his pine string  
Alle his bendes doth oway  
And slaketh his pine so michel so he may  
Into a chaumber he goth on a day  
Therin he fond that fair may  
That biment hir strongliche  
For hir leman sche loued so miche  
Gij seyd to hir maiden fre  
Wete thou owest to knowe me  
Gij of Warwike mi name is  
Icham thi lemanes felawe þ wis  
In this maner y-comen Icham  
For þ nold be knowen of no man  
And for to deliuer thi leman  
That Ich michel gode an  
When the maiden herd this  
That it was Gij for sothe þ wis  
For blisse sche fel afwon adoun  
And vp hir toke the gode Gyoun

Maiden he seyð lete now be  
 Wiltow now schende me  
 Gif ani me perceiue might  
 Ich were y-honged anon right  
 Merci Sir Gij seyð that may  
 Now within the thridde day  
 To him spoused schal I be  
 Ac o thing Ich haue bithought me  
 That Ichil mi selue be  
 That day that I schal spoused be  
 Gij seyð no do nought so  
 Ac alle his wille thou schalt do  
 And at he to the chirche come  
 I schal mete him atte frome  
 His heued fro the bodi schal be  
 And lede I schal the forth with me  
 Now is Gij thennes y-gon hom  
 And also swithe fo might come  
 To the prisoun anon he yede  
 And deliuerd his felawe in that stede  
 Sir Tirri he seyð forth thou go  
 Night no day thou swike thou no  
 Right to Amis to the Hounteyne  
 That woneth in the marche of Almepne  
 On mine half grete him wele bi me  
 Thider thou go and ful wele rest the



Fort Ich com or man for me  
 Bletheliche Sir than seyde he  
 Hye kisten hem and forth yede tho  
 At her parting hem was ful wo  
 Aither for other for gret pite  
 In gret periil hadde y-be  
 Gij lete him of the tour tho  
 Bitought him God and lete him go  
 Gij bileft and Cirri is forth y-fare  
 Of alle night no hadde he rest thare  
 So long is Cirri forth y-gon  
 To the Hounteyn he com anon  
 A castel ther was fair withalle  
 And strong cite biloken with walle  
 Fair halles and toures also  
 In the cite were mani and mo  
 In that on half orn the riuer  
 In that other half forest with wilde dere  
 Into the cite he is y-go  
 And to the maister palays he yede tho  
 He fond Amis atte ches pleyinge  
 With his felawes fair gamen giuing  
 Thritti knightes were in halle also  
 His sodours were his wil to do  
 That with Amis bileften he  
 For wer that was in that cuntre

Sir quath Cirri gif it be thi wille  
 Understond and speke me tille  
 Al priueliche þ the biseche  
 That thi folk no here our speche  
 Amis answerd wel bletheliche  
 Wille Ich it do loueliche  
 Fram the cheker he is y-go  
 And to a windowe he cleped him tho  
 Sir Amis seyð Cirri  
 Ofen the greteth wele Sir Gij  
 And hider to you he sent me  
 For to sojourne here with the  
 Fort he may hider come  
 Oþer another send for him atte frome  
 Sir quath Amis miche thanke haue he  
 That he the sent hider to me  
 What is thi name say thou me  
 Ichil the telle Sir quath he  
 Cirri of Gormoise mi name is  
 Aschaped of strong prisoun þ wis  
 Sir Cirri than seyð he  
 Welcome in to this cuntre  
 He kist him an hundred lithe  
 With eyghen he wepe so was he blithe  
 And for he him sounseise y-sepe  
 Of prisoun aschaped blithe was hpe

He dede him bathe sskerly  
And al thing dight him redi  
With riche clothes he dede him schrede  
And find him alle that him was nede  
He gaf him armes and riche stede  
And dight him ther alle with prede  
Chennes no went he for no thing  
Er he of Bij hadde tiding

Of the douk Ichil you telle  
And than of Bij gif ye wille  
The douk of sent his barnage in hast  
That thai com to him right fast  
Into the cite of Paue  
Alle the Lombardes of Lombardie  
When the time it comen was  
The douk was blithe and glad in that cas  
To the maiden he come swithe  
As he that was glad and blithe  
And seyde leman glad make the  
Today thou schalt y-spoused be  
Sir sche seyde with gode wille  
Alle thine hest Ichil fulfille  
He schred hir swithe wele þus  
With riche clothes alle of pris  
He sette hir on a palfrey that yongling  
Better no bistrode neuer no king

Riche enough that atire was .  
 Of gold and siluer no nother ther nas  
 Toward a chirche went hye  
 With ioie he wend hir to spousi  
 Gij armed him wel richeliche  
 Alto his wille stalworthliche  
 With armes the maiden him had bitought  
 That were the douke to present brought  
 His gode stede he bistrod  
 And oftok hem withouten abod  
 Douk Dtous vnderstond to me  
 No go no forther Ich hot the  
 Understond the of that traifoun  
 That thou dest to Sir Gyoun  
 Also he com fram Boneuent  
 Pete is mi hert therefore in turment  
 And seththen thou dest me a gret traifoun  
 Tho thou Cirri dest in thi prisoun  
 Icham Gij that to the speke  
 Pete today I thenk to ben awreke  
 Church the bodi he smot him anon  
 Bifor the Lombardes euerichon  
 And swore bi God heuen king  
 Gif him neyed ani thing  
 That heued he schuld ther forgon  
 To that maiden he cam anon

Bitven his armes the maiden he nam  
 And sett hir biforn him oway he ran  
 Swithe owayward than rod he  
 The noise aros in that cite  
 With gret strengthe thai driuen Gij  
 He paseyth hem ogain went hij  
 Ogain thai went to that bodi right  
 Ac a child yong man aplight  
 That was the doukes kinseman  
 Berard was his right nam  
 Alle on he folwed Sir Gij  
 He no hadde felawe no frend him bi  
 With scheld and spere upon his stede  
 A gode knight he was at nede  
 He folwed Gij fif mile  
 That Gij fore in a litel while  
 Gij he seyde turn oge  
 So help the Crist and iuste with me  
 Gij turned him wel an hast  
 For he no was nought of him agast  
 The maiden he to grounde sett  
 And dight his armes withouten lett  
 And went to him with gret might  
 And he to him anon right  
 The yong man smot first Gij  
 Church the scheld sskerli

He carf the brini that netwe was  
 Dought worth a botoun it nas  
 Gij of that strok wonder hath  
 Another strok Sir Gij him gaf  
 Gij anon smot that pong man  
 Thurch his scheld anon it ran  
 And thurch the scholder he gaf him wounde  
 That hors and man it fel to grounde  
 And when the pong man was y-falle  
 Up he stert anon with alle  
 Anon his sward he hath out drawe  
 His hors he wold hadde y-slawe  
 Hors he seyde acursed thou be  
 When thou no might uphold me  
 That thou dye it is right  
 Seththen thou in the has no might  
 Gij quath Berard wende to me  
 And of thine hauberk vnarmi the  
 In pleyn armes wil we fight  
 And so we may asay our might  
 Bot Ich thine heued binim the  
 Or Ich out of this place te  
 Neuer honour Ich no bidde  
 No neuer a day lenger to libbe  
 Frende quath Gij nil I nought so  
 To bataile we schul pete cum bo

The maiden he nam and forth ladde  
 And past a riuer and nough no drad  
 The pongman went him oge  
 Alle fori into that cite  
 The douk thai birid worthschipliche  
 In a chirche of Pauli likerliche  
 The pong man to themperour is gon  
 And told him of Dtous deth anon  
 Themperour alle his lond him yeld  
 And with gret worthschip him at held  
 Armes he gaf him hastliche  
 He loued him wel swithe miche  
 Of Almaine he made him steward  
 That fel mani a man swithe hard  
 Gij with that maiden is forth y-go  
 And than newwed alle hir wo  
 Sir Gij sche seyd what schal I do  
 Mi leman no sey neuer mo  
 Dye I schal with sorwe and care  
 Now wold God Ich wer thare  
 With him ded Ich wold be  
 And it so were wele wer me  
 Gij answerd wele that maide  
 And to hir sweteliche he seyd  
 Cirri nis bot gode liker thou be  
 Alle in gode point thou schalt him se

With the iaiole I ch haue speke so  
 That alle his wille he wil do  
 So long forth wenten he  
 That hij come to that cite  
 Of that mountepne that feir was  
 So thai went with ioie and solas  
 When he into the halle come  
 Amis him knew right anon  
 When he him seye than seyde he  
 Sir Gij welcom mot thou be  
 When Sir Cirri Gij y-seth  
 And Disel that him was so lef  
 Michel ioie he made Gij tho  
 That maiden he nam in his armes to  
 Gij he seyde welcome thou be  
 That thus asembled now be we  
 Pold God and our leuedi  
 That mi lef be schent of hir bodi  
 Thai kisten hem togider anon  
 For ioie thai wepen euerichon  
 When Disel y-seth Sir Cirri  
 That was hir lef and hir ami  
 For ioie sche swored among hem  
 Ther wende sche nought to finden him  
 Cirri nam hir in his armes two  
 And sweteliche seyde to hir tho



Hi swete leman no drede the nought  
 Hole and sounde Icham hider brought  
 Amonges hem was ioie and blis  
 And soiournd to her wille þ̄ wis  
 To her wille in that palays  
 Sir Amis was hende and curteys  
 So on a day bithought him Sir Gij  
 That long soiournd hadden hy  
 Amis he cleped to him and Sir Cirri  
 Herkenith to me seyd Sir Gij  
 Soiournd we haue here anow  
 Now is time we go fram you  
 To Gormoise to thecl Aubri  
 Wele þ̄ wot he is for ous sori  
 Of sende Ichil baroun and knightes  
 And ern Ichil opon the douk with gret mightes  
 And mine felawes out of prisoun bring \*  
 Ich no may hem forpete for no thing  
 Ich man schal his might don  
 For to awreke him of his son  
 Sir quath Amis Ichil go with the  
 And a thousand knightes forth with me  
 A thousand seriauns also  
 Wele on hors withouten mo

\* binde, in MS.

Gramerci sir than seyð Gy  
 On the al mi trust is likerli  
 Amis of sent his knightes anon  
 And hath asembled hem euerichon  
 His seriauns he dede also  
 The best that might to fight go  
 When that thai wer al redi  
 Forth thai wenten hastily  
 Toward Gormoise hij goth  
 Dani man thai made wel wroth  
 Thai nimen castels and cites  
 And destruen alle the cuntres  
 To Gormoise thai ben y-come  
 Glad thai ben alle and some  
 Duer alle other therl Aubri  
 When he seth his sone Tirri  
 He fel alwon for ioie tho  
 He wende he had ben forlorn for euer mo  
 Ther was ioie and miche blis  
 Betwen the fader and the sone þ̄ wis  
 Euerich told other and forgat nought  
 Hou Gy hem hath fram deth y-brought  
 Gy nought forgete nold  
 Asembled he hath his knightes bold  
 The douk he hath a grete harm y-do  
 He thought for to atreke him so

When the douk Loer herd this tidung  
 That Gij and Cirri were coming  
 His douhte[r] Dysel also  
 Wel glad and blithe he was tho  
 Berhaud he cleped him to  
 And teld him the sothe tho  
 That Gij and Cirri wer y-come  
 And hadde on hem wer y-nome  
 With him was therl Amis  
 With ferred of miche pris  
 When Berhaud y-herd this  
 That Gij and Cirri comen is  
 Neuer nas he so blithe  
 God he thonked mani lithe

Sir Berhaud seyde the douk Loer  
 Ichil the make messanger  
 To therl Aubri thou schal go  
 And Gij and Cirri and sigge hem so  
 That Ich with hem acord wille  
 Of alle that thai cun to me telle  
 Sir Cirri Ichil mi douhter giue  
 And half mi lond while that I liue  
 Ichil that thou wittnesse me  
 That the loue stesfast be  
 Sir quath Berhaud Ichil so  
 Alle mi might do ther to

The douke of sent his prisouns alle  
 And dede hem arme swithe snelle  
 And hete hem that thai failed nought  
 Of that thai hadde thider y-brought  
 Forth with Berhaud ye schal gon  
 The acord to make right anon  
 Berhaud made him redi tho  
 Right into Gormoise he is y-go  
 And with him went alle the knightes  
 Acord to make anon rightes  
 Gij cam on a day fram hunting  
 Therl Amis and Tirri the ying  
 And mo than an hundred knight  
 With swerd bigirt þ you plight  
 Toward Gormoise thai ben y-go  
 Bisiden hem thai loked tho  
 So mani knightes thai seye coming  
 Of traifoun thai were dredeing  
 Than seyde the Mowntayn Amis  
 A gret ferd þ se þ wis  
 þ not what folk it be  
 Thiderward thai com so thenketh me  
 Upon his gode stede he wond  
 With swerd and spere in his hond  
 Thiderward he is y-go  
 To hem he com wel sone tho

Tho he gan hem com nepe  
 Berhaud of Ardern ther he sepe  
 He ored him whennes he come  
 Where is Gij he seyde anon  
 Sir quath he Ichil the telle  
 And lade the to him with gode wille  
 Fram dere hunting y-comen he is  
 Beside thanne hulle Ichim lete þe wis  
 Quath Berhaud felawes wil we go  
 With spores hij smiten her stedes tho  
 Swithe thai riden with gret hy  
 When thai sepe Gij and Sir Tirri  
 God quath Gij Berhaud þe se  
 And alle min feren so thenketh me  
 Thai ben out of prisoun y-gon  
 Other quite cleymed ichon  
 To kissen Berhaud thai hem do  
 Wel gret ioie thai maden tho  
 Sir Tirri quath Berhaud the fre  
 Gode conseyl þe telle to the  
 The sent to grete the douk Loer  
 Whom Ich loue with hert cler  
 Worthschiped he hath me miche  
 And ouer alle other loued likerliche  
 With the he wil acorded be  
 And swithe miche he loueth the

Thou schalt his douhter spouſt  
 With half his lond he wille the feſt  
 And with thi fader he wil acordy  
 And allſo with the Sir Gij  
 In alle maner to thi wille  
 He wille amende for ſothe þ telle  
 Ichil therof his bortwe be  
 That he do wil as þ ſigge to the  
 Alle thai biſoughten Sir Gij  
 And ſo thai dede therl Cirri  
 That thai ſchuld with him acordy  
 For he was michel to praiſy  
 So long thai biſought him ſo  
 And with hem Amis that ther was tho  
 Ther of acord ſpeken he  
 That it ſchuld treuwe be  
 To the cite thai ben y-gon  
 And teld therl Aubri anon  
 Hou that Herhaud was y-come  
 And hadde the acord vndernome  
 Therl graunted rathe and ſnelle  
 The acord to Herhaudes wille  
 Do ſoiournd thai nought long tho  
 Bot right to Loreyn thai ben y-go  
 Therl Aubri and Cirri his ſone  
 Gij and Herhaud ben thider y-come

And of other knightes mani also  
 That blithe were thider to go  
 Therl Aubri and Cirri his sone  
 Gij Verhaud and Amis thider come  
 Dani was the gentil knight  
 That with hem went tho right  
 To Loreyne thai ben comen þ̄ wis  
 The douke hem vnderfende with blis  
 With him thai were acorded alle  
 And the misdede forgeuen snelle  
 Gret joie thai maden in the cite  
 That hij so fair acorded be  
 The douk gaf Cirri his douhter tho  
 And half his lond with hir also  
 Bifor barouns and knightes fre  
 That ther were of mani cuntre  
 Bridal sone thai han y-hold  
 Of erls and of barouns bold  
 And of emperours and of king  
 Was neuer non so riche gestening  
 The knightes nomen her leye anon  
 Unto her cuntres thai ben y-gon  
 Sir Gij soiournd thare  
 On a day he is thennes y-fare  
 The douk Loer and mani a man  
 In hunting thai were toward Braban

On hunting went therl Cirri  
 And mani in his compeynie  
 Thai comen into a fair forest  
 Ther thai fond a bore a wilde best  
 Thai uncoupled her houndes alle  
 And lete hem ern swith snelle  
 The bore fleing swithe he geth  
 And mani of the houndes harme he deth  
 An hundred he slough and mo  
 Out of that cuntre he is sone y-go  
 The wisest hunt folweth fast  
 Huweth and gredeth with gret blast  
 Of huntex ne of houndes adrad he  
 He ouer ernnes dounes and cuntre  
 The brod lond and the dalays  
 Folwed he is ich weys  
 Hij of ernned her stedex tho  
 Of him wondred knightes huntex also  
 Alle the houndes that folwed him there  
 Ogain turned other ded were  
 Withouten blod houndes thre  
 Into Braban folwed he  
 Ther nas hunt no knight non  
 Seriaunt no sweyn no grom  
 That wist widerward the bore gan te  
 Into whiche lond no what cuntre



Gij him folwed on his stede  
With swerd in hond after he yede  
And with horn oft bloweing  
The bore swithe driueing  
Gij drof that swine with game and ble  
Right into Breteyne than went he  
Into a forest that swine him yede  
Into a thicke hegges he gan him hede  
Ther he stod at a bay  
And werd him while that he may  
When Gij that stern swine y-sey  
Adoun he lepe of his stede heye  
With bothe honden that swerd he held  
And cam to the bore as a knight held  
That swine anon ogain him com  
And Gij smertlich smot him anon  
That the hert he clef euen atbo  
Alle ded he fel to grounde tho  
He open that swine and blewe priis  
Alon he was him might agris  
Alto fer he was fram his knight  
Bot on him thinke God Almighty  
Sone he worth in a peril strong  
Be it with right be it with wrong  
Tho Gij hadde opened that swine snelle  
He gan to blowe as þ you telle

Bi God quath therl Florentin  
 Who mai that be for Seyn Martin  
 That Ich here in mi forest blowe  
 Hert other bore he hath down throwe  
 He cleped to him a knight ying  
 His sone he was a feir pongling  
 Sone he seyde to hors thou go  
 And who so it be bring him me to  
 Sir I graunt that it be so  
 Anon he lepe on hors tho  
 Into the forest he is y-fare  
 And Bij he fond ful sone thare  
 An staf he bar of holin tre  
 Gret wo therwith wrought he  
 Lording he seyde who artow  
 In mi lordes forest is comen now  
 Withouten leue of mi lord  
 In iuel time thou come at o word  
 When thou hast y-nomen his stwin  
 No leue hadde stow of him  
 That hors anon thou take to me  
 Theron no schaltow ride I telle the  
 Leue frende quath Bij that nille I do  
 That hors no tit the so mot I go  
 Knightes right is it non  
 That he schuld fer o fot gon

To thi wille Ichil wende with the  
 To seche the waiis of this cuntre  
 This horn thou might wele haue  
 And to w with loue it wille craue

Lording he seyde other is mi thought  
 So astow wenest no schapestow nought  
 Bij bi the reyne he hath y-nome  
 With strengthe he wende to the hors come  
 Thei he war wroth it was no ferly  
 With that staf he smot Sir Bij  
 Wicke man thou hast me smite  
 Thou schalt it abigge God it wite  
 With his horn he him smot  
 His bren he schadde fot hot  
 Now lording quath Bij the swin thou nim  
 And alle thi wille do with him  
 Da more smite thou no knight  
 That thou me smot thou dest vnright

Chennes he is now y-ride  
 And bi the forest so long he pede  
 That vnnethe out wan he  
 For he no knew nought that cuntre  
 He loked fer he loked nepe  
 Castell no cite non he sepe  
 Him greued the hete and the long day  
 No rod he nought fer soth to say

That he no sey a castel  
 Feir y=sett and swithe wel  
 Thider=ward yern than rode he  
 A man he mett of that cuntre  
 Hi leue frende telle thou me  
 This feir castel wos it be  
 The man seyð I schal telle the  
 A better man no might thou se  
 It is the gode erl Florentin  
 Better man drank neuer win  
 Gij anon thider=ward he rod  
 And in he went withouten abod  
 To the halle gate he com right  
 And ther he is adoun y=light  
 An hore y=blowe knight he sepe  
 At the des sitten on hepe  
 Long berd he hadde and sterne sight  
 A man he semed of michel might  
 Bisorn him anon Gij him dede  
 And feir he gret him in that stede  
 Sir quath Gij vnderstond to me  
 He that the world made he blisce the  
 Icham a knight as ye may se  
 I bid the mete par charite  
 A meles mete gif thou me  
 And seththen hennes Ichil te

Leue frende he seyde likerly  
Thou schalt it haue gladly  
The water he axed tho anon  
To wasche his honden *Gif is go[n]*  
To mete he sett him in that stede  
Bred and win biforn him thai dede  
And gret plente of other mete  
When he hadde sumdele y-ete  
In the toun he herd belles ring  
And loude crie and miche wepeing  
Clothes to tere her to te  
More sorwe no might non be  
God quath therl Lord fre  
This gret sorwe whi it be  
Into the halle come there  
Thai men and a bodi here  
Amid the flore thai it leyden *I wis*  
Quath therl Florentin mi sone this is  
To rent his here his clothes he drough  
In his hert was sorwe anough  
Leue sone he seyde who slough the  
Now wold God that is so fre  
That he were here in mi beylie  
Nold Ich it lete for al Romanie  
That he no were anon y-lawe  
For brent and that dust to blowe

Than seyð a squier biforn hem alle  
 Ichim se atte mete in this halle  
 He that thi dere sone slough  
 Ich it seye withouten wough  
 Anon that therl y-herd this  
 Fram the bord he aros þ wis  
 An aundiren he kept in his honden tho  
 Hetelich it haf and seyð him to  
 Traitour thou schalt dye here  
 Thi slough thou mi sone dere  
 With that aundiren he thret Sir Gij  
 And with gret hate likerly  
 Ac that din he feiled of him  
 Gij vp stert wroth and grim  
 Into the wough it slepe to sot and more  
 Merci seyð Gij for Godes ore  
 Gif Ich thi sone owhar a-slough  
 It was me defendant anough  
 Knight anon about him throng  
 To sen him bothe eld and yong  
 Gij hent in hond anon right  
 An ax that was gode aflight  
 Bi that on ende of the halle he him drough  
 And ther he werd him wele anough  
 Thai aseyld him strongliche  
 And he him werd stalworthliche

With that com forth the steward light  
 A Brabalone he was a wel gode knight  
 A strok he smot to Sir Gij  
 And hewe on him ful felly  
 Gij of him failed naught  
 With the ax he hath him raught  
 That his heued he him to cleft  
 Al to ded to ground he dref  
 Thus Gij him wereth manliche  
 And hij him aseple heteliche  
 The knightes he slough there  
 The best that in that court were  
 Sir Florentyn seyde Sir Gij  
 For Godes loue now merci  
 Thou art y-hold so gode a man  
 Hennes to Rome better nis nan  
 And thou in thine halle me sle  
 For traifoun it worth atwilt the  
 In edwite it worth the drawe  
 Swiche a man thou schust haue slawe  
 When thou with thi wille fre  
 The mete me geue par charite  
 Were it with wrong were it with right  
 For tresoun it worth the witt aplight  
 Dpon alle thing a thing atte mete  
 Ther ye ought me to were fram hete

For Godes loue sir so michel do me  
 That ye therfore blamed no be  
 Do me deliuer mi stede  
 And lete me out at the castel ride  
 And seththen thei slawe be  
 No worth ye nought p-blamed in the cuntre  
 Therl him withdrough with that  
 At his hert gret sorwe sat  
 That he his sone seye ligge ded  
 Of him no worth him non other red  
 Sone he seyde what schal I do  
 Whenne Ich the haue thus forgo  
 Who schal now weld after me  
 Mine londes that brod be  
 A man Icham swithe in eld  
 Dye Ichil bi Godes scheld  
 Dpon that bodi he fel anon  
 Beuthe thai hadden therof ichon  
 Of his gret sorwe that he made  
 To his knightes notheles he sade  
 Ichot that non so hardi be  
 That him mildo to for me  
 Thertohile that he in mi court is  
 That Ich hot you alle I wis  
 And that his stede be him bitaught  
 And out at the gates that he be brought



And that he be to hewe flesche and bon  
 Thai deliuerd his stede anon  
 He lepe upon him swithe  
 And out at the gat he gan driue  
 His scheld with him than he bar  
 His gode sward forgat he nought thar  
 Out of the castel he is y-gon  
 Toward Loreyne he went anon  
 Therl with that armed is  
 Gij he drof smertliche þ̄ wis  
 With his knightes on hepe stede  
 Redi armed to that nede  
 Sir Gij his stede biwent tho  
 On of her knightes he smot so  
 Church his bodi the sward is gon  
 Another he feld ther anon  
 With that come therl prikeinde  
 Upon his stede wele hereinde  
 With a spere an hond y-armed wel  
 Gij to smite he was ful fel  
 Gij him with went wold he nought fle  
 To therl Florentin than smot he  
 Heteliche togider thai smete  
 Upon her scheldes with gret hete  
 Therl alderfurst smot Sir Gij  
 With a gode spere likerly

Gij him smot again no might he as naught  
 That he hath the grounde p-raught  
 Bi the reynes his stede toke he  
 Of therl he hadde gret pite  
 For his sone hadde aqueld  
 And for he was a man so eld  
 Fiftene yer weren agon  
 That he er in armes come  
 Sir seyde Gij ther anon  
 Dim thi stede and worth theron  
 What wonder dede the armes here  
 To yer more thou schust rest the here  
 Her Ich giue the thi stede  
 For thou geue me the mete at nede  
 In chaumber thou schust ligge stille  
 Other to chirche gon to bid Godis wille  
 Thi court Ichil quite clym the  
 Ded Ich wold rather be  
 Ar Ich wold with the ete  
 At soper other at other mete  
 Gij went forth fulleliche withalle  
 Was him ther no nedes to duelle  
 On ich side he seye come knightes  
 Burieps and seriaunce redi to fighthes  
 With alle that crie of that cuntre  
 With hem nomen no wold ben he

Him no was ther nought worth to abide  
 He priked his hors and gan to ride  
 Into a forest he gan to go  
 Of his stede he with went tho  
 Mani he wounded and mani he slough  
 Of knightes that wer gode y-nough  
 Gij ferd swithe with alle  
 Upon his stede that bar him snelle  
 Thurch the forest swithe he rode  
 Therl him ogein went withouten abode  
 Michel sorwe he made þ plight  
 For his sone adreke he no might  
 His sone anon biri he dede  
 In a chirche biforn the auter in that stede  
 Alle that day Gij forth rod  
 Alle what the sounne adoun glod  
 Of alle night he no blan rideinge  
 Fort amortwe in the datweinge  
 So that he to Loreyin com  
 The cuntres he knewe anon  
 Wel right he pede to that cite  
 Ichon ther fond he  
 Alle the best that weren thare  
 For him thai made michel care  
 When thai him hole and sounde y-seth  
 Of his coming glad hij beth

Gif hem told the sothe þ̄ wis  
 Hou he fram therl aschaped is  
 Alle thai thonked God tho  
 That deliuerd him of his wo  
 Seththen wold he nought long duelle  
 To his cuntre he wold snelle

Gif of the douke toke his leue  
 Ac he it him gaf wel vnnethe  
 Anough he him bede of siluer and gold  
 Ac he therof nought nim nold  
 To therl Tirri he pede tho  
 And this wordes seyde him to  
 Sir erl Tirri seyde Gif  
 Now Ichil gon likerli  
 Unto mi cuntre into Ingland  
 That way no may þ̄ nought withstond  
 Mine fader and min frendes to se  
 þ̄ not gif thai oliues be  
 Seuen yer and more agon it is  
 That Ich in that cuntre was þ̄ wis  
 Gif it bitide ani thing sone  
 That thou haue with me to don  
 Be it in pes other in werre  
 Whether it be ner or ferre  
 Anon right sende after me  
 Ichil come anon to the

That Ich no fot hot com to the  
 Al sone as Ich thi sond y-se  
 Chi wer we haue ouercom  
 And thou hast spoused thi loue  
 Destrud we haue pour son  
 Erls barouns mani on  
 Chi lond we han brought in pes  
 No bestow neuer iuel at esse  
 Thou art a knight of mighti dede  
 Of thine son tharf the nought drede  
 Alle min estris of Ingland  
 Sende Ichil to mi sond  
 And thou schalt to me also  
 Alle thine wille sende me to  
 And Ich me self wille com to the  
 Sone so Ich mi time may se  
     Felawe quath Cirri gramerci  
 Iuel biladde now am I  
 Of fram deth thou hast me scheld  
 And neuere no haddestow for me yeld  
 Gif thou wilt fro me go  
 Thou me sert neuer mo  
 Al so sone so it wite our son  
 That thou art fro me gon  
 On ich side ous schal arise werre  
 Of Almeyns Lombardes nepe and ferre

That ben Dous kinsmen  
 For he was come of gret ken  
 The king of Speyne his em is  
 His foster hath wedded the douke Moralis  
 Doukes erls of gret pouste  
 His deth thai wite me wille  
 In wer and wo schal I be  
 Ther while the liue is in me  
 And gif we were togider bave  
 Of wer no thurt ous stond no aye  
 And gif thou here with me bileue wold  
 Anough we haue of siluer and of gold  
 Gode cites and castels strong  
 The feirest and the best of this lond  
 With douke Loer Ichil be  
 And alle Gormoise Ichil giue the  
 With alle the worthschip that lithe therto  
 And yete another Ichil the do  
 And the worth of Pauí  
 Ichil therof chalangi

Sir erl quath Gij therof speke nought  
 Al idel thou hast me therof bisought  
 Gret wille Ich haue to that waye  
 I no lete it nought therefore to dape  
 No were it for the loue of mi leman  
 Nold Ich neuer wende the fram

Ac with the euer duelle Ich wolde  
 That neuer departi we ne scholde  
 Gon Ich mot wille þ̄ so nille  
 Ð think the nought þ̄ may nought duelle  
 Togider thai kisten hem tho  
 At her departing thai wepen bo  
 Bothe thai wepen bitterliche  
 That folk hadde therof pite miche  
 Alle the men that ther were  
 Was for hem sori there  
 At the departing of to ferren  
 Wel gode knightes bothe thai weren  
 Bij lepe on a mule ambling  
 Bi the way he rideth sorweing  
 Tirri bileft sorwe makeing  
 And Bij his felawe bimeninge  
 So miche sorwe he made day and night  
 No man might tellen it þ̄ you plight  
 Sir Bij no lan neuer rideing  
 Til he com to the se withouten lesing  
 Gode winde he hath and passeth sone  
 And come in to Ingland mididone  
 Now forth to Warwik[e] he is y-go  
 King Athelston ther he fond tho  
 And when he was to Warwike com  
 With ioie thai him vnderfenge alle and some

The king togeines him is y-go  
 With knightes and burieys also  
 For he him herd preysle so miche  
 The king him loued likerliche  
 And with him soiournd Sir Gij the fre  
 On a day at the ches pleyden he  
 With that come ther thre men rideinde  
 Of the cuntre fre men heldinde  
 To the king thai seyd Sir vnderstond  
 Hard tidinges we bring the an hond  
 Bot ye sone take yeme therto  
 Alle your lond ye schul forgo  
 Ther is comen opon thi lond  
 A best that bringeth it al to schond  
 Out of Irlond it come  
 To miche harm it hath y-don  
 It no leueth man no wiman non  
 That it no sleth hem ichon  
 Bot sum that alchaped beth  
 Church chaunce and to the cites  
 It freteth men and bestes also  
 Right for sothe I telle the to  
 Neuer nas best no so kene  
 Gret heued it hath and gastelich to sene  
 His nek is greter than a bole  
 His bodi is swarter than ani cole



It is michel and long and griseliche  
 Fram the nouel vpward vnschepliche  
 The smallest scale that on him is  
 No wepen no may atame þ̄ wis  
 As a somer it is brested bifore in the brede  
 And swifter ernend than ani stede  
 He hath clawes also a loun  
 Men seyth that it is a dragoun  
 Gret wenges he hath with to fle  
 His schaft to telle alle ne motw we  
 The bodi is gret toward the teyle  
 Swiche a best nas neuer saunfeyle  
 The teyle is gret and wel long  
 In the world nis man so strong  
 And were y-armed neuer so  
 And he with the teyle smot him to  
 That he no worth ded anon  
 No schuld he neuer ride no go[n]

When the king hath y-herd this  
 That the men him teld þ̄ wis  
 An gode while he him bithought  
 Er than that he speke mought  
 Sir quath Gij no care thou nought  
 Therof no haue thou no thought  
 Into North Humberlond Ichil wende  
 And gif Ich that best may fende

Ich him schal ouercome thurch Godes might  
 For with him Ichil hold fight  
 Gij quath the king schaltow nought so  
 No wille Ich that thou alon go  
 An hundred knightes schul wende with the  
 That thou may the likerer be  
 Gij answerd anon right  
 Nold neuer God ful of might  
 That for a best onlepi  
 Schuld so miche folk traueli  
 At the king his leue he nam  
 And hom to his in he cam  
 His felawes he lete ther ichon  
 With him most go neuer on  
 Bot perhaud that was gode at nede  
 And other to knightes y-armed on stede  
 So thai come thider on a day  
 And spired where that best lay  
 Gij armed him wel richeliche  
 And seyde to his felawes hastiliche  
 That so hardi ther be non  
 D fot with him for to gon  
 Now is Gij to a launde y-go  
 Ther the dragoun duelled tho  
 Tho Gij him seye so griseli  
 Of him no was he nought al trusti

With the spere he him smot smertliche  
 That was kerueand scharpeliche  
 That al to schiuereth it to fleythe  
 Ac the bodi com it nought neye  
 Tho he had smiten that best so  
 Well heye he bar his heued tho  
 With went him and lepe him to  
 Him and his stede he feld bo  
 Gij of that strok astounded is  
 Neuer hadde he non swiche þ wis  
 Up he stirt anon right  
 God he seyde fader almight  
 That made the day and night also  
 And for ous sinful tholdest wo  
 And heldest Daniel fram the loun  
 Saue me fram this foule dragoun  
 His sward he drough anon right  
 To him he lepe with gret might  
 And smot him in the heued schod  
 A wel gret strok withouten abod  
 Ac no thing sen than was his dent  
 Gij him held than al schent  
 That he no might him deri nought  
 With no wepen of stiel y-wrought  
 Bitvene hem was strong bateple  
 Aither gan other for to aseple

At asaut with Gyes partinge  
 That wers he hadde at that wendinge  
 The best him neyed and smot him  
 With his vp coming so fel and grim  
 That he a lappe rent out anon  
 Of his brini that alle his trust was on  
     Now hath Gij michel to done  
 To a tre he went him sone  
 Ther he wille bateple abide  
 Of that best what schaunce so bitide  
 That best bisides him it went  
 And with his teple a strok him sent  
 On the scheld he smot him an hepe  
 That euen ato it to flepe  
 Al so it were with a swerd broun  
 Wel nepe Gij him fel adoun  
 With his taile he bigirt Sir Gij  
 And him threst so strongli  
 That thre ribbes he brac atbo  
 And Gij with strengthe smot him tho  
 Atbo he him karf smartliche  
 And deliuerd him seluen manliche  
 Bi the nauel he carf him ato  
 And with a gret pine deliuerd him fro  
 Gij him percepued in that stounde  
 That neuer more thurch wepen y-grounde

That fram the nauel upward so  
No slough him man neuer mo  
Tho that best hirt him feled  
Swithe loude he grad and peled  
That alle that cuntre dined there  
And als wide as men herd his bere  
Dis man in the werld that wer ther neye  
That him no might agrise that it seye  
To a tre than drought him Sir Gij  
And werd him wele for the maistri  
His hauberk was to rent tofore  
As a clout that were al to tore  
Stalworthli Sir Gij ther faught  
Ac wele he seye it gained him naught  
To smite on the bodi bifore  
He no might him sle no no man bore  
Also that best him went aboute  
Gij him bithought he was in doute  
Binethen the wenge he him smot  
Thurch that bodi that sward bot  
Thurch the bodi he him carf atbo  
Ded he fel to grounde tho  
He grad and pelled swithe loude  
That it schilled into the cloude  
Gij withdrough him therfro anon  
For stink that of the bodi come

Nepe that bodi he no durste  
 After that he yede him to reste  
 When that best ther ded lay  
 For sothe þ̄ you telle may  
 Thritti fote meten it was  
 Ther it lay in that plas  
 The folk of the cuntre it mette  
 Ther it lay wonderliche grete  
 That heued he bar the bodi fro  
 And with that Gij forth went tho  
 He come to his feren aflight  
 That for him had to God Almighty  
 To Warwike he is y-went  
 With that heued he made the king present  
 The king was blithe and of glad chere  
 For that he seye Gij hole and fere  
 At Warwik[e] thai henge the heued anon  
 Mani man wondred ther apon

GOD graunt hem heuen blis to mede  
 That herken to mi romaunce rede  
 Al of a gentil knight  
 The best bodi he was at nede  
 That euer might bistriden stede  
 And freest founde in fight  
 The word of him ful wide it ran  
 Duer al this world the priis he wan

As man most of might  
 Balder bern was non in hi  
 His name was hoten Sir Gij  
 Of Warwike wise and wight

Wight he was for sothe to say  
 And holden for priis in eueri play  
 As knight of gret bounde  
 Out of this lond he went his way  
 Church mani diuers cuntrap  
 That was biyond the see  
 Seththen he com into Ingland  
 And Athelston the king he fond  
 That was bothe hende and fre  
 For his loue Ich vnderfond  
 He slough a dragoun in North Humberlond  
 Ful fer in the north cuntre

He and Berhaud for sothe to say  
 To Wallingforth toke the way  
 That was his faders toun  
 Than was his fader sothe to say  
 Ded and birid in the clay  
 His air was Sir Gioun  
 Alle that held of him lond or fe  
 Deden him omage and feute

And com to his somoun  
 He tok alle his faders lond  
 And gaf it hende herhaud in hond  
 Right to his warisoun

And alle that hadde in his seruisse be  
 He gaf hem gold and riche fe  
 Ful hendeliche on honde  
 And seththen he went with his meyne  
 To therl Rohand that was so fre  
 At Warwike he him fond  
 Alle than were thai glad and blithe  
 And thonked God a thousand sithe  
 That Gij was comen to lond  
 Sethe on hunting thai gun ride  
 With knightes fele and miche pride  
 As ye may vnderfond

On a day Sir Gij gan fond  
 And feir Felice he tok to hond  
 And seyde to that bird so blithe  
 Ichauē he seyde thurch Godes fond  
 Won the priis in mani lond  
 Of knightes strong and sithe  
 And me is boden gret anour  
 Kinges douhter and emperour



To haue to mi wiue  
 Ac swete Felice he seyð than  
 Þ no schal neuer spouse wiman  
 Whiles thou art oliue

Than answerd that swete wight  
 And seyð ogain to him ful right  
 Bi Him that schope mankinne  
 Icham desired day and night  
 Of erl baroun and mani a knight  
 For nothing wil thai blinne  
 Ac Gij sche seyð hende and fre  
 Al mi loue is layd on the  
 Dur loue schal neuer twinne  
 And bot Ich haue the to make  
 Other lord nil þ non take  
 For al this warld to winne

Anon to hir than answerd Gij  
 To fair Felice that sat him bi  
 That semly was of sight  
 Leman he seyð gramerci  
 With ioie and with melodi  
 He kist that swete wight  
 Than was he bothe glad and blithe  
 His ioie couthe he noman kithe

For that bird so bright  
 He no was neuer ther biforn  
 Half so blithe sethe he was born  
 For nought that man him hight

On a day therl gan fond  
 And fair Felice he tok bi hond  
 And hir moder biside  
 Douhter he seyde now vnderfond  
 Why wiltow haue non husbond  
 That might the spouse with pride  
 Thou has ben desired of mani man  
 And yete no woltow neuer nan  
 For nought that might bitide  
 Leue douhter hende and fre  
 Telle me now par charite  
 What man thou wil abide

Felice answerd ogain  
 Fader quath hye Ichil the sain  
 With wordes fre and hende  
 Fader quath sche Ichil ful fayn  
 Tel the at wordes twain  
 Bi Him that schop mankende  
 Dpon Sir Gij that gentil knight  
 I wis mi loue is alle alight

In warld wher that he wende  
 And bot he spoufe me at o word  
 I no kepe neuer take lo[r]d  
 Day withouten ende

Chan feyd therl with wordes fre  
 Douhter y-blyfced mot thou be  
 Of Godes' mouthe to mede  
 Ich hadde wele leuer than al mi fe  
 With than he wald spoufy the  
 That douhti man of dede  
 He hath ben defired of mani woman  
 And he hath forfaken hem euerilcan  
 That worthyly were in wede  
 Ac natheles Ichil to him fare  
 For to witen of his anfwere  
 That douhti man of dede

On a day withouten lesing  
 Therl him rode on dere hunting  
 And Sir Gij the conquerour  
 Als thai riden on her talking  
 Thai speken togider of mani thing  
 Of leuedis bright in hour  
 Therl feyd to Sir Gij hende and fre  
 Tel me the sothe par charite

I pray the par amoure  
 Hastow ment euer in thi liue  
 Spouse ani wiman to wiue  
 That falleth to thine anour

Sir Gij answerd and seyð than  
 Bi him he seyð that this world wan  
 To sauen al mankende  
 Bi nought that I tel can  
 I nil neuer spouse wiman  
 Saue on is fre and hende  
 Sir quath therl listen nob to me  
 I haue a douhter bright on ble  
 I pray the leue frende  
 To wiue wiltow hir vnderstond  
 I schal the lese in al mi lond  
 To hold withouten ende

Gramerci seyð Gij anon  
 So help me Crist and Seyn Jon  
 And I schuld spouse a wiue  
 Ich hadde leuer hir bodi alon  
 Than winnen al this warldes won  
 With ani woman oliue  
 Than seyð therl gramerci  
 And in his armes he kist Sir Gij

And thonked him mani a lithe  
 Sir Gij he seyð thou art mi frende  
 Now thou wilt spouse mi do[u]hter hende  
 Was þ neuer are so blithe

Ac certes seyð therl so fre  
 Sir Gij gif thou wilt trowe me  
 No lenger thou no schalt abide  
 Now for fourtenight it schal be  
 The bridal hold with gamen and gle  
 At Warwike in that tyde  
 Than was Sir Gij glad and blithe  
 His joie couthe he no man kithe  
 To his ostel he gan ride  
 And tho Gij com hom to his frende  
 He schuld spouse his douhter hende  
 He teld Berhaud that tide

Therl Rouhand as swithe dede sende  
 After lordinges fer and hende  
 That pris wel told in tour  
 When the time was comen to thende  
 To chirche wel feir gun thai wende  
 With mirthe and michel anour  
 Miche semly folk was gadred thare  
 Of erls barouns lasse and mare

And leuedis bright in hour  
 Than spoused Sir Gij that day  
 Fair Felice that miri may  
 With ioie and gre[te] vigour

When he hadde spoused that swete wight  
 The fest lasted a fourtennight  
 That frely folk in fere  
 With erl baroun and mani a knight  
 And mani a leuedy fair and bright  
 The best in lond that were  
 Ther wer giftes for the nones  
 Gold and siluer and precious stones  
 And druries riche and dere  
 Ther was mirth and melody  
 And al maner menstracie  
 As ye may fortheward here

Ther was trumpes and tabour  
 Fithel croude and harpour  
 Her craftes for to kithe  
 Organisters and gode stiuours  
 Minstrels of mouthe and mani dysour  
 To glade tho bernis blithe  
 Ther nis no tong may telle in tale  
 The ioie that was at that bridale

With menske and mirthe to mithe  
 For ther was al maner of gle  
 That hert might thinke other eyghen se  
 As ye may list and lithe

Herls barouns hende and fre  
 That ther war gadred of mani cuntre  
 That worthliche were in wede  
 Thai gouen glewemen for her gle  
 Robes riche gold and fe  
 Her giftes were nought guede  
 On the fiffen day ful pare  
 Thai toke her leue for to fare  
 And thonked hem her gode dede  
 Than hadde Gij that gentil knight  
 Feliis to his wil day and night  
 In gett also we rede

When Gij hadde spoused that hendy flour  
 Fair Feliis so bright in bour  
 That was him leue and dere  
 Howis in Warwike in that tour  
 Fiffen days with honour  
 With ioie togider thai were  
 So it bifel that first night  
 That he neyghed that swete wight

A child thai geten y-fere  
 And leththen with sorwe and sikeing sare  
 Her ioie turned hem into care  
 As ye may forward here

Chan was Sir Gij of gret renoun  
 And holden lord of mani a toun  
 As prince proude in pride  
 That eel Rohant and Sir Gyoun  
 In fretthe to fel the dere adoun  
 On hunting thai gun ride  
 It bifel opon a somers day  
 That Sir Gij at Warwike lay  
 In herd is nought to hide  
 At night in tale as it is told  
 To bedde went the bernes bold  
 Bi time to rest that tide

To a turet Sir Gij is went  
 And biheld that firmament  
 That thicke with steres stode  
 On Ihesu omnipotent  
 That alle his honour hadde him lent  
 He thought with dreeri mode  
 Hou he hadde euer ben strong werroure  
 For Ihesu loue our Saueour



Neuer no dede he gode  
 Mani man he hadde slayn with wrong  
 Allas allas it was his song  
 For sorwe he yede ner wode

Allas he seyde that I was born  
 Bodi and soule Icham forlorn  
 Of blis Icham al bare  
 For neuer in al mi liif biforn  
 For Him that bar the crown of thorn  
 Gode dede dede I nare  
 Bot wer and wo Ichauē don wrought  
 And mani a man to grounde y-brought  
 That rewes me ful fare  
 To bote min sinnes Ichil wende  
 Barfot to mi liues ende  
 To bid mi mete with care

As Gij stode thus in tour alon  
 In hert him was ful wo bigon  
 Allas it was his song  
 Than com Feliis sone anon  
 And herd him make rewely mon  
 With sorwe and care among  
 Leman sche seyde what is thi thought  
 Whi artow thus in sorwe brought

Methenke thi pain wel strong  
 Hastow ought herd of me bot gode  
 That thou makes thus dreeri mode  
 I wis thou hast gret wrong

Leman seyð Gij ogain  
 Ichil the telle the sothe ful fain  
 Whi Icham brought to grounde  
 Seththen I the seyghe first with apn  
 Allas the while I may sayn  
 Thi loue me hath so y-bounde  
 That neuer seththen no dede I gode  
 Bot in wer schadde mannes blode  
 With mani a griseli wounde  
 Now may me rewe al mi liue  
 That euer was I born o wiue  
 Waple-way that stounde

Ac gif Ich hadde don half the dede  
 For Him that on rode gan blede  
 With grimly woundes sare  
 In heuene He wald haue quit mi mede  
 In joie to won with angels wede  
 Euermore withouten care  
 Ac for thi loue Ich haue al wrought  
 For His loue dede I neuer nought

Ihesu amende mi fare  
 Therefore Ich wot that Icham lorn  
 Alas the time that I was born  
 Of blis Icham al bare

Bot God is curteys and hende  
 And so dere He hath bought mankende  
 For nothing wil hem lete  
 For His loue Ichil now wende  
 Barfot to mi liues ende  
 Mine sinnes for to bete  
 That whore so I lye anight  
 I schal neuer be seyn with sight  
 Bi way no bi strete  
 Of alle the dedes I may do wel  
 God graunt the les that haluendel  
 And Marie His moder swete

Than stode that hende leuedi stille  
 And in hir hert hir liked ille  
 And gan to wepe anon  
 Leman sche seyde what is thi wille  
 I wis thi speche wil me spille  
 I not what I may don  
 I wot thou hast in sum cuntre  
 Spoused another woman than me

That thou wilt to hir gon  
 And now thou wilt fro me fare  
 Allas allas now cometh mi care  
 For sorwe Ichil me Non

For wer and wo thatow hast wrought  
 God that al mankende hath bought  
 So curteys he is and hende  
 Schriue the wele in word and thought  
 And than the tharf dout right nought  
 Ogaines the soule fende  
 Chirches and abbays thou might make  
 That schal pray for thi sake  
 To him that schope mankende  
 Hastow no nede to go me fro  
 Saue thou might thi soule fram wo  
 In joie withouten ende

Leue Ieman than seyde Sir Gij  
 Lete ben alle this reweful cry  
 It is nought worth thi tale  
 For mani a bern and knight hardi  
 Ich haue y-leyen likerly  
 And strued cites fale  
 And for Ich haue destrued mankin  
 Ich schal walk for mi sinne

Barfot bi doun and dale  
 That Ich haue with mi bodi wrought  
 With mi bodi it schal be bought  
 To bote me of that bale

Leman he seyð par charite  
 Astow art bothe hende and fre  
 O thing þ the pray  
 Loke thou make no sorwe for me  
 Bot hold the stille astow may be  
 Til tomorwe at day  
 Gret[e] wele thi fader that is so hende  
 And thi moder and al thi frende  
 Bi sond as þ the say  
 Grete wele þerhaud þ the biseche  
 Leman God þ the biteche  
 þ wil fare forth in mi way

Leman þ warn the biforn  
 With a knaue child thou art y-corn  
 That douhti beth of dede  
 For him that bar the croun of thorn  
 Therfore as sone as it is born  
 Pray þerhaud wight in wede  
 þe teche mi sone as he wele can  
 Al the thewes of gentil man

And helpe him at his nede  
 For he is bothe gode and hende  
 And euer he hath ben trewe and kende  
 God quite him his mede

Leman he seyð haue here mi brond  
 And take mi sone it in his hond  
 Astow art hende and fre  
 He may therwith Ich vnderstond  
 Winne the priis in eueri lond  
 For better may non be  
 Leman he seyð haue now gode day  
 Ichil fare forth in mi way  
 And wende in mi jurne  
 Thai kist hem in armes tuo  
 And bothe thai fel alwon tho  
 Gret diol it was to se

Gret sortwe thai made at her parting  
 And kist hem with eyghen wepeing  
 Bi the hond sche gan him reche  
 Leman sche seyð haue her this ring  
 For Ihesus loue heuen king  
 A word þ the biseche  
 When thou art in fer cuntre  
 Loke heron and thenk on me

And God þ the biteche  
 With that word he went hir fro  
 Wepeand with eyghen to  
 Withouten more speche

Now is Gij fram Warwike fare  
 Unto the se he went ful yare  
 And passed ouer the flod  
 The leuedy bileft at hom in care  
 With sorwe and wo and sikeing fare  
 Wel dreery was hir mode  
 Allas allas it was hir song  
 Hir here sche drough hir hond sche wrong  
 Hir fingres brast o blode  
 Al that night til it was day  
 Hir song it was wayleway  
 For sorwe sche yede ner wode

Hir lordes swerd sche drough biforn  
 And thought haue slain hirsself for sorn  
 Withouten more delay  
 To se hirsselfen er the child wer born  
 Sche thought hir soule it wer forlorn  
 Euermore at domesday  
 And that hir fader hir frendes ichon  
 Schuld seyn hir lord it hadde y-don

And were so fled oway  
 Therefore sche dede his swerd ogain  
 Elles for sorwe sche hadde hir slain  
 In gest as þu you say

Arliche amorne when it was day  
 To chaumber ther hir fader lay  
 Sche com wringand hir hond  
 Fader sche seyð Ichil the say  
 Hi lord is went fro me his way  
 In pilgrimage to fond  
 He will passe ouer the se  
 Schal he neuer com to me  
 Ogain into Ingland  
 For sorwe that sche hadde that stonde  
 Aswoon sche fel adoun to grounde  
 D fot no might sche stonde

Douhter seyð hir fader lat be  
 þu trowe nought that Sir Gij the fre  
 Is thus fram the fare  
 þu wis he nis nought passed the se  
 He ne doth nought bot for to fond the  
 þou trewe of hert thou ware  
 Nay sir sche seyð so God me spede  
 He is walked in pouer wede



To beggen his mete with care  
 And therfore now singen I may  
 Allas the time and wayleway  
 That mi moder me bare

Therl ros vp with likeing fare  
 For Sir Gij was fram him fare  
 In hert him was ful wo  
 And alle his frendes lesse and mare  
 For Sir Gij thai hadde gret care  
 For he was went hem fro  
 Thai sought him than al about  
 Within the cite and without  
 Ther he was won to go  
 And when thai founde him nought that day  
 There was mani a wayleway  
 Wringand her hondes too

And when Gij was fram hem gon  
 Perhaud and his frendes ichon  
 And other barouns him by  
 To therl Bohant thai seyden anon  
 The best rede that we can don  
 Smertliche and hastily  
 Messangers we schul now sende  
 Duer alle this lond fer and hende

To seche mi lord Sir Gij  
 And gif he be nought in this lond  
 He is in Loreyn Ich vnderfond  
 With his brother Cirry

Menfangers anon thai sende  
 Duer al this lond fer and hende  
 Fram Londen in to Louthe  
 Duer al biyonde Humber and Trent  
 And est and west thurch out al Kent  
 To the hauen of Portesmouthe  
 Thai sought him ouer al vp and down  
 Duer alle the lond in euerich toun  
 Bi costes that wer couthe  
 And seyththen to Warwike thai gan wende  
 And seyde thai might him no whar fende  
 Bi north no bi southe

Perhaud was wele vnderfond  
 That Gij was fer in vncouthe lond  
 Ful hende he was and fre  
 Palmers wede he tok on hond  
 To seche his lord he wald fond  
 Unto the Grekis see  
 To therl Bohant he seyde anon  
 To seche his lord he most gon

Church alle Christiante  
 When therl seye him thus y-dight  
 Thou art he seyde a trewe knight  
 B-blisced mot thou be

Tho went Berhaud so trewe in tale  
 To seche his lord in londes sale  
 For nothing he nold abide  
 He yede ouer alle bi down and dale  
 To eueri court and kinges sale  
 Bi mani a lond side  
 Church Normondye and alle Speyne  
 Into Fraunce and thurch Breteyne  
 He yede bothe fer and wide  
 Church Lorain and thurch Lombardye  
 And neuer no herd he telle of Gij  
 For nought that might bitide

When Berhaud had sought him fer and hende  
 And he no might him no whar fende  
 Noither bi se no fond  
 Into Ingland he gan wende  
 And therl Bohant and al his frende  
 At Warwike he hem fond  
 And told he hadde his lord sought  
 And that he no might finde him nought

In non skinnes lond  
 Gani a moder child that day  
 Wepe and gan say walleway  
 Wel fore wringand her hond

Now herken and ye may here  
 In gest gif ye wil listen and lere  
 Hou Bij as pilgrim pede  
 He welke about with glad chere  
 Church mani londes fer and nere  
 Ther God him wald spede  
 First he went to Jerusalem  
 And seththen he went to Bedlem  
 Church mani an vncouthe thede  
 Pete he bithought him seththen tho  
 For to sechen halwen mo  
 To winne him heuen mede

Tho he went this pilgrimage  
 Toward the Court of Antiage  
 Bi this half that cite  
 He met a man of fair parage  
 B-comen he was of hepghe linage  
 And of kin fair and fre  
 Michel he was of bodi y-pight  
 A man he semed of michel might

And of gret bounte  
 With white hore heued and berd y-blowe  
 As white as ani driuen snowe  
 Gret sorwe than made he

So gret sorwe ther he made  
 Sir Gij of him rewthe hade  
 He gan to wepe so fare  
 His cloth he rent his here to torn  
 And cursted the time that he was born  
 Wel diolful was his fare  
 More sorwe made neuer man  
 Gij stode and loked on him than  
 And hadde of him gret care  
 He seyde allas and walewo  
 Al mi joie it is ago  
 Of blis Icham al bare

Gode man what artow seyde Gij  
 That makest thus this reweful cri  
 And thus sorweful mone  
 Methenke for the Icham sori  
 For that thine hert is thus drey  
 Thi ioie is fro the gon  
 Telle me the sothe I pray the  
 For Godes loue in trinite

That this world hath in won  
 For Ihesu is of so michel might  
 He may make thine hert light  
 And thou not neuer hou son

Gode man seyd the pilgrim  
 Thou hast me frained bi God thin  
 To telle the of mi fare  
 And alle the soth withouten les  
 Ichil the telle hou it wes  
 Of blis hou Icham bare  
 So michel sorwe is on me steke  
 That min hert it wil to breke  
 With sorwe and likeing sare  
 Forlorn Ich haue al mi blis  
 I no schal neuer haue joie I wis  
 In erthe I wald I ware

A man I was of state sum stounde  
 And holden a lord of gret mounde  
 And erl of al Durras  
 Fair sones Ich hadde siffene  
 And alle wer knights stout and kene  
 Men cleped me therl Jonas  
 I trowe in this warld is man non  
 I wis that is so wo bigon

Seththen the warld made was  
 For alle min sones Ich haue forlorn  
 Better berns weren non born  
 Therfore I sing allas

For blithe worth I neuer more  
 Alle mi sones Ich haue forlore  
 Church a batayl vnride  
 Church Sarrazins that fel wore  
 To Jerusalem thai com ful pore  
 To rob and reue with pride  
 And we toke our oft anon  
 Ogaines hem we gun gon  
 Bateyl of hem to abide  
 The aountre of hem was so strong  
 That mani dyed ther among  
 Or we wald rest that tide

Church mi fiftene som  
 Weren the geauntes ouercome  
 And driuen down to grounde  
 Fiftene Amirals ther wer nome  
 The king gan fle with alle his trome  
 For drede of ous that stounde  
 Ich and mi sones withouten lesing  
 Out of that lond we driuen the king

And his men gaf dedli wounde  
 The king him hight Triamour  
 A lord he was of gret honour  
 A man of michel mounde

Than dede we wel gret folp  
 We swed him with maistrie  
 Into his owen lond  
 Into Alisaundre thai flepe owoy  
 The cuntre ros by with a cri  
 To help her king and hond  
 In a brom feld ther wer hidde  
 Thre hundred Sarrazins wele y-schridde  
 With helme and grimly brond  
 Out of that brom thai lepen anon  
 And bilapped ous euer ichon  
 And drof ous alle to schond

Thai hewen at ous with michel hete  
 And we leyd on hem dintes grete  
 And slouwen of her ferred  
 And at that we weren alle y-nome  
 Mani of hem weren ouercome  
 Ded wounded vnder wede  
 Thai weren to mani and we to fewe  
 Al our armour thai to hewe



And stiked vnder ous our stede  
Yete we foughten a fot long  
Til swerdes brotten that weren strong  
And than yeld we ous for nede

To the king we yolden ous al and some  
That we might to raunsom come  
To saue our liues ichon  
Into Alifaunder he ladde ous tho  
And into his prisoun dede ous do  
Was maked of lime and ston  
Litel was our drink and lasse our mete  
For hunger we wende our liues lete  
Wel wo was ous bigon  
So weren we ther alle that yer  
With michel sorwe bothe y-fere  
That socour com ous non

So it bifel that riche Soudan  
Hade a fest of mani a man  
Of thritti kinges bi tale  
King Triamour com to court tho  
And Fabour his sone dede also  
With knightes mani and fale  
The thridde day of that fest  
That was so riche and so honest

So derlich dight in sale  
 After that fest that riche was  
 Ther bifel a wonder cas  
 Uher thurch ros michel bale

That riche Soudan hadde a sone  
 That was y-hold a douhti gome  
 Sadok was his name  
 The kinges sone f'labour he cleped him to  
 Into his chaumber thai gun go  
 Tho knightes bothe y-same  
 Sadok gan to f'labour sayn  
 Gif he wald ate ches playn  
 And held ogain him game  
 And he answerd in gode maner  
 He wald play with him y-fere  
 Withouten ani blame

Ate ches thai sett hem to playn  
 Tho hendy knightes bothe trayn  
 That egre weren of sight  
 Er thai hadde don half a game  
 With strong wretthe thai gan to grame  
 Tho gomes michel of might  
 Thurch a chek f'labour seyde for soth  
 Sadok in hert wex wroth

And mislayd him anon right  
 And cleped him fi and a putayn  
 And smot him with might and main  
 Wher thurch ros michel fight

With a roke he brac his heued than  
 That the blod biforn out span  
 In that ich place  
 Sadok leyd than Fabour  
 Thou dost me gret deshonour  
 That thou me manace  
 Dar thou mi lordes sone were  
 Thou schuldest dye right now here  
 Schultow neuer hennes passe  
 Sadok stirt vp to Fabour  
 And cleped him anon vile traitour  
 And smot him in the face

With his felt he smot him thore  
 That Fabour was agreued sore  
 And stirt vp in that stounde  
 The cheker he hent vp fot hot  
 And Sadok in the heued he smot  
 That he fel ded to grounde  
 His fader sone he hath y-teld  
 That he hath the Soudan sone aqueld

And gounen him dethes wounde  
 On hors thai lopen than biliue  
 Out of the lond thai gun driue  
 For ferd thai were y-founde

When it was the Soudan teld  
 That his sone was aqueld  
 And brought of his liif dawne  
 On al maner he him bithought  
 Hou that he him wreke mought  
 Church iugement of lawe  
 After the king he sent an heyghe  
 To defende him of that felonie  
 That he his sone hath y-lawe  
 And bot he wald com anon  
 With strengthe he schuld on him gon  
 With wilde hors don him drawe

King Triamour com to court tho  
 And fabout his sone dede also  
 To the Soudan's parlement  
 When thai biforn him comen beth  
 Thai were adouted of her deth  
 Ther liues thai wende haue spent  
 For the Soudan cleped hem fot hot  
 And his sones deth hem attoot

And seyð thai weren alle schent  
 Bot thai hem therof weren might  
 In strong perile he schuld hem dight  
 And to her iugement

Chan dede he com forth a Sarrazine  
 Hauē he Cristes curs and mine  
 With boke and eke with belle  
 Out of Egypt he was y-come  
 Michel and griselich was that gome  
 With ani god man to duelle  
 He is so michel and vnrede  
 Of his sight a man may drede  
 With tong as þ the telle  
 As blac he is as brodes brend  
 He semes as it weren a fende  
 That comen weren out of helle

For he is so michel of bodi y-pight  
 Ogains him tuelue men haue no might  
 Ben thai neuer so strong  
 For he is four fot likerly  
 More than ani man stont him bi  
 So wonderliche he is long  
 Gif king Triamour that ther was  
 Might fenden him in playn place

Of that michel wrong  
 Than is that vile glotoun  
 Made the Soudans champioun  
 Batayl of him to fong

King Triamour answerd than  
 To that riche Soudan  
 In that ich founde  
 That he wald defende him wele y-nough  
 That he neuer his sone slough  
 No gaf him dedli wounde  
 When he sepe Amoraunt so grim  
 Ther durst no man fight with him  
 So grille he was on grounde  
 Than asked he respite til a day  
 To finde another gif he may  
 Ogaines him durst founde

Than hadde he respite al that yere  
 And fourti days so was the maner  
 Church lawe was than in lond  
 Gif him seluen durst nought fight  
 Finde another gif he might  
 Ogaines him durst stond  
 The king as swithe hom is went  
 Duer alle his lond anon he sent

After erl baroun and bond  
 And asked gif ani wer so bold  
 Thriddendel his lond haue he schold  
 The batayl durst take an hond

Ac for nought that he hot might  
 Ther was non durst take the fight  
 With the geaunt for his sake  
 Than was Ich out of prisoun nome  
 Biforn him he dede me come  
 Conseyl of me to take  
 And asked me at worde fewe  
 Gif I wist other I knewe  
 A man so mighti of strake  
 That for him durst take the fight  
 Weren he buriays other knight  
 Riche prince he wald him make

And gif I might ani fende  
 He wald make me riche and al mi kende  
 And gif me gret honour  
 And wold sese into min hond  
 To helden thriddendel his lond  
 With cite toun and tour  
 Ac Ichim answerd than  
 In alle this world was ther man

To fight with that traitour  
 Bot gif it Gij of Warwike were  
 Or Herhaud of Ardern his fere  
 In warld thai bere the flour

When the king herd tho  
 That I spac of the knightes to  
 Ful blithe he was of chere  
 He kist me so glad he was  
 Merci he seyde erl Jonas  
 Thou art me leue and dere  
 Gif Ich hadde here Sir Gij  
 Or Herhaud that is so hardi  
 Of the maistri liker I were  
 And thou mightest bring me her on  
 The and thine sones I schal lete gon  
 Fram prisoun quite and skere

Bi mi lay he dede me swere  
 That I schuld trewelich bode here  
 To tho knightes so hendre  
 And seyde to me as swithe anon  
 With michel sorwe he schuld me non  
 Bot Ichem might fende  
 And al mine sones do to drawe  
 And Ichim graunt in that thrawe



To bring hem out of bende  
 Out of this lond I went tho  
 With michel care and michel wo  
 I nist wider to wende

I sought hem into the lond of Coyne  
 Into Calaber and into Selloyne  
 And fro thennes into Almayne  
 In Tuskan and in Lombardye  
 In Fraunce and in Normondye  
 Into the lond of Speyne  
 In Braban in Poil and in Bars  
 And into kinges lond of Cars  
 And thurch al Aquitayne  
 In Cissil in Hungri and in Ragoun  
 In Romayne Borgoine and Gascoine  
 And thurch out al Breteyne

And into Ingland wenden I gan  
 And asked ther mani a man  
 Bothe yong and old  
 And in Warwike that cite  
 Ther he was lord of that cuntre  
 For to hauen in wold  
 Ac I no fond non lite no miche  
 That couthe telle me likerliche

Of tho to knightes bold  
 Whether I schold Gij no Berhaud fende  
 In no lond fer no hende  
 Therefore min hert is cold

For Ich haue the king mi trewothe y-plight  
 That I schal bring Gij now right  
 Gif Ich oliues be  
 And giue I bring him nought anon  
 Wele Ich wot he wil me Non  
 Therefore wel wo is me  
 And min sones he schal don hong  
 And to dratwe with michel wrong  
 Tho knightes hende and fre  
 And gif thai dye gret harm it is  
 For hem Ich haue swiche sorwe I wis  
 Mine hert wil breken on thre

God man seyde Gij listen me now  
 For thine sones gret sorwe hastow  
 And no wonder it nis  
 When thou Gij and Berhaud hath sought  
 And thou no may hem finde nought  
 Thi care is michel I wis  
 Church hem thine hope was to go fre  
 And thi sones al forth with the

Church Codes help and his  
 Sum time bi dayes old  
 For douhti men thai wer told  
 And holden of gret priis

Church Codes helpe our dright  
 He be min help and giue me might  
 And leue me wele to spede  
 And for Gyes loue and herhaud also  
 That thou hast fought with michel wo  
 That douhti were of dede  
 Batayl Ichil now for the fong  
 Ogain the geaunt that is so strong  
 Thou seyst is so vnrede  
 And thei he be the fende out right  
 I schal for the take the fight  
 And help the at this nede

When therl herd him speke so  
 That he wald batayl fong for him tho  
 He biheld fot and heued  
 Michel he was of bodi pight  
 A man he semed of michel might  
 Ac pouerliche he was bitweued  
 With a long berd his neb was growe  
 Michel wo him thought he hadde y-drowe

He wende his wit weren reued  
 For he seyð he wald as pern  
 Fight with that geaunt stern  
 Bot gif he hadde him proued

God man than seyð he  
 God Almighten for yeld it the  
 That is so michel of might  
 Thatow wost batayl for me song  
 Dgain the geaunt that is so strong  
 Thou knowest him nought I plight  
 For gif he loked on the with wrake  
 Sternliche with his eyghen blake  
 So grim he is of sight  
 Thatow neuer so bold in al thi teime  
 Thatow durst batayl of him nim  
 No hold ogaines him fight

Gode man seyð Gij lat be that thought  
 For swiche wordes help ous nought  
 Dgain that schrewe qued  
 Mani hath loked me opon  
 With wicked wil mani on  
 That wald hau had min hed  
 And thei no fled I neuer pete  
 No neuer for ferd batayl lete

For no man that brac bred  
 And thei he be the deuels rote  
 I schal nought fle him a fot  
 Bi him that suffred ded

Leue sir than seyde he.  
 God of heuen forpeld it te  
 Thine wordes er ful swete  
 For ioie he hadde in hert that stounde  
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde  
 And kist Sir Gyes fet  
 Gij tok him vp in armes to  
 Into Alisaunder thai gun go  
 With the king to mete  
 And when thai com into the tour  
 Bifor the king Sir Triamour  
 Wel fair thai gun him grete

And when he seye therl Jonas  
 Annethe he knewe him in the fas  
 So chaunged was his ble  
 Erl Jonas seyde the king  
 Telle me now withouten lesing  
 Gij and Berhaud wher ben he  
 Therl answerd and likid sore  
 Gij no Berhaud sestow no more

For sothe I telle the  
 For hem Ich haue in Ingland ben  
 And I no might hem no whar sen  
 Therefore wel wo is me

Ac the lond folk teld me in speche  
 That Gij was gon halwen to seche  
 Wel fer in vncouthe lond  
 And Berhaud after him is went  
 For to seche him verrament  
 Noither of hem I no fond  
 Ac this man Ich haue brought to the  
 That hath ben man of gret bounte  
 That wele dar take on hond  
 Ogain the geaunt that is so fel  
 Al for to fende the ful wel  
 For drede wil he nought wond

Erl Jonas seyde the king  
 Loke with him be no feynting  
 That I deseyued be  
 And gif ther be thou schalt anon  
 Be honged and thi sones ichon  
 I graunt sir than seyde he  
 The king cleped Sir Gyoun  
 And asked him at schort resoun

What is thy name tel me  
 Sir Gij answerd to the king  
 Poun he said withouten lesing  
 Men clepeth me in mi cuntre

What cuntre artow the king sede  
 Of Ingland so God me rede  
 Therin Ich was B born  
 Dwe seyde the king artow Inglis knight  
 Chan schuld B thurch skill and right  
 Hate the euer more  
 Knewe thou nought the gode Gij  
 Or herhaud that was so hardi  
 Tel me the sothe bifore  
 Wele ought Ich be Gyes foman  
 He slough mi brother Helmadan  
 Thurch him Icham forlore

Hi nem he slough the riche Soudan  
 Ate mete among ous euerilkan  
 Seyghe B neuer man so ingin  
 B seyghe hou he his heued of smot  
 And bar it oway with him fot hot  
 Gaugre that was therinne  
 After him we driuen tho  
 The deuel halp him thennes to go

I trowe he is of his kinne  
 Mahoun gaf that thou wer he  
 Ful liker might I than be  
 The maistri for to winne

Sir Gij answerd to the king  
 Wel wele I knowe withouten lesing  
 Berhaud so God me rede  
 And gif thou haddest her on here  
 Of the maistri liker thou were  
 The bateyl for to bede  
 The king asked him anon right  
 Whi artow thus iuel y-dight  
 And in thus pouer wede  
 A feble lord thou seruest so thenketh me  
 Or oway he hath driuen the  
 For sum iuel dede

Nay sir for God quath Gij  
 A wel gode lord than serue I  
 With him was no blame  
 Wel michel honour he me dede  
 And gret worthschipe in eueri stede  
 And sore Ich haue him grame  
 And therefore Icham thus y-dight  
 To cri him merci day and night



Til we ben frendes same  
 And mi lord and þe frende be  
 Ichil wende hom to mi cuntre  
 And liue with ioie and game

Frende þou seyd the king  
 Wiltow fight for mi thing  
 Other þe schal another puruay  
 Therfor com Ich hider quath Gij  
 Church Godes help and our leuedi  
 As wele as þe may  
 Bot first therl Jonas and his sones  
 Schal be deliuerd out of prisones  
 This ich selue day  
 The king answerd þe graunt the  
 Mahoun he mot thine he[lp] be  
 That is mi lord verray

May seyd Gij bot Marie sone  
 He mot the to help come  
 For Mahoun is worth nought  
 Frende þou seyd the king  
 Understond now mi teling  
 Al what Ich haue y-thought  
 Gif that thou may ouercom the fight  
 And defende me with right

The wrong is on me fought  
 So michel I schal for the do  
 That men schal speke therof euer mo  
 As wide as this wa[r]ld is wrought

Alle the men that in mi prisoun be  
 Thai schul be deliuerd for loue of the  
 That Cristen men be told  
 Fram henne to Ende that cite  
 Quiteclaym thai schul go fre  
 Bothe yong and old  
 And so gode pes I schal fetten anon  
 That Cristen men schul comen and gon  
 To her owen wille in wold  
 Gramerci than seyð Sir Gij  
 That is a fair gift likerly  
 God leue the it wele to hold

The king dede make a bathe anon right  
 For to bathe Gij and better dight  
 In silk he wald him schrede  
 Nay sir than seyð Sir Gij  
 Swiche clothes non kepe I  
 Also God me rede  
 To were clothes gold bi go  
 For I was neuer wont therto

Do non so worthliche wede  
 Eete and drink anough giue me  
 And riche clothes lat thou be  
 I kepe non swiche prede  
 And when the time com to thende  
 That thai schuld to court wende  
 Ther sembled a fair ferred

King Triamour maked him yare tho  
 And f labour his sone dede also  
 With knightes lithe on stede  
 To court-ward than went he  
 To Espire that riche cite  
 With joie and michel prede  
 To the Soudan thai went on hepe  
 With wel gret cheualrie  
 Bateyle for to bede

Bij was ful wele in armes dight  
 With helme and plate and brini bright  
 The best that euer ware  
 The hauberk he hadde was Benis  
 That was king Clarels I wis  
 In Jerusalem when he was thare  
 A thef stole it in that stede  
 And oway therwith him dede

To Hethenelle he it bare  
 King Triamours elders it bought  
 And in her hord house thai it thought  
 To hold it euer mare

Sir Gij thai toke it in that plas  
 Thritti winter afrayd it nas  
 Ful clere it was of mayle  
 As bright as ani siluer it was  
 The halle schon therof as sonne of glas  
 For sothe withouten fayle  
 His helme was of so michel might  
 Was neuer man ouercomen in fight  
 That hadde it on his ventayle  
 It was Alisaunders the gret lording  
 When he faught with Horeus the king  
 That hard him gan aseyple

A gode sward he hadde withouten faile  
 That was Estors in Troye batayle  
 In gest as so men sint  
 Ar he that sward dede forgon  
 Of Grece he slough ther mani on  
 That died thurch that dint  
 Hose and gambisoun so gode knight schold  
 A targe listid with gold

About his swere he hint  
 Das neuer wepen that euer was make  
 That o schel might therof take  
 Na more than of the flint

For king Triamours elders it laught  
 King Darri sum time it aught  
 That Gij was vnder pight  
 Ich man are other bigan  
 Whennes and who was that man  
 That with the geaunt durst fight  
 King Triamour seyde with wordes fre  
 Sir Soudan herken now to me  
 Astow art hendy knight  
 To thi court Icham now come  
 To defende me of that ich gome  
 That is so stern of fight

This litel knight that stont me by  
 Schal fende me of that felonie  
 And make me quite and skere  
 Be stille seyde the Soudan tho  
 That batail schal wel sone be go  
 Also brouke þ mi swere  
 He dede clepe Amorant so grim  
 And Gij stode and loked on him

Hou foule he was of chere  
 It is seyð Gj no mannes sone  
 It is a deucl fram helle is come  
 What wonder doth he here

Who might his dintes drepe  
 That he no schuld dye an hepe  
 So strong he is of dede  
 Than speken thai alle of the batayle  
 Where it schuld be withouten fayle  
 Thai token hem to rede  
 Than loked thai it schuld be  
 In a launde vnder the cite  
 Thider thai gun hem lede  
 With a riuer it ern al about  
 Therin schuld fight the knightes stout  
 Thai might fle for no nede

Duer the water thai went in a bot  
 On hors thai lopen fot hot  
 Tho knightes egre of mode  
 Thai priked the stedex that thai on sete  
 And smiten togider with dentes grete  
 And ferd as thai wer wode  
 Til her schaftes in that tide  
 Gun to schiuer bi ich aside

About hem ther thai stode  
 Than thai drough her swerdes grounde  
 And hewe togider with grimli wounde  
 Til thai spradde al ablode

Sir Amoraunt drough his gode brond  
 That wele carf al that it fond  
 When he hadde lorn his launce  
 That neuer armour might withstond  
 That was made of smitthes hond  
 In Bethenesse no in Fraunce  
 It was Sir Ercules the strong  
 That mani he slough therwith with wrong  
 In batayle and in destauce  
 Ther was neuer man that it bere  
 Duercomen in batayle no in were  
 Bot it weren thurch meschaunce

It was bathed in the flom of helle  
 Agnes gaf it him to wille  
 He schuld the better spede  
 Who that bar that swerd of might  
 Was neuer man ouercomen in fight  
 Bot it were thurch vnlede  
 Ther worth Sir Gij to deth y-brought  
 Bot gif God haue of him thought

His best help at nede  
 Togider thai wer yern hetweinde  
 With her brondest wele kerueinde  
 And maden her sides blode

Sir Amoraunt was agreued in hert  
 And smot to Gij a dint ful smert  
 With alle the might he gan welde  
 And hitt him on the helme so bright  
 That alle the stones of michel might  
 Flegge down in the feld  
 Al of the helme the sword out stint  
 And forth right with that selue dint  
 Othre half fot of the scheld  
 That neuer was atamed ar than  
 For knight no for no nother man  
 Do wer he neuer so beld

The sadel bowe he clef atbo  
 The stedes nek he dede also  
 With his grimli brond  
 Withouten when or ani wounde  
 Wele half a fot into the grounde  
 The scharp sword it wond  
 Sir Gij to grounde fallen is  
 He stert by anon þ wis



And loked and gan withstond  
 Anon right in that ich stede  
 To God Almighten he bad his bede  
 And held vp bothe his hond

Sir Gij anon vp stirt  
 As man that was agremed in hert  
 Dought wel long he lay  
 Lord seyð Gij God Almight  
 That made the therkenes to the night  
 So help me to day  
 Scheld me fro this geaunt strong  
 That þ no deth of him afong  
 Aftow art lord verray  
 That dint he seyð was iuel sett  
 Wele schal þ com out of thi dett  
 Gif that I libbe may

Gij hent his sward that was ful kene  
 And smot Amoraunt with hert tene  
 A dint that sat ful sore  
 That a quarter of his scheld  
 He made to flepe in the feld  
 Al with his grimli gore  
 The stedes nek he smot atbo  
 Amoraunt to grounde is fallen tho

Who was him therfore  
 That wer on fot tho knightes bold  
 Fight afot gif thai wold  
 Her stedes thai han forlore

Amoraunt with hert ful grim  
 Smot to Gij and Gij to him  
 With strokes stern and stiu  
 Hard thai hewe with swardes clere  
 That helme and sword that strong were  
 Thai gun hem al to driue  
 Hard foughten tho champiouns  
 That bothe plates and hauberiouns  
 Thai gun to ret and riue  
 And laiden on with dintes gret  
 Aither of hem so other gan bete  
 That wo was hem oliue

Sir Amoraunt was agreuen strong  
 That o man stode him tho so long  
 To Gij a strok he raught  
 And hit him on the helme so bright  
 That al the floures fel down right  
 With a ful grimly draught  
 The cercle of gold he carf ato  
 And forth with his dint also

Ther beleued it nought  
 On the scheld the sward down fel  
 And cleue it in to haluendel  
 Almost to grounde him brought

What with the swardes out draweing  
 And with his hetelich out braiding

Ther fel a wonder cas  
 Sir Gij fel on knes to grounde  
 And stirt vp in that selue stounde  
 And seyde Lord ful of grace

Neuer dint of knight non  
 No might me are knele don

In no stede ther I was  
 Sir Gij hent vp his sward fot hot  
 Amoraunt on the hod he smot  
 That he stumbled in the place

He hit him on the helme an heyghe  
 And with that dint the sward it fleghe

Bi the nase it gan down founde  
 And so it dede bi the ventayle  
 And carf it ato saunfaile

And in to his flesche a wounde  
 His targe with gold list  
 He carf atvo thurch help of Crist

He cleue that ich stounde  
 So heteliche the brond out he plight  
 That Amoraunt anon right  
 Fel on knes to grounde

So strong batayle was hem bitvene  
 So seyde thai that might it sene  
 That seye thai neuer non swiche  
 That neuer was of wiman born  
 Swiche to knightes as thai worn  
 That foughten togider with wreche  
 On a day bifor the natiuite  
 Of Seyn Jon the martir fre  
 That holy man is to seche  
 Togider fought tho barouns bothe  
 That in hert wer so wrothe  
 Of loue was ther no speche

Sir Amoraunt withdrough him  
 With loureand chere wroth and grim  
 For the blod of him was lete  
 That drink he most other his liif forgon  
 So strong thrust yede him opon  
 So michel was his hete  
 Fourti batayls Ichaue ouercome  
 Ac fond I neuer er moder sone

That me so sore gan bete  
 Tel me he seyð what artow  
 Felt þ neuer man ar now  
 That gaf dintes so grete

Tel me he seyð wennes thou be  
 For thou art strong so mot þ the  
 And of michel might  
 Sir Gij answerd withouten boft  
 Cristen Icham wele thou wost  
 Of Ingland born þ plight  
 King Triamour me hider brought  
 For to defenden him gif þ mought  
 Of that michel vnright  
 That ye beren on him with wough  
 That f labour neuer Sadon y-flough  
 Noither bi day no night

O artow Inglis seyð Amorant  
 Now wald mi lord Teruagaunt  
 That thou weren Gij the strong  
 Mahoun gaf that thou wer he  
 Blithe wald þ than be  
 Batail of him to song  
 For he hath destrud al our lawe  
 His heued wald Ichauē ful fatwe

Dr heighe on galwes hong  
 For keuer schal we neuer more  
 That he hath don ous forlore  
 With wel michel wrong

With michel wrong and michel wough  
 Fourti thousand of ous he slough  
 In Costentin on a day  
 He and Berhaud his felawe  
 Michel han destrud our lawe  
 That euermore mon I may  
 Gif he wer slain with brond of stel  
 Than were I wroken on him ful wel  
 That han destrud our lay  
 Sir Gij answerd whi seistow so  
 Hath Gij ani thing the misdo  
 Amoraunt seyD nay

Ac it wer gret worthschip I wis  
 To alle the folk of Hethenisse  
 That I hadde so wroken mi kende  
 Cristen he seyD listen to me  
 The weder is hot astow may se  
 I pray the leue frende  
 Leue to drink thou lat me gon  
 For the lordes loue thou leuest on

Astow art gode and hende  
 For thrist mi hert wil to spring  
 And for hete withouten lesing  
 Hi liue wil fro me wende

And gif þ schal be thus aqueld  
 Church strong hete in the feld  
 It were ogain the skille  
 Unworthschipe it war to the  
 It were the gret vilete

In wat lond thou com tisse  
 Ac lete me drink a litel wight  
 For thi lordes loue ful of might  
 That thou louest with wille  
 And þ the hot bi mi lay  
 Gif thou haue ani threst to-day  
 Thou schalt drink al thi fisse

Sir Gij answerd þ graunt the  
 And yete to-day thou yeld it me  
 Withouten ani fayle  
 And when he hadde leue of Sir Gij  
 He was ful glad likerli  
 No lenger nold he dayle  
 To the riuer ful swithe he ran  
 His helme of his heued he nam

And unlaced his ventayle  
 When he hadde dronken alle his fill  
 He stirt vp with hert grille  
 And Sir Gij began to asayle

Knicht he seyð yeld the billie  
 For thou art giled so mot þ thriue  
 Now Ichaue adrink  
 Icham as fresche as Ich was amowre  
 Thou schalt dye with michel sorwe  
 For sothe withouten lesing  
 Than thai drowen her swardes long  
 Tho knightes that wer stern and strong  
 Withouten more dueling  
 And aither gan other ther asayle  
 And ther bigan a strong bataile  
 With wel strong fighting

Amoraunt was ful egre of mode  
 And smot to Gij as he wer wode  
 Ful egre he was to fight  
 That a quarter of his scheld  
 He made it flepe into the feld  
 And of his brini bright  
 Of his scholder the sward glod down  
 That bothe plates and hauberioun



He carf atwo þ plight  
 Al to the naked hide þ wis  
 And nought of flesche atamed is  
 Church grace of God Almighty

The scharp swerd doun gan glide  
 Fast bi Sir Gyes side  
 His knew it com ful neye  
 That gambisoun and iambler  
 Bothe it karf atwo y-fere  
 Into therthe the swerd it feye  
 Withouten wem or ani wounde  
 Half a fot into the grounde  
 That mani man it seye  
 And when Gij seye that fair grace  
 That nothing wounded he was  
 Ihesu he thanked on heye

And when Gij feld him so smite  
 He was wroth ye mow wite  
 To Amoraunt he gan reken  
 He hent his brond with wel gode wille  
 And stoke to him with hert grille  
 His scheld he gan to breken  
 So hetelich Gij him smot  
 That into the scholder half a fot

The gode swerd gan reken  
 And with that strok Gij withdrough  
 Meri he was forfoughten y-nough  
 To Amoraunt he gan speken

Sir Amoraunt than seyde Gij  
 For Godes loue now merci  
 Gif that thi wille be  
 Ichau swiche thrist ther I stonde  
 I may vnnethe drawe min hond  
 Therefore wel wo is me  
 Held me now that Ich dede  
 I gaf the leue to drink at nede  
 Astow art hende and fre  
 Leue to drink thou lat me go  
 As it was couenaunt bitben ous two  
 For loue I pray the

Hold thi pes seyde Amoraunt  
 For bi mi lord Sir Ceruagaunt  
 Leue no hastow non  
 Ac now that I the sothe se  
 That thou ginnes to feynt the  
 Thine heued thou schalt forgon  
 Amoraunt seyde Gij do a right  
 Lete me drink a litel wight

As I dede the anon  
 And togider fight me  
 Who schal be maister we schal se  
 Wiche of ous may other non

Hold thi pays seyð Amoraunt  
 I nil nought held the couenaunt  
 For ful this toun of gold  
 For when Ichaue the sleyn now right  
 The Soudan treweli hath me hight  
 His lond gif me he schold  
 Euermore to haue and hold fre  
 And giue me his doughter bright o ble  
 The miriest may on mold  
 When Ichaue the sleyn this day  
 He schal giue me that fair may  
 With alle his lond to hold

Ac do now wele and vnarme the  
 And trewelich yeld thou the to me  
 Oliue I lat the gon  
 And gif thou wilt nought do bi mi red  
 Thou schalt dye on iuel ded  
 Right now I schal the non  
 Nay seyð Bij that war no lawe  
 Ich hadde leuer to ben to drawe

Than swiche a dede to don  
 Ar Ich wald creaunt yeld me  
 Ich hadde leuer an hanged be  
 And brent bothe flesche and bon

Than seyð Amoraunt at a word  
 Bi the treuthe thou owe thi lord  
 That thou louest so dere  
 Tel me what thi name it be  
 And leue to drink giue þ the  
 Chi fille of this riuer  
 Thou seyð thi name is Sir Þoun  
 It is nought so bi Seyn Þahoun  
 It is a lesing fere  
 Gif thi name were Þoun right  
 Thou nere nought of so miche might  
 Do thus vnbiknotwen here

Þrende seyð Gij þ schal telle the  
 Astow art hendi man and fre  
 Thou wray me to no wight  
 Gij of Warwike mi name it is  
 In Ingland þ was born þ wis  
 Lete me now drink with right  
 When Amoraunt sepe likerly  
 That it was the gode Gij

That ogaines him was dight  
 He loked on him with michel wrake  
 Sternliche with his eyghen blake  
 With an vnsemlī sight

Sir Gij he seyde welcom to me  
 Mahoun mi lord I thank the  
 That Ich haue the herinne  
 Michel schame thou hast me don  
 Chi liif thou schal astite forgon  
 Chi bodi schal atdinne  
 And thine heued hi Ceruagaunt  
 Mi leman schal haue to prefaunt  
 That comly is of kinne  
 Hennes forward liker thou be  
 Leue no tit the non of me  
 For al this warld to winne

Allas seyde Gij what schal I don  
 Now I no may haue drink non  
 Mine hert breketh ato  
 Anon he bithought him thenne  
 Right to the riuer he most renne  
 He turned him and gan to go  
 Amoraunt with sward on hond  
 He thought haue driuen Gij to schond

With sorwe he wald him flo  
 Gij ran to the water right  
 Bot on him thenke God Almighty  
 Up cometh he neuer mo

Tho was Sir Gij in gret drede  
 In the water he stode to his girdel stede  
 And that thought him ful gode  
 In the water he dept his heued anon  
 Duer the schulders he dede it gon  
 That keled wele his blod  
 And when Gij hadde drunken anough  
 Hetelich his heued vp he drough  
 Out of that ich flod  
 And Amoraunt stode opon the lond  
 With a drawen swerd in hond  
 And smot Gij ther he stode

Hetelich he smot Gyoun  
 Into that water he fel adoun  
 With that dint vncide  
 That the water arn him about  
 Sir Gij stirt vp in gret doubt  
 For nothing he nold abide  
 And schoke his heued as knight bold  
 In this water Icham ful cold

Wombe rigge and lide  
And no leue Sir Ich hadde of the  
And therfore haue tho miche maugre  
And iuel the most bitide

Sir Gij stirt vp withouten fayl  
And Amoraunt he gan to asayl  
To fight he was ful boun  
Hard togider thai gan to fight  
Of loue was ther no speche þe plight  
Bot heweing with swerdes broun  
Amoraunt than seyde Gij  
Thou art ful fals likerly  
And ful fult of tresoun  
No more wil þe trust to the  
For no bihest thou hotest me  
Thou art a fals glotoun

Hard togider thai gan fight  
Fro the morwe to the night  
That long somers day  
So long thai foughten bothe tho  
Wiche was the better of hem to  
No man chese no may  
Bot at a strok as Amoraunt cast  
Sir Gij mett with him in hast

And taught him a fori play  
 The right arme with the sward fot hot  
 Bi the scholder of he it smot  
 To grounde it flepe oway

When Amoraunt feld him so smite  
 In his left hond with michel hete  
 The sward he hent fot hot  
 As a lyoun than ferd he  
 Thritti sautes he made and thre  
 With his sward that wel bot  
 Bot for the blod that of him ran  
 Amoraunt strengthe llike bigan

When Gij that soth wot  
 That Amoraunt was gin faynting  
 Sir Gij him folwed withouten dueling  
 That other hond of he smot

When Amoraunt had bothe hondes forlore  
 A wreche he held him self therefore  
 His wit was alto dreued  
 On Sir Gij he lepe with alle his might  
 That almost he had feld him down right  
 And Sir Gij was agreued  
 And kirt bisiden fot hot  
 And Amoraunt in the nek he smot



His might he hath him bireued  
 He fel to grounde withouten faile  
 And Sir Gij unlaced his ventayle  
 And he strok of his heued

Duer the water he went in a bot  
 And present therwith fot hot  
 The king Sir Triamour  
 The king Sir Triamour than  
 Went to that riche Soudan  
 And also his sone Fabour  
 Than was the Soudan swithe wo  
 Quite claim he lete hem go  
 With wel michel honour  
 Into Alisaunder thai went that cite  
 And ladde with hem Sir Gij the fre  
 That hadde ben her socour

The king tok the Erl Jonas tho  
 And clept him in his armes to  
 And kist him swete Ich wene  
 An hundred times and yete mo  
 And quite claim he lete him go  
 And his sones fiftene  
 Erl Jonas seyde the king  
 Herken now to my telsing

And what Ichil mene  
 For mi liif thou sauedest me  
 Half mi lond Ich graunt the  
 With this knight strong and kene

Understond to me sir knight  
 Whoun gaue ful of might  
 Thou wost duelle with me  
 Thridde part mi lond I giue the to  
 Michel honour Ichil the do  
 A riche prince make the  
 I nil nought thou forsake God thine  
 Thou art bileue and wele afine  
 Better may no be  
 Sir Gij answerd him ful stille  
 Sir of thi lond nought I nille  
 For sothe I telle the

That erl to Jerusalem went anon  
 Gij of Warwike with him gan gon  
 And alle his sones on rawe  
 Therl wold gif he might  
 Write the name of that knight  
 Gif he him euer more sawe  
 In conseyl sir knight than seyde he  
 That thou Ioun dost clep the

Thou no hatest nought so I trowe  
 For Ihesu loue I pray the  
 That died on the rode tre  
 Thi right name be aknawe

Sir Gij seyð thou schalt now here  
 Seththen thou frainest me in this maner  
 Hi name Ichil the sayn  
 Gij of Warwike mi name is right  
 Astow art hende and gentil knight  
 To non thou schalt me wrapn  
 Batayl for thi loue I nam  
 And the geaunt ouercam  
 Therof Icham ful fain  
 When therl sepe it was Sir Gij  
 He fel down on knes him bi  
 And wepe with both his ayn

For Godes loue he seyð merci  
 Whi artow so pouer Sir Gij  
 And art of so gret valour  
 Here Ich giue the in this place  
 Al therldam of Durras  
 Cite and castel tour  
 Thi man Ichil bicomen and be  
 And alle mi sones forth with me

Schal com to thi socour  
 For the priis of hethen lond  
 Thou hast thurch douhtines of hond  
 Wonne with gret bigour

Erl Jonas than seyð Sir Gij  
 Mi leue frende gramerci  
 For thi gode wille  
 Than schustow hire me al to der  
 To giue me thi lond in swiche maner  
 Therof nought I nille  
 To your owen cuntre wendeth hom  
 God biteche I þou euerichon  
 Mi way Ichil fulfille  
 Than went and kist him eueri man  
 Therl so sore wepe bigan  
 That might him no man stille

Therl to Durras went anon  
 And his sones euerichon  
 Were scaped out of care  
 Gij than in his way is nome  
 For that the geaunt was ouercome  
 Ful blithe than was he thare  
 Into Grece then went he  
 And sought halwen of that cuntre

The best that ther ware  
 Seththe forth in his way he yede  
 Church out mani vncouthe thede  
 To Costentyn he is y-fare

When Gij in Costentin hadde be  
 Out of that lond than went he  
 Walkand in the strete  
 On pilgrimage in his jurnay  
 His bedes bidand night and day  
 His sinnes for to bete  
 In Almaine than went he þis  
 Ther he was sumtime holden of gret priis  
 He com to a four way lete  
 Byonde Espire that riche cite  
 Under a croice was maked of tre  
 A pilgrim he gan mete

That wrong his honden and wepe sore  
 And cursed the time that he was bore  
 Alas it was his song  
 Wayleway he seyð that stounde  
 Wickedliche Icham brought to grounde  
 With wel michel wrong  
 Sir Gij went to him tho  
 Gan he seys whi farstow so

So God geue the ioie to fong  
 Tel me what thi name it be  
 And whi thou makest thus gret pite  
 Methene thi paynes strong

Gode man seyde the pilgrim tho  
 What hastow to frein me so  
 Swiche sorwe Icham in fought  
 That thei þe told the alle mi care  
 For the might þe neuer the better fare  
 To grounde Icham so brought  
 His seyde Gij by the gode rode  
 Conseyþ þe can giue the gode  
 And tow telle me thi thought  
 For oft it falleth vncouthen man  
 That gode conseyle giue can  
 Therefore hele it nought

For God he seyde thou sest ful wel  
 Sumtime Ich was by seyn Nighel  
 An erl of gret pouste  
 Church al Cristendom þe wis  
 Ich was teld a man of gret pris  
 And of gret bounte  
 And now Icham a wroche beggare  
 No wonder thei Icham ful of care

Allas wel wo is me  
 For sorwe he might speke na more  
 He gan to wepe swithe fore  
 That Gij hadde of him pite

Than seyð the pilgrim thou hast gret wrong  
 To frain me of mi sorwe strong  
 And might nought bete mi nede  
 To begge mi brede þæt mot gon  
 Seththen ystay at none ete þæt non  
 Also God me rede  
 Þis felawe quath Gij hele it naught  
 Telle me whi thou art in sorwe braught  
 The better thou schalt spede  
 And seththen we schul go seche our mete  
 Ichaue a pani of old biyete  
 Thou schalt haue half to mede

Gramerci sir than seyð he  
 And alle the sothe þæt schal telle the  
 Erl Cirri is my name  
 Of Gormoys theris sone Aubri  
 Ich hadde a felawe that hight Gij  
 A baroun of gode fame  
 For the douk of Paui Sir Dtoun  
 Hadde don him oft gret tresoun

He slough him with gret grame  
 Now is his neue themperour steward  
 His foster sone that hat Berard  
 He has me don alle this schame

Themperour he hath serued long  
 For he is wonderliche strong  
 And of michel might  
 He no cometh in non batayle  
 That he no hath the maistri saunfayl  
 So egre he is to fight  
 In this world is man non  
 That ogaines him durst gon  
 Herl baroun no knight  
 And he loked on him with wrake  
 That his hert no might quake  
 So stern he is of sight

And for his scherewdhed Sir Berard  
 Themperour hath made him his steward  
 To wardi his lond about  
 Ther nis no douk in al this lond  
 That his hest dar withstonde  
 So michel he it dout  
 Gif a man be loued with him  
 Be he neuer so pouer of kin



And he wil to him lout  
 He maketh hem riche anon right  
 Douk erl baroun or knight  
 To held with him gret rout

And gif a man with him hated be  
 Be he neuer so riche of fe  
 He flemeth him out of lond  
 Anon he schal ben to drawe  
 Als tite he schal ben y-slawe  
 And driuen him al to schond  
 So it bifel our emperour  
 Held a parlement of gret honour  
 For his erls he sent his sond  
 Thai come thider with michel prede  
 With an hundred knightes bi my side  
 At nede with me to stonde

And when I come vnto the court  
 The steward the wicked pourt  
 To me he gan to reke  
 He bicleped me of his emes ded  
 And seyde he was sleyn thurch mi red  
 On me he wald be wreke  
 And when Ich herd that chesoun  
 Of the doukes deth of Toun

Mine hert wald to breke  
 To thempour H layd mi wedde an heighe  
 To defende me of that felonie  
 That he to me gan speke

No wonder thei H war fordredde  
 Thempour tok bothe our wedde  
 As H the telle may  
 For in alle the court was ther no wight  
 Douk erl baroun no knight  
 That durst me borwe that day  
 Thempour comand anon  
 Into his prisoun H schuld be don  
 Withouten more delay  
 Berard went and seled mi lond  
 Mine wiif he wald haue driuen to schond  
 With sorwe sche fled oway

Than was Ich with sorwe and care  
 Among min fomen nomen thare  
 And don in strong prisoun  
 Min frendes token hem to rede  
 To thempour thai bisought and hede  
 To pay for me ransoun  
 Thempour and Sir Berard  
 Deliuerd me bi a forward

And bi his enchefoun  
 I schuld seche mi felawe Gij  
 To defende ous of that felonie  
 Of the doukes deth of Coun

Out of this lond went I me  
 And passed ouer the salt se  
 In Ingland I gan riue  
 At Warwike Ichim fought  
 When I com thider I fond him nought  
 Who was me oliue  
 No Sir Herhaud fond I nought tare  
 To seche Gyes sone he is fare  
 That was stolen with striue  
 Therefore I wot that Gij is ded  
 For sorwe can I me no red  
 Mine hert wil breke o fiue

Sir Gij biheld Cirri ful right  
 That whilom was so noble a knight  
 And lord of michel mounde  
 His bodi was sumtim wele y-schredde  
 Almost naked it was bihedde  
 With sorwe and care ful bounde  
 His legges that were sumtime hoses wel  
 To brosten he seighe hem eueridel

Allas seyð Gij that stonde  
 For sorwe that he hadde tho  
 Word might he speke no mo  
 Bot fel aswon to grounde

Sir Cirri anon com to him than  
 And in his armes vp him nam  
 And cleped opon him thare  
 Han he said what aileth the  
 Thou art iuel at aise so thenketh me  
 Hard it is thi fare  
 Sir Gij answerd thereafter long  
 This iuel greueth me so strong  
 In erthe þ wold þ ware  
 For seththen that þ was first man  
 Was neuer sorwe on me cam  
 That greued me so sare

Than seyð Cirri felawe þ wis  
 To-day a yer gon it is  
 Out of this lond þ went  
 To seche Gij mi gode frende  
 þ no finde nought fer no hende  
 Therefore Icham al schent  
 For now it is teld me our emperer  
 Hath taken a parlement of this maner

For mi loue verrament  
 That douk no erl in his lond be  
 That he no schal be at that semble  
 For to here mi iugement

And now no lenge abide I no may  
 That ne me bihoueth hom this day  
 Other for to lese min heued  
 Theemperour Ichaue mi treuthe y-plight  
 I schal bring Sir Gij to night  
 To fight ogain that qued  
 To fende ous of that felonie  
 Ogain the douke Berard of Paui  
 Al of his emes dede  
 I wot wele gif I thider fare  
 Thai schal me le with sorwe and care  
 Certes I can no red

Gij biheld Tirri with wepeand eighe  
 And seighe him al that sorwe dreighe  
 That was him lef and dere  
 Allas thought Gij that ich stounde  
 That Tirri is thus brought to grounde  
 So gode felawes we were  
 He thought might I mete that douke  
 His heued I schuld smite fro the bouke

Dr hong him bi the swere  
 I no lete for al this warldes won  
 That I no schuld the traitour don  
 To wreke Cirri mi fere

Cirri seyð Bij lat be thi thought  
 I wis it helpeth the right nought  
 For forwe it wil the schende  
 To court go we bothe y-fere  
 Gode tidinges we schul ther here  
 Swiche grace God may sende  
 Haue gode hert dred the no del  
 For God schal help the ful wel  
 So curteys he is and hende  
 Up risen the knightes tuo  
 With michel care and ful of wo  
 To court ward thai gan wende

And as thai went tho knightes fre  
 To court ward in her jurne  
 Ful bold thai were and yepe  
 Allas Sir Cirri seyð tho  
 Ich mot rest er Ich hennes go  
 Dr mi liif wil fro me lepe  
 For God felawe than seyð Bij  
 Ly down and I schal sitt the bi

And feir thine heued by kepe  
 And when he hadde thus y-seyd  
 On Gyes harm his heued he leyd  
 Anon Cirri gan slepe

And when Sir Cirri was fallen on slepe  
 Sir Gij biheld him and gan to wepe  
 And gret morning gan make  
 Than seighe he an ermine com of his mouthe  
 Als swift als winde that bloweth on clouthe  
 As white as lilij on lake  
 To an hille he ran withouten o bade  
 At the hole of the roche in he glade  
 Gij wonderd for that sake  
 And when he out of that roche cam  
 Into Cirries mouthe he nam  
 Anon Cirri gan wake

Sir Gij was wonderd of that sight  
 And Cirri sat by anon right  
 And biheld Gij opon  
 Than seyde Cirri fader of heuen  
 Sir pilgrim swiche a wonder sweuen  
 He met now anon  
 That to yon hille that stont on heighe  
 That thou may se with thin eighe

Methought that thou was gon  
 And at an hole in þ wond  
 And so riche trefour as þ fond  
 þ trow in this world is non

Beside that trefour lay a dragoun  
 And theron lay a swerd broun  
 The sckauberk comly corn  
 In the hilt was mani precious ston  
 As bright as ani sonne it schon  
 Withouten oth þ sworn  
 And methought Gij sat at min heued  
 And in his lappe me bitweued  
 Askow dost me biforn  
 Lord merci and it wer so  
 Wele were me than bi go  
 That euer yete was þ born

Now felawe seyð Gij bi mi leute  
 That s[w]euen wil turn gret ioie to the  
 And wele þ schal it rede  
 Church Gij thou schalt thi lond keuer  
 Trust wele to God thei thou be pouer  
 The better thou schalt spede  
 To the hulle nim we the way  
 Ther the thought the trefour lay



And in thou schalt me lede  
 Now God that schope al mankinde  
 Wald we might that tresour finde  
 It wald help ous at nede

Up risen tho knightes toay  
 And to the hille thai nom the way  
 And in thai went ful euen  
 And founde the tresour and the dragoun  
 And the sward of stiel broun  
 As Cirri met in his sweuen  
 Sir Gij drough out that sward anon  
 And alle the pleynes therof it schon  
 As it were light of leuen  
 Lord seyð Sir Gij I thanke thi sond  
 I seighe neuer are swiche a brond  
 I wot it com fram heuen

Sir Gij gan the hilt bihold  
 That richeliche was grauen with gold  
 Of charbukel the pomel  
 Into the sckaweberk ogain he it dede  
 And seyð to Cirri in that stede  
 Bi God and seyn Highhell  
 Of alle this riche tresore  
 I no kepe therof no more  
 Bot this brond of stiel

To court ward the knightes went  
 To aspie after the parlement  
 For drede wald thai nought lete  
 Ac Cirri was aferd ful sare  
 Of his fomen be knowen thare  
 In the cite gif he sete  
 Therfore thai toke her ostel gode  
 At an hous withouten the toun stode  
 Al bi a dern strete  
 Of al night Gij slepe nought  
 So michel his hert was euer in thought  
 With douk Berard to mete

Erlich amorne than ros Gij  
 And bisought God and Dur Leuedi  
 He schuld scheld him fro blame  
 And seyde to Sir Cirri the hende  
 Kepe me wele this sward leue frende  
 Til I sende therfore bi name  
 And I schal go to court this day  
 And gif I the douke mete may  
 I schal gret him with grame  
 And gif he say ought bot gode  
 Bi Ihesu that schadde for ous his blod  
 Him tit a world schame

Gij goth to toun with michel hete  
 Chemperour fram chirche he gan mete  
 And gret him with anour  
 Lord seyð Gij that with hond  
 Hade wode water and lond  
 Saue the sir emperour  
 Icham a man of fer cuntre  
 And of thi gode par charite  
 Ich arle to mi locour  
 Chemperour seyð to court come  
 And of mi gode thou schalt haue some  
 For loue of seyn Sauour

To court thai went al and some  
 Chemperour dede Gij biforn him come  
 Pilgrim than seyð he  
 Thou art wel weri methenketh now  
 Fram wiche londes comestow  
 For thi fader soule telle me  
 Sir seyð Gii Ich vnderstond  
 Ichauē ben in mani lond  
 Beyond the Grekes se  
 In Ierusalem and in Surry  
 In Costentin and in Perci  
 A gode while haue I be

Sir pilgrim seyð themperour fre  
 What speketh man in that lond of me  
 When thou come thennes ward  
 Sir Gij answerd bi the gode rode  
 Men speketh the ther ful litel gode  
 Bot tidinges schrewed and hard  
 For thou hast schent so therl Cirri  
 And other barouns that ben hendy  
 For loue of thi steward  
 Gret sinne it is to the  
 To stroye so thi barouns fre  
 Al for a fals schreward

When the douk herd him speke so  
 As a wilde bore he lepe him to  
 His costes for to schatwe  
 With his fest he wald haue smiten Gij  
 Bot barouns held him owoy  
 Wele tventi on a rawe  
 He seyð to Gij vile traitour  
 Der thou bifor themperour  
 Thei þ wende to ben to hewe  
 Bi thi berd þ schuld the schokke  
 That al thi teth it schuld rokke  
 For thou art a kinde schretwe

Bi thi semblaunt se men may  
 Thou hast ben traitour mani a day  
 God gif the schame and schond  
 Gif that I the mai ouergon  
 To wicked ded thou schalt be don  
 As a traitour to I in bond  
 In swiche a stede thou schalt be  
 This seuen winter no schaltow se  
 Noither fet no hond  
 So schal men chasti foule glotuns  
 That wil missay gode barouns  
 That lordinges ben in lond

Ow sir seyð Gij ertow thas  
 I nist no nar hou it was  
 Bi the gode rode  
 And now I wot that thou art he  
 Thou art vncurteys so thenketh me  
 Thou farst astow wer wode  
 And art a man of fair parage  
 I-com thou art of heighe linage  
 And of gentil blod  
 It is the litel curteylie  
 To do me swiche vilanie  
 Bifor themperour ther I stode

And for the wil þ wond no thing  
 þ schal telle the the sothe withouten lesing  
 Bifor his barouns ichon  
 That with gret wrong and sinne þ wis  
 Therl Tirri deshirrite is  
 And other gode mani on  
 A thousand men Ichaue herd teld  
 Bothe in toun and in feld  
 As wide as Ichaue gon  
 That he is giltles of that dede  
 Thou berst on him with falskede  
 Thine eme he schuld non

The douk Berra[r]d was wroth  
 Bi Ihesu Crist he swore his oth  
 þ wald that thou weren Gij  
 Or that thou so douhti were  
 Thou durst fight for him here  
 God gaf it and Our Leuedi  
 Sir Gij answerd bi Seyn Sauour  
 Drede the nothing vile traitour  
 Therto Icham redy  
 Be thou wroth be thou gladde  
 To themperour þ gif mi wedde  
 To fight for therl Tirri

The douk Berrard ther he stode  
 Stared on Gij as he wer wode  
 And egrelich seyð his thought  
 Pilgrim he seyð thou art ful stout  
 I wis thi wordes that er so prout  
 Schal be ful dere abought  
 I warn the wele he seyð tho  
 That thine heued thou schalt forgo  
 Where so thou may be sought  
 Sir Gij seyð than thou it hast  
 Than make therof thi hast  
 For yete no getes thou it nought

Bifor themperour than come Gij  
 And seyð Sir Berrard of Haui  
 Is a man of mighti dede  
 And fram fer cuntres comen Icham  
 And am a sely pouer man  
 I no haue here no sibbered  
 No I no haue wepen no armour bright  
 For the loue of God Almighty  
 Finde me armour and stede  
 Themperour answerd bi Ihesu  
 Pilgrim thou schalt haue anoto  
 Of al that the is nede

The douk Berra[r]d thennes he went  
 His hert was in strong turment  
 He no wist what he do might  
 Chemperour cleped his douhter Amayde  
 Leue douhter to hir he seyd  
 Kepe this pilgrim to night  
 Sche him vnderfenge ful mildeliche  
 And dede bathe him ful sofftliche  
 In silke sche wald him dight  
 Ac therof was no thing his thought  
 Bot of gode armour he hir bisought  
 With the douke Berrard to fight

Amorwe aros that emperour  
 Erls barouns of gret honour  
 To chirche with him thai yede  
 And when the barouns assembled was  
 Than might men sen in that plas  
 Togider a fair ferred  
 Thider com the douk Berrard  
 Prout and stern as a lipard  
 Wele y-armed on stede  
 And priked right as he wer wode  
 Among the barouns ther thai stode  
 Batayle for to bede



The maiden forgat neuer a del  
 The pilgrim was armed ful wel  
 With a gode glaiue in honde  
 And a swift ernand stede  
 Al wrin sche dede him lede  
 The best of that lond  
 Than Sir Gij him bithought  
 The gode swerd forgat he nought  
 That he in tresour fond  
 He sent thereafter priueliche  
 No man wist litel no miche  
 And Cirri sent him the brond

When that mayden hadde graithed Gij  
 Wele y-dight and ful richely  
 Men gan on him biheld  
 Sche ledde him forth swithe stille  
 To themperour with gode wille  
 Sche taught him for to weld  
 Than seyde themperour hende and fre  
 Lordinges listen now to me  
 Bothe yong and eld  
 This knight that ye se now here  
 Hath taken batail in strong maner  
 Al for to fight in feld

This knight he seyde that ston me bi  
 Will fight for thei Sir Cirri  
 For no thing wil he wond  
 And defende him of that felonie  
 Ogain the douk Berard of Paui  
 That he berth him an hond  
 For Cirri is out of lond went  
 To seche Gij verrament  
 That for him might stond  
 This day is sett bitven hem tuo  
 Or he deshirrite for euer mo  
 And flemed out of lond

Bot now is comen here this knight  
 Ogain Berard hath taken the fight  
 For no thing wil he fien  
 Ac lordinges he seyde euerichon  
 Where the batayl schal be don  
 Loke where it may best ben  
 Than loked thai it schuld be  
 In a launde vnder the cite  
 Thider in thai went bi den  
 Gani man bad God that day  
 Help the pilgrim as he wele may  
 The douk Berard to fien

On hors lopen tho knightes prest  
 And lopen togider til schaftes brest  
 That strong weren and trewe  
 And her gerthes brusten that strong were  
 And tho knightes bothe y-fere  
 Out of her sadels threwe  
 After thai drough her swerdes gode  
 And leyd on as thai were wode  
 That were gode and newe  
 And astow lest the fir on flint  
 The stem out of her helmes flint  
 So hetelich thai gun hewe

Wele wer armed tho knightes stout  
 Bot he had more yren him about  
 That fals Berardine  
 That hauberkes he was in weued  
 And that helmes opon his heued  
 Was wrought in Sarazine  
 Upon his schulder henge a duple scheld  
 Better might non be born in feld  
 A gode swerd of stiel fine  
 That man therwith his liif had lorn  
 It was sumtim ther biforn  
 The kinges Costentine

Strong batayl held tho knightes bold  
 That alle that euer gan hem bihold  
 Thai seyden hem among  
 The pilgrim was non erthely man  
 It was an angel from heuen cam  
 For Cirri batayle to fong  
 For mani gode erl and mani baroun  
 Berard hath y-brought adoun  
 With wel michel wrong  
 Therfore hath God sent þ̄ wis  
 An angel out of heuen blis  
 To se that traitour strong

Al the folk in that cite was  
 Litel and michel more and las  
 To se the batayl thai yede  
 Bot Cirri in a chirche liis  
 And euer he bisought God þ̄ wis  
 He schuld him help and spede  
 When he herd telle pilgrim  
 Faught ogain the douke Berardin  
 To help him at his nede  
 Wel fain he wald thider gon  
 Bot for knoweing of his fon  
 Wel sore he gan him drede

Ac natheles he ros vp tho  
 With michel care and michel wo  
 And thider he went wel swithe  
 When he com to the plas  
 Ther the bataile loked was  
 Amonges hem he gan lithe  
 And when he seighe the douk so strong  
 And his armes to hewe among  
 In his hert he was ful blithe  
 And tho he seyghe his blod spille  
 God he thonked with gode wille

\*

Lord merci Tirri gan say  
 This is nought the pilgrim I met yisterday  
 That is so richeliche dight  
 He was a feble pouer body  
 Sely messays and hungri  
 And he is of michel might  
 I trow non erthelich man it be  
 On Gij I thenke when Ichim se  
 So douhti he was in fight  
 Gif Gij mi felawe now ded nere  
 Ich wald sigge that he it were  
 So liche thai ben of sight

\* A line is here omitted in the MS.

Into chirche ogain he yede  
 And fel on knes in that stede  
 And Ihesus Crist he bisought  
 He schuld help the pilgrim  
 That faught ogain douk Berardin  
 That miche wo hath him wrought  
 Hard togider gun thai fight  
 Fro the morwe to the night  
 That thai rest hem nought  
 And when hem failed light of day  
 Thai couthe no rede what thai do may  
 To themperour thai hem brought

Sir emperour thai seyð anon  
 What schul we with this knightes don  
 At thi wille schal it be  
 Themperour clept to him tho  
 Four barouns that his trust was to  
 Lordinges than seyð he  
 Kepe me wele the douk Berard  
 And bring him tomorwe bi a forward  
 Dpon al your fe  
 And I schal kepe the pilgrim to night  
 Til tomorwe that it is day light  
 He schal bileue with me

Than departed this batayle  
 Tho four barouns withouten fayl  
 Understode Berard to kepe  
 And themperour toke the pilgrim  
 In a chaumber to loken him  
 With seriaunce wise and yepe  
 The douke Berard forgat him nought  
 Of a soule tresoun he him bithought  
 Four knightes he gan clepe  
 For mi loue he seyde goth to night  
 Th[er] the pilgrim lith ful right  
 And sleth him in his slepe

Thai armed hem swithe wel  
 Bothe in iren and in stel  
 And went hem forth in hast  
 Into the chaumber thai went anon  
 The pilgrims keepers euerichon  
 Lay and slepe ful fast  
 To the pilgrim thai went ful right  
 And left vp the bedde with her might  
 Tho four traitours vndrafft  
 To the see thai beren him  
 And bothe bed and the pilgrim  
 Into the see thai cast

To Sir Berard thai went anon  
 And told him hou thai hadden don  
 Therof he was ful fawe  
 Sir thai seyð be nought adred  
 Bothe the pilgrim and the bed  
 Into the se we han y-thrawe  
 The pilgrim waked and loked an heyghe  
 The sterres on the heuen he seighe  
 The water about him drawe  
 Thei he was ferd no wonder it nis  
 Non other thing he no seyðhe þ̄ wis  
 Bot winde and wateres wawe

Lord seyð Gij God Almighty  
 That winde and water and al thing dight  
 On me haue now pite  
 Whi is me fallen thus strong cumbring  
 And þ̄ no fight for to win no thing  
 Noither gold no fe  
 For no cite no no castel  
 Bot for mi felawe þ̄ loued so wel  
 That was of gret bounte  
 For he was sumtyim so douhti  
 And now he is so pouer a bodi  
 Certes it reweth me



Now herkeneth a litel striif  
 Hou he saued the pilgrims liif  
 Ihesu that sitt in trone  
 With a fischer that was comand  
 In the se fische takeand  
 Bi himself alon  
 He seth that bed floter him by  
 On Godes half he gan to cri  
 What artow say me son  
 The pilgrim his heued vp plight  
 And crid to him anon right  
 And made wel reweli mon

Gode man than seyde he  
 I leue on God in trinite  
 The sothe thou schalt now sen  
 Understode thou ought of the batayl hard  
 Bitven the pilgrim and Sir Berard  
 Hou thai foughten bitven  
 The fischer seyde I seighe the fight  
 Fro the morwe to the night  
 For nothing wald thai fien  
 Chemperour comand tho  
 Thai schuld be kept bothe tuo  
 Tomorwe bring hem ogen

Icham he seyde the pilgrim  
 That faught with the douke Berardin  
 For Cirri the hendi knight  
 Distreuen we wer deled ato  
 In a chaumber I was do  
 With seriaunce wise and wight  
 Thou Ich com her no wot I nought  
 For his loue that this world hath wrought  
 Saue me gif thou might  
 The fischer tok him into his bot anon  
 And to his hous he ladde him hom  
 And saued his liif that night

Theemperour ros amorte I wis  
 And atte the chirche he herd his messe  
 In the first tide of the day  
 And into his halle he gan gon  
 And after the steward he aled anon  
 And the pilgrim withouten delay  
 The four barouns forgat hem nought  
 The douke Berard thai han forth brought  
 Redy armed to play  
 And the pilgrims keepers com euerichon  
 And seyde to theemperour bi Seyn Jon  
 The pilgrim was oway

Chemperour was wel wroth  
 Bi his fader soule he swore his oth .  
 Thai schuld ben hang and drawe  
 For Godes loue he seyde merci  
 This douke Berard of Pau  
 Hath him brought o dawwe  
 Chemperour seyde bi Seyn Martin  
 Hastow don this fals Berardin  
 To don the pilgrim lawwe  
 Held him dethes or liues to me  
 Or in mi court demp thou schalt be  
 Church iugement of lawwe

The douke Berard wer wroth and wo  
 Chemperour he answered tho  
 With wel michel hete  
 Ichaue serued the long sir emperour  
 And kept thi londes with michel anour  
 And now thou ginnest me threte  
 Therof giue I nought a chirston  
 Hom to Lombardy Ichil gon  
 With alle the ost I may gete  
 I schal com into Almayn for al thi tene  
 Of al thi lond liker mot thou ben  
 I fot I no schal the lete

When themperour herd that  
 And of his thretening vndergat  
 He bad with wordes bold  
 Out of his court he schuld gon  
 And he answerd sone anon  
 That likerliche he nold  
 Ther com the fischer priueliche  
 And puked themperour softliche  
 His tale to him he told  
 Sir themperour he seyde listen to me  
 Of the pilgrim Ichil telle the  
 Gif thou me herken wold

Fischer seyde themperour fre  
 Of the pilgrim telle thou me  
 Gif thou the sothe can sayn  
 Forsothe he seyde I can ful wel  
 I schal the leyghen neuer a del  
 Therof Icham ful fain  
 Distreuen withouten lesing  
 I went to the se of fischeing  
 Mine nettes for to layn  
 A bedde I fond ther floteland  
 And theron a knight liggeand  
 A man of michel mayn

And Ich him ared what he were  
 He told me the sothe there  
 With wordes fre and hende  
 Icham he seyde the pilgrim  
 That faught with the douke Berardin  
 Wisterday to the nende  
 I tok him into mi bot anon  
 And to min hous I lad him hom  
 And kept him as mi frende  
 Gif thou leuest nought he is thare  
 Do sum seriaunt thider fare  
 And ther ye may him fende

Chemperour sent after him tho  
 With the fischer and other mo  
 And brought him saunfayle  
 Thai weren don togider bliue  
 With hard strokes for to driue  
 Thai gun hem to asayle  
 Wel hard togider gun thai fight  
 With her brondes that wer bright  
 Thai hewe hauberk of mayle  
 Thus togider gun thai play  
 Til it was the heyghe midday  
 With wel strong batayle

The douk Berard was egre of mode  
 He smot to Gij as he wer wode  
     His liif he wende to winne  
 He hit [him] on the helm on hight  
 That alle the floures feir and bright  
     He dede hem sleghe atbinne  
 The nase! he carf atbo  
 And the venteyle he dede also  
     Right to his bare chinne

Sir Gij was wroth anon fot hot  
 And Berard on the helme he smot  
     To stond hadde he no space  
 For bothe helmes he carf atbo  
 And his heued he dede also  
     In midward of the face  
 Thurch al his bodi the sward bot  
 Into the erthe wele half a fot  
     That seighe men in the place  
 The soule went fro the bodi there  
 Th[e fol]k of the cite wel glad were  
     Th[ai] thonked our Lordes grace

Bifor themperour than com Sir Gij  
 Ichaue wroken ther! Cirri

The sothe thou might now sen  
 And defended him of that felonie  
 Ogain the douke Berard of Paui  
 That was so stout and ken  
 Therefore the sothe Ich ax the  
 Gif Tirri schal quitecleymed be  
 And haue his lond ogen  
 And who so ther ogain withstond  
 He schal haue schame of min hond  
 Wel liker may he ben

Chemperour seyde likerly  
 Thou hast wroken therl Tirri  
 Gret honour thou hast him don  
 Therefore when he is come  
 His londes than al and some  
 He schal haue euerichon  
 Than was Gij glad and blithe  
 And kest of his armes also swithe  
 After him he thought to gon  
 Chemperour wald clothe him in gold  
 Ac likerliche he seyde he nold  
 His sclauain he axed anon

To toun he went in his way  
 To finde Tirri gif he may

In sorwe and care ful bounde  
 Into a chirche he him dede  
 And fond him in a priue stede  
 Liand on knes to grounde  
 Arise vp Cirri he seyde tho  
 To court thou schalt with me go  
 Now Ichaue the founde  
 Cirri anon his heued vpbreyd  
 And seyde pilgrim hastow me treyd  
 Allas that ich stounde

Allas allas than seyde he  
 To what man may men trust be  
 To chese to his make  
 Thou that semed so stedefast  
 To themperour me wraide hast  
 To sle me thou hast take  
 In iuel time was it to me  
 That þ mi name told to the  
 Allas that ich sake  
 For sorwe that he hadde tho  
 Ð word no might he speke mo  
 Bot stode and gan to quake

Cirri seyde Gi drede the nothing  
 Thou schalt to day here gode tiding



Church grace of Godes lond  
 The schrewed douke Berard he is ded  
 Under the cite he is y-leyde  
 I slough him with min hond  
 Tho was Cirri glad and blithe  
 To court he went also swithe  
 For nothing wald he wond  
 Sir emperour seyde Gij anon  
 Now is Cirri comen hom  
 To resceiue his lond

Theemperour on him gan bihold  
 And seyde to him with wordes bold  
 Artow therl Cirri  
 Where is now thi bold chere  
 That whilom so douhti were  
 And holden so hardi  
 Ya sir he seyde Icham he  
 Whilom I was of gret bounde  
 And helden ful douhti  
 And now Ich haue al forlorn  
 With miche sorwe on euen and morn  
 To seke mi felawe Sir Gij

Ich haue him sought in mani lond  
 Ac neuer man yete Ich fond

Can telle of him no sawe  
 He is dede Ich wot ful wel  
 God Almighty and Seyn Highel  
 To blis his soule drawe  
 Ac now is it told me this pilgrim  
 As slayn the douke Berardin  
 Therof Icham ful sawe  
 Sir emperour I bid merci  
 For Godes loue and Our Leuedi  
 Tho do me londes lawe

Thritti erls wel curteys  
 And alle the lordinges of the paylais  
 And mani baroun a fine  
 Crid merci to theemperour bold  
 Chemperour gan him bihold  
 And seyde Cirri frende min  
 Here I lese the in al thi lond  
 With worthschip to held in thine hond  
 Bi God and Seyn Martine  
 Bifor mi barouns I graunt the  
 Steward of mi lond thou schalt be  
 As was the douke Berardine

Chemperour kist him ful swete  
 Forgaf him his wrethe and his hete

Bifor hem al ther  
 When themperour and therl weren at on  
 The lordinges euerichon  
 Wele blithe of hertes were  
 Sir Cirri seyde themperour fre  
 For thi fader soule tel thou me  
 Astow art me leue and dere  
 Whennes is this pilgrim  
 Is he thi nem or thi cospin  
 That faught for the here

Sir emperour seyde Sir Cirri  
 So God me help and Our Leuedi  
 For sothe withouten fayle  
 I no feighe euer ere this pilgrim  
 Bot this other day I met with him  
 And told him mi conseil  
 He swore aslite bi Seyn Jon  
 To thi court he wald gon  
 The douk Berard to asayle  
 Ich wend wel litel than I plight  
 He hadde ben of michel might  
 To hold with him batayle

Themperour dede as a gode man  
 And Cirri into his chaumber he nam

And richeliche gan him schrede  
 He fond him wepen and armour bright  
 And al that schuld falle to knight  
 And fessed him with prede  
 And fond him hors and stedes gode  
 Of al his lond the best stode  
 Hom with him to lede  
 Theemperour wald the pilgrim at hold  
 Ac likerliche he seyde he nold  
 With Cirri hom he yede

When Cirri was comen hom  
 The pilgrim he wald anon  
 Selen in al his lond  
 And he forsoke it al out right  
 For riches loued he no wight  
 For to hold in hond  
 Therl as swithe his fond he sent  
 Duer al his lond verrament  
 Til that his wiif he fond  
 Tho was sche founden in an ile  
 In a nunci that while  
 For doute of Berardes hond

Tho was Cirri a noble man  
 In al that lond better was nan

As þu tel may  
Destrud were al his enemis  
þe liueth in michel ioie and blis  
Al so a prince in play  
Anon Sir Gij him bithought  
That lenger wald he duelle nought  
To Sir Cirri on a day  
þe seyð to him in that tide  
þere nil þu no lenger abide  
Ich mot wende in mi way

þing he seyð þu pray the  
Out of the cite go with me  
Astow art hendi knight  
Alon we schul go bothe y-fere  
And swich tidinges thou schalt here  
Thou schalt haue wonder aplight  
þerl him graunt with hert fre  
And went with him out of that cite  
In his way ful right  
And when thai wer thennes half a mile  
þer thai duelled a litel while  
Tho gomes of michel might

Cirri seyð Gij vnderstond thou the  
Thou art vnkinde so thenketh me

For Gij thi gode fere  
 Why wiltow him knowe nought  
 I wis thou art iuel bithought  
 No was he the leue and dere  
 Thenke he slough the douk Doun  
 And brought the out of his prisoun  
 And made the quite and skere  
 And hou he fond the ded almost  
 As he rode thurch a forest  
 With a rewely chere

And hou he socourd thi leman schene  
 And al the fiften outlawes ken  
 He slough hem al on rawe  
 And slough the four knightes radde  
 And thi bodi to toun ladde  
 To leche thi woundes ful sawe  
 And he socourd thi fader in wer  
 And halp the bothe nere and fer  
 Tho thou was fallen ful lawe  
 And now I slough Berard the strong  
 Icham Gij thou hast wrong  
 Why wiltow me nought knawe

When therl herd him speke so  
 Wepen he gan with eyghen to

And fel aſwon to grounde  
 For Godes loue he ſeyd merci  
 Iuel at eſe now am. ¶  
 In ſorwe and care ful bounde  
 Ful wele might ¶ knowe the ar now  
 In al this warld was man bot thou  
 Ogain Berard durſt founde  
 ¶Merci ſir par charite  
 That Ich haue miſknowen the  
 Allas allas that ſounde

¶Merci he crid on his kne  
 Bothe for ſorwe and for pite  
 ¶Cepen he bigan  
 He ſeyghe his legges broſten ich del  
 That whilom wer y-holed ful wel  
 ¶More ſorwe made neuer man  
 Sir Gij went to him tho  
 In his hert him was wo  
 And in his armes vp him nam  
 Atbir hem was gret diol in that ſounde  
 Bothe thai fel aſwon to grounde  
 For ſorwe thai wer al wan

Cirri ſeyd Sir Gij tho  
 Thou ſchal bileue and ¶ ſchal go

I biteche the heuen king  
 Bot Ich haue a sone I wis  
 I not whether he knight is  
 For he is bot a yongling  
 Gif he haue ani nede to the  
 Help him for the loue of me  
 I pray the in al thing  
 Ich hope he schal be a gode knight  
 I pray Ihesu ful of might  
 He graunt him his blisceing

Merci sir than seyde he  
 For Godes loue leue her stil with me  
 I pray the par amour  
 Mi treuthe I plight in thine hond  
 I schal the lese in al mi lond  
 Bothe in toun and tour  
 Thi man I wil be and serue the ay  
 Ther while mi liif lest may  
 To hold vp thin honour  
 And gif thou no wilt Ichil with the go  
 I wis Ichaue wele leuer so  
 Than bileue with themperour

Do oway Sir Cirri therof speke nought  
 Al idel speche it is thi thought



Wende ogain hom now right  
 And be nought to prout þ the rede  
 To serue thi lord at al his nede  
 Thou proue with thi might  
 Desirite no man of his lond  
 Gif thou dost thou gos to schond  
 Ful ssker be thou aplight  
 For giue thou reue a man his fe  
 Godes face schaltow neuer se  
 Do com in heuen light

Bithenke the wele of douke Berard  
 Hou prout he was for he was steward  
 And flemed the out of lond  
 And he now desirite is  
 With michel sorwe slayn þ wis  
 And schamelich driuen to schond  
 þ schal gon and tho bileue schalt  
 þ biteche the God that al thing walt  
 And maked with his hond  
 Thai kisten hem togider tho  
 Oliue thai seyghen hem neuer eft mo  
 As the gest doth ous vnderstond

Gret sorwe thai made at her parting  
 And kist hem with eighe wepeing

That wenten hem bothe atbo  
 Als swithe therl Cirri went him hom  
 Thre days he no ete mete non

In hert him was ful wo  
 And when the countas likerly  
 Herd seyn it was Sir Gij

That than was went hem fro  
 Sche vpbreyd hir lord day and night  
 That he no had holden him with strengthe and might  
 And laten him nought thennes go

Now went Gij forth in his way  
 Toward the see so swithe he may

For Cirri he siked fare  
 Into schip he went biliue  
 Duer the se he gan driue

Into Ingland he gan fare  
 The lond folk he ared anon  
 After king Athelston

In what cuntre he ware  
 At Winchester verrament  
 And after his barouns he hath sent  
 Bothe lasse and mare

Erls barouns and bischopes  
 Knightes priours and abbotes

At Winchester thai ben ichon  
 And haue puruayd withouten lesing  
 Thre days to ben in fasting  
 To biseke God in tron  
 He sende him thurch his swet sond  
 A man that were douhti of hond  
 Ogain Colbrond to gon  
 Ther is the king and the barnage þ̄ wis  
 For doute of her enemis  
 That wayt hem for to Non

For Sir Anlaf the king of Danmark  
 With a nost store and stark  
 Into Ingland is come  
 With fiffen thousand knightes of priis  
 Alle this lond thai stroyen þ̄ wis  
 And mani a toun han nome  
 A geaunt he hath brought with him  
 Out of Aufrike stout and grim  
 Colbrond hat that gome  
 For him is all Ingland forlore  
 Bot Godes help be bifore  
 That socour sende hem some

To the king he hath sent his sond  
 For to yeld him al Ingland

And gif him trowage out right  
 Gif he no wil nought finde a baroun  
 A geaunt other champioun  
 Ogain Colbrond to fight  
 And therof thai han taken a day  
 Ac our king non finde may  
 Erl baroun no knight  
 No squier no seriaunt non  
 Ogain the geaunt dar gon  
 So grim he is of sight

Than seyð Sir Gij whar i[s] Verhaud  
 That in his time was so bald  
 And thai answerd ful swithe  
 To seche Gyes sone he is fare  
 That marchaunce hadde stollen thare  
 For him he was unblithe  
 And where is therl Bohant of priis  
 And thai answerd dede he is  
 A gode while is go lithe  
 And Feliis his douhter is his air  
 So gode a leuedi no so fair  
 Þ wis nis non oliue

Gij went to Winchester a ful gode pas  
 Ther the king that time was

To held his parlement  
 The barouns weren in the halle  
 The king seyð lordinges alle  
 Nine men ye ben verrament  
 Therfore Ich ax withouten sayl  
 Of this Danis folk wil ous aseyl  
 Ich biseche you with gode entent  
 For Godes loue I pray you  
 Gode conseyl giue me now  
 Or elles we ben al schent

For the king of Danmark with wrong  
 With his geaunt that is so strong  
 He wil ous al schende  
 Therfore Ich axi you ichon  
 What rede is best for to don  
 Ogaines hem for to wende  
 Gif he ouercom ous in batayle  
 He wil den ous alle saunfeyle  
 And strouen al our kende  
 Than schal Ingland euermo  
 Liue in thraldom and in wo  
 Unto the warldes ende

Therfore Ich axi you now right  
 Gif ye knowe our ani knight

That is so stout and bold  
 That the batayle dar take an hond  
 To fight ogain Colbrond  
 Half mi lond haue he schold  
 With alle the borwes that lith therto  
 To him and to his aires euermo  
 To haue giue he wold  
 Til seten erls and barouns  
 As men hadde schauen her crounes  
 Nought on anfwere nold

Allas seyð the king that I was born  
 Al mi ioie it is forlorn  
 Wel wo is me oliue  
 Now in al mi lond nis no knight  
 Ogains a geant to hold fight  
 Mine hert wil breken on fiue  
 Allas of Warwike Sir Gij  
 I no hadde geuen the half mi lond frely  
 To hold withouten striue  
 Wele were me than bifalle  
 Ac certes now the Danis men alle  
 To sorwe thai schul me driue

When it was night to bedde thai yede  
 The king for sorwe and for drede

With teres wett his lere  
 Of al that night he slepe right nought  
 Bot euer Ihesu he bisought  
 That was him leue and dere  
 He schuld him sende thurch his sond  
 A man to fight with Colbrond  
 Gif it is wille were  
 And Ihesus Crist ful of might  
 He sent him a noble knight  
 As ye may forward here

Ther cam an angel fram heuen light  
 And seyde to the king ful right  
 Thurch grace of Godes sond  
 He seyde king Athelston slepestow  
 Hider me sent the king Ihesu  
 To confort the to sond  
 Tomorwe go to the north gate ful swithe  
 A pilgrim thou schalt se com bliue  
 When thou hast a while stond  
 Bid him for Seynt Charite  
 That he take the batayl for the  
 And he it wil nim on hond

Than was the king glad and blithe  
 Amorwe he ros vp ful swithe

And went to the gate ful right  
 That day erls went with him tho  
 And that bishopes dede also  
 The weder was fair and bright  
 Upon the day about prime  
 The king seighe cum the pilgrim  
 Bi the sclauayn he him plight  
 Pilgrim he seyde I pray the  
 To court wende thou hom with me  
 And ostel ther al night

He stille sir seyde the pilgrim  
 It is nought yete time to take min in  
 . Al so God me rede  
 The king him bisought tho  
 And the lordinges dede also  
 To court with hem he yede  
 Pilgrim quath the king par charite  
 Gif it be thi wil vnderstond to me  
 I schal schewe the al our nede  
 The king of Danmark with gret wrong  
 Church a geaunt that is so strong  
 Wil strou al our thede

And we han taken of him batayle  
 On what maner saunfayle



I schal now tellen the  
 Church the bodi of a knight  
 Ogaines that geaunt to hold fight  
 Schal this lond aquite be  
 And pilgrim for him that dyed on rode  
 And that for ous schadde his blod  
 To bigge ous alle fre  
 Take the batayle now on hond  
 And saue ous the right of Ingland  
 For Seynt Charite

Do way leue sir seyde Gij  
 Icham an old man a feble bodi  
 Mi strengthe is fro me fare  
 The king fel on knes to grounde  
 And crid him merci in that stounde  
 Gif it his wille ware  
 And the barouns dede also  
 O knes thai fellen alle tho  
 With sorwe and likeing fare  
 Sir Gij biheld the lordinges alle  
 And whiche sorwe hem was bifalle  
 Sir Gij hadde of hem care

Sir Gij tok vp the king anon  
 And bad the lordinges euerichon

That thai schuld vp stond  
 And seyð for God in Trinite  
 And for to make Ingland fre  
 The batayle þe nim on hond  
 Than was the king ful glad and blithe  
 And thonked Gij a thousand lithe  
 And Ihesu Cristes sond  
 To the king of Danmark he sent than  
 And seyð he hadde founden a man  
 To fight for Ingland

The Danis men bulked hem yare  
 Into batayle for to fare  
 To fight thai war wel sawe  
 And Gij was armed swithe wel  
 In a gode hauberk of stiel  
 Wrought of the best latwe  
 An helme he hadde of michel might  
 With a cecle of gold that schon bright  
 With precious stones on rawe  
 In the frunt stode a charbukel ston  
 As bright as ani sonne it schon  
 That glemes vnder schawe

On that helme stode a flour  
 Wrought it was of diuers colour

Hirie it was to bihold  
 Cruft and trewe was his ventayle  
 Cloues and gambisoun and hosen of mayle  
 As gode knight haue scholde  
 Girt he was with a gode brond  
 Wele kerueand biforn his hond  
 A targe listid with gold  
 Portreyd with thre kinges corn  
 That present God when he was born  
 Hirier was non on mold

And a swift ernand stede  
 Al wrin thai dede him lede  
 His tirc it was ful gay  
 Sir Gij opon that stede wond  
 With a gode glaiue in hond  
 And priked him forth his way  
 And when he com to the plas  
 Ther the batayl lokid was  
 Gij light withouten delay  
 And fel on knes down in that stede  
 And to God he bad his bede  
 He schuld ben his help that day

Lord seyde Gij that rered Lazeroun  
 And for man tholed passoun

And on the rode gan blede  
 That saued Sullan fram the feloun  
 And halp Daniel fram the lpoun  
 To day wisse me and rede  
 Ahow art mighti heuen king  
 To day graunt me thi blisseing  
 And help me at this nede  
 And Leuedi Hari ful of might  
 To day saue Inglondes right  
 And lene me wele to spede

When the folk was lanned bi bothe side  
 The to kinges with michel pride  
 After the relikes thai sende  
 The corporas and the messe gere  
 On the halidom thai gun swere  
 With wordes fre and hende  
 The king of Danmarke swore furst þus  
 Gif that his geant slayn is  
 To Danmarke he schal wende  
 And neuer more Inglond cum withinne  
 No non after him of his kinne  
 Unto the warldes ende

Seththen swore the king Athelston  
 And seyð among hem euerichon

Bi God that al may weld  
 Gif his man ther slayn be  
 Or ouercomen that men may se  
 Recreaunt in the feld  
 His man he wil bicom an hond  
 And alle the reme of Ingland  
 Of him for to helde  
 And hold him for lord and king  
 With gold and siluer and other thing  
 Bret trowage him for to yelde

When thai had sworn and ostage founde  
 Colbrond stirt vp in that stounde  
 To fight he was ful felle  
 He was so michel and so vnrede  
 That non hors might him lede  
 In gest as þu you telle  
 So mani he hadde of armes gere  
 Annethe a cart might hem bere  
 The Ingliste for to quelle  
 Swiche armour as he hadde opon  
 þu wis no herd ye neuer non  
 Bot as it ware a fende of helle

Of mailles was nought his hauberk  
 It was al of another werk

That meruail is to here  
 Alle it wer thicke splentes of stiel  
 Chicke y-joined strong and wel  
 To kepe that fendes fere  
 Hossen he hadde also wele y-wrought  
 Other than sp[<sup>l</sup>]entes was it nought  
 From his fot to his swere  
 He was so michel and so strong  
 And therto so wonderliche long  
 In the world was non his pere

An helme he hadde on his heued sett  
 And ther vnder a thicke bacinet  
 Unsemlly was his wede  
 A targe he had wrought ful wel  
 Other metel was ther non on bot stiel  
 A michel and vnrede  
 Al his armour was blac as piche  
 Wel foule he was and lothliche  
 A grisely gom to fede  
 The heighe king that sitteth on heighe  
 That welt this world fer and neighe  
 Gade him wel iuel to spede

A dart he bar in his hond kerueand  
 And his wepen about him stondand

Bothe bihinde and biforn  
 Ar[e]s and gisarmes scharp y-grounde  
 And glaiues for to giue with wounde  
 To hundred and mo ther worn  
 The Inglis biheld him fast  
 King Athelston was sore agast  
 Ingland he schuld haue lorn  
 For when Gij seighe that wicked hert  
 He nas neuer so sore afert  
 Seththen that he was born

Sir Gij lepe on his stede fot hot  
 And with a spere that wele bot  
 To him he gan to ride  
 And he schet to Gij dartes thre  
 Of the tray than failed he  
 The thridde he lete to him glide  
 Thurch Gyes scheld it glod  
 And thurch his armour withouten abod  
 Bitvene his arme and side  
 And quitelich into the feld it yede  
 The mountaunce of an acre brede  
 Er that it wald abide

Sir Gij to him gan to driue  
 That his spere brast afiue

On his scheld that was so bounde  
 And Colbrond with michel hete  
 On Gyres helme he wald haue smite  
 And failed of him that stounde  
 Bitwir the sadel and the arsoun  
 The strok of that feloun glod adoun  
 Withouten wem or wounde  
 That sadel and hors atbo he smot  
 Into the erthe wele half a fot  
 And Gij fel down to grounde

Sir Gij astite vp stirt  
 As man that was agremed in hert  
 His stede he hadde forlore  
 On his helme he wald hit him tho  
 Ac he no might nought reche therto  
 Bi to fot and yete more  
 Bot on his schulder the sward fel down  
 And carf bothe plates and hauberioun  
 With his grimli gore  
 Church al his armour stern and strong  
 He made him a wounde a spanne long  
 That greued him ful sore

Colbrond was sore alchame  
 And smot Gij with michel grame



On his helm he hit him tho  
 That his floures euerichon  
 And his gode charbukel ston  
 Wel euen he carf atbo  
 Euen ato he smot his scheld  
 That it flegghe into the feld  
 When Gij seyghe it was so  
 That he hadde his scheld forlorn  
 Half bihinde and half biforn  
 In hert him was wel wo

And Gij hent his sward an hond  
 And heteliche smot to Colbrond  
 As a child he stode him vnder  
 Upon the scheld he gaue him swiche a dent  
 Bifor the strok the fur out went  
 As it wer light of thonder  
 The bondes of stiel he carf ichon  
 And into the scheld a fot and half on  
 With his sward he smot asunder  
 And with the out-braiding his sward brast  
 Thei Gij were than sore agast  
 It was litel wonder

Tho was Gij sore desmayd  
 And in his hert wel iuel p-payd

For the chaunce him was bifalle  
 And for he hadde lorn his gode brond  
 And his stede opon the sond  
 To Our Leuedi he gan calle  
 Than gun the Danis ost  
 Ich puken other and make boft  
 And seyð among hem alle  
 Now schal the Inglis be slain in feld  
 Gret trouage Ingland schal ous yeld  
 And euermore ben our thral

Now sir knight seyð Colbrond  
 Thou hast lorn thi swerd in thine hond  
 Thi scheld and eke thi stede  
 Do now wele yeld the to me  
 And smertlich vnarme the  
 Cri merci þ the rede  
 And for thou art so douhti knight  
 Thou durst ogain me held fight  
 To mi lord þ schal the lede  
 And with him thou schalt acorded be  
 In his court he wil hold the  
 And finde that the is nede

Do way seyð Gij therof speke nought  
 Bi him that al this world hath wrought

Ich hadde leuer thou were an-hong  
 Ac thou hast armes gret plente  
 I wis thou most lene me  
 On of thine ares strong  
 Colbrond swore bi Apolin  
 Of al the wepen that is min  
 Her schaltow non afong  
 Now thou wilt nought do mi rede  
 Thou schalt dye on iuel dede  
 Er that it be ought long

When Gij herd him speke so  
 Al sone he gan him turn tho  
 And to his wepen he geth  
 Ther his ares stoden bi hem selue  
 He kept on with a wel gode helue  
 The best him thought he seth  
 To Colbron[D] ogain he ran  
 And seyð traitour to him than  
 Thou schalt han iuel deth  
 Now Ich haue of thi wepen plente  
 Where with that I may were me  
 Right maugre al thin teth

Colbrond than with michel hete  
 On Gyes helme he wald haue smite

With wel gret hert tene  
 Ac he failed of his dint  
 And the sward into the erthe went  
 A fot and more þ wene  
 And with Colbrondes out-draught  
 Sir Gij with ar a strok him raught  
 A wounde that was wele sene  
 So smertliche he smot to Colbrond  
 That his right arme with alle the hond  
 He strok of quite and clene

When Colbrond feld him so smite  
 He was wel wroth ye may wel wite  
 He gan his sward vp fond  
 And in his left hond vp it half  
 And Gij in the nek a strok him gaf  
 As he stoupe for the brond  
 That his heued fro the bodi he smot  
 And into the erthe half a fot  
 Church grace of Godes sond  
 Ded he feld the glotoun thare  
 The Denis with sorwe and care  
 Thai dight hem out of lond

Blithe were the Inglis men ichon  
 Erls barouns and king Athelston

Thai toke Sir Gij that tide  
 And ladde him to Winchester toun  
 With wel fair proceffoun  
 Duer al bi ich a lide  
 For ioie belles thai gun ring  
 Te Deum Laudamus thai gun sing  
 And play and michel pride  
 Sir Gij vnarmed him and was ful blithe  
 His sclauain he axed al so swithe  
 No lenger he nold abide

Sir pilgrim than leyd the king  
 Whennes thou art withouten lesing  
 Thou art douhti of dede  
 For thurch douhtines of thin hond  
 Thou hast saued al Ingland  
 God quite the thi mede  
 And mi treuthe I schal plight the  
 So wele I schal fesse the  
 Bothe in lond and lede  
 That of riches in toun and tour  
 Thou schalt be man of mest honour  
 That woneth in al mi thede

Sir king leyd the pilgrim  
 Of alle the lond that is tin

I no kepe therof na mare  
 Bot now Ichaue the geant slain  
 Therof I wis Icham ful fain  
 Mi way Ichil forth fare  
 Merci sir the king seyð than  
 Tel me for him that made man  
 For nothing thou ne spare  
 Tel me what thi name it be  
 Whennes thou art and of what cuntre  
 Or I schal dye for care

Sir king he seyð I schal tel it the  
 What mi right name it be  
 Thou schalt witen anon  
 Ac thou schalt go with me y-fere  
 That no man of our conseyl here  
 Bot thou and I alon  
 The king him graunted and was blithe  
 He comand his folk al so swithe  
 No wight with him to gon  
 Out of the toun than went he  
 Wele half a mile fram that cite  
 And ther made Gij his mon

Sir king seyð Gij vnderstond to me  
 O thing I schal now pray the

Astow art curteys and hende  
 Gif þu mi name schal the sayn  
 That to no man thou no schalt me wrayn  
 To this yere com to thende  
 Gif of Warwike mi nam is right  
 Whilom þu was thine owen knight  
 And held me for thi frende  
 And now Icham swiche astow may see  
 God of heuen biteche þu the  
 Thi way þu wil forth wende

When the king seighe likerly  
 That it was the gode Gif  
 That fro him wald his way  
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde  
 Leue Sir Gif in that stounde  
 Merci he gan to say  
 For Godes loue bileue with me  
 And mi trewthe þu schal plight the  
 That þu schal this day  
 Sese and giue into thine hond  
 In half the reme of Ingland  
 For Godes loue say nought nay

Sir king seyde Gif þu nil nought so  
 Haue thou thi lond for euer mo

And God þ the biteche  
 Ac gif þerhaud to this lond com  
 And bring with him Reynbroun mi sone  
 Help him þ the biseche  
 For thai er bothe hende and fre  
 On þerhaud thou might trust the  
 To take of thine son wreche  
 Thai kisten hem togider tho  
 Al wepeand thai wenten ato  
 Withouten ani more speche

The king wel sore wepe for pite  
 And went him hom to his meyne  
 With a mournand chere  
 His folk ogaines him gan gon  
 And asked the king sone anon  
 What man the pilgrim were  
 Thai seyð he is a douhti knight  
 Wald Ihesu ful of might  
 He wald leue with ous here  
 The king seyð al stille be  
 What he is your non schal wite for me  
 þ wis of al this pere

Sir Gij went in his way forth right  
 Oft he thonked God Almighty



That the geaunt was slawe  
To Warwike he went to that cite  
Ther he was lord of that cuntre  
To hold with right lawe  
He nas knowen ther of no man  
When he to the castel gates cam  
Therof he was ful fatwe  
Among the pouer men he him dede  
Ther thai weren vp in a stede  
And sett him on a rawe

And Fellis the countas was ther than  
In this world was non better wiman  
In gest as so we rede  
For thritten pouer men and yete mo  
For hir lordes loue sche loued so  
Ich day sche gan fede  
With than God and Dur Leuedi  
Schuld saue hir lord Sir Gij  
And help him at his nede  
Sche no stint noither day no night  
For him sche bisought God Almighty  
With bedes and almos dede

On a day the leuedi went to mete  
And bad men schuld biforn hir fete

Hir pouer men al biden  
 And men brought hem euerichon  
 And Gij of Warwike was that on  
 Of tho ich thritten  
 In his hert he hadde gret care  
 That he schuld be knawen thare  
 Of hem that hadde him sen  
 Ac ther was non so wise of sight  
 That him ther knowe might  
 Sounlais he was and lene

The leuedi biheld him inliche  
 Hou mesays he was likerliche  
 Curteys sche was and hende  
 Of euerich mete of euerich ding  
 That sche ete of herself withouten lesing  
 Sche was him ful mende  
 Of hir bere and of hir wine  
 In hir gold coupe afine  
 Oft sche gan him sende  
 And bad him ich day com he schold  
 Mete and drink sche finde him wold  
 Unto his liues ende

Sir [Gij] thonked that leuedi oft  
 Bot alle another was his thought

Than he wald to hir say  
 When the grace were y-seyd  
 And the bordes adoun layd  
 Out of toun he went his way  
 Into a forest wenden he gan  
 To an hermite he knewe er than  
 To speke him gif he may  
 And when he thider comen was  
 The gode hermite thurch Godes grace  
 Was dede and loken in clay

Than thought Sir Gij anon  
 That wald he neuer thennes gon  
 Ther whiles he war oliue  
 With a prest he spac of that cuntray  
 Had dede him seruisse ich day  
 And of his sinnes gan schriue  
 With him he hadde ther a page  
 That serued him in that hermitage  
 Withouten chest and striue  
 No lenger was he liues there  
 Bot nighen monethes of a yere  
 As ye may listen and lithe

In slepe as Gij lay anight  
 God sent an angel bright

Fram heuen to him thare  
 Gij seyð the angel slepestow  
 Hider me sent the king Ihesu  
 To bid the make the yare  
 For bi the eightenday at morwe  
 He schal deliuer the out of thi sorwe  
 Out of this world to fare  
 To heuen thou schalt com him to  
 And liue with ous euer mo  
 In ioie withouten care

When Gij was waked of that drem  
 Of an angel he seighe a glem  
 What artow than seyð he  
 The angel answerd fram heuen I cam  
 Michel is mi right nam  
 God sent me to the  
 To bid the make the redi way  
 Bi the eightenday thou schalt day  
 Wel liker maughtow be  
 And I schal feche thi soule ful euen  
 And here it to the blis of heuen  
 With gret solempnete

The angel goth forth and Gij bileft stille  
 His bedes he bad with gode wille

To Ihesu heuen king  
And when his term was nere gon  
His knaue he cleped to him anon  
And seyde withouten lesing  
Sone he seyde ¶ pray now the  
Go to Warwike that cite  
Withouten more duelling  
And when thou comest ther ¶ the biseche  
Gret wele the countas with thi speche  
And take hir this gold ring

And say the pilgrim hat hir biforn  
That hir mete was to born  
On the pouer mannes rawe  
Gret hir wele in al thing  
And sende to hir this gold ring  
Gif that sche wil it knawe  
Als son as sche hath therof a sight  
Sche wil it knawe anon right  
And be therof ful fawe  
Than wil sche ar ware ¶ be  
Leue sone for loue of me  
The sothe to hir thou schawe

And say Icham for Godes loue  
In the forest hermite bcome

Mine sinnes for to bete  
 And bid hir for the loue of me  
 That sche com hider with the  
 For nothing sche no lete  
 And when ye com ye finde me dede  
 Do me neuer hennes lede  
 Bot graue me here in grete  
 And after sche schal dye I wis  
 And com to me in to heuen blis  
 Ther ioies her ful swete

The knaue went forth anon  
 In to Warwike he gan gon  
 Bifor that leuedi fre  
 And when he hadde that leuedi founde  
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde  
 And seyde listen to me  
 The pilgrim that ete the biforn  
 That thi mete was to born  
 An hermite now is he  
 He greteth the wele in al thing  
 And sent the this gold ring  
 In sum tokening to be

The leuedi tok that ring an hond  
 And loked thereon and gan withstond

The letters for to rede  
 Ow certes quath the leuedi  
 This ring I gaf mi lord Sir Gij  
 When he fro me yede  
 For forwe sche fel afwon I wis  
 And when that sche arisen is  
 To the knaue sche gan spede  
 Leue sone sche seyde I pray the  
 Wher is that pilgrim telle thou me  
 And gold schal be thi mede

Madame seyde the knaue ful skete  
 In the forest Ichim lete  
 Right now I com him fro  
 He is ner ded in the hermitage  
 On his halue I make the message  
 I wis he bad me so  
 And bad thou schult to him come  
 For that ich trewe lone  
 That was bitvene you two  
 Do him neuer lede oway  
 Bot biri him right ther in clay  
 Diue fellow him no mo

The leuedi was glad of that tiding  
 And thonked Ihesu heuen king

And was in hert ful blithe  
 That sche schuld sen hir lord Sir Gij  
 Ac for o thing sche was sori

That he schuld dye so swithe  
 Thai made hem redi for to wende  
 With knightes and with leuedis hende

On a mule thai sett hir sithe  
 And with al the best of that cite  
 To thermitage went sche

As ye may listen and lithe

To thermitage when thai com  
 Ther thai light al and some

And in sche went wel euen  
 When that sche seighe hir lord Sir Gij  
 Sche wept and made doleful cri

With a ful reweful steuen  
 Sir Gij loked on hir thare  
 His soule fram the bodi gan fare

A thousand angels and seuen  
 Underfenge the soule of Gij  
 And bar it with gret molodi

Into the blis of heuen

Than was that leuedi ful of care  
 For hir lord was fram hir fare



Allas it was hir song  
 Sche kist his mouthe his chin also  
 And wepe with hir eighen to  
 And hir hondes sche wrong  
 Gret honour dede our Lord for Gij  
 A swete brathe com fram his bodi  
 That last that day so long  
 That in this world spices alle  
 Do might cast a swetter smalle  
 As then was hem among

The leuedy affite dede send hir sond  
 After bischopes abotes of the lond  
 The best that might be founde  
 And when thider was com that fair ferred  
 To Warwike thai wald him lede  
 As lord of michel mounde  
 Bot al the folk that ther was  
 Do might him stir of that plas  
 Ther he lay on the grounde  
 An hundred men about him were  
 Do might him nought thennes here  
 For heuithed that stounde

Than seyde the leuedi lete him be stille  
 Neuer more remoun him þ nille

Do do him hennes lede  
 He sent me bode with his page  
 To buri him in this hermitage  
 Simpliche withouten prede  
 Thay tok a through of marbel ston  
 And leyd his bodi therin anon  
 Atird in knightes wede  
 Fair seruise than was thare  
 Of bischopes abbotes that ther ware  
 And clerkes to sing and rede

When thai hadde birid his bodi anon  
 The gret lordinges euerichon  
 Hom thai gun wende  
 Ac the leuedi left stille thare  
 Sche nold neuer thennes fare  
 Sche kidde that sche was kende  
 Sche liued no lenger sethe to say  
 Bot right on the listenday  
 Sche dyed that leuedi hende  
 And was birid hir lord by  
 And now thai er togider in compeynie  
 In ioie that neuer schal ende

When Sir Cirri herd telle this  
 That Bij his fere ded is

And birid in the clay  
 He com to this lond withouten lesing  
 And bisought Athelston the king  
 His bodi to leden oway  
 He it graunted him ful yare  
 Into Lorain with him gan fare  
 Into his owen cuntray  
 An Abbay he lete make tho  
 For to sing for hem to  
 Euermore til domesday

Now haue ye herd lordinges of Gij  
 That in his time was so hardi  
 And holden hende and fre  
 And euer he loued treuthe and right  
 And serued God with al his might  
 That sit in Trinite  
 And therfore at his ending day  
 He went to the ioie that lasteth ay  
 And euer more schal be  
 Now God leue ous to liue so  
 That we may thai ioie com to  
 Amen par charite

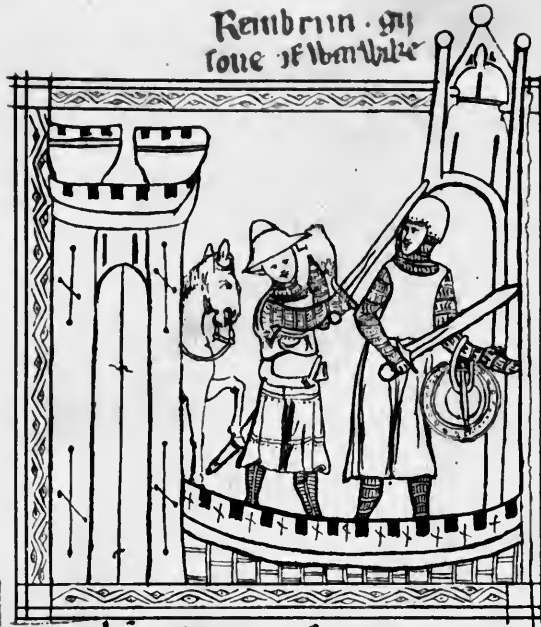


**Rembrun,  
Gij Sone of Warwike.**





Reubrin . gij  
sone of Ibanhale



hu pat ert of mste molt  
fater & sone & holy gost  
wh bidd ye aboue  
the polk ert lord of our synis  
& micht heuene and alle yng  
se and wme and mone

**S**ene hym gr aw mel to speik  
**P**at herkuep what y shal rek  
**I**hu god in trone  
**O**f sknuzt wal to batayle bou  
**S**we sy is sone pat hize reybroū  
**A**f him y make my mone  
**H**is fater sy pat him get  
**H**e wall alherour skipe gret  
**P**at wal nolkhar hit per  
**I**n frunte in pyardy  
**I**n frunte in lombardy  
**N**epper he ne uer  
**M**in batayle he be ga  
**F**or ye loue of o kammū  
**P**at wal hnn les & dre  
**S**ye reybroū onhure he shā  
**P**at wal alshipe douzi in an  
**N**e se may forward here



# Rembrun, Gij Sone of Warwike.

THESE that ert of mighte most  
Fader and Sone and Holy Gost  
Ich bidde the a bone  
Ase thou ert Lord of our ginning  
And madest heuene and alle thing  
Se and sonne and mone  
Geue hem grace wel to spede  
That herkeneth what I schel rede  
Ihesu God in trone  
Of a knight was to batayle boun  
Sire Gij is sone that highte Reybroun  
Of him I make my mone

His fader Gij that him get  
 He was a werrour fwith e gret  
 That nas nowhar his per  
 In Fraunce in Pycardy  
 In Spayne in Lombardy  
 Neyther fer ne ner  
 Gani batayle he began  
 For the loue of o wimman  
 That was him les and dere  
 Sithe Reybroun on hire he wan  
 That was a fwith e douhti man  
 Ase ye may forthward here  
  
 They were togedre fifti night  
 After a spufede that fwith e wight  
 With meche melody  
 Than was begete that baroun  
 His sone that was cleped Reybroun  
 Of that knight Sire Gij  
 Fourti wikes with child she was  
 And delpyred thourgh gras  
 And is moder Gari  
 Cristned hit was werschipliche  
 Rembroun men calde him fkerliche  
 Forsothe and nought ne lye

Heraud hadde that child to lore  
 Seue winter and wel more  
 Ful wel he gan him lere  
 Be that he was seue winter old  
 He was a fair child and a bold  
 And of swete chere  
 So hit befel that of fer lond  
 Marchaund riche Ich vnderstond  
 Hider thai come were  
 Gold and seluer thai broughte meche  
 Badekenes and pane riche  
 Gris and menyuere

Bras mallyn pren and stel  
 Wood wer selk and cendel  
 Gingingier and galingale  
 Clowes quibibes gren de Paris  
 Pyper and comyn and swet anis  
 Gani a riche bale  
 Spikes reilsyn dates  
 Almaund rys pomme-garnates  
 Kanel and fetewale  
 Scarlet and grene wel y-wrought  
 More richesse with hem hij brought  
 Than I can tellen in tale

Thai riuede at Londen that cite  
 King Athelstond than fonden he  
 That her was king with croune  
 A gaf hem leue in alle wise  
 To wende with her marchaundise  
 In is londe fro toun to toun  
 To Walingforde thai gonne fare  
 A strong bourgh thai fonde thare  
 Thai boskede and made hem boune  
 Ac it was strued withouten lesing  
 For werre of Heraud and the king  
 Hit was nigh brought adoun

The marchauns kedde hij wer fre  
 A Spaynis mble than token he  
 To Heraud hij sende  
 For he was lord of that cite  
 With him hij thoughte wel to be  
 So thai han him kende  
 Sir Heraud for soth to say  
 Bad hem ete with him that day  
 Er hij thannes wende  
 The marchauns seie the child goand  
 In the halle faire pleiande  
 That was so faire and hende

At a knight hij askede anon right  
 What was tho child so faire of sight  
 And of swete chere  
 And he answerde anon þe plight  
 Hit is Gif is sone the gode knight  
 That Heraud hath to lere  
 The marchauns hem bethoughte  
 Gif hij that child haue moughte  
 Hij wolde stele him there  
 And gif hij hadde that child bolde  
 Richely in to her londe thai wolde  
 And selle hit ful dere

With the porter thai speke stille  
 That hij hadden al her wille  
 Thai geue him riche mede  
 He betaughte hem the child thare  
 And into schip thai gone fare  
 Away thai gonne him lede  
 Thay gonne saily toward Rouffy  
 Al glad hij were thet lond to sy  
 Hij thoughte wele to spede  
 Al liker hij were alond to gon  
 Ac swiche a strom hem cam vpon  
 That sore hem gonne drede

The wind began to blowen loude  
 The elemence thikkede on the cloude  
 Gret strom hem wer vpon  
 The four windes began to blowe  
 The se gan tornen and to throwe  
 Ded hij wende haue ben echon  
 Here ropes to borsten her mast also  
 Char nas non that him nas wo  
 Hij made reuful mon  
 To Ihesu Crist thai gonne crye  
 And to his moder Marie  
 Was ther no beter won

The wind faire lake gan  
 Mery in the se the schip ran  
 Ase God hit wolde  
 Thai wer driuen al the night  
 In Aufrik thai riuede right  
 Thai toke a wel gode holde  
 The marchauns han it vndernome  
 That hij beth into Aufrik come  
 Hij thoughte that hij wolde  
 The king of the lond presenti  
 With that child that was so fry  
 And of chere bolde

Of hem hij token marchauns thre  
 That noble were curteis and fre  
 Withoute more duelling  
 Thai toke that child veraiment  
 And made therwith a present  
 To Arguus the king  
 The king hadde a doughter fair  
 Of al Aufrik he was air  
 A swithe fair yonling  
 Heche she kouthe of menstralcie  
 Of harpe of fithle of sautri  
 Of romaunce reding

So was Reynbroun for soth to say  
 Heche liche that faire may  
 Of semlaunt and of chere  
 Besought sche hath be hir moder rede  
 And to hire fader king she sede  
 Leue fader dere  
 I mote him in me chaumber norþy  
 Yet a may me seruy  
 Porture I schel him lere  
 The king him graunted thourgh alle thing  
 For he hire louede withoute lesing  
 To ben hire plaie fere

When Sire Heraud parseued was  
 The child was stole for that cas  
 Gret sorwe he gan make  
 He let seche him in that cite  
 Mani man made gret pite  
 For that childes sake  
 With mesagers a sente is sonde  
 To seche him in mani londe  
 Bif hij him mighte of take  
 And when hij him finde ne mighte  
 Sorwe hij made day and nighte  
 For drede thai gonne quake

Hit nas nought longe after than  
 That in Londen held king Athelstan  
 A riel parlement  
 Sire Heraud theder gan gon  
 The king a werschipe and mani on  
 When he was theder y-went  
 Other hadde therof envie  
 And thoughte hij wolde on him lye  
 That a wer y-schent  
 And segge he hadde Rembroun sold  
 For is wighte of rede gold  
 To the marchauns verayment



Lordinges seide the king y-core  
 Al ye ben to me y-swore  
 For helpe me at nede  
 Your consaile wite I welle  
 Wel ye witen ye han herd telle  
 Ase your eldren fede  
 That the king of Denemark  
 Thourgh a geaunt stor and stark  
 Kalaungeth al oure thede  
 A gret oft he hath y-nome  
 And gif he may vs ouercome  
 He maketh our sides blede

Sire queth Heraud tharf the no drede  
 Thourgh Godes help we scholle wel spede  
 Thei he vs wile asaille  
 Gode knightes ye han and cite strong  
 Gif ye him douteth it is wrong  
 For al is grete taile  
 Wyn eldren seide Ich vnderstonde  
 The Dennisch men hadde right in this londe  
 Withouten eni faile  
 Whilom and nought ful pore it is  
 And siththe thai han it lore I wis  
 And here folk in bataile

Dow thai han loren here right  
 Hij weren ouercomen in fight  
 Thourgh help of God Almightye  
 Thatfore ensemle the barouns  
 That hath the toures and the tounes  
 Before the an highte  
 At what hauen thai alende  
 Ale tit agen hem we scholle wende  
 With hors an armes brighte  
 And gif a cometh in this lond **H** wis  
 We scholle be him and alle his  
 So wel we scholle fighte

. Thanne seide the king thow hast wel sed  
 Thou hast red me a gode red  
**B**-blessed mote thou be  
 A beter rede ne wot **H** non  
 Ale thow hast seid so **H** schel don  
 Also mote Ich the  
 Thow ert me beste consailer  
 In al this lond ther nis the per  
 That Ich motwe y-se  
 Al the while Icham coren king  
 Don Ich wile be the teching  
 Sire Heraud the fre

The duk Hedpok by aras  
 Of al Cornewaile lord he was  
 A sterne knight and a grim  
 Sire king a seide herkne to me  
 Thow ert nought wis ase the holdest the  
 Whan thow leuest on him  
 Thow wercshepest him fer and ner  
 And he nis boute a losenger  
 Ful of tresoun sin  
 Beter me beth to the consaile  
 Thanne the treitour withouten faile  
 Be God and seinte Martyn

His gode lord trape he gan  
 That thourgh him he was maked man  
 Of Warwik Sire Gij  
 Euel he hath is while yolde  
 Whan he Rembroun is sone solde  
 To the marchauns of Rouffy  
 For gold and seluer gret plente  
 To the marchauns deliurede he  
 Ase we gonne aspie  
 And gif he hadde the righte lawe  
 A scholde ben hanged and drawe  
 For that trecherie

Tho Heraud herde him speke so  
 Him thoughte his herte barst ato  
     Up he sterte an hye  
 Felawe duk a seide thow fyrst  
 When thow with tresoun me betwyrst  
     Thow dost me vileynie  
 Thow hit schelt to sothe bringe  
 That thow hast seid before the kinge  
     Or thow schelt aby  
 Hasteliche now arme the  
 Anon it schel proued be  
     That thow dost on me lye

Ich wile that I ben hanged and drawe  
 Boute I defende me with the lawe  
     Of this famacioun  
 That thow seist I scholde selle  
 Of lordes sone that Ich of telle  
     That men clepede Rembroun  
 When Ich the sothe parseued hadde  
 The marchauns him hadde wei ladde  
     Of thoughte that tresoun  
 With mesagers I sente me sonde  
 To seche him in mani londe  
     Thow fyrst on me feloun

Before the king I say the right  
 Charto me treuthe I the plight  
 To seche him I schel fonde  
 In Fraunce in Lombardie  
 In Spayne in Spir in Roullie  
 Betwene this and the lond of Unde  
 Gif a be I schel him fynde  
 And bringe him to honde  
 And whan Ichaue so y-do  
 Thin heued I schel smite the fro  
 For no man nel Ich wonde

Des feloun queth erl of Cornetwayle  
 Al the lesing schel the nought vaile  
 Traytour thow worst holde  
 That herde another knight  
 Egar a het forsoth aplight  
 Heraud is man y-tolde  
 His steward forsoth he was  
 He sterte vp in that plas  
 And to the duk a wolde  
 Felawe duk a seide thow list  
 Whan thow me lord betwirst  
 That he Rembroun solde

Fif hondred lithe haue thow maugre  
 Of Ihesu that sit in Crinite  
     Ihesu ful of might  
 Boute thow swithe arme the  
 And do the bataile agenes me  
     And proued aright  
 Char hij hadde togedres smite  
 Madde the king hit vndergite  
     And departede hem an hight  
 He bad hem lete be that fare  
 And besoughte hem to make hem pare  
     Agenes the Dennisch king to fight

Heraud with is ferde fre  
 Wente to Walingford that cite  
     Ful of sorwe and care  
 Eggar a seide thow schelt be leue  
 And kepe this land to me be heue  
     And forth Ich wil fare  
 Til Ich Reynbroun finde may  
 I ne schel reste night ne day  
     Til Ich wite whar he ware  
 Ac war the fro therl of Cornewayle  
 He wile arere on the batayle  
     He nele the nothing spare

Sire queth Egar we scholle vs were  
 That he ne schel vs nothing dere  
 The hei vs wile agreue  
 Heraud went out of that cite  
 For him was maked gret pite  
 When he toke his leue  
 Hasteliche to schip a wente  
 Gode wind and weder God him sente  
 In Denemark thai gonne riue  
 In Fraunce in Lombardie  
 In Spayne in Spyr in Rouffie  
 Reynbroun a soughte bliue

Thourgh mani londes thai him soughte  
 When hij mighte finde noughte  
 To schip thai gonne fare  
 To Costantinoble hij wolde wende  
 Swiche a tempest God hem gan sende  
 That hij come nought thare  
 Thai were driue withoute the toun  
 In Aufrik thai riuede sounne  
 Thanne wer thai ful of care  
 The cite on the riuage hij spe  
 Deche and wide and walles hye  
 Of blisse thai wer al bare

O God seide the meister tho  
 Gret mishap is come vs to  
 Our lif I telle y-lore  
 In Aufrik we ben withouten lesing  
 Upon Arguus lond the king  
 Worste man nas neuer bore  
 Al that leueth in Godes lawe  
 A wile hem hongen and to drawe  
 His oth he hath y-swore  
 Al for sothe we beth dede  
 Boute God vs helpe at our nede  
 That was of Marie bore

Heraud seide whas is this cite  
 Distrued it is so thenketh me  
 Her hath be strong bataile  
 The maroner seide I the telle  
 For sothe sire I y nelle  
 Withouten eni faile  
 Hit is themerailes Parlan  
 In this world nis ther worste man  
 Cristene men to asaille  
 The Sarazins come with this  
 And nemeth Heraud and alle his  
 And distrueth is vitaile



Thai nome Heraud and al is man  
 And broughte hem before Parlan  
 That was of gret power  
 He let hem caste in prisoun  
 Stinkande and therk wel fer adoun  
 For thai Cristen were  
 Lite thai ete and dronke þ̄ wis  
 Annethe her lif softened is  
 To God he made his prayere  
 For Reynbroun him was ful wo  
 For he neste whider he was go  
 He made reuly chere

O seide allas allas  
 In werre doughti man þ̄ was  
 And now Icham forlore  
 On of the gaylers herde this  
 To themeraile a wente þ̄ wis  
 And gan him telle fore  
 Sire a seide wite nought ye  
 Of a prisoun ye han in your pouste  
 A noble man y-kore  
 A is wel doughti in bataile  
 Ase Icham to you swore

Dueth themeraile bringe him forth now  
 Gif he be swich ase seistow  
 Heche helpe me a mighte  
 The gayler wente agen anon  
 And to the prisoun he gan gon  
 And Heraud vp atwighte  
 In a sklauin he gan him folde  
 Swithe meche a was beholde  
 Of mani a douhti knighte  
 His berde was to is brest y-war  
 To his gerder heng is far  
 Grisliche he was of sighte

Before themeraile hem gan him lede  
 And a reisoned him in ech a side  
 Gan what is the name  
 What wer thou bore tel me now  
 That so meche of werre canstow  
 Of the Ichaue game  
 Ich ameraile Parlan  
 Icham a swithe douhti man  
 Wide springeth me fame  
 Nichte of the liker be  
 That thou woldest serue me  
 Ne schoftow haue no schame

He answerde leue lord  
 To the Ich wile here rekord  
 And telle þu wile the  
 Heraud for soth me nam is  
 In gret dede Ichauē be er this  
 So men clepeth me  
 Gif me stringthe wer agen i-come  
 That Ichauē lore in the prisone  
 Ich wer of gret pouste  
 Find me stede gode and light  
 Spere and scheld and armes bright  
 The man wile Ich be

Queth themeraile wolcome þu wis  
 Thow schelt haue that the nede is  
 Bright armur and stede  
 Ingliis thow ert likerly  
 Knew thow ought the gode Gif  
 That douhti wes of dede  
 Heraud seide þu knew him wel  
 His man Icham and euer be schel  
 He was taught me to fede  
 His sone was stolen him fro  
 To seche him Icham y-go  
 Gif God me wolde spede

Chemeraile cleped is chaumberlain  
 And bad him with al is mayn  
 Heraud to him take  
 In pourpre pal thei gan him schrede  
 And founde him al that was nede  
 And bathes let him make  
 On a day sire Ameraile  
 Tok Heraud in consaile  
 Withoute the castel gate  
 Now Arguus king werreth on me  
 He nis leued bouthe this cite  
 For grete werre and hate

The king hath a knight with him  
 Sterne in bataile and swithe grim  
 Of swich thow neuer herd  
 In this world nis man likerly  
 Bouthe hit wer the lord Sire Gij  
 That of him nolde ben afered  
 Mightest of him awreke me  
 A noble prins than schoftow be  
 And sle him with dent of sword  
 Heraud seide so I schel do  
 Gif God wile helpe me therto  
 Be min hore berd

With that com a mesagere bold  
 To themeraile he hath y-told  
 Swithe hard tiding  
 King Arguus steward withouten let  
 On of is castels hadde beset  
 Withouten eni lesing  
 When themeraile herde this  
 He bad is steward for soth þe wis  
 His folk before him bringe  
 So a dede right anon  
 And bad hem bolken euerichon  
 Al boun to batailinge

Heraud lep on a rabyte  
 That was meche and nothing lite  
 Rod out of the toun  
 That ost him stwede fair and wel  
 Til hij come to the castel  
 With spere and gounfanoun  
 With helm on heued and brinie bright  
 Ipyre wyre mani a knight  
 To bataile wer thai boun  
 Ayther ost gan other asaille  
 Ech man fondede withouten faile  
 To felle is foman adoun

Heraud a Sarazin smot  
 That he fel down fot hot  
 Dede of is stede  
 The thredde the ferthe that he mai hitte  
 No man mighte his strok with litte  
 For wretthe a wolde a wede  
 With is sword of meche pris  
 Hani Sarazin a slough & wis  
 And made here sides blede  
 The Sarazins seide hit was a fend  
 The deuel hadde theder i-sent  
 Emeraile to spede

The king hadde a Sarazin  
 His stward that seruede Apolyn  
 Heraud he gan threte  
 Heraud he mete and is men echon  
 Hard thai hewe togedre anon  
 And delde dentes grete  
 The stward was sconfited there  
 Abated was the meister banere  
 To fle thai nolde lete  
 Heraud stwede him on a rabyte  
 Hard hij gonne togedre smite  
 Sterne strokes and grete

Here scheftes schiurede scheld flitte  
 Brenyes barsteth hauberk ritte  
 That was strong bataile  
 Heraud ouercom him in that fight  
 And ladde him to his folk aright  
 Withhouten eni faile  
 Prisouns thai toke gret plente  
 Forth hij wente to that cite  
 To themeraile  
 And presente him the stiward  
 That in werre was so hard  
 Swithe hegh of paraile

Thanne seide themeraile  
 Heraud do be me consaile  
 He stiward thow schelt be  
 Erls barouns riche and poure  
 Al me land folk lasse and more  
 Scholle do after the  
 Thanne gret werre he began  
 Bothe into is hond he wan  
 Castel and cite  
 That themeraile hadde lore  
 King Arguus made tharfore  
 Deuel and gret pite

Tho the king wiste this  
 That his stward nomen is  
 And al is men a-lawe  
 Wroth he was and fori  
 His barouns a clepede an hie  
 And tolde to hem that sawe  
 Thanne answerde an old knight  
 Sire þ nel the lye no wight  
 A knight of Cristene lawe  
 Thembraile is soudur is he  
 The wer beter than this cite  
 That he wer of dawe

Hore a is and knight ful eld  
 Wel gode hit were to fien is scheld  
 Sire the might me leue  
 In al the lond Sarazin ther nis  
 Wer he neuer so strong þ wis  
 That he nolde to cleue  
 The king seide a fend it is  
 To Mahoun a swore þ wis  
 Wel fore þ schel him greue  
 Min ost schel ensembled be  
 In is lond schel brenne and fle  
 No cite schel Ich be leue



The king a parlement let crie  
 To themeraile a wolde an hie  
 With bright armor and stede  
 His castels struede and is cite  
 That heraud wan thanne les he  
 Doughti man of dede  
 When themeraile wiste this  
 He hed is knightes for soth þ̄ wis  
 To helpe him at is nede  
 heraud was prest to bataile  
 The king is oft he gan asaile  
 God that day him spede

Faste thei smite to her son  
 With swerdes speres wel gode won  
 Togedres thai gonne fight  
 Gret slaughter was in either side  
 The blod ran in the feld wel wide  
 Of mani a doughti knighte  
 heraud mette with the king  
 And smot him with is sword keruing  
 A strok of meche mighte  
 Ther he hadde slawe him tho  
 Boute his oft com him to  
 And hors thai gonne him dighte

Wel stoutliche the king gan fight  
 Al that a mette he felde down righte  
 Heraud he gan descric  
 Chemeraile was sconfited there  
 Abated was the meister banere  
 And al her cheualrie  
 In eche side asailed a is  
 With speres and with swerdes þ̄ wis  
 That he mighte nought flie  
 With is sword a wereth him wel  
 In eche side ase a gode knight schel  
 Whiles a mighte drighe

Tho he segh Heraud a cleped him to  
 To helpe him he gan go  
 An erl Heraud gan mete  
 Heraud with is fauchoun him smot  
 A dent that thourgh is helm bot  
 Char a leste the swete  
 Heraud and themeraile anon  
 Delde dentes wel god won  
 For nothing thai nolde lete  
 The king thai sailede and al is men  
 So mani pede to dethe then  
 That grimly thai gonne grete

The king wel sori thanne was he  
 Whan he segh is men fle  
 And al y-brought to gronde  
 Whar that he segh Heraud ride  
 He flegh awei be that other side  
 Wel sory in that stonde  
 His men ouercome were  
 Charfore sori he was there  
 And for his owene wonde  
 King Arguus for soth a geth  
 A was afered of is deth  
 Gif that a were y-fonde

Whan Heraud parseued is  
 Be his armes a knew him þ wis  
 And after him he gan ride  
 Megh he hadde him ouercome  
 Slawe other in the feld y-nome  
 In that ilche tide  
 Thanne segh he come a pingling  
 Duer al the other a mighte be king  
 Out of the wodes side  
 The king him hadde dobbed knight  
 Geue him hors and armes bright  
 With wel meche pride

When he segh the king fleande  
 Heraud after him folwande  
 He him gan descric  
 Old man no ferther thow ne gon  
 Boute the geue me bataile anon  
 Thow dost a gret folpe  
 The lif thow lest er the gon  
 Thin heued the king schel haue anon  
 For soth thow schelt aby  
 The rabite is min likerliche  
 I ne disirede neuer hors so meche  
 That I saugh with eye

Sire Heraud knew him anon  
 Be his armes he hadde vpon  
 Togedres thai gonne ride  
 That bothe thei fellen of here stede  
 And sethe gonne swardes brede  
 No lenger thai nolde abide  
 Hij cleueth helm and scheldes bo  
 Gret fight ther was betwene hem to  
 In that ilche tide  
 Thai hewe the scheldes of gode entaile  
 The hauberk of so gode a maile  
 Ce bokten be bothe side

Betwene hem was strong batayle  
 Either fondede withouten faile  
 To bringe other to dede  
 Ac gif aither wiste of other aright  
 Betwene hem to thar ner no fight  
 For none skines nede  
 Sire Heraud drough him an hegh  
 And seide knight corteis and sleggh  
 Alse God the spede  
 What is the name tel thow me  
 For Godes loue in Trinite  
 And of what thede

Ayild the now to me  
 Gret harm it wer to se the  
 So yong a bacheler  
 For neuer knight þ ne fond  
 So wel werchande with dent of brond  
 Naither fer ne ner  
 Rembroun seide therof be stille  
 That telle the þ ne wille  
 Be Godes moder dere  
 Er than Ich wile yelde me  
 Erst thin heued schel of se  
 Faste be the swere

Boute thow now telle me  
 Whether thow ert and what thow be  
 I schel the se anon right  
 For thow ert old and whit i-blowe  
 The stringthe is gon alle I trowe  
 The power and the might  
 Heraud seide me frend fre  
 So fareth folk in me contre  
 In bataille and in fight  
 When hij ginneth for to helde  
 Thanne thai wereth stout and belde  
 And strong men aplight

Er thou fro me departed be  
 Wel yonge thow schelt holde me  
 And douhti man of dede  
 Togedres thai smite withouten faile  
 Ase sterne lyouns in bataille  
 Knightes stif on stede  
 Togedre thai smite earnest and faste  
 The fur out of here helmes braste  
 And made here sides blede  
 Ful dedli son now thai are  
 Yet thai scholle be frendes thare  
 Crist therto hem spede

Heraud seide sir knight  
 Herkne to me a lite wight  
 For the courteisie  
 Gode thow ert and hardi þ wis  
 In al this land the beter nis  
 That Ich conne espie  
 Gif it were the y-teld  
 Which Ichauē ben in feld  
 Of might and of meistrīe  
 He wostow neuer aschamed be  
 The name for to telle me  
 He holde hit to vileynie

Sire olde man thanne seide he  
 For a coward Ich holde the  
 Min armes beth al sonde  
 He stokes beth sene on thin helm cler  
 Out of the scheld Ichauē a quarter  
 Þ-feld to the grounde  
 Heraud seide me frend fre  
 Thei min armes apeired be  
 He bodi nath no wounde  
 What is the name tel me fore  
 And þ schel sai the whar Ich was bore  
 Er Ich fro the founde

Swiche tiding thou might of me here  
 Or Ich of the in swiche manere  
 That frendes scholle we be  
 I ne aske it for no vileinie  
 Boute for meche courteisie  
 For loue Ich asked the  
 With that Reynbroun withdrough him there  
 With drery semblaunt and reuful chere  
 To Heraud seide he  
 Knight a seide thow ert wise  
 Sleggh and hardi of gret prise  
 Be God in Trinite

I nolde haue told it for non awe  
 Erst Ich wolde ben y-lawe  
 In this ilche batayle  
 In Ingelond Ich was y-bore  
 So were min eldren me before  
 Withouten eni faile  
 Bij a Warwik me fader was  
 No beter knight neuer nas  
 Ase wid as man mai faile  
 A stiward hadde me fader Gioun  
 That highte Heraud the noble baroun  
 Swithe high of paraile



Lord he was of al Arderne  
 Ich was take him to lerne  
 To conne of courteisie  
 And lithe marchaundes stele me  
 And brouhte me to this contre  
 That weren of Roussie  
 The king me hath dobbed knight  
 And geue me hors and armes bright  
 To lede is chiuallrie  
 Be me lai a dede me swere  
 In eueri bataile is baner to bere  
 Char of Þ nought ne lie

When Heraud herde this  
 That he Gij is sone is  
 Away a cast is scheld  
 Lord a seide in Trinite  
 Fader and sone y-herd thow be  
 This dai abide in min eld  
 That Ich me lordes sone se may  
 For ioie a wep al the day  
 And swonede in the feld  
 Rembroun hadde of him pite  
 And seide sire knight tel what the be  
 For God that alle thing weld

Heraud a seide me name is  
 Ich norchede the Rembroun ¶ wis

In my nory thow were  
 Sone Rembroun wiste this  
 That Heraud of Arderne is  
 Merci a cride him there  
 Sire Heraud tok him vp tho  
 Leuelich in is armes to

With hertte and wel gode chere  
 On her stedes lopen he  
 And forth hij ride to the cite  
 With meche ioie y-fere

To themeraile telden he  
 How thai acorded be

Thourgh grace of God Almighty  
 King Arguus was ouercome  
 And al is men y-slawe and nome

In that ilche fighte  
 Heraud and Rembroun toke leue tho  
 Into Ingelond for to go

And into schip hem dighte  
 So longe hij sailede in the se  
 That in a lond thanne riueden he  
 That wonder was of sighte

Hij ne seie castel ne cite  
 Erst hij wente in al the contre  
 So distrued it is  
 Til it toward the neuen cam  
 A castel thei seie fer hem fram  
 To the gate thai riden þ̄ wis  
 Of the porter Heraud gan craue  
 Tel me now so God the saue  
 Was this castel is  
 Forheled nought we bedeth the  
 Knightes we beth of fer contre  
 Ase God geue vs blis

This in we beddeth par cherite  
 For Godes loue in Trinite  
 That is lord fre  
 To morwe anon so it is day  
 We scholle wenden in our way  
 Towardes our contre  
 The porter answerde anon right  
 Of this lord þ̄ ne can telle no wight  
 He in what contre a be  
 Ac a leuedi herin is  
 Ful of del and sorwe þ̄ wis  
 Wel sore wepeth he

For hire lord that he hath lore  
 Joie ne worth hire neuer therfore

For non menstralcie

The porter in anon gan wende  
 And tolde tale ord and ende

To Amis is leuedy

Madame her beth come twei knighte  
 Noble men hij be in fighte

Thai wolde her soiurny

Al this night for soth to say  
 To morwe wenden in her way

Charof þ nought ne lye

The leuedi seide let hem in

Thai scholle be serued wel afyn

Be the grace of God Almightye

The porter wente agen anon

And to the gate he gan gon

And let hem in ful righte

The knightes were kende kore

Whan thai come to halle dore

Adoun thai gonne lighte

When toke here swerdes scheld and spere

Here stedes and here other gere

Ful wel men gan hem dighte

The leuedi faire grete hem anon  
 To vnarme hem hire selue is gon  
 With a wel gode chere  
 Here mete was redi withouten let  
 Anon hij were adoun y-set  
 To the sopere  
 Heraud askede hire þe wis  
 Dame what the lordes nam is  
 Fayn Ich wolde hire  
 Of the montayne he het Amis  
 Withinne Almayne no swich ther nis  
 He leue frendes dere

A stward was with theemperour  
 To al Almayne he was treitour  
 Sire Berard of Pau  
 He lordes swike euer was he  
 Thourgh him in al this sorwe we be  
 For the loue of Sire Bij  
 That me lord louede wel  
 And sokoured him in is castel  
 We beth in gret vileinie  
 For the dukes deth Dtoun  
 That was a treitour feloun  
 He vs gan belighe

And made vs fle out of that londe  
 And in this contre we beth astonde  
 That wonder is of sight  
 Mechel Arderne cleped it is  
 A fairy knight herin is  
 That is of meche might  
 With him ones faught me lord  
 And gaf him dentes with is sword  
 Upon is helm bright  
 Wepe mai him dere non  
 He is so hard to hewe upon  
 Ase marbel þ the plight

On a dai me lord honted a best  
 And drof it out of the forest  
 Withinne is merkes stak  
 Siththe herde Ich of him namore  
 Thatfore me of dredeth fore  
 The knight him haue take  
 Allas queth Heraud is it Amis  
 Cherl of Montaine of gret pris  
 Gret sorwe he gan make  
 Oft seide Sire Rembroun  
 Wel a louede the fader Cioun  
 We mote him helpe for is sake

Rembroun seide ase he was hende  
 Tomorwe Ich wile therder wende  
 To seche Sire Amis  
 De swete frend queth the leuedi  
 Be thow nought to foul hardi  
 For gret perel it is  
 Amorwe Rembroun aros erly  
 And armede him ful hastely  
 For to winne pris  
 A gode stede he bestrod  
 And forth a wente withoute abod  
 To the forest þe wis

Heraud with him go wolde  
 Ac he seide that he ne scholde  
 For non skines nede  
 And he dradde of him strangliche  
 And betaughte him God in heuen riche  
 And in is wey a yede  
 Heraud bleste and he gan gon  
 The merkes stake a pased anon  
 That was wel vnrede  
 Al the dai a tok the pas  
 Til it noun apased was  
 Bidand vpon is stede

An hille he segh before him there  
 Gates theron maked were  
     Forth right he rod in  
 The gate agen anon was spered  
 Tho was Rembroun sore afered  
     And faste blessedde him  
 Dought he ne segh bouthe the sternesse  
 Half a mile a rod þ wisse  
     The wai was therk and dim  
 He rod ase faste ase a mighte  
 Thanne he segh more lighte  
     Be a water is brim

To the water he com sone thas  
 A riuer be a launde ther was  
     Thar he gan to lighte  
 Faire hit was y-growe with gras  
 A fairer place neuer nas  
     That he segh with lighte  
 On that place was a paleis on  
 Swich ne segh he neuer non  
     Ne of so meche mighte  
 The walles were of cristal  
 The heling was of tin ruwal  
     That schon swithe brighte



The restes al cipres be  
 That swote smal casten he  
 Duer al aboute  
 The resins wer of fin coral  
 Togedre iuned with metal  
 Withinne and ek withoute  
 On the front stod a charbokel ston  
 Duer al the contre it schon  
 Withouten eni doute  
 Postes and laces that ther were  
 Of iaspe gentil that was dere  
 Al of one soute

The paleis was beloken al  
 Aboute with a marbel wal  
 Of noble entaile  
 Upon eueriche kernal  
 Was ful of speres and of springal  
 And stoutliche enbataile  
 Withoute the gate stod a tre  
 With foules of mani kines gle  
 Singande withoute faile  
 The water was so sterne and grim  
 Nichte no man come therin  
 Boute he hadde schip to faile

Rembroun dorste nought pafy  
 With is spere a gan it prouy  
 How dep hit was beside  
 He thoughte on is fader fot hot  
 The stede in the side a smot  
 And in he gan to ride  
 Duer is helm the water is gon  
 He nolde haue be ther for eighte non  
 Swich aunter him gan betide  
 Er he vp of the water ferde  
 A fond it was thretti mete yerde  
 So dep he gan down glide

Thanne he thoughte on Ihesu Crist  
 His hors was wel swithe trist  
 And quikliche swam to londe  
 His fet fastenede on the grounde  
 Rembroun was glad in that stonde  
 And thankede Gode sonde  
 In to the pales he him dede  
 He helde the estes of that stede  
 For no man a nolde wonde  
 Ac wimman ne man fand he non there  
 That with him speke or confort bere  
 Naither sitte ne stonde

And tharof war a is  
 Into a chaumber a goth þ wis  
 A knight a se alone  
 A-grette him with wordes fre  
 And seide sire God with the be  
 That sit an hegh in trone  
 Sire a sede tel thow me  
 Gif this pales thin owen be  
 Ich bidde the a bone  
 And gif thow ert her in prisoun dight  
 Tel hit me so wel thow might  
 To me now make the mone

Amis anwerde to Rembroun  
 In Almayne Ich was a baroun  
 And now Icham forlore  
 Ich was driue out with a feloun  
 And now þ lye her in prisoun  
 Allas that Ich was bore  
 Of this paleis Inam no lord  
 Ich telle the a sothe word  
 Withoute oth i-swore  
 Hit is a knightes of Fayri  
 And al this forest her by  
 A sterne man y-kore

This paleys is of swiche might  
 Her schel no man elde aplight  
 Be he her neuer so longe  
 Thei he wer her a thosand yer  
 In his heued schel hore non her  
 Ne non elde fonge  
 Rembroun seide ert thow Amis  
 Therl of Montayne of gret pris  
 Thow singest a reuly fonge  
 Now Ichaue fonde the  
 Thow schelt wende now with me  
 Out of the paines stronge

Amis seide spek nought so  
 Of the me wondreth so mot I go  
 That thow ert hider y-come  
 Sithe this world ferst began  
 In this paleis ne com no man  
 Boute gif a wer i-nome  
 Boute gif the lord him hider ladde  
 Other of him sum leue hadde  
 Dis non so hardi gome  
 How mightest thow lede me  
 When thow might nought saue the  
 Ich telle the at the frome

Rembroun seide drede nought the  
 Charfore schel hit nought lete be  
 Go we anon right  
 Gif eni man so hardi were  
 That vs wolde at helde here  
 His deth wer y-dight  
 Swich a strok Ich him geue wolde  
 That is heued lese a scholde  
 Be grace of God Almighty  
 Thei he wer te bataile boun  
 Ase sterne alle eni lpoun  
 With him Ich wile fight

Amis seide let now be  
 Swiche stringthe mai nought helpe the  
 Agenes Sire Gayere  
 For nothing ne schel him dere  
 With no wepne that man may bere  
 Naither stel ne pre  
 Ac gif thou wilt ouercome him  
 That ilche sword to the nym  
 That hangeth a the pylere  
 Rembroun braide it out anon right  
 The chaumber was al ful of light  
 That schon swithe clere

To therl Amis anon a wond  
 And tok him vp be the hond  
 No leng hij nolde abide  
 Out of the paleys bothe hij yede  
 And lopen on Rembroun is stede  
 And forth thai gonne ride  
 Dought fer thannes beth hij gon  
 Thai be held agen anon  
 Upon here right side  
 Comande hij seghe ride a knight  
 Upon a stede gode and light  
 Prikande with pride

Swift ase swalwe he com ride  
 Knightes a seide ye scholle abide  
 No forther that ye ne wende  
 In me paleys thow hast y-be  
 And me prisoun ledest with the  
 Thow dost a dede vnhende  
 Her ye scholle bleue bo  
 In me prisoun for euer mo  
 Into the worldes ende  
 Or thow schelt Rembroun thin hed forgo  
 Kep for me Icham the fo  
 Bataile I wile the sende

Therl Amys ther alighte  
 Arome he drough him anon righte  
 And Rembroun Gayer gan smite  
 Gret strokes hij smite betwene  
 That adoun hij fellen bene  
 Aither sparede other lite  
 Sithe thai drowe brondes on grounde  
 And hewe togedre with grimly wounde  
 With swerdes that wolde bite  
 Ze herde neuer a stringe fight  
 Rembroun stirede him as gode knight  
 Hit was him nought to wite

He thoughte on is fader anon right  
 Ase fresch a was to fight  
 Ase grehonde to hare  
 Betwene hem twie was gret fight  
 Aither smot other in helmes bright  
 And delde dentes sare  
 Thai hewe helm and scheldes bo  
 Gret fight was betwene hem to  
 Swich herde ye neuer are  
 Rembroun made him to blede  
 And felde him down of his stede  
 Thanne was he out of care

Rembroun he the nose him tok  
 And drough to him and faste him schok

That greuede him ful sore  
 His heued benome him hadde  
 Ner it that he merci gradde

And seide sire Rembroun thin ore  
 For the fader loue Gij  
 The beste knight sskerly

That euer was y-bore  
 With that thow haue merci on me  
 Al me prisouns deliured be  
 And hennes for euermore

Rembroun seide so H schel  
 In that forward H graunte wel

That thow aliue go  
 So the prisouns deliured be  
 Char to the treuthe plighte me

Betwene vs selue to  
 Rembroun glad and blithe is  
 He hadde deliured sire Amis

Thre hondred knightes and mo  
 Into the castel wenten hii  
 Char was Heraud and the leuedy  
 Ful of sorwe and wo



Thai wer welcomed with fair gle  
 When the leuedi hire lord gan se  
 She made meche blis  
 And heraud forsothe dede also  
 And herede God Almighty tho  
 And Amis he gan kisse  
 heraud tolde him al is treye  
 how he hadde in prisoun leye  
 For sothe withouten misse  
 Fo[r] me lordes loue Reynbroun  
 What sorwe he hadde in prisoun  
 Honger and thefternesse

This is Rembroun Gij is sone  
 That hath set the out of prisone  
 And the out of the care  
 Al is lif a tolde him tho  
 how Gij was out of londe y-go  
 And how hit was y-fare  
 Among hem gret ioie ther is  
 In the castel was meche blis  
 Among alle thare  
 Euerich of hem other gan kisse  
 And made meche ioie and blisse  
 For blisse thai wepe ful fare

With that ther com a knight riding  
 To therl Amis a broughte tiding  
 Fro that emperour  
 That the duk Berard ded is  
 A palmer slough him þ wis  
 With wel mechel onour  
 Themperour hadde sent is sonde  
 A scholde come and is londe  
 Bothe toune and tour  
 And that therl Terry and he  
 Were skyped and maked fre  
 Thourgh the conquerur

Sire Amis with is meyne  
 Wente hom to is contre  
 To that emperour  
 A gaf him is londes fre  
 Bothe castel and cite  
 With wel meche onour  
 Glad of him was themperour fre  
 Euer a was to him priue  
 Bothe in halle and bour  
 And also was therl Terry  
 That was therles sone Aubry  
 A man of gret fauour

Heraud and Reimbroun tok leue tho  
 Into Ingelonde te go  
 Channe was the leuedi in care  
 Dani iurne thai ride tho  
 Thourgh Spayne and thourgh londes mo  
 Into Bourgoyne thai come ware  
 The contre was strued down right  
 Heraud askede at a knight  
 How hit was y-fare  
 He seide the duk of Garce y-told  
 That is a stout knight and bold  
 As hath y-brought in care

Upon our erl werreth he  
 He nath leued boute this cite  
 That he nath y-nome  
 Ac this castel is gode engyn  
 Noblech a wereth him therin  
 Also a doughti gome  
 With him he hath a noble knight  
 His sonder liker aplight  
 That to him is y-come  
 Wong a is so thenketh me  
 Dought twenti winter old nis he  
 Ich telle the at the frome

In this launde her before  
 An hundred hath her lif y-lore  
 When he segh hem ride  
 Her forth ne schel pase no knight  
 Gif he hath breyne or stede light  
 That he ne schel abide  
 And forlese ther that on  
 Other is heued right anon  
 Be the wode side  
 Gif ye be that launde gon  
 Ich telle yow be Sein Jon  
 Swich aunture yow schel betide

O God be thanked queth Rembroun  
 Ichaue founde me compaynoun  
 He felle with to fighte  
 Gif he wile haue oure thing  
 I schel him teche withouten lesing  
 That he doth vnrighthe  
 Nought fer thanne ne beth thai gon  
 Thai behelde agen anon  
 Hij sighe his armes brighte  
 Upon a stede whit so flour  
 His armes wer of rede kolour  
 A semede of meche mighte

Sire Heraud seide Rembroun  
 Now He se that holde baroun  
 That is so stout a fere  
 With vs to fighte he maketh him pare  
 With him to iusten Ich wile fare  
 Emforth me powere  
 Ich him asaille gif thow wilt so  
 Heraud seide so thow schelt do  
 He leue sone dere  
 Swithe theder rod Rembroun  
 And he in the launde com adoun  
 Upon is deistrere

Aither was prout and mody  
 No word thai speke likerly  
 Togedres thai gonne driue  
 Aither hitte other in the scheld  
 That bothe hij fellen in the feld  
 Of here hors beliue  
 Sithe thai drowe brondes of stel  
 And hewe togedre hard and wel  
 And delde dentes riue  
 And laiden on with swerdes clere  
 Helm and scheld that stronge were  
 Thai gonne hem al to schliue

Heraud beheld longe that fight  
 For Rembroun a bad te God Almighty  
 That he non harm ne fonge  
 To him selue a seide thare  
 Swich fight ne leggh he neuer are  
 Of dentes that were stronge  
 Sire knight seide Rembroun  
 Understand to me resoun  
 So God the salue fonge  
 Ac neuer ne fond Ich a knight  
 That me strokes drighe might  
 Haluendel so longe

What is the name whar wer the bore  
 Ich the praie tel me fore  
 For loue of oure drighte  
 And gif thou wost yelde the  
 Ich schel the lede to me contre  
 He treuthe I schel the plighte  
 I schel the geue castel and cite  
 Bourwes and tounes and riche fe  
 And mani a doughti knighte  
 For thou ert of gret power  
 In al this world ther nis the per  
 That man finde mighte

Sire knight than answerde he  
 I nel nought be him that made me  
 Telle the me name  
 Thourgh the sarmoun scheltow nought wite  
 What I was boren ne gete  
 An erneste ne a game  
 Erst I schel the lle verament  
 Sire let be the prechement  
 Hit is the meche schame  
 Ac neuer knight I ne fond  
 So wel worchande with dent of brond  
 That Ich faught with y-same

Ac I ne sei nought for tham  
 Thin heued I schel smite the fram  
 For sothe withoute more  
 That olde man that Ich y-se  
 I ne wot gif he the fader be  
 Or thow ert with him at lore  
 Lite alonde liker thow be  
 When a sente the to me  
 He with the berde hore  
 When Ichaue thin hed of take  
 Be the berd I schel him schake  
 That him schel smerte sore

So I schel him therbi plope  
 That al is teth schel roke  
     That sitteth in is heued  
 And tho Rembroun herde this  
 That heraud dispised is  
     His sward to him a-weued  
 A strok a smot is helm vpon  
 That a quarter gan down gon  
     Hit was half to cleued  
 With that strok a stent adoun al  
 And to the erthe a is y-fal  
     His lif negh he hadde leued

O frend a seide Ich bidde the lete  
 For it is meche foly to threte  
     Eni man aliue  
 And he ascorn bad him lete  
 And a sterte vpon is fete  
     Hasteliche and bliue  
 Hasslak smot Rembroun anon  
 That to the bokel the schel thon  
     Negh a gan down driue  
 Strong and gode hij wer bothe  
 Either kedde that hij wer wrothe  
     To bringe other of liue



Betwene hem strong fight ther is  
 Swich ne herde neuer þ̄ wis  
 Sithe that ye wer bore  
 So mighte nought longe be  
 That moſte that other ſe  
 Of the knightes kende i-core  
 Heraud beheld that bataile  
 How aither gan other aſaile  
 Who was him therfore  
 A gret harm him thoughte it were  
 Giſ aither ſlough other there  
 For hem a wep wel ſore

With that amonges hem com he  
 And ſeide knight for Godes pite  
 Herkne to me a ſounde  
 Let now ben al your fight  
 And ayild the to this knight  
 That thou haſt her y-founde  
 For he is man of gret power  
 In al this world ther nis is per  
 Ne of ſo meche mounde  
 In is merci þ̄ rede thow do  
 Er than be mad betwene yow to  
 Eni mo harde wounde

He answerde withoute more  
 Say me ferst thow fannel hore

Also God the spede

Why me stringthe is forlore  
 Sithe the time that Ich was bore

I nas in swiche a drede

Gif thow ert of fendes come  
 For whi this drede me haue nome

Ich wolde that thow me sede

In Gode name Ich coniure the  
 That thow the sothe telle me

And be al is ferede

Heraud seide therof be stille

That telle the me wille

For no man aliue

Erst thow schelt telle me

Whether thow ert and what thow be

Also mote I thriue

Thanne I schel telle the right

Bothe of me and this knight

That gif the dentes riue

Thin hauberk is al to sighe

And the face with blod bewrighe

Of woundes mo than fiue

He anſwerde thow feiſt wel  
 Bouthe for drede he Sein Nighel  
 I nolde ben aknowe  
 Ac for Ich wolde wite an haſte  
 Whi Ich was ſo ſore agaste  
 Now in a lite throwe  
 In Ingelonde Ich was bore  
 So were min eldren me before  
 Bothe hegh and lowe  
 Heraud me fader het I wis  
 Of Walingforde lord a is  
 And al the contre is owe

Out of londe than wente he  
 To ſeche Gij is ſone the fre  
 That marchauns ſtele away  
 To therl of Wincheſter I was ſent  
 Char Ich was loked veraiment  
 Bothe nightes and day  
 Whan Ich was wore of meche pris  
 Doughti and ſwithe ſtrong I wis  
 He felawes gonne ſay  
 That I nas of dedes nought  
 For that I me fader ſought  
 In vnkouthen contray

To Walingforde he gan gon  
 He fader is armes ther þ̄ fond anon  
 His hauberk and is stede  
 His scheld and is helm bright  
 And is swerd gode and light  
 That he was woned to lede  
 He selue þ̄ dobbed me knight thare  
 Gan ne tolde Ich it neuer are  
 Also God me spede  
 Out of that londe Ich wente tho  
 To seche me fader wer and wo  
 In mani an vnkouth thede

Of werre ne herde þ̄ neuer speke  
 That þ̄ ne com ther me fader to seke  
 Thus to this lord þ̄ cam  
 The duk of Harce hath strued him  
 Boute this castel is gode engyn  
 The lord that þ̄ with am  
 Negh he hadde is lond forlore  
 Swithe wo was him tharfore  
 And mani a doughti man  
 Boute thretti hors he nadde tho  
 Now he hath thre hondred and mo  
 That Ich in bataile wan

Heraud herde this wordes alle  
 Byter teres he let down falle  
 And seide what is the name  
 Hallak a seide thow schelt me calle  
 Heraud het me fader in halle  
 And Cristiane het me dame  
 Now thow wost whar Ich was bore  
 And what Ich hatte withoute more  
 An erneste and a game  
 To forward thow schelt telle me  
 Whi Ich was afered of the  
 That we made er y-same

Heraud beheld the yonge knight  
 Ac o word speke he ne might  
 For meche ioie and blisse  
 Heraud is me name aplight  
 And thow Hallak he se with sight  
 He sone withoute misse  
 This is the lord Sire Reinbroun  
 Ichaue had for him in prisoun  
 Honger and thesternesse  
 The might him se astant the by  
 Wold him the swerd in is merci  
 And pray him that he the kisse

Tho þallak wiste likerly  
 Hit was is fader that stod him by  
 And is lord Rembroun  
 Swithe loude he gan to crie  
 Fader for loue of Dure Leuedye  
 Hem me the benesoun  
 Ofte he knewelede to the grounde  
 And cride him merci in that stounde  
 With gode deuocioun  
 In the merci þu do me right  
 And euermore to ben the knight  
 Bothe in feld and toun

Tho Rembroun wiste this  
 That he Heraud is sone is  
 Up he gan him take  
 Leueliche a kiste him tho  
 Sire Heraud for soth dede also  
 Geche blisse thai gonne make  
 þallak ladde hem faire and wel  
 þom til is lordes castel  
 And tolde withoute sake  
 That he hadde is fader brought  
 That he hadde wide y-sought  
 With meche wer and wrake

And me lord Sire Rembroun  
 Ase sterne ase eni lyoun  
 At euery skenes nede  
 That euer to bataile was boun  
 Glad was thanne therl Myloun  
 And gaf hem riche mede  
 The knightes of seluer and of golde  
 Ase meche as he take wolde  
 Bright armur and stede  
 So thai wente sone anon  
 For to wreke hem of here fon  
 Gif God hem wolde spede

Fiue dawes before the Myghelmas  
 Thai armede hem more and las  
 Agen here fon to fighte  
 Out of the castel thai gonne pas  
 The duk hij fonden in the plas  
 With mani helmes brighte  
 Char mighte men se scheftes schake  
 Char men mighte se crounes crake  
 Of mani an hardy knighte  
 Heraud Haslak and Reinbroun  
 Al that hij smite yede adoun  
 Of thai hij mete mighte

The duk of Harce segh that tide  
 His folk was slawe he ech aside  
 And in the feld alto dreued  
 He prikede is stede with meche pride  
 Agenes therl he gan ride  
 And smot him on the heued  
 Almost a felde therl adoun  
 Heraud com with is fauchoun  
 His body ato he cleued  
 Thanne Passak and Rembroun  
 Therl is folk thai felde adoun  
 Nothing thai ne leued

This segh al the barnage  
 For to do therl omage  
 Merci thai gonne crie  
 Knightes squier and page  
 Thai toke ther into ostage  
 Of the duk is partye  
 Thus thai stabled the lond with fight  
 And therafter anon right  
 Thai toke leue an highe  
 Inte Ingelonde thai gonne saile

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EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY, 12, SOUTH ST DAVID STREET.









