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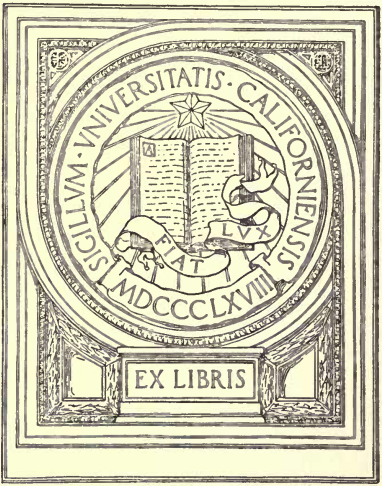

La ſauuage d'eſcoſſe.

Le capitaine Sauuage.

SCOTISH POEMS,

REPRINTED

FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

THE TALES OF THE PRIESTS OF PEBLIS.
THE PALICE OF HONOUR.
SQUIRE MELDRUM.
EIGHT INTERLUDES, BY DAVID LINDSAY.
PHILOTUS, A COMEDY.
GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, A METRICAL ROMANCE.
BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, 1508.

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

COLLECTED BY JOHN PINKERTON,

F.S.A. PERTH, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE AT COPENHAGEN, AND OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT DRONTHEIM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.

M, DCC, XCII.

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ERRATA in VOLUME III.

Page 86, line 16, *for* never *read* ever.
99, 13, *for* n *read* in.
102, *put a ſpace—at the word* ſprang, ſt. xv, *as a new Adventure there begins.*
114, line *pen. for* ane *read* pane.
136, 13, *for* 1503 *read* 1504.
151, 22, *for* uay *read* nay.
161, 14, *for* their *read* cleir.
163, 15, *for* ſome *read* ſone.
—— 17, *for* in vairt *read* invairt.
165, 5, *for* lere *read* tere.
169, 14, 16, 18, 20, *read* levit, brevit, chevit, levit.
172, 12, *for* all yace *read* allyace.
—— 15, *put a* comma *inſtead of the* full-point.
—— 16, *put a* full-point *inſtead of the* comma.
—— — *firſt note*, delete *MS. margin*, for it is a note of the Editor; and place theſe words after the *ſecond note*.
187, 12, *for* ll *read* All.
192, 17, *for* Kingis *read* King is.
201, after line 4, a line is wanting.
211, line 16, *for* Arthur gives Galaron *read* gives Gawan.

PHI-

Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise*, intitulit

PHILOTUS,

Quhairin we may persave the greit Inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betwene Age and Youth.

OVID.

Siqua velis aptè nubere, nube pari.

Imprinted at EDINBURGH
be ROBERT CHARTERIS, 1603.
Cum Privilegio Regis.

* Comedie. Edit. Edinb. 1612, 4to.

THE NAMES OF THE INTERLOQUITORS.

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THE ARGUMENT.

(From the Edition of 1612, Edinb. 4to.)

PHILOTUS, an olde rich man, is enamoured with the love of EMILIA, daughter to ALBERTO, who being refuſed, imployeth a MACRELL, or pandrous, to allure her thereto, but all in vain; afterward he dealeth with her father ALBERTO, who being blinded with the man's wealth, uſeth firſt faire words, and thereafter threatnings, to perſwade her thereto; the mayde ſtill refuſeth. In the meane time FLAVIUS, a young man, enters in conference with the mayde, and obtaineth her conſent, who being diſguiſed, conveyeth herſelfe away privilie with the ſaid FLAVIUS. Her father and PHILOTUS ſearches for her in the houſe. PHILERNO, the maydes brother, laitlie arryved out of other countries (being very lyke her), is miſtaken, by her father and PHILOTUS, to be EMILIA, who takes the perſon of his ſiſter upon him; and after diverſe threatnings of his father, conſentith to marrie PHILOTUS: and ſo PHILOTUS committeth PHILERNO to the cuſtodie of his daughter BRISILLA, untill the mariage ſhould be accompliſhed. PHILERNO faines himſelfe to BRISILLA to be transformed in a man, and ſo maketh

himſelfe familiar with her. Thereafter, PHILERNO is maried to PHILOTUS, who fearing to be diſcovered, maketh a brawling that ſame night with PHILOTUS, and abuſeth him vyllie; and to colour the mater the better, agreeth with a whore to go to bed with PHILOTUS. FLAVIUS ſeeing the ſuppoſed EMILIA to bee maried to PHILOTUS, imagines the right EMILIA to be a devill, and, after many conjurations, expelleth her his houſe; ſhe returneth to her father ALBERTO, acknowledging her miſbehaviour, and lamenting her caſe. FLAVIUS being ſent for, perceiving how he had miſtaken EMILIA, revealeth the whole trueth, and ſo taketh her home agane to his wife, and PHILERNO BRISILLA. In the end PHILOTUS bewaileth his follie, for purſuing ſo unequall a match, warning all men to beware, by his example.

Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe *, intitulit

PHILOTUS.

PHILOTUS *directis his Speich to* EMILIE.

O Luſtie luifsome lamp of licht,
Your bonynes, your bewtie bricht,
Your ſtaitly ſtature, trim and ticht,
With geſture grave and gude:
Your countenance, your cullour cleir,
Your lauching lips, your ſmyling cheir,
Your properties dois all appeir,
My ſenſes to illude.

2. Quhen I your bewtie do behald,
I man unto your fairnes fald:
I dow not flie howbeit I wald,
Bot bound I man be youris:
For yow ſweit hart I wald forſaik,
The Empryce for to be my maik,
Thairfoir deir dow ſum pitie tak,
And ſaif mee fra the ſchowres.

* Comedie, ed. 1612.

3. Deme na ill of my age my dow,
Iſe play the younkeris part to yow,
Firſt try the treuth, then may ye trow,
Gif I mynd to deſave:
For gold nor geir ye ſall not want,
Sweit hart with me thairs be na ſcant,
Thairfoir ſome grace unto me grant,
For courteſie I crave.

PLESANT. Ha, ha, quha brocht thir kittocks hither?
The mekill feind reſave the fithir!
I trow ye was not al together,
This twel-month at ane preiching.
Allace I lauch for lytill lucke,
I lauch to ſie ane auld carle gucke:
* * * * *
Fra he ſall till his fleitching.

5. Now wallie as the Carle he caiges.
Gudeman quha hes maid your muſtages?
Lo as the boy of fourſcoir ages,
As he micht not be biddin:
Came ye to wow our laſſe, now lachter,
Ye ar ſa raſch thair will be ſlachter,
Ye will not ſpair nor ſpeir quhais aucht hir,
Ye ar ſa raſchlie riddin.

6. EMILY. I wait not weill ſir quhat ye meine,
Bot ſuirlie I have ſeindill ſeine,
Ane wower of your yeirs ſo keine,

As ye appeir to be:
I think ane man fir of your yeiris
Sould not be blyndit with the bleiris,
Ga ſeik ane partie of your peires,
For ye get nane of mee.

The Auld Man ſpeikis to the MACRELL *to allure the Madyn.*

7. Gude dame, I have yow to imploy,
Sa ye my purpoſe can convoy:
And that yon laſſe I micht injoy,
Ye ſould not want rewaird:
Give hir this tablet and this ring,
This purſſe of gold, and ſpair nathing:
Sa ye about all weill may bring,
Of gold tak na regaird.

8. MACRELL. Na ſir, let me and that allane,
Suppoſe ſcho war maid of a ſtane,
Iſe gar hir grant or all be gane,
To be at your command:
Thocht ſcho be ſtrange, I think na wonder,
Blait things is ſone brocht in ane blunder,
Scho is not the firſt, ſir, of ane hunder,
That I have had in hand.

9. I am ane fiſche, I am ane eile,
Can ſteir my toung and tayle richt weill,
I give me to the mekill deill,

Gif onie can do mair:
I can with fair anis fleitch and flatter,
And win ane crown bot with ane clatter,
That gars me drink gude wyne for watter,
Suppois my back ga bair.

The MACRELL *intends to allure the Madyn.*

10. God blis yow Maistres with your buik,
Leise me thay lips that I on luik:
I hope in God to sie yow bruik,
Ane nobill house at hame;
I ken ane man into this toun,
Of hyest honour and renoun,
That wald be glaid to give his gowne,
For to have yow his dame.

11. EMILY. Now be my saull I can not sie,
That thair sik vertew is in me,
Gudwyfe, I pray yow quhat is he,
That man quhome of ye meine?
MACRELL. PHILOTUS is the man a faith,
Ane ground-riche man, and full of graith:
He wantis na jewels, claith, nor waith,
Bot is baith big and beine.

12. Weill war the woman all hir lyfe,
Had hap to be his weddit wyfe,
Scho micht have gold and geir als ryfe,

As

As copper in hir kiſt:
Yea, not a ladie in all this land,
I wait micht have mair wealth in hand,
Nor micht have mair at hir command,
To do with quhat ſcho liſt.

13. Fair floure, now ſen ye may him fang,
It war not gude to let him gang,
Unto yourſelf ye'ill do greit wrang,
Sweit hart now and ye ſlip him:
Now thair is twentie into this town,
Of greitiſt riches and renoun,
That wald be glaid for to ſit doun
Upon their kneis to grip him.

14. Thocht he be auld my joy, quhat reck,
Quhen he is gane give him ane geck.
And tak another be the neck,
Quhen ye the graith have gottin:
Schaw me your mynd and quhat ye meine,
I ſall convoy all this ſa cleine,
That me ye ſall eſteme ane freine,
Quhen I am deid and rottin.

15. EMILIE. I grant gude-wyfe he is richt gude,
Ane man of wealth and nobill blude,
Bot hes mair miſter of ane hude,

And

And mittanes till his handis:
Nor of ane bairnelie laſſe lyke mee,
Mair meit his oy nor wyfe to be:
His age and myne cannot agrie,
Quhill that the warld ſtandis.

16. MACRELL. Let that allane, he is not ſa auld,
Nor yit of curage half ſa cald,
Bot gif ye war his wyfe, ye wald
Be weill aneuch content:
With him mair treitment on ane day,
And get mair making off ye may,
Nor with ane wamfler, ſuith to ſay,
Quhen twentie yeiris ar ſpent.

17. Ye neyther mell with lad nor loun,
Bot with the beſt in all this town,
His wyfe may ay ſit formeſt doun,
At eyther burde or bink:
Gang formeſt in at dure or yet,
And ay the firſt gude-day wald get,
With all men honourit and weill tret,
As onie hart wald think.

18. Se quhat a woman's mynde may meiſe
And heir quhat honour, wealth, and eiſe,
Ye may get with him and ye pleiſe,

To

To do as I devyſe:
Your fyre ſall firſt be birnand cleir,
Your madynis than ſall have your geir,
Put in gude ordour and effeir,
Ilk morning or yow ryſe.

19. And ſay, lo maiſtres heir your muillis,
Put on your wylicote for it cuillis,
Lo, heir ane of your velvote ſtuillis,
Quhairon ye ſall ſit doun:
Than twaſum cummis to combe your hair,
Put on your heidgeir ſoft and fair,
Tak thair your glaſſe ſie all be clair,
And ſa gais on your goun.

20. Than tak to ſtanche the* morning drouth
Ane cup of mavefie for your mouth,
For ſume caſt ſucker in at ſouth,
Togidder with a toiſt:
Thrie garden gowps tak of the air,
And bid your page in haiſt prepair,
For your diſjone ſum daintie fair,
And cair not for na coiſt.

21. Ane pair of plevaris pypping hait,
Ane pertrick and ane quailyie get,
Ane cup of ſack, ſweit and weill ſet,

* your, ed. 1612.

May

May for ane breckfaſt gaine.
Your cater he may cair for ſyne,
Sum delicate agane ye dyne,
Your cuke to ſeaſoun all ſa fyne,
Than dois imploy his paine.

22. To ſie your ſervantes may ye gang,
And luke your madynis all amang,
And gif thair onie wark be wrang,
Than bitterlie them blame.
Than may ye have baith quaiffis and kellis,
Hich candie ruffes and barlet bellis,
All for your weiring and not ellis,
Maid in your houſe at hame.

23. And now quhen all thir warks is done,
For your refreſching efter none,
Gar bring unto your chalmer ſone,
Sum danitie* diſche of meate:
Ane cup or twa with † muſcadall,
Sum uther licht thing thairwithall,
For raſins or for capers call,
Gif that ye pleaſe to eate.

24. Till ſuppertyme then may ye chois,
Unto your garden to repois,
Or merelie to tak ane glois,

* dantie, ed. 1612. † of, ed. 1612.

Or

Or tak ane buke and reid on;
Syne to your ſupper ar ye brocht,
Till fair full far that hes bene ſocht,
And daintie diſches deirlie bocht,
That ladies loves to feid on.

25. The organes than into your hall,
With ſchalme and tymbrell ſound thay ſall,
The vyole and the lute with all,
To gar your meate diſgeſt:
The ſupper done than up ye ryſe,
To gang ane quhyle as is the gyſe,
Be ye have rowmit ane alley thryſe,
It is ane myle almaiſt.

26. Than may ye to your chalmer gang,
Begyle the nicht gif it be lang,
With talk and merie mowes amang,
To elevate the ſplene:
For your collation tak and taiſt,
Sum lytill licht thing till diſgeſt,
At nicht uſe Renſe wyne ay almaiſt,
For it is cauld and clene.

27. And for your back I dar be bould,
That ye ſall weir even as ye would,
With doubill garniſchings of gould,

And

And craip above your hair:
Your velvote hat, your hude of ſtait,
Your myſſell quhen ye gang to gait,
Fra ſone and wind baith air and lait,
To keip that face ſa fair.

28. Of Pareis wark wrocht by the laif,
Your ſyne haif-cheinyeis ye ſall have,
For to decoir ane carkat craif
That cumlie collour bane:
Your greit gould cheinyie for your neck,
Be bowſum to the carle and beck,
For he has gould aneuch, quhat reck?
It will ſtand on nane.

29. And for your gownes ay the new guyſe,
Ye with your tailyeours may devyſe,
To have them louſe with plets and plyis,
Or claſped clois behind:
The ſtuffe my hart ye neid not haine,
Pan velvot, rayſde, figurit or plaine,
Silk, ſatyne, damayſe, or grograine,
The ſyneſt ye can find.

30. Your claithes on cullouris cuttit out,
And all paſmentit round about,
My bleſſing on that ſemelie ſnout,

Sa

Sa weill I trow ſall ſet them:
Your ſchankis of ſilk, your velvot ſchone,
Your borderit wylicote abone,
As ye devyſe all ſall be done,
Uncraifit quhen ye get them.

31. Your tablet be your hals that hinges
Gould bracelets and all uther things,
And all your fingers full of rings,
With pearls and precious ſtanes:
Ye ſall have ay quhill ye cry ho,
Rickillis of gould and jewellis to;
Quhat reck to tak the bogill-bo,
My bonie burd for anis.

32. Sweit hart quhat farther wald ye have?
Quhat greiter pleſour wald ye crave,
Now be my ſaull yow will deſave,
Your ſelf and ye forſaik him:
Thairfoir ſweit honie I yow pray,
Tak tent in tyme and nocht delay,
Sweit ſucker, nick me not with nay,
Bot be content to tak him.

33. PLESANT. The devill cum lick that beird auld rowan.
Now ſie the trottibus and trowane,
Sa buſilie as ſcho is wowane,

Sie

Sie as the carling craks:
Begyle the barne ſho is bot young,
Foull fall thay lips, God nor that toung,
War doubill gilt with Nuriſch doung,
And ill cheir on thay cheikis.

34. EMILY. Gude-wyfe all is bot gude I heir,
For weill I lufe to mak gude cheir,
For honouris, gould, and uther geir,
Thay can not be refuſit:
I grant indeid, my daylie fair,
Will be ſufficient and mair,
Bot be it gude ye do not ſpair,
As royallie to ruſe it.

35. I grant all day to be weill tret,
Honours anew and hicht upſet,
But quhat intreatment ſall I get,
I pray yow in my bed?
Bot with ane lairbair for to ly,
Ane auld deid ſtock, baith cauld and dry,
And all my dayes heir * I deny,
That he my ſchankes ſched.

36. His eine half ſunken in his heid,
His lyre far caulder than the leid,
His froſtie fleſch as he war deid,

* may, ed. 1612.

Will

Will for na happing heit:
Unhealthſum hoſting ever mair,
His filthſum ſlewme is nathing fair,
Ay rumiſching with rift and rair,
Now, wow gif that be ſweit.

37. His ſkynne hard clappit to the bane,
With gut and gravell baith ovirgane,
Now quhen thir troubles hes him tane,
His wyfe gets all the wyte:
For Venus games I let them ga,
I geſſe hee be not gude of thay;
I could weill of his maners ma,
Gif I liſt till indyte.

38. MACRELL. For Venus game care not a cuit,
Waill me ane wamfler that can do' it,
Sen thair may be na uther buit,
Plat on his head ane horne:
Handill me that with wit and ſkill,
Ye may have eaſments at your will,
At nicht gar young men cum yow till,
Put them away at morne.

39. EMILY. Gude-wyfe, all is bot vaine ye ſeik,
To mee of ſik maters to ſpeik,
Your purpois is nor worth ane leik,

I will heir yow na mair;
Mark dame, and this is all and ſum,
If ever ye this earand cum,
Or of your head I heir ane mum,
Yea ſall repent it ſair.

40. MACRELL. Yon daintie dame ſcho is ſa nyce
Sche'ill nocht be win be na devyce,
For nouther prayer nor for pryce,
For gould nor uther gaine.
Scho is ſa ackwart and ſa thra,
That with refuſe I come hir fra,
Scho, be Sanct Marie ſaynde mee ſa,
I dar not ga agane.

Philotus enteris in Conference with the Madynis Father.

41. Gude goſſe, ſen ye have ever bene,
My trew and auld familiar freind,
To mak mair quentance us betwene,
I glaidly could agrie:
Ye have ane douchter quhome untill,
I beare ane paſſing grit gude will,
Quhais phiſnomie prefigures ſkill,
With wit and honeſtie.

42. Gif mee that laſſe to be my wyfe,
For tocher-gude ſall be na ſtryfe,
Beleive mee ſcho ſall have ane lyfe,

And

And for your geir I care not:
Faith ye your ſelf ſall modifie,
Hir lyfe, rent, land, and conjunct fie,
And goſſop, quhair thay ſame ſall be,
Appoynt the place and ſpair not.

43. Betwixt us twa the heyris-maill,
Sall bruik my heritage all haill,
Quhilks gif that thay happen to faill,
To her heyris quhat ſaever:
My moveables I will devyde,
Ane pairt my douchter to provyde,
Ane pairt to leave ſum freind aſyde,
Quhen deith ſall us diſſever.

44. ALBERTO. Gude ſir, and goſſop I am glaid,
That all be done as ye have ſaid,
Tak baith my bliſſing and the mayd,
Hame to your houſe togidder;
And gif that ſcho play not hir pairt,
In onie lawfull honeſt airt,
And honour yow with all hir hairt,
I wald ſho gaid not thither.

ALBERTO *ſpeiks to his Dochter.*

45. For the ane man I have foreſeine,
Ane man of micht and welth I meine,
That ſtaitlier may the ſuſteine,

Nor ony of all thy kin:
Ane man of honour and renoun,
Ane of the potentes of the toun;
Quhair nane may beinlier ſit doun,
This citie all within.

46. EMILY. God and gude nature dois allow,
That I obedient be to yow,
And father hithertils I trow,
Ye have nane uther ſeine:
And als eſtemis yow for to be,
Ane loving father unto mee,
Thairfoir deir father let mee ſee,
The man of quhome ye meine.

47. ALBERTO. PHILOTUS is the man indeid,
Quhair thow ane nobill lyfe may leid,
With quhome I did ſa far proceid,
Wee want bot thy gude will:
Now give thy frie conſent thairfoir,
Deck up and do thy ſelf decoir,
Gang quickly to and ſay no moir,
Thow man agrie thairtill.

48. EMILIE. Gif ye fra furie wald refraine,
And patientlie heir me agane,
I ſould yow ſchaw in termis plane,

With

With reaſon ane excuſe:
Sen mariage bene but thraldome free,
God and gude nature dois agree,
That I quhair as it lykes not mee,
May lawfullie refuſe.

49. I am fourtene, and hee foureſcoir,
I haill and ſound, hee ſeik and ſoir,
How can I give conſent thairfoir,
Or yit till him agree?
Judge gif PHILOTUS be diſcreit,
To ſeik ane match ſo far unmeit,
Thocht I refuſe him father ſweit,
I pray yow pardon mee.

50. ALBERTO. How durſt thow trumper be ſa bald,
To tant or tell, that he was * ald?
Or durſt refuſe ocht that I wald
Have biddin the obey:
Bot ſen ye ſtand ſa lytill aw,
Iſe gar yow maiſtres for to knaw,
The impyre parents hes be law,
Abuif thair children ay.

51. And heir to God I mak ane vow,
Bot gif thow at my bidding bow,
I ſall the dreſſe, and harkin how,

* is, ed. 1612.

And ſyne advyſe the better:
I ſall thee caſt intill ane pit,
Quhair thow for yeir and day ſall ſit,
With breid and water ſurely knit
Hard bound intill ane fetter.

52. Thow ſat ſa ſoft upon thy ſtuill,
That making off made the ane fuill,
Bot I ſall mak thy curage cuill,
For all thy ſtomack ſtout:
That efterwards quhill that thow leif,
Thou's be agaſt mee for to greif.
Perchance thow greines that play to preif,
Advyſe thee and ſpeik out.

53. EMILY. Sweit father, mitigate your rage,
Your wraith and anger, ſir, aſſwage,
Have pitie on my youthlie age,
Your awin fleſch and your blude:
Gif in your yre I be overthrawin,
Quhome have ye wraikit bot your awin,
Sik creweltie hes not bene knawin,
Amang the Turkes ſa rude.

54. The ſavage beiſts into thair kynde,
Thair young to pitie ar inclynde.
Let mercie thairfoir muif your mynde,

To

To her that humblie cryis:
Tak up and leniſie your yre,
Suſpend the furie of your ſyre,
And grant me layſer, I deſyre,
Ane lytill to advyſe.

[*Heir followis the Oratioun of the yonker Flavius to the Madyn, hir anſwer and conſent, the convoying of her from her fathir: hir father and the auld wower followis, and finds Philerno the Madyns brother laitlie arryved, quhome thay tak to be the Madyn, and of his deceit.*

[Flavius].

The raging low, the feirce and flaming fyre
That dois my breiſt and body al combure
Incendit with the dart of grit deſyre,
Fra force of theſe twa ſparking eyis ful ſure,
Hes me conſtraynit to cum and ſeik my cure
Of her, fra quhom proceidit hes my wound,
Quhom neyther ſalve nor ſyrop can aſſure,
Bot only ſho can mak me ſaif and ſound.

56. Lyke as the captive with ane tyrant taine,
Perforce with promiſe toiſſit to and fro,
Quhen that he ſeis all uther graces gaine,
Man ſuccour ſeik of him that wrocht his wo,
Sa mon I fald to my maiſt freindly fo,
To ſeik for ſalve of her that gave the ſair:
To pray for peace, thocht rigour bid me go,
To cry for mercie, quhen as I may na mair.

57. Sa ſen ye have me captivate as thrall,
Sen ye prevaill, let pitie now have place;
Have mercie ſen ye maiſtres ar of all,
Grudge not to grant your ſupplicant ſum grace.
To ſlay ane tain man, war bot lack allace,
Fra that he cum voluntarlie in will:
Sen I am, miſtres, in the ſelf ſame cace,
Ane thrall conſenting pitie war to ſpill.

58. Quhat ferly thocht, puir I with luif oppreſt
Conſes the force of the blynd archer boy?
How was Appollo for his Daphne dreſt,
And Mars amaſit his Venus to enjoy,
Did not the thundering Jupiter convoy
For Danae him ſelf into ane ſhowre,
The gods above ſen luif hath maid them coy,
Unto his law then quhy ſould I not lowre?

59. As taine with ane nor Daphne mair decoir
Quhais vult to Venus may compairit be:
And bene in bewtie Danae befoir.
Suppoſe the God on hir did caſt his eye:
Quhais graces to hir bewtie dois agrie,
And in quhais fairnes is no foly found,
Quhat mervell miſtres than, ſuppoſe ye ſe,
With willing band me to your bewtie bound?

60. Quhais

60. Quhais bricht conteyning bewtie with the beamis
Na les al uther pulchritude dois pas
Nor to compair ane clud with glanſing gleames,
Bricht Venus cullour with ane landwart las:
The quhyteſt layke bot with the blackeſt aſſe,
The rubent rois bot with the wallowit weid;
As pureſt gold is precioufer nor glaſſe,
Your bewtie ſa all uther dois exceid.

61. Your hair lyk gold, and lyke the pole your eye,
Your ſnawiſch cheiks lyke quhyteſt allabaſt,
Your loveſum lips ſad, ſoft, and ſweet wee ſie,
As roſes red quhen that ane ſhowre is paſt:
Your toung micht mak Demoſthenes agaſt,
Your teith the peirls micht of thair place depryve
With bwillis of Indian ebur at the laſt
Your papis for the prioritie dois ſtryve.

62. And lyke as quhen the ſtamping ſeale is ſet
In wax weill wrocht, quhill it is ſoft I ſay,
The prent thairof remayning may ye get,
Suppois the ſeale it ſelf be tane away,
Your ſemlie ſhaip ſa ſall abyde for ay,
Quhilk throw the ſicht my ſenſis hes reſſaiſit,
Thocht abſent ye, yit I ſall nicht and day,
Your preſence have as in my hart ingraiſit.

63. Thocht

63. Thocht fanſie be bot * of ane figure fainit,
Na figure ſeids quhair thair is na effect:
Evin ſa ſweit ſaull I periſch bot as painit,
With fanſie fed that will na faſting breck,
Suppois I have the accident quhat reck,
Grant me the ſolide ſubſtance to atteine,
Gif not, quhen ye to deith ſall me direct,
Quhom bot your awin have ye confoundit clein?

64. Laſt, ſen ye may my meladie remeid,
Releive your Syſiphus of his reſtles ſtane;
Your pitius breiſt that dois full ryfely bleid,
Grant grace thairto, befoir the grip be gane,
Cum ſtanche the thriſt of Tantalus anone,
And cure the wounds gevin with Achilles knyfe.
Accept for yours fair maiſtres, ſuch a one,
That for your ſaik dar ſacrifice his lyfe.

65. EMILY. Your Oriſoun, ſir, ſoundis with ſic ſkil
In Cupid's court as ye had bene upbrocht:
Or foſterit in Parnaſſus forkit hill
Quhair poetis hes thair flame and furie ſocht
Nocht taiſting of ſweit Helicon for nocht,
As be your pleſant preface dois appeir:
Tending thairby, quhill as we have na thocht,
To mak us to your purpois to adheir.

* not, ed. 1612.

66. With

66. With loving language tending till allure,
With ſweit diſcourſe the ſimpill till ovirſyle,
Ye caſt your craft, your cunning, and your cure,
Bot puir Orphanes and Madynis to begyle,
Your waillit out words, inventit for a wyle,
To trap all thoſe that trowis in yow na traine
The frute of flattrie is bot to defyle,
And ſpred that wee can never get agane.

67. Ye gar us trow that all our heids be cowit,
In prayſing of our bewtie by the ſkyis:
Quhen with your words we ar na mair bot mowit
This way to ſie gif us ye may ſuppryſe,
Your doubill hart dois everie day devyſe,
Ane thowſand ſhifts was never in your thocht,
Ye labour thus with all that in yow lyis,
For till undo, and bring us all to nocht.

68. And this conceat is common to yow all,
For your awin luſt, ye ſet not by our ſchame,
Your ſweiteſt word *, ar ſeaſonit all with gall,
Your faireſt phraſe, disfigures bot defame,
I think thairfoir thay gritlie ar to blame,
That trowis in yow mair nor the thing thay ſe
Bot I, quhill that Emilia is my name
To trow I ſall lyke to Sanct Thomas be.

* words, ed. 1612.

69. Fla-

69. FLAVIUS. For feir ſweit maiſtres quhat remeid?
Quha may perſwade quhair thair is dreid?
Yit deme ye wrangouſlie in deid,
Now be my faull I ſweir:
Your honour, not your ſchame I ſeik,
count not by my luſt ane leik,
It was na ſik thing maiſtres meik,
That maid me to cum heir.

70. This is my ſute ye ſall me truſt,
Judge ye your ſelf gif it be juſt,
In honeſt luif and honeſt luſt,
With yow to leid my lyfe:
This is the treuth of my intent,
In lawfull lufe bot onlie bent,
Advyſe yow gif ye can conſent,
To be my weddit wyfe.

71. EMILY. Sir ſurelie gif I underſtude,
Your meining for to be as gude,
I think in ane wee ſould conclude,
Befoir that it wer lang:
I am content to be your wyfe,
To lufe and ſerve yow all my lyfe,
Bot rather ſlay me with a knyfe,
Nor offer me ane wrang.

72. Bot

72. Bot Sir, ane thing I have to ſay,
My father hes this uther day.
In mariage promiſit me away,
Upon ane deid auld man;
With quhome thocht I be not content,
Till nane uther he will conſent,
Mak to thairfoir for till invent
Ane convoy, gif yow can.

73. Lykewayis yow mon firſt to me ſweir,
That ye to me ſall do na deir,
Nor ſall not cum my bodie neir,
For villanie nor ill:
Ay quhill the nuptiall day ſall ſtand,
And farther ſir, gif mee your hand,
With me for to compleit the band,
And promeis to fulfill.

74. FLAVIUS. Have thair my hand with al my hart
And faithfull promeis for my part,
Na tyme to change quhill deithis dart,
Put till my lyfe ane end:
Bot be ane huſband traiſt and trew,
For na ſuſpect that anis ſall rew,
Bot readie ay to do my dew,
And never till offend.

75. EMILY. All day quhairto the trueth to tell,
I dar nocht with that matter mel,
Bot yit I ſall devyſe my ſell,
Ane ſchift to ſerve our turne:
For keiping ſtairt baith lait and air,
Unſend-furth may I never fair,
Make I ane mint and do na mair,
I may for ever murne.

76. Quhen I have unbethocht me thryſe,
I can na better way devyſe,
Bot that I man me diſagyſe,
In habite of ane man:
Thus I but danger or but dout,
This buſines may bring about,
In man's array unkend pas out,
For ocht my keipars can.

77. Thairfoir ye ſall gang and provyde,
Ane pages claithis in the meine tyde,
For all occaſions me beſyde,
Againſt I have ado:
Let men evin as thay liſt me call,
Or quhat ſumever me befall,
I hope within thrie dayis I ſall,
Cum quyetly yow to.

78. FLA-

78. FLAVIUS. Be my awin meins I ſall atteine,
And ſend to yow thay claithis unſene,
Convoy lat ſie all things ſa cleine
That never nane * ſuſpeck:
I will wait on my ſelf and meit yow,
To ſe your new claiths as thay ſet yow,
The Carle that hecht ſa weill to treit yow,
I think ſall get ane geck.

79. EMILIE. I have won narrowlie away,
Yon Carle half put me in effray,
He lay in wait and waiting ay,
In changing aff my claithis:
Sir, let us ga out of his ſicht,
Sen I am frie, my freind gude-nicht,
He lukis as all things wer not richt,
Lo yonder quhair he gais.

80. FLAVIUS. My onlie luif and ladie quhyte,
My darling deir and my delyte,
How ſall I ever the requyte,
This grit gude will let ſee:
That, but reſpect that men callis ſchame,
Nor hazart of thy awin gude name,
For brute, for blaſphemie nor blame,
Hes venterit all for mee.

* never man, ed. 1612.

STE-

STEPHANO ALBERTUS SERVANT.

81. Maiſter full ſar I have yow ſocht,
And full ill newes I have yow brocht,
The thing allace, I never thocht,
Hes happinnit yow this day:
Your douchter ſir (ye had bot ane)
Ane mannis claithis hes on hir tane,
And quyetlie hes hir earand gane,
I can not tell quhat way.

82. I wonderit firſt and was agaſt,
Bot quhen I ſaw that ſhe was paſt
I followit efter wonder faſt,
Yit was I not the better;
Sche ſchiftit hes hir ſelf aſyde,
And in ſum hous ſhe did hir hyde,
Na ſir, quhat ever fall betyde,
It will be hard to get her.

83. ALBERTO. Fals pewtene hes ſcho playit that ſport
Hes ſcho me handlit in this ſort?
To God I vow cum I athort,
And lay on hir my handis:
I ſall hir ane exampill mak,
To trumpers all durſt undertak,
For to commit ſa foull ane ſack,
Quhill that this citie ſtandis.

84. Vylde

84. Vylde vagabound, fals harlot hure,
Had ſho na ſchame, tuke ſho na cure,
Of parentis that hir gat and bure,
Nor blude of quhilk ſho ſprang:
All honeſt bewtie to diſpyſe,
And lyke ane man hir diſagyſe,
Unwomanlie in ſik ane wyſe,
As gudget for to gang?

85. Fals miſchant, full of all miſcheif,
Diſſaitfull traitour, commoun theif,
Of all thy kin curit not the greif,
For fleſchly foull delyte;
Quha ſall into ſik trumpers truſt?
Quhais wickit wayis ar ſa unjuſt,
And led with lewd licentious luſt,
And beaſtlie appetyte.

86. PHILOTUS. O ſex uncertaine, frayle and fals,
Diſſimulate and diſſaitfull als,
With honie lips to haild in hals,
Bot with ane wickit mynde:
Quhome will dois mair nor reaſon muſe,
Mair lecherie nor honeſt luſe,
Mair harlotrie nor gude behuſe,
Unconſtant and unkynde.

87. In quhome ane ſhaw, bot na ſhame ſinks,
That ane thing ſayis and uther thinks:
Ane eye lukis up, ane uther winks,
With fair and feinyeit face:
Bot goſſop go, quhill it is greine,
For to ſeik out quha hes hir ſeine,
Gif of hir moyen wee get ane meine,
It war ane happie grace.

88. PHILERNO. Gude ſirs, is nane of yow can tell,
In quhat ſtreit dois Alberto dwell,
Or be quhat ſinge I'l knaw my ſell,
Gude brethren all about:
For thocht I be his ſon and heyre,
I knaw him not a myte the mair,
And to this town dois now repair,
My father to find out.

89. ALBERTO. Yea harlote, trowit thow for to ſkip?
Sen I have gottin of the ane grip,
Ee Chriſt I ſall thy nurture nip,
Richt ſcharply or wee ſched:
For God nor I rax in ane raip
And ever thow fra my hand eſcaip,
Quhill I have pullit the lyke ane paip,
Quhair nane ſall be to red.

90. PHI-

90. PHILOTUS. Rage not gude goſſe, bot hald your toung.
The las bot bairnlie is and young,
I wald be laith to wit hir dung,
Suppoſe ſcho hath offendit:
Forgive hir this ane fauk for mee,
And I ſall ſouertie for hir bee,
That inſtantly ſho ſall agree,
That this ſlip ſould be mendit.

91. PHILERNO. Father I grant my haill offence,
Thir claithes I have tane till ga hence,
And gif it pleaſe yow till diſpence,
With thir things that are paſt:
Thir bygane faultes will ye forgive,
And efter father quhill I live,
Agane I ſall yow never greive,
Quhill that my lyfe may laſt.

92. Schaw me the maner and the way,
And I your bidding ſall obey,
And never ſall your will gane ſay,
Bot be at your command.
ALBERTO. This fault heir frelie I forgive thee,
Philotus is the man releives thee,
Or utherwayis I had miſcheifit thee,
And now give mee thy hand.

93 This is my ordinance and will,
Give thy conſent Philotus till,
To marie him and to fulfill,
That godlie bliſſit band.
PHILERNO. Father, I hartlie am content,
And heirto gives my full conſent,
For it richt ſair wald mee repent,
Gif I ſould yow gainſtand.

94. PHILOTUS. Heir is my hand my darling dow,
To be ane faithfull ſpous to yow,
Now be my faull goſſop I trow,
This is ane happie meiting:
This matter goſſe, is ſa weill dreſt,
That all things ar cumde for the beſt,
But let us ſet amang the reſt,
Ane day for all compleiting.

95. ALBERTO, Ane moneth and na langer day,
For it requyres na grit delay,
Tak thair your wyfe with yow away,
And uſe hir as ye will.
PHILOTUS. Furſuith ye ſall ga with me hame,
Quhair I ſall keip yow ſaif fra ſchame,
Unto the day, or than mee blame,
That ſcho * ſall have nane ill.

* Ye. ed. 1612.

96. PLE-

96. PLESANT. Quha ever ſaw in all thair lyfe,
Twa cappit cairlis mak ſik ane ſtryfe,
To tak a young man for his wyfe,
Yon cadgell wald be glaid:
The feind reſave the feckles frunt,
* * * * * *
The carle kennis not, he is ſa blunt,
Gif ſcho be man or maid.

97. Auld guckis the mundie, ſho is a gillie,
Scho is a colt-foill, not a fillie,
Scho wants a dow, bot hes a pillie,
That will play thé ane paſſe:
Put doun thy hand vane carle and graip,
As thay had wont to cheis the paip,
For thow hes gotten ane jolie jaip,
In lykenes of ane laſſe.

PHILOTUS *ſpeiks to his Dochter* BRISILLA.

98. Briſilla Dochter myne give eir,
A mother I have brocht thé heir,
To mee a wyfe and darling deir,
I thé command thairfoir,
Hir honour, ſerve, obey and luif,
Wirk ay the beſt for hir behuif,
To pleis hir ſie thy pairt thow pruif,
With wit and all devoir*.

* indevoure, ed. 1612.

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PHILOTUS *to his new Bryde.*

99. Uſe hir even as your awin my dow,
Keip hir, for ſho ſall ly with yow,
Quhill I may lawfullie avow,
To lay yow be my ſyde.
PHILERNO. I ſall your dochter, huſband ſweit,
Na les nor my companyeoun treit,
And follow baith at bed and meit,
Quhill that I be ane bryde.

PHILERNO *to* BRISILLA.

100. How dois the quheill of Fortoun go,
Quhat wickit weird hes wrocht our wo?
BRISILLA youris and myne alſo,
Unhappilie, I ſay:
Our fathers baith hes done agrie,
That I to youris, evin as ye ſie,
And ye to myne ſall maryit be,
And all upon ane day.

101. Hard is our hap and luckles chance,
Quha pities us ſuppoſe wee pance?
Full oft this mater did I ſkance,
Bot with my ſelf befoir:
I have bene threatnit and forſlittin,
Sa oft that I am with it bittin,
Invent a way or it be wittin,
And remedie thairfoir.

102. Brisilla. Maiſtres allace for ſik remeid,
That ſik ane purpois ſould proceid,
I wald wiſch rather to be deid.
Nor in that manner matchit:
Quhat aillit ye parentes to prepair,
Your childrens deip continuall cair?
Your crewell handes quhy did ye ſpair,
Firſt us to have diſpatchit.

103. Unnatural fathers now quhairfoir?
Wald ye your dochters thus devoir?
For your vane fantaſies fat moir,
Nor onie gude reſpeck:
Is it not doittrie hes yow drevin,
Haiknayis to ſeik for haiſt to heavin?
I trow that all the warld evin,
Sall at your guckrie geck.

104. Solace to ſeik them ſelves to ſla,
Ane myre to miſſe thay fall in ma;
Thay get bot greif quhen as thay ga,
To get thair greiteſt game:
And wee young things tormentit to,
Thair daffing dois us ſwa undo,
Gif thay be wyſe, thair doings lo,
Will ſignifie the ſame.

105. PHILERNO. It profeites not for to cpmpleine,
Let us forſie ourſelves betwene,
How wee this perrell may preveine,
And ſaif us fra thair ſnairis:
Gif that the goddes, as thay weill can,
Wald me transforme intill ane man,
Wee twa our ſelves ſould marie than,
And ſaif us fra thair cairis.

106. BRISILLA. Mak yow a man, that is bot mowis,
To think thairon your greif bot growis,
For that devyſe devill haid it dowis,
Sen it can never be.
PHILERNO. Quhy not? gif that with faith we pray
For oft the goddes as I hard ſay,
Hes done the lyke and yit thay may,
Perchance till us agrie.

107. That Iphis was a mayd we reid,
And ſwa did for hir prayer ſpeid,
For verie reuth the goddes indeid,
Transformde hir in ane man:
Pigmaleon's prayer purchaſt lyfe,
Unto his new eburneall wyfe,
Quhais handis had carvit hir with ane knyfe,
With viſage paill and wan.

108. Quhy

108. Quhy may not now als weill as than,
The goddes convert me in ane man,
The lyke gif that my prayer can,
I furelie will affay:—
Maiſt ſecreit goddes celeſtiall,
Ye michtie muifers greit and ſmall,
And heavinlie powers ane and all,
Maiſt humblie I yow pray,

109. Luke doun from your impyre abone,
And from your heich triumphant trone,
Till us puir faullis ſend ſuccour ſone,
Of your maiſt ſpeciall grace:
Behald how wee puir madynis murne,
For feir and luif how baith wee burne,
Thairfoir intill ane man mee turne,
For till eſchew this cace.

110. Behald our parents hes oppreſt,
And by all dew thair dochters dreſt,
With unmeit matches to moleſt,
Us fillie faullis ye ſie:
Thairfoir immortall goddes of grace,
Grant that our prayeris may tak place,
Convert my kynde, this cairfull cace,
With ſolace to ſupplie.

111. PLESANT. Ane faith perfumit with fyne folie,
And monie vane word alla-volie,
Thy prayer is not half ſa holie,
Houſe-lurdane as it ſemis:
Bot all inventit for a wyle,
Thy bedfallow for to begyle,
The bonie laſſe bot to defyle,
Na dowbilnes that demes.

112. BRISILLA. Maiſtris quhat now? bethink ye dreme,
Or than * to be in ſowne ye ſeime:
Scho lyis als deid, quhat ſall I deime,
Of this unhappie chance?
Scho will not heir me for na cryis,
For plucking on ſcho will not ryis,
Sa lairbair-lyke lo as ſcho lyis,
As raveiſt in a trance.

113. PHILERNO. O blisfull deitie divyne,
Maiſt happie convent, court and tryne,
That dois your glorious eiris inclyne,
Our prayeris to adheir *:
We rander thanks unto yow all,
For heiring us quhen that wee call,
And ridding us from bondage thrall,
As plainlie dois appeir.

* els, ed. 1612. † for to heare, ed. 1612.

114. I am

114. I am ane man BRISILLA lo,
And with all neceſſaries thairto,
May all that onie man may do,
I ſall gar yow conſidder:
Now ſen the goddis above hes brocht,
This wonderous wark, and hes it wrocht,
And grantit all evin as wee ſocht,
Let us be glaid togidder.

115. BRISILLA. Now ſen the gods hes ſuccour ſent,
And done even as wee did invent,
My joy I hartly am content
To do as ye devyſe:
Throw Gods decreit my onlie choyſe,
In mutuall luif wee ſall rejoyſe,
Our furious fathers baith ſuppoſe,
Thay wald ſkip in the ſkyis.

116. PHILOTUS. My dow ſuppois I did delay,
Now cum is our ſweit nuptiall day,
Thairfoir mak haiſt ſwa that wee may,
In tyme cum to the kirk.
PHILERNO. Ga quhen ye liſt ſir, I am readie;
Thair is ane gus-heid, for be our ladie,
I was your ſone, and ye my dadie,
This morning in the mirk.

117. MI-

117. MINISTER. I dout not bot ye underſtand,
How God is authour of this band,
And the actioun that wee have in hand,
He did himſelf out ſet:
To that effect all men I meine,
Micht keip thair bodyes puir and cleine,
Fra fornication till abſteine,
And children to beget.

118. Bot ſen the mater cums athort,
Ilk uther day, I will be ſchort,
And dois the parties baith exhort,
To charitie and luif:
Tak heir this woman for your wyfe,
Keip, luif and cheriſch hir but ſtryfe,
All uther als terme of your lyfe,
Saif hir ye ſall remuif.

119. Tak for your ſpous PHILOTUS than,
Obey and luif him as ye can,
Forſaik for him all uther man,
Quhill deith do yow diſſever:
The Lord to ſanctifie and bleſſe yow,
His grace and favour als I wiſch yow,
Let not his luif and mercie miſſe yow,
Bot be with yow for ever.

FLA-

FLAVIUS' *conjuration.*

120. O mercie God, how may this be?
Yon is indeid richt EMILIE,
In forme of hir a faith I ſie,
Sum devill hes me deſaifit:
I will in haiſt thairfoir gang hame,
Expell yon ſpreit for ſin and ſchame,
And to tell me the awin richt name,
For God's caus I will craif it.

121. The croce of God, our Saviour ſweit,
To ſaif and ſave me fra that * ſpreit,
That thow na hap have for to meit,
With me in all thy lyfe:
In God's behalf I charge the heir,
That thow ſtraik in my hart na feir,
Bot pas thy way and do na deir,
To neyther man nor wyfe.

122. Firſt I conjure thé be Sanct Marie,
Be alriſch king and quene of farie,
And be the Trinitie to tarie,
Quhill thow the treuth have taull:
Be Chriſt and his apoſtilles twell,
Be ſanctis of hevin and hewis of hell,
Be auld Sanct Taſtian * him ſell,
Be Peter and be Paull.

* thee, ed. 1612. † Auſtian, ed. 1612.

123. Be

123. Be Mathew, Mark, be Luik and Johne,
Be Lethe, Stix, and Acherone,
Be helliſche furies everie one,
Quhair Pluto is the prince:
That thow depart and do na wonder,
Be lichtning, quhirle wind, hayle nor thunder,
That beaſt nor bodie get na blunder,
Nor harme quhen thow gais hence.

124. Throw power I charge thé of the paip,
Thow neyther girne, gowl, glowme, nor gaip,
Lyke anker faidell, lyke unſell aip,
Lyke owle nor alriſche elfe:
Lyke fyrie dragon full of feir,
Lyke warwolf, lyon, bull, nor beir,
Bot paſs yow hence as thow come heir,
In lykenes of thy ſelfe.

125. EMILY. Gude-man quhat meine ye* ocht bot gude†,
Quha hes yow put in ſik ane mude?
Befoir I never underſtude,
The forme of your conjuring:
FLAVIUS. I charge thé yit as of befoir,
Pas hence and troubill me no moir,
Trowis thow to draw me ovir the ſcoir,
Fals feind with thy alluring?

* ye? ed. 1612. † good, ed. 1612.

126. EMILY.

126. EMILY. Gude-man quhat miſteris all thir mowis?
As ye war cumbred with the cowis,
Ye ar I think lyke Johne of Lowis,
Or ane out of his minde.
FLAVIUS. In God's behalfe I the beſeiche,
Impeſche me not with word nor ſpeiche,
Ill ſpreit, to God I me beteiche,
Fra the and al thy kynde.

127. PLESANT. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
The feind reſave the lachters a,
Quhilk is the wyſeſt of us twa,
Man quhidder thow or I?
Flemit fuill, hes thow not tint thy feill,
That takis thy wyſe to be ane deill,
Thow is far vaineſt I wait weill,
Speir at the ſtanders by.

128. FLAVIUS. I charge the yit as I have ellis,
Be halie relickis, beidis and bellis,
Be ermeitis that in deſertis dwellis,
Be lumitoris* and tarlochis:
Be ſweit Sanct Stevin ſtanit to the deid,
And be Sanct Johne his halie heid,
Be Merling, Rymour, and be Beid,
Be witchis and be warlochis.

* limitoris, ed. 1612.

129. Be

129. Be Sanct Maloy, be Moyſes rod,
Be Mahomeit the Turkiſch God,
Be Julian and Sanct Elous nod,
Be Bernard and be Bryde:
Be Michaell that the dragon dang,
Be Gabriell and his auld ſang,
Be Raphaell in tyme of thrang,
That is to be as gyde.

130. EMILY. My luif, I think it verie lyke,
That ye war licht or lunatyke,
Ye ſeir, ye fray, ye ſidge, ye fyke,
As with a ſpreit poſſeſt:
Quhat is the mater that ye mene?
Quhat garris yow braid? quhair have ye bene?
Quhat aillis yow joy? quhat have ye ſene?
To rage with ſik unreſt.

131. FLAVIUS. Quhat have I ſene fals hound of hell,
I trowit quhen I did with the mell,
Thow was richt EMILIE thy ſell
Not ane incarnate devill:
Bot I richt now with my awin eine,
Richt EMILIE have maryit ſeine,
Sa thow mon be ane ſpreit uncleine,
Lord ſaif me fra thy evill.

132. Be

132. Be vertew of the Halie Ghaiſt,
Depairt out of myne hous in haiſt,
And God quhais power and micht is maiſt,
Conſerve me fra thy cummer:
Gang hence to hell or to the farie,
With me thow ma na langer tarie,
For quhy? I ſweir the be Sanct Marie,
Thou's be nane of my nummer.

133. PHILERNO. Gar wſche this hous for it grows lait.
Huſband I have for to debait,
With yow a lytill of eſtait,
Befoir wee go to bed:
Sen I am young and ye ar auld,
My curage kene, and ye bot cauld,
The ane mon to the uther fauld,
A faith befoir we ſched.

134. PHILOTUS. We wil not for the maiſtrie ſtryve,
We mon grie better and we thryve.
PHILERNO. Na be my faull we' is wit belyve,
Quha gets the upper hand:
Indeid thow ſall beir mee a bevell,
For with my neives I ſall the navell;
Auld cuſtrone carle tak thair a revell,
Than do as I command.

135. PHILOTUS. I ſie it cummis to cuffis the man,
Ile end the play that thow began,
That victorie thow never wan,
That ſall be bocht ſa deir:
Ha mercie, mercie EMILIE,
Tak ye the maiſtrie all for me,
For I ſall at your bidding be,
And ſlay me not, I ſweir.

136. PLESANT. Wel clappit burd quhan wil ye kiſſe?
Auld fuill, the feind reſave the miſſe,
Ye trowit to get ane burd of bliſſe,
To have ane of thir maggies:
Quhat think ye now? how is the cace,
Now ye'ill all doit *, allace, allace,
Now grace and honour on that face,
Quod Robein to the haggies.

137. PHILERNO. Than hecht in haiſt thairfoir that thow
Sall readie at my bidding bow,
Quhat ever I do thow ſall allow,
My fanſie to fulfill:
Sa gang I out, ſa cum I in,
Sa gif I waiſt, ſa gif I win,
Quhat ever I do mak ye na din,
Bot let me wirk my will.

* ye'ill do it all, ed. 1612.

138. Thou

138. Thou may not ſpeir the caus, and quhy,
Quhen that I liſt not with yow ly,
Quhat I the bid, and thow deny,
Wee will not weill agrie:
Quhen that I pleis furth to repair
Speir not the cumpanie, nor quhair:
Content thyſelf and mak na mair,
I man thy maiſter be.

139. PHILOTUS. I am content quhen and how ſone,
All till obey that ye injone,
That ye command it man be done
Thair is nane uther buit.
PHILERNO. Quhat is your pryce dameſall fair?
Quhat tak ye for a nichts lair?
HUIR. Ye ſall a crown upon me ſpair,
Bot quhom with ſal I do it?

140. PHILERNO. Ile get a man, have heir a croun,
Bot be weill ſtrange quhen ye ly doun,
Mak nyce and gar the larbair lowne,
Beleve ye be a mayd.
HUIR. The youngeſt las in all this citie,
Sall byde na mair requeiſt nor treitie,
Ile cry as I war huirt for pitie,
Quhen I am with him laid.

141. EMILY. Now ſen my huſband hes done ſa,
But caus for to put me him fra,
I will unto my father ga,
Beſoir his ſeit to fald.
Father ſa far I did offend,
That I may not my mis amend,
And am ovir pert for to pretend
Your dochter to be cald.

142. ALBERTO. Lament not, let that mater be,
Thy faltis ar buriet all with me.
Betwixt thy huſband now and thee,
Is onie new debait?
EMILY. I knaw of nane, bot hee indeid
Hes put mee fra him, quhat remeid?
And will na mair ſik foſteris feid,
He ſayis of myne eſtait.

143. ALBERTO. Quhat is the mater that ye meine
Againſt all ordour clair and cleine,
Schut hame your wyfe that hes not bene,
Yit fyve dayes in your aucht:
Is this ane pleſant godlie lyfe,
To be in barrace, ſturt and ſtryfe,
The feind wald faine man be your wyfe,
Can never ſit in ſaucht.

144. PHI-

144. PHILOTUS. Knew ye the treuth gude-man I trow
Hir labour ye ſould not allow,
Luke all my face, behald my brow,
That is baith blak and bla.
ALBERTO. It may weill be, I can not tell,
That ſcho durſt with that mater mell,
Let hir mak anſwer for hir ſell,
To ſie gif it be ſa.

145. Dochter gave I the this command,
That thow thy huſband ſould ganeſtand,
How durſt thow huir, him with thy hand,
Put to the point of felling.
EMILY. That war grit wrang ſir, gif ſa bee,
Bot hee na huſband is to mee,
Than how could wee twa diſagree,
That never had na melling?

146. ALBERTO. Na melling miſtris? wil ye than
Deny the mariage of that man,
In face of halie kirk quha can,
This open deid deny?
EMILY. Let reſoun ſir with yow prevaill,
Condemne mee not firſt in the faill,
Befoir that ye have hard my taill,
The treuth ſyne* may ye try.

* then, ed. 1612.

147. Now this is all that I wald ſay,
That FLAVIUS tuke mee away,
About a moneth and a day,
Dreſt in a varlet's weid:
With quhome I have bene ever ſtill,
Ane uther EMILIE ay and quhill,
Hee ſaw yow give PHILOTUS till,
And than in verie deid,

148. Supponing mee ane devill of hell,
With crewell conjurationnes fell,
Did mee out of his hous expell,
As with a bogill bazed:
As ane out of his mynde or marrit,
He hes mee of his hous debarrit,
I can not tell quhat hes him ſkarrit,
Or hes the man amazed.

149. ALBERTO. This purpois goſſe, appeirs to me
Sa wonder nyce and ſtrange to be,
That wee to wit the veritie,
For FLAVIUS man ſend;
Sir gif ye could declair us now,
How lang this woman was with yow,
And all the maner quhen and how,
Wee wald richt gladlie kend.

150. FLA-

150. FLAVIUS. Sa far ALBERTO as I knaw,
I ſall the ſuith unto you ſchaw,
Quhen I your douchters bewtie I ſaw *,
I offerit hir gude-will:
Accepting than the promiſe maid,
Cled lyke a boy but mair abaid,
Fra yow diſſaitfullie ſcho ſlaid,
And come myne houſe untill.

151. Quhair I hir keipit as my wyfe,
Tret, luifit and chereiſt hir for lyfe,
Quhill efter-ward fell out ane ſtryfe,
Thir maters all amang:
For plainlie in the kirk I ſaw,
This man became your ſone in law,
I did thairfoir perfytly knaw,
My EMILIE was wrang.

152. And that ſome ſpreit hir ſchaip had tane
Sen EMILIES thair was bot ane,
I thairfoir to that ghaiſt have gane,
Conjuring hir my ſell:
And fra my hous expellit hir to,
This woman ſeimis for to be ſcho,
Senſyne I had na mair ado,
With that fals feind of hell.

* bewtie ſaw, ed. 1612.

153. PHILOTUS. Now FLAVIUS, I wait richt weil
Sen ane of them man be a deill,
My maiglit face maks me to feill,
That myne man be the ſame:
For quhy: richt EMILIE is youris,
And that incarnate devill is ouris,
I gat, ye may ſie be my clouris,
A deill unto my dame.

154. PHILERNO. Heir I am cum to red the ſtryfe,
For I am neyther deill nor wyfe,
Bot am ane young man be my lyfe,
Your ſone, ſir, and your air;
Quhome ye for EMILIE haif tane,
And wald not ſirs let mee allane,
Quhill ye ſaw quhat gait it is gane,
I can tell yow na mair.

155. PHILOTUS. A man, allace, and harmiſay,
That with my only dochter lay,
Syne dang my ſell: quhat ſall I ſay
Of this unhappie chance?
Have I not maid a berrie block,
That hes for Jennie maryit Jock?
That mowit my dochter for a mock,
The devill be at the dance.

156. Allace

156. Allace, I am for ever ſchamit,
To be thus in my eild defamit,
My dochter is not to be blamit,
For I had all the wyte:
Auld men is twyſe bairnis, I perſaif,
The wyſeſt will in wowing raif
I for my labour with the laiſ,
Am drivin to this diſpyte.

157. Alberto. Gude goſſe, your wraith to pacifie,
Sen that thair may na better bee,
I am content my ſone that hee
Sall with your dochter marie.
Philerno. I am content with hart and will,
This mariage father to fulfill,
Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
Or yit his weird to warie.

158. Flavius. Be frolick Flavius and faine,
To get thy Emilie againe.
To deme my dow, was I not vaine,
That thow had bene a ſpreit?
Now ſen I am fred fra that feir,
And vaine illuſioun did appeir,
Welcum my darling and my deir,
My ſucker and my ſweit.

159. Gude

159. Gude ſirs, quhat is thair mair ado
Ilk youth his lufe hes gotten lo,
Let us thairfoir go quicklie to,
And marie with our maitis:
Let us foure lufers now rejoyſe,
Ilk ane for to injoy his choyſe,
Ane meiter matche nor ane of thoſe,
For tender young eſtaitis.

160. Let us all foure now with ane ſang*,
With mirth and melodie amang,
Give gloir to God that in this thrang,
Hes bene all our releif:
That hes fra thraldome ſet us frie,
And hes us placit in ſik degrie,
Ilk ane as hee wald wiſch to be,
With glaidnes for his greif.

Ane Sang of the Foure Lufearis.

Were Jacob's ſones mair joyfull for to ſe,
The waltring wawes King Pharaoh's oiſt confound,
Was Iſrael mair glaid in hart to be
Fred from all feir, befoir in bondage bound?
Quhen God them brocht from the Egiptian ground,
Was Mordocheus merier nor wee,
Quhen Artaxerxes alterit his decrie?

* Let us foure now all with one ſong, ed. 1612.

162. Was

162. Was greiter glaidnes in the land of Greice
Quhen Jaſon come from Colchos hame agane
And conqueiſt had the famous golden fleis,
With labour lang, with perrell and with pane?
The father Æzon was not half ſa faine,
To ſie his ſone returning with ſik gloir,
As wee, quhais myndis ar ſatisfyit, and moir.

163. Gif onie joy into this earth belaw,
Or warldlie pleſour reput be perfyte,
Quhat greiter ſolace ſall ye to mee ſhaw,
Nor till injoy your hartis all haill delyte?
To have your luſe and luſtie ladie quhyte,
In quhome ye may baith nicht and day rejoyſe:
In quhome ye may your pleſures all repoſe.

164. Let us thairfoir, ſen evin as wee wald wiſſe,
Reciprocklie with leill and mutuall luſe,
As fleitand in the fludes of joy and bliſſe,
With ſolace ſing and ſorrowes all remuſe,
Let us the fructes of preſent pleſour pruſe,
In recompence of all our former pane,
And miſerie, quhairin wee did remane.

PHILOTUS.

165. Bot now advert gude bretherin all about,
That of my labour hes the ſucces ſeine:
Ye that hes hard this haill diſcourſe throw out,
May knaw how far that I abuſit have bene,

I grant

I grant indeid thair will na man me meine,
For I my ſelf am authour of my greif,
That by my calling ſould be caryit cleine,
With youthlie toyis unto ſa greit miſcheif.

166. Gif I had weyit my gravitie and age,
Rememberit als my firſt and auncient ſait,
I had not ſowmit in ſik unkyndlie rage,
For to diſgrace mine honour and eſtait,
Quhat had bocht bot to my ſelf debait,
Suppois the mater had cum than as I meinit:
Nay my repentance is not half ſa lait,
As I had gotin the thing quhairfoir I greinit.

167. For thocht my folie did the Lord offend,
Yit my gude God hes wrocht all for the beſt;
And this rebuik hes thairfoir to me ſend,
All ſik inordinate doings to deteſt,
Quhilk ſweit rebuik I reckin with the reſt,
From fatherlie affection to proceid,
That uthers with lyke paſſiouns poſſeſt,
May leirne be my exampill to tak heid.

168. Sen age thairfoir ſuld governit be with ſkill,
Let countenance accord with your gray hairis;
Ye auncients all, let reſoun rewll your will,
Subdew your ſenſis till eſchew thir ſnairis,

Gif

Gif ye wald not incombred be with cairis,
Be maiſter over your awin affections haill:
For hailillie * the praiſe is onlie thairs,
That may againſt ſik paſſions prevaill.

The Meſſinger.

169. Gude ſirs, now have ye hard and ſene this ferſe †,
Unworthie of your audience I grant,
Unformallie ſet out in vulgar verſe,
Of waillit out words and leirnit leid bot ſkant ‡.
The courteours that princes hallis do hant,
I wait will never for my rudenes ruſe mee:
Yit my gude-will for to ſupplie the want,
I hope ſall of your courteſies excuſe mee.

170. For paſſing well I have imployit my panis
Swa that ye can be with the ſame content:
For dew regaird gude acceptiouns gaines,
And parties pleiſit dois mak the tyme wel ſpent.
Gif God had greiter leirning to mee lent,
I ſuld have ſchawin the ſame with als gude will:
Wyte ignorance that I did not invent,
Ane ferſe that micht your fantaſies fulfill.

* wholie all, ed. 1612.
† have ye heard us here reherſe, ed. 1612.
‡ language ſkant, ed. 1612.

171. Laſt firs, now let us pray with ane accord *,
For to preſerve the perſoun of our king:
Accounting ay this gift as of the Lord,
Ane prudent Prince above us for to ring.
Than gloir to God, and prayſis let us ſing,
The Father, Sone, and Halie Gaiſt our gyde,
Of his mercies us to conduct and bring,
To hevin for ay in pleſoures to abyde.

FINIS.

[SONG†.]

What if a day or a month or a yeere
Crown thy deſire with a thouſand wiſched contentings;
Can not the chance of ane nicht or ane houre,
Croſſe thy delightes with a thowſand ſad tormentings?
Fortune, honour, bewtie, youth, are but bloſſomes dying,
Wanton pleſoures, dotting love, are but ſhadowes flying:
All our joyes are but toyes idle thoughtes deceaving,
None hes power of an houre in thair lyves bereaving.

* Laſt let us pray to God with one accord, ed. 1612.
† From hence to the end omitted in the ed. of 1612.

Earth's but a point of the world, and a man
Is but a poynt of the earth's compared centure.
Shall than the poynt of a poynt be ſo vaine
As to delight in a fillie poynts aventure?
All is hazard that wee have, here is nothing byding:
Dayes of pleaſures ar but ſtremes throgh fair medowes glyding.
Well or wo tyme dois go, in tyme is no returning,
Secreete fates guydes our ſtates, both in mirth and murning.

GAWAN

GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS.

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

From the Edition printed at Edinburgh 1508, 8vo.

*** The diviſion into Parts, and the Arguments, are not in the original Impreſſion.

GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

KING ARTHUR goes to the Holy Land by Tuſcany or Italy, and his ſplendid attendance, St. I. II.—Difficulties of the way, III.—Diſcover a city and caſtle, IV.—Sir KAY ſent to examine, and enters a hall, V.—Hall deſcribed: Sir KAY ſees a fire, VI.—Sir KAY takes meat from the ſpits, and a knight appears, VII.—The knight blames KAY, who retorts, VIII.—KAY knocked down, and rides back to ARTHUR, IX.—GAWAN ſent, X.—GAWAN begs the lord of the caſtle for victuals for price, XI.—The lord ſays all is ARTHUR's own, and blames KAY, XII, XIII.—GAWAN returns to ARTHUR, who goes to the caſtle, XIV.—The lord offers

all to ARTHUR, and ſays he is his couſin, XV, XVI.—Entertainment for four days: ARTHUR proceeds: hunting, and journey, XVII, XVIII.—They ſee a caſtle on the river Rhone, which afterward proves to be that of GOLOGRAS, XIX.—ARTHUR enquires who is lord, XX.—SPINAGROS ſays, a knight who owns no ſuperior. ARTHUR vows that he will ſubdue him at his return, XXI.—SPINAGROS anſwers, that even the King of Macedon did not ſubdue him, XXII.—ARTHUR inſiſts on his vow, XXIII.—Goes to Jeruſalem by ſea, and returns to the Rhone, XXIV.

I.

IN the tyme of ARTHUR, as trew men me tald,
The king turnit ou ane tyde towart *Tuſkane*;
Hym to ſeik our the ſey, that ſaikles wes ſald,
The ſyre that ſendis all ſeill ſuthlie to ſane.
With banrentis, baronis, and bernis ſu l bald,
Biggaſt of bane and blude, bred in *Britane*.
Thai walit out worryouris, with wapinnis to wald;
The gayeſt grumys on grund with geir that mycht gane.
Dukis and digne lordis, douchty and deir,
Sembillit to his ſummoune;
Renkis of grete renoune;
Cumly kingis, with croune
Of gold that wes cleir.

II.

Thus the Royale can remove, with his round tabill,
Of all riches maiſt rike, in riall array;
Was never fundun on fold, but fenyeing or fabill,
Ane farayr floure on ane field, of freſch men in fay,
Farand on thair ſtedis ſtout men and ſtabill;
Mony ſterne our the ſtreit ſtertis on ſtray.
Thair baneris ſchane with the ſone, of ſilver and ſabill,
And uther glemyt as gold, and gowlis ſo gay.
Of ſilver and ſaphir ſchirly thai ſchane;
Ane fair battel on breid,
Merkit our ane fair meid.
With ſpurris ſpedely thai ſpeid
Our fellis in fane.

III.

The king faris with his folk, our firthis and fellis,
Feill dais or he fand of flynd or of fyre;
Bot deip dalis bedene, dounis, and dellis,
Montains, and mareſſe, with mony rank myre;
Birk in bewis, about boggis and wellis;
Withoutin beilding of blis, of bern, or of byre:
Bot torris, and tene wais, teirfull quha tellis,
Tuglit and travalit thus trew men can tyre.
Sa wundir wait wes the way, wit ye but wene.
And all thair vittalis war gone,
That thay weildit in wone.
Reſſet couth thai find none
That ſuld thair bute ben.

IV.

As thay walkit be the ſyde of ane fair well,
Throu the ſchynyng of the ſon ane cieté thai ſe.
With torris, and turatis, teirfull to tell,
Bigly batollit about with wallis ſa he.
The yettis war clenely kepit with ane caſtell,
Myght none fang it with force, bot foullis to fle.
Than carpit King ARTHUR, kene and cruel,
" I rede we ſend furth ane ſend to yone cieté,
" And aſk leif at the lord yone lands ſuld leid,
" That we myght entir in his toune,
" For his hie renoune,
" To by us vittale boune,
" For money to meid."

V.

Schir KAY carpit to the king courtes and cleir,
" Grant me, lord, on yone gait graithly to gay,
" And I ſall boidword, but abaid, bring to you heir,
" Gif he be frick on the fold, your freynd, or your fay."
' Sen thi will is to wend, wy, now in weir,
' Luke that wiſly thow wirk. Criſte were thé fra wa!'
The berne bounit to the burgh, with ane blith cheir,
Fand the yettis unclofit, and thrang in fell thra.
His hors he tyit to ane tre treuly that tyde.
Syne hynt to ane hie hall,
That wes aſtalit with pall;
Weill wroght wes the wall,
And payntit with pride.

VI. The

VI.

The ſylour deir of the deiſe dayntely wes dent
With the doughtyeſt, in thair dais, dyntis couth dele,
Bright letteris of gold, blith unto blent,
Makand mencioune quha maiſt of manhede couth mele.
He ſaw nane levand leid upone loft lent,
Nouthir lord, na lad; 'leif ye the lele.
The renk raikit in the ſaill, riale and gent,
That wondir wiſly wes wroght, with wourſchip and wele.
The berne beſely and bane blinkit hym about:
He ſaw, throu ane entré,
Charcole in ane chymné;
Ane bright fyre couth he ſe,
Birnand full ſtout.

VII.

Ane Duergh braydit about, beſily and bane,
Small birdis on broche, be ane brigh fyre.
Schir KAY ruſchit to the roiſt, and reft fra the ſwane;
Lightly claught, throu luſt, the lym fra the lyre.
To feid him of that fyne fude the freik wes full fane.
Than dynnyt the Duergh in angir and yre,
With raris quhil the rude hall reirdit agane.
With that come girdand in greif ane wound grym Sire.
With ſtout contenance and ſture he ſtude thame beforne;
With veſage lufly and lang,
Body ſtalwart and ſtrang,
That ſege wald ſit with none wrang
Of berne that wes borne.

VIII.

The knyght carpit to Schir KAY, cruel and kene,
" Methink thow ſedis thé unfair, freik, be my fay!
" Suppoſe thi birny be bright, as bachiler ſuld ben,
" Yhit ar thi latis unlufsum, and ladlike, I lay.
" Quhy has thou marrit my man with maiſtri to mene?
" Bot thow mend hym that mys, be Mary, mylde may,
" Thow ſall rew in thi ruſe, wit thow but wene,
" Or thow wond of this wane wemeles away."
Schir KAY wes haiſty, and hate, and of ane hie will.
Spedely to hym ſpak,
" Schort amendis will I mak.
" Thi ſchore compt I noght ane laik:
" Traiſt wele thair till."

IX.

Thair with the grume in his grief leit gird to Schir KAY;
Fellit the freke with his fiſt flat in the flure.
He wes ſa aſtonayt with the ſtraik, in ſtede quhare he lay
Stok ſtill as ane ſtane; the ſterne wes ſa ſture.
The freik na forthir he faris, bot foundis away.
The tothir drew hym on dreigh in derne to the dure;
Hyit hym hard throu the hall to his haiknay,
And ſped hym on ſpedely, on the ſpare mure,
The renk reſtles he raid to ARTHOUR the king.
Said, "lord wendis in your way:
" Yone berne nykis you with nay.
" To priſe hym forthir to pray
" It helpis na thing."

X. Than

X.

Than ſpak Schir GAWANE the gay, gratious and gude,
" Schir ye knaw that Schir KAY is crabbit of kynde.
" I rede ye mak furth ane man mekar of mude,
" That will with fairnes fraiſt frendſchip to fynd.
" Your folk ar febil, and faynt, for falt of thair fude."
' Sum better boidword to abide, undir wod lynd,
' Schir GAWYNE, graith ye that gait, for the gude rude;
' Is nane ſa bowſum ane berne, brith for to bynd.'
The heynd knight at his haiſt held to the toune.
The yettis wappit war wyde
The knyght can raithly in ryde.
Reynit his palfray of pryde,
Quhen he ves lighit doun.

XI.

Schir GAWYNE gais furth the gait that graithit wes gay,
The quhilk that held to the hall, heyndly to ſe.
Than wes the Syre in the ſaill, with renkis of array,
And blith birdis hym about, that bright wes of ble.
Wourthy Schir GAWYNE went on his way:
Sobirly the ſoverane ſaluſt has he.
" I am ſend to your ſelf, and charge for to ſay,
" Fra cumly ARTHUR the king, corteſſe and fre.
" Quhilk prays for his ſaik and your gentrice,
" That he might cum this toun till,
" To by vittale at will,
" Alſe deir as ſegis will ſell,
" Payand the price."

XII. Than

XII.

Than ſayd the ſyre of the ſaill, and the ſoverane,
" I will na vittale be ſauld your ſenyeour untill."
" That is at your aune will," ſaid wourthy GAWANE.
" To mak you lord of your aune methink it grete ſkill."
Than right gudly that grome anſuerit agane,
" Quhy I tell thé this taill, tak tent now thair till.
" Paſe on thi purpos, furth to the plane:
" For all the wyis I weild ar at his aune will',
" How to luge, and to leynd, and in my land lent.
" Gif I ſauld hym his awin,
" It war wrang to be knawin:
" Than war I wourthy to be drawin
" Baldly on bent.

XIII.

" I hare come ane laithles leidair to this place,
" With ane girdill ourgilt, and uthir light gere.
" It kythit, be his cogniſance, ane knight that he wes;
" Bot he wes ladlike of lait, and light of his feré.
" The verray cauſe of his come I knew noght the cace,
" Bot wondir wraighly he wroght, and all as of were.
" Yit wait I noght quhat he is, be Goddis grete grace:
" Bot gif it happin that he be ane knyght of youris here,
" Has done my lord to diſpleiſe, that I hym ſaid ryght,
" And his preſence plane;
" I ſay you in certane
" He ſal be ſet agane,
" As I am trew knight."

XIV. Schir

XIV.

Schir GAWINE gettis his leif, and grathis to his ſteid;
And broght to the bauld king boidword of blis.
" Weill gretis yow, lord, yone luſty in leid,
" And ſays him likis in land your langour to lis.
" All the wyis in welth he weildis in weid
" Sall halely be at your will, all that is his."
Than he merkit with myrth, our ane grene meid,
With all the beſt, to the burgh, of lordis I wis.
The knight kepit the king, cumly and cleir,
With lordis and ladyis of eſtate,
Met hym furth on the gate,
Syne tuke hym in at yate
With ane bligh cheir.

XV.

He had that heynd to ane hall, hiely on hight,
With dukes and digne lordis, doughty indeid.
" Ye ar welcum, cumly king," ſaid the kene knyght,
" Ay quhil yow likis, and liſt, to luge in this leid.
" Heir I mak yow of myne maiſter of myght,
" Of all the wyis, and welth, I weild in this ſteid,
" Thair is na ridand Roy, be reſoun and right,
" Sa deir welcum this day, doutles but dreid.
" I am your couſing of kyn, I mak to you knawin.
" This kyth, and this caſtell,
" Firth, foreſt, and fell,
" Ay quhill you likis to duell,
" Reſſave as your awin.

XVI. " I may

XVI.

" I may refreſch you with folk to feght, gif you nedis,
" With thretty thouſand tald, and traiſtfully tight,
" Of wiſe, wourthy, and wight, in thair were wedis;
" Baith with birny, and brand, to ſtrenth you ful ſtright,
" Weill ſtuffit in ſteill, on thair ſtout ſtedis."
Than ſaid King ARTHUR hymſelf, ſeymly be ſight,
" Sic frendſchip I hald fair, that forſſis thair dedis;
" Thi kyndnes ſal be quyt, as I am trew knight."
Than thay buſkit to the bynke, beirnis of the beſt;
The king crounit with gold;
Dukis deir to behold;
Allyns the banrent bold
Gladdit his geſt.

XVII.

Thair myght ſeruice be ſene, with ſegis in ſaill,
Thoght all ſelcought war ſoght, fra the ſon to the ſee.
Wynis went within the wane, maiſt wourthy to waill
In coupis of cleir gold, brichteſt of blee.
It was full teir to tell, treuly in taill,
The ſeir courſſis that war ſet in that ſemblee.
The mereiſt war menſkit on mete at the maill,
With menſtralis myrthfully makand thame glee.
Thus thay ſolaiſt thame ſelvin, ſuthly to ſay
Al thay four dais to end.
The king thankit the heynd;
Syne tuke his leve for to wend;
And went on his way.

XVIII. Thus

XVIII.

Thus refreſchit he his folk, in grete fuſioun;
Withoutin wanting in waill, waſtell, or wyne.
Thai turſſit up tentis, and turnit of toun,
The Roy with his round tabill, richeſt of ryne.
Thay drive on the da deir, be dalis and doun,
And of the nobilleſt be name noumerit of nyne.
Quhen it drew to the dirk nycht, and the day yeid doun,
Thai plantit doun pavillonis proudly fra thine.
Thus journait gentilly thyr chevalrouſe knichtis
Ithandly ilk day,
Throu mony fer contray,
Our the montains gay,
Holtis, and hillis.

XIX.

Thai paſſit in thare pilgrimage, the proudeſt in pal,
The prince provit in preſe, that priſe wes and deir.
Syne war thai war of ane wane, wrocht with ane wal,
Reirdit on ane riche roche, beſide ane riveir.
With doubill dykis bedene, drawin our all;
Micht nane thame note with invy, nor nycht thame to neir.
The land was likand in large, and lufsom to call.
Propir ſchene ſchane the ſon, reymly and ſeir.
The king ſtude veſiand the wall, maiſt vailyeand to ſe.
On that river he ſaw
Cumly touris to knaw:
The Roy rekinnit on raw
Thretty and thre.

XX. Apone

XX.

Apone that riche river, randonit full evin,
The ſide wallis war ſet, ſad to the ſee.
Scippis ſaland thame by, ſexty and ſevyn,
To ſend, quhen thameſelf liſt, in ſeir cuntré:
That all thai that ar wrocht, undir the hie hevin,
Micht nocht warne thame, at will, to iſche, nor entré.
Than carpit the cumly king, with ane loud ſtevin,
'Yone is the ſeymliaſt ſicht, that ever couth I ſe!
'Gif thair be any keyne knycht that can tell it,
'Quha is lord of yone land,
'Luſty and likand;
'Or quham of is he haldand;
'Fayne wald I wit.'

XXI.

Than Schir SPYNAGROSE with ſpeche ſpak to the king,
"Yone lord haldis of nane leid that yone land aw;
"Bot ever leſting, but legiance, to his leving,
"As his eldaris has done, enduring his daw."
'Hevinly God,' ſaid the heynd; 'how happy nis this thing?
'Herd thair ever ony ſage ſa ſelcouth ane ſaw?
'Sal never myne hart be in ſaill, na in liking,
'Bot gif I loiſſing my life, or be laid law,
'Be the pilgramage compleit, I pas for ſaull-prow;
'Bot dede be my deſtenyng,
'He ſall, at my agane cumyng,
'Mak homage and obliſſing,
'I mak myne avow.'

XXII. "A

XXII.

" A Lord! ſparis of fic ſpeche, quhill ye ſpeir more;
" For abandonit will he noght be, to berne that is borne;
" Or he be ſtrenyeit with ſtrenth, yone ſterne for to ſchore,
" Mony ledis ſal be loiſſit, and liſſis forlorne.
" Spekis na ſucceudry, for Criſtis ſone deir.
" Yone knicht to ſcar wyth ſkaith ye chaip nocht but ſcorne.
" It is full fair for to be fallow, and ſeir,
" To the beſt that has been beevit you beforne.
" The myghty King of *Maſſidone*, wourthieſt but wene,
" Thair gat he nane homage,
" For all his hie parage,
" Of lord of yone lynage,
" Nor never none ſene.

XXIII.

" The wy that wendis for to were quhen he wenys beſt,
" All his will in this warld with welthis, I wys,
" Yit ſall be licht as leif of the lynd leſt,
" That welters down with the wynd, ſa waverand it is.
" Your mycht and your majeſté meſure but mys."
' In faith,' ſaid the cumly king, ' throw the full traiſt
' My hecht ſall haldin be, for baild or for blis.
' Sall never my likame be laid unlaiſſit to ſleip,
' Quhill I have gart yone berne bow,
' As I have maid myne avow.
' Or ellis mony wedow
' Full wraithly ſall weip.'

XXIV. Thair

XXIV.

Thair wes na man that durſt mel to the king,
Quhan thai ſaw that mighty ſa movit in his mude.
The Roy rial raid, withoutin reſting,
And ſocht to the *ciete of Criſte*, our the ſalt ſlude.
With mekil honour in erd he maid his offering.
Syne buſkit hame the ſamyne way, that he before yude.
Thayr wes na ſpurris to ſpair, ſpedely thai ſpring;
Thai brochit bloukis to thair ſidis briſt of rede blude.
Thus the Roy, and his rout, reſtles thai raid
Ithandly ilk day,
Our the montains gay,
To *Rone** tuke the reddy way,
Withoutin mare abaid.

* The river Rhone. Part IV. St. 27.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

ARTHUR plants his pavilions before the caſtle of Gologras, I.—Adviſed to ſend an envoy, II.—SPINAGROS praiſes the Lord of the Caſtle, and adviſes mildneſs, III. IV.—Envoys ſent and ſalute the Lord, V, VI. GAWAN delivers the meſſage to GOLOGRAS, VII, VIII, IX.—GOLOGRAS refuſes homage, X, XI.—The preparations and ſiege, XII, XIII, XIV.—ARTHUR inſiſts, SPINAGROS praiſes GOLOGRAS, XV, XVI.—ARTHUR hears a ſignal and GALIOT comes to challenge, XVII, XVIII.—ARTHUR calls GAUDIFER to fight him, XIX.—Who takes GALIOT priſoner, XX, XXI.—Grief of GOLOGRAS, who ſends Sir RIGAL of RHONE, XXII.—RANALD fights him: both killed, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXVI.

I.

Thai plantit doun ane pailyeoun, upon ane plane lee,
Of pall and of pillour that proudly wes picht;
With rapis of rede gold, riale to ſee,
And grete enſenyes of the ſamyne ſemly by ſicht.
Bourdouris about, that bricht war of ble,
Betin with brint gold, burely and bricht;
Frenyeis of fyne ſilk fretitt full fre,
With deir dyamonthis bedene, that dayntely wes dicht.
The king cumly in kith, coverit with croune,
Callit knichtis ſa kene,
Dukis douchty bedene:
" I rede we caſt us betuene
" How beſt is to done.

II.

Than ſpak ane wight werior, wourthy and wiſe,
" I rede ane ſayndis man ye ſend to yone ſenyeour,
" Of the proudeſt in pall, and haldin of priſe,
" Wiſe, vailyeing, and moiſt of valour.
" Gif yone douchty in deid will do your deviſe,
" Be boune at your bidding, in burgh and in bour,
" Reſſave him reverendly, as reſoun in lyis;
" And gif he nykis you with nay, you worthis on neid
" For to aſſege yone caſtel,
" With cant men and cruel,
" Durandly for to duel,
" Ever quhill you ſpeid."

III.

Than ſchir GAUANE the gay, grete of degre,
And Schir LANCELOT DE LAKE, withoutin leſing,
And avenand Schir EWIN thai ordanit; that thre
To the ſchore Chiftane chargit fra the kyng.
SPYNAGROS than ſpekis; ſaid, "Lordingis in le,
"I rede ye tent treuly to my teching,
"For I knaw yone bauld berne better than ye;
"His land, and his lordſchip, and his leving.
"And ye ar thre in this thede thrivand oft in thrang;
"War al your ſtrenthis in ane,
"In his grippis and ye gane,
"He wald ourcum you ilk ane;
"Yone ſterne is ſa ſtrang.

IV.

"And he is maid on mold meik as ane child;
"Blith and bouſum that berne, as byrd in hir bour.
"Fayr of fell, and of face, as flour unfild:
"Wondir ſtalwart, and ſtrang, to ſtrive in ane ſtour.
"Thairfore meikly with mouth mel to that myld,
"And make him na manance, bot all meſoure.
"Thus with trety ye caſt yon trew undre tyld,
"And faynd his frendſchip to fang, with fyne favour.
"It hynderis never for to be heyndly of ſpeche.
"He is ane lord riale,
"Has ſeymly ſoverane in ſale;
"Ane wourthy wy for to wale.
"Throu all this warld riche.

V.

'Thi counſale is convenabill, kynd, and courteſe,
'Forthi us likis thi lair, liſtin and leir.'
Thai wyis wourthy in weid wend on thair ways;
And caryis to the caſtell, cumly and cleir.
Sent ane ſaynd to the ſoverane ſone, and hym ſais,
'Thre knichtis fra court cum thay weir.'
Than the ladis belife the lokkis unlaiſſis;
On fute freſchly thai frekis foundis but feir.
The renkis raithly can raik into the round hald.
Thair met thame at the entré
Ladys likand to ſe,
Thretty knichtis and thre,
That blith war and bald.

VI.

Thai war courtes, and couth, thair knyghthed to kyth:
Athir uthir wele gret, in gretly degré.
Thai bowit to the bernys, that bright war and blith;
Fair in armys to fang, of figure ſa fre.
Syne thay ſought to the chalmer ſwiftly and ſwith,
The gait to the grete lord ſemely to ſe.
And ſaluſt the ſoverane ſone in ane ſith,
Courteſly inclinand, and kneland on kne.
Ane blithar wes never borne of bane nor of blude.
All thre in certane
Saluſt the ſoverane,
And he inclynand agane,
Hatles but hude.

VII.

Than Schir GAWYNE the gay, gude and gracius,
That ever wes beildit in blis, and bounté embrafit,
Joly, and gentill, and full chevailrus,
That never poynt of his prife wes fundin defafit;
Egir, and ertand, and ryght anterus,
Illuminat with lawte, and with lufe lafit,
Melis of the meſſage to Schir GOLAGRUS,
(Before the riale on raw the renk was noght rafit,)
With ane clene contenance, cumly to knaw;
Said, 'Our ſoverane ARTHOUR
'Gretis the with honour,
'Has maid us thre as mediatour,
'His meſſage to ſchaw.

VIII.

'He is the rialleſt roy, reverend and rike,
'Of all the rentaris to ryme, or rekin on raw.
'Thare is na leid on life of lordſchip hym like;
'Na nane ſa doughty of deid induring his daw.
'Mony burgh, mony bour, mony big bike;
'Mony kynrik to his clame cumly to knaw:
'Maneris full menksfull, with mony deip dike,
'Selcouth war the ſevint part to ſay at ſaw.
'Thare anerdis to our nobill to note, quhen hym nedis,
'Tuelf crounit kingis in feir,
'With all thair ſtrang poweir,
'And meny wight weryer
'Worthy in wedis.

IX.

' It has bene tauld hym with tong, trow ye full traiſt,
' Your dedis, your dignité, and your doughtynes;
' Brevit throu bounté for ane of the beſt,
' That now is namyt neir of all nobilnes,
' Sa wyde quhare wourſcip walkis be weſt;
' Our ſeymly ſoverane hymſelf forſuth will noght ceſe
' Quhill he have frely fangit your frendſchip to feſt,
' Gif pament, or praier, might mak that purcheſe.
' For na largeſe my lord, noght will he never let
' Na for na riches to rigne,
' I mak you na leſing;
' It was his maiſt yarnyng
' Your grant for to get.'

X.

Than ſaid the ſyre of the ſail, with ſad ſembland,
" I thank your gracious grete lord, and his gude will,
" Had never leid of this land, that had been levand,
" Maid ony feuté before, freik, to fulfil,
" I ſuld fickirly myſelf be conſentand,
" And ſeik to your ſoverane, ſeymly on ſyll.
" Sen hail our doughty elderis has bene endurand,
" Thrivandly in this thede, unchargit as thril,
" If I for obeiſance, or boiſt, to bondage me bynde,
" I war wourthy to be
" Hingit heigh on ane tre,
" That ilk creature might ſe
" To waif with the wynd.

XI. " Bot

XI.

" Bot ſavand my ſenyeoury fra ſubjectioun,
" And my lordſcip unlamyt, withoutin legiance,
" All that I can to yone king, cumly with croun,
" I ſall preif all my pane to do hym pleſance.
" Baith with body, and beild, bowſum and boun,
" Hym to menſk on mold, withoutin manance.
" Bot nowthir for his ſenyeoury, nor for his ſummoun,
" Na for dreid of na dede, na for na diſtance,
" I will noght bow me ane bak, for berne that is borne.
" Quhill I may my wit wald,
" I think my fredome to hald,
" As my eldaris of ald
" Has done me beforne."

XII.

Thai lufly ledis at that lord thair levis has laught:
Boundit to the bauld king; and boidword hym broght.
Than thai ſchupe for to aſſege ſegis unſaught,
Ay the manlyeſt on mold, that maiſt of myght moght.
Thair wes reſtling and reling but reſt that raught:
Mony ſege our the ſey to the cité ſocht:
Schipmen our the ſtreme thai ſtithill full ſtraught,
With alkin wappyns I wys that wes for were wroght.
Thai bend bowis of bras braithly within.
Pellokis paiſand to paſe,
Gapand gunnys of braſe,
Grundin ganyeis thair waſe,
That maid ful gret dyn.

XIII.

Thair wes blaving of bemys, braging and beir,
Bretynit doune braid wod maid bewis full bair:
Wrightis welterand doune treis, wit ye but weir,
Ordanit hurdys ful hie in holtis fa haire.
For to greif thair gomys grameſt that wer,
To gar the gayeſt on grund grayne undir geir.
Thus thai ſchupe for ane ſall ilk ſege ſeir:
Ilka ſoverane his enſenye ſhewin has thair.
Ferly fayr wes the feild, ſiekerit and ſaw,
With gold and goulis in greyne,
Schynand ſcheirly and ſcheyne,
The ſone, as criſtall ſa cleyne,
In ſcheildis thai ſchaw.

XIV.

Be it wes mydmorne, and mare, merkit on the day,
Schir GOLAGROS' mery men, menſkful of myght,
In greis, and garatouris, grathit full gay;
Sevyne ſcore of ſcheildis thai ſchew at ane ſicht.
Ane helme ſet to ilk ſcheild, ſiker of aſſay,
With fel laus on loft, lemand full light.
Thus flourit thai the forefront, thair ſays to fray,
The frekis, that war fundin ferſe, and forſſy in fight.
Ilk knyght his cunyſance kithit full cleir.
Thair names wriſten all thare,
Quhat berne that it bare,
That ilk freke quhare he fare,
Might wit quhat he weir.

XV. "Yone

XV.

" Yone is the warlieſt wane," ſaid the wiſe king,
" That ever I wiſt in my walk in all this warld wyde.
" And the ſtraiteſt of ſtuf with richeſe to ring,
" With unabaſit bernys bergane to abide.
" May nane do thame na deir with undoyng,
" Yone houſe is ſa huge hie, fra harme thame to hide.
" Yit ſal I mak thame unrufe, foroutin reſting,
" And reve thame thair rentis with routis full ride,
" Thoght I ſuld fynd thame new notis for this nyne yeir;
" And in his aune preſence
" Heir ſall I make reſidence
" Bot he with forte make defence
" With ſtrenth me to ſteir."

XVI.

" Quhat medis," ſaid SPINAGRUS, " ſic notis to nevin?
" Or ony termis be turnit, I tell you treuly,
" For thair is ſegis in yone ſaill will ſet upone ſevin,
" Or thay be wrangit, I wis, I warne you ilk wy.
" Nane hardiar of hertis undir the hevin:
" Or thay be dantit with dreid erar will thai de.
" And thai with men upone mold be machit full evin,
" Thai ſal be fundin right ferſe, and full of chevalrie.
" Schir, ye ar in your majeſte, your mayne, and your myght,
" Yit within thir dais thre,
" The ſicker ſuth ſall ye ſe,
" Quhat kin men that thai be,
" And how thai dar fight."

XVII. As

XVII.

As the reverend Roy wes reknand upone raw,
With the rout of the rounid tabill that wes richeſt,
The king crounit with gold, cumly to knaw,
With reverend baronis, and beirnes of the beſt;
He hard ane bugill blaſt brym, and ane loud blaw,
As the feynity ſone filit to the reſt,
Agane gais to ane garet glifnand to ſhaw,
Turnit to ane hie toure, that tight wes full treſt.
Ane helme of hard ſteill in hand has he hynt,
Ane ſcheld wroght all of weir,
Semyt wele upone ſeir;
He grippit to ane greit ſpeir,
And furth his wais wynt.

XVIII.

"Quhat ſignifyis yone ſchene ſcheild?" ſaid the ſenyeour.
"The lufly helme, and the lance, all ar away.
"The brym blaſt that he blew, with ane ſtevin ſtour?"
Than ſaid Sir SPYNAGRUS with ſpeche, "The ſuth ſall I ſay.
"Yone is ane freik in his forte, and freſch in his flour,
"To ſe that his ſchire weid be ſicker of aſſay
"He thinkis proveſe to preve, for his paramour,
"And prik in your preſence to purcheſe his pray.
"Forthi makis furth ane man, to mach him in feild,
"That knawin is for cruel,
"Doughty dyntis to dell
"That for the maiſtry mell
"With ſchaft and with ſcheild."

XIX. Than

XIX.

Than wes the king wondir glaid, and callit GAUDIFEIR;
Quhilum in *Britane* that berne had baronyis braid.
And he gudly furth gais, and graithit his geir;
And buskit him to battel, without mair abaid.
That wy walit, I wis, all wedis of weir,
That nedit hym to note gif he nane had.
Bery broune wes the blonk, burely and braid,
Upone the mold quhare thai met, before the myd day.
With lufly lancis, and lang,
Ane feire feild can thai fang,
On ſtedis ſtalwart and ſtrang,
Baith blanchart and bay.

XX.

GAUDIFEIR, and GALIOT, in glemand ſteil wedis,
As glavis glowand on gleid, grymly thai ride.
Wondir ſternly thai ſteir on thair ſtent ſtedis;
Athir berne fra his blonk borne wes that tide.
Thai ruſchit up rudly, quha ſa right redis;
Out with ſuerdis thai ſwang, fra thair ſchalk ſide.
Thairwith wraithly thai wirk, thai wourthy in wedis,
Hewit on the hard ſteil, and hurt thame in the hide.
Sa wondir freſchly thai frekis fruſchit in feir,
Throw all the harnes thai hade,
Baith birny and breiſt plade,
Thairin wappynis couth wade,
Wit ye but weir.

XXI. Thus

XXI.

Thus thai faught upone fold, with ane fel fair,
Quhill athir berne in that breth bokit in blude.
Thus thai mellit on mold, ane myle way and mair,
Wraithly wroht as thei war, witleſe and wode.
Baith thai ſegis forſuth, ſadly and ſair,
Thoght thai war aſtonait, in the ſtour ſtithly thai ſtude.
The ſeght ſa felly thai fang, with ane freſch fair,
Quhill GAUDIFEIR, and GALIOT, baith to grund yhude.
GAUDIFEIR gat up agane, throu Goddis grete mightis.
Abone him wichtely he wan,
With the craft that he can.
Thai lovit God, and Sanct An,
The king and his knightis.

XXII.

Than wes GALIOT the gome hynt intill ane hald.
GOLAGRUS grew in greif grymly in hart;
And callit Schir RIGAL of *Rone*, ane renk that wes bald,
" Quhill this querrell be quyt I cover never in quert.
" With wailit wapnis of were, even on yone wald,
" On ane ſterand ſteid, that ſternly will ſtert,
" I pray the, for my ſaik, that it be deir ſald;
" Was never ſa unſound ſet to my hert."
That gome gudly furth gays, and graithit his gere;
Blew ane blaſt of ane horne,
As wes the maner beforne;
Scheld and helm has he borne
Away with his ſpere.

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The king crounit with gold this cumpas wel knew,
And callit Schir RAUNALD, cruell and kene;
'Gif ony preſſis to this place, for proues to perſew,
'Schaip thé evin to the ſchalk in thi ſchroud ſchene.'
The deir dight him to the deid be the day dew,
His birny, and his baſnet, burniſt full bene;
Baith his horſe, and his geir, wes of ane hale hew,
With gold and goulis ſa gay, graithit in grene.
Ane ſchene ſcheild, and ane ſchaft that ſcharply was ſched;
Thre berhedis he bair,
As his eldaris did air,
Quhilk beirnis in *Britane* wair
Of his blude bled.

XXIV.

Quhen the day can daw deirly on hight,
And the ſone in the ſky wes ſchynyng ſo ſchir,
Fra the caſtell thair come cariand ane knight,
Cloſit in clene ſteill, upone ane courſyr.
Schir RANNALD to his riche ſteid raikit full riht,
Lighly lap he on loft, that' luſly of lyre;
Athir laught has thair lance, that lemyt ſo light.
On twa ſtedis thai ſtraid, with ane ſterne ſchiere.
Togiddir freſchly thai frekis fruſchit in ſay.
Thair ſperis in ſplendris ſprent,
On ſcheldis ſchenkit and ſchent,
Evin our thair hedis went
In feild fir away.

XXV. Thai

XXV.

Thai lufly ledis belife lightit on the land,
And laught out ſwerdis lufly and lang:
Thair ſtedis ſtakkerit in the ſtour, and ſtude ſtummerand,
Al to ſtiffillit, and ſtonayt; the ſtrak is war ſa ſtrang.
Athir berne braithly ber, with ane bright brand;
On fute freſchly thai frekis feightin thai fang,
Thai bewit on hard ſteil hartly with hand,
Quhil the ſpalis, and the ſparkis, ſpedely out ſprang.
Schir RANNALD raught to the renk ane rout wes unryde,
Clenely in the collair;
Fifty mailyeis and mair,
Evin of the ſchuldir he ſchair
Ane wound that wes wyde.

XXVI.

Thus thai faucht on ſute, on the fair feild;
The blude ſamyt thame fra on feild quhare thai found;
All the bernys on the bent, about that beheild,
For pure ſorow of that ſight thai ſighit unſound,
Schire teris ſchot fra ſchalkis ſchene under ſcheild,
Quhen thai foundrit ane fel fey to the grund.
Baith thair hartis can briſt braithly but beild:
Thair wes na ſtalvart unſtonait, ſo ſterne was the ſtound.
Schir RANNALDIS body wes broght to the bright tent.
Syne to the caſtel of ſtone
Thai had Schir RIGAL of *Rone*;
With mekil murnyng and mone
Away with him went.

PART III.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

RIGAL and RANALD buried: GOLOGRAS ſends four knights, I.—Four oppoſe them, II.—The combat and its iſſue, III, IV, V, VI, VII.—Other knights fight, VIII, IX.—GOLOGRAS reſolves to fight himſelf, X. —SPINAGROS adviſes ARTHUR to appoint a champion, who names GAWAN, XI, XII.—Advice of SPINAGROS to GAWAN, XIII, XIV.—KAY rides out and fights a knight, XV, XVI.—The knight yields, and KAY leads him to ARTHUR, XVII, XVIII.—GOLOGRAS and GAWAN appear, XIX, XX.—The combat deſcribed at great length, XXI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXVI, XXVII.

I.

Thus endit the avynantis with mekil honour:
Yit has men thame in mynd for thair manhede.
Thair bodeis wes beryit, baith in ane hour:
Set ſegis for thair faullis, to ſyng and to reid.
Than GOLOGRUS graithit of his men in gliſnand armour,
Ane Schir LOWIS the lele, ane lord of that leid;
Ane uthir heght EDMOND, that provit paramour;
The thrid heght Schir BANTELLAS, the batal to leid;
The ferd wes ane weryour, worthy and wight,
His name wes Schir SANGUEL,
Cumly and cruel.
Thir four, treuly to tell,
Foundis to the fight.

II. Schir

II.

Schir LYONEL to Schir LOUYS wes levit with ane lance:
Schir EWIN to Schir EDMOND athir full evin:
Schir BEDWAR to Schir BANTELLAS, to enschew his chance,
That baith war nemmyt in neid nobil to nevin:
To Schir SANGWEL soght gude GYROMALANCE.
Thus thai mellit, and met with ane stout stevin.
Thir lusly ledis on the land, without legiance,
With seymely scheidis to schew thai set upone sevin:
Thir cumly kinghtis to kyth ane cruel course maid.
The frekis selloune in seir
Wondir stoutly can steir,
With geir grundin full cleir
Rudly thai raid.

III.

Than thair hors with thair hochis sic harmis couth hint,
As trasit in unquart quakand thai stand.
The frekis freschly thai fure, as fyre out of flynt,
Thair lusly lances thai loissit, and lichtit on the land.
Right styth stuffit in steill thai stotit na stynt;
Bot buskit to battaile, with birny and brand.
Thair riche birnys thai bet dersly with dynt;
Hewis down in grete haist hartly with hand.
Thai mighty men upon mold ane riale courss maid;
Quhill clowis of clene maill
Hoppit out as the haill:
Thay beirnys in the bataill
Sa bauldly thai baid.

IV. Thai

IV.

Thai bet on ſa bryimly, thai beirnys on the bent;
Briſtis birneis with brandis burniſt full bene:
Throu thair ſchene ſcheildis thair ſchuldris var ſchent;
Fra ſchalkis ſchot ſchire blude our ſcheildis ſo ſchene.
Ryngis of rank ſteill rattillit and rent:
Gomys grifly on the grund, grains on the grene,
The Roy ramyt for reuth, richeſt of rent,
For thair of his knightis, cruel and kene.
Sa wondir freſchly thair force thai freſt on the feildis;
So huge wes the mellé,
Wes nane ſa couth ſe
Quhilk gome ſuld govern the gre,
Bot God that all weildis.

V.

The Wyis wroght uther grete wandreth, and weuch;
Wirkand woundis full wyde, with wapnis of were.
Helmys of hard ſteill thai hatterit and heuch.
In that hailſing thai hynt grete harmys and here.
All to turnit thair intyre traiſtly and tewch;
Burniſt bladis of ſteill throw birneis thay bore.
Schort ſverdis of ſcheith ſmertly thay dreuch.
Athir freik to his fallow, with fellonne affere,
Throw platis of poliſt ſteil thair poyntis can paſe.
All thus thai threw in that thrang
Stalvert ſtraks, and ſtrang:
With daggaris derfly thay dang
Thai doughtyis on daſe.

VI.

Schir LYONELL Schir LOWES laught has in hand;
And ſeſit is SANGWELL with GIROMALANS the gude;
Schir EVIN has Schir EDMOND laid on the land,
Braithly bartynit with baill, bullerand in blude.
Schir BEDWAR to Schir BANTELLAS yaldis up his brand.
In that ſtalwart ſtour, thay ſtyth men in ſtude,
Wes nane forſſy on fold, that wes feghtand,
Unmanglit and marrit, myghtles in mude.
Wes nane ſa proud of his part that priſit quhen he yeid.
BEDWER and LYONELL
War led to the Caſtell,
The cumly knight SANGWELL
To ARTHOUR thay led.

VII.

Schir EDMOND loiſſit has his life, and laid is full law:
Schir EVIN hurtis has hynt hidwiſe, and ſair;
Knightis caryis to the corſe was cumly to knaw,
And had hym to the Caſtell, with mekill hard cair.
Thai did to that doughty as the dede aw.
Uthir four of the folk foundis to the fair,
That wes dight to the dede, be the day can daw.
Than ſaid bernys bald, brym as bair,
'We ſal evin that is od, or end in the pane.'
Thai ſtuffit helmys in hy,
Breiſt plait, and birny,
Thay renkis maid reddy
All geir that myght gane;

VIII. Schir

VIII.

Schir AGALUS, Schir EWMOND, honeſt and habill;
Schir MYCHIN, Schir MELIGOR, men of grete eſtait;
Than ſtertis out ane ſterne Knyght, ſtalwart and ſtabill,
Ane berne that hight Schir HEW, hardy and hait.
Nou will I rekkin the renkis of the round tabill,
That has traiſtly thame tight to governe that gait.
Furth faris the folk, but fenyeing or fabill,
That bemyt war be the lord, luffsum of lait.
Schir CADOR of *Cornwell*, cumly and cleir;
Schir OWALES, Schir IWELL,
Schir MYREOT mighty in mell;
Thir four, trewly to tell,
Foundis n feir.

IX.

Thair wes na trety of treux, trow ye full traiſt,
Quhen thai myghty can mach, on mold quhair thai met.
Thai brochit blonkis to thair ſydis out of blude braiſt:
Thair luſly lancis thai loiffit, and lightit but let.
Sadillis thai temyt tyt, thir trew men and traiſt;
Braidit out brandis on birnys thai bet:
As fyre that fleis fra the flynt, thay fochtin ſa faſt,
With vengeand wapnis of were throw wedis thai wet.
It war teirfull to tell treuly the tend
Of thair ſtriſe ſa ſtrang.
The feght ſo fellely thai fang
Thoght it leſſit never ſo lang
Yit laught it ane end.

X.

Schir OVILES, Schir IWELL, in handis war hynt,
And to the lufly caſtell war led in ane lyng.
Thairwith the ſtalwartis in ſtour can ſtolin and ſtynt:
And baith Schir AGALUS and Schir HEW was led to the Kyng.
Than Schir GOLOGRASE, for greif his gray ene brynt,
Wod wraith; and the wynd his handis can wryng.
Yit makis he mery magry, quhaſa mynt:
Said "I ſal bargane abyde, and ane end bryng.
"To morne ſickirly myſelf ſall ſeik to the feild."
He buſkit to ane barfray,
Twa ſmal bellis rang thay.
Than ſeymly ARTHUR can ſay,
Wes ſchune undir ſcheild.

XI.

"Quhat ſignifyis yon rynging?" ſaid the ryale.
Than ſaid SPYNAGROS with ſpeche, 'Schir *ſens peir*
'That ſall I teli yow with tong trewly in taill.
'The wy that weildis yone wane, I warn you but weir,
'He thinkis his aune ſelf ſhall do for his dail.
'Is nane ſa provit in this part of pyth is his peir.
'You worthis, wiſly to wirk, ane wy for to wail,
'That ſal duchtely his deid do with yone deir.
'He is the forſieſt freik, be fortoune his freynd,
'That I wait levand this day.'
Than Schir GAWINE the gay
Prayt for the journay
That he might furth wend,

XII. Th

XII.

The king grantit the gait to Schir GAWANE.
And prayt to the grete God to grant him his grace,
Him to ſave and to ſalf that is our ſoverane,
As he is maker of man, and alkyn myght haiſe.
Than Schir SPINAGROS the freik was ferly unfane;
Murnyt for Schir GAWYNE, and mekil mayne maiſe.
And ſaid, " for his ſaik that ſaikleſe wes ſlane,
" Tak nocht yone keyn knight to countir in this hard cais.
" Is nane ſi ſtalwart, in ſtour with ſtoutnis to ſtand,
" Of all that langis to the king.
" The mair is my murnyng,
" Ye ſuld this fell fechting
" Hynt upone hand.

XIII.

" Sen ye are ſa wourſchipfull, and wourthy in were,
" Demyt with the derreſt maiſt doughty in deid,
" Yone berne in the battale will ye noght forbere
" For all the mobil on the mold merkit to meid."
' Gif I de doughtely, the les is my dere.
' Thoght he war SAMPSONE himſelf, ſa me Criſte reid,
' I forſaik noght to fight, for al his grete feir,
' I do the weill for to wit, doutleſe but dreid.'
Than ſaid Schir SPYNAGROSE, " Sen ye will of neid
" Be boun to the battale,
" Wirkis with counſale,
" It ſall right gret avale,
" And do it in dede."

XIV.

" Quhen ye mach hym on mold, merk to hym evin;
" And bere ye your bright lance in myddis his ſcheild,
" Mak that courſe cruel, for Cryſtis lufe of hevin;
" And ſyne wirke as I wiſe your wappins to weild.
" Be he ſtonayt yone ſterne, ſtout beis his ſtevin,
" He wourdis brym as ane bair, that bydis na beild.
" Noy you noght at his note, that nobill is to nevin,
" Suppoſe his dyntis be deip dentit in your ſcheild.
" Tak na haiſt upone hand quhat happunys may hynt,
" Bot lat the riche man rage,
" And fecht in his curage,
" To ſwyng with ſuerd, quhil he ſuage;
" Syne dele ye your dynt.

XV.

" Quhen he is ſtuffit, thair ſtrike, and hald hym on ſteir,
" Sa ſall ye ſtonay yone ſtowt, ſuppoſe he be ſtrang.
" Thus may ye lippin on the lake throu lair that I leir;
" But gif ye wirk as wiſe you worthis that wrang."
The king, and his knichtis, cumly and cleir,
In armour dewly hym dight, be the day ſprang,
Than wes Schir KAY wondir wo, wit ye but weir,
In defalt of ane freik the fighting to fang.
That gome gudely furth gais, and graithit his geir,
Evin to the caſtell he raid,
Hewit in ane dern ſlaid;
Sa come ane knight as he baid,
Anairmit of weir.

XVI. That

XVI.

That knight buſkit to Schir KAY, on ane ſteid broune,
Braiſſit in birneis, and baſnet full bene.
He cryis his enſenye, and conteris hym full ſoune;
And maid ane courſe curagiouſe, cruell and kene.
Thair lufly lancis thai loiſſit, and lightit baith doune,
And girdit out ſuerdis on the grund grene;
And hewit on hard ſteill, hartlie but houne;
Rude reknyng raiſe thair renkis betuene.
Thair mailyeis with melle thay merkit in the medis.
The blude of thair bodeis
Throw breiſt plait, and birneis,
As roiſe ragit on riſe,
Our ran thair riche wedis.

XVII.

Thus thai faught upone fute, without fenyeing,
The ſparkis flaw in the feild, as fyre out of flynt.
Thai lufly ledis in lyke thai layid on in ane ling:
Delis thair full doughtely mony derf dynt.
Duſchand on deir wedis dourty thai dyng:
Hidwiſe hurtis, and huge, haiſtely thai hynt.
That knight carpit to Schir KAY of diſcomforting,
'Of this ſtonay, and ſtour, I rede that ye ſtynt.
'I will yeild the my brand, ſen na better may bene.
'Quhair that fortoune will faill
'Thair may na beſynes availl.'
He braidit up his ventaill
That cloſit wes clene.

XVIII.

For to reſſave the brand the berne wes full blith;
For he wes byrſit, and befr, and braithly bledand.
Thoght he wes myghtles, his mercy can he thair myth,
And wald that he nane harme hynt, with hart and with hand.
Thai caryit baith to the kynde cumly to kyth.
Thair lancis war loiſſit, and left on the land.
Than ſaid he loud upone loft, "Lord will ye lyth,
"Ye ſal nane torfeir betyde, I tak upone hand.
"Na myſliking have in hart, nor have ye na dout,
"Oft in Romans I reid
"Airly ſporne lait ſpeid."
The king to the pailyeoun gart leid
The knight that wes ſtout.

XIX.

Thai hynt of his harneſe, to helyn his wound;
Lechis war noght to lait with ſawis ſa ſle.
With that meny fieſch freik can to the feild found,
With Gologras in his geir grete of degre.
Armyt in rede gold, and rubeis ſa round,
With mony riche relikis, riale to ſe.
Thair wes on Gologras, quhair he glaid on the ground,
Frenyeis of fyne ſilk fratit full fre.
Apone ſterand ſtedis, trappit to the heill,
Sexty ſchalkis full ſchene,
Cled in armour ſa clene;
No wy wantit, I wene;
All ſtuffit in ſteill.

XX. That

XX.

That berne raid on ane boulk, of ane ble quhite,
Blyndit all with bright gold, and beriallis bright.
To tell of his deir weid war doutles delite,
And alſe ter for to tell the travallis war tight.
His name and his nobillay wes noght for to nyte:
Thair wes na hathill ſa heich, be half ane ſute hicht.
He lanſit out our ane land, and drew noght ane lyte;
Quhair he ſuld fraſtyn his force and fangin his fight.
Be that Schir GAWYNE the gay wes graithit in his gere,
Cummyng on the ta ſyde,
Hovand battale to abyde,
Ail reddy ſamyne to ryde,
With ſcheld and with ſpere.

XXI.

Thir luſty ledis on the land, left be thame allane,
Tuke no uthir, fremyt, nor freyndis, bot found tham fra.
Twa rynnyng renkis raith the riolyſe has tane;
Ilk fteik to his feir to freſtin his fa.
Thai gird one tua grete horſe, on grund quhil thai grane;
The trew helmys, and traiſt, in tathis thai ta.
The rochis reirdit with the raſch, quhen thai ſamyne ran:
Thair ſperis in the feild in ſlendris gart ga.
The ſtedis ſtakerit in the ſtour, for ſtreking on ſtray.
The bernys bowit abak,
Sa woundir rude wes the rak:
Quhilk that happynnit the lak
Couth na leid ſay.

XX. Thai

XXII.

Thai brayd fra thair blonkis befely and bane,
Syne laught out fuerdis lang and lufly.
And hewit on hard ſteill wondir hawtane:
Baith war thai haldin of hartis heynd and hardy,
Gologras grew in greif at Schir Gawane:
On the hight of the hard ſteill he hyt hym in hy;
Pertly put with his pith at his peſane,
And fulyeit of the fyne maill may than fyſty.
The knight ſtaterit with the ſtraik, all ſtonayt in ſtound;
Sa woundir ſcharply he ſchair,
The berne that the brand bair,
Schir Gawyne, with ane fell fair,
Can to his faa found.

XXIII.

With ane bitand brand, burly and braid,
Quhilk oft in battale had bene his bute, and his belde,
He leit gird to the grome, with greif that he had,
And claif throw the cantell of the clene ſchelde.
Throw birny, and breiſt-plait, and bordour, it baid;
The fulye of the fyne gold fell in the feild.
The rede blude with the rout folowit the blaid,
(For all the wedis, I wiſe, that the wy weild,)
Throw claſpis of clene gold, and clowis ſa cleir,
Thair with Schir Gologras the fyre,
In mekil anger and ire,
Alſe ferſe as the fyre,
Leit fle to his feir,

XXIV. Sic

XXIV.

Sic dintis he delt to that doughty,
Leit hym deſtanyt to danger and dreid.
Thus wes he handillit full hait, that hawtane in hy;
The ſcheld in countir he keſt our his cleir weid;
Hewit on hard ſteill woundir haiſtely;
Gart beryallis hop of the hathill about hym on breid,
Than the king unto Criſte keſt up ane cry;
Said, "Lord, as thow life lent to levand in leid,
"As thow formit all frute to foſter our fude,
"Grant me comfort this day,
"As thou art God verray."
Thus prais the king, in affray,
For GAWYNE the gude.

XXV.

GOLOGRAS at GAWYNE in ſic ane greif grew,
As lyoune for falt of fude faught on the fold;
With baith his handis in haiſt that haltane couth hew,
Gart ſtanys hop of the hathill that haltane war hold.
Birny, and breiſt-plait, bright for to ſchew,
Mony mailye, and plait, war marrit on the mold.
Knichtis ramyt for reuth, Schir GAWYNE thai rew,
That doughty delit with hym ſa, for dout he war defold,
Sa wondir ſcharply he ſchare, throu his ſchene ſchroud:
His ſcheild he chopit hym fra,
In twenty pecis, and ma.
Schir WAWANE writhit for wa
Witleſe and woud.

XXVI. Thus

XXVI.

Thus wourthit Schir GAWYNE wraith and wepand,
And ſtraik to that ſtern knight, but ony ſtynt:
All eggrevit the grome, with ane bright brand;
And delt thairwith doughtely meny derf dynt.
Throw byrny, and breiſt-plait, bordour, and band,
He leit ſle to the freke, as fyre out of flynt.
He hewit on with grete haiſt, hartly with hand;
Hakkit throw the hard weid to the hide hynt,
Throw the ſtuf with the ſtraik, ſtapalis and ſtanis.
Schir WAWINE, wourthy in wail,
Half ane ſpan at ane ſpail,
Quhare his harnes wes hail,
He hewit attanis.

XXVII.

Thus raithly the riche berne raſſit his array.
The tothir ſtertis ane bak, the ſterne that wes ſtout,
Hit Schir GAWAYNE on the gere, quhill grevit wes the gay,
Betit doune the bright gold, and beryallis about;
Scheddit his ſchire wedis ſcharply away;
That luſly lappit war on loft, he gar thame law lout.
The ſterne ſtaktit with the ſtraik, and ſtertis on ſtray,
Quhill neir his reſoune wes tynt; ſa rude wes the rout.
The beryallis on the land of bratheris gart light;
Rubeis and ſapheir;
Precious ſtanis that weir;
Thus dreſe thai wedis ſa deir,
That dantely wes dight.

PART

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The combat between GAWAN and GOLOGRAS continues, and GOLOGRAS has a fall, I. II.—GAWAN insists on his yielding: he refuses, III. IV.—The lords and ladies of the castle pray for GOLOGRAS, V.—GAWAN again persuades him to yield, but he refuses, VI. VII.—GOLOGRAS proposes to GAWAN to attend him to the castle, VIII.—GAWAN assents and attends him, IX. X.—Grief of ARTHUR's people, who think GAWAN vanquished, XI.—GOLOGRAS entertains GAWAN, XII.—GOLOGRAS consults his peers, if they would have him reign when conquered, or lose his life? They answer, that he shall live and reign, XIII. XIV. XV.—GOLOGRAS offers homage, and declaims on fortune, XVI. XVII. XVIII. XIX.—GOLOGRAS and his court go to ARTHUR, XX.—Who suspects they come in war, but SPINAGROS says not, and ARTHUR receives them kindly, XXI. XXII.—GOLOGRAS makes a speech and homage to ARTHUR, XXIII. XXIV. XXV.—ARTHUR goes to the castle, and feasts and hunts by the Rhone for nine days, XXVI. XXVII.—ARTHUR declares GOLOGRAS free, XXVIII.

I. That

I.

Thai gyrd on ſa grymly, in ane grit ire,
Baith Schir GAVINE the grome, and GOLOGRAS the knight.
The ſparkis flew in the feild, as ſagottis of fire,
Sa wundir frely thai frekis fangis the fight.
Thai luſchit, and laid on, thai luſtyis of lyre.
King ARTHUR Iheſu beſoght, ſeymly with ſight,
" As thou art ſoverane God, ſickerly, and ſyre,
" At thow wald warys fra wo WAVANE the wight!
" And grant the frekis en fold farar to fall.
Baith thair honouris to ſaif,
At Criſt with credence thai craif,
Knight, ſquyar, and knaif;
And thus pray thay all.

II.

Thai mellit on with malice, thay myghtyis in mude;
Mankit throu mailyeis and maid thame to mer:
Wraithly wroght, as thai war witleſe and wod.
Be that Schir WAWANE, the wy, likit the wer:
The ble of his bright weid wes bulerand in blude;
Thairwith the nobill in neid nyghit hym ner,
Straik hym with ane ſteill brand, in ſtede quhare he ſtude,
The ſchild in fardillis can fle in feild, away fer.
The tothir hyt hym agane, with ane hard ſuerd.
As he loutit our ane bra,
His feit founderit hym fra.
Schir GOLOGRAS graithly can ga
Grulingis to erd.

III. Of

III.

Or ever he gat up agane gude Schir GAWANE
Grippit to Schir GOLOGRAS, on the grund grene.
Thair of gromys wes glaid, gudly, and gane,
Lovit Criste of that case, with hartis sa clene.
Ane daggar dayntely dight that dowghty has drawne,
Than he carpit to the knight, cruel and kene;
" Gif thow luffis thi life lelely noght to layne,
" Yeld me thi bright brand, burnist sa bene.
" I rede thow wirk as I wise; or war the betide."
The tothir ansuerit schortly,
' Me thinks farar to dee,
' Than schamyt be verralie
' Ane sclander to byde.

IV.

' Wes I never yit desoullit, nor fylit in fame;
' Nor nane of my eldaris, that ever I hard nevin:
' Bot ilk berne has bene unbundin with blame,
' Ringand in rialté, and reullit thame'elf evin.
' Sall never sege wndir son se me with schame,
' Na luke on my lekame, with light, nor with levin:
' Na nane of the nynt degre have noy of my name;
' I swere be suthfast God, that settis all on sevin.
' Bot gif that wourschip of were win me away,
' I rrete for na favour.
' Do furth thy devoir.
' Of me gettis thou na more,
' Doutles this day.'

V.

Lordingis and ladyis, in the caſtell on loſt,
Quhen thai ſaw thair liege lord laid on the landis;
Mony ſweit thing of ſware ſwownit full oft;
Wyis wourthit for wo to wringin thair handis.
Wes nowther ſolace, nor ſang, thair ſorrow to ſoft:
Ane ſayr ſtonay, and ſtour, at thair hartis ſtandis.
On Criſte cumly thai cry, "On croce as thou coft,
"With thi bliſſit blude to bring us out of bandis,
"Lat never our ſoverane his cauſe with ſchame to encheif!
"Mary, fareſt of face,
"Beſeik thi ſone in this cace,
"Ane drop of his grete grace
"He grant us to geif."

VI.

Thus the ledis on loft in langour war lent.
The lordis, on the tothir ſide, for liking thay leugh.
Schir GAWYNE tretit the knight to turn his entent,
For he wes wondar wa to wirk hym mare wugh.
"Schir ſay for thi ſelf, thow ſeis thow art ſchent,
"It may nocht mend the ane myte to mak it ſa teugh.
"Riſe and raik to our Roy, richeſt of rent,
"Thow ſal be newit at neid with nobillay eneuch;
"And dukit in our duchery all the duelling."
"Than war I woundir unwis
"To purcheſe proffit for priſe,
"Quhare ſchame ay overlyis
"All my leving.

VII. The

VII.

'The ſege that ſchrenks for na ſchame, the ſchent might hym ſchend,
'That mare luffis his liſe, than lois upone erd.
'Sal never freik on fold, fremmyt nor freynd,
'Gar me lurk for ane luke, lawit nor lerd.
'For quhaſa with wourſchip ſall of this warld wende
'Thair will nane wyis, that ar wis, wary the werd.
'For ony trety may tyd, I tell thé the teynd,
'I will noght turn myn entent, for all this warld brerd:
'Or I pair of pris ane penny worth in this place,
'For beſandis, or beryell.
'I knaw my aune quarrell.
'I dreid not the pereill,
'To dee in this cace.'

VIII.

Schir GAWYNE rewit the renk, that wes riale;
And ſaid to the reverend, riche, and rightuis,
"How may I ſuccour the ſound, ſemely in ſale,
"Before this pepill in plane, and pair noght thy pris?"
'That ſall I tel the with tong, trewly in tale.
'Wald yow denye the in deid to do my devis,
'Lat it worth, at my wil, the wourſchip to wale,
'As I had wonnyn thé of were, wourthy and wis.
'Syne cary to the caſtel, quharé I have maiſt cure.
'Thus may you ſaif me fra fyte.
'As I am criſtynit perfite,
'I ſall thi yndnes quyte,
'And ſauf thyn honoure.'

IX.

" That war hard," ſaid the heynd, " ſa have I gude hele!
" Ane woundir peralous poynt, partenyng grete plight,
" To ſoner in thi gentrice, but ſignete or ſele,
" And I before ſaw the never ſickerly with ſight.
" To leif in thi lauté, and thow war unlele,
" Than had I caſſin in cair mony kene knight.
" Bot I knaw thow art kene, and alſe cruell,
" Or thow be fulyeit fey freke in the fight,
" I do me in thi gentrice, be drightin ſa deir."
He lenyit up in the place.
The tothir raithly upraiſe.
Gat never grome ſic ane grace
In feild of his feir.

X.

Than thei nobillis at neid yeid to thair note new;
Freſchly foundis to feght all fenye, and thair fair.
Tua ſchort ſuerdis of ſcheith ſmertly thai drew,
Than thai mellit on mold ane myl wan, and mare.
Wes nawthir Caſar, nor King, thair quentance that knew;
It ſemyt be thair contenance that kendillit wes care.
Syne thai traiſt in the feild, throw trety of trew;
Put up thair brandis ſa braid, burly and bair.
GOLOGRAS, and GAWYNE, gracious and gude,
Yeid to the caſtell of ſtane,
As he war yoldin and tane.
The king precious in ane
Sair murnand in mude.

XI. The

XI.

The Roy ramand full raith, that reuth wes to ſe,
And raikit full redles to his riche tent.
The watter wet his chekis, that ſchalkis myght ſe,
As all his welthis in warld had bene away went.
And othir bernys, for barrat, blakynnit thair ble:
Braithly bundin in baill, thair breiſtis war blent.
"The flour of knighthede is caught throu his cruelté!
"Now is the Round Tabil rebutit, richeſt of rent!
"Quhen wourſchipfull WAWANE, the wit of our were,
"Is led to ane preſonne,
"Now failyeis gude fortoune!"
The King, cumly with croune,
Grat mony ſalt tere.

XII.

Quhen that GAWYNE, the gay, grete of degré,
Wes cummyn to the caſtel, cumly and cleir,
Gromys of that gariſoune maid gamyn and gle;
And ledis loſit thair lord, lufly of lyere.
Beirdis beildit in bliſe, brighteſt of ble.
The tothir knightis maid care of ARTHURIS here.
All thus with murnyng, and myrth, thai maid mellé,
Ay quhil the ſegis were ſet to the ſuppere.
The ſeymly ſoverane of the ſail marſchel he wes.
He gart Schir GAWYNE upga.
His wiſe, his doghter alſua;
And of that mighty na ma,
War ſet at the des.

XIII.

He gart at ane ſeteburd the ſtrangearis begin;
The maiſt ſeymly in ſale ordanit thame ſete,
Ilk knyght ane cumly lady that cleir wes of kyn;
With kynde contenance the renk couth thame rehete.
Quhen thai war machit at mete, the mare and the myn,
And ay the meryeſt on mold marſchalit at mete,
Than ſaid he lowd upone loft, the lord of that in,
To al the beirnys about, of gre that wes grete;
"Lufly ledis in land lythis me til!"
He ſtraik the burd with ane wand,
The quhilk he held in hand.
Thair wes na word muvand,
Sa war thair all ſtil.

XIV.

"Heir ye ar gaderit in groſſe, at the greteſt,
"Of gomys that grip has undir my godvernyng;
"Of baronis, and burowis, of braid land the beſt,
"And alſe the meryeſt on mold has intrometting.
"Cumly knightis in this cace I mak you requeſt,
"Freyndfully, but falſet, or ony fenyeing,
"That ye wald to me treuly, and traiſt,
"Tell your entent, as tuiching this thing,
"That now hingis on my hart; ſa have I gude hele,
"It tuichis myne honour ſa neir,
"Ye mak me plane anſueir;
"Thairof I you requeir,
"I may noght concele.

XV. "Say

XV.

" Say me ane chois, the tane of thir twa,
" Quhethir ye like me lord, laught in the feild;
" Or ellis my life at the left lelely forga,
" And boune you to fum berne that myght be your beild."
The wourthy wyis, at that word, wox woundir wa.
Than thai wift thair foverane wes fchent undir fcheild.
' We wil na favour here fenye, to frende, nor to fa;
' We like yow ay, as our lord, to were, and to weild.
' Your lordfchip we may noght forga, alfe lang as we leif.
' Ye fal be our governour,
' Quhil your dais may endure,
' In eife and honour;
' For chance that may cheif.'

XVI.

Quhen thai avenand, and honeft, had maid this anfwer,
And had tald thair entent trewly him till;
Than Schir GOLOGRAS the gay, in gudly maneir,
Said to thai fegis, femely on fyll,
How wourfchipful WAVANE had wonnin him on weir,
To wirk him wandreth, or wough, quhilk war his wil;
How fair him fell in feght; fyne how he couth forbere;
In fight of his foverane, this did the gentill.
" He has me favit fra fyte, throw his gentrice,
" It war fyn, but recure,
" The knightis honour fuld fmure,
" That did me this honoure,
" Quhilk maift is of price.

XVII.

" I aught, as prynce, him to prise, for his prouese,
" That wanyt noght my wourschip, as he that al wan,
" And at his bidding full bane, blith to obeise,
" I his berne full of bewté, that all my baill blan;
" I mak that knawin, and kend, his grete kyndnes,
" The countirpas to kyth to him gif I can."
He raikit to Schir GAWINE, right in ane race;
Said, "Schir, I knaw, bé conquest, thou art ane kynd man,
" Quhen my life, and my dede, wes baith at thi will,
" Thy frendschip frely I fand.
" Now wil I be obeyand;
" And mak the manrent with hand,
" As right is, and skill.

XVIII.

" Sen fortoune cachis the cours, throu hir quentys,
" I did it noght for nane dreid that I had to de;
" Na for na fauting of hart, na for na fantise,
" Quhare Criste cachis the cours, it rynnys quently.
" May nowther power, nor pith, put him to prise
" Quhan onfortonequhelmys the quheil, thair gais grace by.
" Quha may his danger endure, or destanye despise,
" That led men in langour, ay lestand in ly?
" The date na langar may endure, na drightin devinis,
" Ilk man may kyth, be his cure,
" Baith knight, king, and Empriour;
" And muse in his myrour,
" And mater maist mineis.

XIX. HECTOUR,

XIX.

" HECTOUR, and ALEXANDER, and JULIUS CESAR;
" DAVID, and JOSUE, and JUDAS the gent;
" SAMPSONE, and SALAMON that wife and wourthy war,
" And that ryngis on erd, richeſt of rent;
" Quhen thai met at the merk, than might thai na mair;
" To ſpeid thame our the ſpere feild enſpringing thai ſprent.
" Quhen fortune worthis unfrende, than failieis welefair;
" Thair ma na treſour ourtak, nor twyn his entent.
" All erdly riches, and ruſe, is nought in thair garde.
" Quhat menis fortoune be ſkill,
" Ane gude chance, or ane ill;
" ſikane be werk, and be will,
" Is wourthy his rewarde.

XX.

" Schir HALLOLKIS, Schir HEWIS, heynd and hardy;
" Schir LYONEL luſly, and alſe Schir BEDWERE;
" Schir WAWANE the wiſe knight, wicht and wourthy,
" Carys furth to the king, cumly and clere.
" Alſe myſelf ſall paſe with yow reddy;
" My kyth, and my caſtel, compt his conquere."
Thai war arait full raith, that ryale cumpany,
Of lordis, and ladis luſsum to lere;
With grete lightis on loft, that gave grete leime;
Sexty torcheis ful bright,
Before Schir GOLOGRAS the knyght.
That wes ane ſemely ſyght,
In ony riche reime.

XXI.

All efrayt of that fair wes the freſch king,
Wend the wyis had bene wroght all for the weir;
Lordis laught thair lancis, and went in ane lyng;
And graithit thame to the gait in thair greif geir.
SPYNOK ſpekis with ſpeche, ſaid, "move you na thing,
"It ſemys ſaughtnyng thai ſeik, Iſe be thair feir.
"Yone riche cumis arait in riche robbing:
"I trow this devore be done; I dout for na deir.
"I wait Schir GAWANE the gay has graithit his gait,
"Betwix Schir GOLOGRAS, and he,
"Gude contenance I ſe:
"And uthir knightis ſo fre
"Lufsum of lait."

XXII.

The renk raikit to the Roy, with his riche rout;
Sexty ſchalkis that ſchene, ſeymly to ſchaw,
Of banrenttis, and baronis, bauld hym about,
In clathis of cleyne gold, cumly to knaw.
To the lordly on loft that lufly can lout,
Before the riale renkis, richeſt on raw;
Saluſt the bauld berne, with ane blith wout,
Ane furlenth before his folk, on ſeildis ſa faw.
The king crochit with croun, cumly and cleir,
Tuke him up by the hand,
With ane fair ſembland,
Grete honour that avenand
Did to the deir.

XXIII. Than

XXIII.

Than that ſeymly be ſight ſaid to the gent,
Wes vailyeand, and verteous, foroutin ony vice;
" Heir am I cumyn, at this tyme, to your preſent,
" As to the wourſchipfulleſt in warld, wourthy, and wiſe;
" Of al the ryngis in erd richeſt of rent;
" Of pyth, and of proues, peirles of priſe.
" Heir I mak you ane grant, with gudly entent,
" Ay to your preſence to perſew, with all my ſervice.
" Quhare ever ye found, or fair, be firth, or be fell,
" I ſal be reddy at your will,
" In alkin reſonne, and ſkill;
" As I am haldin thair till,
" Treuly to tell."

XXIV.

He did the conquer to knaw all the cauſe quhy,
That all his hathillis in the heir hailly on hight;
How he wes wounyng of wer with WAWANE the wy;
And al the fortonne the freke befell in the fight.
The dout, and the danger, he tauld him quently.
Than ſaid ARTHUR him ſelvin, ſemely by ſight,
" This is ane ſoveranefull thing, be Jheſu, think I;
" To leif in ſic perell, and in ſa grete plight.
" Had ony preuidice apperit, in the partyce,
" It had bene grete perell.
" Bot ſen the lawté is lell,
" That thow my kyndnes wil heill,
" The mare is thi price.

XXV. "I

XXV.

" I thank the mekill, Schir Knight," ſaid the ryall.
" It makis me blythar to be, than al thi braid landis ;
" Or all the renttis fra thyne unto *Ronſiwall*,
" Thoght I myght reif thame with right, rath to my handis."
Than ſaid the ſenyeour in fyth, ſemely in ſaill,
' Becauſe of yone bald berne, that broght me of bandis,
' All that I have undir hewine I hald of you haill,
' In firth, foreſt, and fell, quhare ever that it ſtandis.
' Se wourſchipfull WAWANE has wonnin to your handis
' The ſenyory in gouernyng,
' Cumly conquerour, and kyng,
' Heir mak I you obeiſing
' As leige lord of landis.

XXVI.

' And ſyne ſewte I you feſt, without fenyeing,
' Sa that the cauſe may be kend, and knawin throw ſkill,
' Blithly how, and obeie to your bidding,
' As I am haldin to tell treuly thair till.'
Of Schir GOLOGRAS' grant blith wes the king ;
And thoght the fordward wes fair, freyndſchip to fulfill,
Thair Schir GAWANE, the gay, throu requiring
Gart the ſoverane himſelf, ſemely on ſill,
Cary to the caſtel cleirly to behald,
With all the wourthy that were,
Erll, duke, and Douch ſpere,
Baith banrent, and bachilere,
That blyth war and bald.

XXVII.

Quhen the ſemely ſoverane wes ſet in the ſaill,
It wes ſelcouth to ſe the ſeir ſervice;
Wynis wiſly in wane went full grete waill
Amang the pryncis in place, peirles to price.
It war teir for to tel treuly in tail
To ony wy in this warld wourthy, I wiſe.
With revaling and revay, all the oulk hale;
Alſo rachis can ryn undir the wod riſe.
On the riche river of *Rone* ryot thai maid,
And ſyne, on the nynte day,
The renkis rial of array
Bownyt hame thair way
Withoutin mare baid.

XXVIII.

Quhen the ryal Roy, maiſt of renoune,
With al his reverend rout wes reddy to ryde;
The king, cumly with kith, wes crochit with croune,
To Schir GOLOGRAS, the gay, ſaid gudly that tyde;
" Heir mak I the reward, as I have reſoune,
" Before their ſenyeouris in ſight, ſemely beſide,
" As tuiching the temporalité in toure, and in toune,
" In firth, foreſt, and fell, and woddis ſo wide,
" I mak releiſching of thyn allegiance.
" But dreid I ſall the warand,
" Baith be ſey, and be land,
" Fre, as I the firſt fand,
" Withoutin diſtance."

EXPLICIT.

BALADE.

BALADE.

Thingis in kynde deſyris thingis lyke;
Bot diſcontrair hatis ewiry thing:
Sauf onely mankinde can nevir wele lyke,
Bot gif he have a latiouſe lyving.
Fleſhly deſyre, and gaſtely nuriſching,
Intill a perſone all ſamyn to be wrought;
Water and fyre togeder in kyndelyng,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

A man at one for to ſerve lordis twayn,
The quhilk be baith contrair in opynion;
To pleſe thame bath, and purches no diſdayn,
Talk with that ane, and with the tothir rown:
Be trew to both, without tuigh of treſon,
Tell hym of hym the thing that nevir was wrought;
To bring all this to gude concluſion,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

To have a gall, clepit a gentill dow;
To be my frende, and geve me falſe counſaill;
To brek my hede, and ſyne put on a how;
To be a preſte, and formeſt in bataill;
To ly in bed, and ſtrang caſtell aſſaill;
To be a marchand, quhare na gude may be bought;
To have a trew wyf with a wanton taile,
It may wele ryme, byt it accordis nought.

To

To be of no conyng, and knaw the herbe;
To carp langage that non may undirſtand;
A fule to have a veray wiſe proverbe;
A fre born barne of hir that is a bonde;
Unpoſſible thingis to tak on hond;
To big a caſtell, or the ground be wrought;
To geve a dome be law that may noght ſtond;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis noght.

A wregh to were a nobill ſcarlet goun;
A badlyng, furryng parfillit wele with ſable;
A gude huſywyf ay rynnyng in the toun;
A childe to thryve quhilk is unchaſtiable.
To be content, and lightly changeable;
To have in daynté thing that newir doucght;
A Rome-rynnar without leſing or fable;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis noutght.

A myghty king intill a pore region;
Ane haſty wit, and hye thingis to deviſe;
Meke almouſe dede, and falſe detraction;
Kynitghly manhede, and ſchamefull couardiſe;
A hevynly hell, a poynefull paradiſe;
A haly doctour with a lecherouſe thought;
To wirk on hede, ſyne efter tak aviſe;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis noght.

Agilty

A gilty tong colourit with eloquence;
A falſe entend within and diſſavable;
A blyth viſage with frendely apperence;
A cruell hert invioufe and vengeable;
A gentill horſe intill a nakit ſtable:
A mery ſang, the hert with ſorow ſought;
To ſeme thir all, and mak thame ſufficiable,
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

Frely to ſpend, and full of covatiſe;
To ſeke burgeons out of ane ald dry ſtok;
A gay temple without dyvine ſervice;
A birdles cage; a key withoutyn lok;
A toun ſchip ay ryding in a rok;
A myghty biſchop in a cointre of nought;
A wantoun hird, and a wele reulit flok;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nought.

Heir endis the knightly tale of GOLAGROS and GAWANE, in the ſouth gait of Edinburgh be Walter Chepman and Androw Millar the viii day of Aprile the yhere of God M.cccccc and viii yheris.

BALADE I.

BALADE I*.

In all oure gardyn growis thare na floutis,
Herbe nor tre that frute hes borne this yere:
The levys ar doun ſchakyn with the ſchouris;
Th fynkle fadit in oure grene herbere.
The birdis, that bene wouut to ſyngen here,
In all this May uneſe has ſongin thriſe:
And all of dangere is oure gardenere:
And gentriſe is put quite out of ſervice.

Quhat that I mene be this, I dar noght ſpeke,
For I na dare, my hert it is ſo ſare.
Na never ſall I me revenge na wreke,
Bot on myſelf, allthogh I ſuld forfar.
Saufand beauté I can priſe na mare
Of hyr that was wont to be gudelieſt:
And ſuth it is and ſene, in all our quhare,
No erdly thing bot for a tyme may leſt.

Sen in this warld thare is no ſekernes,
Botand, as men all end, mon every thing is,
I tak my leve at all unſtedfaſtnes.

* This, and the five following ballads, are alſo printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo.

BALADE II.

BALADE II.

Wythin a garth, under a rede roſere,
Ane ald man, and decrepit, herd I ſyng;
Gay was the note, ſuete was the voce, and clere,
It was grete joy to here of ſic a thing.
And, to my dome, he ſaid in his dyting,
For to be yong I wald not for my wis,
Off all this warld to mak me lord and king.
The more of age, the nerar hevynnis blis.

Falſe is this warld, and full of variance,
Beſoncht with ſyn, and othir ſytis mo.
Treuth is all tynt; gyle has the gouuernance;
Wrechitnes has wroht all welthis wele to wo.
Fredom is tynt, and ſlemyt the lordis fro;
And covatiſe is all the cauſe of this.
I am content that youthede is ago.
The more of age, the nerar hevynnis bliſſe.

The ſtate of youth I repute for na gude,
For in that ſtate ſic perilis I ſee;
Bot full ſmal grace: the regeing of his blud
Can non gaynſtand, quhill that he agit be;
Syne of the thing, that tofore joyit he,
Nothing remanys for to be callit his;
For quhy it were bot veray vanitee.
The more of age, the nerar hevynnis bliſſe.

Suld

Suld na man traiſt this wrechit warld, for quhy
Of erdly joy ay ſorow is the end.
The ſtate of it can no man certify:
This day a king; to morn na gude to ſpend.
Quhat have we here, bot grace us to defend?
The quhilk God grant us for to mend oure mys;
That to his glore he may oure faulis ſend.
The more of age, the nerar hevynnis bliſſe.

BALLADE III.

Deviſe, prowes, and eke humilitee,
That maidenis have in euerich wyſe,
Tranſmovit is in ſerpentis crueltee,
Fra thay in warld be weddit wyth thir wyis.
No manis wit to wonder may ſuffice
Quhare ar becumyn thir maidenis myld of mude,
Of all this wyfis that non are found gude.

O maidynhede of virtue nobileſt,
Fluriſching in joy, and perfyte lawlynes!
O wyfhede wariit of wyis wickiteſt,
Moder of vice, and hertis hye diſtreſſe!
The cauſe cauſing of ruyne, as I geſſe,
That all this warld has broght to confuſion
Begonnyn was throu thy perſwaſion.

Enſample is how thyne iniquitee
Ourcumyn has wyſedom, and ſtrenth of hand;
Be SALOMON the firſt may provit be,
Wiſeſt but were in warld that was lyfand,
His grete wiſedome mycht not agayn thé ſtand;
Thou gert hym err into his latter elde,
Declyne his God, and to the mawmentis yeld.

SAMPSON

Sampson the ſtrongeſt that ewir was borne
Off manly forſe throu thé diſtroit was,
Both his eyne blyndit, and eke forlorn.
David that ſlew the gyant Golyas;
And mony mo, thé quhilk I have na ſpace
For to reherſe, for lak of tyme and wit,
And for grete labour tharfore I mon our ſett.

Thou devillis member, thou curſit homycide,
Thou tigir tene, fulfild of birnyng fyre,
Thou ſchryne ſecrete of ſtynkand doke, and pride,
Thou cocatras, that with the ſicht of thy ire
Affrayit has full mony a gudely ſyre,
That eſtward in warld had newir pleſance
Grete God I pray to take on thé vengeance.

In maidynhede ſen was oure firſt remede,
And fra the hevyn oure haly fader ſent
The ſecund perſone, his ſone, in a Godhede,
To tak mankynde upon the maidyn gent,
Clene of hir corſe, and clenar of entent,
That bure the barne quhilk couerit us fra care,
Scho being virgyn clenar than ſcho was are.

Grete was the luſt that thou had for to fang
The frute vetit, throu thy falſe counſailing
Thou gert mankynde conſent to do that wrang,
Declyne his God, and brek his hie bidding,
As haly write beris ſuthfaſt witneſſing.
Tharfor thou fro the joy of paradiſe,
And thyne ofspring, was banyſt for thy vice.

EXPLICIT.

BALLADE IV.

BALLADE IV.

Of ferlyis of this grete confuſion
I wald ſum clerk of conyng walde declerde;
Quhat gerris this warld be turnyt up ſo doun;
Thare is na faithfull faſtnes found in erd.
Now ar noucht thre may traiſtly trow the ferde:
Welth is away, and wit is worthin wrynkis:
Now ſele is ſorow, this is a wofull werde,
Sen want of wyſe men maks fulis to ſit on binkis.

That tyme quhen [rang] the lovit king SATURNUS,
For gudely governance this warld was goldin cald;
For untreuth we wate noucht quhare to it turnis.
The tyme that OCTOVIAN the monarch could hald,
Our all was pes, wele ſet as hertis wald;
Than regnyt reule, and reſon held his rynks.
Now lakkis prudence; nobilitee is thralde,
Sen want of wyſe men makis fulis to ſitt on bynkis.

ARESTOTILL for his moralitee,
AUSTYN, or AMBROSE for dyvine ſcripture;
Quha can *placebo*, and noucht half *dirige*,
That practik for to pike, and pill, the pure;
He ſall cum in, and thay ſtand at the dure.
For warldly wynſik walkis, quhen wyſar wynkis:
Wit takis na worſchip, ſic is the aventure,
Sen want of wyſe men makis fulis to ſitt on binkis.

Now, but defenſe, rycht lyis all deſolate,
Rycht na reſon, under na rufe has reſt.
Youth is but raddour, and age is obſtynate,
Mycht but mercy, the pore ar all oppreſt.
Lerit folk ſuld tech the peple of the beſt,
Thouch lare be lytill, fer leſſe in tham ſinkis.
It may noucht be this warld ay thus ſuld leſt,
That want of wyſe men makis fulis ſitt on binkis.

For now is exilde all ald noble corage,
Lautee, lufe, and liberalitee.
Now is ſtabilitee fundyn in na ſtage,
Nor digeſt counſele wyth ſad maturitee.
Peas is away all in perplexitee;
Prudence, and policy, are banyſt our al brinkis.
This warld is ver ſa may it callit be,
That want of wiſe men makis fulis ſitt on bynkis.

Quhare is the balance of juſt and equitee?
Nothir meryt is preiſit, na punyſt is treſpas.
All ledis lyvis lawles at libertee,
Nouch reulit be reſon, mare than ox, or aſſe.
Gude faith is flemyt, worthin fraillar than glas;
Trew lufe is lorn, and lautee haldis no lynkis;
Sic-gouuernance I call noucht a faſſe,
Sen want of wiſe men makis fulis ſitt on binkis.

O Lord

O Lord of Lordis! God and Governour!
Makar, and movar, bath of mare and leſſe!
Quais power wiſedome and honoure
Is infynite, ſal be, and ewirwas wes,
As in the principall mencion of the meſſe,
All thir ſayd thingis reform, as thou beſt thinkis,
Quhilk ar degradit for pure pitee redreſſe,
Sen want of wiſe men makis fulis ſit on binkis.

BALLADE V.

The ballade of ane right noble, victorius, and myghty lord, BARNARD STEWART, Lord of AUBIGNY, Erle of BEAUMONT, ROGER, and BONAFFRE, Conſalour and Chamberlane ordinare to the maiſt hee, maiſt excellent, and maiſt cryſtyn prince, LOYS King of France, Knight of his Ordoure, Capitane of the kepyng of his Body, Conqueror of Naplis, and umquhile Conſtable General of the ſame; Compilit be Maiſtir WILLYAM DUMBAR, at the ſaid lordis cumyng to Edinburghe in Scotland, ſend in ane ryght excellent embaſſat fra the ſaid maiſt Cryſtin King to our maiſt ſouerane lord, and victorious prince, James the Ferde, Kyng of Scottis. [1503.]

Renownit, ryall, right reverend, and ſerene,
Lord hie tryumphing in wirſchip and valoure,
Fro kyngis downe moſt criſtin knight, and kene,
Moſt wyſe, moſt valyand, moſte laureat hie wictoure.
Onto the ſterris upheyt is thyne honour!
In Scotland welcum be thyne excellence
To King, Queyne, lord, clerk, knight, and ſervatour,
Withe glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in ſtour moſt ſtrong, incomparable knight,
The fame of armys, and floure of vaſſalage.
Welcum in were moſt worthi, wyſe and wight;
Welcum the ſoune of Mars of moſt curage.

Welcum

Welcum moſte luſti branche of our linnage,
In every realme oure ſcheild, and our defence;
Welcum our tendir blude of hie parage,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in were the ſecund JULIUS,
The prince of knightheyd, and flour of chevalry,
Welcum moſt valyeant and victorius,
Welcum invincible victour, moſte wourthy.
Welcum our Scottis chiftane moſt dughti,
Wyth ſowne of clarioun, organe, ſong, and ſence.
To the atonis, lord, welcum all we cry,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum our indeficient adjutorie,
That ever our naceoun helpit in thare neyd,
That never ſaw Scot yit indigent nor ſory,
Bot thou did hym ſuport with thi gud deid.
Welcum therfor abuſe all levand leyd,
Withe us to live, and to maik recidence,
Quhilk never ſall ſwnye for thi ſaik to bleid,
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Is none of Scotland borne fathfull and kynde,
Bot he of naturall inclinacioune
Dois favour thé withe all his hert and mynde,
Withe fervent, tendir, trew, intencioun;

And

And wald of inwart hie effectioun,
But dreyd of danger, de in thi defence,
Or dethe, or ſchame, war done to thi perſoun,
To quhame be honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum thow knight moſte fortunable in feild,
Welcum in armis moſt aunterus and able,
Wndir the ſown, that beris helme or ſcheild;
Welcum thow campioun, in fight wnourcumable.
Welcum moſt dughti, digne and honorable,
And moiſt of lawde, and hie magnificence;
Nixt wndir Kingis to ſtand incomparable,
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Throw Scotland, Ingland, France, and Lumbardy,
Fleys on weyng thi fame, and thi renoune,
And our all cuntreis wndirnethe the ſky,
And our all ſtrandis fro the ſterris doune.
In every province, land, and regioun,
Proclamit is thi name of excellence;
In every ceté, village, and in toune,
Withe gloire and honour, lawde and reverence.

O feyrſe Achill in furius hie curage!
O ſtrong invincible Hector undir ſcheild!
O vailyeant Arthur in knyghtli vaſſalage!
Agamemnon in governance of ſeild!

Bold HYNNIBALL in batall to do beild!
JULIUS in jupert, in wiſdom and expence!
Maſt fortunable chiftane bothe in yhouth and eild!
To the be honour, lawde and reverence.

At parlament thou ſuld be hye renownit,
That did ſo mony victoryſe opteyn.
Thi criſtall helme withe lawry ſuld be crownyt,
And in thi hand a branche of olyve greyn.
The ſueird of conquis and of knyghteid keyn
Be borne ſuld highe before thé in preſence,
To repreſent ſic man as thou has beyn,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Hie furius Mars, the god armipotent,
Rong in the hevin at thyne nativité;
Saturnus doune withe fyry eyn did blent,
Throw bludy viſar, men manaſing to gar dé.
On thé freſche Wenus keiſt hir amourouſe e;
On thé Marcurius furtheyet his eloquence;
Fortuna Major did turn hir face on thé,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Prynce of fredom, and flour of gentilnes,
Sweyrd of knightheid, and chaiſe of chevalry,
This tyme I leſe, for grete prolixitnes,
To tell quhat feildis thow wan in Pikkardy,

In

In France, in Bertan, in Naplis, and Lumbardy;
As I think eſtir, withe all my diligence,
Or thow departe at lenthe for to diſcry,
With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

B in thi name betaknis batalrus;
A able in feild; R right renoune moſt hie;
N nobilnes; and A for aunterus;
R ryall blude; for dughtenes is D;
W valyeantnes; S for ſtrenewite;
Quhoiſe knyghtli name, ſo ſchynyng in clemence,
For wourthines in gold ſuld writtin be,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

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Several Pages are here wanting.

BALLADE VI.

BALLADE VI.

My gudame wes a gay wif, bot ſcho wes ryght gend;
Scho duelt furth fer into [Fyfe*] apon *Falkland fellis*;
Thai callit [her] kynd KITTOK, quhaſa hir weill kend;
Scho wes like a caldrone cruke, cler under kellys.
Thai threpit that ſcho eit of thrift; and maid a gude end.
Eftir hir dede ſcho dredit nought in hevin for to duell:
And ſa to hevin the hieway dreidles ſcho wend,
Yit ſcho wandit, and yeid by to ane elriche well.
Scho met thar, as I wene,
Ane aſk rydand on a ſnaill,
And cryit, "Ourtane fallow haill!"
And raid ane inche behind the taill,
Till it wes neir evin.

Sa ſcho had hap to be horſit to hir herbry,
Att ane ailhous neir, it nyghttit thaim thare.
Scho deit of thriſt in this warld that gert hir be ſo dry,
Scho neuer eit bot drank our meſure and mair.
Scho ſlepit quhill the morne at none, and rais airly,
And to the yeſtis of hevin faſt can the wif fair,
And by Sanct Petir, in at the yet ſcho ſtall prevely.
God lukit and ſaw hir lattin in, and lewch his hert fair.
And thar, yeris ſevin,
Scho lewit a gud lif;
And wes our ladyis hen-wif;
And held Sanct Peter at ſtrif,
Ay quhill ſcho wes in hevin.

* In the original *France*; a typographical error.

Sche

Sche lukit out on a day, and thogt ryght lang,
To ſe the ailhous beſide, intill ane evill hour;
And out of hevin the hie gait cought the wif gaing,
For to get hir ane freſche drink, the aill of hevin wes ſour.
Scho come agane to hevinis yet, quhen the bell rang,
Saint Petir hat hir with a club, quhill a grete clour
Rais in hir heid, becaus the wif yeid wrang.
Than to the ailhous agane ſcho ran, the pycharis to pour;
And for to brew, and baik.
Frendis, I pray yow hertfully,
Gif ye be thriſty, or dry,
Drink with my guddame, as ye ga by,
Anys for my ſaik.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

THREE PIECES

BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

THE

HOULAT,

OR

THE DANGER OF PRIDE.

A FABLE.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet walks by a river, in May, *Stanza* I.—Pleasures of the place, II, III.—A houlat, or owl, appears in a holly, looking at her image in the water, IV.—Complaint of the owl, V.—He resolves to appeal to the Pope againſt Nature, VI.—The owl requeſts the peacock, the Pope of birds, to be made fair, VII, VIII. IX.—A council of birds ſummoned, X—XIX.—They argue upon the caſe, and, as it is temporal, ſubmit it to the Emperor, XX—XXIII.—The eagle, or Emperor, goes to the council, and his attendants, XXIV.

THE

HOULATE.

MAID BE HOLLAND.

I.

IN the middis of Maii, at morne, as I went,
Throw mirth markit on mold, till a grene meid,
The blemis blyweſt of blee fro the ſone blent,
That all brychnit about the bordouris on breid.
With alkin herbis off air that war in erd lent
The feildis flowryſchit, and fretfull of fairheid.
So ſoft was the ſeaſons our ſourane doun ſent,
Throw the greabill gift off his godheid,
That all was amiable ower the air and the erd.
Thus throw the cliſts ſo clere
Above, but fallow or fere,
I waikit till a riweir
That ryallye rered.

II.

This riche rywer down ran, but reſting or rove,
Throw a foreſt on fauld, that ferlye was fair.
All the brayis of that buyrne buir brenchis above;
And birdis blyitheſt of ble on bloſſomes bair.
The land lony was, and lie, with lyking and love.
And for to lende by that lak thocht me levare,
Becauſs that thir hertis in herdis coud hove;
Pranſand and pridyeand, be pair and be pare.
Thus ſat I in ſolace, ſekrelye and ſuire,
Content of the fare firth,
Mekle mare of the mirth;
Als was blyith of the birth,
That the ground buire.

III.

The birth that the ground bure was brondyn in bredis,
With gerſs gay as the gold, and granis of grace,
Mendis and medicine for all menis (neidis *;)
Help till hert, and till hurt, helefull it was.
Under the circle ſolar thir ſanourous ſedis
Were nuriſt be dame Nature, that nobill maiſtres.
Bot all thair namys to nyum as now it nocht nedis;
It wer prolixit and lang, and lenthing of ſpace.
And I haif mekle matter in metir to gloſs,
Of ane uthir ſentence;
And waik is my eloquence.
Thairfoir in haiſt will I hence
To the purpoſe.

* leydis, *MS. margin.*

IV. Of

IV.

Of that purpois in that place, be pryme of the day,
I hard a peteous appeill, with a pure mane,
Sowlpit in ſorrow, that ſadly could ſay,
" Woes me wreche in this warld wilſum of wane!"
With mair murnyng, in mynd than I mene may;
Rowpit rewchfully roulk in a rud rane,
Off that ferly on fold I fell in affray.
Nyrar that noyris in neſt I nycht in ane,
I ſaw a HOULAT in haiſt, under ane holyng,
Lukand the lak throw,
And ſaw hir awin ſhadow,
At the quhilk he culd grow,
And maid a gowling.

V.

He gret gryſlie grym, and gaif a grit youle,
Hedand and hydand with churlich chere.
" Quhy is my fate," quoth the fyle, " faſſeint ſo foule?
" My forme, and my fetherin, unfrelie but feir;
" My neb is nytherit as a nob. I am but ane oule.
" Againis natur in the nycht I waik into weir.
" I dar do nocht in the day bot droup as a doule;
" Nocht for ſhame of my ſhaip in pert till appeir.
" Thus all the foulis, for my filth, hes me at feid;
" That be I ſene in thair ſicht
" To luke out on day lycht,
" Sum will me dolefully dycht,
" Sum dring me to my deid.

VI.

" Sum bird will bay at my beke, and ſum will me byte;
" Sum ſkirp me with ſcorne, ſum ſkyrine at myn e.
" I ſee be my ſhaddow my ſhap hes the wyte.
" Quhame ſall I bleme in this breth, a beſum that I be?
" Is none bot dame Natur I bid not to wyte
" To accuſe, in this cauſe, in cais that I de.
" Bot quha ſall make me amendis of hir worth a myte,
" That this hes maid on the mold a monſter of me?
" I will appeill to the Paip, and paſs to him plane;
" For happin that his halynace,
" Throw prayer, may purchace
" To reforme my foule face;
" And than wer I ſane.

VII.

" Fane wald [I ken], quoth the fyle, or I furth fure,
" Quha is fader of all foule, paſtour and Paip?
" That is the pleſand *Pacok*, pretious and pure,
" Conſtant and kirklyk, under his cleir kaip;
" Myterit, as the maner is, manſuiet and demure;
" Schrowd in his ſcheneweid, and ſchane in his ſchaip;
" Sad in his ſanctitude, ſickerly and ſure.
" I will go to that guid, his grace for to graip."
Off that boure I was blyeth; and baid to behald.
The *Howlate*, violent of vyce,
Raikit under the ryce,
To the *Pacok* of pryce,
That was Pape cald.

VIII. Beſſoir

VIII.

Beffoir the Paip quhen that puir preſent him had,
With fit courtaſſye, as he coud, on knees he fell.
Said, "*Ave* Rabye! Be the rude I am rych rade,
"To behald your Hellynes, or my taill tell.
"I may nocht ſuffiſe to ſe your Sanctitude ſad."
The Paip wyiſlie, I wis, of wirſchip the well,
Gawe him his braid benneſoun; and balelie him bade,
That he ſuld ſpeanlie ſpeik, and ſpair nocht to ſpell.
"I com to ſpeir," quoth the ſpreit, "into ſpeciall,
"Quhy I am formit ſa foull;
"Ay to yout and to youll,
"As ane horuble oull,
"Ougſum owir all?

IX.

"I am nycherit ane oule thus be Nature,
"Lykar a fulle, than a foul', in figure and face.
"Byſſym of all birdis, that evir bodye bure,
"Without caws or cryme kend in this cace.
"I have appeillit to your preſence, pretious and puir,
"To aſk help into haiſt at your Holynace,
"That ye wald crye upoun Chriſt, that all hes in cuir,
"To ſchape me ane ſchand bird in a ſchort ſpace.
"And to accuſe Nature this is no uay.
"Thus throw your Halynes may ye
"Make a fair foull of me;
"Or ellis dreidles I dee,
"Or my end day."

X.

'Off thy deid,' quoth the Paip, 'pitie I hawe;
'Bot of Nature to pleyne it is pariell.
'I can nocht say ſuddanlie, ſo me Chriſt ſawe,
'Bot I ſall call my cardinallis, and my counſell.
'Patriarkis and prophetis, oure lerit all the lawe,
'Thai ſal be ſemblit full ſone, that thow ſe ſall.'
He callit on his Cubiculare within his conclawe
That was the proper *Pape*, proud in his apparrell:
Bad ſend for his ſecretare, and his ſele ſone,
That was the *Turture* treweſt
Ferme, faithfull, and ſeſt,
That bure that office honeſt;
And enterit but hone.

XI.

The Paip commandit, but hone, to wryt in all landis,
Be the ſaid ſecretare, that the ſele yemyt,
For all ſtaitis of kirk, that under Chriſt ſtandis,
To ſemble till his ſummondis, as it weill ſemyt.
The trew *Turture* has tane with the titgandis,
Done dewly his dett as the dere demyt:
Syne belyve ſend the lettres into fere landis,
With the *Swallow* ſo ſwift in ſpeanle expremit,
The Papis herald at poynt into preſent;
For he is furthward to flee,
And ay will haif enteree
In hous, and in hall hee,
To tell his entent.

XII. Quhat

XII.

Quhat ſall I tell ony mair of thir materis?
Bot thir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane,
Reſſavit thame with reverence, to reid as efferis;
And richelye the heraldis rewardit ilk ane.
Than buſk thai but blin; monye bewſckeris
Graithis thame, but growching, that gait for to gane.
All the ſtaitis of kirk out of ſteid ſteris:
And I ſall note you richt now thair namis in ane.
How thai apperit to the Paip, and preſent thame ay;
Fair farrand, and free,
In ane guidlye degree,
And manlyke; as thocht me
In middis of May.

XIII.

All thus in May, as I went in a morning,
Come foure *Pheſandis* full fair, in the firſt front;
Preſentit thame as Patriarkis in thair appering,
Benygne of obedience, and blyith in the bront.
A college of Cardinallis come ſyne in a ling,
That war *Crannis* of kynd gif I rycht compt;
With ride hattis on heid in hale carkining
Off that deir dignitie, with wirſchip ay wont.
Thir ar foulis of effect, but felonye or feid,
Spiritual in all thing
Leill in thair leving;
Thairfore in dignitie ding
Thai ding to thair deid.

XIV. Yit

XIV.

Yit induring the day to that dere drew
Swannis ſwonchand full ſwyith, ſweiteſt of ſware;
In quhite rokattis arrayit, as I rycht knew,
That thai wer Byſhoppis bliſt I was the blyvare.
Stable, and ſteidfaſt, tender and trew;
Off ſew wordis, full wyiſs and worthye, thai ware.
Thair was *Pyattis*, and *Pertrekis*, and *Plevaris* anew,
As abbatis of all ordouris that honorable ar.
The *See mawis* war monkis, the blak and the quhyte.
The *Goull* was a garnitar,
The *Swerthbak* a ſcellerar,
The *Scarth* a fyſh-fangar,
And that a perfyte.

XV.

Perfytelie thir *Pik mawis* as for priouris,
With thair partie habitis, preſent thame thair.
Herronis contemplative clein chentouris
With toppit hudes on heid, and cleir of hair.
Ay ſorrowfull and ſaid at all houris;
Was never leid ſaw thame lauch; bot drowpane and dare.
All kin chennonis eik of uthir ordouris;
All manor of religioun, the leſs and the mair.
Cryand *Crawis*, and *Kais*, and that crewis the corne,
War puir frewp forward
That with the leve of the lard,
Will into the corne yard
At evin and at morne.

XVI. Yet

XVI.

Yet or evin enterit that bure offyce,
Obeyand thir Biſchoppis, and bydand thame by,
Grit *Ganaris* on ground, in gudlie awyce,
That war demit but dout Denys duchty.
Thai mak reference rith, and airlie will ryiſs
To keip the college clein, and the clargye.
The *Roke* in his cleir caip, that crawis and cryis,
Was choſen Chantor full cheif in the chenonrye.
Thair cum the *Curllew* a Clark, and that a cunand,
Chargit as chancellare,
For he could wryte wonder fare,
With his neb for myſtar
Upoun the ſee ſand.

XVII.

Upoun the ſand that I ſaw, as the ſanrare tane,
With grene awmons on hede, Sir Gawane the *Drake*;
The *Arſeene* that our man ay prichand in plane,
Corrector of Kirkine was clepit the *Clake*.
The *Morton*, the *Murecok*, the *Myrſnyp* in ane,
Lychtit, as lerit men of law, by that lake.
The *Ravin*, rowpand rudely in a roch rane,
Was Dene rurall to rede rank as a rake;
Quhill the lardun was laid, held he na houſs;
Bot in uplandis townis
At Vicaris and Perſonis,
For the procurationis
Cryand full crouſs.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The crouſs *Capon*, a Clerk under cleir wedis,
Full of cherité, chaſte and unchangeable,
Was Officiale but les that the law ledis
In cauſis conſiſtorial, that ar courſable.
The *Sparrow* veug he veſyit for his vile dedis,
Lyand in lechorye, laſch, unlouable.
The *Feldefar*, in the forreſt that febily him fedis,
Be ordour ane hoſpitular wás ordanit full hable.
The *Kowſchots* war Perſonis in thair apparrele.
The *Dow* NOYES meſſingere,
Rownand ay with his fere
Was a Curate, to here
Confeſſionis hale.

XIX.

Confeſs cleir can I nocht, nor kyth all the cas,
The kynd of thair cunnyng, thir compargés eke;
The manere, nor the multitude ſomonyt than was.
All ſe foull, and ſede foull, was nocht for to ſeke.
Thir ar no foulis of reſ, nor of rethnas,
Bot manſuete, but malice, mandrit and meke,
And all apperit to the Paip, in that ilk place,
Saluſt his ſanctitude with ſpirituall ſpeke.
The Pape gaif his beneſon, and bliſſit thame all.
Quhen thai war rankit on rawis
Off thair wing, the haill cawis
Was ſaid into ſchort ſawis,
As ye here ſáll.

XX. The

XX.

The Pape ſaid to the *Oule*, " Propone thine appele,
" Thy lamentabill langage, as lyke the beſt."
' I am deſcernint of the ſoul, with faltis full fele,
' Be nature nycherit ane oule noy quhar in neſt,
' Wrech of all wrechis, fra wirſchip and wele;
(All this tretye hes he tald be times inteſt.)
' It nedis nocht to renew all my unhele,
' Şen it was menit to your mynd, and maid manifeſt.'
Bot to the poynt pietous he prait the Pape
To call the clergye with cure
And ſe gif that Nature
Mycht reforme his figure
In a fair ſchaip.

XXI.

Than fairly the Fader thir foulis he frainyt
Off thair cunſele in this cais, ſen that the rycht knew;
Gyff thai the *Houlat* mycht help, that was ſo hard panyt.
And thai verelye aviſit, full of vertewe,
The mater, the manner, aud how it remanyt;
The circumſtance, and the ſtait, all coude thai argewe.
Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to laneit,
Off ARISTOTLE, aud all men, ſchairplye thai ſchewe.
The prelatis thair apperance proponit generall.
Sum ſaid to, ſum fra;
Sum nay, and ſum ya.
Baith *pro* and *contra*
Thus argewe thai all.

XXII. Thus

XXII.

Thus argewe thai erniſtlye wone offis;
And ſyn to the ſamyn forſuth thai aſſent hale;
That ſen it nychlit Nature, thair alleris maiſtris,
Thai coud nocht trete but entent of the temperale.
Thairfore thai counſele the Pape to wryte on this wys,
To the achil Emprour, ſouerane in ſale,
Till addreſs to that diete, to deme his avis,
With Dukis, and with digne Lordis, derreſt in dale,
Eriis of anceſtry, and uthir ynewe.
So that Spirituale State
And the ſeculare conſate,
Mycht all gang in a gate
Tendir and trewe.

XXIII.

The trew *Turture*, and traiſt, as I heire tald,
Wrate thir lettres at lenth, leleſt in lede;
Syne throw the Papis pretext planelye thame yald
To the *Swallow* ſo ſwift, harrald in hede,
To ettill to the Emproure, of anceſtry ald.
He wald nocht ſpare for to ſpring on a hind ſpede:
Fand him in *Babilonis tour*, with bernis ſa bald,
Cruell kingis with crouns, and ducks but drede.
He gave thir lordis belyve the lettres to luke;
Quhilk the riche Emproure,
And all other in the houre
Reſſavit with honour,
Bayth Princis, and Duke.

XXIV. Quhen

XXIV.

Quhen thai conſavit had the cas, and the credence,
Be the herald in hall huſe thai nocht ellis,
Bot bownis out of *Babilon* with all obedience,
Sekis our the ſalt ſee, fro the ſouth ſellis,
Enteris in *Europ*, free but offence,
Waillis wylie the wayis, be woddis and wellis,
Till thai approch to the Pape in his preſence,
At the foirſaid triſte quhar the treté tellis.
Thai fand him in a forreſt, frelye and fare.
Thay halſit his Halynes.
And ye ſall here, in ſchort ſpace,
Quhat worthy Lordis thair was,
Giff your willis ware.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The birds of prey, &c. who attend the emperor, I, II.—The poet goes into a ſtrange digreſſion, for the remainder of this Part, and deſcribes the arms of the Pope, the Emperor, and France, III, IV.—Thoſe of Scotland, and of Douglas, V, VI.—The green tree of Douglas, its four branches, and arms of each, VII, VIII.—The cauſes and origin of the arms of Douglas, IX, X, XI.—The expedition of Douglas to the Holy Land with the heart of Robert I. XII—XVIII.—The ſtars and other arms of Douglas, XIX—XXV.

I.

Thair was the *Egill* ſo grym, gretteſt on ground is,
Achill Emproure our all, moſt awfull in erd.
Ernis ancient of air Kingis that crounid is,
Next his Celſitude forſuth ſecound apperd:
Quhilk in the firmament throw fors of thair flycht found is,
Percying the forme, withyn ſycht ſelcouth to herde.
Eyre Falcons, that gentillie in bewtye abondis,
War dere Duckis, and digne, to deme as efferd.
The *Falcon*, faireſt of flycht formyt on fold,
Was ane Erle of honour,
Marſchall to the Emprour,
Both in hall, and in bour,
Hende to behold.

II.

Goſhalkis wer governors of thair grit oſt,
Chofin chiftanis, chevelruſs in chairges of weiris,
Marchrous in the map-mond, and of mycht moſt,
Nixt Dukis in dignité, quhome no dreid deiris.
Sperk Halkis, that ſpedely will compas the coſt,
Wer kene Knychtis of kynd, clene of maneiris,
Blyth bodeit, and beild, but barrat or boſt,
With ene celeſtiall to ſe, circulit with ſapheiris.
The *Specht* wes a Purſovand, proud to appeir,
That raid befoir the Emperour,
In a cote of armour
Of all kynd of cullour,
Cumly and cleir.

III.

He bure cumly to knaw be conſcience their *
Thre cronis, and a crucifix, all of clene gold;
The burd with orient perle plant till appeir,
Dicht as a dyademe digne, deir to behold,
Archt on ilka ſyd with a ſapheir,
The jaſpirs jonit the jem, and rubeyis inrold.
Syne twa keys our corſs, of ſilver ſo cleir †,
In a field of aſur flamit on fold;
The Paipis armis at poynt to blaſone and beir,
As feiris for a Purſovant,
That will viage avant;
Active, and avenant,
Armes to weir.

* The armes. *MS. margin.* † Paipis armes. *ib.*

IV.

Syne in a field of ſiluer, ſecound he beiris *,
Ane Egill ardent of air, that ettiles ſo he;
The memburs of the ſamyn foule diſplayit as affeiris,
Ferme formit on fold, ay ſet for to fle;
All of ſable the ſelf, quha the ſuth leiris,
The beke bypticit bryme of that ilk ble.
The Emprior of *Almane* tha armes he weiris,
As ſignifer ſoverane. And ſyne culd I ſe †
The flour delycis of *France*, all of fyne gold,
In a field of aſure,
The third armes in honour,
The ſaid purſevand bure
Thate blenkit ſo bold.

V.

Thairwith linkit in a lyng, be leirit men approvit ‡,
He bure a lyoin as lord, of gowlis full gay,
Maid maikles of mycht, on mold quhare he movit,
Rycht rampand as Roy ryell of array.
Of pure gold wes the grund, quhair the grym hovit;
With dowble treſſour about, flowrit in fay;
And flourdelycis on loft, that mony leid lovit;
Off gold figuet, and ſet, to ſchaw in affay.

* Emp'rs armes. *MS. margin.*
† France armes. *ib.*
‡ Scotlandis armes. *ib.*

Our

Our ſouerane in *Scotlandis* armes to knaw,
Quhilk ſal be Lord and Ledar
Of bred *Britane* all quhair,
As Sanct Margaretis air,
And the fryme ſhaw.

VI.

Next the Souerane ſigne wes ſickerly ſene *,
That fermit his ſerenitie ever formable,
The armes of the DOWGLAS's duchty bedene,
Knawin throw all Chriſtendome be cognoſcence hable.
Off Scotland the weir-wall, wit ye but wene,
Our fais forſes to defend, and unſelyeable;
Baith barnekin and bar to *Scottis* blud bene,
Our lofes, and our liking, that lyne honorable.
That word is ſo wondir warme, and evir yit was,
It ſynkis ſome in all pairt
Off a trew *Scottis* hairt,
Rewſcand us in vairt
To heir of DOWGLAS.

VII.

Off the duchtie DOWGLAS to dyte I me dreſs;
Thair armes of anceſtre honorable ay,
Quhilk oft blithit the BRUCE in diſtreſs,
Thairfoir he bliſſit that blud bald in affay.

* The deſcription of the Douglas' armes. *MS. margin.*

Reid the writ of thare werk to your witneſs,
Sin on my mater to muſe I move as I may.
The ſone Purſevand gyd wes grathit I ges,
Bruſit with a greine tre, gudly and gay *;
That bure branchis on bred blytheſt of hew;
Quhilk bewch to imbras
Writtin in a bill was,
O DOWGLAS, DOWGLAS,
TENDIR AND TREW!

VIII.

Syne ſchyre ſchapin to ſchaw, mony ſchene ſcheild †
With tuſheis of tueſt ſilk ticht to the tre;
Ilk brenche had the berle, birth burly and beild,
Sone flureſt on riall gritteſt of gre.
And in the crop heich, as cheif I beheld,
Quhilk bur into aſure, blytheſt of ble,
Silver ſternis ſō fair; and parte of the feild
Was ſilver ſett with a hairt, heirly and he,
Of gowlis full gratnis, that glemit full gay.
Syne in aſure the mold
A lyoun, cronit with gold,
Of ſilver ye ſe ſchold
To ramp in array.

* The grene tre. *MS. margin.*
† Four branches of the tre. *ib.*

IX.

Quhilk cuſſin be conyſance quartrly was,
With barris of beſt gold it brint as the fyre;
And uthir ſingis, forſuth furdre I geſs,
Of metteles and cullours in lentfull attyre.
It wer lere for to tell, dyte, or addreſs,
All thair deir armes in dolic deſyre.
But parte of the principale nevertheleſs
I ſall haiſtine to chew hairtly but hyre.
Thair loff and thair lordſchip of ſo lang date,
That bene cot armor of eld,
Thair into herald I held;
But ſen thai the BRUCE beld,
I wret as I wate.

X.

In the takin of trewth, and conſtance kend,
The cullour of aſure, hevinly hew,
Forthy to the DOWGLAS that ſenye wes ſend,
As leleſt, all *Scotland* fra ſkath to reſkew.
The ſilver in the ſamyn half, trewly to tend,
Is cleir curage in armes, quha the richt knew.
The bludy hairt that he beirs the BRUCE of his end,
With his eſtaites in the ſteid, and Nobilles enew,
Addit in the armes, for honorable cauſs,
As his tendereſt and deir,
In his maiſt miſteir;
As ſal be ſaid to you heir
Into ſchort ſawis.

XI.

The Roy ROBERT the BRUCE to raik he avowit,
With all the hairt that he had, to the haly grave;
Syne quhen the date of his deid derfly him dowit,
With lords of *Scotland*, lerit, and the lave,
As worthy, wiſeſt to waile, in wirſchip allowit,
To JAMES Lord of DOWGLAS thay the gre gave,
To go with the Kingis hairt. Thairwith he nocht growit;
Bot ſaid to his Souerane, "So me God ſave!
"Your grete giftis, and grant ay gratnis I fand;
"Bot now it moves all thir maiſt,
"That your hairt nobilleſt
"To me is cloſit and keſt
"Throw your command.

XII.

"I love yow mair for that loſe ye lippen me till,
"Than ony lordſchip or land, ſo me our Lorde leid!
"I ſall waynd for no way to wirk as ye will,
"At wiſs, gife my werd wald, with yow to the deid."
Thairwith he lowttit full law. Thame lykit full ill,
Bayth Lordis and Ladeis, that ſtud in the ſteid.
Off comoun natur the courſs be kynd to fulfill,
The gud King gaif the geſt to God for to rede;
In *Cardroſs* that Crownit cloſit his end.
Now God, for his grit grace,
Set his ſaule in ſolace!
And we will ſpeik of DOWGLACE,
Quhat wey he coud weind.

XIII. The

XIII.

The hairt coiſtly he could cloſs in a cleir cace,
And held alhaill the beheſt he hecht to the King:
Come to the haly grave, throw Godis grit grace,
With offerandis, and oriſonis, and all uthir thing;
Our ſalvators ſepulcour, and the ſamyn place,
Quhare he raiſs, as we reid, richtous to ring;
With all the relikis rath, that in that rowm wace,
He gart hallow the hairt, and ſyne cud hit hing,
About his hals full hend, and on his awin hart.
Of wald he kiſs it, and cry
" O flour of chevelry!
" Quhy leif I, allace! quhy?
" And thow deid art!

XIV.

" My deir," quoth the Dowglas, " art thow to deid dicht?
" My ſingular Soverane, of *Saxonis* the wand!
" Now bot I ſemble for thy ſawlis with *Sarazenis* mycht,
" Sall I nevir ſene be into *Scotland*."
Than in defens of the faith he fure to the ficht,
With knychtis of Chriſtindome to keip his command.
And quhen the battellis ſo bryn, brathly and blicht,
Were joniſt thraly in thrang, mony thowſand;
Amang the hethin men the hairt hardely he ſlang,
Sayd, " WEND ON, AS THOU WONT,
" THROW THE BATTEL IN BRONT;
" AY FORMEST IN THE FRONT
" THY FAYIS AMANG.

XV.

" And I ſall fallow thé in faith, or with fayis be fellit;
" As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow art."
Thairwith on *Mahonis* men manly he mellit,
Braid throw the battelis in bront, and bur thame bakwart.
The wayis quhair the wicht went wer in wa wellit;
Wes nane ſa ſture in the ſteid mycht ſtand him aſtart.
Thus frayis he the fals folk, trewly to tell it,
Ay quhill he coverit and come to the Kingis hart.
Thus fell feildis he wan ay wirchipand it.
Throwout Criſtindome kid
Wer the deidis he did:
Till on a tyme it betyd,
As tellis the writ.

XVI.

He bownit to a battel, and the beld wan,
Ourſett on the Sathanas ſide *Sarazenis* micht:
Syne followit faſt on the chace, quhen thay fle can,
Full ferly fele hes he fellit, and ſlane in ſicht.
As he relevit was, ſo wes he ever than,
Off a wycht him allane, wirthy and wicht,
Circlit with *Sarazenis* mony a ſad man,
That trawyntit with a trane upoun that trew Knycht.
" Thow ſall nocht de the allane," quoth the Douglace.
" Sen I ſe the ourſett,
" To fecht for the faith ſett
" I ſall dewoyd the of dett,
" Or de in this place." *k*

XVII. He

XVII.

He ruſchit in the grit rowt, the Knycht to reſkew,
Fell of the falſs folk, that fled of befoir,
Relevit in on thir twa, for to tell trew,
That thai war baith fainy ourſett; thairfoir I murne ſoir.
Thus in defence of the faith, as fermes anew,
And pite of the pretius Knycht that wes in yane thore,
The duchty DOWGLAS is deid doun adew,
With lof and with liking, that leilis evir more.
His hardy men tuk the hairt ſyne upoun hand.
Quhen thay had bureit thair Lord,
With mekle mane to remord,
Thay maid it hame be reſtord
Into *Scotland*.

XVIII.

Be this reſone we reid, as our Roy lenit,
The DOWGLAS in armes the bludy hairt beiris.
For it bled he his blud, as the bill brenit:
And in batellis full bred, under baneris,
Throw full chevelrous chance he this hart chenit,
Fra walit wayis, and wicht wirthy in weiris.
Mony galyard grome wes on the grund lenit,
Quhen he it flang in the field fellon of feiris,
Syne reſkowand agane the hethin menis harmys.
This hart, red to behald,
Throw thir reſſonis ald,
The bludy harte it is cald
In DOWGLAS's armes.

XIX. The

XIX.

The ſternis of ane uther ſtrynd ſteris ſo fair *,
And callit MURRAY the riche, lord of renownis,
Deit, and a dochter had to his deir air,
Off all his treſor untald, touris and tounis.
The DOWGLAS in thay dayis, duchtrye Dguhare,
ARCHIBALD the honorable in habitationis,
Weddit that wlowk wicht, worthye of ware,
With rent and with riches. And be thai reſſonis
He bure the ſternis of eſtate in his ſtele wedis;
Blithe, blomand, and brycht
Throw the MURRAYIS mycht.
And ſo throw Goddis foirſycht,
The DOWGLAS ſuccedis.

XX.

The lyoun lauſand on loft, lord in effere †,
For guid cauſe, as I ges, is of *Galway*.
Quhen thai rebellit the croun; and caus the King dere,
He gave it to the DOWGLAS, heretabill ay:
On this wiſs gif he coud win it of were;
Quhilk for his ſouranis ſaik he ſet to aſſay;
Keilit doun his capitanis, and could it aquere;
Maid it ferme, as we find, to our *Scottis* fay.
Thairfoir the lyoun he bure, with loving and loſs,
Of ſilver, ſemely and ſur,
In a feild of aſur,
Crownit with gold pur
To the purpoſs.

* The ſternis. *MS. margin.* † Lyoun. *ib.*

XXI. The

XXI.

The forreſt of *Etrik*, and uthir ynew
The landis of *Lauder*, and lordſchipis feir,
With dynt of his derf ſourd the DOWGLAS ſo dew
Wan wichtly of weir, wit ye but weir,
Fro ſonis of *Saxonis*. Now gife I ſall ſew
The ordour of thair armes, it wer to tell heir;
The barris of beſt gold that I thame hail knew
It ſuld occupy ws all; thairfoir I end heir,
Refferring me to herraldis, to tell you the haill.
Off uthir ſcheildis, ſo ſchene,
Sum parte will I mene,
That wer on the tre grene
Worthy to waill.

XXII.

Secund ſyne, in a feild of ſilver certane*,
Off a kynd cullour thre koddis I kend
With dowble treſſurs about, burely and bane,
And flour delycis ſo fair trewly to tend.
The tane and the tuthir of goulis full gane,
He bur quarterly, that nane mycht amend.
The armes of the DOWGLAS, thairof wes I fane,
Quhilk oft wes fay with forſs, his fa till offend.
Off honorable anceſtry the armes of eld
Bur the Erle of MURRAY,
As ſad ſigne of affay,
His fell fais till affray,
In a fair feld.

* The coddis. *MS. margin.*

XXIII. And

XXIII.

Ane uthir, Erle of ORMOND, alſo he bure
The ſaid DOWGLAS armes, with a difference.
And rycht ſo did the FERD*, quhair he furth fure;
Yaip thocht he yung was, to ſaynd his offence.
It ſemit that thay ſilver [war] for ſuth I affnre.
Thir four ſcheildis of price into preſence
Wer changit ſo chivelrouſs, that no creature
Of lokkis nor luikkis, mycht louſs worth a lence.
Syne ilk brench, and bew, bowit thame till:
And ilk ſcheild in that place
Thair tenent or man wace,
Or ellis thair all yace
At thair awin will.

XXIV.

Als hieſt in the crop four helmis full fair †,
And in thair tyime tall and tryd, trewly thay beir.
The pleſand *Powin* in a port, prowd to repare,
And als kepit ilk armes that I ſaid air.
The rowth wodroiſs wald that buſtouiſs bare,
Our growin gryſly and grym in effeir.
Mair awfull in all thing ſall I nevare
Bayth to walk, and to ward, as withis in weir.
That drable felloun my ſpirit affrayit,
So ferdfull of fanteſy.
I durſt not kyth to copy
All uthir armes thairby,
Off renkis arrayit.

* Lord Balveney. *MS. margin.* † The Powin. *ib.*

XXV. Thair-

XXV.

Thairfoir of the ſaid tree I tell nocht the tend,
The birth, and the brenchis, that blomit ſo bred.
Quhat ſele armes on loft, lufly to lend,
Off lordingis in feir landis, gudly and glaid,
The ſaid Purſevand bur, quhair he away wend,
Off his garment ſo gay, of ane he hede,
I leif thame blaſound to be with herrauldis hend;
And I will to my matter as I air made.
And begyne, quhair I left, at lordingis dere,
The court of the Emprour,
How thay come in honour,
Thir fowlis of rigour
With a grit rere.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The poet returns to his fable. The temporal birds meet the ſpiritual, and go to dinner, I—V.—The Minſtrels enter, VI.—Their hymn to the Virgin Mary, VII—IX.—The kinds of muſical inſtruments, X.—The Jugler and his tricks, XI, XII.—The Iriſh bard, and his fabulous ſong, XIII.—His mad behaviour, and that of two fools, XIV—XVI.—After this ſecond digreſſion, the Council hear the owl's complaint, which is redreſſed by Nature; but the owl's pride reduces her to her former ugline ſs, XVII—XXV.—The owl's complaint, being the moral of the fable againſt pride, XXV—XXVII.—Concluſion, XXVIII.

I.

Than rerit thro membronis that montis ſo he,
Furth borne bethleris bald in the bordouris;
Buſardis, and *Beld tyttes*, as it mycht be,
Soldwnris and ſubject-men to thay Senyeoris.
The *Pitill* and the *Pipe gled* cryand *pewé*
Befoir thir princes ay paſt, as pairt of purveyouris,
For thay culd cheires chikkynis, and purchaſe poultré,
To cleik fra the commonis, as Kingis katouris
Syne hive honir and behald the harlry place.
Robene Reid-breſt nocht ran,
Bot raid as a henſeman;
And the little we *Wran*
That wrechit dwerth was.

II.

Thair wes the herraldis fa the hobby but fable,
Stanchellis, *Steropis*, ſcrycht to thair ſterne lordis.
With alkin officiaris in erd, avenand and hable;
So mekle wes the multitude no mynd it remordis.
Thus aſſemblit thir ſeggis, ſiris ſenyorable,
All that wer foulis of reif, quha richtly recordis,
For the Temporalite tretit in table.
The ſterne Empriouris ſtyle thus ſtoutly reſtord is.
The Paip, and the Patriarkis, the Prelattis, I wiſt,
Welcomit thame wyſlie, but weir,
With haly ſarmondis feir,
Pardoun, and prayeir,
And blythly thame bliſt.

III.

The bliſſit Paip in the place prayd thame ilk ane
To remane to the meit, at the midday;
And thay grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane;
Than to ane wortheleth wane went thay thair way:
Paſſit to a palice of price pleſand allane,
Was erectit ryelly, ryke of array,
Pantit and apparalit prowdly in pane,
Sylit ſemely with ſilk, ſuthly to ſay.
Braid burdis, and benkis, our beld with bancouris of gold,
Cled our with clene clathis,
Raylit full of richis,
The efreſt wes the areſſis
That ye ſe ſchold.

IV. All

IV.

All thus thay move to the meit: and the Marſchale *
Gart bring watter to weſche, of a well cleir:
That wes the *Falcone* ſo fair, frely but faile
Bad bernis burdis upbred, with a blyth chere.
The Pāip paſt to his place, in his pontificale,
The athil Emprour annon nycht him neir.
Kings, and Patrearkis, kend with Cardynnallis all,
Addreſſit thame to that deſs, and Dukis ſo deir.
Biſchopis, Baronis, to the burd, and Marchonis of michtis;
Erlis of honoris,
Abbottis of ordoris,
Proveſtis and Prioris,
And many kene knychtis.

V.

Denis, and digneteis as are demit,
Scutiferis, and Sqyeris, and Bachelaris blyth:
I preſs nocht all to report; ye hard thame exprimit.
Bot all wer marchellit to meit mekly and myth:
Syne ſervit ſemely in ſale, forſuth as it ſemit,
With all curers of coſt that cukis coud kyth.
In fleſche tyme, quhen the fiſche wer away flemit,
Quha was Stewart bot the *Stork*, ſtalwart and ſtyth †:
Syne all the lentren but les, and the lang rede,
And als in the advent,
The *Soland* ſtewart was ſent;
For he coud fra the firmament
Fang the fiſche deid.

* Falcon-Marchell. † Stewarts. *MS. margin.*

VI.

The *Boytour* callit was Cuke, that him weil kend *
In craftis of the kiſchin, coſtlyk of curis.
Mony ſauouris ſawce with ſewans he ſend,
And confectionnis of forſs that phefick furth furis.
Mony mair meitis, gife I fall mak end,
It neidis not to renew all thair naturis;
Quhair ſit ſtaitis will ſteir, thair ſtyle till oſtend,
Ye wait all welth and wirſchip daily induris.
Syne, at the middis of the meit, in come the Menſtrallis †,
The *Maviſs* and the *Merle* ſingis
Oſillis, and *Stirlingis*;
The blyth *Lark* that begynis,
And the *Nychingallis*.

VII.

And thair notis in ane, gif I rycht nevin,
Were of Mary the myld; the maner I wiſs;
" Hale temple of the trinité, crownit in hevin!
" Hale muder of our makar, and medecyn of miſs!
" Hale fritte and ſalve for the ſynnis ſevin!
" Hale but of e, barret and beld of our bliſs!
" Hale granefull of grace that growis ſo evin!
" Ferme our ſeid to the ſet quhar thy ſone is.
" Haill lady of all ladies, lichteſt of leine!
" Haill chalin of cheſtité!
" Haill charbuncle of cherité!
" Haill! Bliſſit mot thou be
" For thy barne ſeine.

* Cuke, *MS. margin.* † Menſtralis, *ib.*

VIII.

" Haill bliſſit throch the bodwird of blith angellis!
" Haill princes that expleitis all profetis pure!
" Haill blyther of the Bapteiſt, within thy bowellis,
" Of Elizabeth thy aunt, aganis nature!
" Haill ſpritrous moſt ſpecifeit with the ſprituallis!
" Haill ordanit or ordane, and ay to indure!
" Haill oure hope, and oure help, quhen that harme ailis!
" Haile altare of *Ena* in ane briture!
" Haile well of our weilfair! We wait nocht of ellis;
" Bot all comittis thé,
" Saull, and lyfe, Ladye:
" Now, for thy fruyte, mak us free
" Fra feindis that fellis.

IX.

" Fra thy gree to this ground lat thy grace glyde!
" As thow art grantare thairof, and the gevare;
" Now ſovrane quhair thow ſittis, be thy ſonis ſyde,
" Send ſum ſuccor doun ſone to the ſynnare!
" The feind is our felloun fa, in thé we confyde,
" Thou moder of all mercye, and thé menare.
" For ws wappit in wo in this warld wyde,
" To thy ſone mak thy mane and thy makar.
" Now ladye luke to the lede that ye ſo lele luiſis,
" Thow ſekir crone of *Salomon*,
" Thow worthy wand of *Aaron*,
" Thow joyis fleece of *Jedron*,
" Us help the tahuſis!"

X. All

X.

All thus our Ladye thai lofe, with lyking and lift,
Menſtralis, and muſicians, mo than I mene may.
The *Pſaltry*, the *Citholis*, the ſoft *atharift* *,
The *Cronde*, and the *monycordis*, the *gythornis* gay;
The *rote*, and the *recordour*, the *ribus*, the *rift*,
The *trump*, and the *taburn*, the *tympane* but tray;
The *lilt pype*, and the *lute*, the *cithill* and *fift*,
The *dulſate*, and the *dulſacordis*, the *ſchalin* of aſſay;
The amyable *organis* uſit full oft;
Clarions loud knellis,
Portatibis, and *bellis*,
Cymbaellonis in the cellis,
That ſoundis ſo oft.

XI.

Quhen thay had ſangin, and ſaid, ſoftly a ſchoure †;
And plaid as of paradyſs it a poynt ware;
In come japane the *Ja*, as a Jugloure,
With caſtis, and with cantelis, a quynt caryare.
He gart thame ſee, as it ſemyt, in ſamin houre,
Hunting at herdis, in holtis ſo haire;
Soune ſailand on the ſee ſchippis of toure;
Bernis batalland on burd, brym as a bare;
He coud carye the coup of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the ſtede
Bot a blak bunwede:
He coud of a henis hede
Mak a man mes.

* The kyndis of inſtrumentis, *MS. margin.* † The Sportaris, *ib.*

XII.

He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
That the *Corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
Becaus thai eite of the corn in the kirkland.
He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald;
Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
A lang ſpere of a bittill for a berne bald,
Noblis of nutſchellis, and ſilver of ſand.
Thus jowkit with juxters the janglane *Ja.*
Fair ladyis in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth danſis and ſingis;
It ſemyt as ſa.

XIII.

Sa come the *Ruke* with a rerde, and a rane roch *,
A Bard out of *Irland* with *banochadee!*
Said, *gluntow guk dynydrach hala miſchty doch*;
Reke hir a rug of the roſt, or ſcho ſall ryve thé.
Miſch makmory ach mach momitir moch loch;
Set her doun, gif her drink; quhat deill aylis ye?
O Dermyn, o Donnal, o Dochardy droch;
Thir ar the *Ireland* Kingis of the *Erchrye.*
O Knewlyn, o Conoquhor, o Gregre M'Grane;
The *Chenachy*, the *Clarſchach*,
The *Beneſchene*, the *Ballach*,
The *Krekrye*, the *Corach*,
Scho kennis thame ilkane.

* The Ruke callit the Bard, *MS. margin.*

XIV. Monye

XIV.

Monye leſingis he maid; wat lat for no man
To ſpeke quhill he ſpokin had, ſparet no thingis.
The Dene Rural, the *Ravin*, reprevit him than,
Bad him his leſingis leue befoir thai Lordingis.
The bard wes branewod, and bitterlye coud ban,
" Thou corby meſſinger," quoth he, " with ſorow now
ſingis;
" Thow iſchit out of NOYIS ark, and to the erd wan,
" Tareit as tratour and brocht na tidingis.
" I ſall riwe the *Ravyn*, bayth gutis and gall.
Than the Dene Rurall worth rede,
Sall for ſchame of the ſtede.
The bard held a grit plede
In the hie hall.

XV.

In come twa flyrand Fulis with a fond fair*,
The *tuquheit*, and the gukkit *gowk*, and yede hiddie giddie;
Rwiſchit bayth to the Bard, and ruggit his hare;
Callit him thris thevis nek, to thraw in a widdie.
Than fylit him fra the foirtop to the fute thare.
The Bard ſmaddit lyke a ſmaik ſmokit in a ſmiddie:
Ran faſt to the dur, and gaif a grit raure;
Socht watter to weſch him thairout in ane ydy.
The Lordis leuch upoun loft, and lyking thai had,
That the Bard was ſo let.
The Folis ſend in the flet,
And monye mowis at mete
On the fluir maid.

* The Fulis, *MS. margin.*

XVI.

Syne for a ſigonale of frutt thai ſtrave in the ſtede;
The *tuquheit* gird to the *gowk*, and gaif him a fall,
Raiff his taill fra his heid, with a rache pleid;
The *gowk* gat up agane in the grit hall,
Tuc the *tuquheit* be the tope, and owirtirllit his heid,
Flang him flat in the fyre, fedderis and all.
He cryit, "Allace," with a rair, "revin is my reid!
"I am ungretiouſlye gorrit bayth guttis and gall."
Yit he lopd fra ye low bycht in lyne.
Quhen thai had remyllis raucht,
Thai ſoirthocht that thai facht;
Kiſſit ſyne, and ſacht,
And ſatt doun ſyne.

XVII.

All thus thir achilles in hall herlie remanit,
With all welthis at wiſs, and wirſchip to waill:
The Pape beginnis to grace, as greablie ganit;
Wiſch with thir wirchypis, and went to counſale.
The puir *Howlattis* appele compleitlie was planit,
His falt and foull forme, unfrelie but fale;
For the quhilk thir Lordis in lede nocht to lane it,
He beſcecht of ſocour, as ſovrane in ſaile,
That thai wald pray Nature his preſent to renew;
For it was hale his beheſte,
At thair alleris requeſte,
Mycht dame Nature areſte
Of him for to rewe.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Than rewit thir ryallis of that rach man,
Bayth Spirituale and Temporale, that kennit the cas;
And, conſiderand the caus, concludit in ane,
That thai wald NATURE beſeke, of hir grit grace,
To diſcend that ſaim hour as thair Sovrane,
At thair alleris inſtance, in that ilk place.
The Pape and the Patriarkis, the Prelatis ilk ane,
Thus pray thai as penitent; and all that thair was.
Quhairthrow dame NATURE the traiſt diſceudit that tyde,
At thair hale inſtance;
Quham thai reſſawe with reverance
And bowſum obeyſance,
As Goddes, and gyde.

XIX.

" It neides nocht," quoth NATURE, " to renew ocht
" Off your intent in this tyde, or for this to tell;
" I waitt your will, and quhat way ye wald that I wrocht
" To reaſoun the *Houlate*, of faltis full fell.
" It ſall be done at ye deme, drede ye rycht nocht:
" I conſent in this cais to your counſell,
" Sen myſelf for your ſake hidder hes ſocht.
" Ye ſall be ſpecialye ſped, or I mair ſpell.
" Now ilk foull of the firth a feddir ſall ta,
" And len the *Houlat*, ſen ye
" Of him hes pitie;
" And I ſall gar thame ſamyn be
" To grow or I ga.

XX.

Than ilka foull o his facht a fether has tane,
And let the *Houlat* in haſte, hurthy but hone.
Dame Nature the nobilleſt nychit in ane;
For ſo ferm this fetheren, and dochly hes done;
Girt it ground, and grow gaylye and gane,
On the ſamin *Houlate*, ſemely and ſone.
Than was the ſchand of his ſchaip, and his ſchroud ſchane
Off all coloure maiſt clere beldit abone;
The faireſt foull of the firth, and hendeſt of hewis;
So clene, and ſo colourike,
That no bird was him lyke
Fro *Byron* to *Berwike*,
Under the bewis.

XXI.

Thus was *Houlat* in herd herdly at hicht,
Floure of all foulis, throw fetheris ſo faire,
He lukit to his licame lemyt ſo lycht,
So proper pleſand of prent, proud to repaire.
He thocht maid on the mold makles of mycht,
As Sovrane him awin ſelf, throw beautie he baire,
Contitulate with the Pape our princis, I plicht;
Sy hielie he hyit him in Luciferis laire,
That all the foulis of the firth he defoulit ſyne.
Thus lete he no man his pere;
Gif ony nygh wald him nere,
He bad thame rebaldis orere,
With a ruyne.

XXII. ‘ The

XXII.

'The Paip, and the Patriarkis, princis of prow,
'I am cum of thair blud, be couſingage knawin.
'So fair is my fetherein I haif no fallow;
'My ſchroud and my ſchene were ſchyre to be ſchawin.
All birdis he rebawkit, that wald him nocht bow;
In breth as a battell wrycht full of boſt blawin,
With unlowable latis nocht till allow,
Thus vitiit he the Valantene thraly and thrawin.
That all the foulis with aſſent aſſemblit agane,
And plenyeit to Nature
Off this intollirable injure;
How the *Houlat* him bure
So hé, and ſo hautane.

XXIII.

So pompeous, impertinax, and reproviable,
In exceſſis our arrogant thir birdis ilkane
Beſocht Natur to ceiſs that inſufferable,
That with that Lady allyt lewch her allane.
"My firſt making," quoth ſcho, "was unamendable,
"Thocht I alterit, as ye all aſkit in ane.
"Yit ſall I preif you to pleiſs, for it is poſſible.
Scho callit the *Howlat* in haiſt, that was ſo hautane,
"Thy pryd," quoth the Princes, "approchis our he,
"Lyke Lucifer in eſtait.
"And for thow art ſo elait,
"As the Evangeliſt wrait,
"Thow ſall law be.

XXIV. "The

XXIV.

" The rent, and the riches, that thow in rang,
" Wes of uthir menis all, and nocht of thryne awin;
" Now ilk fowll his awin feddir fall againe fang;
" And make the catyve of kynd, to thy self knawin."
As ſcho hes demyt thay haif done thraly in thrang.
Thairwith dame Natur hes to the hevin drawin:
Aſcendit ſone, in my ſicht, with placence and ſang.
And ilk foule tuke the flicht: and, ſchortly to ſchawin,
Held hame to thair hant, and to thair harbry,
Quhair thay wer wont to remane,
All thir gudly and gane:
And thair lenit allane
The *Howlate*, and I.

XXV.

Than this *Houlate* hideous of hair and of hyde,
Put firſt fra poverty to priſs, and princes awin peir;
Syne degradit fra grace, for his grit pryd,
Bannyt bittirly his birth belfully in beir.
He welterit, he wrythit, he wareit the tyd,
That he wes wrocht in this warld wofull in weir.
He criplit, he cryngit, he carefully cried,
He ſolpit, and ſorrowit, in ſichingis ſeir.
He ſaid, " Allace I am loſt, latheſt of all,
" Byſym in bale beſt;
" I may be ſimple heireſt
" That pryd yit nevir leſt
" His ſeir, but a fall.

XXVI. " I

XXVI.

" I coud nocht won into welth wreth wayeſt,
" I wes ſo wantoun in will, my werdis ar wan;
" Thus for my hicht I am hurt and harmit in haiſt,
" Carfull and catiſe for craft that I can.
" Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hieſt,
" Fra rewll, reſſon, and rycht redles I ran.
" Thairfoir I ly in the lymb, lympet the lathaiſt;
" Now mek your mirrour be me, all manner of man,
" Ye princis, prelettis of pryd for ponnyis and prow,
" That pullis the pure ay,
" Ye ſall ſing as I ſay,
" Ill your welth will away,
" Thus I werne yow.

XXVII.

" Think how bair thow wes borne, and bair ay will be,
" For ocht that ſedis of thy ſelf, in ony ſeſon.
" Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coiſt, cumis nocht of thé,
" Bot of the frutt of the erd, and Gods ſufron.
" Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, ſuthly we ſe,
" Thy nakit corſs bot of clay and foule carion,
" Hait, and hafles; quhairof art thow hé?
" We cum pure, we gang pure, bath King and Comon.
" Bot thow rewll thé richtouſs, thy crowne ſall ourete."
Thus ſaid the *Houlate* on hicht.
Now God, for thy grit micht,
Set our faulis in ficht
Off Sanctis ſo ſeire!

XXVIII. Thus

XXVIII.

Thus for a *Dow* of DUNBAR drew I this dyte,
Dowit with a DOWGLAS; and baith were thay *Dowis*:
In the forreſt foirſaid, frely perfyte,
Of *Terway*, tendir and tryd, quhoſo treſt trowis.
Wer my wit as my will, than ſuld I weill wryte:
Bot gif lak in my leid, that nocht till all owis,
Ye wiſe, for your wirſchip, wryth me no wyte.
Now blyth ws the bliſt barne, that all berne bowis:
He len ws lyking and lyfe evirleſtand!
In mirthfull moneth of May
In middis of *Murray*,
Thus in a tyme, be *Terway*,
Hapnit HOLLAND.

EXPLICIT.

THE

THE

BLUDY SERK,

A PIOUS FABLE.

MADE BY MR. ROBERT HENRYSON.

I.

This hundir yeir I have ben tald,
Thair was a worthy King;
Dukis, Erles, and Barronis bald,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was anceane, and ald,
And fixty yeiris cowth ring.
He had a Dochter, fair to fald,
A lufty lady ying.

II.

Off all fairheid ſcho bur the flour;
And eik her fadris air:
Off luſty laitis, and hé honour;
Meik, botand debonair.
Scho wynnit in a bigly bour;
On fold wes none ſo fair,
Princis luvit her peramour,
In Cuntreis our all quhair.

III.

Thair dwelt a lyt beſyde the King
A fowll Gyane of ane;
Stollin he hes the lady ying,
Away with hir is gane.
And keſt hir in his dungering,
Quhair licht ſcho micht ſe nane.
Hungir aud cauld, and grit thriſting,
Scho fand into hir wame.

IV.

He wes the louthlieſt on to luk
That on the grund mycht gang:
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,
In rycht or yit in wrang,
Bot all in ſchondir he thame ſchuk;
The Gyane wes ſo ſtrang.

V. He

V.

He held the lady day and nycht,
Within his deip dungeoun;
He wald nocht gif of hir a ſicht
For gold nor yit ranſoun.
Bot gife the King mycht get a Knycht,
To fecht with his perſoun,
To fecht with him, both day and nycht,
Quhill ane wer dungin doun.

VI.

The King gart ſeik bath ſer and nere,
Beth be the ſe and land,
Off ony knycht gife he micht heir,
Wald fecht with that Gyand.
A worthy prince, that had no peir,
His tane the deid on hand,
For the luve of the lady cleir;
And held full trew connand.

VII.

That prince come proudly to the toun,
Of that Gyane to heir;
And faucht with him his awin perſoun,
And tuke him preſonier.
And keſt him in his awin dungeoun,
Allane withouttin feir,
With hungir, cauld, and confuſioun,
As full weill worthy weir.

VIII. Syne

VIII.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,
Unto hir fadir hé.
Sa evil wondit was the knycht,
That he behuvit to de.
Unluſum was his likame dicht;
His ſark was all bludy;
In all the warld was nair a wicht
So petious for to ſy.

IX.

The lady murnyt, and maid grit mone,
With all her mekle micht:
" I luſit nevir luſe, bot one,
" That dulfull now is dicht!
" God ſen my lyfe wer fra me tone,
" Or I had ſene yone ſicht;
" Or ellis in begging evir begone,
" Furth with yone curtaſs knycht."

XII.

He ſaid, ' Fair lady now mone I
' De, treſtly ye me trow.
' Tak ye my ſark that is bludy,
' And hing it forrow you.
' Firſt think on it, and ſyne on me,
' Quhen men cumis yow to wow.'
The lady ſaid, " Be Mary fre,
" Thairto I mak a wow."

XI. " Qutun

XI.

Quhen that ſcho lukit to the ſerk,
Scho thocht on the perſoun:
And prayit for him with all her harte,
That lowſd her of bandoun,
Quhair ſcho was wont to ſit full merk
In that deip dungeoun.
And ever quhill ſcho wes in quert
That waſs hir a leſſoun.

XII.

So weill the lady luvit the Knycht
That no man wald ſcho tak.
Sa ſuld we do our God of micht *
That did all for us mak;
Quhilk fullely to deid wes dicht,
For ſinfull manis ſaik.
Sa ſuld we do, both day and nycht,
With prayaris to him mak.

XIII.

This Kingis lyk the Trinitie
Baith in hevin and heir.
The manis ſaule to the lady:
The Gyane to Lucefeir.
The Knycht to Chryſt, that deit on tre,
And coſt our ſynnis deir:
The pit to hell, with panis fell;
The ſyn to the woweir.

* Moralitas, *MS. margin.*

XIV.

The Lady was woud, but ſcho ſaid nay,
With men that wald hir wed;
Sa ſuld we wryth all ſyn away,
That in our breiſt is bred.
I pray to Jeſu Chryſt verrey
For us his blud that bled,
To be our help on domyſday,
Quhair lawis ar ſtrontly led.

XV.

The ſaule is Goddis dochtir deir,
And eik his handewerk,
That was betrafit with Lucifeir,
Quha ſittis in hell full merk.
Borrowit with Chryſtis angell cleir,
Hend men will ye nocht herk?
For his lufe that bocht us ſa deir,
Think on the Bludy Serk!

Finis q. Mr. R. Henrieſ.

SIR GAWAN,

AND

SIR GALARON

OF

GALLOWAY;

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

SIR GAWAN,

AND

SIR GALARON

OF

GALLOWAY.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

KING Arthur, and his queen Gaynour, or Genevra, with her favorite knight Gawan, and others, go to hunt near Carlile, *Stanza* I.—Her dreſs, II.—Gawan and Gaynour alight. Arthur's hunting, III, IV, V.—Darkneſs ariſes, VI.—The ghoſt of Gaynour's mother appears, VII, VIII, IX, X.—Gawan queſtions it, and its anſwer, XI, XII.—Gawan brings Gaynour to it, XIII.—The ghoſt adviſes charity, XIV.—And deſcribes its miſery, XV.—Gaynour offers maſſes, XVI, XVII, XVIII.—Enquires what moſt offended God; anſwer, pride, XIX.—What moſt pleaſes; anſwer, humility and charity, XX.—Gawan enquires concerning the

fate of knights; and the ghoſt prophecies the fate of Arthur and Gawan, XXI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV.—The ghoſt takes its leave, XXV.—The day clears, and the the court go to ſupper, XXVI.

All this is rather a digreſſive prologue, than part of the tale, which properly begins at Part II.

I.

IN the tyme of ARTHUR an aunter bytydde,
By the *Turnewathelan*, as the boke telles;
Whan he to *Carlele* was comen, and conqueror kydd,
With Dukes, and Duſſiperes, that with the dere dwelles,
To hunt at the heides, that longe had ben hydde,
On a day thei hem deight to the depe delles;
To fall of the femailes in foreſt, and frydde,
Fayre by the Firmyſthamis, in frithes, and felles.
Thus to wode arn thei went, the wlonkeſt in wedes,
Both the Kyng, and the Quene:
And all the douchti by dene;
Sir GAWAYN, gayeſt on grene,
Dame GAYNOUR he ledes.

II.

Thus Schir GAWAYN, the gay, GAYNOUR he ledes,
In a gleterand gide, that glemed full gay,
With riche ribaynes reidſett, ho ſo right redes,
Rayled with rybees of rial aray.
Her hode of a herde huwe, that her hede hedes,
Of pillour, of palwerk, of perre to pay;
Schurde in a ſhort cloke, that the rayne ſhedes,
Set over with ſaffres, ſothely to ſay,

With

With ſaffres, and ſcladynes, ſet by the ſides.
Here ſadel ſette of that ilke,
Sande with ſambutes of ſilke.
On a mule [whyte] as the mylke,
Gaili ſhe glides.

III.

Al in gleterand golde gayly ho glides
The gates, with Sir GAWAYN, bi the grene welle.
And that barne, on his blonke, with the Quene bides;
That borne was in borgoyne, by boke and by belle.
He ladde that ladye ſo long by the lawe ſides,
Under a lone they light lore by a felle.
And ARTHUR, with his Erles, erneſtly rides,
To teche hem to her triſtres, the trouthe for to tell.
To her triſtres he hem taught, ho the trouth trowes,
Eche lord, withouten lette,
To an oke he hem ſette;
With bowe, and with barſelette,
Under the bowes.

IV.

Under the bowes thei bode, thes barnes ſo bolde,
To byker at thes baraynes, in boukes ſo bare.
There might hatheles in high herdes beholde;
Herken huntyng in haſt, in holtes ſo hare.
Thei keſt of here couples, in cliffes ſo colde,
Conforte her kenettes, to hele hem of care;
Thei fel of the femayles ful thik ſolde:
With freſch houndes, and fele, thei folowen her fayre.
With gret queſtes, and quelles,
Both in frith, and felles,
All the deeren in the delles
Thei durken, and dare.

V.

Thei durken the dere, in the dyme ſkuwes,
That, for drede of the deth, droupis the do.
Thai werray the wylde ſwyne, and worchen hem wo.
The huntis thei hallow, in hurſtis and huwes;
And bluwe rechas; ryally thei ran to the ro;
They gef to no gamen, that on grounde gruwes:
The grete grendes, in the grenes, ſo gladly thei go,
So gladly thei gon, in greues ſo grene.
The King blew rechas;
And folowed faſt on the tras;
With many ſergeant of mas,
That ſolas to ſene.

VI.

With ſolas thei ſemble, the pruddeſt in palle,
And ſuwen to the ſoveraine, within ſchaghes ſchene.
Al but Schir GAWAYN, gayeſt of all,
Belenes with Dame GAYNOUR in grenes ſo grene.
Under a lorer ho was light, that lady ſo ſmall,
Of box, and of berber, bigged ful bene.
Faſt byfore undre this ferly con fall,
And this mekel mervaile, that I ſhal of mene.
Now wol I of this mervaile mene, if I mote.
The day wex als dirke,
As hit were mydnight myrke;
Thereof the King was irke;
And light on his fote.

VII. Thus

VII.

Thus to fote ar thei faren, thes frekes unfayn,
And fleen fro the foreſt to the ſewe felles;
For the ſuetand ſuawe ſuartly hem ſuelles.
There come a Lede of the Lawe, in londe is not to layne,
And glides to Schir GAWAYNE, the gates to gayne;
Yauland, and yomerand, with many loude yelles,
Hit yaules, hit yamers, with waymyng wete,
And ſeid, with ſiking ſare,
"I ban the body me bare!
"Alas now kindeles my care!
"I gloppe, and I grete."

VIII.

Then gloppenet, and grete, GAYNOUR the gay,
And ſeid to Sir GAWEN, "What is thi good rede?"
"Hit ar the clippes of the ſon, I herd a clerk ſay."
And thus he confortes the Quene for his knighthede.
"Schir CADOR, Schir CLEGOR, Schir COSTANDYNE,
"Schir CAY,
"Thes knyghtes arn curtays, by croſſe, and by crede,
"That thus oonly have me laſt on my deythe day,
"With the griſſeliſt Gooſt, that ever herd I grede."
'Of the gooſt,' quod the grome, 'greve you no mare.
'For I ſhal ſpeke with the ſprete,
'And of the wayes I ſhal wete,
'What may the bales bete,
'Of the bodi bare.'

IX. Bare

IX.

Bare was the body, and blak to the bone,
Al biclagged in clay, uncomly cladde.
Hit waried hit waymen, as a woman;
But on hide, ne on huwe, no heling hit hadde.
Hit ſtemered; hit ſtonayde; hit ſtode as a ſtone:
Hit marred; hit memered; hit muſed for madde.
Agayn the grifly Gooſt Schir GAWAYN is gone;
He rayked out at a res, for was never drad;
Drad was he never, ho ſo right redes.
On the chef of the clolle,
A pade pik on the polle;
With eighen holked full holle,
That gloed as the gledes.

X.

Al glowed as a glede, the goſte there ho glides,
Umbeclipped him, with a cloude of cleyng unclere,
Skeled with ſerpentes, all aboute the ſides;
To tell the todes theron my tongue wer full tere.
The barne braides out the bronde, and the body bides,
Therefor the chevalrous knight changed no chere.
The houndes highen to the wode, and her hede hides,
For the grifly gooſt made a grym bere:
The grete grenndes wer agaſt of the grym bere,
The birdes in the bowes,
That on the gooſt glowes,
Thai ſkryke in the ſkowes,
That hatheles may here.

XI. Ha-

XI.

Hatheleſe might here ſo fer into halle,
How chatered the cholle, the chalous on the chyne,
Then comred the Knight, on Criſt can he calle,
'As thou was crucifized on croys, to clanſe us of ſyn,
'That thou ſei me the ſothe, whether thou ſhalie,
'And whi thou walkeſt thes wayes the wodes within?
—"I was of figure, and face, faireſt of alle;
"Criſtened, and knowen, with King in my kyne;
"I have King in my kyn knowen for kene.
"God has me geven of his grace,
"To dre my paynes in this place.
"I am comen, in this cace,
"To ſpeke with your Quene.

XII.

"Quene was I ſomwile, brighter of browes
"Then BERELL, or BRANGWAYN, thes burdes ſo bolde;
"Of al gamen, or gle, that on grounde growes;
"Gretter than Dame GAYNOUR, of garſon, and golde,
"Of palacis, of parkis, of pondis, of plowes;
"Of townis, of touris, of treſſour untolde;
"Of caſtellis, of contreyes, of craggis, of clowes.
"Now am I caught out of kide to cares ſo colde;
"Into care am I caught, and couched in clay.
"Se, Schir curtays Knight,
"How dolfulle deth has me dight,
"Lete me onys have a ſight
"Of GAYNOUR the gay."

XIII. After

XIII.

After GAYNOUR, the gay, Schir GAWAYN is gon,
And to the body he hes brought, and to the burde bright,
" Welcome WAYNOUR I wis worthi in won
" Lo how delful deth has thi Dame dight!
" I was radder of rode then rose in the ron;
" My lever, as the lelé, lonched on hight.
" Now am I a graceleſs gaſt; and grisly I gron.
" With LUCYFER, in a lake, logh am I light.
" Take truly tent tight nowe by me;
" For al thi freſch favoure
" Muſe on my mirrour.
" For King, and Emperour,
" Thus ſhal ye be.

XIV.

" Thus dight wil you dight, thare you not doute;
" Thereon hertly take hede, while thou ar here.
" Whan thou art richeſt araied, and richeſt in thi route,
" Have pité on the poer, thou art of powér.
" Barnis, and burdis, that ben ye aboute,
" When thi body is bamed, and brought on a ber,
" Then lite wyn the light, that now will the loute;
" For then he helpes nothing, but holy praier.
" The praier of poer may purchas thé pes,
" Of that thou yeves at the yete,
" When thou art ſet in thi ſete,
" With all merthis at mete,
" And dayntes on des.

XV.

" With riche dayntes on des thi drotes art dight;
" And I in danger, and doel, in dongon I dwelle,
" Naxté, and nedeful, naked on night;
" Ther folo me a ferde of fendes of helle.
" They hurle me unhendeley, thai harme me in hight;
" In bras, and in brymſton, I bren as a belle.
" Was never wrought in this world a wofuller wight.
" Hit were ful tore any tonge my torment to telle.
" Nowe wil I of my torment tel, or I go.
" Thenk hertly on this,
" Fonde to mende thi mys.
" Thou art warned y wys.
" Bewar be my wo!"

XVI.

' Wo is me for thi wo!' quod WAYNOUR, ' y wys.'
' But one thing wold I wite, if thi wil ware.
' If anyes matens, or mas, might mende thi mys,
' Or eny meble on molde; my merthe were the mare.
' If bedis of biſhoppis might bring the to bliſſe;
' Or coventes in cloiſtre might kere the of care.
' If thou be my moder, grete wonder hit is
' That al thi burly body is brought to be ſo bare.'
" —I bare the of my body; what bote is hit I layn?
" I brak a ſolempne vow,
' And no man wiſt hit, but thowe;
" By that token thou trowe
" That ſothely I ſayn."

XVII. ' Say

XVII.

'Say fothely what may ye faven, y wys;
'And I fhal make fere men to finge for thi fake.
'But the baleful beftis that on thi body is!
'Al bledes my ble, thi bones arne fo blake.'
"That is luf paramour, liftis, and delites,
"That has me light, and laft logh in a lake.
"Al the welth of the world, that awey wites,
"With the wilde wermis that worche me wrake.
"Wrake thei me worchen, WAYNOUR, I wys!
"Were thritty trentales don,
"Bytwene under and non,
"Mi foule focoured with fon,
"And brought to the blys."

XVIII.

'To bliffe bring the the barne, that bought the on rode!
'That was crucifiged on croys, and crowned with thorne.
'As you was criftened, and creſomed, with candle and code,
'Folowed in fouteſtone, on frely byforne.
'MARY the mighti, myldeft of mode,
'Of whom the blisful barne in *Bedlem* was borne,
'Leve me grace that I may grete ye with gode;
'And myngе ye with matens, and maſſes on morne.
"To mende us with maſſes grete myſter hit were.
"For him, that reſt on the rode,
"Gyf faſt of thi goode
"To folk that failen the fode;
"While thou art here.

XIX.

'Here hertly my honde, thes heſtes to holde,
'With a myllion of maſſes to make the mynyng.
'A!' quod WAYNOUR, 'I wys yit weten I wolde,
'What wrathed God moſt at thi weting?'
—"Pride, with the appurtenance; as prophetes [hekle]
"Bifore the peple, apt in her preching.
"Hit heres bowes bitter, therof be thou bolde,
"That mak barnes ſo bly to breke his bidding;
"But ho his bidding brek, bare thei ben of blys.
"But thei be ſalved of that ſare,
"Er thei hepen fare,
"They mon weten of care,
"WAYNOUR, I wys."

XX.

'Wyſſe me.' quod WAYNOUR, 'ſom wey, if thou woſt,
'What bedis might me beſt to the bliſſe bring.'
—"Mekeneſſe, and mercy, thes arn the mooſt.
"And ſithen have pité on the poer: that pleſes heven king.
"Sithen charité is chef, and then is chaſte;
"And then almeſſe dede cure al thing.
"Thes arn the graceful giftes of the Holy Goſte,
"That enſpires iche ſprete, withoute ſpeling.
"Of this ſpiritual thing ſpute thou no mare.
"Als thou art Quene in thi quert,
"Holl thes wordes in hert.
"Thou ſhal leve but a ſtert:
"Hethen ſhal thou fare."

XXI. 'How

XXI.

'How ſhal we fare,' quod the Freke, 'that fonden to fight
And thus defoulen the folke, on fele king londes,
'And riches over reymes, withoutten eny right,
'Wynnen worſhipp in werre, though wightneſſe of hondes?'
—"Your King is to covetous, I warne thé, Schir Knight,
"May no man ſtry him with ſtrength, whilé his whele
"ſtondes.
"Whan he is in his mageſté, mooſt in his might,
"He ſhal light ful lowe on the ſe ſondes.
"And this chivalrous knight chef ſhal thorgh chaunce
"Falſely fordone in fight,
"With a wonderful wight,
"Shal make lordes to light;
"Take witneſſe by *Fraunce*.

XXII.

"*Fraunce* hath haf the frely with your fight wonnen;
"*Freol*, and his folke, ſey ar they leved.
"*Bretayne*, and *Burgoyne*, al to you bowen,
"And all the Duſſiperes of *Fraunce* with your dyn deved.
"*Gyan* may grete the werre was bigonnen;
"There ar no lordes on lyve in that londe leved.
"Yet ſhal the riche remayns with one be overronen,
"And with the Rounde Table the rentes be reved.
"Thus ſhal a Tyber untrue tymber with tene.
"Gete the Schir GAWAYN,
"Turne the to *Tuſkayn*,
"For ye ſhal leſe *Bretayn*
"With a King kene.

XXIII. "This

XXIII.

" This Knight ſhal be clanly encloſed with a crowne;
" And at *Carlele* ſhal that comly be crowned as King.
" A ſege ſhal he ſeche with a ſeſſioun,
" That myche baret, and bale, to *Bretayn* ſhal bring.
" Hit ſhal in *Tuſkayn* be tolde of the treſoun,
" And ye ſhullen turne ayen for the tything.
" Ther ſhal the Rounde Table leſe the renoune
" Beſide *Ramſey* ful rad, at a riding:
" In *Dorſetſhire* ſhal dy the doughteſt of alle.
" Gete the Schir GAWAYN,
" The boldeſt of *Bretayne*;
" In a ſlake thou ſhal be ſlayne.
" Sich ferlyes ſhul falle!

XXIV.

" Such ferlies ſhul fal, withoute eny fable,
" Uppon *Cornewayle* cooſt, with a knight kene,
" Schir ARTHUR the honeſt, avenant, and able,
" He ſhal be wounded, I wys, woyeley I wene.
" And al the rial rowte of the Rounde Table,
" Thei ſhullen dye on a day, the doughty bydene.
" Suppriſet with a ſurget, he beris hit in ſable,
" With a ſauter engreled, of ſilver full ſhene;
" He beris hit of ſable, ſothely to ſay.
" In riche ARTHURES halle,
" The barne playes at the balle,
" That ontray ſhal you alle,
" Delfully that day.

XXV.

" Have gode day GAYNOUR, and GAWAYN the gode;
" I have no lenger to me tidinges [to] telle.
" I mote walke on my wey, thorgh this wilde wode:
" In my wonyng-ſtid, in wo for to dwelle.
" Fore him, that right wiſly roſe, and reſt on the rode,
" Thenke on the danger, that I yn dwell.
" Fede folke, for my ſake, that ſailen the fode;
" And menge me with matens, and maſſes in melle.
" Maſſes arn medecynes, to us that bale bides.
" Us thenke a maſſe as ſwete,
" As eny ſpice that ever ye yete."
——With a griſly grete,
The goſte awey glides.

XXVI.

With a griſly grete the gooſt awey glides;
And goes, with gronyng ſore, thorgh the greves grene.
The wyndes, the weders, the welken unhides;
Then uncloſed the cloudes, the ſon con ſhene.
The King his bugle has blowen, and on the bent bides,
His fare folke in the frith thei flokken bydene.
And al the rial route to the Quene rides.
She ſayis hem the ſelcouthes, that thai hadde yſeene:
The wiſe of the weder forwondred they were.
Prince prôudeſt in palle,
Dame GAYNOUR, and alle,
Went to *Rondoles halle*,
To the ſuppere.

PART

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

Arthur being at ſupper a lady leads in a knight errant, who afterwards proves to be Sir Galaron, I.—Arthur promiſes juſtice, II.—Dreſs of the lady and knight, III, IV, V.—Arthur enquires, and Galaron declares his name, and claims his lands conquered by Arthur, VI, VII.—The knight led to a pavilion to reſt all night, VIII, IX.—Gawan offers to fight, and the liſts appointed, X, XI.—Galaron leaves his lady in Gaynour's care; and the fight begins, XII, XIII.—The combat deſcribed, Gawan's ſteed Griffelt ſlain, XIV, XV, XVI, XVII.—Fight on foot, XVIII.—Both wounded, XIX.—Gaynour weeps for Gawan's danger, XX.—Galaron is worſted, and his lady intercedes with Gaynour, XXI, XXII.—And Gaynour with Arthur, XXIII.—Galaron yields, and Arthur commands peace, XXIV, XXV.—Arthur gives Galaron lands in Wales, XXVI,—and Gaynour gives Galaron his lands, XXVII.—Sir Galaron married, and made a knight of the Round Table, XXVIII.—Gaynour orders maſſes for her mother, XXIX.

I.

THE King to ſouper is ſet, ſerved in halle,
Under a ſiller of ſilke, dayntly dight;
With al worſhipp, and wele, mewith the walle;
Briddes branden, and brad, in bankers bright.
There come in a ſoteler, with a ſymballe,
A lady, lufsom of lete, ledand a knight
Ho raykes up in a res bifor the rialle;
And halſed Schir ARTHUR, hendly on hight.
Ho ſaid to the ſoverayne, wlonkeſt in wede,
'Mon makeles of might,
'Here comes an Errant Knight.
'Do him reſon, and right,
'For thi manhede.'

II.

Mon in the mantell, that fittis at thi mete,
In pal pured to pay, prodly pight.
The taſſes were of topas, that were thereto tight.
He gliſſed up with his eighen, that grey wer, and grete;
With his beveren berde, on that burde bright.
He was the ſoverayneſt of al fitting in ſete,
That ever ſegge had ſen with his eghe fight.
King crowned in kith talk hir tille;
'Welcome worthely wight;
'He ſhal have reſon, and right.
'Whelen is the comli knight
'If hit be thi wille?'

III. Ho

III.

Ho was the worthieſt wight, that eny wede wolde.
Here gide was glorious, and gay, of a greſſe grene;
Here belte was of blunket, with birdes ful bolde,
Branded with brende golde, and bokeled ful bene.
Her fax in fyne furre was fretted in folde,
Contrefeled and kelle coloured full clene,
With a crowne craſily, al of clene golde:
Here kercheves were curiouſe with many proude pene.
Her perre was prayſed, with priſe men of might.
Bright birdes, and bolde,
Had inore to beholde
Of that frely to folde,
And on the hende knight.

IV.

The Knight in his colours was armed ful clene,
With his comly creſt, clere to beholde.
His brene, and his baſnet, burneſhed ful bene.
With a brandur abought, al of brende golde.
His mayles were mylke white, many hit ſene.
His horſe trapped of that ilke, as true men me tolde.
His ſhelde on his ſhulder, of ſilver ſo ſhene,
With bere hedes of brake, browed ful bolde.
His horſe in fyne ſaudel was trapped to the hele.
And, in his cheveron biforne,
Stode as an unicorne,
Als ſharp as a thorne,
An anlas of ſtele.

V.

In ſtele he was ſtuffed, that ſtourne uppon ſtede,
Al of ſternes of golde; his pencell diſplaied;
His gloves, his gameſons, glowed as a glede;
With graynes of reve that graied ben gay.
And his ſchene ſchynbandes, that ſharp wer to ſhrede;
His polemous with pelicocus were poudred to pay.
With a launce on loft that lovely con lede.
A freke, on a freſon, him folowed in ſay:
The freſon was afered for drede of that fare.
For he was ſelden wonte to ſe
The tablet fluré.
Siche gamen ne gle
Sagh he never are.

VI.

Arthur aſked on hight, herand hem alle,
" What woldes thou, wee, if hit be thi wille?
" Tell me what thou ſeches, and whether thou ſhalle?
" And whi thou ſturne on thi ſtede, ſtondes ſo ſtille?"
He wayned up his viſer fro his ventalle;
With a knightly contenaunce he carpes him tille.
' Whether thou Cayſer, or King, her I thé becalle
' Fore to finde me a freke, to fight with my fille.
' Fighting to fraiſt, I fonded fro home.'
Then ſeid the King uppon hight,
" If thou be curteys Knight,
" Late lenge al nyght,
" And tel me thi nome."

VII.

'Mi name is Schir GALARON, withouten eny gile;
'The greteſt of *Galwey*, of grenes and grylles,
'Of *Connok*, of *Conyngham*, and alſo *Kyle*;
'Of *Lomond*, of *Loſex*, of *Lothan* hilles.
'Thou has wonen hem in werre with a wrange wille;
'And geven hem to Schir GAWAYN, that my hert grylles.
'But he ſhal wring his honde, and warry the wyle,
'Er he weld hem, y wis, agayn myn umwylles.
'Bi al the welth of the worlde, he ſhal hem never welde,
'While I the hede may bere;
'But if he wyn hem in were,
'With a ſhelde, and a ſpere,
'On a faire felde.

VIII.

'I wol fight on a felde, thereto I make feith,
'With any freke uppon folde, that frely is borne.
'To leſe ſuche a lordſhipp me wold thenke laith;
'And iche lede opon lyve wold lagh me to ſcorne.
—"We ar in the wode went, to walke on oure waith,
"To hunt at the hertes, with honde, and with horne;
"We ar in our gamen, we have no gome-graithe.
"But yet thou ſhalt be mached be mydday to morne.
"Forthi I rede the thenke reſt al night."
GAWAYN, gratheſt of all,
Ledes him oute of the halle,
Into a pavilon of pall,
That prodly was pight.

IX.

Pight was prodly, with purpour and palle;
Birdes branden above, in brend gold bright;
Ruwith was a chapell, a chambour, a halle;
A chymné with charcole, to chaufe the Knight.
His ſtede was ſtabled, and led to the ſtalle,
Hay hertely he had in haches on hight.
Sithen thei braide up a borde, and clothes thei calle;
Sanapé, and ſaler, ſemly to ſight,
Torches, and brochetes, and ſtondardes bitwene.
Thus thei ſerved that Knight,
And his worthely wight,
With riche daynтés dight,
In ſilver ſo ſhene.

X.

In ſilver ſo ſemely were ſerved of the beſt,
With vernage, in veres, and cuppes ful clene.
And thus Schir GAWAYN, the good, glades hor geſt,
With riche dayntees, endored in diſshes bydene.
Whan the riall renke was gon to his reſt,
The King to counſaile has called his Knightes ſo kene.
"Loke now lordis our lofe be not loſt,
"Ho ſhal encountre with the Knight keſt you bitwene.
Then ſaid GAWAYN the goode, 'Shal hit not greve,
'Here my honde I you hight,
'I woll fight with the Knight,
'In defence of my right,
'Lorde, by your leve

XI.

" I leve wel," quod the King, " thi latis ar light;
" But I nolde, for no lordeſhippe, ſe thi life lorne."
' Let go,' quod Schir GAWAYN, 'God ſtoni with the right;
' If he ſkape ſkatheleſe hit were a foule ſkorne.'
In the daying of the day, the doughti were dight;
And heren matens and maſſe erly on morne.
By that on Plutonland a palais was pight,
Were never freke opon folde had foughten biſorne.
Thei ſetten liſtes by lyne on the logh lande.
Thre ſoppes de mayn
Thei brought to Schir GAWAYN,
For to confort his brayn:
The King gared commaunde.

XII.

The King commaunded KRUDELY, the Erlis ſon of *Kent*,
Curtayſley in this caſe take kepe to the Knight.
With riche dayntees, or day, he dynes in his tente;
After buſk him in a brene that burneſhed was bright.
Sithen to WAYNOUR wiſly he went;
He laſt in here warde his worthy wight.
After ARTHER in high hour horſes thei hent,
And at the liſtes on the lande lordely don light,
Both thes two barnes, baldeſt of blode,
The king chaier is ſet,
Quene on a chacelet.
Many galiard gret
For GAWAYN the gode,

XIII. GAWAYN

XIII.

GAWAYN and GALERON gurden her ſtedes,
Al in gleterand golde gay was here gere.
The lordes by lyne hom to liſt ledes,
With many ſerjant of mace, as was the manere.
Th- barnes broched the blonke that the ſide bledis.
Ayther freke opon folde has faſtned his ſpere.
Shaftes in ſhide wode thei ſhindre in ſhedes;
So jolilé thes gentil juſted on were.
Shaftes thei ſhindr in ſheldes ſo ſhene:
And ſithen, with brondes bright,
Riche mayles thei right.
There encontres the Knight
With GAWYN on grene.

XIV.

GAWYN was gaily grathed in grene,
With his griffons of gold, engreled full gay,
Trifeled with tranes, and true loves bitwene,
On a ſtargand ſtede that ſtrikes on ſtray.
That other in his turnaying he talkes in tene,
'Why drawes thou the on dregh, and mak ſiche deray?
He ſwapped him then at the ſwayne, with a ſwerde kene:
That greved Schir GAWAYN, to his deth day.
The dyntes of that doughty were doutwis bydene.
Fifté mayles, and mo,
The ſwerde ſwapt in two,
The canel bone alſo;
And clef his ſhelde ſhene.

XV. He

XV.

He clef thorgh the cautel, that covered the Knight,
Thorgh the ſhinand ſhelde, a ſhaftmon, and mare;
And then the lady loude lowe uppon hight,
And GAWAYN gȝeches therwith, and greved ful ſare.
'I ſhal rewarde the thi route, if I con rede right.'
He folowed in on the freke, with a freſch fare,
Thorgh blaſon, and brene, that burneſhed were bright,
With a burlich brande, thorgh him he bare.
The bronde was bludy, that burneſhed was bright.
Then gloppened that gay:
Hit was no ferly, in fay.
The ſturne ſtrik on ſtray
In ſtiropis ſtright.

XVI.

Streyte on his ſteroppis ſtoutely he ſtrikes,
And waynes aȝchir WAWAYN als he were wode.
Then his leman on lowde ſkirles, and ſkrikes,
When that burly barne blenket on blode.
Lordis and ladies of that laike likes;
And thonked God fele ſithe for GAWAYN the gode.
With a ſwap of a ſwerde that ſwathel him ſwykes,
He ſtreke of the ſtede-hede, ſtreite there he ſtode.
The faire fole fondred, and fel to the grounde.
GAWAYN gloppened in hert,
Of he were haſty and ſmert.
Out of ſterops he ſterr,
For *Griſſelt* the goode.

XVII. '*Griſſelt*,'

XVII.

'*Griffelt*,' quod GAWAYN, 'gon is, God wote!
'He was the burlokeſt blonke, that ever bote brede.
'By him, that in *Bedeleem* was borne ever to ben our bote,
'I ſhall venge thé to day, if I con right rede.
'Go feeche me my Freſon, faireſt on fote,
'He may ſtonde thé in ſtoure in as mekle ſtede.
'No more for the faire ſole, then for a riſh rote,
'But for doel of the dombe beſt, that thus ſhuld be dede,
'I mourne for no montur, for I may gete mare.'
Als he ſtode by his ſtede,
That was ſo goode at neede.
Ner GAWAYN wax wede,
So ſiked he ſare.

XVIII.

Thus wepus for wo WAWAYN the wight;
And wenys him to quyte that wonded is ſare.
That other drogh him on dreght, for drede of the knight,
And boldely broched his blonk on the bent bare.
Thus may thei dryve forth the day, to the derk night:
The ſon was paſſed, by that, mydday, and mare.
Within the liſtes the lede lordly don light;
Touard the barne, with his bronde, he buſked him yare.
To batalle they bowe with brondes ſo bright.
Shene ſheldes wer ſhred;
Bright brenes by bled.
Many doughti were adred:
So ferſely thei fight.

XIX. Thus

XIX.

Thus thei ſeght on fote, on that fair felde,
As freſsh as a lyon, that fautes the ll e.
Wilelé thes wight men thair wepenes they welde,
He * bronched him † yn, with his bronde, under the brode ſhelde.
Thorgh the waaſt of the body, and wonded him ille:
The ſwerde ſtent for no ſtuf hit was ſo wel ſteled.
That other ſtartis on bak, and ſtandis ſton ſtille;
Though he were ſtonayd, that ſtonde he ſtrik ſul fare.
He gurdes to Sehir GAWAYN,
Thorgh ventaile, and peſayn.
He wanted noght to be ſlayn
The brede of an hare.

XX.

Hardely then thes hatheleſſe on helmes they hewe,
Thei beten down beriles, and bourdures bright;
Shildes on ſhildres, that ſhene were to ſhewe,
Fretted were in fyne golde, thei failen in fight.
Stones of ſral they ſtrenkel, and ſtrewe;
Stithe ſtapeles of ſtele they ſtrike don ſtight.
Barnes bannen the tyme the bargan was brewe,
The doughti with dyntes ſo delfully were dight.
Then gretes GAYNOUR, with bothe her gray ene;
For tho doughti that fight,
Were manly mached of might,
Withoute reſon, or right,
As al men ſene.

* Gawan. † Galaron.

XXI. Thus

XXI.

Thus gretis GAYNOUR, with bothe her gray yene,
For gref of Schir GAWAYN grifly was wounded.
The Knight of corage was cruel and kene;
And with a ſtéle brande, that ſturneſt ſtonded,
Al the coſt of the Knyght, he carfe downe clene;
Thorgh the riche mailes, that ronke were, and rounde,
With a teneful touche he taght him in tene,
He gurdes Schir GALERON groveling on gronde.
Grifly on gronde he groned on grene.
Als wounded as he was,
Sone buredely he ras,
And falowed faſt on his tras,
With a ſwerde kene.

XXII.

Kenely that cruel kenered on hight,
And with a ſcas of care in cautil he ſtrik,
And waynes at Schir WAWYN that worthely wight,
But him lymped the worſe; and that me wel lik.
He atteled with a ſlenk haf ſlayn him in ſlight;
The ſwerd ſwapped on his ſwange, and on the mayle ſlik.
And GAWAYN bi the coler keppis the knight;
Then his leman on loft ſkrilles and ſkrik.
Ho gret on GAYNOUR, with gronyng grylle,
'Lady, makeles of might,
'Haf mercy on yondre Knight,
'That is ſo delfull dight,
'If hit be thi wille.'

XXIII. Wifly

XXIII.

Wiſly Dame WAYNOUR to the King went;
Ho caught of her coronall; and kneled him tille.
" As thou art joy roial, richeſt of rent,
" And I thi wife, wedded at thi owne wille,
" Thes barnes in the bataile ſo blede on the bent,
" They arn wery, I wis; and wonded full ille.
" Thorgh her ſhene ſheldes her ſhuldres ar ſhent,
" The grones of Schir GAWAYN dos my hert grille.
" The grones of Schir GAWAYN greven me ſare.
" Woldeſt thou Leve Lorde
" Make thes Knights accorde,
" Hit were a grete conforde,
" For all that ther ware."

XXIV.

Then ſpak Schir GALERON to GAWAYN the good;
' I wende never wee, in this world, had ben half ſo wight
' Her I make the releyſe, renke, by the rode;
' And by rial reyſon releſe the my right.
' And ſithen make the moraden with a mylde mode,
' As man of medlert makeles of might.'
He talkes touard the King, on hie ther he ſtode,
And bede that burly his bronde, that burnesſhed was bright.
' Of rentes and richeſſe I make the releyſe.
Downe kneled the Knight,
And carped wordes on hight;
The King ſtode upright,
And commaunded pes.

XXV. The

XXV.

The King commaunded pes, and cried on hight;
And GAWAYN was goodly, and laft for his ſake.
Then lordes to liſtes they lopen ful light,
Schir GWAYN FITZ GRIAN, and ARRAK FITZ LAKE;
Schir DRURELAT, and MOYLARD, that moſt wer of
might,
Both thes travayled men they truly up take.
Unneth might tho ſturne ſtonde upright,
What for buffetes and blode her blees wex blake.
Her blees were broſed for beting of brondes.
Withouten more lettyng,
Dight was here ſaghtlyng,
Bifore the comly King,
Thei held up her hondes.

XXVI.

" Here I gif Schir GAWAYN; with gerſon, and golde,
" All the *Glamorgan* lande, with greves ſo grene;
" The worſhip of *Wales*, at wil and at wolde;
" With Griffones caſtelles, curnelled full clene.
" Eke *Ulſturhalle*, to hafe, and to holde;
" *Wayford*, and *Waterforde*, in Wales I wene.
" Two barounees in *Bretayne*, with burghes ſo bolde,
" That arn batailed abought, and bigged ful bene.
" I ſhall dight the a Duke, and dubbe the with honde.
" Withy thou ſaghtil with the Knight,
" That is ſo hardi and wight,
" And releſe him his right,
" And graunte him his londe."

XXVII.

XXVII.

'Here I gif Schir GALERON,' quod GAYNOUR, 'with-
'outen any gile,
'Al the londis, and the lithis, fro laver to layr e;
'*Connok*, and *Carlele*, *Conyngham*, and *Kile*;
'Yet if he of chevalry, and chalange hair in for air;
'The *Loth*, the *Lemok*, the *Loynak*, the *Lile*,
'With frithis, and foreſtis, and foſſis ſo faire:
'Under your lordeſhip to lenge hevenwhile,
'And to the Rounde Table to make repayre.
'I ſhall refeff him in felde, in foreſt to far e
Bothe the King, and the Quene,
Andal the doughti bydene,
Thorgh the greves ſo grene,
Carlele thei care.

XXVIII.

The King to *Carlele* is comen, with Knight ſo kene;
And al the Rounde Table on rial aray.
The wees, that weren wounded ſo wothely, I wene,
Surgenes ſone ſaned, ſothely to ſay.
Bothe confortes the Knight, the King and the Quene.
Thei were dubbed Dukes both on a day.
There he wedded his wife, wlonkeſt, I wene,
With giftes, and garſons, Schir GALERON the gay.
Thus that hathel in high withholdes that hende.
Whan he was ſaned ſonde,
Thei made Schir GALERON that ſtonde,
A Knight of the Table Ronde,
To his lyves ende.

XXIX.

WAYNOUR gared wiſely write in the weſt,
To all the religious, to rede and to ſinge;
Preſtes with proceſſion to pray were preſt,
With a mylion of maſſes, to make the mynynge.
Boke-lered men, biſhops the beſt,
Thorgh al *Bretayne* beſely the burde gared rynge.
This ferely bifelle in *Englond* foreſt,
Under a holte ſo hore, at a huntynge.
Suche a huntyng in haaſt is noght to behide:
Thus to foreſt they fore,
Thes ſterne Knights on ſtore.
In the tyme of ARTHORE
This aunter betide.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

*** THE frequent alliterations uſed in theſe poems have often conſtrained the authors to uſe words in a moſt oblique ſenſe, and ſometimes with no ſenſe at all; hence many words are inſerted with a point of interrogation, tho the uſual meaning be well known.

A

Abaid, *delay*.
Abulyement, *habit, dreſs*.
Achil, *high?* III. 158, 160, athil, 176, achilles, 182, *and ſee* hathils.
Adjutorie, *aid*.
Adrad, *afraid*.
Age, *edge*.
Aiken, *oaken*.
Air, *heir, ere, before, court*.
Aith, *oath*.
Al, als, *alſo*.
Alhail, alleris, *wholly*.
Allavolie, *at random*.
All yace, allyace, *allies?*
Allyns, *in all ways?*
Alkin, *all kinds of*.
Almoſeir, *almoner*.
Almous, *alms*.
Alſwyth, *inſtantly*.
Ameis, *beal*.
Amene, *ſweet*.
Amorat, *enamoured*.
An, and, *if*.
Anerdis, *adheres*.
Anew, *enough*.
Anker ſaidell? III. 56.
Anlace, *a large knife, or dagger*.
Anterus, *adventurous*.
A per ſe, *unique*.
Apirſmart, *poignant*.
Appoiſit, *compoſed*.
Areſſis, *arrace, tapeſtry*.
Art, *point of compaſs*.
Artailye, *artillery*.
Aſſe, *aſhes*.
Aſſiltrie, *axel-tree*.
Aſſolye, *reſolve, abſolve*.
Aſſucurat, *aſſured*.
Aſtalit, *enſtalled*.
At, *that*.
Attour, *moreover, above*.
Avant, *forward*, Fr.
Aucht, *poſſeſſion*.
Auchtis, *ought*.
Auchtſum, *ſome eight, about eight*.
Avenand, *affable*.
Avenantis, *affable men*.
Auld, *old*.
Aunter, *adventure*.
Awaill, I. 58, *return*.
Awevin? II. 5, error of copy?
Awmons? III. 155.
Ayldolly? II. 189.
Ay on, *continually*.

B

Bachilere, *knight batchelor.*
Bad, *offered.*
Badlyng, *low scoundrel.*
Badnyftie? I. 59.
Bail, *grief.*
Bairdit, *caparisoned.*
Bairns, *children.*
Baitand, *pasturing.*
Bakkis, *bats.*
Bald, *bold, impudent.*
Baucours? III. 175.
Bandoun, *prison.*
Bane, *hearty.*
Banrent, *banneret.*
Barrace, *trouble.*
Barrat, *sorrow.*
Bartanye, *Bretagne.*
Basnet, *helmet.*
Bawburd, *whore.*
Bazed, *confounded.*
Bedene, *immediately.*
Beevit? III. 79.
Beft, *beaten.*
Begaryit, *striped, laced.*
Behefl, *promise.*
Beidmen, *devotees.*
Beild, *security, habitation.*
Beine, *hearty.*
Beir, *barley.*
Beiris? II. 24.—83. *boasts, noise.*
Beit, *help, stirred.*
Bek, *start.*
Beld? III. 165.
Belenes, *steps aside.*
Belive, *presently.*
Bellical, *warlike.*
Bemyt, *proclaimed.*
Bene, *good-humoured.*
Penifoun, *blessing.*
Bent, *plain, field.*
Berber, *barberry.*
Bere, *outcry.*
Bergane, *battle.*
Berhedis, *bears heads.*
Berle? III. 164.
Bern's, *youths.*
Beryel, *beril.*
Befandis, *byzants.*
Befeme, *it seems.*
Befene, *adorned.*
Befs, *bass.*
Befum, *deformed creature.*
Betaucht, *committed, entrusted.*
Bethleris? III. 174.
Beuch, *bough.*
Beveren? III. 212.
Bewis, *boughs.*
Bewfckeris, *dressers, adorners.*
Biggit, *builded.*
Bigly, *large.*
Bike, *building.*
Bikker, *skirmish.*
Bilt, *belt.*
Binks, *benches.*
Birdis, *damsels.*
Birk, *birch.*
Birnift, *burnished.*
Birny, *habergeon.*
Bifmair, *bawd.*
Bittil, *beetle.*
Bla, *deep blue.*
Bladderand, *flammering.*
Blait, *ashamed.*
Blaitie-bum, *stupid fellow.*
Blan? III. 118.
Blanchart, *white.*
Blanfchit, *bleached.*
Blaucht, *wan.*
Blaving? III. 88.
Blaw, *blown.*
Ble, *hue, complexion.*
Bleirit, *dazzled.*
Blenk, *glance.*
Blent, *glanced.*
Blin, *delay.*
Blithit, *rejoiced.*
Blonk or blouk, *steed.*
Bloukis, *steeds.*

Blunket?

Blunket? III. 212.
Blyndit, *blended.*
Blyvar, *believer.*
Blyweſt, *blytheſt, moſt merry.*
Bob, *bunch.*
Bodword, *tidings.*
Boggil, *ſcare crow.*
Boir, *hole.*
Bokeik, *bopeep.*
Bokit, *vomited.*
Boldyn, *ſwollen.*
Bolt, *bound, vault.*
Bombard, *cannon.*
Bonde, *ſlave.*
Bon geur, *good day,* Fr.
Bony, *pretty.*
Borgoyne, *Burgundy?* III. 199.
Bot, *without.*
Boulk, *body,* met. *horſe.*
Bounand, *ready to go.*
Bour, *chamber.*
Bourd, *mock, jeſt.*
Boure, *ſee* bourd.
Bowis, *folds for cattle.*
Bowſom, *buxom, yielding, affable.*
Bowtit, *bolted.*
Boytour, *bittern?*
Braid, *aſſault.*
Brais, *embrace.*
Bran, *brawn.*
Brand, *ſword.*
Branewod, *mad-brained.*
Brank, *ſtrut.*
Bratheris? III. 108.
Brayis, *declivities.*
Brechams, *ornaments of neck.*
Breis, *eye-brows.*
Bretynit, *breaking.*
Brewit, *abbreviated,*
Breddit? I. 129.
Briſſit, *bruiſed.*
Brith? III. 73.
Briture? III. 178.
Broch, *ſpit.*
Brochis, *kind of buckles.*
Brok, *badger.*
Broudyn? III. 148.
Browſtar, *brewer.*
Bruik, *enjoy.*
Brukil, *brittle.*
Bruſit, *embroidered.*
Brute, *report.*
Brybour, *raſcal.*
Brym, *fierce.*
Bubbis, *blaſts.*
Bud, *bribe.*
Buit, *help, ſupply.*
Buithis, *ſhops.*
Bullerand, *weltering.*
Bulling, *boiling.*
Bummil baty, *ſtupid drone.*
Bundin, *bound.*
Bunwede? III. 179.
Bur, *bore.*
Bural, *ruſtic, booriſh.*
Burde, *table, lady, bride.*
Burdouns, *large ſlavei, ſpears.*
Burely, *ſtout.*
Burgion, *bud.*
Buſkis, *buſhes.*
Buſkit, *made ready.*
But, *without, aim, object.*
Bwillis, *bouls.*
By, bye, *without, beſide.*
Bycht? III. 182.
Byhe, *hive.*
Byker, *ſkirmiſh.*
Bypticit, (biceps) *two headed.*
Byre, *cow houſe.*
Byſning, *ugly.*

C

Cachis, *toſſes.*
Caif, *chaff.*
Caiges, *wantons.*
Cale, *broth, caleworts.*
Cairle, *rogue*
Cairt, *car, chariot.*

Cais, *eaſe, cauſe.*
Campioun, *champion.*
Cankert, *crabbed, peeviſh.*
Cant, *merry.*
Canteleinis, *tricks.*
Cappit, *ſtupid.*
Caralyngis? III. 180.
Carcat, *necklace.*
Carling, *rogue.*
Carps, *talks, ſnatches.*
Carts, *cards.*
Carvel, *ſloop.*
Caryis, *rides.*
Caſſin, *caſt, fallen.*
Caſtis, *figures.*
Catouris, *providers.*
Cavel, *ſcoundrel.*
Celſitude, *highneſs.*
Chaffery, *goods, merchandize.*
Chaftis, *jaws.*
Chapit, *eſcaped.*
Chapman, *dealer.*
Charrit, *turned, ſent back.*
Cheinyies, *chains.*
Cheis, *chuſe.*
Chenit *read* chevit, *achieved.*
Cheſſoun, *oppoſition?* encheſſoun *is cauſe, reaſon.*
Cheveron? III. 213*.
Chole? III. 203.
Chop, *ſhop.*
Chyppynutie? I. 80.
Chyre, *chair.*
Cite, *city, incite.*
Civile, *Seville.*
Clais, *cloths.*
Clargie, *learning.*
Clatterars, *tale bearers.*
Clatterit, *rattled.*
Claught, *ſnatched.*
Cleipit, *called.*
Cleyng? III. 202.
Clippis, *grappling irons.*
Clois, *incloſure, ſquare.*
Clowis, *nails, ſmall pieces, dales.*
Clowre, *blow, bruiſe.*
Cod, *pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Combure, *inflame.*
Comparges? III. 156.
Conding, *worthy.*
Conſtry, *conſiſtory.*
Copburde, *cupboard of plate.*
Convoy, *trick.*
Copper, *cooper.*
Corbels, *ſtone brackets, ſupports.*
Corby, *crow.*
Cordenours, *ſhoemakers.*
Cors, *body.*
Cors-preſent, *preſent to the church on a funeral.*
Coſt, *ſide.*
Cotter, *cottager.*
Couchit, *inlaid.*
Coverit, *recovered.*
Count, *pretend.*
Courche, couvrechef, *covering for the head.*
Couth, *gentle.*
Cow, I. 21, *wiſp, bundle.*
Cowclink, *harlot.*
Cowp, *overturn.*
Coy, *ſtill, ſilent.*
Craig, *rock, neck.*
Crak, *chat.*
Cramery, *ſtuff.*

* From this paſſage it appears to have been the ornament or defence of the head of a war-horſe, in the midſt of which was an *anlace*, or ſharp piece of ſteel, as is obſervable in miniatures and other monuments of the times. The heraldic writers miſtake the meaning of cheveron. Is the word from *chef*, (old Fr.) as defending the head of the horſe?

Crank,

Crank, *roar.*
Creil, *hamper, basket.*
Creiſche, *ſauce.*
Crinis, *ſhrinks.*
Crochit, *covered.*
Crop, *top.*
Croun, *top of head.*
Crous, *pert.*
Cruikit, *crooked.*
Cubiculars, *gentlemen of the bed-chamber.*
Cuitchours? II. 163, corr.
Cuities, *ancles.*
Culroun, *filly.*
Culum? II. 69.
Cumen, *come.*
Cummer, *trouble, goſſip.*
Cumpanary, *companionſhip.*
Cumpas, *deſign.*
Cunning, *covenant.*
Cunyie, *coin.*
Cure, *care, burden.*
Curers. *covers, diſhes.*
Curras, *cuiraſs.*
Curtil, *ſluttiſh.*
Cute, *hoof.*

D

Da, *doe.*
Damais, *Damaſcus-ſilk.*
Daffing, *foolery.*
Daft, *fooliſh.*
Dant? I. 43.
Daw, *day, dawn.*
Debaitit, *fought.*
Defold, *defiled, diſhonoured.*
Degeſt, *mature.*
Deid, *death.*
Deir, *hurt, door, daring.*
Deis, *raiſed place of honour in a hall.*
Delf, I. 37, *grave?*
Dellatioun, *delay.*
Delyverlie, *cleverly.*
Dempſter, *an officer who pronounces the judgement of a court.*
Dent, *engraven.*
Depair, *impair.*
Deplome, *unfeather.*
Depryſit, *diſpriſed.*
Depured, *pure?*
Derflie, *vigorouſly.*
Deris, *injures, hurts.*
Derne, *ſecret.*
Derth, *ſcarcity.*
Deſervis, *ſerves.*
Deſtrenyiet, *diſtracted.*
Det, *duty.*
Devailis, *goes down.*
Devoir, *duty*, Fr.
Dguhare? II. 170, (corrupt.)
Dicht, *dreſt, adorned.*
Digeſt, *mature, finiſhed.*
Dight, *covered.*
Ding, *drive, knock.*
Diſjone, *breakfaſt*, Fr.
Dochly, *duly.*
Docht, *can do.*
Doft, daft, *wanton, fooliſh.*
Dolent, *ſorry.*
Dome, *judge, judgement.*
Dornik, *damaſked?*
Dortour, *dormitory.*
Douch ſpere, Douze Per, *one of the 12 peers.*
Douchtines, *ſtrength, valour.*
Dour, *obſtinate, hard.*
Dout, *fear.*
Dow, *can, dove.*
Dowit, *coupled.*
Doytand, *doting.*
Drable? III 172.
Dreifland, *drivelling.*
Dreigh, *ſlow.*
Dreſe, drees, *ſuffers.*
Dreſſit, *addreſſed.*
Drew, *drop.*
Drightin? III. 114, 118.
Dring, *drive.*

Drint,

Drint, *drowned.*
Drotes? III. 205.
Drowkit, *drenched.*
Drowre, *love-token.*
Dub, *pool.*
Duddroun, *ragged ſlut.*
Duergh, *dwarf.*
Dulce, *ſweet.*
Dulcorait, *ſweet.*
Dule, *ſorrow.*
Dung, *beaten.*
Dunts, *heavy blows.*
Durandly, *obſtinately.*
Durken, *affright.*
Duſchit, *daſhed.*
Dyk, *ditch, wall.*
Dynnyt, *made a din.*
Dyntis, *blows.*
Dyocie, *dioceſe.*
Dyſmel? I. 17.
Dyte, *indite.*
Dyvour, *debtor.*

E

E, *eye.*
Eaty? II. 33.
Ebur, *ivory.* Lat.
Eclelpt *called.*
Efreſt? III. 175.
Eighen, *eyes.*
Eild, *old age.*
Eirar, *eaſier?*
Eird, *earth.*
Eith, *eaſy.*
Elrich, *uncouth, ſtrange.*
Enbroued, *embroidered.*
Endored, *heaped.*
Englond-foreſt, *Inglewood.*
Enſenye, *cry of war.*
Entailyeit, I. 73, *cut out, formed.*
Erne, *oſprey.*
Ertand? III. 85.
Ery, *fearful.*

Eſchewit, *eſcaped.*
Eſperance, *hope.* Fr.
Eſtait, *chair of ſtate.*
Eſter, *oyſter.*
Ettil, *hint, ſhew.*
Evil-payit, *ill-diſpoſed.*
Evir, *ivory*, I. 71, &c.

F

Fa, *foe.*
Facht? III. 184.
Facund, *eloquent.*
Failen, *want.*
Failyes, *faults, failings.*
Fainy? III. 169.
Fair, effeir, *geſture.*
Fairheid, *fairneſs, beauty.*
Fald, *bow, embrace.*
Fallon, *violent.*
Fallow, *be companion.*
Famyt, *foamed.*
Fane, *fond, mirth.*
Fanis, *vanes.*
Fang, *catch.*
Fanton, *fainting, weakneſs.*
Farar, *fairer.*
Farce, *ſtuff.*
Fardils, *pieces.*
Farrand, *becoming.*
Fary, *flutter.*
Fas, *facing.*
Faſſe? III. 134.
Faw, *rediſh.*
Fax, *locks*, Iſl.
Faynd, *act, do.*
Feckles, *weak.*
Feid, *enmity.*
Feil, *many, ſenſe, knowledge.*
Feinyeit, *feigned.*
Feir, *companion, array.*
Feird, *fourth.*
Feirie, *bold.*
Feiris, *affairs, actions.*

Fell,

Fell, *many.*
Fellis, *plains.*
Felloun, *fierce.*
Fend, *fare.*
Fenyie, *feigning, feint.*
Ferlie, *wond r.*
Ferriar, *ferry-man.*
Feſt, *faſten, fix.*
Fey, *unhappy.*
Few, *leaſehold.*
Fidder, *heap, parcel.*
Firth, *field, lawn.*
Flamit, *baniſhed.*
Flatlings, *flatly.*
Flaucht? I. 24.
Fleich, *careſs.*
Fleit, *float, affraid.*
Flekerit, *ſpotted.*
Flemit, *baniſhed.*
Flend, *flee?*
Flet? III. 180.
Flowris, *flower of youth.*
Fludder, *frolic.*
Flynd, III. 69. *flint?*
Flyrand, *fleering, flaunting.*
Flyte, *diſpute, ſcold.*
Fold, *field.*
Fond, *ſilly.*
Fordeifit, *deafened.*
Fordinnit, *made great din, or noiſe.*
Forfair, *be loſt.*
Forfalt, *loſt, exhauſted.*
Formeſt, *firſt.*
Fornent, *oppoſite.*
Forout, forouttin, *without.*
Forrow, *before.*
Fors, *ſtrong.*
Forſlitten? III. 38.
Forthink, *repent.*
Forthy, *therefore.*
Foruay, *wander.*
Fouſy, *ditch,* Fr.
Fouth, *plenty.*
Foutour, *raſcal.*
Fow? I. 13. perhaps *club.*
Fow, *full.*
Fra, ſometimes *after.*
Frain, *enquire.*
Fraiſt, *try, ſtrive.*
Fratit, *wrought.*
Fraucht, *cargo.*
Fre, *lady.*
Freinyie, *fringe.*
Fret, *decked.*
Freuch, *petulant?*
Frewp? III. 154.
Frick, *man.*
Fritte? III. 177.
Friwol, *trifling.*
Frody, *cunning.*
Fruſched, *hurtled.*
Frydde, v. *frith.*
Fryme? III. 163. ſeems *ryme, prophecy.*
Fuilyit, *defiled, ſcattered.*
Fuir, *fared.*
Fume, *reliſh.*
Fundun, *marching.*
Fur, *furrow.*
Fute band, *foot guards*.*
Fute pack, *a pack which can be carried by a man on foot.*
Fyellis? I. 112.
Fyke, *vex.*
Fyle, *fowl.*
Fynkle, *periwinkle?* III. 127.
Fyveſum, *ſome five, about five.*

G

Gainand, *fit.*
Gaineſt, ganeſt, *moſt fit.*
Gair, *border.*

* The guard of James V. is, in cotemporary letters, (Cotton Lib. Cal. B. VI. VII.) called the Fute-band.

Gaiſt,

Gaiſt, *ghoſt.*
Gait, *way.*
Galyeoun, *galley, galeon.*
Gamefons, *armour for legs.*
Gammis, *gums.*
Ganar, *gander.*
Gane, *mouth.*
Ganenyng, *neceſſaries, proper articles.*
Ganeſtand, *withſtand.*
Gant, *gape, yawn.*
Ganyies, *darts.*
Garmoun, *garment.*
Garritour, *watch-man.*
Garſon, *attendant.*
Gart, *cauſed.*
Garth, *garden.*
Gauckit, *ſtupid.*
Gawmond, *jig, quick dance.*
Gay, *go, gay lady.*
Gearking, *vain.*
Geck, *mock.*
Geil, *jelly.*
Geir, *armour, cloathing.*
Gent, *gentle, elegant.*
Gide, *attire.*
Gillie, *boy?*
Gin, *ingenuity.*
Gird, *ſtrike.*
Glaid, *went ſwiftly, glided.*
Glaiks, *wandering light reflected from a mirror, &c.*
Glavis, *ſwords.*
Glede, *flame.*
Gleit, *ſhine.*
Glew, *glee.*
Glois? III. 12.
Gloppe, *ſot?*
Glowris, *ſtares.*
Gnappit, *chirped.*
Godhairn, *godchild.*
Goiſt, *ſpirit.*
Gome, *warrior, man.*
Gorbets, *young birds.*
Gormand, *gluttonous.*
Goſſe, *goſſip.*
Gouand, *gazing.*
Goums, *gums.*
Gouwan, *daiſy.*
Gowk, *cuckow.*
Gowl, *growl.*
Gowp, *mouthful.*
Grat, *weeped.*
Graggit? II. 251.
Grainter? II. 222.
Graith, *dreſs, armour.*
Gram, *trouble, tumult.*
Grameſt, *moſt warlike.* III.
Granate, *cloth of a fine dye.* I. 63.
Gratnis? III. 164.
Grede, *cry.*
Grein, *deſire.*
Greit, *weep.*
Grendes, *grandees?*
Greues, *groves.*
Grew, *Greek.*
Grie, *degree, ſtep.*
Grip, *poſſeſſion.*
Grow, *ſhudder*
Grulingis, *grovelling.*
Grumis, *men.*
Gruntill? II. 69.
Grunyie, *noſe.*
Gryis? I. 84.
Grylles, *cuts.*
Gryſs, *pig.*
Gucke, *play the fool.*
Guckit and gend, *fooliſh and wild.*
Guddame, *grand-mother.*
Gude havings, *good behaviour.*
Gudget? III. 33.
Gullings? II. 193.
Guerdon, *reward, guarantee.*
Gukkit, *ſtupid.*
Gut, *gout.*
Gyde, *guiding, management.*
Gyrcarling? II. 18. *ſome ideal being.*

H. Hadder,

H

Hadder, *heath.*
Hafles, *without poſſeſſions?*
Hag, *knotch.*
Hailſome, *wholeſome.*
Haims, *collars.*
Hain, *ſave.*
Haire, *high.* III.
Hait, *heat.*
Hale, *whole, entire.*
Halflings, *half.*
Halking, *hawking.*
Halſis, *throats.*
Hap, *chance.*
Harborit, *lodged.*
Harlots, *ſcoundrels.*
Harlry? III. 174.
Harnes, *harneſs, armour.*
Harnis, *brains.*
Harn-pan, *head, ſcull.*
Hat, *bit.*
Hate, *hot.*
Hathil? III. 104. 107. 202. 225.
Hatterit, *ſhattered.*
Haw, *dark-blue.*
Hawtane, *haughty.* Fr.
He, *high.*
Hecht, *called, promiſe.*
Heich, *high.*
Heichtit, *raiſed.*
Heidgeir, *head-attire.*
Heilded, *held, raiſed.*
Heily, *ſilly.*
Heir, *here, hear: lord, maſter.*
Hen-wife, *woman who takes care of hens.*
Henſeman, *henchman, cloſe attendant.*
Herbier, *herbory, garden, arbour.*
Here, *ravage, ruin.*
Here-geild, *right of lord of manor on a new ſucceſſion.*
Herlie, *heartily.*
Herts, *harts.*

Heryis, *ravage, waſte.*
Heſs, *hoarſe.*
Heſt, *command.*
Hether, *hence.*
Hething, *mockery.*
Heuir, *whore.*
Hewch, *heaved.*
Hewis? III. 45. *ſhapes, ſhades?*
Hewit, hevit, *raiſed.*
Heynd, *elegant.*
Highen, *by.*
Hiddil, *hiding, concealment.*
Hint, *caught.*
Ho! *ſtop! ſtir.*
Hobby? III. 175.
Hochis, *heels, boughs.*
Holked, *followed.*
Holtis, *hights.*
Holyng, *holly.*
Hom, *them.*
Hone, *delay.*
Honir, *f.* hovir, *hover.*
Hote, *promiſe.*
Hovand, *hovering.*
Houlat, *owl.*
How, *deep, bunch, hood.*
Howis, *boughs.*
Hoyyes, Oyez, Fr. *proclamation.*
Hurde, *board, heap.*
Hurſtis, *woods,*
Hurthy? III. 184.
Huſbands, *yeomen.* villani, *bound to a houſe or farm.*
Huſe? III. 159.
Huttock? I. 61.
Huwes, *holts, hills.*
Hy, *haſte,*
Hyne, *hence.*
Hynefurth, *henceforth.*
Hyrald, *ſee* Heregeild.

I J

Ja, *jay.*

Jack, *iron doublet.*
Jaip, *trick, mockery.*
Jangle and jak, *at random.*
Jangler, *railer.*
Japane, *playing tricks.*
Ilk, *each.*
Ilkane, *each one.*
Impeſche, *hinder.*
In, *dwelling.*
Incendit, *kindled.*
Infeane? II. 16.
Ingent, *large.* Lat.
Ingrave, part. *cut out.*
Innis, *houſe, habitation.*
Inore? III. 213.
Intane, *taken in.*
Interlocuture, *ſentence.*
Inteſt, *untold?*
Invaird, *put in ward, priſon.*
In vairt, *inwards.*
Inwith, *within.*
Joe, *ſweet-heart.*
Jonet, *jennet, Spaniſh horſe.*
Jowkit, *joked.*
Irke, *vext.*
Ithandly, *vigorouſly.*
Juglour, *juggler, magician.*
Junctures, *joints, ſeams.*
Jupert, *jeopardy.*
Juxters, *jokers.*

K

Kellis, *cawl, woman's head-dreſs.*
Kellit, *called?*
Ken, *know.*
Kenettes, *bounds.*
Kewis, kowis, *uſages, practice.*
Kid, kythed, *ſhewn.*
Kilt, *tuck.*
Kinrikis, *kingdoms.*
Kirtil, *cloſe-gown.*
Kiſt, *cheſt.*
Kittoks, *dalliers.*
Knaſpſkaw, *knapſack.*
Knoppit, *with knobs.*
Koddis, *cuſhions, pillows.*
Kow, *ſee* Kewis.
Kowſchot, *ring-dove.*
Ky, *cows.*
Kynd, *nature.*
Kyrnellis, *battlements.*
Kyth, *ſhew: people.*

L

Lachter, *letcher.*
Ladroun, *lazy knave.*
Ladry, *idle lads.*
Laiſ, *reſt.*
Laige, *liege ſubject.*
Laik? I. 77.
Lair, *teaching.*
Lairbair, *dirty fellow.*
Lait, laik, *want.*
Laithles, *unmannerly.*
Lak, *want, defect.*
Lakkeſt, *meaneſt.*
Lakkis, *undervalues.*
Lame, *lamb.*
Lamenry, *wanton love.*
Landwart, *ruſtic.*
Lane? I. 41.—*leave.*
Lanſit, *darted.*
Lard, *lord,* ſeigneur.
Lardun, *lardor.*
Lat, *ſtop.*
Latheſt, *moſt lothſome.*
Latious, *wide, free.*
Laver to layre? III. 225. *eaſt to weſt?*
Laud, *praiſe.*
Lap, *leaped.*
Laucht, *taken.*
Laus, *(lows,) fires?*
Lawe, *below.*
Lawit, *laymen.*
Layke, *paint.*

Layne,

Layne, *ly.*
Laytes, *geſtures, behaviour.*
Ledder, *leather.*
Leich, *phyſician.*
Leid, *learning, eloquence, perſon, region.*
Leif, *live, believe.*
Leil, *true, truſty.*
Leind? I. 41.
Leir, *learn.*
Leirit, *learned.*
Leiſe me, *my bleſſing on.*
Leit, *did let, did ſet.*
Lemand, *ſhining.*
Lemman, *lover.*
Lent, *dwell, be.*
Lefing, *lying.*
Leſt, *leaſt.*
Let, *hindrance.*
Levar, *rather, fleſh.* See Lyre.
Leud, *unlearned.*
Levin, *living.*
Leving, *idle boaſts.*
Leynd, *dwell.*
Libberly? I. 11.
Licame, *body.*
Licence, *leave.*
Licht, *light-headed.*
Lidder, *ſlow, lazy.*
Lie, *lee, calm.*
Lig, *ly.*
Liggis, *leagues,* I. 64.
Likand, *pleaſant.*
Limmer, *ſcoundrel.*
Lippen, *truſt, depend.*
Lis, *leſſen.*
Lite, *little.*
Lofe, *praiſe,* Iſl.
Logh, *low.*
Loif, *honour, praiſe.*
Loiffit, *looſed.*
Lokin, *locked up?*
Lony, *(loun,) low.*
Lopd, *leaped.*
Lore, *learning, ſkill; low.*
Lorer, *laurel.*
Lorimer, *ſaddler.*
Loſe, *praiſe.*
Loun, *rogue.*
Loup, *leap.*
Low, *love, flame.*
Lowabill, *laudable.*
Lowpit, *wreathed.*
Lowre, *ſtoop.*
Lowry, *fox.*
Lowtit, *bowed.*
Lufe, *palm.*
Luferay, *livery.*
Lugs, *ears.*
Lumis, *looms.*
Lunyie, *loins.*
Lurdan, *impudent knave.*
Luſt, *deſire.*
Luſtelie, *comely, handſome, deſireable.*
Ly, *life.*
Lyamis, *reins.*
Lychtlyand, *holding lightly.*
Lyking, *pleaſure.*
Lymnaris, *poles of a chariot.*
Lympet, III. 187.
Lynd, *boughs, lime-tree.*
Lyng, *line, ſtrait courſe.*
Lyre, *fleſh.*
Lyte, *little.*
Lyth, *liſten.*
Lytil wie, *ſhort time.*

M

Machit, *matched.*
Macrell, *bawd.*
Maggies, *jades.*
Magry, *in ſpite,* Fr.
Mahoms, *Mahomets.*
Maiglit, *mangled.*
Maik, *match, companion.*
Mail, *rent.*
Mair, *more.*

Mairattour, *moreover.*
Mais, *makes.*
Mait, *confounded.*
Mal-eis, *diſorder.*
Maling, *are malignant.*
Manance, *menace.*
Mandrit, *tame.*
Mane, *ſtrength, moan.*
Mangit, *maimed, ſtupid, rimes to* hangit.
Mankit, *wanted,* Fr.
Map-mond, *world,* met.
Marres, *moraſs.*
Marrow, *match.*
Martis, *Mars's.*
Marvill, *marble.*
Maveſie, *Malmſey.*
Mavis, *thraſh.*
Mawments, *idols.*
May, *maid.*
Megir? I. 71.
Meine, *hint, lament.*
Mekil, *large, many.*
Mel, *ſpeak,* (mail, *concilium.*)
Membronis? III. 174.
Menſe, *decency, worth, adorn.*
Menſful, *decent.*
Menſkit, *arranged.*
Merkit, *marched, marked.*
Merle, *black-bird.*
Mes, *maſs.*
Midlit, *mingled.*
Mint, *try.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Miſfarne, *miſmanaged.*
Miſſettand, *unbecoming.*
Miſſive, *letter ſent.*
Miſter, *need.*
Mobil, *moveables.*
Moch? I. 60.
Mokrand? I. 13.
Mold, *earth.*
Mon, *muſt.*
Monie, *many.*
Montur, *ſteed,* Fr.
Mort, *dead,* Fr.
Mot, *might.*
Mouar, *mocker.*
Moutit? I. 60.
Mow, *mouth.*
Mowis, *mocks.*
Moyen, *means,* Fr.
Muillis, *woman's ſlippers.*
Mum, *hint.*
Mundane, *worldly.*
Mundie? III. 37.
Munyeoun, *minion.*
Murle, *moulder.*
Murmel, *murmur.*
Muſkane? I. 60. 66. 79.
Muſtages, *muſtachios.*
Mute? I. 46.
Myith, *mix.*
Myn, *leſs,* Lat.
Mynny, *mamma.*
Mynt, *offer.*
Myſſel, III. 14, *veil, or maſque?*

N

Navell, *blow.*
Naxte, *naſty.*
Neb, *beak.*
Nebbis, *beaks.*
Neiris, *kidneys.*
Nemmyt, *named.*
Neruit, *inwrought?*
Nevin, *name, repeat.*
Nold, *would not.*
Nolt, *horned cattle.*
Nor I, *may I periſh if I would not.*
Not, I. 55, *knew not.*
Novellis, *news.*
Noy, *Noah.*
Nycht, *approach.*
Nychtit, *night fell.*
Nyte, *deny.*
Nytherit, *turned down?*

O Obleſſing,

O

Oblesſing, *obligation.*
Oiſt, *hoſt, aſſembly, landlord.*
Olk, *week.*
One, wone, I. 71, *wane, car.*
On hede. *unheededly.*
Ontray, *betray.*
Oonly, *alone.*
Ordinance, *array.*
Orere, ourere, *arrear, fall back.*
Orphany (orſevre), *gold work?*
Oſillis? III. 177.
Oſtend, *ſhew,* Lat.
Overby, *purchaſe pardon.*
Ouirſet, *covered.*
Ouirſyle, *beguile.*
Ouirthort, *athwart.*
Ourcorſis, *acroſs.*
Out-braid. *burſt out.*
Owder, *either.*
Owis, *belongs.*
Oy, *grand-daughter.*

P

Paddois, *frogs.*
Paik, *ſtrike.*
Pair, *impair.*
Paiſand, *heavy?* Fr.
Paiſt, *repaſt.*
Palyeoun, *pavilion.*
Pance, *think, beſitate.*
Pantit, *painted.*
Pantouns, *ſlippers.*
Pape, papingo, *parroquet.*
Pappis, *breaſts.*
Parage, *lineage.*
Pardonar, *ſeller of pardons.*
Parlour, *converſation, debate.*
Parſillit, *ſtriped.*
Paſe, *paſs.*
Pattrel, *breaſt leather.*
Paven, *pavine, meaſure of a dance.*
Payit, *diſpoſed.*
Pedder, *pedlar.*
Peggral, *petty.*
Peild, *ball.*
Pellokis, *bullets.*
Pelour, *thief.*
Perſeil, *penon.*
Peranter, *peradventure, perchance.*
Perles, *peerleſs.*
Perqueir, *par cœur, off hand.*
Perre? III. 213.
Peſs, *Eaſter,* Fr.
Pewtene, *whore.*
Picht, *pitched.*
Piis (Flanders), *peaſe, beads.*
Pill, *pillage.*
Plage, *quarter, paint.*
Plait, *mail.*
Plane, *full,* Fr.
Plant, *planted, decked.*
Plate. *knock.*
Playfeir, *playfellow.*
Pleid, *controverſy.*
Plent, *complaint.*
Plenyie, *complain.*
Plevaris, *plovers.*
Plicht, *pledge.*
Plie, *plead.*
Poid, *poet?*
Polite, *poliſhed.*
Ponnyis? III. 187.
Port, *gate.*
Porteris, *portouns, maſs-book.*
Portrait, *painted.*
Portraiture, *lineaments.*
Poveral, *mob*
Pourit, *impoveriſhed.*
Powand, *pulling*
Powderit, *ſprinkled.*
Powin? III. 172.
Practik, *art.*
Prais, *preſs, tumult.*
Precelis, *excells*
Preclair, *celebrated.*
Preif, *prove.*

Prene,

Prene, *pin.*
Prete, *ready*, Fr.
Prieſt, *preſſed.*
Pris, *value.*
Prow, *proweſs, worth.*
Pryme, *morning.*
Puddlit, *ſpattered.*
Puird, *impoveriſhed.*
Pulchritude, *beauty.*
Pundare, poynder, *ſeizer in diſtreſs.*
Punic, *Phœnician dye, fine purple.*
Pure, *poor.*
Pyats, *magpies.*
Pylefat, *brewing vat.*

Q

Quaid? I. 81.
Quaif, *quoif, cover.*
Quaint, *curious, acute.*
Quells, *yells.*
Quemit, *fitted cloſe.*
Quhert? III. 92. 193.
Queſts, *noiſe of hounds.*
Quhare, *place.*
Quhil, *untill.*
Quuik, *quaked.*

R

Rachis, *hounds.*
Radder, *more red.*
Raddour, *timidity*: rubor, pudor.
Radious, *radiant.*
Raid, *road.*
Raif, *riven.*
Raikit, *roved.*
Rair, *roar.*
Raithly, *ſoon.*
Rak, *fault.*
Rammal, *ſhrubs, bramble?*
Ramyt, *ſhouted.*
Randonit, *arranged.*
Rane, *noiſe.*
Rangald, *crowd, mob.*
Raris, *roars.*
Raſſit, *razed.*
Rax, *ſtreteh.*
Raylit, *bordered.*
Rayne-bow, *rain-bow*; *to ſit on*, I. 17; *to be exalted to the utmoſt.*
Rebald, *raſcal.*
Rebawkit, *rebuked.*
Rechas, *hunter's muſic.*
Red, *affraid, parted.*
Redding, *parting.*
Regiment, *rule.*
Reid, *pipe, counſel.*
Reidſet? III. 196.
Reiſt, *caught.*
Reik, *ſmoke.*
Reim, *realm.*
Reird, *noiſe, tumult.*
Reirdit, *reared.*
Reke, *reach.*
Reknand, *taking care, adviſing with.*
Relyie, *rally.*
Remords, *remembers.*
Remyllis, *blows.*
Renk, *perſon.*
Renſe, *Rheniſh.*
Repair, *company.*
Repurcuſt, *repelled.*
Res, *race, courſe.*
Reſpiraturc, *re-inſpirer.*
Reſſett, *received, refuge.*
Rethnas, *prey?*
Rever, *robber.*
Rew, *pity.*
Rewſcand, *rouzing.*
Rice, *ruſhes, ſhrubs.*
Rick, *matter.*
Rickittis, *heaps.*
Rike, *rich.*
Ring, *rein, region.*
Rink, *courſe.*
Rink-rourne, *place of tourney, courſe*

Riolyſe,

Riolyſe, *ſeems from royal, princely perſons.*
Rippat, *tumult.*
Roch, *rough.*
Rode, *complexion.*
Roiſe, *ſtream?*
Rok, *diſtaff.*
Ron, *roſier?*
Rone, *run, path.*
Roploch, raploch, *coarſe cloth.*
Round, *whiſper.*
Roundel, *a round table.*
Rouſtie, *ruſty.*
Routit, *roared.*
Rowan, *old jade.*
Rowand, *rolling wantonly.*
Rowmed, *roamed.*
Rowpit, *ſcreamed.*
Rowth, *rough.*
Roy, *king*, Fr.
Royk (reek), *fog, ſmoke.*
Rubyatour, *robber.*
Rude, *croſs.*
Ruggis, *drags.*
Ruiks, *rooks.*
Rumiſching, *rumbling.*
Runt, *trunk of a tree or plant.*
Ruſe, *boaſt.*
Ryale, *royal, royal perſonage.*
Rybees? III. 198.
Ryſe, *plenty?*
Ryne? III. 77.

S

Sacht, *made peace.*
Saghtil, *make peace.*
Saikles, *innocent.*
Saill, *hall*, Fr.
Saip, *ſoap.*
Sairnes, *ſoreneſs, pain.*
Sale, *aſſault.*
Sall? III. 181. *ſtall, ſtole?*
Salf, *protect.*
Samekil, *ſo much.*
Sane, *ſay.*
Sanorous, *ſavoury.*
Sanrare? III. 155.
Sark, *ſkirt, ſhift.*
Saynd, *ſaying, meſſage.*
Sayndis? III. 82. See Saynd.
Sayne, *ſave. bleſs.*
Saucht, *ſafety, peace.*
Saudel? III. 213.
Saull prow, *benefit of ſoul.*
Saw, *ſaying, ſpeech.*
Scarlet, *fine cloth; white ſcarlet occurs in old writers,*
Schalk, *knight* *.
Schankis, *legs.*
Schaw, *grove.*
Scheddit, *ſtreamed forth.*
Scheidis, *ſhields.*
Schene, *ſplendid.*
Schenkit, *burſt.*
Schent, *troubled.*
Schiere, *cheer.*
Schone, *ſhoes.*
Schouris, *ſorrows.*
Schrowd, *dreſs.*
Scrycht, *ſhrieked.*
Scule, *ſchool.*
Se, *ſea.*
Sedis, *proceeds.*
Sege, *man.*
Seif, *ſeive.*
Seil, *happineſs.*
Seindle, *ſeldom.*
Seir, *many.*
Seis, I. 54. *ſeats, places?*
Selcough, *ſtrange.*
Sele, *ſeal.*
Sembillit, *aſſembled.*

* The word, as in *Mariſchalk*, &c. originally meaned *ſervant*, as does alſo *knecht*, or knight.

Sen,

Sen, sen'yne, *since.*
Send, *message.*
Senthis, *hence.*
Senyie, *assize.*
Septentrional, *northern*, Lat.
Serk, *shirt.*
Service, I. 8. *divine service, mass.*
Set, *appoint.*
Sewans, *flummery.*
Sewch, *gulf, ditch.*
Shed, *parted.*
Shore. schore, *threat.*
Sib, *akin.*
Sickand, *sighing.*
Sickerlie, *surely.*
Sigonale? III. 182.
Silit? III. 90.
Siller, *canopy.*
Singe, *sign.*
Site, *sorrow.*
Skaiplarie, *scapulary.*
Skance? III. 38.
Skap, *scalp, scull.*
Skar, *scare-crow.*
Skarth, *hermaphrodite, sea-fowl.*
Ske'p, *blow.*
Skirp, *gibe.*
Skoird, *shaved, cut close.*
Skrymmorie? I. 80.
Skuwes, *shaws, groves.*
Skvre, *sheer, quite.*
Slaid, *vale.*
Slaik, *remit, quench.*
Slatit, *let loose.*
Slidder, *slippery.*
Slokkin, *quench.*
Slop, *breach, gap.*
Sloppit, *made breaches.*
Slyke? I. 60.
Smaddit, *maddened.*
Smaik, *sneaking fellow.*
Smiddy, *smithy.*
Smuird, *smothered.*
Smure, *smother, be concealed.*
Smy, *paltry fellow.*
Sol, *the sun.* Lat. *soil.*
Soland, *solan-goose, gannet.*
Soles, *solace.*
Solist, *solicited.*
Solpit, *sobbed.*
Solyeing, *solution.*
Sone, *sun, soon.*
Soner, *trust.*
Sophine, *sophistry.*
Sowlpit, *sleeped.*
Sowmit, *swimmed.*
Sowttar, *shoe-maker.*
Spaiks, *sparks.*
Spail, *spell, blow.*
Spalis, *splinters.*
Spare, *barren.*
Speanlie, *wise.*
Specht, *wood-pecker.*
Speir, *sphere, spear, ask.*
Speirit, *asked.*
Sperk halkis, *sparrow-hawks.*
Sporne? III. 104.
Sprent, *split.*
Springald, *stripling.*
Spuilyet, *despoiled.*
Stad, *state.*
Stakkerit, *staggered.*
Stalwart, *stout.*
Stanerie, *gravelly.*
Stank, *ditch.*
Stapalis, *fastenings?*
Stark, *strong.*
Steadings, *farms.*
Steid, *estate, place, part.*
Steir, *stout.*
Sterne, *stern man*
Sterny, *starry.*
Stevin, *voice.*
Stichling, *chirping.*
Sting, *pole, pike.*
Stithil, *steer?*
Stithly, *stoutly.*
Stock, *trunk of a tree.*
Stoppit, *resisted.*
Stotit, *staggered.*

Stout,

Stoup, *can, pitcher.*
Stour, *tumult, battle.*
Stouth, *stealth.*
Straucht, *stretched.*
Strontly, *strictly.*
Stry, *strive, oppose.*
Strynd, *issue, race.*
Sturt, *trouble.*
Stuval? II. 221.
Styl, *title.*
Stylit, *honoured.*
Stynt, *stop.*
Suage, *assuage, weaken.*
Suave, *sweet.*
Suawe, *so.*
Sucker, *sugar.*
Sucquedry, *presumption.*
Sufron, *sufferance.*
Sunyie, *care*, Fr.
Suppryfit, *suppressed, borne down.*
Surrey, *Syria.*
Swages, *sway, turn.*
Sware, *neck.*
Swalterit, *sweltered.*
Sweir, *lazy.*
Swefche? I. 212.
Swingeour, *braggadocio, brave.*
Swink, *toil.*
Swire, *neck.*
Swonkand, *swimming.*
Swyth, *instantly.*
Syde, *long.*
Syik, *gutter.*
Sylit, *covered.*
Syll, *threshold.*
Sylour, *silver; but see* filler.
Syment, *cement.*
Syne, *since.*
Sypyns, *small drink, weak beer.*
Syre, *lord.*
Syse, *times.*
Syth, *times.*

T

Tabil, *draughts.*
Table, I. 20. *tablets.*
Taburne, *tabor.*
Taftais, *taffety.*
Taggit, *pulled.*
Taiklit, *furnished with tackle.*
Tain, *taken.*
Tairfull, *sorrowful.*
Taking, *token.*
Tarlochs? III. 47.
Tartain, *tertian.*
Tasses, *cups.*
Tathis? III. 105.
Teims, *empties.*
Teind, *tyth.*
Teir, *fatigue.*
Teirful, *fatiguing.*
Temyt, *left empty.*
Tene, *sorrow.*
Tent, *heed.*
Tent-taill, I. 75, *tenth deal, tenth part?*
Teuch, *tough.*
The, I. 4, *thrive.*
Thede, *business?*
Thekit, *thatched, covered.*
Thewit, *disposed.*
Thift lowis? I. 141.
Thill, III. 137.
Thir, *these.*
Thirlage, *bondage.*
Tho, I. 58, &c. *then*, I. 94, *these.*
Thocht, *though.*
Tholit, *suffered.*
Thra, *cross.*
Thraw? I. 71.—I. 297. *pang.*
Thrawin, *misshaped, awry.*
Thril, thral, *servant*, Isl.
Thrift, *thrust, press.*
Thyne, *thence.*
Ticht, *tied.*
Tight, *fixt, tie:*

Tint, *loſt.*
Tirlit, *twiſted.*
Titgandis? III. 152.
Tocher, *portion.*
Tod, *fox.*
Tone, *taken.*
Torfeir? III. 104.
Traiſt, *truſt.*
Trane, *ſtratagem.*
Tranoynt, *paſs.*
Trawyntit, *paſſed.*
Trencheour, *head of a ſpear*, Fr.
Treſtle, *ſupport.*
Trentals, *thirty maſſes.*
Trewker? II. 52. correct.
Triſte, *appointed place.*
Triſtres, v. Triſte.
Trow, *believe.*
Trumpours, *deceivers.*
Tuglit *fatigued.*
Tuich, *tough, averſe.*
Tuigh, *touch.*
Turs, *bundle up.*
Tuſches, *bands.*
Twane, tway, *two.*
Twiſtis, *twigs.*
Twitching, *touching.*
Twyn, *part.*
Tyde, *time.*
Tydiar, *cleaner.*
Tyime, (timbre) *creſt?*
Tyld, *cover.*
Tyldit, *covered.*
Tyne, *loſe.*
Tyſe, *entice.*
Tyte, *quick.*
Tythandis, *tidings.*

U V

Vacains, *vacation.*
Vagers, *ſoldiers.*
Vaikis, *wait.*
Vail, *bow.*
Varlots, *valets.*
Vaſſalage, *followers, honour.*
Ventaill, *viſor.*
Ver, *ſpring, worſe.*
Verement, *verity, truth.*
Veres, *glaſſes?*
Vergers, *orchards*, Fr.
Vernage? III. 216.
Veſie, *ſee.*
Vetit, *forbidden*, Lat.
Veug, (vogv) *pert.*
Vilipend, *vilify.*
Virgultis, *buſhes.*
Umbethocht, *bethought.*
Umeſt, *upmoſt, upper.*
Umquhyle, *ſometimes.*
Uneſe, *hardly.*
Uneth, *uneaſily, difficultly.*
Unfane, *unjoyful, ſad.*
Unfute fair? I. 3. *the paſſage ſeems corrupt.*
Unheilded, *uncovered.*
Unquart? III. 96.
Unſale? II. 127. 202. *unlucky?*
Unſaucht, *not at eaſe.*
Unſelyable, *unaſſailable.*
Unwemmit? I. 95.
Vow! *Sure!*
Upaland, *upland, ruſtic.*
Upbred, *ſet out.*
Uphald, *ſupport.*
Upheit, *raiſed.*
Ure, *ore.*
Utterit, I. 165, *reared?*
Vult, *face*, Lat.

W

Wace, *was.*
Wage, *bargain.*
Wailis, *avails.*
Wailit, *eboſe.*
Waine and quheil, *waggon and wheels*, I. 17, *proverbial.*

Wairdit,

Wairdit, *imprisoned.*
Wait, *wet.*
Waith, *wandering.*
Waits, wotes, *knows.*
Wakar, *waker, cloth-dresser.*
Wald, *would.*
Wallie, *valley, wavy.*
Wallis, *wawis, waves.*
Wallowit, *withered.*
Walterand, *weltering.*
Waly, *well, good fortune.*
Wamfler, *debauchee.*
Wand, *scourge.*
Wander? II. 10. 68. *mishap?*
Wandreth, *see* wander.
Wane, *yearn.*
Wappit, *warped, turned.*
War, *worse, wary, were.*
Warie, *get worse, curse.*
Warliest, *most wary.*
Warlo, *magician.*
Warne, *prevent.*
Warwolf, lycanthropus, *a person transformed to a wolf.*
Water-cail, *soup-meagre.*
Wayest, *most woeful.*
Wayis, *woe is.*
Waymyng? III. 201.
Wed, *pledge, wager.*
Wee, *see* wy.
Weilis, *well is, it is well with.*
Weill. *well, a well.*
Weir, *delay, war, were.*
Weird, *fate.*
Weirlie, *warlike.*
Wemeles, *without appetite?*
Wend, *knew, go.*
Werd, *become, befall.*
Were, *ward, keep.*
Wermis, *snakes.*
Werray, *worry.*
Wesch, *wash.*
West, *wist, supposed.*
Westhod, *with wet shoes.*
Weuch, *woe.*
Whelen, *who?*
Wicht, *strong.*
Wid, *wager.*
Widdie, *halter.*
Widdysow, *knavish.*
Wilsum, *solitary.*
Wirdy, *worthy.*
Wirk, *work.*
Wish, wush, *washed.*
Wifs, *inform.*
Wittin, *known.*
With thy, *with this, (condition.)*
Wlonkest, *most adorned.*
Wlowk, *lady?*
Wobstar, *weaver.*
Wod, *mad.*
Wodroiss, *a savage?*
Wol, *wool.*
Womenting, *lamenting.*
Wone, *residence.*
Worchen, *work.*
Worryours, *warriors.*
Wortheleth, *worthy.*
Worthin, *waxed, become.*
Worthis, *must.*
Wound, *wondrous, exceeding.*
Wout, (vult) *face,* Lat.
Wox, *became.*
Wraighly, *untowardly.*
Wraik, *avenge.*
Wraith, *wroth.*
Wrappit, *intwined.*
Wregh, *wretched.*
Wreth, *wretch.*
Wrichtis, *carpenters.*
Wrokin, *avenged.*
Wrynkis, *windings, tricks.*
Wsche, *hush, silence?*
Wy, *wight, person.*
Wyfe, *old woman.*
Wyle, *entice.*
Wylecot, *under petticoat.*
Wynd, *wight, person.*
Wynnit, *dwelt.*
Wynsik? III. 133.

Wyte,

Wyte, *blame.*

Y

Yaid, *gave.*
Yairnis, *yearns for, desires.*
Yane thore? III. 169.
Yauland, *yelling.*
Ybet, *supplied.*
Ydy, *eddy, pool.*
Yeid, *went.*
Yeild, *a recompence.*
Yemyt, *kept.*
Yet, *gate.*
Yeves, *gives.*
Yimmit, *kept.*
Ying, *young.*
Yomerand, *muttering.*
Yowtheid, *youth-hood, state of youth.*

THE END.

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