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Ritson, *ancient English Metrical Romances*
Vol. III. p. 230 Sagg

"Two other Romances on the same subject, [Sir Gawayne] but in a dialect and metre peculiar to Scotland, are printed in Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, the one from an edition printed at Edinburgh in 1558; the other from a M.S. the property of the present editor, which the said Pinkerton came by very dishonestly."







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La sauvage d'escosse.



Le capitaine sauvage.



SCOTISH POEMS,

REPRINTED

FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

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

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.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.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.

M, DCC, XCII.

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C O N T E N T S

O F

V O L U M E III.

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ERRATA in VOLUME III.

Page 86, line 16, *for never read ever.*

99, 12, *for n read in.*

102, *put a space—at the word sprang, ft. xv, as a new
Adventure there begins.*

114, line *pen.* *for ane read pine.*

136, 13, *for 1503 read 1504.*

151, 22, *for uay read nay.*

161, 14, *for their read cleir.*

163, 15, *for soine 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.*

Ane verie excellent and delecta-
bill Treatise*, intitult

P H I L O T U S,

Quhairin we may perseeve the
greit Inconveniencs that fallis out in the
Mariage betwene Age and Youth.

OVID.

Siqua velis aptè nubere, nube pari.

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

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

THE NAMES OF THE INTERLOQUITORS.

	Verse
PHILOTUS, the auld man,	1
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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 seaches 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 married to PHILOTUS, who fearing to be discovered, maketh a brawling that same night with PHILOTUS, and abuseth him vyllie ; and to colour the matter the better, agreeth with a whore to go to bed with PHILOTUS. FLAVIUS seeing the supposed EMILIA to be married 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 delecta-
bill Treatise *, intitult

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 sie 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,
 Ife play the younkeris part to yow,
 First try the treuth, then may ye trow,

Gif I mynd to desave :

For gold nor geir ye fall 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 seind refave 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 fall till his fleitching.

5. Now wallie as the Carle he caiges.

Gudeman quha hes maid your mustages?

Lo as the boy of fourscore ages,

As he micht not be biddin :

Came ye to wow our lasse, now lachter,

Ye ar fa rasch thair will be flachter,

Ye will not spair nor speir quhais aucht hir,

Ye ar fa raschlie riddin.

6. EMILY. I wait not weill fir quhat ye meine,

Bot fuirlie I have seindill seine,

Ane wower of your ycirs 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 nicht 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 fir, let me and that allane,
 Suppose scho war maid of a stane,
 Ife 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, fir, of ane hunder,
 That I have had in hand.

9. I am ane fische, I am ane eile,
 Can steir my tounge 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 hiest honour and renoun,
That wald be glaid to give his gowne,
For to have yow his dame.

11. EMILY. Now be my faull I can not sie,
That thair sik veriew is in me,
Gudwyfe, I pray yow quhat is he,

That man quhome of ye meine?

MACRELL. PHILOTUS is he man a faith,
Ane ground riche man, and full of graith :
He wantis na jewels, clath, nor waith,
Bot is faith big and beine.

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

As copper in hir kist :
 Yea, not a ladie in all this land,
 I wait nicht have mair wealth in hand,
 Nor nicht 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'll 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 down
 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 fall convoy all this fa cleine,
 That me ye fall esteeme 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 lassè lyke mee,
 Mair meit his oy nor wyfe to be :
 His age and myne cannot agrie,
 Quhill that the world 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, fuith 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 down,
 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 onic 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 fall first be birnand cleir,
 Your madynis than fall have your geir,
 Put in gude ordour and effeir,
 Ilk morning or yow ryfe.

19. And say, lo maistres heir your muillis,
 Put on your wylicote for it cuillis,
 Lo, heir ane of your velvete stuillis,
 Quhairon ye fall sit down :

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 gown.

20. Than tak to stanche the * morning drouth
 Ane cup of mavesie for your mouth,
 For fume cast sucker in at fouth,
 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 fet,

* your, ed. 1612.

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

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

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 merelic to tak ane glois,

* danitie, ed. 1612.

† of, ed. 1612.

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 deirlye bocht,
That ladies loves to feid on.

25. The organes than into your hall,
With schalme and tymbrell found thay fall,
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 ſpiene :
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 fall weir even as ye would,
With doubill garniſchings of gould,

And

And craip above your hair :
 Your velvote hat, your hude of stair,
 Your myffell 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 fyne half-cheinyeis ye fall 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 stufte my hart ye neid not haine,
 Pan velvot, rayfde, figurit or plaine,
 Silk, sayne, damayse, or grograine,
 The fynest ye can find.

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

Sa weill I trow fall set them :
 Your schankis of filk, your velvot schone,
 Your borderit wylicote abone,
 As ye devyse all fall be done,
 Uncraift 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 fall 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 faull yow will defave,
 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. PLESAANT. The devill cum lick that beird au'd rowan.
 Now fie the trotibus and trowane,
 Sa busilie as scho is wowane,

Sic

Sie as the carling craks:
 Begyle the barne sho is bot young,
 Foull fall thay lips, God nor that tounge,
 War doubill gilt with Nurisch dounge,
 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 fall 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 for na happing heit :
 Unhealthsum holting ever mair,
 His filthsum flewme 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,

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C

I will

I will heir yow na mair :
 Mark dame, and this is all and sum,
 If ever ye this carand cum,
 Or of your head I heir ane mum,
 Yea fall repent it fair.

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

Philotus enteris in Conference with the Madyris Father.

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

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

And

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

43. Betwixt us twa the heyris-maill,
 Sall bruik my heritage all haill,
 Quhiks 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 fall us dissever.

44. ALBERTO. Gude fir, and goffop 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 Tochter.

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 scine :
 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 proceed,
 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 ill 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 thou 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,
 Ife gar yow maistres for to know,
 The impyre parents hes be law,
 Abuis thair children ay.

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

* is, ed. 1612.

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

52. Thow sat sa soft upon thy fuill,
 That making off made the ane fuill,
 Bot I sa'll mak thy curage euill,
 For all thy stomack dour :
 That efterwards quhill that thow leif,
 Thou's be agast mee for to greif.
 Perchance thow grines tha play to prief,
 Advyse thee and speik out.

53. EMILY. Sweit father, mitigate your rage,
 Your wraith and anger, sir, assuage,
 Have pitie on my youthlie age,
 Your awin flesh and your blade :
 Gif in your yie I be overtawin,
 Quhome have ye wraikit bot your awin,
 Sik creweltie he not bene knawin,
 Among the Turkes sa rude.

54. The savage b'lieve into thair kynde,
 Thair young to pitie ar inclynde.
 Let mercie thairtoir muir your mynde,

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

[Heir followis the Oratioun of the yonker Flavins to the Madyn, hir answer and consent, the convoying of her from her faither: hir father and the auld wower followis, and finds Phileno the Madyns brother laitlie arrywed, quhome thay tak to be the Madyn, and of his deceit.]

[Flavins].

The raging low, the seirce 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 contraynit to cum and seik my cure
 Of her, fra quhom proceedit hes my wound,
 Quhom neyther salve nor syrop can assure,
 Bot only sho can mak me sail and found.

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

57. Sa fen ye have me captivate as thrall,
 Sen ye prevaill, let pitie now have place ;
 Have mercie fen 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 an, mistres, in the self same cace,
 Ane thrall consenting pitie war to spill.

58. Quhat ferly thocht, puir I with luif opprest
 Confes the force of the blynd archer boy ?
 How was Appollo for his Daphne d'est,
 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 ma'd 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 bew ie Danae befoir.
 Suppose the God on hir did cast his eye :
 Quhais graces to hir bewtie dois agrie,
 And in quhais fairnes is no toly 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 preciouſer nor glaſſe,
 Your bewtie ſa all uther dois exceid.

61. Your hair lyk gold, and lyke the pole your eye,
 Your ſnawifch cheeks lyke quhyteſt allabaſt,
 Your loveſum lips ſad, ſoft, and ſweet wee ſie,
 As roſes red quhen that ane ſhowre is paſt :
 Your tounge nicht mak Demofthenes agaiſt,
 Your teith the pearls nicht 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 felt 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 faint,
 Na figure teids quhair thair is na effect :
 Evin is ſweit faull I periſch bot as painit,
 With fanſie ſed that will na falling breck,
 Suppois I have the accident quhat reck,
 Grant me the ſolide ſubſtance to attein,
 Git nor, quhen ye to deith ſall me direct,
 Quhom bot your awin have ye confoundit clein ?

64. Laſt, ſen ye may my melodie remeid,
 Releive your Sylphus of his reſtles ſtane ;
 Your pitus breiſt that dois full ryfely bleid,
 Grant grace thairto, beſoir the g ip be gane,
 Cum ſtanche the thriſt of Pantaus anone,
 And cure the wounds gevin with Achilles knyfe.
 Accept for yours fair maîtres, 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 ſothit in Parnaffus took t hill
 Quhair poctis hae their flame and furie ſocht
 Noch ſitting of weit Helicon for nocht,
 As be your plectant, ref ce doi appeir :
 Tending thairby, q thin as we have na thocht,
 To mak us to your purpois to adheir.

* no, ed. 1612.

66. With loving language tending till allure,
 With sweet discourse the simpill till ovirfyle,
 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 praying of our bewtie by the skyis:
 Quhen with your words we ar na mair bot mowit
 This way to fie git us ye may suppryse,
 Your doubill hart dois everie day devyse,
 Ane thousand shifts was never in your thocht,
 Ye labour thus with all that in yow lvis,
 For till undo, and bring us all to nocht.

68 And this conceat is common to yow all,
 For your awin lust, ve set not by our schame,
 Your sweetest word *, ar seasonit all with gall,
 Your fair st phrase, disfiguret bot defame,
 I think than foir thay grittie ar to blame,
 That trowis in yow mair nor the thing thay se
 Bot I, q hill that Emilia is my name
 To trow I fall lyke to Sanct Thomas be.

* words, ed. 1612.

69. FLAVIUS. For feir sweit maistres quhat remeid?
Quha may perswade quhair thair is dreid?

Yit deme ye wrangoussie 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 in maistres meik,

That maid me to cum heir.

70. This is my fute ye fall 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 fay,
 My father hes this uther day.
 In mariage promifit 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 fall do na deir,
 Nor fall not cum my bodie neir,
 For villanie nor ill :
 Ay quhill the nuptiall day fall stand,
 And farther fir, gif mee your hand,
 With me for to compleit the band,
 And promiseis to fulfill.

74. FLAVIUS. Have thair my hand with al my hart
 And faithfull promiseis 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 fall 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 fall devyse my fell,

Ane schift to serve our turne :
 For keiping flairt baith lait and air,
 Unsend-furth may I never fair,
 Make I ane mint and do na mair,
 I may for ever murne.

76. When I have unbethocht me thryfe,
 I can na better way devyse,
 Bot that I man me disagyfe,

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 fall 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 fall,
 Cum quyetly yow to.

78. FLAVIUS. Be my awin meins I fall atteine,
And fend to yow thay claithis unfene,
Convoy lat sie all things sa cleine

That never name * 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 fall get ane geck.

79. EMILIE. I have won narrowlie away,
Yon Carle half put me in effiay,
He lay in wait and waiting ay,

In changing aff my claithis :

Sir, let us ga out of his sight,
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 loif and ladie quhyte,
My darling deir and my delyte,
How fall 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.

STEPHANO ALBERTUS SERVANT.

81. Maister full far 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 quyeilie 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 schifit 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 trumppers all durst undertak,
For to commit sa foull ane lack,
Quhill that this citie standi .

84. Vyide

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 wyfe,
As gudget for to gang ?

85. Fals mischant, full of all mischeif,
Diffaitfull traitour, commoun theif,
Of all thy kin curit not the greif,
For fleschly foull delyte ;
Quha fall into sik trumppers 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 diffaitfull 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 know my sell,
 Gude brethren all about :
 For thocht I be his son and heyre,
 I know 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,
 Be Christ I fall 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 fall be to red.

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

91. PHILERNO. Father I grant my haille 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 fall yow never greive,
 Quhill that my lyfe may last.

92. Schaw me the maner and the way,
 And I your bidding fall obey,
 And never fall 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 bliffit band.

PHILERNO. Father, I hartlie am content,
 And heirto gives my full consent,
 For it richt fair 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 goffop I trow,
 This is ane happie meiting :
 This matter goffe, is sa weill drest,
 That all things ar cumde for the best,
 Bot 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 fall ga with me hame,
 Quhair I fall keip yow saif fra schame,
 Unto the day, or than mee blame,
 That scho * fall have nane ill.

* Yc. ed. 1612.

96. PLESA^NT. 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 refave 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 passè:
Put down 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 lassè.

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 pruiif,
With wit and all devoir*.

* indevoure, ed. 1612.

PHILOTUS to his new *Bryde*.

99. Use hir even as your awin my dow,

Keip hir, for sho fall ly with yow,

Quhill I may lawtullie avow,

To lay yow be my syde.

PHILERNO. I fall 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 fall 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 far 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 fla,
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.

103. *Philostratus.* In promises not far to compliance,
 Let us little ourselves bewine,
 How wee this perill may perceive,
 And that as in their shame
 God that the goddes, as they will use,
 Will us transforme shall not use,
 Wee see our selves find more than,
 And that as in their shame.

104. *Brutus.* Mark you a man, that is but newis,
 To think that you your grief but grows,
 For that despite shall end in sorrow,
 Seen it can never be.

Philostratus. Quere not : god that with faith we pray
 For all the goddes as I heard say,
 Has done the lyke and yet may say,
 Penitence will us save.

105. That Iphigene was : mayd we said,
 And for that for her prayer said,
 For some such the goddes intend,
 Transforme her in one man :

Agamemnon's prayer purchaseth lyke,
 Upon his new countenace lyke,
 Quene's hands that cover her with one lyke,
 With which she shall and was.

106. *Quere*

108. Quier may not now als well as than,
The goddes convert me in ane man,
The gife gif that my prayer can,

I ferdie will aby.—

Mais secret goodes cessfull,
Ye michie murders great and small,
And heavin's powers ane and all,
Mais humbly I yow pray,

109. Luke down from your impyre throne,
And from your heich triumphant croone,
Till us poor faulhis send succour sone,

Of your mais speciall grace :
Behald how wee poor mannis erone,
For fair and lust how baith wee borne,
Thairfor inill ane man met turne,
For ill eikew this case.

110. Behald our parents bes oppress,
And by all dew their docters dress
With unneir matches is molest,

Us ille faulhis be he :
Thairfor inmorall goddes of grace,
Grant that our prayers may tak place,
Convert my kynne, this ail ill case,
With solace to supplie.

111. Par.

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

112. BRISILLA. Maistris quhat now? bethink ye dreame,
 Or than * to be in sowne ye seime:
 Scho lyis als deid, quhat fall 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 fall gar yow confidder:
Now sen the goddis above hes brocht,
This wonderous wark, and hes it wrocht,
And grantit all evin as wee focht,
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 devyfe:
Throw Gods decreit my onlie choyse,
In mutuall luif wee fall 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 morn.

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,
 Might keip thair bodyes pur 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' *conjunction.*

120. O mercie God, how may this be ?

Yon is indeid richt EMILIE,

In forme of hir a faith I fie,

Sum devill hes me defaifit :

I will in haift thairfoir gang hame,

Expell yon spreit for fin 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 tauld :

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 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 saidell, lyke unfell 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. 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. PLEasant. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
 The feind refave the lachters a,
 Quhilk is the wyfest of us twa,
 Man quhidder thow or I?
 Flemit fuill, hes thow not tint thy feill,
 That takis thy wyfe to be ane deill,
 Thow is far vaineft 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 Sanct Maloy, be Moyfes rod,
 Be Mahomeit the Turkisch God,
 Be Julian and Sanct Elous nod,
 Be Bernard and be Bryde :
 Be Michael that the dragon dang,
 Be Gabriell and his auld sang,
 Be Raphael 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 feir, ye fray, ye fidge, ye fyke,
 As with a spreit posselt :
 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 fell
 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 Ghaisf,
 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 lair,
 Husband I have for to debairt,
 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 maistris stryve,
 We mon grie better and we thryve.

PHILERNO. Na be my faull we' is wit belyve,

Quha gets the upper hand :
 Indeid thow fall beir mee a bevell,
 For with my neives I fall the navell;
 Auld custrone carle tak thair a revell,
 Than do as I command.

VOL. III.

E

135. PHI-

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

136. PLESANT. Wel clappit burd quhan wil ye kisse?
 Auld fuill, the feind refave 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'll 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 fall allow,
 My fanfie to fulfill:
 Sa gang I out, sa cum I in,
 Sa gif I waist, sa gif I win,
 Quhat ev r I do mak ye na din,
 Bot let me wirk my will.

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

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 damefall fair?

Quhat tak ye for a nights 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 hurt for pitie,

Quhen I am with him laid.

E 2

141. EMILY.

141. EMILY. Now sen my husband hes done sa,
 But caus for to put me him fra,
 I will unto my father ga,
 Befoir his feit to fald.
 Father fa 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 buriat 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 fik 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 anc plesant godlie lyfe,
 To be in barrace, sturt and stryfe,
 The feind wald faine man be your wyfe,
 Can never sit in saucht.

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 fa.

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 fir, 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 fir 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 conjuratiounes 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 goffe, appeirs to me
Sa wonder nyce and strange to be,
That wee to wit the veritie,

For FLAVIUS man fend;
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 fall the fuith 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 diffaitfullie scho flaid,
 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 perfyttly 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 fell:
 And fra my hous expellit hir to,
 This woman seimis for to be scho,
 Senfyne 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 sryfe,
 For I am neyther deill nor wyfe,
 Bot am ane young man be my lyfe,
 Your sone, fir, and your air ;
 Quhome ye for EMILIE haif tane,
 And wald not firs let mee allane,
 Quhill ye saw quhat gait it is gane,
 I can tell yow na mair.

155. PHILOTUS. A man, allace, and harmifay,
 That with my only dochter lay,
 Syne dang my fell : quhat fall 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 persais,
The wyfest will in wowing raif
I for my labour with the laif,
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 spren?
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 firs, 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 eistaitis.

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 greiter glaidnes in the land of Greice
 Quhen Jafon 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 fa faine,
 To fie his sone returning with sik gloir,
 As wee, quhais myndis ar fatisfyt, and moir.

163. Gif onie joy into this earth below,
 Or warldlie p'esour reput be perfyte,
 Quhat greiter solace fall ye to mee shaw,
 Nor till injoy your hartis all haill delyte?
 To have your lufe 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 leil and mutuall lufe,
 As sleitand in the fludes of joy and blisse,
 With solace sing and sorrowes all remusc,
 Let us the fructes of present plesour prufe,
 In recompence of all our former pane,
 And miserie, quhairin wee did remane.

PHILOTUS.

165. Bot now advert gude bretherin all about,
 That of ury labour hes the succes seine:
 Ye that hes hard this haill discourte throw out,
 May know 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 fould be caryit cleine,
 With youthlie toyis unto fa greit mischeif.

166. Gif I had weyit my gravitie and age,
 Rememberit als my first and auncient fait,
 I had not fowmit 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 fa 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 fend,
 All sik inordinate doings to detest,
 Quhilk sweit rebuik I reckon with the rest,
 From fatherlie affection to proceid,
 That uthers with lyke passiouns possess,
 My leirne be my exampill to tak heid.

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

Gif

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

The Messenger.

169. Gude firs, 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:
 Yir my gude-will for to supplie the want,
 I hope fall 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 fuld 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.

[S O N G †.]

*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,
 Crasse thy delightes with a thousand sad tormentings?
 Fortune, honour, beavtie, youth, are but blossomes dying,
 Wanton plesoures, dotting love, are but shadowes flying:
 All our jyes 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 1503, 8vo.

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

VOL. III.

F

GAWAN



GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS.

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I.

IN the tyme of ARTHUR, as trew men me tald,
 The king turnit on ane tyde towart *Tuskane*;
 Hym to seik our the fey, that faikles wes fald,
 The fyre that sendis all feill futhlie to fane.
 With banrentis, baronis, and bernis fall 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 sunmoune;
 Renkis of grete renoune;
 Cumly kingis, with croune
 Of gold that wes cleir.

I

II. Thus

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 fyde 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 fa 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 cle'r,
 " Grant me, lord, on yone gait graibly to gay,
 " And I sail boidword, bur abaid, bring to you heir,
 " Git he be frick on the fold, your ireynd, or your tay."
 " Sen thi wiil is to weand, wy, now in weir,
 " Luke that wisly thow wirk. Criste were thé fra wa!
 The berne bouuit to the burgh, with ane blith cheir,
 Fand the yettis unclofit, and thrang in full thra.
 His hors he tyit to ane tre treuly that tyde.
 Syne hynt to ane hie hall,
 That wes a talit with pall;
 Weill wrocht wes the wall,
 And payntit with pride.

VI. The

VI.

The fylour deir of the deise dayntely wes dent
 With the doughtyeit, in thair dais, dyntis couth dele,
 Bright letteris of gold, blith unto blent,
 Makand mencioune quha maist of manhedc couth mele.
 He saw nane levand leid upone loft lent,
 Nouthir lord, na lad; 'leif ye the lele.
 The renk raikit in the faill, riale and gent,
 That wondir wisly wes wrought, with wourfchip 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 rest 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 lusly 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 fedis thé unfair, freik, be my fay!
 "Suppose thi birny be bright, as bachiler fuld 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 fall rew in thi rufe, wit thow but wene,
 "Or thow wond of this wane wemeles away."
 Schir KAY wes haifty, 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 resties he raid to ARTHOUR the king.
 Said, "lord wendis in your way:
 "Yone berne nykis you with nay.
 "To prisit hym forthir to pray
 "It helpis na thing."

X. Than

X.

Than spak Schir GAWANE the gay, gracious and gude,
 "Schir ye know that Schir KAY is crabbit of kynde.
 "I rede ye mak furth ane man mekar of mude,
 "That will with fairnes traitt frendchip to fynd.
 "Your folk ar febil, and taynt, 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 toun.
 The yettis wappit war wyde
 The knyght can raithly in ryde.
 Reynit his palfray of pryde,
 Quhen he ves lightit down.

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 sail, with reakis of array,
 And blith birdis hym about, that bight wes of ble.
 Wourthy Schir GAWYNE went on his way:
 Sobirly the soverane salust has he.
 "I am fend to your self, and charge for to say,
 "Fra cumly ARTHUR the king, cotesse and fre.
 "Quhilk prays for his saik and your gentrice,
 "That he might cum this toun till,
 "To by vitale at will,
 "Alse deir as segis will sell,
 "Payand the price."

XII. Than

XII.

Than sayd the fyre of the sail, and the soverane,
 " I will na vittale be fauld 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 the this taill, tak tent now thair till.
 " Pafe on thi perpos, 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 fauld hym his awin,
 " It war wrang to be knawin ;
 " Than war I wourthy to be drawin
 " Salaly on bent.

XIII.

" Thare come ane laithles leidair to this place,
 " With ane giridill ourgilt, and uthir light gere.
 " It ky hit, be his cognitance, ane knight that he wes ;
 " Bot he wes ladlike of lait, and light of his fere.
 " The verray cause of his come I knew noght the cace,
 " Bot woudit wraighly he wroght, and all as of were.
 " Yit wait I noght quhat he is, be Goddis grete grace :
 " Bot gif it hap pin that he be ane knyght of youris here,
 " Has done my lord to displeise, that I hym said ryght,
 " And hi prefence plane ;
 " I say you in certane
 " He sal be set agane,
 " As I am new knight."

XIV. Schir

XIV.

Schir GAWINE gretis his leif, and grathis to his steid;
 And brocht to the bauld king boidword or blis.
 " Weill gretis yow, lord, yone luffy in leid,
 " And fays him likis in land your langour to lis.
 " All the wys in welth he weidis in weid
 " Sall hatey be at your wil, all that is his."
 Than he merk it 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 hail, 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 wys, and welth, I weila in this steid,
 " Thair is na ridand Roy, be refoun and right,
 " Sa deir welcum this day, doutles but dreid.
 " I am your coufing of kyn, I mak to you knawin.
 " This kyth, and this caitil,
 " Firth, forest, and fel,
 " Ay quhill you likis to duell,
 " Reflave as your awin.

XVI. " I may

XVI.

" I may refresch you with folk to feght, gif you nedis,
 " With thretty thousand sale, and traistfully tight,
 " Of wise, wourthy, and wight, in thair were wedis;
 " Baith with birny, and brand, to strenth you ful bright,
 " We'll sluffit in steill, on thair stout stedis."

Than said King ARTHUR hymself, seymly be fight,
 " Sic frendschip I hald fair, that forlis 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;
 Dakis deir to behold;
 Allyns the banrent bold
 Gladdit his gest.

XVII.

Thair myght seruice be sene, with segis in sail,
 Thocht all selcought war foght, 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 coursis that war set in that semblee.
 The mercist war menkit on mete at the maill,
 With menstralis myrthfully makand thame glee.
 Thus thay solait thame selvin, suthly to say
 Al thay flour dais to end.
 The king thankit the heynd;
 Sync take 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 turstit 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 ny e.
 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 pai,
 The prince provit in prese, that prife wes and deir.
 Syne war thai war of ane wane, wrocht with ane wa,
 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 feir.
 The king stude veshand 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 fide wallis war let, sad to the fee.
 Scippis saland thame by, sexty and sevyn,
 To fend, quhen thamefelf list, in feir cuntré :
 That all thai that ar wiocht, undir the hie hevin,
 Nicht 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 happynis this thing ?
 ' Herd thair ever ony sage sa felcouth ane saw ?
 ' Sal never myne hart be in fail, na in liking,
 ' Bot gif I loissing my life, or be laid law,
 ' Be the pilgramage compleit, I pas for faul-prow ;
 ' Bot dede be my destenyng,
 ' He fall, at my agane cumyng,
 ' Mak homage and oblissing,
 ' I mak myne avow.'

XXII. " A

XXII.

“ A Lord! sparis of sic speche, quhill ye speir more;
 “ For abandonit will he nocht be, to berne that is borne;
 “ Or he be strenyeit with strenth, yone sterne for to schore,
 “ Mony ledis sal be loissir, and lissis forlorne.
 “ Spekis na succedry, for Crittis sone deir.
 “ Yone knight to scar wyth skaith ye chaip nocht but scorne.
 “ It is full fair for to be fallow, and feir,
 “ 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 world with welthis, I wys,
 “ Yit fall be licht as leif of the lynd lest,
 “ I hat welters down with the wynd, fa waverand it is.
 “ Your mycht and your majesté mesure but mys.”
 “ In faith,” said the cumly king, “ throw the full trait
 “ My hecht fall haldin be, for bail or for blis.
 “ Sall never my likame be laid unlaisit to sleip,
 “ Quhill I have gart yone berne bow,
 “ As I have maid myne avow.
 “ Or ellis mony wedou
 “ Full wraithly fall weip.”

XXIV. Thair

XXIV.

Thair wes na man that durst mel to the king,
Quhan thai saw that mighty fa movit in his mude.
The Roy rial raid, withoutin resting,
And socht to the *ciete of Criste*, our the salt flude.
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 brechit bloukis to thair fidis brist of rede blude.
Thus the Roy, and his rout, restles thai raid
Ithandly ilk day,
Our the montains gay,
To *Rone** take the reddy way,
Withoutin mare abaid.

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

P A R T II.

A R G U M E N T.

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 insults, 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 ensenyas 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 prife,
 " 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,
 " Reslave 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 thriving 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 flour.
 “ Thairfore meikly with mouth mel to that myld,
 “ And make him na manance, bot all mesoure.
 “ Thus with trefy 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 world 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 foverane sone, and hym fais,
 ' Thre knichtis fra court cum thay weir.'
 Than the ladis belife the lokkis unlaiffis;
 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 fought to the chalmer swiftly and swith,
 The gait to the grete lord femely to se.
 And salust the foverane 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 foverane,
 And he inclynand agane,
 Hailes but hude.

VII.

Than Schir GAWYNE the gay, gude and gracijs,
 That ever wes beildit in blis, and bounté embrafit,
 Joly, and gentill, and full chevairus,
 That never poynt of his prife wes fundin defasit;
 Egir, and ertand, and ryght anterus,
 Illuminat with lawte, and with lufe lasit,
 Melis of the message to Schir GOLAGRUS,
 (Before the riale on raw the renk was noght rasit,)
 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 nore, 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 fngit 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 yarynyng
 ‘ Your grant for to get.’

X.

Than said the fyre 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 fulsil,
 “ I suld sickirly 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 obeifance, 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 favand my senyeoury fra subjeſtioun,
 “ And my lordſcip unlamyt, withoutia legiance,
 “ All that I can to yone king, cumly with croun,
 “ I fall 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 luſly 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 wrought.
 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 :
 Wrichtis 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 fall ilk sege seir :
 Ilka soverane his ensenye shewin has thair.
 Ferly sayr wes the feild, flekerit and faw,
 With gold and goulis in greyne,
 Schynand scheirly and scheyne,
 The sone, as cristall fa cleyne,
 In scheildis thai schaw.

XIV.

Be it wes mydmorne, and mare, merkit on the day,
 Schir GOLAGROS' mery men, menstful of myght,
 In greis, and garatouris, grathit full gay ;
 Sevyne score of scheildis thai schew at ane sicht.
 Ane helmie set to ilk scheild, fiker of assay,
 With fel laus on loft, lemand full light.
 Thus flourit thai the forefront, thair lays to fray,
 The frekis, that war fundin ferse, and forssly in fight.
 Ilk knyght his cunyfance kithit full cleir.
 Thair names wrieten 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 world wyde.
 “ And the straiteſt of ſtuf with richeſe to ring,
 “ With unabaiſit 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 ſal 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 round 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 wrought 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 lussy helme, and the lance, all ar away.
 “ The brym blast that he blew, with ane stevin flour?”
 Than said Sir SPYNAGRUS with speche, “ The suth fall I say.
 “ Yone is ane fieik in his forte, and fresch in his flour,
 “ To se that his schire weid be sicker of assay
 “ He thinkis provefe 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 be skit 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 gield, grymly thai ride.
 Wondir sternly thai steir on thair steit stedis;
 Athir berne fra his blonk borne wes that tide.
 Thai ruschit up rudly, quha for right reidis;
 Out with fuerdis thai swang, fra thair schalk side.
 Thairwith wraithly that wurk, thai wourthy in wedis,
 Hewit on the hard steil, and hurt thame in the hide.
 Sa wondir freschly thai trekis frucht 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 forfuth, sadly and fair,
 Thoght thai war astonait, in the stour stichly thai stude.
 The feght 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 waitit 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 fald;
 " 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 proves to perfew,
 ‘ 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 fa 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 schynnyng so schir,
 Fra the castell thair come cariaid ane knight,
 Clost in clene steill, upone ane courfyr.
 Schir RANNALD to his riche steid raikit full riht,
 Lightly lap he on loft, that luffly 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 fay.
 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 fwerdis lufly and lang:
 Thair fledis flakkerit in the flour, and flude flummerand,
 Al to stifillit, and flonay; the strakis war fa strang.
 Athir berne braithly ber, with ane bright brand;
 On fute freschly thai frekis feightin thai fang,
 Thai hewit on hard steil hartly with hand,
 Quhil the spalís, 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 fute, 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 sight 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 slound.
 Schir RANNALDIS body wes broght to the bright tent.
 Syne to the castel of stonc
 Thai had Schir RIGAL of Rone;
 With mekil murnyng and mone
 Away with him went.

PART III.

P A R T III.

A R G U M E N T.

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 fyng and to reid.
 Than GOLOGRAS 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 leuit 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 foght gude GYROMALANCE.
 Thus thai mellit, and met with ane stout stevin.
 Thir lussy ledis on the land, without legiance,
 With feymely scheidis to schew thai set upone fevin :
 Thir cumly kinghtis to kyth ane cruel course maid.
 The frekis felloun in feir
 Wondir stoutly can steir,
 With geir grundin full cleir
 Rudly thai raid.

III.

Than thair hors with thair hochis sic harmis couth hint,
 As trafrit in unquart quakand thai stand.
 The frekis freichly thai fure, as fyre out of flynt,
 Thair lussy lances thai loiffit, and lichtit on the land.
 Right flyth fluffit in steill thai stotit na flynt ;
 Bot boskit to battaile, with birny and brand.
 Thair riche birnys thai bet derfly with dynt ;
 Hewis down in grete haist hartly with hand.
 Thai mighty men upon mold ane riale course maid ;
 Qehill clowis of clene maill
 Hoppit out as the hail :
 Thay beirnys in the bataill
 Sa bauldly thai baid.

IV. Thai

IV.

Thai bet on fa bryimly, thai beirnys on the bent,
 Briftis binneis with brandis burnift full bene :
 Throu thair fchene fcheildis thair fchuldris var fchent ;
 Fra fchalkis fchot fchire blude our fcheildis fo fchene.
 Ryngis of rank fteill rattillit and rent :
 Gomys grifly on the grund, grains on the grene,
 The Roy ramyt for reuth, richeft of rent,
 For thair of his knightis, cruel and kene.
 Sa wondir frefchly thair force thai freft on the feildis :
 So huge wes the mellé,
 Wes nane fa couth fe
 Quhilk gome fuld 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 fteill thai hatterit and heuch.
 In that hailfing thai hynt grete harmys and here.
 All to turnit thair intyre traiftly and tewch ;
 Burnift bladis of fteill throw birneis thay bore.
 Schort fverdis of fcheith fmertly thay dreuch.
 Athir freik to his fallow, with fellonne affere,
 Throw platis of polift steil thair poyntis can pafe.
 All thus thai threw in that thrang
 Stalvert ftraks, and ftrang :
 With daggaris derfly thay dang
 Thai doughtyis on dase.

VI.

Schir LYONELL Schir LOWES laught has in hand;
 And fedit 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 forfly on fold, that wes feghtand,
 Unmanglit and marrit, myghtles in mude.
 Wes nane sa proud of his part that prifit quhen he yeid.
 BEDWER and LYONELL
 War led to the Castell,
 The cumly knight SANGWELL
 To ARTHOUR thay led.

VII.

Schir EDMOND loiffit has his life, and laid is full law;
 Schir EVIN hurtis has hynt hidwife, and fair;
 Knightis caryis to the corse was cumly to know,
 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 stufit 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 fenyceing 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 treti of treux, trow ye full-traist,
 Quhen thai myghty can mach, on mold quhair thai met.
 Thai brochit blonkis to thair fydis out of blude braist:
 Thair luffy 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 strife sa strang.
 The feght so feilely thai fang
 Thoght it lestit never so lang
 Yit laught it ane end.

X.

Schir OVILES, Schir IWELL, in handis war hynt,
 And to the luffy castell war led in ane lyng.
 Thairwith the stalwartis in flour can stolin and flynt:
 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, quhafa mynt:
 Said "I sal bargane abyde, and ane end bryng.
 "To morne sickirly myself fall seik to the feild."
 He buskit to ane barfray,
 Twa final bellis rang thay.
 Than feymly ARTHUR can say,
 Wes schune undir scheild.

XI.

"Quhat signifyis yon rynging?" said the ryale.
 Than said SPYNAGROS with speche, "Schir *sens peir*
 "That fall I tell 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 journey
 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 save that is our soverane,
 As he is maker of man, and alkyn myght haife.
 Than Schir SPINAGROS the freik was ferly unfane;
 Murnyt for Schir GAWYNE, and mekil mayne maife.
 And said, " for his saik that saiklese wes flane,
 " Tak nocht yone keyn knight to countir in this hard cais.
 " Is nane so stalwart, in stout with stoutnis to stand,
 " Of all that langis to the king.
 " The mair is my murnyng,
 " Ye suld this fell fechtung
 " Hynt upone hand.

XIII.

" Sen ye are so wourshipfull, and wourthy in were,
 " Demyt with the derrest maist doughty in deid,
 " Yone berne in the battale will ye nocht forbere
 " For all the mobil on the mold merkit to meid."
 " Gif I be doughtely, the les is my dere.
 " Thocht he was SAMPSONE himself, so me Criste reid,
 " I forsake nocht to fight, for all his grete feir,
 " I do the weill for to wit, doutlese but dreid."
 Than said Schir SPYNACROSE, " Sen ye will of neid
 " Be boun to the battale,
 " Wirkis with counsaile,
 " It fall 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 wife 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 stussit, thair strike, and hald hym on sleir,
 “ 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 wrik as wife 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 flaid ;
 Sa come ane knight as he baid,
 Anairmit of weir.

XVI. That

XVI.

That knight buskit to Schir KAY, on ane steid broune,
 Braiffit in birneis, and basnet full bene.
 He cryis his ensenye, and conteris hym full sounne;
 And maid ane course curagiousse, cruell and kene.
 Thair luffly lancis thai loiffit, and lightit baith doune,
 And girdit out fuerdis on the grund grene;
 And hewit on hard steill, hartlie but hounne;
 Rude reknyng raise thair renkis betuene.
 Thair mailyeis with melle thay merkit in the medis,
 The blude of thair bodeis
 Throw breift 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 luffly 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 fortune will faill
 'Thair may na besynes avail.'
 He braidit up his ventaill
 That clofit wes clene.

XVIII.

For to ressave the brand the berne wes full blith ;
 For he wes byrfit, and best, and braithly bledand.
 Thocht 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 losr, " 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 fle.
 With that meny fresch 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 relakis, riale to se.
 Thair wes on GOLOGRAS, quhair he glaid on the ground,
 Frenyeis of fyne sik 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 fa heich, be half ane fute hicht.
 He lanfit out our ane land, and drew noght ane lyte;
 Quhair he fuld fraflyn his force and fangin his fight.
 Be that Schir GAWYNE the gay wes graithit in his gere,
 Cummyng on the ta fyde,
 Hovand battale to abyde,
 All reddy famyne to ryde,
 With scheld and with spere.

XXI.

Thir lussy ledis on the land, lest be thame allane,
 To ke no uthir, fremyt, nor freyndis, bot found tham fra.
 Twa rynnynge renkis raith the riolyse has tane;
 I k feik to his feir to freslin his fa.
 I hai 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 famyne ran:
 Thair speris in the feild in flendris gart ga.
 The stedis stakerit in the stour, for streking on stray.
 The bernys bewit abak,
 Sa woundir rude wes the rak:
 Quhilk that happynnit the lak
 Couth na leid say.

XX. Thai

XXII.

Thai brayd fra thair blonkis befe'y and bane,
 Syne laught out fuerdis lang and luffy.
 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 pefane,
 And fulyeit of the fyne maill may than fyfty.
 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 clais 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 solowit the blaid,
 (For all the wedis, I wife, that the wy weild.)
 Throw claspis of clene gold, and clowis sa chair,
 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 defianyt 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 fleill 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 lyounne for salt 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 flynt :
 All engrevit the grome, with ane bright brand ;
 And delt thairwith doughtely meny derf dynt.
 Throw byrny, and breist-plait, bordour, and band,
 He leit fle to the freke, as fyre out of flynt.
 He hewit on with grete haillt, hartly with hand ;
 Hakkit throw the hard weid to the hide hynt,
 Throw the fluf with the straik, flapalis 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 flout,
 Hlit Schir GAWAYNE on the gere, quhill grevit wes the
 gay,
 Betit doune the bright gold, and beryallis about ;
 Scheddit his schine wedis scharply away ;
 That lufly lappit war on lost, he gar thame law lout.
 The sterne flakir with the straik, and stertis on stray,
 Quhill neir his resourc wes tynt ; sa rude wes the rout,
 The beryallis on the land of bratheris gart light ;
 Rub is and sa heir ;
 Precious flaris that weir ;
 Thus drefe thair wedis sa deir,
 That dantely wes dight.

PART

P A R T IV.

A R G U M E N T.

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 declares 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 fa grymly, in ane grit ire,
Baith Schir GAVINE the grome, and GOLOGRAS the
knight.

The sparkis flew in the feild, as fagottis of fire,
Sa wundir frely thai frekis fangis the fight.
Thai lufchit, and laid on, thai lufflyis of lyre.
King ARTHUR Ihesu besoght, feymly with sight,
“ As thou art soverane God, sickerly, and fyre,
“ At thow wald warys fra wo WAWANE the wight!
“ And grant the siekis 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 mail'yeis and maid thame to mer:
Wraithly wrought, 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 sardillis 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 fa clene.
 Ane daggar dayntely dight that dowghty has drawne,
 Than he carpit to the knight, cruel and kene;
 "Gif thow luffis thi life leleiy nocht to layne,
 "Yeld me thi bright brand, burnist fa bene.
 "I rede thow wirk as I wif; 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 defoullit, 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 self 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 trete for na favour.
 "Do furth thy devoir.
 "Of me gettis thou na more,
 "Doutles this day."

V.

Lordingis and ladyis, in the casteil 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 flour, at thair hartis standis.
 On Criste cumly thai cry, "On croce as thou cost,
 " 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 lost 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 wonder 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 fa tough,
 " 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 profit 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 life, than lois upone erd.
 Sal never freik on fold, fremmyt nor freynd,
 Gar me lurk for ane luke, lawit nor lerd.
 For quhafa with wourship fall of this warld wende
 Thair will nane wyis, that ar wis, wary the werd.
 For ony trefy may tyd, I tell thé the teynd,
 I will noght turn myn entent, for all this warld brend:
 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 found, semely in sale,
 "Before this pepill in plane, and pair noght thy pris?"
 That fall 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 wourship to wale,
 As I had wonnyn thé of were, wourthy and wis.
 Syne cary to the castel, quhare I have maist cure.
 Thus may you saif me fra fyte.
 As I am cristynit perfite,
 I fall 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 fight.
 "To leif in thi lauté, and thow war unlele,
 "Than had I cassin in cair mony kene knight.
 "Bot I know thow art kene, and alse cruell,
 "Or thow be sulyeit fey freke in the fight,
 "I do me in thi gentrice, be drichtin 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 seght all senye, and thair sair.
 Tua schort fuerdis of scheith sinertly thai drew,
 Than thai mellit on mold ane myl wan, and mare.
 Wes nawthir Casar, nor King, thair quentance that knew;
 It senyt be thair contenance that kendillit wes care.
 Syne thai trait in the feild, throw trefy of trew;
 Put up thair brandis sa braid, burly and bair.
 GOLOGRAS, and GAWYNE, gracious and gude,
 Yeid to the castell of flane,
 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 fe,
 And raikit full redles to his riche tent.
 The watter wet his chekis, that ichalkis myght fe,
 As all his welthis in warld had bene away went.
 And othir bernys, for barrat, blakynnit thair ble:
 Braithly bandin in baill, thair breiftis war blent.
 "The flour of knighthe is caught throu his cruelté!
 "Now is the Round Tabil rebutit, richest of rent!
 "Quhen wourfchipfull WAWANE, the wit of our were,
 "Is led to ane pefonne,
 "Now failyeis gude fortune!"
 The King, cumly with croune,
 Grat mony falt tere.

XII.

Quhen that GAWYNE, the gay, grete of degré,
 Wes cummyn to the castel, cumly and cleir,
 Gromys of that garifoune maid gamyn and gle;
 And ledis lefit thair lord, luffy of lyere.
 Beirdis beildit in blife, 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 fet to the fuppere.
 The feymly foverane of the fail marschel he wes.
 He gart Schir GAWYNE upga.
 His wife, his doghter alsua;
 And of that mighty na ma,
 War fet at the des.

XIII.

He gart at ane feteburd the strangearis begin;
 The maist feymly in fale ordanit thame fete,
 Ilk knyght ane cumly lady that cleir wes of kyn;
 With kynde contenance the renk couth thame rebete.
 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 lost, the lord of that in,
 To al the beirnys about, of gre that wes grete;
 "Luffly ledis in land lythis me ril!"
 He fraik 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 groffe, 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 falsset, or ony fenyeing,
 "That ye wald to me treuly, and traist,
 "Tell your entent, as tuiching this thing,
 "That now hingis on my hart; fa have I gude hele,
 "It tuichis myne honour fa neir,
 "Ye mak me plane anfueir;
 "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 lest lelely forga,
 “ And bounne you to sum berne that myght be your beild.”
 The wourthy w. is, at that word, wox woundir wa.
 Than thai wist thair soverane wes schent undir scheild.
 “ We wil na favour here senye, to frende, nor to fa;
 “ We like yow ay, as our lord, to were, and to weild.
 “ Your lordschip we may nocht forga, alse lang as we leif.
 “ Ye sal be our governour,
 “ Quhil your dais may endure,
 “ In eife and honour;
 “ For chance that may cheif.”

XVI.

Quhen thai avenand, and honest, had maid this answer,
 And had tald thair entent trewly him till;
 Than Schir GOLOGRAS the gay, in gudly maneir,
 Said to thai segis, semely on fyll,
 How wourschipful WAVANE had wonnin him on weir,
 To wirk him wandreth, or wough, quhilk war his wil;
 How fair him fell in feght; syne how he couth forbere;
 In sight of his soverane, this did the gentill.
 “ He has me savit fra syte, throw his gentrice.
 “ It war syn, but recure,
 “ The knightis honour suld smure,
 “ That did me this honoure,
 “ Quhilk maist is of price.

XVII.

" I aught, as prynee, him to prife, for his prouefe,
 " That wanyt nocht 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, be 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 fortune cachis the cours, throu hir quentys,
 " I did it nocht for nane dreid that I had to de;
 " Na for na fauting of hart, na for na fantise,
 " Quhare Criste cachis the cours, it rynnis quently.
 " May nowther power, nor pith, put him to prife
 " Quhan on fortune quhelmys the quheil, thair gais grace by.
 " Quha may his danger endure, or destanye despise,
 " That led men in langour, ay lest and in ly?
 " The date na langar may endure, na drichtin devinis.
 " Iik man may kyth, be his cure,
 " Baith knight, king, and Empriour;
 " And muse in his myroure,
 " And mater maist mineis.

XIX. HECTOURE,

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 trefour ourtak, nor twyn hir entent.
 " All erdly riches, and ruse, is nought in thair garde,
 " Qubath menis fortune be skill,
 " Ane gude chance, or ane ill ;
 " Ilkane be werk, and be will,
 " Is wourthy his rewarde.

XX.

" Schir HALLOLKIS, Schir HEWIS, heynd and hardy ;
 " Schir LYONEL luffy, and alse Schir BEDWERE ;
 " Schir WAWANE the wise knight, wicht and wourthy,
 " Carys furth to the king, cumly and clere.
 " Alse myself fall pafe with yow reddy ;
 " My kyth, and my castel, compt his conquere."
 Thai war arait full raith, that ryale company,
 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 wrought 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 faughtnyng thai feik, 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;
 Sixty 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 lost 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 feildis sa faw.
 The king crochit with croun, cumly and cleir,
 Take him up by the hand,
 With ane fair sembland.
 Grete honour that avenand
 Did to the deir.

XXIII. Than

XXIII.

Than that feymly be fight said to the gent,
 Wes vailyeard, and verteous, foroutin ony vice;
 " Heir am I cumyn, at this tyme, to your present,
 " As to the wourfchipfullest in waird, wourthy, and wise;
 " Of al the ryngis in erd richeft or rent;
 " Of pyth, and of proues, peires of prife.
 " Heir I mak you ane grant, with gudly entent,
 " Ay to your prefence to perfew, with all my fervice.
 " Quhare ever ye found, or fair, be firth, or be fell,
 " I fal be reddey at your will,
 " In alkin refonne, and skill;
 " As I am haldin thair till,
 " Treuly to tell."

XXIV.

He did the conquer to knaw all the caufe quhy,
 That all his hathillis in the heir haily 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 felvin, femely by fight,
 " This is ane foveranefull thing, be Jhesu, think I;
 " To leif in fic perell, and in fa grete plight.
 " Had ony preuidice apperit, in the partyce,
 " It had bene grete perell.
 " Bot fen 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 *Ronfwall*,
 “ Thoght I myght reif thame with right, ‘ath to my handis.”
 Than said the senycur in fyth, femely in faill,
 ‘ Because of yone bald berne, that broght me of handis,
 ‘ All that I have undir hewine I hald of you haill,
 ‘ In firth, forest, and fell, quhare ever that it standis.
 ‘ Se wourshipfull WAWANE has wonnin to your handis
 ‘ The senyory in gouernyng,
 ‘ Cum y conquerour, and kyng,
 ‘ Heir mak I you obeifing
 ‘ As leige lord of landis.

XXVI.

‘ And syne fewte I you fest, without senycing,
 ‘ Sa that the cause may be kend, and knawin throw skill,
 ‘ Blithly bow, 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 foverane himself, femely on fill,
 Cary to the cassel cleirly to behald,
 With all the wourthy that weie,
 Erll, duke, and Douch spere,
 Baith banrent, and bachilere,
 That blyth war and bald.

XXVII.

Quhen the semely soverane wes set in the sail,
 It wes felcouth to se the feir 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 world 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 renoun,
 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 resoun,
 "Before their senyeouris in sight, semely beside,
 "As tuiching the temporalité in toure, and in toun,
 "In firth, forest, and fell, and woddis so wide,
 "I mak releifching of thyn allegiance.
 "But dreid I fall the warand,
 "Baith be fey, and be land,
 "Fre, as I the first fand,
 "Withoutin distance."

EXPLICIT.

BALADE.

B A L A D E.

Thingis in kynde desyris thingis lyke;
 Bot discontrair hatis cwiry thing :
 Sauf onely mankinde can nevir wele lyke,
 Bot gif he have a latiouse lyving.
 Fleisly desyre, and gastelely nurisching,
 Intill a persone all samyn to be wrought ;
 Water and tyre 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 plesse thame bath, and purches no disdayn,
 Talk with that aye, and with the tothir rown :
 Be trew to both, without tuigh of trefon,
 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 formeist 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 ;
Unposseble thingis to tak on hond ;
To big a castell, or the ground be wrought ;
To geve a dome be law that may nocht stond ;
It may wele ryme, bot it accordis nocht.

A wregh to were a nobill scarlet gown ;
A badlyng, furreyng passillit wele with fable ;
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 dougth ;
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 almouise 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 nocht.

A gilty tong colourit with eloquence ;
 A false entend within and diffavable ;
 A blyth visage with frendely apperence ;
 A cruell hert inviouſe 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 biſhop in a cointre of nought ;
 A wantoun hird, and a wele reulit ſlok :
 • 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.CCCC and viii yheris.

B A L A D E I*.

In all oure gardyn growis thare na flouris,
 Herbe nor tre that frute hes borne this yere:
 The levys ar down schakyn with the schouris;
 Th synkle fadit in oure grene herbere.
 The birdis, that bene wount 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 nocht speke,
 For I na dare, my hert it is so fare.
 Na never fall 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 wairld 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.

B A L A D E II.

Wythin a garth, under a rede rofere,
 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,
 Befoncht with ſyn, and othir ſytis mo.
 Treuth is all tynt; gyle has the gouernance;
 Wrechiunes has wróht all welthis wele to wo.
 Freedom is tynt, and flemyt 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 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.

B A L L A D E 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,
 Wifest but were in warld that was lysand,
 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, the quhilk I have na space
 For to reheise, for lak of tyme and wit,
 And for grete labour tharfore I mon our sett.

Thou devillis member, thou cursit homycide,
 Thou tigr 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 fyre,
 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 counfailing
Thou gert mankynde consent to do that wrang,
Declyne his God, and brek his hie bidding,
As haly write beris futhfast witnessing.
Tharfor thou fro the joy of paradise,
And thyne ofspring, was banyft for thy vice.

EXPLICIT.

BALLADE IV.

B A L L A D E IV.

Of ferlyis of this grete confusion
 I wald sum clerk of conyng walde declarde;
 Quhat gerris this warld be turnyt up so down;
 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 forow, 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 sail cum in, and thay stand at the dure.
 For warldly wynsik walkis, quhen wysar wyntis:
 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 punyft 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 fassé,
 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, fal 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 fit on binkis.

B A L L A D E 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 ordinaire to the maist hee, maist excellent, and maist crystyn prince, Loys King of France, Knight of his Ordoure, Capitane of the keypyng of his Body, Conqueror of Naplis, and unquihle Constable General of the same; Compilit be Maistir WILLYAM DUMBAR, at the said lordis cumyng to Edinburghe in Scotland, fend 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 wircship and valoure,
 Fro kyngis downe most cristin knight, and kene,
 Most wyse, most valyand, molte 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 flour most strong, incomparable knight,
 The fame of armys, and floure of vassalage.
 Welcum in were most worthi, wyse and wight;
 Welcum the forne 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 residence,
Quhiik never fall 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 nert and mynde,
Withe fervent, tendir, trew, intencioun;

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 fown, that beris helme or scheild;
 Welcum thow campoun, 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,
 Proclomit is thi name of excellence;
 In every ceté, village, and in toun,
 Withe gloire and honour, lawde and reverence.

O feyrse ACHILL in furius hie curage!
 O strong invincible HECTOR undir scheild!
 O vailycant ARTHUR in knyghtli vassalage!
 AGAMEMNON in governance of feild!

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

At parlament thou fuld be hye renownit,
That did so mony victorise opteyn.
Thi cristall helme withe lawry fuld be crownyt,
And in thi hand a branche of olyve greyn.
The sueird of conquis and of knyghteid keyn
Be borne fuld 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 Venus 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 knighthaid, and chaise of chevalry,
This tyme I lese, for grete prolixitnes,
To tell quhat feildis thou wan in Pikkardy,

In France, in Bertan, in Napolis, and Lumbardy;
 As I think eftir, withe all my diligence,
 Or thou departe at lenthe for to difcry,
 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 blade; for dughtenes is D;
 W valyeantnes; S for firenewite,
 Quhoife knyghtli name, fo fchvnyng is clemence,
 For wourthines in gold fild writtin be,
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

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Several Pages are here wanting.

BALLADE VI.

B A L L A D E 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 KIRROK, quhasa hir weill kend;
 Scho wes like a caldrone cruke, cler under kellys.
 Thai threplit 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 weill.
 Scho met thar, as I wene,
 Ane ask rydand on a snaill,
 And cryit, "Ourtane fallow hail!"
 And raid ane inche behind the tail,
 Till it wes neir evin.

Sa scho had hap to be horfit to hir herbry,
 Att ane ailhous neir, it nyghttit thaim thare.
 Scho deit of thrift in this warld that gert hir be so dry,
 Scho neyer eit bot drank our mesure and mair.
 Scho slepit quhill the morne at none, and rais airly,
 And to the yectis 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 fevin,
 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 lukit out on a day, and thocht 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.
Freendis, I pray yow hertfully,
Gif ye be thrifty, or dry,
Drink with my guddame, as ye ga by,
Anys for my saik.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

THREE PIECES

BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

THE
H O U L A T,
OR
THE DANGER OF PRIDE.

A F A B L E.
IN THREE PARTS.

P A R T I.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet walks by a river, in May, *Stanza* 1.—Pleasures of the place, 11, 111.—A houlat, or owl, appears in a holly, looking at her image in the water, 1v.—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.



T H E
H O U L A T E.

M A I D B E H O L L A N D.

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 fourane doun sent,
 Throw the greabill gift off his godheid,
 That all was amiable ower the air and the erd.
 Thus throw the clifts so clere
 Above, but fallow or fere,
 I waikit till a riweir
 That ryallye ^{reced} ~~reced~~.

L 2

II. This

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 blythest 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,
 Becaus that thir hertis in herdis coud hove;
 Pransand and pridyand, be pair and be pare.
 Thus sat I in solace, sekelye and suire,
 Content of the fare firth,
 Mekle mare of the mirth;
 Als was blyth of the birth,
 That the ground buire.

III.

The birth that the ground bure was brendyn in breidis,
 With gerfs gay as the gold, and granis of grace,
 Mendis and medicine for all menis (neidis *);
 Help till hert, and till hurt, hel-full it was.
 Under the circle solar thir fanourous fedis
 Were nurist be dame Nature, that nobill maistres.
 But 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 glos,
 Of ane uthir sentence;
 And wark is my eloquence.
 Thairfoir in haist will I hence
 To the purpose.

* leydis, *MS. margin.*

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 sight
 "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 fall I bleme in this breth, a besum that I be ?
 “ Is none bot dame Natur I bid not to wyte
 “ To accus, in this caufs, in cais that I de.
 “ Bot quha fall 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 purchase
 “ To reforme my foule face ;
 “ And than wer I fane.

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 *Houlate*, 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 tell.
 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 fad."
 The Paip wyislie, I wis, of wirschip the well,
 Gawe him his braid bennefoun ; 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 foull, 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 prefence, 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 fall call my cardinallis, and my counsell.
 'Patriarkis and prophetis, oure lerit all the lawe,
 'Thai sal be semblit full sone, that thow se fall.'
 He callit on his Cubiculare within his conclave
 That was the proper *Pape*, proud in his apparrell:
 Bad send for his secretaire, and his sele sone,
 That was the *Turture* trewest
 Ferme, faithfull, and fest,
 That bure that office honest;
 And enterit but hone.

XI.

The Paip commandit, but hone, to wryt in all landis,
 Be the said secretaire, 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 sere 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 enterce
 In hous, and in hall hec,
 To tell his entent.

XII. Quhat

XII.

Quhat sall I tell ony mair of thir materis?
 Bot thir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane,
 Reffavit thame with reverence, to reid as efferis;
 And richelye the heraldis rewardit ilk ane.
 Than busk thai but blin; monye bewfckeris
 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 wifschip ay wont.
 'I hir 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 fware ;
 In quhite rokattis arrayit, as I rycht knew,
 That thai wer Byshoppis blist I was the blyvare.
 Stable, and steidfast, tender and trew ;
 Oif few wordis, full wyis 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 *Swertbbak* 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 ; hot 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,
 Wi-l 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 dachty.
 Thai mak reference rith, and airlie will ryifs
 To keip the college clein, and the clargye.
 The *Roke* in his cleir caip, that crawis and cryis,
 Was chofen Chantor full cheif in the chenonrye.
 Thair cum the *Curlew* a Clark, and that a cunand,
 Chargit as chancellare,
 For he could wryte wonder fare,
 With his neb for myftar
 Upoun the fee fand.

XVII.

Upoun the fand that I saw, as the fanrare tane,
 With grene awmons on hede, Sir Gawane the *Drake*;
 The *Arseene* that our man ay prichand in plaue,
 Corrector of Kirkine was clepit the *Clake*.
 The *Morton*, the *Murecok*, the *Myrsny* 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 hous;
 Bot in uplandis townis
 At Vicaris and Personis,
 For the procurationis
 Cryand full croufs.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The croufs *Capon*, a Clerk under cleir wedis,
 Full of cherité, chaste and unchangeable,
 Was Officiare but les that the law ledis
 In causis consistorial, that ar coursfable.
 The *Sparrow* veug he vesyt for his vile dedis,
 Lyand in lechorye, lasch, unlouable.
 The *Feldefar*, in the forrest that febily him fedis,
 Be ordour ane hospitular was ordanit full hable.
 The *Kowfchots* 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 cunningg, thir comparges eke;
 The manere, nor the multitude somonyt than was.
 All se foull, and fede foull, was nocht for to seke.
 Thir ar no foulis of ref, nor of rethnas,
 Bot manfaete, 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 benefon, and blissit thame all.
 Quhen thai war rankit on rawis
 Off thair wing, the haill cawis
 Was said into schort sawis,
 As ye here fall.

XX. The

XX.

The Pape said to the *Oule*, "Propone thine appele,
 "Thy lamentabill langage, as lyke the best."
 'I am descernint of the foul, with falsis full feie,
 '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,
 'Sen it was menit to your mynd, and maid manifest.'
 Bot to the poynt pietous he prait the Pape
 To call the clergie 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, and how it remanyt;
 The circumstance, and the stait, all coude thai argewe.
 Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to laneit,
 Off ARISTOTLE, and all men, schairplye thai schewe.
 The prelatiis 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 forsoth 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, fouerane in sale,
 'Till address to that diete, to deme his avis,
 With Dukis, and with digne Lordis, derrest in dale,
 Erlis 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,
 Wrote thir lettres at lenth, lelest in lede ;
 Syne throw the Papis pretext planelye thame yald
 To the *Swallow* so swift, harrauld in hede,
 To etill to the Emproure, of ancestry ald.
 He wald nocht spare for to spring on a hind spede :
 Fand him in *Babilonis tour*, with bernis fa bald,
 Cruell kingis with crowns, and ducks but drede.
 He gave thir lordis belyve the lettres to luke ;
 Quhilk the riche Emproure,
 And all other in the heure
 Rescavit 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 soirsaid triste quhar the treté tellis.
Thai fand him in a forrest, frelye and fare.
Thay halfit his Halynes.
And ye fall here, in schort space,
Quhat worthy Lordis thair was,
Giff your willis ware.

P A R T II.

A R G U M E N T.

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 Celstitude forsooth secound apperd:
 Quhilk in the firmament throw fors of thair flycht sound is,
 Percyng the form, withyn flycht felcouth to herde.
Eyre Falcons, that gentillie in bewtye abondis,
 War dere Duckis, and digné, 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.

Gosbalkis wer governors of thair grit ost,
 Chosin chiftanis, chevelrufs 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 boist,
 With ene celestially to se, circuitit 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 know 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 jaspis jonit the jem, and rubeyis inrold.
 Syne twa keys our corss, of silver so cleir †,
 In a field of asur flomit 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 filuer, 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 let tor to fle;
 All of fable the self, quha the fush leiris,
 The beke bytpicit 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 treffour about, flowrit in fay;
 And flourdelycis on loft, that mony leid lovit;
 Off gold signet, and set, to schaw in affay.

* Emp'rs armes. *MS. margin.*

† France armes. *ib.*

‡ Scotlandis armes. *ib.*

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

VI.

Next the Souverane signe wes sickerly sene *,
 That fermit his serenitie ever formable,
 The armes of the DowGLAS's duchtly bedene,
 Knawin throw all Christendome be cognoscence hable.
 Off Scotland the weir-wall, wit ye but wene,
 Our f is forses to defend, and unfelyeable ;
 Baith barnekin and bar to *Scottis* blud bene,
 Our lofes, and our liking, that lyne honorable.
 That word is to 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 drefs ;
 Thair armes of ancestre honorable ay,
 Quhilk oft blithit the BRUCE in distrefs,
 Thairfoir he bliffit that blud bald in affay.

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

Reid the writ of thare werk to your witnefs,
 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 filk 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 so fair; and parte of the seild
 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 conysfance quartly was,
 With barris of best gold it brint as the fyre;
 And uthir singis, forfuth furdre I gefs,
 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 nevertheles
 I fall haistine to chew hairtly but hyre.
 Thair loss and thair iordschip 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 fend,
 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 caufs,
 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 Soverane, "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 clost and keit
 "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 fall waynd for no way to wirk as ye will,
 "At wifs, gife ny werd wald, with yow to the deid."
 Thairwith he lowtit full law. Thame lykit full ill,
 Bayth Lordis and Ladeis, that stud in the steid.
 Off comoun nater the cours be kynd to fulfill,
 'The gud King gaif the gest to God for to rede;
 In *Cardross* that Crownit clost his end.
 Now God, for his grit grace,
 Set his faule in solace!
 And we wil speik of DOWGLACE,
 Quhat wey he coud wend.

XIII. The

XIII.

The hairt coistly he could clos in a cleir cace,
 And held alhail 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 raifs, 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 kifs 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 singlar Soverane, of *Saxonis* the wand !
 “ Now bot I fembre for thy fawlis 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 brym, brathly and blicht, ,
 Were jonit thraly in thrang, mony thowfsand ;
 Among the hethin men the hairt hardely he flang,
 Sayd, “ WEND ON, AS THOU WONT,
 “ THROW THE BATTEL IN BRONT ;
 “ AY FORMEST IN THE FRONT .
 “ THY FAYIS AMANG.

M 4

XV. “ And

XV.

“ And I fall fallow thé in faith, or with fayis be fellit;
 “ As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow art.”
 Thairwith on *Mabonis* 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 fa 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,
 Ourfett on the Sathanas side *Sarazenis* nicht:
 Syne followit fast on the chace, quhen thay fle can,
 Full ferly fele hes he fellit, and flane in sicht.
 As he relevit was, so wes he ever than,
 Off a wycht him allane, wirthy and wicht,
 Circlit with *Sarazenis* mony a fad man,
 That trawyntit with a traic upoun that trew Knycht.
 “ Thow fall nocht de the allane,” quoth the DOUGLACE.
 “ Sen I se the ourfett,
 “ To fecht for the faith sett
 “ I fall dewoyd the of dett,
 “ Or de in this place.” &

XVII. He

XVII.

He ruscht in the grit rowt, the Knycht to reskew,
 Fell of the fals 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 duchtie DowGLAS is deid doun adew,
 With los 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 slang 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 slynd sleris so fair *,
 And callit MURRAY the riche, lord of renownis,
 Deir, and a dochter had to his deir air,
 Off all his tresor untald, touris and tounis.
 The DOWGLAS in thay dayis, duch ye Dguhare,
 ARCHIBALD the honorable in habitationis,
 Wedd t that wlowk wicht, worthye of ware,
 With rent and with riches. And be thai reffonis
 He bure the sternis of estate in his stele wedis;
 Bithe, blomand, and brycht
 Throw the MURRAYs mycht.
 And so throw Goddis foirsycht,
 The DOWGLAS succedis.

XX.

The lyoun lausand on lost, lord in effere †,
 For goid caus, as I ges, is of *Galway*.
 Queen thai rebellit the croun; and caus the King dere,
 He gave it to the DOWGLAS, heretabill ay:
 On this wifs git he coud win it of were;
 Qchilk for his souranis saik he set to assay;
 Ke lit down his capitanis, and coul i aquare;
 Maid it ferme, as we find, to our *Scottis* tay.
 Thairfoir the lyoun he bure, with loving and loss,
 Of silver, semely and fur,
 In a feild of asur,
 Crownit with gold pur
 To the purpofs.

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

XXI.

The forrest of *Etrik*, and uthir ynew
 The landis o' *Lauder*, and lordschipis feir,
 With dynt of his dert foud the DOWGLAS so dew
 Wan wichtly of weir, wit ye but weir,
 Flo sonis of *Saxonis*. Now gife I fall few
 The ordour of thair armes, it wer to tell heir;
 The barris of best gold that I thaine hail knew
 It suld occupy ws all; thairfoir I end heir,
 Referring 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 quarrelly, that nane mycht amend.
 The armes of the DOWGLAS, thair of wes I fane,
 Quhilk oft wes lay with foris, his sa 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.

Ane uthir, Erle of ORMOND, also he bure
 The said DOWGLAS armes, with a difference.
 And rycht so did the FERD*, quhair he furth sure;
 Yaip thocht he yung was, to faynd his offence.
 It semit that thay silver [war] for suth I assure.
 Thir four scheildis of price into presence
 Wer changit so chivelroufs, that no creature
 Of lokkis nor luikkis, mycht lousf 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, prowde to repare,
 And als kepit ilk armes that I said air.
 The rowth wodroifs wald that buslouifs bare,
 Our growin gryfly and grym in effeir.
 Mair awfull in all thing fall I nevere
 Bayth to walk, and to ward, as withis in weir.
 That drable felloun my spirit affrayit,
 So ferdfull of fantesfy.
 I durst not kyth to copy
 All uthir armes thairby,
 Off renkis arrayit.

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

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, luffly 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 blafound 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 Jangler 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 ugliness, 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;
Busfardis, and *Beld tyttes*, as it mycht be,
 Soldwnris and subject-men to thay Senyeoris.
 The *Pitill* and the *Pipe gled* cryand *perwé*
 Besoir thir priaces ay patl, as pairt of purveyouris,
 For thay culd cheires chikkynis, and purchase poultre,
 To cleik fra the commonis, as Kingis katouris
 Syne hive beoir and behald the hailry place.
Rolene Reid-bregst nocht ran,
 Bo raid as a hensemán;
 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 thair seggis, siris tenyorable,
 All that wer foulis of reif, quha richtly recordis,
 For the Temporalite tretit in table.
 The sterne Emptiouris style thus stoutly restord is.
 The Paip, and the Patriarkis, the Prelattis, I wist,
 Welcomit thame wyllie, but weir,
 With haly farmendis feir,
 Pardoun, and prayeir,
 And blythly thame bliit.

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 areffis
 That ye se schold.

IV. All

IV.

All thus thay move to the meit: and the Marschale*
 Gart bring watter to wescche, of a well cleir:
 That wes the *Faicone* so fair, frely but faile
 Bad bernis burdis upbred, with a blyth chere.
 The Paip 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 defs, and Dukis so deir.
 Bischopis, Baronis, to the burd, and Marchonis of nichtis;
 Erlis of honoris,
 Abbottis of ordoris,
 Provestis and Prioris,
 And many kene knychtis.

V.

Denis, and digneteis as are demit,
 Scatiferis, and Sqyeris, and Bachelaris blyth:
 I prefs 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 fauouris sawce with sewans he send,
 And confectionnis of foris that phevick farth 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 *Mavis* and the *Merle* fingis
Ofillis, 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 wifs ;
 “ Hale temple of the trinité, crownit in hevin !
 “ Hale muder of our makar, and medecyn of mis !
 “ Hale fritte and salve for the synnis sevin !
 “ Hale but of e, barret and beld of our blifs !
 “ Hale granefull of grace that growis so evin !
 “ Ferme our feid to the set quhar thy sone is.
 “ Haill lady of all ladies, lichtest of leine !
 “ Haill chalin of chesité !
 “ Haill charbuncle of cherité !
 “ Haill ! Blissit mot thou be
 “ For thy barne seine.

* Cuke, MS. margin.

† Menstralis, *ib.*

VIII.

- “ Haill bliffit throch the bodwird of blith angellis !
 “ Haill princeſ that expleitis all profetis pure !
 “ Haill blyther of the Bapteift, within thy bowellis,
 “ Of Elizabeth thy aunt, aganis nature !
 “ Haill ſpritrous moſt ſpecifeit with the ſpirituallis !
 “ 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 weifair ! 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 foverane quhair thow fittis, be thy ſonis fyde,
 “ Send ſum ſuccor down ſone to the ſynnare !
 “ The feind is our felloun fa, in thé we confyde,
 “ Thou moder of all mercye, and the menare.
 “ For ws wappit in wo in this world wyde,
 “ To thy ſone mak thy mane and thy makar.
 “ Now ladye luke to the lede that ye ſo leie luiſis,
 “ Thow ſekir crone of *Salomon*,
 “ Thow worthy wand of *Aaron*,
 “ Thow joyis flece of *Jedron*,
 “ Us help the ſahufis !”

X. All

X.

All thus our Ladye thai lose, with lyking and list,
 Menstralis, and musicians, mo than I mene may.
 The *Psaltry*, the *Citholis*, the soft *atharist* *,
 The *Cronde*, and the *monycordis*, the *gythornis* gay ;
 The *rote*, and the *recordour*, the *ribus*, the *rist*,
 The *trump*, and the *taburn*, the *tympane* but tray ;
 The *lilt pype*, and the *lute*, the *citbill* and *fist*,
 The *dulfate*, and the *dulfacordis*, the *schalin* of affay ;
 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 paradyfs 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 famin 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 fa.

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 fall ryve thé.
Misch makmory ach mach momitir moch loch;
 Set her down, gif her drink; quhat deill aylis ye?
O Dermyn, o Donnal, o Docharly droch;
 Thir ar the *Irland* Kingis of the *Erbrye*.
O Anewlyn, o Conoqubor, o Gregre M'Grane;
 The *Cbenachy*, the *Clarschach*,
 The *Berweschene*, the *Ballach*,
 The *Krekrye*, the *Corach*,
 Scho kennis toame ilkane.

* The Ruke callit the Bard, MS. margin.

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 Nox is ark, and to the erd wan,
 "Tareit as tratour and brocht na tadingis.
 "I fall riwe the *Ravyn*, bayth guttis and gall.
 Than the Dene Rural worth rede,
 Sall for schame of the fiede.
 The bard held a grit plede
 In the hie hall.

XV.

In come twa flyrand Fulis with a fond fair*,
 The *tuqubeit*, and the *gukkit gowk*, and yede hiddie giddie ;
 Rwischt 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 lost, and lyking thai had,
 That the Bard was so let.
 The Folis fend in the flet,
 And monye mowis at mete
 On the fluir maid.

* The Fulis, *MSS. margin*.

XVI.

Syne for a figonale of frutt thai strave in the stede ;
 The *tuqubeit* 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 *tuqubeit* be the tope, and owirtirllit his heid,
 Fiang him flat in the fyre, fedderis and all.
 He cryit, " Allace," with a rair, " revin is my reid !
 " I am ungreiouslye gorrit bayth guttis and gall."
 Yit he lopd fra ye low bycht in lyne.
 Quhen thai had remyllis raucht,
 'Thai foirthocht that thai facht ;
 Kissit syne, and facht,
 And satt doun syne.

XVII.

All thus thir achilles in hall herlie remanit,
 With all welthis at wifs, and wirschip to wail :
 The Pape beginnis to grace, as greablie ganit ;
 Wisch with thir wirchypis, and went to counsale.
 The puir *Howlatis* appele compleitlie was planit,
 His salt and soull forme, unfrelie but sale ;
 For the quhilk thir Lordis in lede nocht to lane it,
 He besecht of socour, as sovrane in faile,
 That thai wuld pray Nature his present to renew ;
 For it was hale his behest,
 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 faim 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 discendit that tyde,
 At thair hale instance;
 Quham thai ressaue 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 fall 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 fall be specialye sped, or I mair spell.
 “ Now ilk foull of the firth a feddir fall ta,
 “ And len the *Houlat*, sen ye
 “ Of him hes pitie;
 “ And I fall 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 pient, 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 lielic 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 rebakdis orere,
 With a ruync.

XXII. 'The

XXII.

‘ The Paip, and the Patriarkis, princis of prow,
 ‘ I am cum of thair blud, be coufingage knawin.
 ‘ So fair is my fetherein I haif no fallow ;
 ‘ My schroud and my schene were schyre to be schawin.
 All birdis he rebawkir, that wald him nocht bow ;
 In breth as a battell wrycht full of boft 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 reprovable,
 In excessis our arrogant thir birdis ilkane
 Besocht Natur to ceifs 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 fall I preif you to pleifs, for it is possible.
 Scho callit the *Howlat* in haist, that was so hautane,
 “ Thy pryd,” quoth the Princes, “ approachis our he,
 “ Lyke Lucifer in estait.
 “ And for thow art so elait,
 “ As the Evangelist wrait,
 “ Thow fall law be.

XXIV. “ The

XXIV.

" The rent, and the riches, that thou 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 sight, with placence and fang.
 And ilk foule tuke the flight : 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 pris, and princes awin pair ;
 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 world wofull in weir.
 He criplit, he cryngit, he carefully cried,
 He soipit, and sorrowit, in sichingis feir.
 He said, " Allace I am lost, lathest of all,
 " Byfym in bale best ;
 " I may be simple heirest
 " That pryd yit nevir lest
 " His feir, 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 catife for craft that I can.
 " Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hiest,
 " Fra rewill, reffon, and rycht redles I ran.
 " Thairfoir I ly in the lymb, lymper the lathair;
 " 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 fall sing as I say,
 " Il 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 selson.
 " Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coit, cumis nocht of thé,
 " Bot of the frutt of the erd, and Gods suftron.
 " Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, suthly we se,
 " Thy nakit corfs bot of clay and foule carion,
 " Hatit, and hafles; quhairof art thow hé?
 " We cum pure, we gang pure, bath King and Comon.
 " Bot thow rewill thé richtous, thy crowne fall ourere."
 Thus said the *Houlate* on hicht.
 Now God, for thy grit micht,
 Set our faulis in sicht
 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 toirfaid, frely perfyte,
 Of *Teraway*, tendir and tryd, quhoso trest trowis.
 Wer my wit as my will, than sold I weill wryte :
 Bot gif lak in my leid, that nocht till all owis,
 Ye wife, 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 *Ternway*,
 Hapnit HOLLAND.

EXPLICIT.

THE

THE
B L U D Y S E R K,
A P I O U S F A B L E.

MADE BY MR. ROBERT HENRYSON.

I.

This hundir yeir I have ben tald,
Thair was a worthy King ;
Dukis, Erles, and Barronis ba'd,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was anceane, and ald,
And sixty yeiris cowth ring.
He had a Dochter, fair to fald,
A luffy 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 nicht se nane.
 Hungir aud cauld, and grit thrifling,
 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 ranfoun.
 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 down.

VI.

The King gart feik bath fer 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 luv 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 withoutin 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 behuivit to de.
 Unlusum was his likame dicht;
 His fark was all bludy;
 In all the warld was nair a wicht
 So petious for to fy.

IX.

The lady murnyt, and maid grit mone,
 With all her mekle nicht:
 "I lusit nevir lufe, 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, tressly ye me trow.
 'Tak ye my fark 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 ferk,
 Scho thocht on the persoun :
 And prayit for him with all her harte,
 That lowfd her of bandoun,
 Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk
 In that deip dungeoun.
 And ever quhill scho wes in quert
 That wafs 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 fulllely 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 faule 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 faule 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 luse that bocht us sa deir,
Think on the Bludy Serk!

Finis q. Mr. R. Henrici,

SIR GAWAN,
AND
SIR GALARON
OF
GALLOWAY;
A METRICAL ROMANCE.

S I R G A W A N,
 A N D
 S I R G A L A R O N
 O F
 G A L L O W A Y.

P A R T I.

A R G U M E N T.

KING Arthur, and his queen Gaynour, or Genevra, with her favorite knight Gawan, and others, go to hunt near Carlisle, *Stanza* 1.—Her dress, 11.—Gawan and Gaynour alight. Arthur's hunting, 111, 1V, 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 *Turnewaitbelan*, as the boke telles ;
Whan he to *Carlele* was comen, and conqueror kydd,
With Dukes, and Duffiperes, that with the dere dwelles.
To hunt at the herdes, 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 Queene :
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 reidsfett, 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 saffies, and scladynes, fet 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 he 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, ernesly rides,
 To teche hem to her tristres, the trouthe for to tell.
 To her tristres he hem taught, ho the trowth 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 carc ;
 Thei fel of the femayles ful thik folde :
 With fresch houndes, and sele, 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 fwyne, and worchen hem wo.
 The huntis thei hallow, in hurstis and huwes;
 And blowe 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 fergeant of mas,
 That folas to fene.

VI.

With folas thei semble, the prудdest in palle,
 And suwen to the foveraine, 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 tul bene.
 Fast byfore undre this ferly cen fall,
 And this mekel mervaile, that I shal of mene.
 Now wol I of this mervaile mene, if I mote.
 The dy 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 fewe felles ;
 For the fuetand fuawe fuartly hem fuelles.
 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 feid, with fiking fare,
 “ 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 feid to Sir GAWEN, “ What is thi good rede ?”
 “ Hit ar the clippes of the fon, I herd a clerk fay.”
 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 laft on my deythe day,
 “ With the griffelift Gooft, that ever herd I grede.”
 ‘ Of the gooft,’ 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 bielagged in clay, uncomly cladde.
 Hit waried hit wayment, as a woman;
 But on hide, ne on hawe, no heling hit hadde.
 Hit stemered; hit stonayde; hit stode as a stone:
 Hit marred; hit memered; hit mused for madde.
 Agayn the grisly Gooft 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 gosse there ho glides,
 Umbeclipped him, with a cloude of cleyng unclere,
 Skeled with serpentis, all aboute the sides;
 To tell the todes theron my tongue wer full tere.
 The baue braides out the bronde, and the body bides,
 Therefor the cheualrous knight changed no chere.
 The houndes highen to the wode, and her hede hides,
 For the grisly 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 batheles 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 fomwile, 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 tressfour 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 doifulle 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 h s 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 gait ; and grilly I gron.
 “ With LUCYFEF, in a lake, logh am I light.
 “ Take truly tent tight nowe by me ;
 “ For al thi fiesch favoure
 “ Muse on my mirrour.
 “ For King, and Emperour,
 “ Thus shal ye be.

XIV.

“ Thus dight wil you dight, thare you not doute ;
 “ Thercon hertly take hede, while thou art 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 fete,
 “ With all merthis at mete,
 “ And dayntes on des.

XV.

“ With riche dayntes on des thi droles 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 teile.
 “ 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 mate.
 “ 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 sothely what may ye saven, y wys ;
 ‘ And I shal make fere men to singe for thi sake.
 ‘ But the halesful bestis that on thi body is !
 ‘ Al bledes my ble, thi bones arne so blake.’
 ‘ That is luf paramour, lifis, and delites,
 ‘ That has me light, and last logh in a lake.
 ‘ Al the welth of the world, that away wites,
 ‘ With the wilde wermis that worche me wrake.
 ‘ Wrake thei me worchen, WAYNOUR, I wys !
 ‘ Were thritty trentaies don,
 ‘ Bytwene under and non,
 ‘ Mi soule focoured with son,
 ‘ And brought to the blys.”

XVIII.

- ‘ To blisse bring thé the barne, that bought thé on rode !
 ‘ That was crucifiged on croys, and crowned with thorne.
 ‘ As you was cristened, and cresomed, with candle and code,
 ‘ Folowed in fouteestone, on frely byforne.
 ‘ MARY the mighti, myldeit of mode,
 ‘ Of whom the blisful barne in *Bedlem* was borne,
 ‘ Leve me grace that I may grete ye with gode ;
 ‘ And mynge 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 [holde]
 “ 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 fare,
 “ Er thei hepen fare,
 “ They mon we’en of care,
 “ WAYNOUR, I wys.”

XX.

‘ Wyffe 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 ches, 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,
 “ Hold 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, withouten 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, while 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, fey 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.
 “Gcte the Schir GAWAYN,
 “Turne the to *Tustayn*,
 “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 fessioun,
 " 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 renoun
 " Beside *Ramsfey* ful rad, at a ridng:
 " In *Dorsetshire* shal dy the doughtest of alle.
 " Gete the Schir GAWAYN,
 " The boldest of *Bretayne*;
 " In a flake 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 fable,
 " With a sauter engreled, of silver full shene;
 " He beris hit of fable, 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-ftid, 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 failen the fode ;
 " And minge 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 away glides.

XXVI.

With a grisly grete the goost away 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 proudest in palle,
 Dame GAYNOUR, and alle,
 Went to *Rondoles halle*,
 To the suppere.

PART

P A R T II.

A R G U M E N T.

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 fet, served in halle,
 Under a filler of filke, dayntly dight;
 With al worshipp, and wele, mewith the walle;
 Briddes branden, and brad, in bankers bright.
 There come in a fotelér, with a fymballe,
 A lady, lufsom of lete, ledand a knight
 Ho raykes up in a res bifor the riale;
 And halfed Schir ARTHUR, hendly on hight.
 Ho said to the foverayne, wlonket in wede,
 ' Mon makeles of might,
 ' Here comes an Errant Knight.
 ' Do him refon, 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 gliffed up with his eighen, that grey wer, and grete;
 With his beveren berde, on that burde bright.
 He was the foveraynest of al fitting in fete,
 That ever segge had fen with his eghe sight.
 King crowned in kiith talk hir tille;
 ' Welcome worthely wight;
 ' He shal have refon, 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 craftly, al of clene golde:
 Here kercheves were curiousse with many proude pene.
 Her perre was praysed, with prife men of might.
 Bright birdes, and bolde,
 Had inore to beho'de
 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 lost that lovely con lede.
 A freke, on a fieson, him folowed in fay :
 The fieson was afered for drede of that fare.
 For he was felden 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 contenance 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 *Lofex*, 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 opou 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-graith.
 “ 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.

Fight was prodly, with purpour and palle ;
 Birdes branden above, in brend go d 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 fight,
 Torches, and brochete, and stondardes bitwene.
 Thus thei served that Knight,
 And his worthely wight,
 With riche dayntés 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 bydenc.
 Whan the riall renke was gon to his rest,
 The King to counsaile has called his Knightes so kene.
 " Loke now lordis our lose 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 wil 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 soule 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 loch lande.
 Thre soppes de mayn
 Thei brought to Schir GAWAYN,
 For to confort his brayn:
 The King gared commaunde.

XII.

The King commaunded KRUEDELY, 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 buik him in a brene that burneshed was bright.
 Sithen to WAYNOUR wisly he went;
 He last in here warde his worthy wight.
 After ARTHUR 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 gürden her stedes,
 Al in gleterand golde gay was here gere.
 The londes 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 jolîe thes gentil justed on were.
 Shaftes thei standr in sheldes so thene:
 And frhen, with brondes bight,
 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,
 Triseled with trances, and true loves bitwene,
 On a stargand slede that strikes on stray.
 That other in his turnaying he talkes in tene,
 'Why drawes thou the on dreggh, and mak sicke deray?
 He swapped him then at the swayne, with a swerde kene:
 That grieved 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 thene.

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 greches therwith, and greved ful fare.
 '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 burlicn brande, thorgh him he bare.
 The bronde was bloody, that burneshed was bright.
 Then gloppeden 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 at Schir WAWAYN als he were wode.
 Then his leman on lowde skiiles, and skrikes,
 When that burly barne blenket on blode.
 Lordis and ladies of that laike likes;
 And thonked God sele sithe for GAWAYN the gode.
 With a swap of a swerde that swathel him swykes,
 He stroke of the stede-hede, streite there he stode.
 'The faire sole fondred, and fel to the grounde.
 GAWAYN gloppeden in hert,
 Of he were hasty and smert.
 Out of sterops he sterr,
 For *Griffelt* the goode.

XVII. '*Griffelt*,'

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 seeche me my Frefon, fairest on fote,
 ‘He may stonde thé in floure 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 fiked he fare.

XVIII.

Thus wepus for wo WAWAYN the wight;
 And wenys him to quyte that wonded is fare.
 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 lites the lede lordly don light;
 Toward the barne, with his bronde, he husked him yare.
 To bataile they bowe with brondes so bright.
 Shene sheldes wer shred;
 Bright brenes by bled.
 Many doughti were adred:
 So ferfely thei fight.

XIX. Thus

XIX.

Thus thei feght on fote. on that fair felde,
 As freſh as a lyon, that fautes the lle.
 Wilelé thes wight men thair wepenes they welde,
 He * bronched him † yn, with his bronde, under the brode
 ſhelde.

Thorgh the waaft 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 ful ſare.
 He gurdes to Schir GAWAYN,
 Thorgh ventaile, and peſayn.
 He wanted noght to be ſlayn
 The brede of an hare.

XX.

Hardely then thes hathelleſſe 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 ſrenkel, and ſtrew;e;
 Stithe ſtapeles of ſtele they ſtrike don ſlight.
 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 grisly was wounded.
 The Knight of corage was cruel and kene ;
 And with a stele brande, that sturnest stonde,
 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 guides Schir GALERON groveling on gronde.
 Grisly 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 seas 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 flenk haf slayn him in sight ;
 The sward swapped on his swange, and on the mayle sliik.
 And GAWAYN bi the coler keppis the knight ;
 Then his leman on lost 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. Wisly

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 iile.
 "Thorgh her shene sheldes her shuldres ar shent,
 "The grones of Schir GAWAYN dos my hert grille.
 "The grones of Schir GAWAYN greven me fare.
 "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 toward the King, on hie ther he stode,
 And bede that burly his bronde, that burnesshed was
 bright.
 'Of rentes and richeffe 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 fake.
 Then lordes to liftes they lopen ful light,
 Schir GWAYN FITZ GRIAN, and ARRAK FITZ LAKE;
 Schir DRURELAT, and MOYLARD, that moft wer of
 might,
 Both thes travayled men they truly up take.
 Unneth might tho fturme ftonde upright,
 What for buffetes and blode her blees wex blake.
 Her blees were brofed for beting of brondes.
 Withouten more lettyng,
 Dight was here faghtlyng,
 Bifore the comly King,
 Thei held up her hondes.

XXVI.

“ Here I gif Schir GAWAYN, with gerfon, and golde,
 “ All the *Glamorgan* lande, with greves fo grene;
 “ The worfhip of *Wales*, at wil and at wolde;
 “ With Griffones caftelles, curnelled full clene.
 “ Eke *Ulfurhalle*, to hafe, and to holde;
 “ *Wayford*, and *Waterferde*, in *Wales* I wene.
 “ Two barounes in *Bretayne*, with burghes fo bolde,
 “ That arn batailed abought, and bigged ful bene.
 “ I fhall dight the a Duke, and dubbe the with honde.
 “ Withy thou faghtil with the Knight,
 “ That is fo hardi and wight,
 “ And relefe 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 layre ;
 ‘ *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 reseff him in felde, in forest to fere’
 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 wothelely, 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, wlonkeft, I wene,
 With gistes, 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 finge ;
 Prestes with procession to pray were prest,
 With a mylion of masses, to make the mynynge.
 Boke-lered men, bisshops the best,
 Thorgh al *Bretayne* besely the burde gared ryng.
 This serely bifelle in *Englond* forest,
 Under a holte so hore, at a huntyng.
 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.

G L O S S A R Y.

*** 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*.
 Abulyment, *habit, dress*.
 Achil, *high?* III. 158, 160, athil,
 176, achilles, 182, and see ha-
 thils.
 Adjutorie, *aid*.
 Adrad, *afraid*.
 Age, *edge*.
 Aiken, *taken*.
 Air, *heir, ere, before, court*.
 Aith, *catb*.
 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. 46.

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, *affured*.
 Aſtalit, *enſtalled*.
 At, *that*.
 Attour, *moreover, above*.
 Avant, *forward, Fr*.
 Aucht, *poſſeſſion*.
 Auchtis, *ought*.
 Auchtsun, *ſome eight, about eight*.
 Avenand, *affable*.
 Avenantis, *affable men*.
 Auld, *old*.
 Aunter, *adventure*.
 Awaiil, I. 58, *return*.
 Awevin? II. 5, *error of copy?*
 Awmons? III. 155.
 Ayldolly? II. 189.
 Ay on, *continually*.

R

B. B2-

B

Bachilere, *knight bachelor.*
 Bad, *offered.*
 Badlyng, *low scoundrel.*
 Badnyflie? I. 59.
 Bail, *grief.*
 Bairdit, *caparisoned.*
 Bairns, *children.*
 Baitand, *pasturing.*
 Bakkis, *bats.*
 Bald, *bold, impudent.*
 Bancours? III. 175.
 Bandoun, *prison.*
 Bane, *heart.*
 Banrent, *banneret.*
 Barrace, *trouble.*
 Barrat, *ferrow.*
 Bartanye, *Bretagne.*
 Basnet, *helmet.*
 Bawburd, *whore.*
 Bazed, *confounded.*
 Bedene, *immediately.*
 Beevit? III. 79.
 Best, *beaten.*
 Begaryit, *striped, laced.*
 Belieft, *promise.*
 Beidmen, *devotees.*
 Beild, *security, habitation.*
 Beine, *heart.*
 Beir, *barley.*
 Beiris? II. 24.—83. *boasts, noise.*
 Reit, *help, stirred.*
 Bek, *flart.*
 Beld? III. 165.
 Belenes, *steps aside.*
 Belive, *presently.*
 Bellical, *warlike.*
 Benyt, *proclaimed.*
 Bene, *good-humoured.*
 Benifoun, *bleffing.*
 Bent, *plain, fields.*
 Berber, *barberry.*
 Bere, *outery.*
 Bergane, *battle.*

Berhedis, *bears heads.*
 Berle? III. 164.
 Bernis, *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, *buildd.*
 Bigly, *large.*
 Bike, *building.*
 Bikker, *skirmish.*
 Bilt, *belt.*
 Binks, *benches.*
 Birdis, *damsels.*
 Birk, *birch.*
 Birnist, *burnished.*
 Birny, *habergeon.*
 Bismair, *barwd.*
 Bittil, *beetle.*
 Bla, *deep blue.*
 Bladderand, *stammering.*
 Blait, *askamed.*
 Blaitie-hum, *stupid fellow.*
 Blan? III. 118.
 Blanchart, *white.*
 Blanshit, *bleached.*
 Blaucht, *wan.*
 Blaving? III. 88.
 Blaw, *blown.*
 Ble, *buc, complexion.*
 Bleirit, *dazzled.*
 Blenk, *glance.*
 Blent, *glanced.*
 Blin, *delay.*
 Blithit, *rejoiced.*
 Blonk or blouk, *seed.*
 Bloukis, *seeds.*

Blunket?

Blunket? III. 212.
 Blyndit, *blended*.
 Blyvar, *believer*.
 Blywest, *blythest, most merry*.
 Bob, *bunch*.
 Bodword, *tidings*.
 Boggil, *scare-crow*.
 Boir, *bole*.
 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*.
 Bowfom, *buxom, yielding, affable*.
 Bowtit, *bolted*.
 Boytour, *bittern?*
 Braid, *affault*.
 Brais, *embrace*.
 Bran, *brown*.
 Brand, *sword*.
 Branewod, *mad-brained*.
 Brank, *frut*.
 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. 143.
 Browstar, *brewer*.
 Bruik, *enjoy*.
 Brukil, *brittle*.
 Brusit, *embroidered*.
 Brute, *report*.
 Bryhour, *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 slaves, spears*.
 Burely, *stout*.
 Burgion, *bud*.
 Buskis, *busks*.
 Busait, *made ready*.
 But, *without, aim, object*.
 Bwillis, *bouls*.
 By, *bye, without, beside*.
 Bycht? III. 182.
 Byhe, *bive*.
 Byker, *skirmish*.
 Bypticit, *(biceps) two headed*.
 Byre, *cow-house*.
 Bysning, *ugly*.

C

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

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

* 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, *silly.*
 Culum? II. 69.
 Cumen, *come.*
 Cummer, *trouble, gossip.*
 Cumpanary, *companionship.*
 Cumpas, *design.*
 Cunning, *covenant.*
 Cunye, *coin.*
 Cure, *care, burden.*
 Curers, *covers, disks.*
 Curras, *cuirass.*
 Curtil, *fluttish.*
 Cute, *boof.*

D

Da, *doe.*
 Damais, *Damascus-silk.*
 Daffing, *foolery.*
 Dast, *foolish.*
 Dant? I. 43.
 Daw, *day, dawn.*
 Debaitit, *fought.*
 Defold, *defiled, dishonoured.*
 Degeft, *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.*
 Depryfit, *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, *dress, adorned.*
 Digest, *mature, finished.*
 Dight, *covered.*
 Ding, *drive, knock.*
 Disjone, *breakfast, Fr.*
 Dochly, *duly.*
 Docht, *can do.*
 Doft, dast, *wanton, foolish.*
 Dolent, *sorry.*
 Dome, *judge, judgement.*
 Dornik, *damasked?*
 Dortour, *dormitory.*
 Douch spere, Douze Fer, *one of the 12 peers.*
 Doughtines, *strength, valour.*
 Dour, *obstinate, hard.*
 Dout, *fear.*
 Dow, *can, dove.*
 Dowit, *coupled.*
 Doytand, *doting.*
 Drable? III. 172.
 Dreifland, *drivelling.*
 Dreigh, *slow.*
 Drefe, drees, *suffers.*
 Dreffit, *addressed.*
 Drew, *drop.*
 Drightin? III. 114, 118.
 Dring, *drive.*

Driat,

Drint, *drowned*.
 Droles ? 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.
 Ecle pt called.
 Efreft ? III. 175.
 Eigh' en, *eyes*.
 Eild, *old age*.
 Eirar, *easier* ?
 Eird, *earth*.
 Eith, *easy*.
 Elrich, *uncouth, strange*.
 Enbroued, *embroidered*.
 Endored, *beaped*.
 Englund-forest, *Inglewood*.
 Ensenye, *cry of war*.
 Entailyeit, I. 73, *cut out, formed*.
 Erne, *esprey*.
 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*.
 Falle ? III. 134.
 Faw, *redish*.
 Fax, *locks, in*.
 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*.
 Fenye, *feigning, feint*.
 Ferlie, *wonder*.
 Ferriar, *ferry-man*.
 Fest, *fasten, fix*.
 Fey, *unhappy*.
 Few, *leasehold*.
 Fidder, *heap, parcel*.
 Firth, *field, lawn*.
 Flamit, *banished*.
 Flatings, *flatly*.
 Flaucht? I. 24.
 Fleisch, *carefs*.
 Fleit, *float, affraid*.
 Flekerit, *spotted*.
 Flemit, *banished*.
 Flend, *flee?*
 Flet? III. 180.
 Flowris, *flower of youth*.
 Fludder, *follic*.
 Flynd, III. 69. *flint?*
 Flyrand, *fleering, flaunting*.
 Flyte, *dispute, scold*.
 Fold, *field*.
 Fond, *filly*.
 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*.
 Forflitten? III. 38.
 Forthink, *repent*.
 Forthy, *therefore*.
 Foruay, *wander*.
 Foufy, *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, *burtled*.
 Frydde, v. *fritb*.
 Fryme? III. 163. *seems ryme,*
prophocy.
 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, *ganeft, most fit*.
 Gair, *border*.

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

- Gaist, *ghost*.
 Gait, *way*.
 Galycoun, *galley, galeon*.
 Gamelous, *armour for legs*.
 Gammil, *gums*.
 Ganar, *gander*.
 Gane, *mouth*.
 Ganenyng, *necessaries, proper articles*.
 Ganestand, *withstand*.
 Gant, *gape, yawn*.
 Ganyies, *darts*.
 Garmoun, *garment*.
 Garritour, *watch-man*.
 Carson, *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, *skine*.
 Glew, *glee*.
 Glois? III. 12.
 Gloppe, *fat?*
 Glowris, *stares*.
 Gnappit, *chirped*.
 Godhairn, *godchild*.
 Goist, *spirit*.
 Gome, *warrior, man*.
 Gorbets, *young birds*.
 Gormand, *gluttonous*.
 Goffe, *gossip*.
 Govand, *gazing*.
 Goums, *gums*.
 Gouwan, *daisy*.
 Gowk, *cuckoo*.
 Gowl, *gravel*.
 Gowp, *mouthful*.
 Grat, *weceped*.
 Graggit? II. 251.
 Grainter? II. 222.
 Graith, *dress, armour*.
 Gram, *trouble, tumult*.
 Gramest, *most warlike*. II.
 Granate, *cloth of a fine dye*. I. 63.
 Gratnis? III. 164.
 Grede, *cry*.
 Grein, *desire*.
 Greit, *weep*.
 Grendes, *grandees?*
 Grene, *groves*.
 Grew, *Greek*.
 Grie, *degree, step*.
 Grip, *possession*.
 Grow, *skudder*.
 Grulingis, *grovelling*.
 Grumis, *men*.
 Gruntill? II. 69.
 Grunye, *nose*.
 Gryis? I. 84.
 Grylles, *cuts*.
 Gryfs, *pig*.
 Gucke, *play the fool*.
 Guckit and gend, *foolish and wild*.
 Guddame, *grand-mother*.
 Gude havings, *good behaviour*.
 Gndget? III. 33.
 Gudlings? II. 193.
 Guerdon, *reward, guarantee*.
 Cukkit, *stupid*.
 Gut, *gout*.
 Gyde, *guiding, management*.
 Gyrcarling? II. 18. *some ideal being*.

H

Hadder, *beath*.
 Haffles, *without possessions?*
 Hag, *knotch*.
 Hailfome, *wholesome*.
 Haims, *collars*.
 Hain, *save*.
 Haire, *high*. *Ill*.
 Hait, *beat*.
 Hale, *whole, entire*.
 Halflings, *half*.
 Halking, *hawking*.
 Halsis, *throats*.
 Hap, *chance*.
 Harborit, *lodged*.
 Harlots, *scoundrels*.
 Harlry? *Ill*. 174.
 Harnes, *barnefs, armour*.
 Harnis, *brains*.
 Harn-pan, *head, scull*.
 Hat, *bit*.
 Hate, *hot*.
 Hathil? *Ill*. 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, *beld, raised*.
 Heily, *filly*.
 Heir, *here, bear: lord, master*.
 Hen-wife, *woman who takes care of hens*.
 Henselman, *benchman, close attendant*.
 Herhier, *berbory, garden, harbour*.
 Here, *ravage, ruin*.
 Here-geild, *right of lord of manor on a new succession*.
 Herlie, *heartily*.
 Herts, *barts*.

VOL. III.

Heryis, *ravage, waste*.
 Hefs, *hoarse*.
 Hest, *command*.
 Hether, *hence*.
 Hething, *mockery*.
 Heuir, *whore*.
 Hewch, *herwed*.
 Hewis? *Ill*. 45. *shapes, shades?*
 Hewit, *hevit, raised*.
 Heynd, *elegant*.
 Highen, *hy*.
 Hiddil, *biding, concealment*.
 Hint, *caught*.
 Ho! *stop! she*.
 Hobby? *Ill*. 175.
 Hochis, *beels, boughs*.
 Holked, *holloved*.
 Holtis, *lights*.
 Holyng, *bolly*.
 Hom, *them*.
 Hone, *delay*.
 Honir, *f. hovor, bover*.
 Hote, *promise*.
 Hovand, *hovering*.
 Houlat, *owl*.
 How, *deep, bunch, blood*.
 Howis, *boughs*.
 Hoyyes, Oyez, *Fr. proclamation*.
 Hurde, *board, heap*.
 Hurftis, *woods*.
 Hurthy? *Ill*. 184.
 Husbands, *yeomen. villani, bound to a house or farm*.
 Huse? *Ill*. 159.
 Huttock? *l. 11*.
 Huwes, *bolts, bills*.
 Hy, *haste*.
 Hyne, *hence*.
 Hynesfurth, *henceforth*.
 Hyrald, *see Heregeild*.

I J

Ja, *jay*.

S

Jack,

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

K

Kellis, *curul, woman's head-dress*.
 Kella, *called?*
 Ken, *know*.
 Kenettes, *bounds*.
 Kewis, *kowis, usages, practice*.
 Kid, *ky thed, shewn*.
 Kilt, *tuck*.
 Kmirikis, *kingdoms*.
 Kirtul, *close gown*.
 K it *clest*.
 Kittoks, *dalliers*.

Knaspskaw, *knapsack*.
 Knoppit, *with knobs*.
 Koddis, *cushions, pillows*.
 Kow, *see Kewis*.
 Kowichot, *ring-dove*.
 Ky, *corus*.
 Kynd, *nature*.
 Kyrnellis, *battlements*.
 Kyth, *shew: people*.

L

Lachter, *letcher*.
 Ladroun, *lazy knave*.
 Ladry, *idle lads*.
 Laif, *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*.
 Lench, *darted*.
 Land, *lord, seigneur*.
 Lardun, *lardor*.
 Lat, *stop*.
 Lathest, *most loathsome*.
 Lationous, *wide, free*.
 Laver to layre? III. 225. *cast to west?*
 Laud, *praise*.
 Lap, *leaped*.
 Laucht, *taken*.
 Laus, *(lorus,) 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*.
 Lesing, *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*.
 Limmier, *scoundrel*.
 Lippen, *trust, depend*.
 Lis, *lessen*.
 Lite, *little*.
 Lofe, *praise*, III.
 Logh, *low*.
 Loif, *honour, praise*.
 Loiffit, *loosed*.
 Lokin, *locked up?*
 Lony, (*loun*), *low*.
 Lopd, *leaped*.
 Lore, *learning, skill; low*.

Lorer, *laurel*.
 Lorimer, *saddler*.
 Lofe, *praise*.
 Lour, *rogue*.
 Loup, *leap*.
 Low, *love, flame*.
 Lowabill, *laudable*.
 Lowpit, *wreath bed*.
 Lowre, *sloop*.
 Lowry, *fox*.
 Lowtit, *bowed*.
 Lufe, *palm*.
 Luferay, *livery*.
 Lugs, *ears*.
 Lumis, *looms*.
 Lunyie, *loins*.
 Lurdan, *impudent knave*.
 Lust, *desire*.
 Lustelie, *comely*.
 Luttie, *comely, handsome, desirable*.
 Ly, *life*.
 Lyamis, *reins*.
 Lychtlyand, *holding lightly*.
 Lyking, *pleasure*.
 Lymnaris, *poles of a chariot*.
 Lypet, III. 187.
 Lynd, *boughs, lime-tree*.
 Lyng, *line, strait course*.
 Lyre, *flesh*.
 Lyte, *little*.
 Lyth, *listen*.
 Lytil wie, *short time*.

M

Machit, *matched*.
 Macrell, *barod*.
 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, *marcs*.

Marrow, *match*.

Martis, *Mars's*.

Marvill, *marble*.

Mavefie, *Malmsey*.

Mavis, *thrush*.

Mawments, *idols*.

May, *maid*.

Megir? I. 71.

Meine, *bint, lament*.

Mekil, *large, many*.

Mel, *speak, (mall, concilium.)*

Membronis? III. 174.

Mense, *decency, worth, adorn*.

Mensful, *decent*.

Menskit, *arranged*.

Merkit, *marched, marked*.

Merle, *black-bird*.

Mes, *mas*.

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, *miss*.

Monie, *many*.

Montur, *seed, Fr.*

Mort, *dead, Fr.*

Mot, *might*.

Mouar, *mock*.

Moutit? I. 60.

Mow, *mouth*.

Mowis, *mocks*.

Moyen, *means, Fr.*

Muillis, *woman's slippers*.

Mum, *bint*.

Mundane, *worldly*.

Mundie? III. 37.

Munyeoun, *minion*.

Murle, *moulder*.

Murmel, *murmur*.

Muskane? I. 60. 66. 79.

Mustages, *mustachies*.

Mute? I. 46.

Myith, *mix*.

Myn, *less, Lat.*

Mynny, *mamma*.

Mynt, *offer*.

Myffel, 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 sell*.

Nyte, *deny*.

Nytherit, *turned down?*

O Oblessing,

O

Obleffing, *obligation*.
 Oist, *best, assembly, landlord*.
 Olk, *week*.
 One, wone, I. 71, *wane, car*.
 On hede, *unbeedidly*.
 Ontray, *betray*.
 Only, *alone*.
 Ordinance, *array*.
 Orere, ourere, *arrear, fall back*.
 Orphany (orfevre), *gold work?*
 Ostillis? III. 177.
 Ostend, *stero, Lat.*
 Overby, *purchase pardon*.
 Ouirfet, *covered*.
 Ouirfyle, *beguile*.
 Ouirthort, *atbwar?*
 Ourcoris, *across*.
 Out-braid, *burst cut*.
 Owder, *either*.
 Owis, *belongs*.
 Oy, *grand-daughter*.

P

Paddois, *frogs*.
 Paik, *strike*.
 Pair, *impair*.
 Paisand, *heavy?* Fr.
 Paist, *repast*.
 Palyeoun, *pavilion*.
 Pance, *think, hesitate*.
 Pantit, *painted*.
 Pantouns, *slippers*.
 Pape, pamingo, *parroquet*.
 Pappis, *breasts*.
 Parage, *lineage*.
 Pardonar, *seller of pardons*.
 Parlour, *conversation, debate*.
 Parfillit, *striped*.
 Pase, *pass*.
 Paurel, *breast leather*.
 Paven, *parvine, measure of a dance*.

Payit, *disposed*.
 Pedder, *pedlar*.
 Peggral, *petty*.
 Peild, *ball*.
 Pellokis, *bullets*.
 Pelour, *chief*.
 Penseil, *penon*.
 Peranter, *peradventure, perchance*.
 Perles, *peerless*.
 Perqueir, *par cœur, off hand*.
 Perre? III. 213.
 Pefs, *Easter*, Fr.
 Pewtene, *whore*.
 Picht, *pitched*.
 Piis (Flanders), *pease, beads*.
 Pill, *pillage*.
 Plage, *quarter, point*.
 Plait, *mail*.
 Plane, *full*, Fr.
 Plant, *planted, decked*.
 Plate, *knock*.
 Playfeir, *playfellow*.
 Pleid, *controversy*.
 Plent, *complaint*.
 Plenyie, *complain*.
 Plevaris, *plowers*.
 Plicht, *pledge*.
 Plie, *pled*.
 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*.
 Precellus, *excells*.
 Preclair, *celebrated*.
 Preif, *prove*.

Prene, .

Prene, *pin*.
 Prete, *ready*, Fr.
 Priest, *pressed*.
 Pris, *value*.
 Prow, *proweys, worth*.
 Pryne, *morning*.
 Puddit, *battered*.
 Puird, *impooverished*.
 Pulchritude, *beauty*.
 Puid, re, po, ader, *seizer in distress*.
 Punic, *Phœnician dye, fine purple*.
 Pure, *por*.
 Pyats, *maggies*.
 Pylefat, *brewing vat*.

Q

Quaid? I. 81.
 Qu-iff, *quiff, cover*.
 Quaint, *curious, acute*.
 Quells, *yells*.
 Qu-mit, *fitted close*.
 Qu-ther? III. 42. 193.
 Qu-ests, *wise of bounds*.
 Qu-hare, *plure*.
 Qu-hl, *untill*.
 Qu-ik, *quaked*.

R

Rachic, *lounds*.
 Radder, *more red*.
 Raddour, *similitude: ruber, pudor*.
 Rairous, *radiant*.
 Rad, *road*.
 Rair, *riren*.
 Rairkit, *revail*.
 Rair, *roar*.
 Raithly, *soon*.
 Rak, *fault*.
 Rammal, *shrubs, bramble?*
 Ramyt, *skated*.
 Randonit, *arranged*.

Rane, *noise*.
 Rangald, *crowd, mob*.
 Raris, *rears*.
 Rassit, *razed*.
 Rax, *street*.
 R ylit, *bordered*.
 Rayne-bow, *rain-bow; to sit on*,
 I. 17; *to be exalted to the utmost*.
 Rehal, *rascal*.
 Rehawkit, *rebuked*.
 Re-has, *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*.
 Reuk, *poison*.
 Rense, *Reinsh*.
 Repair, *company*.
 Repurcist, *repelled*.
 Res, *race, cause*.
 Respirature, *re-inspire*.
 Reisset, *received, refuge*.
 Rethnac, *prey?*
 Rever, *robber*.
 Rew, *pity*.
 Rewland, *rouzing*.
 Rice, *ruffles, floats*.
 Rick, *matter*.
 Rickittis, *heaps*.
 Rike, *rich*.
 Rinr, *rain, region*.
 Rink, *course*.
 Rink-roune *place of journey, course*
 Riolyte,

Riolyse, *seems from royal, princely persons.*

Rippat, *tumult.*

Roch, *rough.*

Rode, *complexion.*

Roise, *stream?*

Rok, *disbuff.*

Ron, *refier?*

Rone, *run, path.*

Roploch, raploch, *coarse cloth.*

Round, *wisjper.*

Roundel, *a round table.*

Roustie, *ruffy.*

Routit, *roared.*

Rowan, *old jade.*

Rowand, *rolling wantonly.*

Rowmed, *rowmed.*

Rowpit, *freamed.*

Rowth, *rough.*

Roy, *king, Fr.*

Royk (reek), *fog, smoke.*

Rubyatour, *robber.*

Rude, *cross.*

Ruggis, *drags.*

Ruiks, *rooks.*

Rumischang, *rumbling.*

Runt, *trunk of a tree or plant.*

Ruse, *hoast.*

Ryile, *royal, royal personage.*

Rybees? III. 198.

Ryfe, *plenty.*

Ryne? III. 77.

S

Sacht, *made peace.*

Saghtil, *make peace.*

Saikles, *innocent.*

Sall, *ball, Fr.*

Saip, *soap.*

Sairnes, *serenefs, pain.*

Sale, *assault.*

Sall? III. 181. *stall, stile?*

Salf, *protect.*

Samekil, *so muob.*

Sane, *say.*

Sanorous, *savoury.*

Sanrare? III. 155.

Sark, *skirt, shift.*

Saynd, *saying, message.*

Sayndis? III. 82. See Saynd.

Sayne, *save, blefs.*

Saucht, *safety, peace.*

Sandel? III. 212.

Saull prow, *benefit of soul.*

Saw, *saying, speech.*

Scarlet, *fine cloth; white scarlet occurs in old writers,*

Schalk, *knight*.*

Schankis, *legs.*

Schaw, *grove.*

Scheddit, *freamed forth.*

Scheidis, *shields.*

Schiere, *splendid.*

Schenkit, *burst.*

Schent, *troubled.*

Schiere, *cheer.*

Schone, *shoes.*

Schouris, *serrows.*

Schround, *dress.*

Scrycht, *strieded.*

Scul, *school.*

Se, *sea*

Sedis, *proceeds.*

Sege, *man.*

Seif, *five*

Seil, *happiness.*

Se n^l, *shldom.*

Seir, *many.*

Seis, I. 22. *seats, places?*

Selcou, *frange*

Sele, *seal*

Sembilin, *assembled.*

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

- Sen, fenfyne, *since*.
 Send, *message*.
 Senthis, *hence*.
 Senyie, *affize*.
 Septentrional, *northern*, Lat.
 Serk, *shit*.
 Service, I 8. *divine service, mass*.
 Set, *appoint*.
 Sewans, *flummery*.
 Sewch, *gulf, ditch*.
 Shed, *parted*.
 Shore, schore, *threat*.
 Sib, *akin*.
 Sickand, *figbing*.
 Sickertlie, *surely*.
 Sigonale? III. 182.
 Silit? III. 90.
 Siller, *canopy*.
 Singe, *sign*.
 Site, *sorrow*.
 Skaipiarie, *scapulary*.
 Skance? III. 38.
 Skap, *scalp, scull*.
 Skar, *scare-crow*.
 Skarth, *bermapbrodite, sea-fowl*.
 Ske'p, *blow*.
 Skirp, *gibe*.
 Skoird, *shaved, cut close*.
 Skrymmorie? I. 30.
 Sknwes, *shaws, groves*.
 Skure, *sheer, quite*.
 Slaid, *vale*.
 Slaik, *remit quench*.
 Slant, *let loose*.
 Slidder, *slippery*.
 Shokkan, *quench*.
 Slop, *breach, gap*.
 Shoppit, *made breaches*.
 Slyke? I. 60.
 Smæddit, *maddened*.
 Smuk, *sneaking fellow*.
 Smidd, *smithy*.
 Smulrd, *smothered*.
 Smare, *smother, be concealed*.
 Smy, *paltry fellow*.
 Sol, *the sun*. Lat. *soil*.
 Soland, *solan-geese, gannet*.
 Soles, *solace*.
 Solist, *solicited*.
 Solpit, *sobbed*.
 Solyeing, *solution*.
 Sone, *sun, soon*.
 Sover, *trust*.
 Sophine, *sophistry*.
 Sowlpit, *sleeced*.
 Sowmit, *swimmed*.
 Sowitar, *shoe-maker*.
 Spaiks, *sparks*.
 Spail, *spell, blow*.
 Spalis, *splinters*.
 Spare, *barren*.
 Speanlie, *wise*.
 Specht, *wood-pecker*.
 Speir, *sphere, spear, ask*.
 Speirit, *asked*.
 Sperk hakis, *sparrow-hawks*.
 Sporne? III. 104.
 Sprent, *split*.
 Springald, *stripling*.
 Spuiliet, *despoiled*.
 Stad, *estate*.
 Stakkerit, *staggered*.
 Stalwart, *stout*.
 Stanerie, *gravelly*.
 Stank, *ditch*.
 Stapalis, *fastenings?*
 Stark, *strong*.
 Steadings, *farms*.
 Steid, *estate, place, part*.
 Steir, *stout*.
 Sterne, *stern man*.
 Sternny, *starry*.
 Stevin, *voice*.
 Stichling, *chirping*.
 Sting, *pole, pike*.
 Stithil, *stee?*
 Stithly, *stoutly*.
 Stock, *trunk of a tree*.
 Stoppit, *refused*.
 Stotit, *staggered*.

Stout,

T

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

Tabil, *draughts.*
 Table, I. 20. *tablets.*
 Taburne, *tabor.*
 Taftais, *taffety.*
 Taggit, *pulled.*
 Taiklit, *furnished with tackle.*
 Tain, *taken.*
 Tairfull, *sorrowful.*
 Taking, *taken.*
 Tarlochs? III. 47.
 Tartain, *tertian.*
 Tasses, *cups.*
 Tathis? III. 105.
 Teims, *empties.*
 Teind, *tyth.*
 Teir, *fatigue.*
 Teirful, *fatiguing.*
 Temyt, *left empty.*
 Tene, *sorrow.*
 Tent, *keed.*
 Tent-taill, I. 75, *tenth deal, tenth part?*
 Teuch, *tough.*
 The, I. 4, *thrive.*
 Thede, *business?*
 Theikit, *hatched, covered.*
 Thewit, *disposed.*
 Thift lowis? I. 141.
 Thill, III. 187.
 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, 10.*
 Thrift, *thrust, press.*
 Thyne, *thence.*
 Ticht, *tied.*
 Tight, *fixt, tie :*

T

Tint,

- Tint, *leaf*.
 Tirlit, *twisted*.
 Titgandis? III. 152.
 Tocher, *portion*.
 Tod, *fox*.
 Tone, *taken*.
 Torseir? III. 104.
 Traist, *trust*.
 Trane, *stratagem*.
 Tranoynt, *pass*.
 Trawyntit, *passed*.
 Trenchear, *head of a spear*, Fr.
 Trestle, *support*.
 Trentals, *thirty misses*.
 Tiewker? II. 53. *correct*.
 Triie, *appointed place*.
 Tristes. v. Triste.
 Trow, *believe*.
 Trumpours, *deceivers*.
 Tuglit, *fatigued*.
 Tuich, *tough*. *averse*.
 Tuigh, *touch*.
 Turs, *bundle up*.
 Tusches, *bands*.
 Twane, *tway*, *two*.
 Twistis, *twigs*.
 Twitchin, *touching*.
 Twyn, *part*.
 Tyde, *time*.
 Tydiar, *cleaner*.
 Tyime, (timbre) *crest?*
 Tyld, *cover*.
 Tyldit, *covered*.
 Tyne, *lose*.
 Tyse, *entice*.
 Tyte, *quick*.
 Tythandis, *tidings*.
 Varlots, *valets*.
 Vassalage, *followers*, *honour*.
 Vestaill, *visor*.
 Ver, *spring*, *worse*.
 Verement, *verity*, *truth*.
 Veres, *glasses?*
 Vergers, *orchards*, Fr.
 Vernage? III. 216.
 Vefie, *fee*.
 Vetit, *forbidden*, Lat.
 Veug, (vog?) *pert*.
 Vilipend, *vilify*.
 Virgultis, *bushes*.
 Umbethocht, *betbought*.
 Umest, *upmost*, *upper*.
 Umquhyle, *sometimes*.
 Unese, *hardly*.
 Uneth, *uneasily*, *difficultly*.
 Unfane, *unjoyful*, *jad*.
 Unfute fair? I. 3. *the passage seems*
 corrupt.
 Unheilded, *uncovered*.
 Unquart? III. 96.
 Unsale? II. 127. 202. *unlucky?*
 Unsaucht, *not at ease*.
 Unselyable, *unassailable*.
 Uwemmit? I. 95.
 Vow! *Sure!*
 Upaland, *upland*, *rustic*.
 Uphred, *set out*.
 Uphald, *support*.
 Upheit, *raised*.
 Ure, *ore*.
 Utterit, I. 165, *reared?*
 Vult, *face*, Lat.

W

U V

- Vacains, *vacation*,
 Vagers, *soldiers*.
 Vaikis, *vault*.
 Vail, *bow*.
 Wace, *vass*.
 Wage, *hurgain*.
 Wailis, *avails*.
 Wailit, *chafe*.
 Waine and quheil, *waggon and*
 wheels, I. 17, *proverbial*.
 Wairdit,

- Wairdit, *imprisoned*.
 Wait, *wet*.
 Waith, *wandering*.
 Waits, *wotes, knows*.
 Wakar, *walker, cloth-dresser*.
 Wald, *would*.
 Wallie, *valley, wavy*.
 Wallis, *warais, waves*.
 Wallow t, *withered*.
 Walterand, *weltering*.
 Walv, *well, good fortune*.
 Wamfler, *debauchee*.
 Wand, *scourge*.
 Wander? II. 10. 68. *misbap?*
 Wandreth, *see wander*.
 Wane, *yearn*.
 Wappit, *warped, turned*.
 War, *worse, wavy, were*.
 Warie, *get worse, curse*.
 Warliest, *most wary*.
 Warlo, *magician*.
 Warne, *prevent*.
 Warwolf, *lycanthropus, a person transformed to a wolf*.
 Water cail, *sup-meagre*.
 Wayeft, *most woeiful*.
 Wayis, *wse 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*.
 Weirlic, *warlike*.
 Wemeles, *without appetite?*
 Wend, *knew, go*.
 Werd, *become, befall*.
 Were, *ward keep*.
 Wermis, *snakes*.
 Werray, *worry*.
 Wesch, *wash*.
 West, *wist, supposed*.
 Wetshod, *with wet shoes*.
 Weuch, *wcs*.
 Whelen, *who?*
 Wicht, *strong*.
 Wid, *wager*.
 Widdie, *halter*.
 Widdyfow, *knaveish*.
 Willsum, *solitary*.
 Wirdy, *worthy*.
 Wirk, *work*.
 Wish, *wush, washed*.
 Wifs, *inform*.
 Wittin, *known*.
 With thy, *with this, (condition.)*
 Wlonkest, *most adorned*.
 Wlowk, *lady?*
 Wobstir, *weaver*.
 Wod, *mad*.
 Wodrois, *a savage?*
 Wol, *wool*.
 Womenting, *lamenting*.
 Wone, *residence*.
 Worchen, *work*.
 Worryours, *warriors*.
 Wortheth, *worthy*.
 Worthin, *waxed, become*.
 Worthis, *must*.
 Wound, *wondrous, exceeding*.
 Wout, *(vult) face, Lat*.
 Vox, *became*.
 Wraighly, *untowardly*.
 Wraik, *avenge*.
 Wraith, *wrath*.
 Wrappit, *intwined*.
 Wregh, *wretched*.
 Wreth, *wretch*.
 Wrichtis, *carpenters*.
 Wrokin, *avenged*.
 Wrynkis, *windings, tricks*.
 Wsche, *kush, silence?*
 Wy, *wight, person*.
 Wyse, *old woman*.
 Wvle, *entice*.
 Wylecot, *under petticoat*.
 Wynd, *wight, person*.
 Wynnit, *dwelt*.
 Wynsik? III. 133.

Wyte,

Wyte, *blame.*Yeid, *went.*Yeild, *a recompence.*Yemyt, *kept.*Yet, *gate.*Yeves, *gives.*Yimmit, *kept.*Ying, *young.*Yomerand, *muttering.*Yowtheid, *youth-hood, state of youth.*

Y

Yaid, *gave.*Yairnis, *yearns for, desires.*

Yane thore ? III. 169.

Yauland, *yelling.*Ybet, *supplied.*Ydy, *eddy, pool.*

THE END.

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