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## P R E F A C E.

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THE greater part of the poems here printed are from a mutilated MS. in the Cambridge University Library marked Gg. 4. 27. 2. The MS. commences with the fragment of the Floriz and Blauncheflur, in the middle is the King Horn entire, and that is followed by the fragment of the Assumption. The entire MS. is here printed, though not in the order in which the pieces are written. Beside the contents of this MS., a complete copy of the Assumption has been printed from MS. 10036 of the Add. MSS. in the British Museum, and also all that can be deciphered of the Floyres and Blauncheflur (Cotton. Vitellius, D. iii.) which was so grievously injured in the fire that occurred at the Museum in 1731.

The Cambridge MS., which appears to be of about the latter half of the thirteenth century, consists of fourteen folios written in double columns, and occasionally, as the lines are short, with two lines joined into one. The initial letters of the lines are written a little apart from the rest, and coloured red.

The first folio, which contains the earliest part of the fragment of Floriz and Blauncheflur, is damaged, a triangular portion being cut off the lower corner. This damage is indicated by the bracketed endings of lines 78—80, and by the italics at the commencement of lines 102—120. The initial letters of lines 617—626 of the same poem have also been cut away.

The larger capitals and the paragraph-marks have all been printed exactly as they occur in the MS.



The Floriz and Blancheflur fragment extends from fol. 1*a*—5*b*. of the MS. The Horn from 6*a*—13*a*. The fragment of the Assumption from 13*b*—14*b*.

This version of King Horn has been printed before, though without a glossary, in the publications of the Bannatyne Club, and under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Wright. It formed part of a volume printed, along with a French version of the Romance, in Paris, and edited by M. Michel. Numerous misprints occur in the English text, apparently owing to its being printed abroad.

There exist two other complete English versions of Horn, one in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 2253), which has been printed, but very badly, by Ritson, in the second volume of his Metrical Romances. The other is in the Bodleian at Oxford (MS. Laud. 108), and has never been printed. Subjoined are specimens of all the three texts for the sake of comparison:—

<i>Harl. MS. 2253.</i> Her bygynneþ þe gefte of Kyng Horn.	<i>MS. Laud. 108 (Bodleian), fol. 219b.</i> KING HORN.	<i>Cambridge Univ. Lib. Gg. 4. 27. 2.</i>
<p>¶ Alle heo ben blyþe þat to my song ylyþe. a song yehulle ou tinge of Allof þe gode kynges. King he wes by weste þe whiles hit ylefte. ant godylt his gode quene, no feyrore myhte bene. ant houre sone lihte horn, feyrore child ne mihte be born. [ryne for reyne ne myhte by ne sonne myhte shyne Feyrore child þen he was. bryht so euer eny glas, So whit so eny lylce flour, So rose red was his colour. he was feyr &amp; eke bold ant of fyftene wynter old.</p>	<p>Alle ben he bliþe þat to me wilen liþe. A song ich wille you singe of morye þe kynges. king he was bi westen Wel þat hife dayes lesten : And godild hife gode quene feyrer non micte bene : Here sone hauede to name horn feyrer child ne micte ben born, [reyne, Ne reyn ne micte upon Ne no sonne by schine, fayrer child þanne he was. Briet so euer any glas, Whit so any lili flour So rose red was hyf colour. He was fayr and eke bold And of fyftene winter hold.</p>	<p>Alle beon he bliþe þat to my song lyþe : A sang ic schal þou singe Of Murry þe kinge. King he was biweste So long so hit lafte. Godhild het his quen, Faire ne miþte non ben. He hadde a sone þat het horn, Fairer ne miþte non beo born. Ne no rein upon birine Ne sunne upon bischine. Fairer nis non þane he was, He was bryht so þe glas, He was whit so þe flur, Rose red was his colour. In none kinge-riche Nas non his iliche.</p>



The English version of Horn is so complete a story, and so naturally told, that we cannot doubt the information given in the introduction to the French Romance of Waldef that the original story was English. From this the French versions were made, and we are told in one of these versions that the Norman poet who wrote it was one Thomas, who lived in the reign of Richard I. (see Warton, i. 41, notes, and Wright's *Biogr. Brit. Lit.* ii. 340.) The later origin of the French is shown also by the bulk to which the story has grown in that language. The French text printed by M. Michel extends to 5250 lines. That a long story should be made out of a shorter, by the addition of speeches and dialogue, is exactly what would be expected. The best French text, and also the most perfect, is that in the Cambridge Univ. Lib. (Ff. vi. 17.)

On the alterations in the names and the character of the speeches introduced into the French the reader may consult Wright's *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 101, etc.

The fragment of the Assumption of our Lady consists of only 240 lines, and the complete version which is printed along with it is of much later date, and bears traces of a more Northern origin.

There are in the Cambridge University Library two other MSS. of this poem. The first is in the volume Dd. 1. 1, pp. 317-328, but one leaf, containing pp. 324, 325, is wanting. This copy is as old, if not older, than the fragment here printed. In the notes a few extracts from it are given, from which its character may be decided.

The second is marked Ff. 2. 38. 23, and is almost word for word the same as the former, except that now and then a more modern spelling or word is substituted for the earlier.

Much interest has been given to the Story of the Assumption by the recent publication of three Syriac versions (two fragmentary and one complete) of a very early date, by Dr.

Wright. The fragments are both printed in his "Syriac Apocrypha," and the complete story appeared in the "Journal of Sacred Literature," January and April, 1865. The Syriac version is much longer than our text, giving an account of the discovery of the original work, and also more details of the behaviour of the several apostles.

In an interesting review of Dr. Wright's edition, Ewald assigns the origin of the story to the latter half of the fourth century. It has been very widely spread, for (Journ. Sac. Lit., January, 1865, p. 418) it is stated that a very similar narrative exists in Æthiopic.

It is most likely to have made its way to England in a Latin dress, of which we have many examples. One such version is in the *Bibliothec. Max. Patrum*, vol. ii., part 2, pp. 212-216. An Arabic version with a Latin translation was published by Enger, at Elberfeld, 1854, which most nearly corresponds with the Syriac in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*. But the nearest approach to the English version, as here printed, is in two Latin texts of the *Transitus Mariæ*, marked A and B respectively, just published by Tischendorf in the *Apocalypses Apocryphæ*. Lips., 1866. Of these the latter corresponds almost exactly with our English version.

The Floriz and Blancheflur is a longer fragment, 824 lines being preserved, but this must have been a very small portion of the whole poem, as will be seen by an abstract of the complete story which is given below. Beside this text, three other English versions, or fragments of versions, are known. The first (Floyres and Blancheflur) is in the British Museum, Cotton. Vitellius, D. iii., but has been almost destroyed by fire. All that can be deciphered of it has been appended to this volume. A second (Florence and Blanchefloure) is said to be in the Library at Bridgewater House, but owing to the minority of the present Lord Ellesmere is just now inaccessible. The third (Florice

and Blancheffour) is in the Auchinlech MS. of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and has been printed along with "A penni worth of Witte," and other poems, for the Abbotsford Club, 1857. This, like our text, lacks the commencement, and begins only about half a dozen lines earlier than our copy. These lines are as follows:—

I ne can telle ʒou nowt  
 Hou richeliche the fadel was wrount.  
 The arfouns wer gold pur and fin,  
 Stones of vertu fet ther in,  
 Bigon abouten with orfreis.  
 The Quen was hende & curteis  
 ʒhe cast her hond to hire fingre  
 And drough ther of a riche ringe.

This poem is throughout extremely like the one here printed, the only remarkable difference being that the speech of the king of Nubia given in this copy at line 665 does not appear in the Auchinlech MS.

This English version is a translation from a French version which has been published by M. Paulin Paris, in his "Le Romancers François:" Paris, 1833. The French version is generally supposed to have been drawn from a Spanish original. The earliest edition of it which is noticed is Spanish, Flores y Blancaflor: Alcala, 1512.

The outline of the early part of the story which I have given below is derived from Mr. Ellis's Specimens of English Metrical Romances, where a much longer abstract of the poem is given (vol. i., 105-146).

The Cambridge MS. is very plainly written, and the only peculiarities which occur are—f is occasionally written for ʒ, as Horn 10, miſte=miʒte, and 249, doſter=doʒter, to rhyme with ʒoʒte; and F 663, riſt=riʒt. This interchange occurs so often in early MSS., that it is a conclusive proof of a similarity in sound between the two letters. I have quoted some instances

in the notes, and in several copies of *Piers Plowman soure* occurs for *zoure*. The þ is used regularly for *th*, but in one or two instances the more modern form occurs, as *futhe* instead of the usual *fuþe*.

In the fragment of the Assumption *q* occurs twice for *k*; line 14, *quenes-man* = kinsman, and 50, *qep* = keep.

With regard to the peculiarities of dialect and grammar it is unnecessary to say much, as the Midland dialect, in which these poems are written, has been already largely discussed by Mr. Morris in the preface to the "Early English Alliterative Poems." The following are the most noteworthy points:—

Of Nouns, the plural is generally in *es*, but *feren* occurs in Horn, 19, and in six other places; *churche*n, 62; *ferin* is the form in 1242.

Of plurals in *e*—*schrewe* for *schrewen* is put in line 56, and *ifere* 102, 202, 497, 1129; *honde*, 112, 1326; *beggere*, 1128; *chirche*, 1380.

In the fragment of the Assumption there are *feren*, 16, and *vyntere*, 84; and *frend* is used as a plural, 180, 183.

In the Floriz and Blancheffur *cupen*, 435, and *childre*, 699, are the only exceptions.

The genitive plural of nouns is sometimes marked by final *e*, as Horn, 67, *wymmanne*.

There occurs also a curious form, most likely an error, Horn, 21, *mannes* as the genitive plural. It should be *manne*.

In adjectives the final *e* of the plural is generally, though not always, preserved.

The definite form of the adjective is also common after the definite article and possessive pronouns. See Horn, 31, "þe gode king," and 996, "mi gode felaje."

*God* and *al* seem to have preserved their inflexions much longer than any other adjectives. The genitive plural of the latter is used by Shakspeare.

An accusative singular of *god* occurs, Horn, 727, "haue wel godne day."

Another peculiar form is in Floriz and Blauncheflur, 534, *biere*=of (you) both=A.S. *begra*, from *ba*, both.

In the personal pronouns for the first person the most usual form is *ihc*. The forms *I* and *y* occur both alone and joined with the verb and with another pronoun; as Horn, 1276, "Til i suddene winne;" 1273, "Þu wendest þat iwroȝte;" 1270, "þat iþe bitraide."

The other cases are *min* and *me*. The plural is *we*, *ore* (*ure*), *us*.

The second personal pronoun is *þu* (*þou*), *þin*, *þe*. Plur. Nom. *ȝe*; Acc. or Dat. *ȝou*.

The forms of the 3rd person are—Sing. Nom. M. *he*; F. *heo* (*he*); N. *hit*; Acc. or Dat. *him* (*hym*); *hire*; *hit*. Plur. Nom. *hi* (*he*, *hy*, *hei*); Acc. or Dat. *hem*.

The indefinite pronoun *me*=Fr. *on* occurs several times in Horn, and is very frequent in Floriz and Blauncheflur. See Glossary.

The pronominal adjective forms are—(1) *mi*, *my*, *myne*, *min*; Plur. *ure* (*ore*); (2) *þi*, *þin*; Plur. *ȝour* (*ower*); (3) *his*, *hire* (*hure*); Plur. *here*.

The pronoun is not unfrequently combined with the verb, particularly in the second person singular; as, *schaltu*, *wurflu*.

The most peculiar forms of such combination are Horn, 39, where *ifoȝte*=*hi foȝte*=they sought; and Horn, 366, *rechecche*=*recche ihc*=reck I.

Up to this point the language of Horn and that of the two fragments agree very closely, but in the verb variations occur which bespeak a slight difference of dialect.

In the Horn the plurals of the verb are nearly all in *en*; as, *ſmyten*, etc. Of this Midland form twenty-five instances occur, while of the Southern form of the plural *eþ* only two examples are found, *leueþ* (44), and *fitteþ* (392). There occurs once the termination *eȝ* for the plural, *wulleȝ* (603).



On the contrary, in the Assumption there is only once a form in *en*, while the forms in *eþ* are eight, and the forms in *e3* are two.

And in the Floriz and Blancheflur, while there are thirty forms in *eþ*, there are only sixteen in *en*, and two in *e3*.

So that in the Fragments the Southern, and in Horn the Midland, dialect prevails most strongly. And using Mr. Morris's test of the form of the second and third persons of the singular, the East-Midland forms in *eft*, *eth*, are found in Horn much more frequently than the West-Midland in *es*, though the latter does occur, as *sedes*=saidst, Horn, 538.

The infinitives are generally in *en*, though many in *i*, *y*, and *ie* are found.

The most frequent form of the imperfect participle is in *inge*, there being only a very few instances of *inde*.

Perfect participles with the prefix *i=ge* are far more common than without it.

Appended is an outline of each of the three stories.

Suddene, the realm of king Murry, father of Horn, is invaded by a host of Saracens, by whom Murry is slain. His queen, Godhild, escapes and conceals herself, while Horn, along with several youths, his companions, among whom the most notable are Athulf and Fikenhild, is put out to sea by the invaders with every prospect of destruction. They reach, however, the country of Aylmar, King of Westernesse, who receives them with great kindness, and gives orders that they be well cared for and trained to various kinds of duties. King Aylmar has a daughter Rymenhild, who is seized with a deep love for the stranger prince, but can get no opportunity of speech with him. At last she sends for Athelbrus, the steward to whose care Horn is intrusted, and gives him directions to bring Horn unto her. The steward in his caution, and fearing the violence of her passion for his ward, takes Athulf to her instead of Horn. On the discovery of the deception Rymenhild's rage knows no bounds, and Athelbrus is so terrified that he promises, come what may,



to fulfil her command. He takes an opportunity to do this at a time when Aylmar was going to hunt, and the interview between the prince and princess terminates with an arrangement that Rymenhild shall procure for Horn knighthood at her father's hand, and thus remove the disparity in their conditions. The king accedes readily to this request which his daughter prefers through the steward, and Horn being knighted, confers the like honour on his companions. This done, he goes forth in quest of adventures that he may prove his knighthood. Rymenhild, before his departure, presents him with a ring which will render him invincible, if only he look thereon in his danger and think of her. His fortune brings him upon a troop of Saracens preparing to attack the country of Aylmar. These he defeats utterly, and cuts off the head of their leader, which he brings as a token of knightly prowess to the court of Westernesse. The next day the king, riding forth to hunt, leaves Fikenhild behind him, and he finds Horn in a most loverlike fashion consoling Rymenhild about a dream she has had, and bidding her have no fear. The dream was of a great fish which burst from her net just as she was about to land it. Fikenhild without delay gives warning to the king that he must beware of Horn, and at last brings the king back from his sport just in time to discover his daughter in Horn's embrace. On this Horn is banished, and Rymenhild finds to her sorrow that her dream has proved true. Entrusting his betrothed wife to the charge of Athulf, Horn takes his leave, promising to return in seven years, or, if he fail, releasing Rymenhild from her troth-pledge. In his journey he encounters two sons of King Thurston, who take him with them, and introduce him to their father. And the event proves that he is come in good time: for at Christmas there arrives at Thurston's court a most formidable giant, who, with his fellow-pagans, challenges three of the Christian knights to a combat for the possession of the kingdom. Horn would fain have encountered them all three in his own person, but the king sends with him his two sons to take the share of the peril. Victory declares for the Christians, but not before both Thurston's sons have been killed. In admiration of his valour the king offers

Horn the hand of his only daughter Reynild, and with her the succession to his throne. Horn, who through all his sojourn at the court of Thurston passed by the name of Cutberd, comforts the king, but tells him that he cannot with right accept his offered honours. Meanwhile in Westernesse Rymenhild is in grievous trouble. A King Modi, of Reynes, has asked her in marriage, and he and her father are agreed that the wedding shall presently take place. The princess, woebegone, sends messengers in every direction to find out Horn, but with no success, until by accident one of them meets Horn and, telling his story, is sent back at once to comfort Rymenhild with the assurance that he will be with her "on Sunday by pryme." But the messenger was not fated to reach her. He is drowned by the way, and his dead body is discovered by the princess herself and recognized by her as her own servant. But Horn comes, well furnished in men and arms by Thurston, to whom he now had told all his story. Leaving his men in ambush, he makes his way towards the Court, and on the road meets a Palmer, with whom he changes clothes that he may not be recognized, and from whom he hears that the wedding festivities have already begun. He gains admission by throwing the warder of the tower over the bridge, and sitting among the beggars who had thronged to the bridal feast he watches Rymenhild, and after some time reveals himself to her by means of the ring which she had given him. But before avowing himself, he tells her that he has been with Horn, who is now dead, and who has sent him to bring her the ring again. At this she breaks forth into most heartrending lamentation, and is about to stab herself, when Horn, wiping the black from his face and neck, reveals himself, and tells her of his men who are in ambush close by. She leaves him, and, finding Athulf, informs him of what has happened, and sends him to help his friend. To bring his men and take possession of the palace is a short work for Horn. He then takes occasion to rebuke King Aylmar for his suspicions of him, and to prove that he is a worthy husband for his daughter he sets forth to win again the kingdom from which he had been so cruelly driven. The first person with whom he meets is the

father of his friend Athulf. From him he learns that his mother, Queen Godhild, is still alive and concealed in a cave. He and his "Irish men" are able to vanquish the heathen invaders, and after slaying them all, he restores the churches and the Christian worship which had been put down. But in his absence Fikenhild, "that worst mother's child," determines on marrying Rymenhild. King Aylmar appears to have had no power to refuse him his daughter, and he, to defend himself from any attack which Horn may make upon him when he learns his plot, builds a castle which at high water is quite surrounded by the sea. Thither Rymenhild has just been conveyed when Horn returns, and, after an explanation from Arnoldin, Athulf's cousin, contrives to get admittance for himself and his men in the disguise of harpers and glee-singers. When they are admitted Horn kills Fikenhild as he sits at the board, and after him overthrows all his retainers, thus winning at last his faithful wife. Arnoldin is appointed to succeed Aylmar as king in Westernesse, Athulf is presented to Thurston as a fitting husband for Reynild, and Horn and Rymenhild, happy now after all their trials, depart to take their rightful place as king and queen of his ancestral realm of Suddene.

The story of the Assumption of our Lady is in substance as follows:—When our Lord was hanging on the Cross, he called to him St. John and the blessed Virgin, and while in his agony commended his mother to the care of the beloved disciple. St. John places her in the temple to live among other women who had there devoted themselves to a life of religion. While living there, she wins the love of all by her kindness and self-denial. After some time, however, a messenger comes to her from heaven to tell her that in three days she is to be transported to her son. The grief of her friends on hearing of her approaching removal from among them is very great, and in the midst of their sorrow St. John enters, and is acquainted with what is about to happen, on which, like the rest, he gives vent to the most piteous lamentation. Soon arrive all the other apostles, except St. Thomas, having been brought in a mysterious

manner each from some distant land where he was engaged in his preaching. St. John introduces them to our Lady, and she begs them all to watch with her, and after her death to take care of her body that the "felon Jews" do it no shame. Christ descends with a company of angels, to whom he has previously given an account of all his life on earth, his death, descent into hell, resurrection and ascension, and his intention to bring his mother from earth to heaven. In the interview between the Virgin and her Son, she addresses to him a most earnest appeal for the race of mankind, and also for herself, that the devil have no power over her as she is departing. Our Lord gives special charge to the archangel Michael to keep her, and soon with songs of angels her soul is borne away.

Over her body the apostles watch, and prepare to bury it in the valley of Jehoshaphat, according to our Lord's command to Peter, but as they are proceeding through the city of Jerusalem the funeral is stopped first by a Jew, who is sorely afflicted, and entreats Peter to heal him. He reminds the apostle that on the night of our Lord's apprehension, when danger of discovery was imminent, it was through him that he was screened from detection and saved. Saint Peter promises to heal him if he will believe on Christ, and on his expression of his faith he is immediately restored. Being baptized, he is sent forth to preach, and is most effective in his ministry, converting twenty thousand and more by one sermon. The next obstruction arose from a large company of Jews, who resolved to carry off our Lady's body, but they are all miraculously stricken down and deprived of the use of their limbs, nor are they restored till they have confessed their belief in Christ Jesus. When the apostles reach the valley of Jehoshaphat they deposit the body in a tomb, and while they are waiting there St. Thomas arrives from India. They reproach him for his characteristic absence, and tell him all that has occurred. To appease their anger he relates to them how the blessed Virgin appeared to him in a bodily form as he was on his journey, and as testimony to his words produces a girdle which he had received from her. This they all recognize as one which they buried with her, and now they begin to question whether her



body has been carried away as well as her soul. To settle their doubts they go to inspect the tomb, wherein they find no body, but only a little manna, which appeared to them emblematic of the Virgin's holy life. Thus relieved from their duty of watching they return to Jerusalem, and are each carried back to his own place in a manner as mysterious as that in which they had been assembled.

The complete story of Floriz and Blancheflur, as condensed from the work of M. le Comte de Tressan, is as follows:—

Prince Perse, nephew of the Emperor of the West, married Topase, the daughter of the Duke of Ferrara, and niece of the Duke of Milan. For some time, to their infinite sorrow, they were childless, but, at the suggestion of a devout Spaniard, they determined to visit the famous shrine of St. James of Compostella, in the hope that his powerful intercession might remove their only sorrow. Their visit proved successful in that point for which they undertook it, but most disastrous in its ultimate consequences; for at the period of their pilgrimage Galicia was in a state of great disturbance. That kingdom, for a long time in subjection to the Mahometan power, had just made an ineffectual attempt to break the galling yoke, and Felix, the Saracen king, was avenging the insult put upon his rule by ravaging the country with his troops. The soldiers fell in with Perse and his wife, and murdered him in her presence. The widowed princess they bring to their master, and he, moved with pity, commits her to the care of his wife. The two ladies, who were of nearly the same age, become deeply attached to one another, and as they were both about to become mothers, their sympathy binds them to each other all the more closely. The queen determines that their children shall be educated together and enjoy the same advantages. It happened that both were delivered, the queen of a son and Princess Topase of a daughter, on the very same day, which was Palm Sunday. The Christian inhabitants of Felix's dominions were celebrating the day with processions of palm-branches and flowers, and in honour of the day and its festivities the boy is named Floriz and the girl Blancheflur.

But neither the affection of the queen, nor the love for her new-born babe, could heal the grievous wound in Topase's heart, and she very soon dies of sorrow for her murdered spouse. Her constant weeping wasted her away. But just before her death, her infant is brought to her, and with the tears which she had shed, "and which had fallen in such copiousness as to nearly fill a cup placed by chance close beside her," she baptizes her babe and entreats the queen to have her trained in the Christian faith. As a natural result of the constant companionship, these children grew to love one another most ardently, and, in spite of the lessons of his Moslem teacher, Floriz could never be persuaded of the absurdity of Christianity, which was Blanche-flur's religion, or to fancy that the charms of even a Mahometan paradise could bear comparison with the loveliness of his foster-sister. Absence is judged to be the best antidote for his passion, and he is sent away to the court of his uncle, the King of Algarva. At their leavetaking Blanche-flur, as a token of her love, gives him a ring, whose virtues are such that it will indicate by its appearance whether any peril is menacing her life or liberty.

Floriz at first is woe-begone, and can take interest in nothing at Algarva but a garden, in which he trains the white flowers to grow into forms resembling the initials of Blanche-flur's name. One day, while engaged in tending these flowers, he is discovered by Mohady, his Mahometan tutor, and is heard breathing a prayer for his beloved's safety to the God of the Christians. In fear for the faith of his pupil, the tutor forthwith uses all his influence to bring about the banishment of Blanche-flur from the court of Felix. He persuades the Iman, or chief priest, of the great mosque to join in furthering his scheme, and they conspire to work destruction on the maiden.

They set about their plot in the following way:—Ajoub, the Iman, conveys some poison into the body of a fowl, which Blanche-flur (as had long been her custom) had reared and fattened for the royal table. The poison is detected, and they manage to fix the guilt on Blanche-flur, who is tried and condemned to die on a set day, unless she can find some champion knight to espouse her cause and fight to assert her innocence.



All this time Floriz has been winning great glory in Algarva by his prowess, and has at last overthrown two Arab knights, who had caused the king much trouble by repeated challenges to the knights of Algarva, whom they always defeated and slew. Just at the moment of Floriz' victory over them, he perceives, to his sorrow, that the brightness of the ring is tarnished, and thence knows that some trouble or danger is menacing his beloved. Without staying to receive the meed of his valour, he hastens at once to his father's home, apprising no one of his coming. He contrives to get unperceived into the city, by riding along with some carts which were carrying wood. But to his dismay he learns that their load is to form a pile on which Blancheflur is to be burnt. He makes all speed to the place of execution, and finds the accuser, Ajoub, and the accused both brought to the spot, and Ajoub's son standing forth as champion of the truth of his father's story. Floriz proclaims himself ready to do battle for the maiden, and while preparing for the encounter is recognized by a friend of his, named Selim. The fight commences, and soon ends with the overthrow and slaughter both of Ajoub and his son. Thereupon one of the priest's servants comes forward and confesses that he, at his master's order, put the poison into the chicken. Floriz departs without disclosing who he is, though Selim tells the truth to Blancheflur. But he has not been long at the court of his uncle before he is seized with a severe sickness, and by the advice of Averroes, the famous Spanish physician (who finds that the disease is more of the mind than of the body), Blancheflur is sent for to Algarva. On this in his bigotry Felix determines, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife, to sell her as a slave to some Greek merchants who are going to Alexandria. Selim sets forth with this sad news to Floriz, who, first coming home and taking counsel with his mother, determines to depart in search of Blancheflur.<sup>1</sup> He and his father's chamberlain arrange to travel as merchants, and, after considerable wanderings, at length find that the maid has been sold to the Emir (Admiral) of Babylon. His informant is also able to give him an introduction to Daris, the porter of

<sup>1</sup> At this point the fragment here printed begins.

the bridge of Babylon. To him, therefore, he goes, but receives a fearful account of the difficulties of the enterprise. Nothing daunted, he presses Daris to tell him what is the best thing to do, and by his advice sets out in the disguise of a mason, with the intention of bribing the keeper of the admiral's tower to get him conveyed inside. This, after losing much money at chess, of which game the keeper is very fond, he at last accomplishes. He is carried in in a basket among some flowers, but unfortunately the basket is put not in Blancheflur's chamber but in that of Clarice, a friend of hers. However, after Clarice and Floriz have both been sorely frightened, Blancheflur is brought to see her lover. It is not long before the Admiral finds out the intruder in spite of all the ingenious excuses framed by Clarice for her friend's behaviour. When the discovery is made, the Admiral sends for all his nobles, and in full assembly they are both doomed to die. But in the end each displays so much anxiety to die for the other that, struck by their great love, the Admiral pardons them, and taking them to a church, has them married, and himself, though heretofore it had been his custom to keep his wives only for a year, takes Clarice to be his only wife. Not long after a message comes that Floriz' father, Felix, is dead, and, in spite of the Admiral's liberal offers to induce him to stay, he departs with his wife to their own land of Spain.

I have only to add that my thanks are due to W. A. Wright, Esq., Librarian of Trinity College, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, of Christ College, and other friends, who have aided me with their advice as the sheets have been passing through the press, but particularly to R. Morris, Esq., who has most obligingly furnished me with his opinion on all difficult points as they arose, and whose ability to render such help is only equalled by the readiness with which he imparts his assistance to others.

# HORN.

---

- A**lle beon he bliþe  
þat to my fong lyþe :  
A fang ihe ſchal þou finge
- 4 Of Murry þe kinge.  
King he was biweſte  
So longe fo hit laſte.  
Godhild het his quen,
- 8 Faire ne miþte non ben.  
He hadde a ſone þat het horn,  
Fairer ne miſte non beo born.  
Ne no rein upon birine,
- 12 Ne funne upon biſchine.  
Fairer nis non þane he was,  
He was briþt fo þe glas,  
He was whit fo þe flur,
- 16 Roſe red was his colour.  
In none kinge-riche  
Nas non his iliche.  
Twelf feren he hadde
- 20 þat alle wiþ him ladde.  
Alle riche mannes ſones,  
*And* alle hi were faire gomes,  
Wiþ him for to pleie,
- 24 *And* meſt he luuede tweie ;  
**þ**at on him het haþulf child,  
*And* þat oper Fikenild.

[MS. p. 11.]

King Murry and  
his queen God-  
hild had a ſon  
named Horn,

of ſurpaſſing  
beauty.

In no kingdom  
was his like.

He had twelve  
companions,

all fair men ;

but his favourites  
were two, Ha-  
thulf and Fiken-  
ild.

On a summer's  
day Murry rode  
for pleasure by  
the sea side,

and found fifteen  
ships of the Sara-  
cens arrived in  
his land.

One of these Pa-  
gans tells him  
that they will  
slay him and his  
people.

The king and his  
two knights pre-  
pare to defend  
themselves,

but are over-  
matched.

The Pagans slay  
the people and  
pull down the  
churches.

- Aþulf was þe beſte,  
28 *And* fikenylde þe werfte.  
Hit was upon a ſomeres day,  
Alſo ihe þou telle may,  
Murri þe gode king  
32 Rod on his pleing  
Bi þe ſe fide,  
Aſe he was woned ride,  
He fond bi þe ſtronde,  
36 *Arriued on his londe,*  
*Schipcs* fiſtene  
Wiþ ſarazins kene :  
He axede what iſozte,  
40 Oþer to londe brozte,  
**A** Payn hit of-herde  
*And* hym wel ſone anſwared :  
“ þi lond folk we ſchulle ſlon,  
44 *And alle þat Criſt luueþ*<sup>1</sup> upon [1 leueþ.]  
*And þe ſelue riht anon,*  
*Ne ſchaltu to-dai henne gon.”*  
þe kyng alihte of his ſtede,  
48 For þo he hauede nede,  
*And* his gode knihtes two ;  
Al to fewe he hadde þo.  
Swerd hi gunne gripe  
52 *And* to-gadere ſmite.  
Hy ſmyten under ſchelde  
þat ſume hit yfelde :  
þe king hadde al to fewe  
56 Tozenes ſo vele ſchrewe :  
So ſele mihten yþe  
Bringe hem þre to diþe.  
¶ þe pains come to londe  
60 *And* neme hit in here honde :  
þat ſole hi gunne quelle,  
*And* churchen for to felle :

- per ne moſte libbe  
 64 þe fremde ne þe ſibbe,  
 Bute hi here laȝe afoke,  
*And* to here toke.  
 Of alle wymmanne
- 68 Wurft was Godhild þanne ;  
 For Murri heo weop fore  
*And* for horn ȝute more.  
 He wenten ut of halle
- 72 Fram hire Maidenef alle  
 Under a roche of ſtone,  
 per heo liuede alone,  
 per heo *seruede* gode
- 76 Aȝenes þe paynes forbode :  
 per he *seruede criſte*  
 þat no payn hit ne wiſte :  
 Eure heo bad for horn child
- 80 þat Jeſu *criſt* him beo myld.  
 Horn was in paynes honde  
 Wiþ his feren of the londe.  
 Muchel was his fairhede
- 84 For ihesu *criſt* him makede.  
 Payns him wolde ſlen,  
 Oþer al quic ſlen,  
 ȝef his fairneſſe nere :
- 88 þe children alle aſlaȝe were.  
 þanne ſpak on Admirad  
 Of wordes he was bald,  
 “Horn þu art wel kene,  
 92 *And* þat is wel iſene ;  
 þu art gret *and* ſtrong,  
 Fair *and* euene long,  
 þu ſchalt waxe more
- 96 Bi fulle ſeue ȝere :  
 ȝef þu mote to liue go  
*And* þine feren alſo,

They spare none who will not forſake the Chriſtian law.

Godhild was in the deepeſt affliction,

and retiring, hid herſelf under a rock, where ſhe ſpent her time, in ſpite of the Pagan proclamation, in prayer for her ſon.

Horn was in the hands of the Pagans,

[MS. p. 12.]  
who would have ſlain him,

but an admiral, after dwelling on the danger of letting Horn and his comrades live,

decides to put  
them out to sea  
and so let them  
perish.

- 3ef hit so bi-falle  
 100 3e scholde slen us alle :  
 þaruore þu most to stere,  
 þu *and* þine ifere,  
 To sehufe schulle 3e funde,  
 104 *And* sinke to þe grunde,  
 þe se 3ou sehal adrenche,  
 Ne sehal hit us noȝt of-þinche ;  
 For if þu were aliue,  
 108 Wiþ swerd oþer wiþ kniue,  
 We seholden alle deie  
*And* þi fader deþ abeie.”

They are brought  
to the shore and  
put out to sea.

- 112 **Þ**e children hi broȝte to stronde,  
 Wringinde here honde,  
 Into sehupes borde  
 At þe furste worde.  
 Ofte hadde horn beo wo  
 116 Ac neure wurs þan him was þo.  
 þe se bigan to flowe,  
*And* horn child to rowe,  
 3e se þat sehup so faste drof  
 120 þe children dradde þerof.  
 Hi wenden to-wisse  
 Of here lif to misse,  
 Al þe day *and* al þe niȝt  
 124 Til hit sprang dai liȝt,  
 ¶ Til Horn saȝ on þe stronde  
 Men gon in þe londe  
 “Feren” quaf he “3onge,  
 128 Ihe telle 3ou tiþinge,  
 Ihe here soȝeles finge  
*And* þat gras him springe.  
 Bliþe beo we on lyue,  
 132 Ure sehup is on ryue.”  
 Of sehup hi gunne funde,  
*And* fetten fout to grunde,

After great alarm  
they come in  
sight of land.

They land.



- Bi þe se fide  
 136 Hi leten þat sehup ride :  
 Þanne spak him child horn,  
 In suddene he was iborn.  
 “Schup, bi þe se flode  
 140 Daies haue þu gode :  
 Bi þe se brinke  
 No water þe nadrinke :  
 ʒef þu cume to Suddene  
 144 Gret þu wel of myne kenne,  
 Gret þu wel my moder,  
 Godhild quen þe gode,  
 And feie þe paene kyng,  
 148 Jefu cristes wiþering,  
 þat ich am hol *and* fer  
 On þis lond ariued her :  
 And feie þat hei schal fonde  
 152 þe dent of myne honde.”  
 þe children ʒede to Tune,  
 Bi dales *and* bi dune.  
 Hy metten wiþ almair king,  
 156 Crist ʒeuen him his blessing,  
 King of Westernesse,  
 Crist ʒiue him Muchel blisse,  
 He him spae to horn child  
 160 Wordes þat were Mild :  
 “Whannes beo ʒe, faire gumes,  
 þat her to londe beoþ icume,  
 Alle þrottene  
 164 Of bodie fwiþe kene.  
 Bigod þat me makede,  
 A swihe fair uerade  
 Ne sauþ ihe in none stunde,  
 168 Bi westene londe :  
 Seie me wat ʒe seche.”  
 Horn spak here speche,

They leave the  
 ship on the shore  
 to drift away.

Horn's prayer.

His vow to punish  
 the Pagan king,  
 Christ's adver-  
 sary.

They go to king  
 Almair.

He receives them  
 kindly,

asking whence  
 they come and  
 what their busi-  
 ness is.

Horn speaks for  
 the rest,

[MS. p. 13.]  
as he was the  
cleverest.

He tells how they  
were driven from  
Suddenne by the  
Pagans,

and put forth to  
sea,

and have been  
driven to his  
shores.

They ask for his  
help.

The king asks his  
name.

Horn tells him,

- He spak for hem alle,  
172 Uor so hit moste biualle  
He was þe faireste  
And of wit þe beste.
- ¶ “We beoþ of Suddenne,  
176 Icome of gode kenne,  
Of Cristene blode,  
And kynges suþe gode.  
Payns þer gunne ariue  
180 And duden hem of lyuc.  
Hi slozen and todroze  
Cristenemen inoze.  
So crist me mote rede,  
184 Us he duðe lede  
Into a galcie,  
Wiþ þe se to pleie,  
Dai hit is igon and oþer,  
188 Wiþute sail and roþer.  
Ure schip bigan to swymme  
To þif londes brymme.  
Nu þu miȝt us slen and binde  
192 Ore honde bihynde,  
Bute zef hit beo þi wille  
Helpe þat we ne spille.”
- ¶ þanne spak þe gode kyng.  
196 I-wis he nas no Niþing.  
“Seic me, child, what is þi name,  
Ne schaltu haue bute game.”  
þe child him anwerde  
200 Sone so he hit herde :  
“Horn ihe am ihote,  
Icomen ut of þe bote,  
Fram þe se side  
204 Kyng wel mote þe tide.”  
þanne hym spak þe gode king  
“Wel bruc þu þin euening<sup>1</sup> [1 neuening ?]

- Horn þu go wel schulle<sup>1</sup> [1 schille.] and the king  
 208 Bi dales *and* bi hulle takes him home  
 Horn þu lude sune with him.  
 Bi dales *and* bi dune  
 So schal þi name sþringe  
 212 From kynge to kynge,  
*And* þi fairnesse  
 Abute Westernesse,  
 þe strengþe of þine honde  
 216 Into Eurech londe.  
 Horn, þu art so swete  
 Ne may ihe þe forlete.”  
 Hom rod Aylmar þe kyng  
 220 *And* mid him his fundyng  
*And* alle his ifere  
 þat were him so dere.  
 ¶ þe kyng com in to halle  
 224 Among his kniþtes alle :  
 Forþ he elupede aþelbrus,  
 þat was stiward of his hus.  
 “Stiwarde, tak nu here  
 228 Mi fundlyng for to lere  
 Of þine mestere,  
 Of wude *and* of riuere,  
*And* tech him to harpe  
 232 Wiþ his nayles scharpe,  
 Biuore me to kerue  
*And* of þe cupe ferue  
 þu tech him of alle þe liste  
 236 þat þu eure of wiste,  
<sup>2</sup>In his feiren þou wife [2 And.] His companions  
 Into oþere seruise : are put to other  
 Horn þu underuonge service.  
 240 *And* tech him of harpe *and* fonge.”  
 ¶ Ailbrus gan lere  
 Horn *and* his ysere :

Horn wins great  
favour with all,  
but most with  
Rymenhild, the  
king's daughter.

She is deeply in  
love, but may not  
speak to Horn.

[MS. p. 14.]

She sends for  
Athelbrus, and  
orders him to  
bring Horn with  
him.

The steward is in  
great perplexity.

- Horn in herte lahte  
244 Al þat he him tahte.  
In þe curt *and* ute,  
*And* elles al abute,  
Luuede men horn child,  
248 *And* mest him louede Rymenhild,  
þe kynges oþene dofter,  
He was mest in þohte,  
Heo louede so horn child  
252 þat ne; heo gan wexe wild :  
For heo ne mihte at borde  
Wiþ him speke no worde,  
Ne noht in þe halle  
256 Among þe knihtes alle,  
Ne nowhar in non oþere stede :  
Of folk heo hadde drede :  
Bi daie ne bi nihte  
260 Wiþ him speke ne mihte  
Hire foreþe ne hire pine  
Ne mihte neure fine.  
In heorte heo hadde wo,  
264 *And* þus hire biþohte þo,  
Heo fende hire sonde  
Aþelbrus to honde  
þat he come hire to,  
268 *And* also scholde horn do  
Al in to bure,  
For heo gan to lure,  
*And* þe sonde feide  
272 þat sik lai þat maide  
*And* bad him come fwiþe,  
For heo nas noþing bliþe.  
þe stuard was in herte wo,  
276 For he nuste what to do,  
Wat Rymenhild hure þohte  
Gret wunder him þuhte,

- Abute horn þe ȝonge  
 280 To bure for to bringe,  
 He þoȝte upon hiȝ mode  
 Hit nas for none gode :  
 He tok him anoþer,  
 284 Aþulf, hornes broþer.  
 ¶ “Aþulf,” he fede, “riȝt anon  
 þu ſchalt wiþ me to bure gon  
 To ſpeke wiþ Rymenhild ſtulle  
 288 *And* witen hure wille.  
 In hornes ilike  
 þu ſchalt hure biſwike :  
 Sore ihe me ofdrede .  
 292 He wolde horn miſ-rede.”  
 Aþelbruſ gan Aþulf lede  
*And* into bure wiþ him ȝede :  
 Anon upon Aþulf child  
 296 Rymenhild gan wexe wild :  
 He wende þat horn hit were  
 þat heo hauede þere :  
 Heo ſette him on bedde ;  
 300 Wiþ Aþulf child he wedde,  
 On hire armes tweie  
 Aþulf heo gan leie.  
 “Horn,” *quaþ* heo, “wel longe  
 304 Ihe habbe þe luued ſtronge.  
 þu ſchalt þi trewþe pliȝte  
 On myn hond her riȝte  
 Me to ſpufe holde,  
 308 *And* ihe þe lord to wolde.”  
 ¶ Aþulf fede on hire ire  
 So ſtulle so hit were.  
 “þi tale nu þu lynne,<sup>1</sup> [1 blynne ?]  
 312 For horn nis noȝt herinne,  
 Ne beo we noȝt iliche :  
 Horn is fairer *and* riche,

He takes Athulf,  
 Horn's brother,  
 with him,

to deceive Ry-  
 menhild.

Rymenhild  
 thinks it is Horn.

She calls him  
 Horn, and tells  
 him of her love.

Athulf informs  
 her that he is not  
 Horn,

- and will be guilty  
of no deception.
- Rymenhild  
chides the stew-  
ard, and prays an  
evil end for him.
- Athelbrus begs  
her pardon,
- MS p. 15.]
- and says he durst  
not bring Horn;
- but if she will  
forgive him Horn  
shall be brought,  
come what may.
- Fairer bi one ribbe  
316 þane eni Man þat libbe :  
þeʒ horn were under Molde  
Oþer elles wher he wolde  
Oþer henne a þufend Mile,  
320 Ihe nolde him ne þe bigile.”  
¶ Rymenhild hire biwente  
And Aþelbrus fule heo ſchente.  
“Hennes þu go, þu fule þeof,  
324 Ne wurftu me neure more leof,  
Went ut of my bur,  
Wiþ muchel meſaumentur.  
Schame mote þu fonge  
328 And on hiʒe rode anhonge.  
Ne ſpek ihe noʒt wiþ horn  
Nis he noʒt ſo unorn ;  
Hor[n] is fairer þane beo he :  
332 Wiþ muchel ſchame mote þu deie.”  
¶ Aþelbrus in a ftunde  
Fel anon to grunde.  
“Lefdi Min oʒe  
336 Liþe me a litel þroʒe.  
Luſt whi ihe wonde  
Bringe þe horn to honde.  
For horn is fair and riche,  
340 Nis no whar his iliche.  
Aylmar þe gode kyng  
Dude him on mi lokyng ;  
ʒef horn were her abute,  
344 Sore y me dute  
Wiþ him ʒe wolden pleie  
Bitwex ʒou ſelue tweie,  
þanne ſcholde wiþuten oþe  
348 þe kyng maken us wroþe.  
Rymenhild, forʒef me þi tene,  
Lefdi, my quene,



- And horn ihe ſchal þe fecche  
 352 Wham fo hit recehe.”
- ¶ Rymenhild ȝef he cuþe  
 Gan lynne wiþ hire Muþe :  
 Heo makede hire wel bliþe,  
 356 Wel was hire þat fiþe,  
 “Go nu,” *quaþ* heo “fone  
 And ſend him after none,  
 Whane þe kyng ariſe
- 360 On a squieres wiſe  
 To wude for to pleie  
 Niſ non þat him biwreie.  
 He ſchal wiþ me bileue
- 364 Til hit beo nir eue,  
 To hauen of him mi wille  
 After ne reccheche what me telle.”
- ¶ Aylbruſ wende hire fro  
 368 Horn in halle fond he þo  
 Biſore þe kyng on benche  
 Wyn for to ſchenche,  
 “Horn,” *quaþ* he, “fo hende
- 372 To bure nu þu wende,  
 After mete ſtille  
 Wiþ Rymenhild to duelle ;  
 Wordes fuþe bolde
- 376 In herte þu hem holde.  
 Horn beo me wel trewe  
 Ne ſchal hit þe neure rewe.”  
 Horn in herte leide
- 380 Al þat he him ſeide ;  
 He ȝeode in wel riþte  
 To Rymenhild þe briþte,  
 On kneſ he him ſette
- 384 And ſweteliche hure grette.  
 Of hiſ feire ſiþte  
 Al þe bur gan liþte.
- Rymenhild urges him on, and appoints that Horn ſhall come to her while her father is hunting.
- Athelbruſ finds Horn pouring out wine for the king,
- and bids him go to Rymenhild.
- Horn goes and greets the princeſſ humbly and ſweetly,

- He spae faire speche,  
 388 Ne dorte<sup>1</sup> him noman teehe. [1 dorste.]  
 "Wel þu fitte *and* softe,  
 Rymenhild þe briȝte,  
 Wiþ þine Maidenens sixe  
 392 þat þe fitteþ nixte.  
 Kinges stuard ure  
 Sende me in to bure  
 Wiþ þe speke ihe scholde :  
 396 Seie me what þu woldest  
 Seie *and* ich schal here  
 What þi wille were."  
 ¶ Rymenhild up gan stonde  
 400 *And* tok him bi þe honde :  
 Heo fette him on pelle  
 Of wyn to drinke his fulle :  
 Heo makede him faire chere  
 404 *And* tok him abute þe swere.  
 Ofte heo him eufte  
 So wel so hire luste.  
 "Horn," heo seðe, "wiþute strif  
 408 þu schalt haue me to þi wif  
 Horn, haue of me rewþe  
*And* plif me þi trewþe."  
 ¶ Horn þo him biþoȝte  
 412 What he speke miȝte.  
 "Crist," *quap* he, "þe wisse  
*And* ȝiue þe heuene blisse  
 Of þine husebonde  
 416 Wher he beo *in* londe.  
 Ihe am ibore to lowe  
 Such wimman to knowe.  
 Ihe am icome of þralle  
 420 *And* fundling bifalle.  
 Ne feolle hit þe of cunde  
 To spuse beo me bunde :

and tells her that  
 he has come by  
 Athelbrus' order.

Rymenhild re-  
 ceives and enter-  
 tains him.

She embraces and  
 kisses him.

She wishes to be  
 his wife ;

[MS. p. 16.]

but he pleads his  
 low estate, and  
 that such would  
 be no fair wed-  
 ding.

- Hit nere no fair wedding  
 424 Bitwexe a þral *and* a king.”  
 ¶ Þo gan Rymenhild mislyke Rymenhild  
faints.  
*And* fore gan to fike :  
 Armes heo gan buþe  
 428 Adun he feol iswoþe.  
 ¶ Horn in herte was ful wo, Horn raises her,  
*And* tok hire on his armes two,  
 He gan hire for to kesse  
 432 Wel ofte mid ywisse.  
 “Lemman” he sede “dere,  
 þin herte nu þu stere.  
 Help me to kniþte  
 436 Bi al þine miþte,  
 To my lord þe king,  
 þat he me ȝiue dubbing :  
 þanne is mi þralhod  
 440 Iwent in to kniþthod,  
*And* i ſchal wexe more  
*And* do, lemman, þi lore.”  
 ¶ Rymenhild, þat swete þing,  
 444 Wakede of hire swoþning.  
 “Horn,” quaf heo, “uel ſone  
 þat ſchal beon idone :  
 þu ſhalt beo dubbed kniþt  
 448 Are come feue niþt.  
 Haue her þis cuppe  
*And* þis Ring þer uppe  
 To Aylbruf *and* ſtuard,  
 452 *And* ſe he holde foreward :  
 Seie ich him biſeche  
 Wiþ loueliche ſpeche  
 þat he adun falle  
 456 Bifore þe king in halle,  
*And* bidde þe king ariþte  
 Dubbe þe to kniþte.
- and promises to  
do as she wishes  
when he can at-  
tain knighthood  
of her father.
- The princess ar-  
ranges that this  
shall be done  
through Athel-  
brus.

Wif seluer *and* wif golde  
 460 Hit wurþ him wel iþolde.  
 Crist him leue<sup>1</sup> fpede  
 þin erende to bede.”

[<sup>1</sup> lene.]

Horn delivers his  
 message to Athel-  
 brus,

¶ Horn tok his leue  
 464 For hit was neþ eue.  
 Aþelbrus he fozte  
*And* ʒaf him þat he brozte ;  
*And* tolde him ful ʒare

and adds his own  
 entreaties.

468 Hu he hadde ifare ;  
*And* fede him his nede  
*And* bihet him his mede.

Athelbrus begs  
 the king to  
 knight Horn.

¶ Aþelbrus also swiþe  
 472 Went to halle bliue  
 “Kyng,” he fede, “þu leste  
 A tale mid þe beste ;  
 þu schalt bere erune

476 Tomoreþe in þis tune ;  
 Tomoreþe is þi feste :  
 þer bihoueþ gefte.  
 Hit nere nozt for-loren

480 For to kniþti child horn,  
 þine armes for to welde,  
 God kniþt he schal ʒelde.”

The king con-  
 sents.

¶ þe king fede fone,  
 484 “þat is wel idone.  
 Horn me wel iquemeþ,  
 God kniþt him bifemeþ.  
 He schal haue mi dubbing

488 *And* afterward mi derling.  
*And* alle his feren twelf  
 He schal kniþten him self :  
 Alle he schal hem kniþte

Horn and also his  
 companions are  
 to be knighted.

492 Bifore me þis niþte.”  
 Til þe liþt of day sprang  
 Ailmar him þuþte lang.

- þe day bigan to springe,  
 496 Horn com biuore þe kinge,  
 Mid his twelf yfere,  
 Sume hi were luþere ;  
 Horn he dubbede to kniþte  
 500 Wiþ swerd *and* spures briþte,  
 He sette him on a stede whit :  
 þer nas no kniþt hym ilik.  
 He smot him a litel wiþt  
 504 *And* bed him beon a god kniþt.  
 ¶ Aþulf fel a knes þar  
 Biuore þe king Aylmar.  
 “ King,” he sece, “ so kene  
 508 Grante me a bene :  
 Nu is kniþ[t] fire horn  
 þat in suddenne was iboren :  
 Lord he is of londe  
 512 Ouer us þat bi him stonde ;  
 þin armes he haþ *and* scheld  
 To fiþte wiþ upon þe feld :  
 Let him us alle kniþte  
 516 For þat is ure riþte.”  
 ¶ Aylmar sece sone ywis :  
 “ Do nu þat þi wille is.”  
 Horn adun liþte  
 520 *And* makede hem alle kniþtes.  
 Murie was þe feste  
 Al of faire geftes :  
 Ac Rymenhild nas noþt þer  
 524 *And* þat hire þuþte seue þer :  
 After horn heo sente  
*And* he to bure wente,  
 Nolde he noþt go one  
 528 Aþulf was his monc.  
 Rymenhild on flore stod,  
 Hornes come hire þuþte god :

Athulf entreats  
for knighthood  
for himself and  
his friends.

Horn knights  
them all.

Rymenhild  
thinks the feast  
long and sends  
for Horn.

She welcomes  
him and Athulf.

[MS. p. 17.]

She begs Horn,  
now he is knight-  
ed, to keep his  
promise.

He must first  
give proof of his  
worthiness.

If he return safe  
he will marry  
her.

She gives him a  
ring to save him  
from all harm.

- And fede " Welcōme, fire horn  
532 *And* Aþulf kniȝt þe biforn.  
Kniȝt, nu is þi time  
For to fitte bi me ;  
Do nu þat þu er of spake,  
536 To þi wif þu me take.  
Ef þu art trewe of dedes  
Do nu afe þu fedes.  
Nu þu haft wille þine  
540 Unbind me of my pine."  
¶ " Rymenhild" quaþ he " beo stille :  
Ihc wulle don al þi wille.  
Also hit mot bitide  
544 Mid spere iſchal furſt ride,  
*And* mi kniȝthod proue,  
Ar ihe þe ginne to woȝe.  
We beþ kniȝtes ȝonge  
548 Of o dai al iſprunge,  
*And* of ure meſtere  
So is þe manere  
Wiþ ſume oþere kniȝte  
552 Wel for his lemman fiȝte  
Or he eni wif take :  
For-þi me ſtondeþ þe more rape.  
Today, ſo criſt me bleſſe,  
556 Ihc wulle do prueſſe,  
For þi luue, in þe felde  
Mid spere *and* mid ſchelde.  
If ihc come to lyue  
560 Ihc ſchal þe take to wyue."  
¶ " Kniȝt," quaþ heo, " trewe,  
Ihc wene ihc mai þe leue :  
Tak nu her þis gold ring,  
564 God him is þe dubbing ;  
þer is upon þe ringe  
Igraue Rymenhild þe ȝonge :



- þer nis non betere anonder funne  
 568 þat eni man of telle cunne  
 For my lūne þu hit were  
*And on þi finger þu him bere*  
 þe stones beoþ of fuche grace  
 572 þat þu ne schalt in none place  
 Of none dūntes beon ofdrad  
 Ne on bataille beon amad :  
 Ef þu loke þeran  
 576 *And þenke upon þi lemman.*  
 ¶ And fire Aþulf, þi broþer,  
 He schal haue anoþer.  
 Horn ihc þe biſeche,  
 580 Wiþ loueliche ſpeche,  
 Criſt ʒeue god erndinge  
 þe aʒen to bringe.”  
 ¶ þe kniʒt hire gan keſſe,  
 584 *And heo him to bleſſe,*  
 Leue at hire he nam,  
*And in to halle cam :*  
 þe kniʒtes ʒeden to table,  
 588 *And horne ʒede to ſtable :*  
 þar he tok his gode ſole  
 Alfo blak fo eny cole  
 þe ſole ſchok þe brunie  
 592 þat al þe curt gan denie,  
 þe ſole bigan to ſpringe  
*And horn murie to ſinge.*  
 Horn rod in a while  
 596 More þan a myle.  
 He fond o ſchup ſtonde  
 Wiþ heþene honde :  
 He axede what hi soʒte  
 600 Oþer to londe broʒte.  
 ¶ An hund him gan bihelde,  
 þat ſpac wordes belde

She gives another  
to Athulf, and  
prays for their  
good luck.

Horn goes forth  
with good heart.

He finds a ship  
arrived with  
heathen men on  
board come to  
seize the land.

- Horn engages  
 them,
- 604 " þis lond we wulle; wyne  
*And fle þat þer is inne.*"  
 Horn gan his swerd gripe,  
*And on his arme wype :*  
 þe sarazins he smatte
- 608 þat his blod hatte :  
 At eureche dunte  
 þe heued of wente ;  
 þo gunne þe hundes gone
- and slays a hun-  
 dred,
- 612 Abute horn al one :  
 He lokede on þe ringe,  
*And þoʒte on rimenilde,*  
 He floʒ þer on hafte
- 616 On hundred bi þe lafte.  
 Ne miʒte no man telle  
 þat fole þat he gan quelle.  
 Of alle þat were aliue
- 620 Ne miʒte þer non þrine.  
 Horn tok þe maisteres heued,  
 þat he hadde him bireued,  
*And fette hit on his swerde,*
- 624 Anouen at þan orde.  
 He uerde hom in to halle,  
 Among þe kniʒtes alle,  
 "Kyng," he fede, "wel þu fitte
- 628 And alle þine kniʒtes mitte,  
 To day, after mi dubbing,  
 So irod on mi pleing,  
 I fond o schup Rowe
- 632 þo hit gan to flowe,  
 Al wiþ sarazines kyn,  
*And none londisse Men,*  
 To dai for to pine
- 636 þe *and* alle þine.  
 Hi goune me affaille,  
 Mi swerd me nolde faille
- and took the  
 master's head  
 and carried it to  
 the king,
- [MS. p. 18.]  
 to whom he re-  
 lates his adven-  
 ture.

- I smot hem alle to grunde,  
 640 Oþer ʒaf hem diþes wunde.  
 þat heued i þe bringe  
 Of þe maister kinge.  
 Nu is þi wile iþolde,  
 644 King, þat þu me kniʒti woldest.”
- A** Moreʒe þo þe day gan ſþringe  
 þe king him rod an huntunge,  
 At hom lefte Fikenhild,  
 648 þat was þe wurſte moder child.  
 Heo ferde in to bure  
 To ſen auenture.  
 Heo ſaʒ Rymenild fitte  
 652 Alfo he were of witte :  
 Heo ſat on þe ſunne,  
 Wiþ tieres al birunne.  
 Horn ſede “leſ þinore  
 656 Wi wepeſtu ſo ſore ?”  
 Heo ſede “noʒt ine wepe  
 Bute afe ilay aſlepe  
 To þe ſe my net icaste,  
 660 *And* hit nolde noʒt ilaſte,  
 A gret fiſſ at the furſte  
 Mi net he gan to berſte.  
 Ihe wene þat ihe ſchal leoſe  
 664 þe fiſſ þat ihe wolde cheoſe.”
- ¶ “Crist” quaþ horn “*and* ſeint ſteuene,  
 Turne þine sweuene.  
 Ne ſchal iþe biſwike,  
 668 Ne do þat þe miſlike.  
 I ſchal me make þinowe  
 To holden *and* to knowe  
 For eurech oþere wiʒte,  
 672 *And* þarto mi treuþe iþe pliʒte.”  
 Muchel was þe ruþe  
 þat was at þare truþe :

Next day the king goes hunting, and leaves at home Fikenhild,

who finds Horn in Rymenild's bower comforting her for a dream she has had.

The dream was of a fish which she had lost just as she was catching it.

Horn pledges himself to her,

but she is still  
fearful for the  
future.

Fikenhild is en-  
vious, and warns  
the king against  
Horn, telling him  
of Horn's pre-  
sence in his  
daughter's  
bower.

Aylmar goes and  
finds Horn lying  
on his daughter's  
bosom.

With curses he  
drives him forth.

- For Rymenhild weop ille :
- 676 *And* horn let þe tircs stille.  
 “Lemman” quap he “dere  
 þu schalt more ihere  
 þi sweuen schal wende
- 680 *Oþer* sum Man schal us schende.  
 þe fiff þat brak þe lyne,  
 Ywis he doþ us pine :  
 þat schal don us tene,
- 684 *And* wurþ wel fone ifene.”
- ¶ Aylmar rod bi sture,  
*And* horn lai in bure.  
 Fykenhild hadde enuye
- 688 *And* fede þes folye :  
 “Aylmar ihe þe warne,  
 Horn þe wule berne :  
 Ihe herde whar he fede,
- 692 *And* his swerd forþ leide,  
 To bringe þe of lyue,  
*And* take Rymenhild to wyue.  
 He liþ in bure,
- 696 Under couerture,  
 By Rymenhild þi doþter :  
*And* so he doþ wel ofte ;  
 And þider þu go al riht,
- 700 þer þu him finde miht ;  
 þu do him ut of londe,  
*Oþer* he doþ þe schonde.”
- ¶ Aylmar aþen gan turne
- 704 Wel Modi *and* wel Murne :  
 He fond horn in arme  
 On Rymenhilde barme.  
 “Awei ut,” he fede, “fule þeof,
- 708 Ne wurftu me neuremore leof.  
 Wend ut of my bure  
 Wiþ muchel meffaventure.

- Wel fone, bute þu flitte,  
 712 Wiþ swerde ihe þe anhitte.  
 Wend ut of my londe  
 Oþer þu fehalt haue fehonde.”
- ¶ Horn fadelede his stede Horn departs.
- 716 *And* his armes he gan fprede :  
 His brunie he gan lace,  
 So he feholde in to place.  
 His fwerd he gan fonge :
- 720 Nabod he noȝt to longe.  
 He ȝede forþ bliue  
 To Rymenhild his wyue.  
 He fede, “ Lemman derling,
- 724 Nu hauestu þi sweuening.  
 þe fiſ þat þi net rente,  
 Fram þe he me fente  
 Rymenhild, haue wel godne day, [MS. p. 19.]
- 728 No leng abiden ine may.  
 In to uncuþe londe,  
 Wel more for to fonde,  
 I feh al wuue þere
- 732 Fulle feue ȝere.  
 At feue ȝeres ende,  
 ȝef ine come ne fende,  
 Tak þe hufebonde,
- 736 For me þu ne wonde,  
 In armes þu me fonge,  
*And* kes me wel longe.”  
 He cuſte him wel a ſtunde,
- 740 *And* Rymenhild feol to grunde.  
 Horn tok his leue,  
 Ne miȝte he no leng bileue ;  
 He tok Aþulf, his fere,
- 744 Al abute þe fwere,  
*And* fede “ kniȝt ſo trewe,  
 Kep wel mi luue newe.
- He tells the princess this is the meaning of her dream.
- He taketh leave, promising to return in seven years, and if he do not come, she may marry another.
- Rymenhild swoons.
- Horn takes leave of Athulf,

and begs him to  
care for Rymen-  
hild.

He goes forth and  
takes ship.

The people weep  
for his depar-  
ture.

He meets with  
two king's sons,

Harild and  
Berild,

who beg for his  
name. He calls  
himself Cutberd.

Berild takes him  
to the king.

- þu neure me ne forfoke :
- 748 Rymenhild þu kep and loke.”  
His stede he gan biſtride  
And forþ he gan ride :  
To þe hauene he ferde,
- 752 And a god ſchup he hurede,  
þat him ſeholde londe.  
In westene londe.
- ¶ Aþulf weop wiþ iþe,  
756 And al þat him iſiþe.  
To lond he him ſette  
And fot on ſtirop ſette.  
He fond bi þe weie
- 760 Kynges ſones tweie,  
þat on him het harild,  
And þat oþer berild.  
Berild gan him preie,
- 764 þat he ſeholde him ſeie,  
What his name were  
And what he wolde þere.  
“Cutberd,” he ſede, “ihe hote,
- 768 Ieomen ut of þe bote,  
Wel feor fram biweſte  
To ſeche mine beſte.”  
Berild gan him nier ride
- 772 And tok him bi þe bridel  
“Wel beo þu kniþt ifounde  
Wiþ me þu leſ a ſtunde  
Alfo mote i ſterue
- 776 þe king þu ſchalt ſerue  
Ne faþ i neure my lyue  
So fair kniþt aryue”  
Cutberd heo ladde in to halle
- 780 And he a kne gan falle :  
He ſette him a knewelyng  
And grette wel þe gode kyng.



- þanne fede Berild fone :
- 784 "Sire king, of him þu hast to done,  
Bitak him þi lond to werie :  
Ne schal<sup>1</sup> hit noman derie [1 schat MS.]  
For he is þe faireste man
- 788 þat eureꝛut on þi londe cam."
- ¶ þanne fede þe king so dere :  
"Welcome beo þu here,  
Go nu Berild swiþe,
- 792 *And* make him ful bliþe,  
And whan þu farst to woꝛe,  
Tak him þine gloue :  
Iment þu hauest to wyue,
- 796 Awai he schal þe dryue.  
For Cutberdes fairhede  
Ne schal þe neure wel spede."
- 800 **H**It was at Cristesmasse,  
Neiþer more ne lasse :  
þer cam in at none  
A Geaunt suþe fone,  
Iarmed fram paynyme,
- 804 And seide þes ryme.  
"Site stille, fire kyng,  
*And* herkne þis tyþyng :  
Her buþ paens ariued
- 808 Wel mo þane fiue.  
Her beoþ on þe sonde,  
King, upon þi londe,  
On of hem wile fiþte
- 812 Aþen þre kniþtes :  
þef oþer þre slen ure,  
Al þis lond beo þoure :  
þef ure ouercomeþ þour þreo,
- 816 Al þis lond schal ure beo.  
Tomoreþe be þe fiþtinge,  
Whane þe liþt of daye springe."
- Berild commends  
him to the king,
- who receives him  
graciously, and  
entrusts him to  
Berild.
- At Christmas the  
king made a  
feast.
- There comes a  
pagan, a giant,
- who challenges  
the king's  
knights to fight,  
one pagan  
against three of  
them.

[MS. p. 20.]

King Thurston  
chooses his three  
champions, Cut-  
berd, Berild, and  
Alrid.

Cutberd says he  
alone will fight  
the pagan.

Next day Cut-  
berd dons his ar-  
mour,

and comes to the  
king, and asks  
him to come and  
see the battle.

They go, and find  
a giant prepared  
against them.

- ¶ þanne fede þe kyng þurston,  
820 “ Cutberd sehal beo þat on,  
Berild sehal beo þat oþer,  
þe þridde Alrid his broþer.  
For hi beoþ þe strengeste  
824 *And* of armes þe beste.  
Bute what sehal us to rede,  
Ihe wene we beþ alle dede.”
- ¶ Cutberd sat at borde  
828 And fede þes wordes :  
“ Sire king hit nis no rihte  
On wiþ þre to fihte.  
Aæn one hunde,  
832 þre cristen men to fonde.  
Sire ischal al one,  
Wiþute more ymone,  
Wiþ mi swerd, wel eþe,  
836 Bringe hem þre to deþe.”
- ¶ þe kyng aros amoreþe  
þat hadde muchel sorþe  
*And* Cutberd ros of bedde,  
840 Wiþ armes he him sehredde :  
Horn his brunie gan on caste,  
*And* laecede hit wel faste,  
*And* cam to þe kinge  
844 At his uprifinge.  
“ King,” he fede, “ cum to fel[de]  
For to bihelde  
Hu we fihte schulle,  
848 *And* togare go wulle.  
Riht at prime tide  
Hi gunnen ut ride,  
And funden on a grene  
852 A geaunt suþe kene.  
His feren him bifide  
Hore deþ<sup>1</sup> to abide.

[<sup>1</sup> Here dent ?]

- ¶ Þe ilke bataille  
 856 Cutberd gan affaille :  
 He ʒaf dentes inoʒe,  
 Þe kniʒtes felle iʒwoʒe,  
 His dent he gan wiþdraʒe,  
 860 For hi were neʒ aflaʒe :  
*And fede* " kniʒtes nu ʒe reſte  
 One while ef ʒou leſte."  
 Hi fede hi neure nadde  
 864 Of kniʒte dentes ſo harde  
 He was of hornes kunne,  
 Iborn in Suddenne.
- ¶ Horn him gan to agrife,  
 868 *And* his blod arife.  
 Biuo<sup>1</sup> him ſaʒ he ſtonde,  
 Þat driuen him of londe,  
*And þat* his fader floʒ,  
 872 To him his ſwerd he droʒ,  
 He lokede on his ryng,  
*And þoʒte* on Rymenhilde,  
 Ho ſmot him þureʒ þe herte,  
 876 Þat fore him gan to ſmerte ;  
 Þe paens þat er were ſo ſturne,  
 Hi gunne awei urne ;  
 Horn *and* his compaynye,  
 880 Gunne after hem wel ſwiþe hiʒe,  
*And* floʒen alle þe hundes,  
 Er hi here ſchipes funde :  
 To deþe he hem alle broʒte ;  
 884 His fader deþ wel dere hi boʒte :  
 Of alle þe kynges kniʒtes,  
 Ne ſcapede þer no wiʒte,  
 Bute his ſones tweie  
 888 Bifore him he ſaʒ deie.  
 Þe king bigan to grete  
 And teres for to lete,

Cutberd fights  
and slays many  
of the pagans.

They said they  
never had met  
such a knight but  
once before in  
Suddene.

[<sup>1</sup> Biour.]

Horn recognizes  
the Saracens who  
slew his father  
and drove him  
away.

This makes him  
more fierce.

They flee, and he  
pursues

and slays them  
all.

The king's  
knights are slain,  
and his sons also.

- Me leiden hem in bare  
 892 *And* burden hem ful zaro,  
 ¶ þe king com in to halle  
 Among his kniȝtes alle.  
 “Horn,” he fede, “ifeie þe  
 896 Do as ifchal rede þe.  
 Aflaȝen beþ mine heirs,  
*And* þu art kniȝt of muchel pris,  
*And* of grete strengþe,  
 900 *And* fair o bodie lengþe ;  
 Mi Rengne þu ſchalt welde,  
*And* to ſpuſe helde  
 Reynild mi doȝter,  
 904 þat fitteþ on þe loſte.”  
 ¶ “O ſire king, wiþ wronge  
 Scholte ihc hit underfonge ;  
 þi doȝter, þat ze me bede,  
 908 Ower rengne for to lede.  
 Wel more ihc ſchal þe ſerue,  
 Sire kyng, or þu ſterue.  
 þi ſorwe ſchal wende  
 912 Or ſeue zeres ende :  
 Wanne hit is wente,  
 Sire king, zeſ me mi rente :  
 Whanne i þi doȝter zerne  
 916 Ne ſchaltu me hire werne :”  
 Cutberd wonede þere  
 Fulle ſeue zere :  
 þat to Rymenild he ne ſente  
 920 Ne him ſelf ne wente.  
 Rymenild was in Weſterneſſe  
 Wiþ wel muchel ſorineſſe,  
 ¶ A king þer gan ariue  
 924 þat wolde hire haue to wyue,  
 Aton he was wiþ þe king :  
 Of þat ilke wedding

Thurston offers  
 Cutberd his king-  
 dom and his  
 daughter's hand.

Cutberd excuses  
 himself.

He stayed there  
 seven years.

Rymenild is  
 sought in mar-  
 riage by a king  
 and the time is  
 fixed.

- þe daies were sehorte :
- 928 þat Rimenhild ne dorste  
Leten in none wise,  
A writ he dude deuife,  
Aþulf hit dude write
- 932 þat horn ne luucde noþt lite.  
Heo sende hire sonde  
To euerече londe,  
To feche horn þe kniþt
- 936 þer me him finde miþte,  
Horn noþt þer of ne herde,  
Til o dai þat he ferde  
To wude for to schete,
- 940 A knaue he gan imete.  
Horn seden,<sup>1</sup> " Leue fere,  
Wat fecheftu here ?"  
" Kniþt, if beo þi wille
- 944 Imai þe sone telle.  
Ifeche fram biweste  
Horn of Westernesfe :  
For a Maiden Rymenhild
- 948 þat for him gan wexe wild.  
A king hire wile wedde  
And bringe to his bedde :  
King Modi of Reynes,
- 952 On of hornes enemis ;  
Ihc habbe walke wide,  
Bi þe se fide,  
Nis he no war ifunde :
- 956 Walawai þe stunde !  
Wailaway þe while !  
Nu wurþ Rymenild bigiled."
- 960 And spak wiþ bidere tires :  
" Knaue wel þe bitide,  
Horn stondeþ þe bifide,
- She sends Athulf  
to seek Horn in  
all directions.
- Horn heard no-  
thing of this, till  
one day he met a  
boy when shoot-  
[MS. p. 21.]  
ing, and asked  
what he was  
seeking,
- [1 fede.]
- who tells him he  
is in search of  
Horn,
- for that King  
Modi is about to  
marry Rymen-  
hild.
- Horn, on hearing  
this, declares  
himself, and  
sends him back  
to Rymenhild.

- Aȝen to hure þu turne  
 964 *And* feie þat heo ne murne,  
 For ifchal beo þer bitime,  
 A soneday bi pryne."  
 þe knaue was wel bliþe  
 968 *And* hiȝede aȝen bliue.  
 þe fe bigan to þroȝe  
 Under hire woȝe.  
 þe knaue þer gan adrinke :  
 972 Rymenhild hit miȝte of þinke :  
 Rymenhild undude þe dure pin  
 Of þe hus þer heo was in,  
 To loke wiþ hire iȝe,  
 976 If heo oȝt of horn ifiȝe :  
 þo foud heo þe knaue adrent,  
 þat he hadde for horn ifent,  
*And* þat fcholde horn bringe.  
 980 Hire fingres he gan wringe,  
 ¶ Horn cam to þurston þe kyng,  
*And* tolde him þis tiȝing,  
 þo he was iknowe  
 984 þat Rimenhild was hif oȝe,  
 Of his gode kenne  
 þe king of Suddenne,  
*And* hu he floȝ in felde  
 988 þat his fader quelde,  
*And* feide, "king þe wife,  
 ȝeld me mi seruife  
 Rymenhild help me winne  
 992 þat þu noȝt ne linne :  
*And* ifchal do to ſpuſe  
 þi doȝter wel to huſe :  
 Heo ſchal to ſpuſe haue  
 996 Aþulf mi gode felaze,<sup>1</sup>  
 God kniȝt mid þe beſte  
*And* þe treweſte."

The boy is  
 drowned as he  
 goes back.

Rymenhild finds  
 him.

Horn comes to  
 king Thurston  
 and tells his  
 story,

and asks the king  
 for help.

He promises that  
 Athulf shall  
 marry Thurston's  
 daughter.

[<sup>1</sup> knaue ?]

- Þe king fede so stille,  
 1000 "Horn haue nu þi wille."  
 He dude writes fende  
 Into yrlonde  
 After kniȝtes liȝte,<sup>1</sup>  
 1004 Irifle men to fiȝte.  
 To horn come inoȝe.  
 Þat to ſchupe droȝe.  
 Horn dude him in þe weie  
 1008 On a god Galeie.  
 Þe him gan to blowe  
 In a litel þroȝe.  
 Þe fe bigan to poſſe  
 1012 Riȝt in to Weſterneſſe.  
 Hi ſtrike feil *and* maſte  
*And* Ankere gunne caſte.  
 Or *eny* day was ſprunge  
 1016 Oþer belle irunge,  
 Þe word bigan to ſpringe  
 Of Rymenhilde weddinge.  
 Horn was in þe watere,  
 1020 Ne miȝte he come no latere.  
 He let his ſchup ſtonde,  
*And* ȝede to londe.  
 His folk he dude abide  
 1024 Under wude ſide.  
 Hor[n] him ȝede alone :  
 Alfo he ſprunge of ſtone.  
 A palmere he þar mette,  
 1028 *And* faire hine grette :  
 "Palmere þu ſchalt me telle  
 Al of þine ſpelle."  
 He fede upon his tale :  
 1032 "I come fram o brudale ;  
 Ihe was at o wedding  
 Of a Maide Rymenhild :

The king collects  
his knights to go  
with Horn.

[<sup>1</sup> wiȝte ?]

They sail to  
Westernesse,

and come to an-  
chor.

Horn leaves his  
men in ambush.

He goes alone.

He meets a  
palmer, who tells  
him he has been  
at Rymenhild's  
bridal,



and that she refused to be espoused, as she already had a husband.

They had refused admission to the palmer.

He telleth of the bride's sorrow.

Horn changeth dresses with the palmer,

and thus disguiseth himself and goes to the palace gate,

- Ne miȝte heo adriȝe,  
 1036 þat heo ne weop wiþ iȝe ;  
 Heo fede þat heo nolde  
 Ben iſpufed wiþ golde,  
 Heo hadde on huſebonde  
 1040 þe; he were ut of londe :  
*And in ſtrong halle,*  
*Biþinne caſtel walle,*  
 þer iwas atte ȝate,  
 1044 Nolde hi me in late.  
 | Modi<sup>1</sup> ihote hadde [<sup>1</sup> Mod ?]  
 To bure þat me hire ladde :  
 Awai igan glide,  
 1048 þat deol inolde abide.  
 þe bride wepeþ fore  
*And þat is muche deole."*  
 ¶ Quap horn, " So Criſt me rede  
 1052 | We ſchulle chaungi wede :  
 Haue her cloþes myne  
*And tak me þi ſclauyne.*  
 Today iſchal þer drinke  
 1056 þat ſome hit ſchulle of-þinke."  
 His ſclauyn he dude dun legge,  
*And tok hit on his rigge,*  
 He tok horn his cloþes,  
 1060 þat nere him noȝt loþe.  
 Horn tok burdon *and* ſcrippe,  
*And wrong his lippe.*  
 He makede him a ful chere,  
 1064 *And* al bicolmede his ſwere.  
 He makede him unbicomelich,  
 Hes he nas neuremore ilich,  
 ¶ He com to þe gateward  
 1068 þat him anſwerede hard :  
 Horn bad undo ſofte  
 Mani tyme *and* ofte ;

- Ne miȝte he awynne  
 1072 þat he come þerinne  
 Horn gan to þe ȝate turne  
*And þat wiket unspurne ;*  
 þe boye hit ſcholde abugge,  
 1076 Horn þreu him ouer þe brigge.  
 þat his ribbes him to-brake :  
*And ſupþe com in atte gate,*  
 He ſette him wel loȝe,  
 1080 In beggeres rowe ;  
 He lokede him abute  
 Wiȝ his colmie ſnute ;  
 He feȝ Rymenhild fitte  
 1084 Aſe heo were of witte  
 Sore wepinge *and ȝerne :*  
 Ne miȝte hure noman wurne.  
 He lokede in eche halke,  
 1088 Ne ſeȝ he nowhar walke  
 Aþulf his felawe,  
 þat he cuȝe knowe.  
 Aþulf was in þe ture  
 1092 Abute for to pure  
 After his eomyngē,  
 ȝeſ ſchup him wolde bringe.  
 He feȝ þe ſe flowe  
 1096 *And horn nowar rowe.*  
 He ſede upon his ſonge :  
 “ Horn nu þu ert wel longe  
 Rymenhild þu me toke  
 1100 þat iſcholde loke ;  
 Ihe habbe kept hure eure  
 Com nu oȝer neure |  
 I ne may no leng hure kepe,  
 1104 For foreȝe nu ywepe.”  
 ¶ Rymenhild Ros of benche  
 Wyn for to ſchenche :

but cannot gain  
admission.

[MS. p. 22.]

He throws the  
guard over the  
bridge.

He ranges him-  
self among the  
beggars.

He sees Rymen-  
hild weeping,

but cannot see  
Athulf.

Athulf was in the  
tower looking out  
for him.

Athulf's lament.

Rymenhild rises  
to pour out wine.

- After mete in fale,  
 1108 Boþe wyn *and* ale.  
 On horn he bar anhonde,  
 So laze was *in* londe,  
 Kniþtes *and* squier
- All drink thereof  
 but Horn.
- 1112 Alle dronken of þe ber.  
 Bute horn alone  
 Nadde þerof no mone.  
 Horn sat upon þe grunde,
- He sits on the  
 ground.
- 1116 In þuþte he was ibunde.  
 He fede "quen fo hende,  
 To meward þu wende,  
 þu ʒef us wiþ þe furfte
- He speaks to Ry-  
 menhild.
- 1120 þe beggeres beoþ of þurfte."  
 ¶ Hure horn heo leide adun,  
*And* fulde him of a brun,  
 His bolle of a galun,
- She gives him a  
 full jar, for she  
 thought him a  
 glutton.
- 1124 For heo wende he were a glotoun.  
 He feide, "haue þis cuppe,  
*And* þis þing þer uppe :  
 Ne saʒ ihc neure fo ihc wene
- 1128 Beggere þat were fo kene."  
 Horn tok hit his ifere,  
*And* fede, "quen fo dere  
 Wyn nelle ihc Mucche ne lite
- 1132 Bute of cuppe white.  
 þu wenest ibeo a beggere,  
*And* ihc am a fiffere,  
 Wel feor icome bi este
- Horn tells her he  
 is a fisherman,  
 and that
- 1136 For fiffen at þi fefte :  
 Mi net liþ her bi honde,  
 Bi a wel fair ffronde,  
 Hit haþ ileie þere  
 Fulle feue ʒere.  
 Ihc am icome to loke
- his nets are close  
 by ;
- 1142 Ef eni fiff hit toke.
- that they have  
 been there seven  
 years, and that  
 he has come to  
 see if any fish is  
 caught, and he  
 bids her drink to  
 Horn.

- Ihe am icome to fiffè :  
 Drink to me of diffè,  
 Drink to horn of horne |
- 1146 Feor ihe am iorne.”  
 Rymenhild him gan bihelde,  
 Hire heorte bigan to chelde,  
 Ne kneu heo noȝt his fiffing,  
 1150 Ne horn hymfelue noȝing :  
 Ac wunder hire gan þinke,  
 Whi he bad to horn drinke.  
 Heo fulde hire horn wiȝ wyn,
- 1154 *And* dronk to þe pilegrym ;  
 Heo fode, “drink þi fulle,  
*And* fuȝþe þu me telle,  
 If þu eure iſiȝe
- 1158 Horn under wude liȝe.”  
 Horn dronk of horn a ſtunde  
 And þreu þe ring to grunde.  
 Þe quen ȝede to bure
- 1162 Wiȝ hire maidenen foure.  
 Þo fond heo what heo wolde,  
 A ring igrauen of golde  
 Þat horn of hure hadde ;
- 1166 Sore hure dradde  
 Þat horn iſteue<sup>1</sup> were :  
 For þe Ring was þere.  
 Þo ſente heo a dameſele
- 1170 After þe palmere ;  
 “Palmere,” quaȝ heo, “trewē  
 Þe ring þat þu þrewe,  
 Þu ſeie whar þu hit nome,
- 1174 *And* whi þu hider come.”  
 He ſede, “bi ſeint gile,  
 Ihe habbe go mani Mile,  
 Wel feor bi ȝonde weſte
- 1178 To ſeche my beſte.

Rymenhild wonders at his speech, and drinks as he bade.

She asks him if he has seen Horn.

He throws down the ring which she had given him.

[<sup>1</sup> iſteue.] She is alarmed for Horn's fate.

She sends after the palmer, and asks where he got the ring.

He tells her he had been with Horn, but that he was dead, and had sent him with the ring to her.

[MS. p. 23.]

Rymenhild prays for death.

She falls on the bed and seizes a knife, which she had hidden to slay herself and king Modi with, and is about to kill herself, but Horn prevents her,

and avows himself.

He tells her of his armed band who lie in readiness.

- I fond horn child stonde  
 To sehupeward in londe.  
 He fede he wolde ageffe  
 1182 To arine in westernesse.  
 þe sehþ nam to þe flode  
 Wiþ me *and* horn þe gode,  
 Horn was sik *and* deide,  
 1186 *And* faire he me preide ;  
 ‘Go wiþ þe ringe  
 To Rymenhild þe þonge.’  
 Ofte he hit cufte  
 1190 God þeue his saule reftc.”  
 ¶ Rymenhild fede at þe furfte :  
 “ Herte nu þu berfte,  
 For horn naftu namore  
 1194 þat þe haþ pined þe fo fore.”  
 Heo feol on hire bedde,  
 þer heo knif hudde,  
 To fle wiþ king loþe  
 1198 *And* hure felue boþe,  
 In þat ulke niþte,  
 If horn come ne miþte.  
 To herte knif heo sette  
 1202 Ac horn anon hire kepte.  
 He wipede þat blake of his swere,  
*And* fede : “ Quen fo swete *and* dere  
 Ihc am horn þinoþe,  
 1206 Ne canftu me noþt knowe ?  
 Ihc am horn of westernesse,  
 In armes þu me cufte.”  
 Hi cufte hem mid ywiffe,  
 1210 *And* makeden Muche bliffc.  
 ¶ “ Rymenhild,” he fede, “ ywende  
 Adun to þe wudes ende :  
 þer beþ myne kniþtes.  
 1214 Redi to fiþte,

- Iarmed under cloþe  
 Hi ſchulle make wroþe  
 þe king *and* his geſte  
 1218 þat come to þe feſte :  
 Today iſchal hem teche  
*And* fore hem areche.”
- ¶ Horn ſprong ut of halle  
 1222 *And* let his ſclauin falle.  
 þe quen ȝede to bure  
*And* fond aþulf in ture :  
 “ Aþulf,” heo ſede, “ be bliþe,  
 1226 *And* to horn þu go wel ſwiþe :  
 He is under wude boȝe  
*And* wiþ him kniȝtes Inoȝe.”
- ¶ Aþulf bigan to ſpringe  
 1230 For þe tiþinge :  
 After horn he arnde anon,  
 Alfo þat hors miȝte gon :  
 He him ouertok ywis. — 3
- 1234 Hi makede ſuiþe Muchel blis.  
 Horn tok his preie  
*And* dude him in þe weie.  
 He com in wel ſone
- 1238 þe ȝates were undone.  
 Iarmed ful þikke  
 Fram fote to þe nekke.  
 Alle þat were þerin
- 1242 Biþute his twelf ferin  
*And* þe king Aylmare  
 He dude hem alle to kare,  
 þat at the feſte were.
- 1246 Here lif hi lete þere.  
 Horn ne dude no wunder  
 Of Fikenhildes false tunge.  
 Hi ſworen oþes holde,
- 1250 þat neure ne ſcholde

Horn goes out,  
 and the princess  
 goes to Athulf,

and tells him to  
 go to Horn under  
 the wood.

He goes.

Horn comes with  
 his armed men  
 and takes ven-  
 geance on all but  
 his old com-  
 panions and the  
 king.

They swear to  
 ſerve Horn.

- Horn neure bitraie,  
 þeꝛ he at diþe laie.  
 Hi Runge þe belle  
 1254 þe wedlak for to felle,<sup>1</sup> [1 fulfelle?]  
 Horn him ȝede with his  
 To þe kinges palais  
 þer was brid *and* ale fucte,  
 1258 For riche men þer ete.  
 Telle ne miȝte tunge  
 þat gle þat þer was funge.  
 ¶ Horn fat on chaere  
 1262 *And* bad hem alle ihere.  
 “King,” he fede, “þu luſte  
 A tale mid þe beſte.  
 I ne ſeie hit for no blame :  
 1266 Horn is mi name  
 þu me to kniȝt houe  
*And* kniȝthod haue *proued* :  
 To þe king men ſeide,  
 1270 þat iþe bitraide,  
 þu makedeſt me fleme,  
*And* þi lond to reme,  
 þu wendeſt þat iwroȝte,  
 1274 þat y neure ne þoȝte,  
 Bi Rymenhild for to ligge ;  
*And* þat i wiþ-ſegge,  
 Ne ſchal ihe hit biginne,  
 1278 Til i fuddene winne.  
 þu kep hure a ſtunde,  
 þe while þat ifunde  
 In to min heritage,  
 1282 *And* to mi baronage.  
 þat lond iſchal ofreche,  
*And* do mi fader wreche.  
 I ſchal beo king of tune,  
 1286 *And* bere kinges crune,

The wedding of  
 Horn and Rymen-  
 hild is very  
 joyous.

Horn speaks to  
 king Aylmer,

and tells his  
 story ;

how he had been  
 banished by false  
 accusations.

He begs the king  
 to keep Rymen-  
 hild earefully till  
 he wins his own  
 kingdom of Sud-  
 dene,

and then he will  
 take Rymenhild  
 for his wife.



þanne sehal Rymenhilde,  
Ligge bi þe kinge."

- ¶ Horn gan to sehupe draze,  
1290 Wiþ his yriðfe selaþes,  
Aþulf wiþ him his brother,  
Nolde he non oþer,  
þat sehup bigan to crude,  
1294 þe wind him bleu lude,  
Biþinne daies fue  
þat sehup gan ariue.  
Abute middelnihte  
1298 Horn him zede wel rihte.  
He tok aþulf bi honde  
And up he zede to londe.  
Hi fonde under schelde  
1302 A knihte hende in felde.  
þe knihte him aslepe lay  
Al bifide þe way.  
Horn him gan to take  
1306 And fede: "knihte, awake.  
Seie what þu kepest?  
And whi þu her slepest?  
Me þinkþ biþine crois lihte,  
1310 þat þu longest to ure drihte.  
Bute þu wule me sehewe,  
Isehal þe to-hewe."  
þe gode knihte up aros,  
1314 Of þe wordes him gros:  
He sede: "ihe haue aþenes my wille  
Payns ful ylle,  
Ihe was *eristene* a while:  
1318 þo ieom to þis ille  
Sarazins blake  
þat dude me forfakē:  
On *Crift* ihe wolde bileue  
1322 On him hi makede me reue,

Horn goes away  
with his Irish  
men.

He arrives in five  
days at Suddene.

They land at  
midnight.

Horn finds a  
knight asleep,

and wakes him.

Asketh him whe-  
ther he is a  
Christian.

The knight says  
he is a Christian  
enslaved by the  
pagans,

[MS. p. 24.]

who had slain the  
king of the land  
and many hun-  
dreds more.

He is surprised  
that Horn has  
never come to re-  
cover his rights.

He hopes to see  
Horn and Athulf  
return.

Horn tells him  
they are come.

He is overjoyed.

- To kepe þis passage  
Fram horn þat is of age :  
þat wunieþ bieſte,  
1326 Kniȝt wiþ þe beſte ;  
Hi floȝe wiþ here honde,  
þe king of þis londe,  
And wiþ him fele hundred,  
1330 And þerof is wunder  
þat he ne comeþ to fiȝte :  
God fende him þe riȝte,  
And wind him hider driue,  
1334 To bringe hem of liue :  
Hi sloȝen kyng Murry,  
Hornes fader king hendy,  
Horn hi ut of londe fente ;  
1338 Tuelf ſelaȝes wiþ him wente,  
Among hem aþulf þe gode,  
Min oȝene child my leue fode :  
Ef horn child is hol and fund,  
1342 And Aþulf biþute wund,  
He luueþ him ſo dere,  
And is him ſo ſtere,  
Miȝte iſeon hem tueie,  
1346 For ioie iſcholde deie.”  
¶ “ Kniȝt beo þanne bliþe,  
Meſt of alle siþe,  
Horn and Aþulf his fere  
1350 Boþe hi ben here : ”  
To horn he gan gon  
And grette him anon.  
Muche ioie hi makede þere  
1354 þe while hi togadere were.  
“ Childre,” he ſede, “ hu habbe ȝe fare ?  
þat ihe ȝou ſeȝ hit is ful ȝare.  
Wulle ȝe þis londe winne  
1358 And fle þat þeris inne ? ”

- He fede : "leue horn child  
 ȝut lyueȝ þi moder Godhild :  
 Of ioie heo miſte  
 1362 If heo þe aliuē wifte."  
 ¶ Horn fede on his rime :  
 "Ibleſſed beo þe time  
 I com to Suddenne  
 1366 Wiȝ mine iriſſe menne :  
 We ſchulle þe hundes teche  
 To ſpeken ure ſpeche.  
 Alle we hem ſchulle ſle,  
 1370 *And* al quic hem fle."  
 Horn gan his horn to blowe,  
 His folk hit gan iknowe,  
 Hi comen ut of ſtere,  
 1374 Fram hornes banere ;  
 Hi floȝen *and* fuȝten,  
 Þe niȝt *and* þe uȝten,  
 þe Sarazins cunde  
 1378 Ne leſde þer non in þende.  
 Horn let wurche  
 Chapeles *and* chirche.  
 He let belles ringe  
 1382 *And* Maſſes let ſinge.  
 He com to his Moder halle  
 In a roche walle.  
 Corn he let ferie  
 1386 *And* makede feſte merie.  
 Murie liſ he wroȝte.  
 Rymenhild hit dere boȝte.  
 ¶ Fikenhild was prut on herte,  
 1390 *And* þat him dude ſmerte,  
 ȝonge he ȝaf *and* elde  
 Mid him for to helde,  
 Ston he dude lede,  
 1394 þer he hopede ſpede,

He tells Horn of his mother, who is alive.

Horn rejoices that he has come.

He will slay the pagans.

He summons his men,

and conquers the Saracens.

The joy of the victory.

He finds his mother in a cave.

He maketh a feast.

Meanwhile Fikenhild plots to get possession of Rymenhild.

He builds a  
strong castle,

Strong castel he let sette  
Mid see him biflette.

þer ne miȝte liȝte

which can only  
be reached at low  
tide.

1398 Bute foȝel wiȝ liȝte.  
Bute whanne þe se wiȝ droȝe  
Miȝte come men ynoȝe.  
Fikenhild gan wende

1402 Rymenhild to schende.  
To woȝe he gan hure ȝerne,  
þe kyng ne dorste him werne.  
Rymenhild was ful of mode :

Rymenhild's sor-  
row.

1406 He wep teres of blode.  
þæt niȝt horn gan fwete  
And heuie for to mete  
Of Rymenhild his make

Horn dreams of  
Rymenhild in  
danger of drown-  
ing.

1410 Into schupe was itake :  
þe schup bigan to blenche  
His lemman scholde adrenche.  
Rymenhild wiȝ hire honde

1414 Wolde up to londe.  
Fikenhild aȝen hire pelte  
Wiȝ his fwerdes hilde.

He determines to  
depart.

¶ Horn him wok of slape

1418 So a man þæt hadde rape.  
“Aþulf,” he fede, “felaȝe  
To schupe we mote draȝe  
Fikenhild me haȝ idon under,

1422 And Rymenhild to do wunder ;  
Crist, for his wundes fiue,  
To niȝt me þuder driue.”  
Horn gan to schupe Ride,

He takes ship,  
and with him his  
companions.

1426 His feren him bifide.  
Fikenhild or þe dai gan springe,  
Al riȝt he ferde to þe kinge,  
After Rymenhild þe briȝte,  
1430 To wedden hire biniȝte.

- He ladde hure bi þe derke  
 Into his nywe werke,  
 þe feste hi bigunne  
 1434 Er þat ros þe sunne.  
 Er þane horn hit wifte,  
 To-fore þe sunne upriste,  
 His schup stod under ture  
 1438 At Rymenhilde bure.  
 Rymenhild litel weneþ heo  
 þat Horn þanne aliue beo.  
 þe castel þei ne knewe,  
 1442 For he was so nywe.  
 Horn fond sittinde Arnoldin,  
 þat was Aþulfes cofin ;  
 þat þer was in þat tide,  
 1446 Horn for tabide.  
 "Horn kniȝt," he fede, "kinges sone,  
 Wel beo þu to londe icome.  
 Today haþ ywedde Fikenhild  
 1450 þi swete lemman Rymenhild.  
 Ne schal i þe lic,  
 He haþ giled þe twie.  
 þis tur he let make  
 1454 Al for þine sake.  
 Ne mai þer come inne  
 Noman wiþ none ginne.  
 Horn nu crist þe wisse  
 1458 Of Rymenhild þat þu ne misse."  
 ¶ Horn cuþe al þe liste  
 þat eni man of wifte.  
 Harpe he gan schewe  
 1462 And tok felazes fewe,  
 Of kniȝtes suiþe snelle  
 þat schrudde hem at wille.  
 Hi ȝeden bi þe grauel  
 1466 Toward þe castel,

[MS. p. 25.]

Fykenhild takes  
Rymenhild to his  
new castle.

Horn's ship  
comes to Rymen-  
hild's bower,

but they know  
nothing of the  
new building.

Arnoldin,  
Athulf's cousin,  
tells Horn how  
matters stand.

Horn disguises  
himself and a few  
of his friends as  
harpers,

and they go to the  
castle and sing.

Rymenhild will  
have them let in.

They overthrow  
Fikenhild and his  
men.

Arnoldin is ap-  
pointed king after  
Aylmer.

Horn takes his  
wife away with  
him, and also  
Athelbrus, the  
steward.

- Hi *gunne muric* finge  
And *makede here gleowinge*  
¶ Rymenhild hit gan *ihere*  
1470 *And axede what hi were :*  
Hi *fede*, hi *weren harpurs*,  
*And fume were gigours.*  
He *dude horn iæn late*  
1474 Riȝt at *halle gate*,  
He *fette him on þe benche*  
His *harpe for to clenche.*  
He *makede Rymenhilde lay*  
1478 *And heo makede walaway.*  
Rymenhild *feol yfwoȝe*,  
Ne was *þer non þat louȝe.*  
Hit *smot to hornes herte*  
1482 So *bitere þat hit smerte.*  
He *lokede on þe ringe*  
*And þoȝte on Rymenhilde.*  
He *ȝede up to borde*  
1486 Wiȝ *gode fuerdes orde.*  
Fikenhildes *erune*  
*þer ifulde adune,*  
*And al his men arowe*  
1490 Hi *dude adun þrowe.*  
Whanne hi *weren aſlaȝe*,  
Fikenhild hi *dude to-draȝe.*  
Horn *makede Arnoldin þare*  
1494 *King, after king Aylmar,*  
*Of al weſterneſſe*  
*For his meokneſſe.*  
*þe king and his homage*  
1498 *ȝeuen Arnoldin trewage.*  
¶ Horn *tok Rymenhild bi þe honde*  
*And ladde hure to þe ſronde.*  
*And ladde wiȝ him Aþelbrus,*  
1502 *þe gode ſtuard of his hus.*

- þe se *bigan* to flowe  
*And* horn gan to Rowe.  
 Hi *gunne* for ariue
- 1506 *þer* king modi was fire.  
 Aþelbrus he makede *þer* king  
 For his gode teching :  
 He ʒaf alle þe kniʒtes ore
- 1510 For horn kniʒtes lore.  
 Horn gan for to ride  
 þe wind him bleu wel wide.  
 He ariuede in yrlonde
- 1514 *þer* he wo fondede,  
*þer* he dude Aþulf child  
 Wedden maide Reynild.  
 Horn com to suddenne
- 1518 Among al his kenne.  
 Rymenhild he makede his quene  
 So hit miʒte wel beon.  
 Al folk hem miʒte rewe
- 1522 þat loueden hem so trewe.  
 Nu ben hi boþe dede,  
 Crist to heuene hem lede.  
 Her endeþ þe tale of horn,
- 1526 þat fair was *and* noʒt unorn,  
 Make we us glade Eure among,  
 For þus him endeþ hornes song  
 Jesus þat is of heuene king
- 1530 ʒeue us alle his fucte blessing.

Athelbrus is  
 made king in  
 place of Modi.

Horn comes to  
 Ireland, and mar-  
 ries Athulf to  
 Reynild.

Thence he goes  
 to Suddene with  
 his queen.

Thus ends the  
 tale of Horn.

Amen.



¶ ASSUMPCIOUN DE NOTRE DAME.

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[MS. p. 26.]

My tale is of Saint  
Mary and of her  
assumption.

The king of  
Heaven bless  
those who  
hearken.

When Christ was  
crucified he call-  
ed to him Saint  
John, his kins-  
man, and his mo-  
ther, and said to  
them,

“My people, who  
ought to love me,  
have put me to  
this shame, but I  
pray my Father  
to forgive them.”

- M**erie tale telle ihe þis day  
Of seinte Maryc þat swete may.  
Al is þe tale [and] þis lefcoun  
4 Of hire swete assompeiou, n  
Hu heo was from erþe ynome  
In to blisse wiþ hire sone.  
þe kyng of heuene hem bleffi  
8 þat þis listneþ *and* wel herkni.  
Alle moten hi ibleffed beo  
þat understonde wel þis gleo.  
¶ Whan Ihesu *crift* was don on rode  
12 *And* þolede deþ for ure gode,  
He clepede to hym feint Johan,  
þat was his oþe qenes man,  
*And* his oþene moder also  
16 Ne clepede he hym feren no mo.  
And sede, “wif, lo her þi child  
þat on þe rode is isþild:  
Nu ihe am honged on þis tre  
20 Wel fore ihe wot hit reweþ þe.  
Mine fet *and* honden of blod [buþ red]  
Biþute gult ih[c] þolie þis ded.  
Mine men þat aþte me to loue,  
24 For whan<sup>1</sup> ihe *com* fram heuene abuue [<sup>1</sup> wham.]  
Me haueþ idon þis ilke schame.  
Ihe naue no gult hi buþ to blame.  
To mi fader ihe bidde mi bone,  
28 þat he forþiue hit hem wel sone.”

- ¶ Marie stod *and* fore weop  
 þe *teres* feolle to hire fet.  
 No wunder nas þeþ heo wepe fore,  
 32 Of foreþe ne miþte heo wite nomore,  
 Whenne he þat of hire nam blod *and* fleif,  
 Also his fucte wille was,  
 Heng Inayled on þe treo.
- 36 "Alas, my fone," feide heo,  
 "Hu may ihe liue, hu may þis beo?  
 Hu mai ihe al þis foreþe ifeo?  
 Ne cuþe ihe neure of foreþe noþt.
- 40 Mi leue fone, wat haftu þoþt?  
 Hou ſchal ihe lyue biþute þe?  
 Leue fone, what feiftu me?"
- ¶ þo ſpæc Iheſu wordes gode  
 44 þer he heng upon þe rode.  
*And* fede to his moder dere,  
 "Ihe ſchal þe teche a trewe ifere  
 þat trewliche ſchal loky þe  
 48 þe while þat þu in erthe be."
- ¶ þo feide ure lord to ſeint Johan,  
 "For my loue qep me þis wymman.  
 þem hire wel wiþ al þi miþte  
 52 þat noman do hure non unriþte."  
 Into þe temple mid hire he nam,  
*And* alfo fone fo he þar cam  
 Among þe lefdis in þe ſtede
- 56 God to *ſervi* he hire dude.  
 þer bilefte heo al hure lif  
 Ne louede he noþer fiþt ne ſtrif.  
 þeo þat in þe temple were
- 60 Ne miþte noþt hire forbere.  
 Wiþ al hure miþte þe while heo was þore  
 Heo *ſeruede* boþe laſſe *and* more,  
 Poure *and* fike he dude god
- 64 *And* ſeruede hem to hond *and* fot.

Mary stood in  
 tears, for she  
 could know no  
 greater sorrow.

"Alas!" said she,  
 "how shall I bear  
 this sorrow, and  
 live without  
 thee?"

Then spake Je-  
 sus,

"I shall provide  
 thee a companion  
 to attend to  
 thee."

Then he spake to  
 Saint John, that  
 he should take  
 Saint Mary and  
 protect her.

Saint John put  
 her among the  
 women of the  
 temple, where  
 she abode all the  
 rest of her life,  
 doing good  
 works,

tending on the  
 poor and sick.

- Poure *and* hungrie wel faire he fedde,  
*And* fike heo broȝte in here bedde.  
 Nas *þer* non so hol ne fer  
 68 *þat* to hire nadde mester.  
 Hi louede hure alle wiȝ here miȝte,  
 For heo feruede hem wel riȝte.  
 He wakede more *þane* flep  
 72 Hire sone to *serui* was al hire kep.  
 To him heo clupede wiȝ Murie steuene,  
*And* hire he sente an aungel fram heuene,  
 To gladie hire himself he cam,  
 76 Crist *þat* fleff of hire nam.  
 ¶ Scint Jon hire kepte *and* was hire dere,  
 He was hire eure a trewe fere,  
 Nolde he neure fram hire gon,  
 80 Al *þat* heo wolde he dude anon.  
*þe* whiles hi were in *þat* stede  
 Al *þat* heo wolde he hit dede.  
 Whane heo hadde beo *þer* longe,  
 84 Ten wyntere hem amonge,  
 Hire sone wolde heo come hym to  
 Whane he hit wolde hit was ido.  
 ¶ He sente hire on Aungel of heuene,  
 88 *And* grette hire wiȝ murie steuene,  
 In *þe* temple he bad hire bede  
*þer* liȝte *þe* aungel in *þat* stede,  
*And* fede, “ lefdi ful of grace  
 92 Wel *þe* beo in eche place.  
 Ne beo noȝt ofdrad *þeȝ* ihe beo her,  
 Ihe am *þi* sones Messager,  
 Fram hym to *þe* ihe am icome,  
 96 *þe* grette wel *þi* dere sone,  
 Flur of erþe, of heuene quen,  
 Ibleffed mote *þu* eure ben ;  
 Wel beo *þe* time *þat* *þu* were ibore,  
 100 For al *þis* worlde were forlore,

Her life was passed in the service of the Lord, and he caused an angel to come to her from heaven, and came also himself.

Saint John cared for her, attending on her every wish.

[MS. p. 27.]

After she had been there ten winters her son would take her to himself, and he sent an angel to her as she prayed in the temple, who said, “Lady, fear not,

I am thy son’s messenger ;

blessed art thou of women, for through thy son the world is saved.

- Ef þu nere *and* þat frut of þe,  
 Marie lefdi, wel þe be.  
 Lefdi, best of alle þinge,  
 104 Wel bliþe bode ihe þe bringe,  
 Nym þis palm wiþ þi riþt honde,  
 Hit is þi dere fones fonde.  
 þe þinkeþ long hym to fe,  
 108 Ne schaltu her no lenger beo,  
 He wile fenden *after* þe  
 Fram heuene adun of his meigne,  
*And* fecche þe in to his blisse,  
 112 þat eue schal leste wiþute misse.  
 þer he is kyng þu schalt beo quen,  
 Al heuene for þe schal bliþe beon.”  
 ¶ þanne anfuaredi ure lefdi  
 116 To þe aungel þat stod hire by :  
 “ Artu mi fones Messager  
 þat bringest me þis greting her ?  
 Haþ he set me any day  
 120 Aþenes þat ihe me greþi may,  
*And* nyme lyue of mine kenefmen,  
*And* myne frend þat wiþ me beon,  
*And* of him þat haþ me cloped *and* fed,  
 124 *And* don also my fone hym bed ?”  
 ¶ þo fede þe aungel “ ihe telle þe  
 þu ne schalt beo her bute daþes þre.  
 þe þridde day we schulle come,  
 128 Aungles fram heuene aboue,  
 And fette þe wiþ murye song,  
 For *after* þe us þinke[þ] long.”  
 ¶ þanne anfuarede ure lefdy :  
 132 “ What is þi name, belamy ?”  
 He fede, “ my name ne telle ihe þe noþt,  
 Bute nym þis palm þat ihe hadde þe broþt,  
*And* kep hit wel ihe bidde þe,  
 136 Ne let hit neure fram þe be ;

Take this palm ;  
thy son has sent  
it.

Thou shalt be no  
longer here.

He will take thee  
to his bliss eter-  
nal.”

Then answered  
our lady,

“ Hath my son  
sent thee ? Hath  
he appointed  
when I must  
leave my kinsmen  
and friends ?”

The angel said,  
“ Thou shalt be  
here but three  
days.

Then shall we  
come and trans-  
port thee with  
songs.”

Our lady, en-  
quiring the mes-  
senger's name, is  
refused the infor-  
mation ; but he  
gives her the  
palm and takes  
his leave.

and goes to the apostles to bid them be present on the third day.

Saint Mary, when the angel had gone up into heaven, retired to her chamber,

and washed her,

and put on new clothes fair and beautiful.

Then she prayed to Christ, thanking him for his remembrance of her.

Also she prays that pain, shame, [MS. p. 28.] and Satan may have no power to alarm her.

That Satan's wiles betray her not.

Also prays she for mankind, that they may have the wish and time to repent.

I ne dar no leng dwelle her,  
For ihe was fent af Messager.

To þe apostles ihe sehal gon,

140 *And* bidde hem alle curech on,  
þat hi beon her þe þridde day,  
No leng abiden Ine may."

¶ þo he hadde ydon, to heuene he stez,

144 Marie abod *and* was wel slez,  
*And* nam þat palm þat hire was brozt,  
*And* of þat bode heo hadde gret þozt;  
Into hire Chaumbre stille he nam,

148 *And* so fone fo heo þar eam,  
He dude of al hire baterc,  
*And* wessch hire body wyþ clenc watere.  
þo heo hauede fo idon,

152 Al y-nywe schrud heo dude hire on.  
þo heo was schurd *and* faire iclad  
To Ihesu crist aboue heo bad,  
*And* sede, "sone ihe þonky þe,

156 þat þu hauest iþozt of me.  
Sone, þu ert of heuene kyng,  
Ihe bidde þe þi blessing.  
Sone, for þin holy name,

160 Schild me fram þine *and* fram schame  
þat þe deuel ne habbe no myzt  
To derie me, hit were unriht.  
Sone, help me nu ihe haue ned,

164 þat me haue of þe feond no dred.  
For wiþ þe giles þat he can  
He bitraieþ many man.  
Leue fone, ne zes him nozt

168 þat þu hauest so dere iþozt.  
Sune, þu art ful of pite,  
For senful manne bid ihe þe,  
þat þu, for þin holy grace,

172 zes hem boþe wille *and* space

- Hem to amendy er hy beo ded,  
 þat þe deuēl hem do no qued.  
 þenk, sone, þat þu haſt hem wroȝt  
 176 *And þat þu haucſt hem dere iboȝt :*  
 For hem þu þoledeſt pine *and* wo,  
 Wite hem wel fram here fo.”
- ¶ Þo heo hadde biſoȝt fo,  
 180 Hire frend he clupede hire to,  
 Boþe ſibbe *and* fremde Men.  
 Wiþ reuful ſpeche heo ſpak wiþ hem,  
 And ſede, “leue frend, my sone  
 184 Nele no leng þat ihe her wone :  
 He wile ihe wende *and* mid him be,  
 And bidde ihe ȝou, *par* charite,  
 ȝef ihe habbe eny þing mis-wroȝt,  
 188 Telleȝ hit me, ne heleþ hit noȝt.  
 Ihe wulle amende *and* þat is riȝt,  
 þat my faule ne beo idriȝt ;  
 þat god ȝe habbeþ me ydon,  
 192 Mi sone þat was in rode ydon  
 Man to bigge fram þe ded,  
 ȝelde hit ȝou at ower ned,  
*And* bringe ȝou into þat blis  
 196 þat eure ileſt þar my sone is.”
- ¶ Alle þat ſtoden hire by  
 Of þat tiþinge were ſory.  
*And* ſede, “Leſdi hu mai hit be ?  
 200 Hu ſchulle we liue wiþouten þe ?  
 Leſdi dere, what haſtu þoȝt ?  
 Reu of us, ne wend þu noȝt.  
 In ſoreȝe *and* in Muche wo  
 204 Schulle we lyue beo þu us fro.”
- ¶ Þanne ſpak ure leſdy  
 To hem þat were hire by :  
 “Leteȝ beon, ower wepinge ne helpeþ noȝt,  
 208 Habbeþ ioye in ower þoȝt,

After this she  
 summoneth her  
 kindred and  
 friends,

and begs them to  
 tell her if she  
 have misdōne,  
 that she may re-  
 pair her fault.

She prayeth that  
 Christ may help  
 them at their  
 need, for their  
 kindness to her.

They are all sor-  
 rowful.

Then our Lady  
 says,

“Weep not, but  
 rejoice.

Watch with me  
while I remain  
here, and fear  
not, for my son  
will not let me  
suffer pain.

The apostles shall  
come to me to be  
with me."

While she spake  
John came in, and  
thinking her to  
be in sorrow, asks  
her to tell him, for  
his service and  
his love, what is  
the grief she  
bath.

- þe while ihe am her wakeþ wiþ me ;  
Hit doþ me god þat ihe þou fe,  
Nabbeþ no drede ac witeþ hit wel,  
212 Of pine ne fehale ihe þole no del ;  
Ne fehale no fore; come me to,  
For my sone hit wule so.  
Mi body ne fehale no pine þole,  
216 For he was þer-of ibore.  
He þolede pine himself for me,  
þo he deide upon þe tre.  
He þat is almiȝtful kyng  
220 Schal me fende of his geng  
Johan *and* þe apofles whci hy be  
Alle hi sehulle come to me."  
þe while he spake þus to þis men  
224 Of al þat þing nuſte noȝt Jon.  
He com to ſpeke wiþ ure lefdi,  
*And* hym þuſte heo was fori.  
And ſede, "lefdy, what is þe ?  
228 For my *ſeruiſe* tel hit me  
Lefdi, what is þe iſed ?  
Me were leffre to beo ded  
þane iſeo þe make ſuch chere.  
232 What is þe ? my lefdi dere,  
Ne fehale ihe neure habbe bliſ  
Fort þat ihe wite what þe is."  
Ure lefdi wep *and* Johan alſo  
236 Trewe loue was bituex hem tuo.  
"Lefdi," he ſede, "what is þe ?  
For my loue tel hit me."  
Marie anſuerde wiþ Milde ſteuene :  
240 "A ſonde Me cam while er fram heuene.

[The MS. ends here.]



## FLORIZ AND BLAUNCHEFLUR.

THIS fragment begins with the departure of Floriz in search of his beloved. Floriz was son of a king of Spain, and from that country Blauncheflur having been carried off, had been sold to an Admiral of Babylon. Floriz determines to go in search of her; and it is with his mother's farewell of him that the part of the poem here preserved opens:—

- Heo tok forþ a wel fair þing  
Of hire finger a riche Ryng.  
“Mi fone,” heo fede, “haue þis ring,  
4 Whil he is þin ne dute noþing  
þat fur þe brenne, ne adrenche fe,  
Ne ire ne steil ne mai þe fle,  
And to þi wil þu schalt habbe grace  
8 Late *and* rathe in eche place.”
- F**loris nimeþ nu his leue,  
No longer nolde he bileue :  
He cufte hem wiþ softe muþe,  
12 Al wepinge hi departeþ nuþe,  
Ne makede his Moder non oþer chere  
Bute also he were ileid on bere.  
For him ne wende hi *nevere* mo  
16 Eft to sen ne dude hi no.  
Forþ he wende wiþ al his mein  
And wiþ him his fader chaumberlein :

[MS. p. 1.]

She took a rich ring from her finger and gave it to him as a charm against both fire and water, iron and steel, and a security of favour everywhere.

Floriz departs after a loving farewell, his mother grieving as for his death: since they never thought to see him again.

He takes a retinue and his father's chamberlain.

They lodge at the same inn where Blancheflur had lodged, and tho rest are well entertained, and make merry, for Floriz spared no cost;

but Floriz himself neither ate nor drank, but thought of Blancheflur.

His dejection is noticed by the lady of the inn, and she speaketh to her husband that he should notice it.

Then she herself enquires the cause of his sorrow, and tells him that Blancheflur sat in the same way sad and mourning. Hereupon he gets the account of Blancheflur from beginning to end.

- Fort to þe haucne hi beoþ icume,  
 20 And þer habbeþ here in inome.  
 At þe teluc huse hi buþ aliȝt  
 Þat blauncheflur was þat oþer niȝt.  
 Riche soper þer was idiȝt  
 24 And murie hi uerden þer aniȝt :  
 Floriz ne let for ne feo  
 To finden al þat neod beo,  
 Of flef of fiff of tendre bred  
 28 Of whit win *and* eke red.  
 Glad *and* bliþe hi weren alle  
 Þat weren wiþ hem in þe halle,  
 And pleide *and* gamenede ehc wiþ oþer ;  
 32 Ac floriz þencheþ al on oþer,  
 For he net ne dronk riȝt noȝt,  
 On blauncheflur was al his þoȝt.  
 Þe lefdi of þer inne underȝat  
 36 Þat he murninge fat :  
 To hire louerd heo fede wiþ stille dreme,  
 “ Sire, nimeflu no ȝeme  
 Hu þis child murninge fit ?  
 40 Mete ne drinke he nabit,  
 He net mete ne he ne drinkeþ,  
 Nis he no marchaut ase me þinkeþ.”  
 “ Floriz,” heo fede, “ what mai þe beo,  
 44 Þus murninge as ich þe feo ?  
 Þus herinne þis oþer day  
 Sat blauncheflur, þat faire may ;”  
 Ord *and* ende he haþ him told,  
 48 Hu blauncheflur was þarinne ifold.  
 “ þu art hire ilich of alle þinge,  
 Boþe of femblaunt *and* of murninge,  
 Of fairnesse *and* of muchelhede,  
 52 Bute þu ert a man *and* heo a maide.”  
 Þo floriz iherde his lemman nempne,  
 So blifful him þuȝte þilke steuene,

- He let fulle a cupe of win,  
 56 "Dame," he fede, "þis hail is þin,  
 þat win *and* þat gold eke,  
 For þu of mi lemman speke :  
 For hire iþoʒte, for hire iſiʒte,  
 60 For inot wher hire feche miʒte :  
 Hire to feche ihc wille i-wende  
 þeʒ heo beo at þe wordles ende."  
 Floriz geʒ to his reſt,  
 64 On blauncheſſur he þoʒte meſt,  
 Ac reſt ne miʒte he nabbe none,  
 Fort þe dide ſlep him nome.  
 Amoreʒe, fo ſone ſo hit was day,  
 68 He tok his leue *and* wente his way,  
 And dude him into þe ſalte flod :  
 He hadde wind *and* weder ful god,  
 þe Mariner he ʒaf largeliche  
 72 þat broʒte him ouer bluþeliche  
 þer hi wolden hem ſelf alonde,  
 For hi funden hem fo hende,  
 To þe lond þer his lemman is  
 76 Him þuʒte he was in parais.  
 Anon me him tiþinge tolde  
 þat þe admiral wolde feſte h[olde],  
 Erles baruns þer come ſch[olde]  
 80 And þat wolden of him h[olde].  
 Bliþe was floriz of þe tiþinge,  
 He hopede come to þat gefninge,  
 Wel he hopede among hem alle  
 84 His lemman ſen in þe halle.  
 To a riche Cite hi buþ icume,  
 Uaire hi habbeþ here in inome  
 At one paleis fuþe riche,  
 88 þe lord of þer inne nas non his liche,  
 Him feol gold inoʒ to honde  
 Boþe in water *and* in londe :

Then Floris got a cup of wine, and gave cup and wine both to the dame for telling him of his love.

Then goes Floris to rest, but cannot sleep for thought of Blanchefur.

At daybreak in the morning he sets out on his voyage, and with fair wind and weather, and a well-fed crew, he soon reaches the land where his love is, which seemed Paradise to him.

He hears that the Admiral intends to hold a feast, to which his earls, barons, and other subjects were to come.

[MS. p. 2.]

Floris was delighted with the news, hoping to get to the entertainment, and see his love.

He went to a rich city, and took up his abode at the inn of a prosperous burgess,

who entertains  
him kindly;

but Floris neither  
eats nor drinks,  
which, when the  
host observes, he  
tells him of  
Blancheflur hav-  
ing been there  
before, who be-  
haved in a like  
way.

At this hearing,  
overjoyed, he  
caused to be  
brought a cup of  
silver and a robe  
of miniver, which  
he offers to his  
host for his news  
of Blancheflur.

Thereupon he  
tells him that she  
was brought to  
Babylon by the  
admiral who had  
bought her.

He then goes to  
rest,

but cannot sleep.

In the morning  
he takes leave,  
giving a hundred  
shillings for his  
entertainment,

- He hadde ilad his life ful wide.  
92 þis child he sette next his side.  
Glad *and* bliþe hi weren alle,  
So fele so were in þe halle,  
Ac floriz net ne dronk noȝt,  
96 Of blauncheflur was al his þoȝt.  
þe lord of þer inne underȝat  
þat þis child murninge sat :  
“Floriz,” he fede, “what mai þe beo  
100 þus murninge þat ihe þe seo ?  
þus herinne þis oþer day  
Sat blauncheflur þat faire may :  
In halle ne in bur ne at bord  
104 Of hire ne herde we neure a word,  
Bute of floriz was hire mone,  
*Heo* nadde in herte ioie none.”  
*Whanne* herde he nempnen his lemman,  
108 *Bliþe* he was iwis for þan.  
*He* lat bringe a cupe of feluer,  
*And eke* a pane of meniuier :  
*þanne* he fede, “haue þis to þin honur  
112 So þu speke of blauncheflur  
þu miȝtest make min heorte ful glad,  
þu telle me wuder heo were ilad.”  
*þanne* fede þe burgeis  
116 *þat was* wel hende *and* curtais,  
“*To Babilloigne* he was ibroȝt,  
þe admiral hire haȝ iboȝt.”  
*Floriz* goȝ to his rest,  
120 *On Blauncheflur* he þoȝte mest,  
Ac reste ne miȝte he habbe none  
Fort þe dide slep him nome.  
Amoreȝe, so sone so hit was day,  
124 He nem his liue *and* wende his way,  
And for his niȝtes gestinge  
He ȝaf his ofte an hundred schillinge.

- And þerne he haþ his ofte biþoꝛt  
 128 Þat he him helpe wiþ al his þoꝛt,  
 In Babilloine oþer wher abeo  
 Þat he miȝte hire ifeo ;  
 Hu he miȝte mid fume ginne  
 132 His lemman blauncheflur awinne.  
 Þanne fede þe burgeis  
 Þat was hende *and* curtais ;  
 “ At babilloine ate frume  
 136 To one brigge þu ſchalt cume,  
 Whane þu comeſt to þe ȝate  
 Þe porter þu ſchalt find þarate,  
 Wel hende man *and* fair he is  
 140 He is icluped ſire daris ;  
 Mi ſelaȝe he is þureȝ truþe ipliȝt,  
 And he kan rede þe ariȝt ;  
 Hauē *and* ber him þis ring  
 144 On mine halue to tokning  
 Þat he þe helpe in alle halue  
 Afe he wolde me ſelue.”  
 Floriz herof was wel bliþe  
 148 And þonkede his ofte wel ſuiþe ;  
 Feire of him he nimeþ leue  
 No lengur nolde he bileue.  
 Biþat hit was middai hiȝ  
 152 Floriz was þe brigge niȝ.  
 Þe he com to þe gate  
 Þe porter he fond anon þerate,  
 Sittinde one a marbel ſton  
 156 Suþe fair *and* hende mon.  
 And ſo him fede child floriz,  
 “ Reſt þe murie, ſire daris.”  
 And tok him to tokne þis ring  
 160 And þerfore he hauede wel fair geſtning.  
 Glade *and* bliþe hi weren alle  
 So ſele ſo weren in þe halle ;

and entreating  
 his host to help  
 him to some con-  
 trivance by which  
 he may get a sight  
 of Blancheflur.

The burgess tells  
 him that at the  
 entrance to Baby-  
 lon the porter of  
 the bridge lives,  
 Daris, his true  
 fellow, who can  
 give him advice.

He also gives him  
 a ring to bear as  
 a token to the  
 porter.

Floriz is glad of  
 this aid, and by  
 midday is come  
 to the bridge.

He finds Daris,  
 and, after greet-  
 ing him and pre-  
 senting the ring,  
 is very nobly en-  
 tertained.

Every one is  
merry except  
Floris.

Daris, observing  
this, enquires the  
reason, and  
whether he dis-  
likes his enter-  
tainment.

Floris replies  
that by God's  
mercy he never  
had so good an  
inn of a long  
time;

but that he is  
fearful lest he  
find not that of  
which he has  
come in quest.

Daris offers his  
counsel,

and Floris tells  
his story:

how Blancheflur  
was sold, and he  
was about to try  
by some strata-  
gem to win her  
back.

Daris thinks him  
a fool, and that  
he is going to his  
own destruction.

- Ac floriz net ne dronk noȝt  
164 On blauncheflur was al his þoȝt.  
Sire daris underȝet  
þat floriz murninge fet.  
“Floriz,” he fede, “what mai þe beo  
168 So þoȝtful afe ihe þe seo?  
Me þincheþ bi þine chire  
þu nert noȝt glad of þi fopere,  
Oþer þe ne likeþ noȝt þis in.”  
172 þo floriz anfuereðe him:  
“Sire,” he fede, “bi godes ore,  
So god in nauede ihe wel ȝore;  
Ure louerd me lete ibide þe day  
176 þat ihe hit þe ȝulde may.  
Ihe þenche, fire, on fele wiſe  
Nu upon mi marchaundife,  
Laſt ine finde noȝt atte frume  
180 þat þing for whi ihe am hider icume.  
And þeȝ ihe hit finde, hit is my wo  
Leſt ihe ſchulle hit forgo.”  
þo fede daris þe freo burgeis  
184 þat was wel hende *and* curteis;  
“Fain ihe wolde þe rede *and* lere  
þat þu mucche þe betere were,  
ȝef þu toldeſt me þi gref  
188 To rede þe me were lef.”  
þo floriz bigan his conſail ſchewe  
*And* to daris beon iknewe.  
Ord *and* ende he haþ him told  
192 Hu blauncheflur was ifold;  
And hu he was a kinges fune  
For hire luue þider icume,  
To fonde þureȝ fume cunnes ginne  
196 His lemman blauncheflur biwinne.  
Daris þanne floriz bihalt  
*And* for more þane fol him halt.

- "Floriz," he fede, "ifco hu hit geþ  
 200 þu ert abute þinoȝe deþ.  
 þe Admiral haueþ to his gefþinge  
 Oþer half hundred of riche kinges :  
 Ne þer nis non fo riche king  
 204 þat dorste entermeten of eni fuch þing,  
 þilke maide to awinne  
 Noþer wiþ strengþe ne wiþ ginne ;  
 And þe Admiral hit miȝte iwite  
 208 þat he nere of his lif aquite.  
 And Babilloine ihe underfonde  
 Dureþ abute furtenniȝt gonde,  
 Abute þe walle þer buþ ato  
 212 Seucsiþe tuenti ȝates,  
 And ine þe bureȝ amidde riȝt  
 Beoþ twe tures ipiȝt,  
 Eche day in al þe ȝere  
 216 þe feire is þer iliche plenere.  
 Seuc hundred tures *and* two  
 Beoþ in þe burȝ biþute mo,  
 And ine þe burȝ amidde riȝt  
 220 Beoþ twe tures ipiȝt  
 Of lym *and* of marbel fton,  
 In þe world nis swich *tur* non,  
 In þe tur þer is a welle  
 224 Suþe cler hit is wiþ alle,  
 He urneþ in o pipe of bras  
 Whider so hit ned was,  
 Fram flore into flore  
 228 þe frimes urneþ flore,  
 Fram bure into halle  
 þe frimes of þis welle.  
 In þe tur is o kernel  
 232 Of seluer *and* of creftel,  
 On þe tur auouenom  
 Is a charbugle fton

For the admiral has half a hundred rich kings at his feast, not one of whom could meddle with such a plan, but at the risk of his life, if the admiral found it out.

The extent of Babylon.

The merchandise thereof.

In the midst are two towers, and in them a well which in brazen pipes floweth through the whole building.

In the tower is a knob of silver and of crystal, and a carbuncle-stone, which gives light in the night, so that



menned no lamp  
or torch, but  
there is a light  
as bright as the  
sun.

[MS. p. 4.]

The porter is  
proud and cunning.

There are forty  
and four maidens  
in the tower.

Anyone to help  
in a stratagem  
must be a bird  
with wings.

The admiral  
takes one wife  
each year, and for  
no longer time is  
she queen.

The maidens are  
led down, when  
the queen is to be  
chosen, into an

- þat ȝiueþ leme day *and* niȝt,  
236 Ne bi hit neure so derk niȝt,  
In þe bureȝ ne darf me berne  
Lampe ne torche ne lanterne,  
þat he ne ȝiueþ liȝt *and* leme  
240 As doþ aday þe funne beme.  
þe porter is prud wiþalle,  
Eche day he goþ on þe walle,  
And ef þer comeþ eni man  
244 Biþinne þilke barbocan,  
Bute he him ȝeue leue  
He wule him boþe bete *and* reue.  
þe porter is culuart *and* felun,  
248 He wule him sette areifun.  
þer buþ in þe hiȝe tur  
Forti Maidenes *and* four.  
Wel were þat ilke mon  
252 þat miȝte winne wiþ þat on;  
Ne þorte he neure ful iwis  
Wilne more of paradis.  
þer buþ seriauus in þe stage  
256 þat serueþ þe maidenes of parage:  
Ac ne mot þer non ben inne  
þat one þe breche bereþ þe ginne,  
Noþer bi daie ne biniȝt,  
260 Bute he also capun beo idiȝt.  
And þe Admiral is fuch a gume,  
In al the world nis fuch a fune,  
Ne bu his wif neure so fehene  
264 Bute o ȝer ne fehale heo beon his quene,  
þeȝ heo luue him ase hire lif  
þat he nele habbe anoþer wif.  
And, floriz, imai þe telle fore  
268 Heo fehale beon his quene icore  
Alle þe maidenes of parage  
Me fehale bringe adun of þe stage,

- And leden hem in to on orchard  
 272 þe faireste of al þe Middellerd.  
 Abute þe orchard is a wal  
 þe eþelikeste ston is cristal,  
 Ho so wonede a moneþ in þat spray  
 276 Nolde him neure longen away ;  
 So merie is þer innu þe foþeles fong,  
 þat ioie *and* blisse is eure among.  
 In þe orchard is a welle  
 280 þat is suþe cler wiþ alle.  
 The mai seggen iwis  
 þe *strimes* comeþ fram paradis.  
 For in þe *strimes* þe smale stones  
 284 Hi beoþ þer funden eurech one,  
 Boþe saphirs *and* sardoines,  
 And suþþe riche cassidoines,  
 And Jacinetes *and* topaces,  
 288 And oniche of muchel grace,  
 And mani on oþer direwerþe ston  
 þat ich nu nempne ne can.  
 Aboue þe walle stant a treo  
 292 þat faireste þat miþte in erþe beo :  
 Hit is ihote þe treo of luuc  
 For les *and* blosme beoþ þer buue,  
 So sone so þe olde beoþ idon  
 296 þer springeþ niwe riht anon.  
 Alle þilke þat elene maidenes beo  
 Schulle sute arewe under þat treo,  
 And which falleþ on þat furste flur  
 300 Schal beo *quene and* fonge þonur.  
 ʒef þer is eni maide forleie,  
 þe wal is of so muchel eie  
 An heo stepe to þe grunde  
 304 For to wassche hire honde,  
 Ha bulmeþ up so he were wod  
*And* Chaungeþ fram water into blod.

orchard. The walls of the orchard are of precious stones, the most worthless being crystal. The birds sing merrily there.

The well in the orchard, the streams of which come from Paradise.

For in the streams are found sapphires, sardonyxes, chalcidony, jacinths, topazes, onyxes, and many other costly stones.

Above the wall is a tree, called the Tree of Love.

As soon as any leaf or flower withers another at once springs in its place.

The queen is chosen by the falling of the flower from this tree.

The well boileth up and is changed from water to blood if any, not a maid, come to wash there.

It is by conjuration and enchantment that the flower falls on the maiden whom the admiral most loves.

It need not be asked whether Floriz was sad at this account.

Daris advises him to go on the morrow to inspect the tower.

[MS. p. 5.]  
That like an engineer or mason he should take a square and models, and examine the tower, as though about to build the like in his own country.  
Then when the porter questioned him he should answer him pleasantly;

- On wuche þe welle fareþ so  
 308 Also suiþe he wurþ fordo.  
 Ac ȝef þer eni maiden is  
 þat þe Admiral luueþ mest of pris,  
 On hire schal beo þat flur iwent  
 312 þureȝ *coniureſon and chauntement.*  
 þus he cheoſeþ his wiſ þureȝ þe flur,  
 Alle weneþ hit ſchulle beo blauncheflur :”  
 Ich wene ne darf me axi noȝt  
 316 If floriz were of dreri þoȝt.  
 “ Daris,” he ſede, “ ihe wurthe ded  
 Bute if þu do me ſumne<sup>1</sup> red.” [1 ſumme.]  
 þanne ſe<sup>2</sup> Daris þe freo burgeis [2 ſede.]  
 320 þat was wel hende *and curteis :*  
 “ Floriz,” he ſede, “ leue man,  
 þe beſte red þat ihe þe can,  
 Wend tomoreȝe to þe Tur  
 324 Also þu were a gud ginnur.  
 Ber wiþ þe ſquire *and ſchauntillun*  
 Also þu were a gud Maſcun.  
 Bihold of þe tur þe hiȝhede,  
 328 And wiþ þi fot met þe brede.  
 þe porter is culuert *and felun*  
 Forþ he wule ſetten his reſun,  
 And bere upon þe felonie,  
 332 And ſegge þat þu art a ſpie.  
 Anſuare him wel hendeliche  
 And ſpek wiþ him wel ſueteliche,  
 And ſeie þert icome fram ferren londe  
 336 For to ſeche *and* for to fonde,  
 If mi liſ ſo longe ilaſt  
 To makie a tur after þis caſt  
 In þine londe ate frume  
 340 Whanne þu ert hom icume.  
 Whane he þe hireþ ſpeke ſo hendeliche  
 And anſuerie ſo ſueteliche,

- þenne he wule come þe nier  
 344 And bidde þe pleie at þe eſcheker.  
 Whane þeſcheker is forþ ibroȝt  
 Biþute panes ne plei þu noȝt.  
 þu moſt habbe redi mitte  
 348 Twenti Marc ine þi ſlitte ;  
 þeȝ þu biwinne oȝt of his  
 Hold hit of wel litel pris ;  
 If he biwinneþ oȝt of þe  
 352 ȝif him of þine ſuche þre ;  
 Muche he wule þonki þe  
 And of þe suþe iwundred beo.  
 For he is suþe couetus  
 356 And at þeſcheker enuius ;  
 ȝerne he wile þe bidde *and* preie  
 þat þu come amoreȝe *and* pleie.  
 Grante him þat þu wilt ſo,  
 360 And tak mid amoreȝe ſuche two,  
 And wel þi nedes for to do :  
 þat þridde day þu wend him to  
 And ber wiþ þe forti pund  
 364 And þine cupe hol *and* fund.  
 Whanne þu leſt him þe cupe iſeo  
 Wel anguſtus he wile beo.  
 He wile beo wel coveitus  
 368 And hire to bigge ſuþe fuſ ;  
 Muchel he þe wule beode  
 If him miȝte þe betere ſpede ;  
 Ihc wot he wille þilke day  
 372 Honure þe ſo muche ſo he may,  
 He wule þe lede to his inne  
 þe cupe of þe to biwinne.  
 ȝerne he wule þe bidde *and* preie  
 376 þat þu legge þe cupe to pleie.  
 þu him anſuere atte furſte  
 þat no leng pleie þe ne luſte.

who would invite him to play at chess; that he must not play except for a stake, and seem quite easy about losing his money :

at the sight of which the porter would ask him to come again on the morrow, and he must go furnished with twice as much money as before, and on the third day with forty pound and a gold cup to rouse the porter's cupidity.

After much entreaty to play, Floris is to make him a present of the cup for his good company.

Floris is then to dwell on his wealth, which will induce the porter to become his man and pay him homage.

Floris is to bind him to serve him faithfully as servant to lord, and then to reveal his designs.

All which is done as Daris directed.

Floris tells the porter that now he trusts entirely to him,

[MS. p. 6.]

and gives him all his history: how he was a king's son of Spain, and how his love had been sold, and he desired to win her back.

- Anfuere him wel hendeliche,  
 380 " þin beo þe cupe," seic blufeliche,  
 For his gode compaygnie  
 A-wunne he haþ þi drueric.  
 The wot þat he mai alrebest  
 384 Of þine neode helpe þe mest.  
 þu miȝt segge þe ne failþ non  
 Gold ne seluer ne riche won :  
 Seic þu wilt parte wiþ him of þan,  
 388 þat he schal eure beo riche man.  
 Whanne he hereþ þe speke so richeliche,  
 And ansueric fo hendeliche,  
 þanne he wile beo wel bliþe,  
 392 And biginne to luuic þe suiþe,  
 And falle he wile to þi fote<sup>1</sup> [1 MS. foute.]  
 And bicome þi man if he mote.  
 His manrede þu schalt fonge  
 396 And his truþe of his honde  
 þat he þe bere al þe helde  
 þat man schal to his louerd ȝelde :  
 And þus þureȝ þe cupe and his ginne  
 400 þu miȝt þi lemman best awinne :  
 þanne þu miȝt beon iknewe  
 And þi cunfail to him schewe."  
 And alþus floris hath iwroȝt  
 404 As daris him haþ itaȝt :  
 Ac þureȝ þe cupe and þureȝ gersume  
 þe porter is his man bicume.  
 ¶ "Nu," quaþ florz, " þu art mi man,  
 408 Al mi trest is þe upon :  
 þeruore þu most me helpe nede  
 Biþute þe ne mai me spedc."  
 Ord and ende he haþ him told,  
 412 Hu þat maide was isold,  
 And hu he was of Spaygne a kinges sunē,  
 For hire luue he was þider icume

- To fonde mid fume kunnes ginne  
 416 Hu he miȝte hire awinne.  
 Þo þe porter iherde þis he fiȝte :  
 "Ihc am," he fede, "bitraid wiȝ riȝte,  
 þat þureȝ þis cupe *and* þis ġerfume  
 420 Ihc am nu þi mau bicume.  
 Nu ihc feo hu hit ġeþ  
 For þe ihc drede þolien deþ,  
 Noȝt for þan while ihc mai go  
 424 Ine ſchal þe failli neure mo.  
 What me bitide oþer bifalle  
 Ihc ſchal þe foreward holden alle.  
 Iwend nu, floriz, to þin inne  
 428 While ibiþenche of fume ginne :  
 Ihc wulle fonde what ido may  
 Bituene þis *and* þe þriȝde day."  
 Floriz fiȝte *and* weop among,  
 432 þulke terme him þuȝte long. /  
**Þ**E porter þoȝte what to rede ;  
 He let flures gadere on þe mede,  
 Cupen he let fulle of flures  
 436 To ſtrawen in þe maidenen bures.  
 þat was his red to helpe him fo,  
 He let floriz on þat on cupe go :  
 Twei gegges þe cupe bere  
 440 And for heuie wroþ hi were ;  
 Hi beden God ȝiue him uuel fin  
 þat fo manie flures dude þerin.  
 To þe chaumbre þer hi ſcholde go  
 444 Ne ȝeden hi ariȝt no :  
 To anoþer chaumbre hi beoþ agon,  
 To blauncheflures chaumbre non.  
 þe cupe hi fette to þe grunde  
 448 And goþ forþ *and* leteȝ hire ſtonde.  
 O maiden com *and* wolde  
 þe flures handlen *and* biholde :

The porter promises his fidelity, even though his homage had been obtained by deceit.

He sends Floriz away, and bids him come back on the third day, when he will have thought of some plan.

His plan is to send in to the maiden's room a large vessel full of flowers, beneath which Floris is to be hidden.

The vessel is carried in, but not to the right room.

A maiden comes and examines the flowers, and

Floris, thinking  
it was Blanche-  
flur, springs up.

The maiden be-  
gan to scream,  
and Floris, not  
knowing what to  
do, laid down in  
the vessel again  
and hid himself  
in the flowers.

Now the maiden  
thought it must  
be Floris, for she  
had heard  
Blancheflur's  
story.

Some maidens  
come in and ask  
why she cried so.

She answers that  
a butterfly had  
suddenly risen  
from among the  
flowers, and fly-  
ing in her face  
had made her  
scream.

They go away  
laughing, and  
then this maid,  
Clarice, proceeds  
to Blancheflur's  
chamber, to in-  
vite her to come  
and see a fair  
flower.

- Floriz wende hit were his swete wiȝt  
452 Ut of þe cupe he lep ariȝt ;  
And þat maide for þe drede  
Bigan to criē *and* to grede.  
þo nuste floriz what to rede  
456 For þe ferlich þat he hadde :  
Into þe cupe he sterte aȝen  
And wiþ þe flures he hudde him :  
þis maide þoȝte anon riȝt  
460 þat hit was floriz þat fuete wiȝt,  
For here chaumbres niȝ were  
Selde was þat hi togadere nere,  
And ofte blauncheflur hire hadde itold  
464 Hu heo was fram him ifold.  
Nu Maidenes comeþ in to hire lepe  
Wel fiftene in on hepe,  
And axede hire what hire were,  
468 And whi heo makede fuche bere.  
Wel heo was biþoȝt *and* whare  
To finden hem ansuare  
“ To þe cupe,” heo fede, “ ihe com *and* wolde  
472 þis flures handlen *and* biholde :  
þer fiſte ut a buterfliȝe  
Are ihe wiſte on min iȝe :  
So fore ihe was offerd of þan  
476 þat ihe crie bigan.”  
þis oþere loȝen *and* hadde gleo  
And goþ aȝen *and* leteþ beo.  
480 **C**larice hatte þat maide hende :  
To blauncheflures chaumbre heo gan wende  
And fede, “ fuete blauncheflur,  
Wiltu ſeo a wel fair flur ?  
Hit ne greu noȝt on þis londe  
484 þat flur þat ihe bringe þe to honde.”  
“ Away, Clariz,” quaþ blauncheflur,  
“ Ho þat luueþ *par* amur,



- And haþ þer-of ioye mai luue flures :
- 488 Ac ihe libbe in soreþe iu þis tures ;  
For ihe wene bithute gabbe  
þat þe Admiral me wule habbe,  
Ac þilke day ne ſchal neure be
- 492 Ne ſchal me neure atwite me,  
þat ihe beo of luue untrewē,  
Ne chaunge luue for no newe,  
Ne lete þe olde for no newe be,
- 496 So doþ floriz on his Contre ;  
Ac þeþ floriz forþe me  
Ne ſchal ihe neure forþete þe.”  
Clariz iherde þes ille reuþe
- 500 Of trewnesse *and* of trowþe :  
þe tieres glide of hire lere.  
“ Blauncheflur,” he fede “ gode ifere,  
Leue fuete blauncheflur,
- 504 *Cum and* ſe a well fair flur.”  
To-gedere hi goþ nu iwis,  
And floriz haþ iherd al þis,  
Ut of þe eupe he lep anon
- 508 *And* to blauncheflur he gan gon,  
Eiþer oþer ſone ikneu,  
Boþe nuþe hi chaungeþ heu:  
To-gadere wiþute word hi lepen,
- 512 Klepte *and* kefte *and* eke weopen :  
Here keffinge ilefte amile  
And þat hem þuþte litel while.  
Clarice biheold alþis
- 516 Here cuntenaunce *and* here blis.  
Seide Clarice to blauncheflur,  
“ Knoweftu ozt zete þis flur ?  
A litel er þu noldeſt hit ſe,
- 520 Nu ne miþte hit lete fram þe :  
He moſte kunne muchel of art  
þat þu woldeſt zeue þer-of part.”

Blancheſtur, not knowing what ſhe means, reſuſes, and breaks forth into lamentations and proteſtations that ſhe will die rather than be the admiral's wife, and forſake her Floris.

[MS. p. 7.]

Clarice weeps for her, and at length perſuades her to come and ſee her flower.

Floris ſprings from the veſſel, and they clasp each other in a long embrace.

Clarice then merrily chides Blancheſtur for having reſuſed to come and ſee the flower.

Blancheflur introduces Floris, and they both beseech Clarice to help them, and not betray them to the admiral.

Clarice promises the same fidelity as if the secret were her own.

Clarice leaves them, and Floris begins to express his thankfulness.

Each to the other tell their sorrow since they had been parted.

It would be heaven to them to lead such a life as their present one for ever.

But the admiral had a curious fancy to have two

- “ Certes,” *quaþ* blancheflur to Clariz,  
 524 “ þis is min oꝝene sucte floriz.”  
 Nu boþe tuo þes sucte þinges  
 Crieþ hire *merci* al weþinge,  
 To þe Admiral þat hem ne wreie  
 528 For þenne were here foreȝe niwe.  
 Clarice hadde of hem pite :  
 “ Noþing,” heo fede, “ ne dute ȝe,  
 Ne dute ȝe *nammore* wiþ alle  
 532 þat hit were to me bifalle.  
 Hele ihc wulle *and* noþing wreie  
 Ower beire *cumpaignie*.”  
 Clarice hem haþ to bedde ibroȝt  
 536 þat was of pal *and* fele iwroȝt.  
 In bedde heo broȝte hem adun  
 An hure self wende hem fram.  
 þo floriz furst speke bigan ;  
 540 “ Ure louerd,” he fede, “ þat makedest man  
 þe ihc þonki, godes sune,  
 þat ihc am to mi leof icume.  
 Mi leof, nu ihc habbe þe ifunde  
 544 Of al mi care ihc am unbunde.”  
 Nu aþer haþ oþer itold  
 Of here foreȝe *and* care cold  
 þat hi hadde ifunde bo  
 548 Suþþe hi were ideld atuo.  
 Nu hi chippeþ *and* cufleþ  
 And makeþ togadere muchel blisse.  
 If þer was aȝt bute cufte  
 552 Swete blancheflur hit wiste.  
 Non oþer heuene hi ne bede  
 Bute eure swich lif to lede ;  
 Ac longe ne miȝte hi hem wite  
 556 þat hi neren underȝete,  
 Uor þe Admiral hadde fuch a wune  
 Ehec moretid þer moſte cume

- Tuo maidenen wiþ muchel honour  
 560 Into þe hezefte Tur,  
 þat were feire *and* suþe hende,  
 þat on his heued for to kembe  
 þat oþer bringe towaille *and* bacin  
 564 For to waffe his honden in :  
 Swiche him ferueþ a day fo faire  
 Amoreze moste anoþer peire :  
 Ac mest were iwuned in to þe tur  
 568 Maide Clariz *and* blauncheflur  
 Clarice, ioie hire mote bitide,  
 Aros up in þe morezentide,  
 And haþ icluped blauncheflur  
 572 To go wiþ hire in to þe tur.  
 Quaþ blauncheflur, " ihe am cominge,"  
 Ac heo hit fede al slepinge.  
 Clariz com in to þe Tur,  
 576 þe Admiral axede blauncheflur.  
 " Sire Alniht heo fet at hire boke  
 And haþ þeron irad *and* loke,  
 And þeron ibede hire orefun,  
 580 þat God þat þolede passiun  
 þe holde, sire, longe aliuē.  
 And nu heo is asleped suiþe  
 þat heo ne mai come to þe."  
 584 " Is þat soþ?" fede he.  
 Heo fede, " ze, sire, withute lesing."  
 " Heo is," he fede, " a suete þing,  
 Wel aze ihe willen hire to wif  
 588 þat so zerne biddeþ mi lif."  
 Amoreze þo Clariz arift  
 Blauncheflur heo atwift  
 þat he makede fo longe demure.  
 592 " Aris," heo fede, " *and* go we ifere."  
 Quaþ blauncheflur, " ich come anon."  
 Ac floriz cleppen hire bigon,

of the maidens go  
 up to his tower  
 every morning,  
 one to comb his  
 hair, and the  
 other to wash his  
 hands.

Clarice and  
 Blanche-flur have  
 to go.

Clarice arose and  
 called Blanche-  
 flur, who says,  
 "I am coming,"  
 but said it in her  
 sleep.

Clarice makes her  
 excuses to the  
 admiral that her  
 late devotions, in  
 which his wel-  
 fare had been a  
 special subject,  
 had made her  
 oversleep herself.

[MS. p. 8.]

The admiral ex-  
 cusethe her.

Next day  
 Blanche-flur is  
 called again by  
 her friend, and  
 twitted for her  
 delay;

but continues in her lover's arms till they both go to sleep again.

When Clarice came into the tower she asked for Blanche-flur, and pretended that she expected to find her already arrived, as she had left her room before she did.

The admiral sends his chamberlain to seek her, who finds her in her lover's arms.

He brings the news to his master, who goes sword-in-hand to punish them.

He finds them sleeping together.

- And he him also unwise  
 596 And feolle aslepe one þis wife.  
 þo Clarice to þe piler com  
 And þe bacin of golde nom  
 To here wiþ hire into þe Tur,  
 600 Heo lokede after blancheflur.  
 þo Clarice com into þe tur  
 He axede after blancheflur :  
 “Sire, ihe wende hire finde here  
 604 He was arife are ihe were.  
 Nis heo noȝt icume ȝete?”  
 Quaf he, “heo duteþ me to lite.”  
 He clupede to him his chaumberlayn,  
 608 And het him go wiþ alle mayn  
 For to wite whi heo ne cume  
 To his heste fute sone.  
 Forþ he wende sone anon,  
 612 To hire chaumbre þat he com,  
 In hire bedde he fond tuo  
 Wel faste iclupt aslepe bo,  
 Neb to neb *and* muþ to muþ,  
 616 Sone were here soreȝeren cuþ.  
 To þe Admiral sone he teȝ  
 And tolde him what he ifeȝ :  
 þe Admiral het his fuerd bringe,  
 620 *I*wite he wolde of þus þinge.  
 Forþ he wende wiþ al his mayn,  
 He *and* his chaumberlayn,  
 In þe bed heo fond tueie  
 624 ȝit was þe slep in here eie.  
 He let Adun þe cloþes caste  
 Bineþen here breste ;  
 Bi here breste he kneu anon  
 628 þat on was maide *and* þat oþer a mon.  
 þe children awoke þo anon  
 And seȝe þe Admiral biuore hem gon

- Wif his fuerd al adraȝe ;  
 632 Sore hi beoȝ offerd *and* wel maȝe.  
 "Seie," *quaȝ* ȝe Admiral, "belamy,  
 Ho makede ȝe so hardy  
 For to come in to mi Tur  
 636 And to ligge bi blauncheflur?"  
 Hi crieȝ him merci boȝe fuiȝe  
 ȝat he ȝiue hem furst of liue.  
 After his barnage he haȝ ifend  
 640 To awreke him wif iugement ;  
 And let hem ȝe while binde faste  
 And into priȝon ben icaste.  
 His palais ȝat was so faire ibuld  
 644 Of Erles *and* barons hit was ifuld.  
 Up he stod among hem alle  
 Bi semblaunt wel wroȝ wif alle.  
 "Lordinges," he fede, "wif muchel honur,  
 648 ȝe habbeȝ iherd of blauncheflur,  
 Hu ilc hire boȝte apliȝt  
 For feuesiȝe of gold hire wiȝt.  
 To hire was mi meste wene  
 652 For to habbe to mi quene.  
 Nis noȝt ȝore ȝat ine com  
 And fond hire wif hordom  
 Me to schame *and* deshonor  
 656 In hire bedde on mi Tur.  
 Ilc habbe ȝou told hu hit is went,  
 A-wrekeȝ mc wif Jugement."  
 ȝanne spak a free burgeis  
 660 ȝat was hende *and* curt[eis].  
 "Sire, are hi beo to diȝe awreke  
 We mote ihere ȝe children speke :  
 Hit nere noȝt elles rift iugement  
 664 Biȝuten anfuare to acupement."  
 ȝe king of Nubie fede ȝo,  
 "For soȝ ne schal hit noȝt go so ;

They are afraid,  
 and to the ad-  
 miral's enquiry  
 of how he dared  
 come in, they  
 both unite in beg-  
 ging for mercy.

He summons his  
 barons, and mean-  
 while puts them  
 in prison.

His palace was  
 filled with his  
 nobles, to whom  
 the admiral tells  
 the charge,

and begs them  
 to assess the pun-  
 ishment.

Thenspake a bur-  
 gess and said they  
 should be heard  
 in their defence ;  
 but the King of  
 Nubia replied,  
 that criminals  
 caught in the fact

[MS. p. 9.]  
should suffer  
punishment with-  
out hearing.

They prepare a  
fire to burn them.

Floris takes all  
the guilt upon  
himself, and says  
that he deserves  
two deaths;

for if he had kept  
away she would  
have been safe.

He then offers  
Blancheſtur his  
mother's ring,  
which would  
keep her safe,

but she will not  
have it.

Between them  
the ring is allow-  
ed to fall on the  
ground: which a  
duke picked up.

They are led forth  
to their doom.

- Hit is riȝt þure; alle þing  
668 Felons inome hond habbing  
For to ſuffre Jugement  
Biþute anſuere oþer acupement.”  
After þe children nu me ſendeþ,  
672 Hem to berne fir me tendeþ.  
Seide floriz to blauncheſtur,  
“ Of ure lif nis no ſucur,  
Ac min is þe guld *and* þe unmeþ  
676 þat þu for me ſchalt þolie deþ;  
Ac if cunde hit þolie miȝte  
Ihe oȝte deie tuye wiþ riȝte,  
O deþ for þe on oþer for me,  
680 For þis þu þoleſt nu for me.  
For if inere in to þis tur icume,  
Wiþ mire;þe þu miȝteſt herinne wune.”  
He droȝ forþ a riche ring  
684 His moder him ȝaf at his parting:  
“ Haue þis ring, lemman min,  
þu ne miȝt noȝt deie þe while he is þin.”  
þe ring he haueþ forþ araȝt  
688 And to blauncheſtur bitaȝt.  
“ þe ring ne ſchal neure aredde me  
For deþ ne mai ihe ſe on þe.”  
þe ring heo wolde aȝe reche  
692 And to floriz him biteche.  
Ac for al þat heo miȝte do  
He him nolde aȝen ifo.  
And þe ring bi one ſtunde  
696 Fel adun to þe grunde.  
A due ſtupede *and* him up nom  
And was þerof wel bliþe mon.  
Nu þes childre forþ me bringeþ  
700 To here dom al wepinge,  
Ac þer nas non fo ſturne mon  
þat hem lokede upon

- þat nolde þo fuþe faþe  
 704 þat iugement were wiþ-draþe :  
 For floriz was fo fair þongling  
 And blauncheþflur so fuede þing  
 Of men *and* wimmen þat buþ nuþe,  
 708 þat goþ *and* feoþ *and* fekeþ wiþ muþe,  
 Ne buþ fo faire in here gladneþe  
 So hi were in here forineþe.  
 Ae þe admiral was fo wroþ *and* wod  
 712 He quakede for grame þer he stod,  
 And het hem binde wel fafte  
 And into þe fire cafte.  
 þe duc þat þe ring funde  
 716 Com to þe Admiral *and* rune,  
 And al to-gadere he gan him ſchewe  
 Of þat þe children were biknewe :  
 þe Admiral let hem aþen clepe  
 720 For he wolde wiþ floriz ſpeke  
 “Sire,” quaþ floriz, “forfoþ ihe telle  
 þu noþteft noþt þat maide quelle,  
 Of al þis gilt ihe am to wite,  
 724 Ihe oþte deie *and* he go quite.”  
 Quaþ blauncheþflur, “aquel þu me,  
 And let floriz aliue be,  
 þef hit nere for mi luue,  
 728 He nere noþt fram his londe icome.”  
 Quaþ þe Admiral, “so ihe mote go  
 þe ſchulle deie togadere bo.  
 Miþelf ihe wulle me awreke  
 732 Ne ſchulle þe neure go ne ſpeke.”  
 Floriz forþ his nekke bed  
 And blauncheþflur wiþdraþe him þet.  
 Blauncheþflur bid forþ hire fuere  
 736 And floriz aþen hire gan tire.  
 Neiþer ne miþte þere þole  
 þat oþer deide bifore.

The people pity them : he is so young and she so sweet.

They look more lovely in their sorrow than others in their joy.

While they were being brought to the stake the duke who had picked up the ring comes to the admiral and tells him what was known of the children.

Floris is called to the admiral, and says he ought to be put to death and not Blanche-flur.

Blanche-flur says she rather ought to die.

The admiral awards that both shall die together.

First he offers his neck to be struck, and then she does the same.



This moved the admiral, that he turned away, and his sword fell from his hand.

The duke who picked up the ring speaks for them.

[MS. p. 10.]

“Sire,” says he, “it were better not to put these to death, but hear how the youth got in, so as to prevent others from doing the like.”

All beseech him to do this;

but Floriz will not tell unless pardon be first promised to his helper.

After which he tells his story, and

how he had won over the porter and was brought in among the flowers, at which the others laughed.

- þo þe Admiral, þeʒ he wroþ were,  
 740 þer he chaungede his chere,  
 For he feʒ þat cyþer wolde for oþer deic,  
 And for he feʒ mani wepinde eic,  
 And for he luuede so mucche þat mai  
 744 Al wepinge he turnde away.  
 His swerd fel of his hond to grunde  
 Ne miʒte he hit holde þulke stunde.  
 þe due þat here ring hadde  
 748 For hem to speke wille he hadde.  
 “Sire Admiral,” he fede, “iwis  
 Hit is þe wel litel pris  
 þis feire children for to quelle,  
 752 Ac betere hit is þat hi þe telle  
 Hu he com in to þi tur  
 To ligge þer bi blauncheflur.  
 His engin whan þu hit wite  
 756 þe betere wiþ oþere þu miʒt þe wite.”  
 Alle þat herde wordes his  
 Bifecheþ þat he granti þis:  
 He het him telle his engin  
 760 Hu he to blauncheflur com in  
 And ho him radde *and* help þarto.  
 “þat,” quaf he, “nelle ihc neure do  
 For þing þat me mai me do,  
 764 Bute hit hem beo forʒiue alfo.”  
 Alle þoþere bifecheþ þis  
 And of þe Admiral igranted is.  
 Nu ord *and* ende he haþ hem itold  
 768 Hu Bla[un]cheflur was fram him ifold,  
 And hu he was of spaygne a kinges sone  
 For hire luue þuder ieume,  
 To fonden wiþ fume ginne<sup>1</sup> [1 ginne, MS.]  
 772 Hu he miʒte hure awinne,  
 And hu þureʒ þe eupe *and* þureʒ þe gerfume  
 þe porter was his man bicume,

- And hu he was in a cupe ibore.  
 776 Alle þes oþere lowe þeruore. .  
 Þe Admiral þo, wel him bitide,  
 Þat Child he sette bi his side,  
 And haþ forþine his wraþþe bo  
 780 Floriz *and* blauncheflur alfo,  
 And fede wiþ him hi scholde be  
 þe beste of al his maine.  
 And floriz he makeþ stonde upriht  
 784 And þer he dubbede him to kniht.  
 Nu boþe togadere þes childre for blisse  
 Falleþ to his fet hem to kisse.  
 He let hem to one Chirche bringe  
 788 And spufen hem wiþ one gold ringe.  
 Þureþ þe red of blauncheflur  
 Me sette Clariz adun of þe Tur :  
 þe Admiral hire nam to quene,  
 792 þilke feste was wel breme,  
 For þer was alle kunnes gleo  
 þat mihte at eni briddale beo.  
 Hit nas þer after noþing longe  
 796 þat þer com to floriz writ *and* sonde,  
 þat þe king his fader was ded  
 And þat he scholde nimen his red.  
 þanne seide þe Admiral ;  
 800 " If þu doist bi mi confail  
 Bilef wiþ me ne wend naht hom.  
 Ihe wulle zeue þe a kinedom,  
 Also long *and* also brod  
 804 Also eure zet þi fader ibod."'  
 Ae floriz nolde for no winne  
 Leuere him were wiþ his kinne :  
 þe Admiral he bid god day,  
 808 And þonkede Clariz þat faire may,  
 And to hire he haþ iþolde  
 Twenti pond of ride golde :

The admiral for-  
 gives them, and  
 takes Floris into  
 his retinue and  
 duhs him knight.

He causeth them  
 to go to a church  
 and to be wedded.

Blancheflur  
 urges that Clarice  
 be brought, and  
 the admiral  
 names her his  
 queen. Then fol-  
 low a famous  
 feast.

Not long after  
 news is brought  
 to Floris of his  
 father's death.

The admiral begs  
 him to stay, and  
 he will give him  
 a kingdom better  
 than his father's,  
 but Floris would  
 go to his kin.

Giving presents  
to Clarice and  
Daris he goes  
away,

and comes home  
with his queen  
Blancheflur.

After sorrow  
cometh joy.

- And to Daris, þat him fo taȝte,  
812 Twenti pund he araȝte :  
And alle þat for him duden eidel  
He ȝeld here while fuȝe wel :  
He bitaȝte hem alle god almiȝte,  
816 And com hom whane he miȝte.  
He was king wiȝ Muchel honour,  
And heo his quene blauncheflur.  
Nu ȝe habbeȝ iherd þanc ende  
820 Of floriz *and* his lemman hende,  
Hu after bale comeȝ bote :  
God leue þat us fo mote  
þat we him mote louie so  
824 þat we mote to heuene go. AMEN.

E-X-PLI-C-IT.

## ASSUMPCIO BEATE MARIE.

- I**N honorance of ihesu cryft  
 Sitteþ stille & haueþ lyft,  
 And ȝif ȝe wille to me here  
 4 Off oure ladi ȝe mai lere,  
 Floure of hēuene ladi & quene,  
 As ſche auȝt wel to bene,  
 To wham aungeles donn here myȝt  
 8 To ferue hure boþe day & nyȝt.  
*Par aventure* ȝe haue noȝt iherde  
 How oure ladi went out of þis werde,  
 Sitteþ stille & herkeneþ to me,  
 12 Now ihesu cryft oure helpe be.  
 ¶ Whan ihesu *crist* was donn on þe rode,  
 And þolede deþ for oure goode,  
 He callide to hym ſeynt Iohan  
 16 That was his fleſchli kynnes man :  
 His moder fwete he dide alſo,  
 He callid no men mo him to,  
 And ſeide, “womman, lo, here þi ſone,  
 20 And, man, take hure to moder *in* good wone,  
 And þenkeþ on my forwe nowe,  
 How I hange here abowe,  
 How I hange apon a tre,  
 24 Ful fore I wote hit reweþ þee.

This is the story  
of how our lady  
went out of this  
world.

When Christ was  
on the cross he  
called to him St.  
John and his mo-  
ther, and com-  
mitted her to St.  
John's care.

[Fol. 62b.]

Mary wept sore  
for her son's suf-  
ferings,

and she lamented  
his loss.

Jesus said: "I  
shall give thee a  
true companion  
to keep thee."

[Fol. 63a.]

He then commits  
her to the apos-  
tle's care.

St. John takes  
her to the temple  
and puts her a-  
mong the holy  
women there.

- Myn feet myn hondes of blode ben rede,  
With owte gilt I þole dede;  
But þei haue wille to louen me  
28 For wham I hange on þis tree,  
The Iewis me deden mychel schame  
Ther of hadde I neuer blame."
- M**arie his moder fore dide wepe  
32 The teeres fellen at hure fete.  
Nas no wondre þouȝ ſeche wepe fore  
Of forwe wift ſeche neuer more,  
When he þat of hure fleſche nam,  
36 For his holi fwete nam,  
Honge þer nailed to a tre.  
"Alas, my ſone," þo faide ſeche,  
"How mai I lyue? how mai I bene?"  
40 How mai I þis forwe yſene?  
Neuer ere wift I of forwe nouȝt,  
Leue ſone, what haueſt þou þouȝt?  
How ſchal I leue *with* oute þee?  
44 Leue ſone, what ſaiſt þou to me?"  
Iheſu ſpak þo wordes goode  
As he henge on þe rode,  
And ſeide to his moder dere,  
48 "I ſchal þee take a trewe fere  
That trewly ſchal kepen þee  
While in erþe þou ſchalt be."  
Than ſeide Iheſu to ſeynt Iohan,  
52 "For my loue kepe wel þis womman,  
Kepe hure wel *with* al þi myȝt,  
That no man do hure vnryȝt."  
¶ þan nam þe apoſtel ſeynt Iohan  
56 On his keynge þis womman.  
He kept hure wel *with* al his myȝt  
That no man do hure none vnryȝt.  
To þe temple he hure nam,  
60 And alſo ſone as he þer cam,

- God to ferue he hure dede  
 Amonge þe nunnes in þat stede.  
 Ther sche bileft al hure lyfe
- 64 Ne loued sche noþer fiȝt ne stryf.  
 ¶ The ladies þat þer Inne weren  
 Ful wel þei ne myȝt hure forberen,  
 For euer þe while sche was þore
- 68 Sche wolde ferue las & more :  
 Seke & hole sche dide gode  
 And feruede hem to hande & fote :  
 Naked & hungry sche cloped & fedde
- 72 Colde & feke sche brouȝt to bedde :  
 Ne was þer noþer feke ne fere  
 That þei nadde to hure mystere :  
 Thei louede hure wel w<sup>ith</sup> al here myȝt,
- 76 Sche it ferued & þat was ryȝt :  
 Sche woke more þan sche flepe  
 Hure sone to ferue was al hure kepe.  
 To hym sche callid w<sup>ith</sup> rewful steuene,
- 80 And he hure sent an angel fro heuene,  
 To glade hure hym self he cam  
 That of hure bodi flesche nam.  
 Seynt Ion hure keper was hure dere,
- 84 And to hure was a trewe fere ;  
 Ne wolde he neuer fro hure gone,  
 Al þat sche wolde, he wolde done.  
 While sche was in þat stede
- 88 Al þat sche wolde he hure dede.  
 When sche hadde þer longe ben,  
 That faire ladi heuene quen,  
 Than wolde hure sone sche com him to ;
- 92 When he wolde hit was do.  
 He sent to hure an angel of heuene  
 That gret hure w<sup>ith</sup> myry steuene :  
 Ther sche was & bad hure bede
- 96 Lyȝth an angel in þat stede :

Her kindness to  
all that were  
there.

[Fol. 63b.]

She serves all  
that need aid.

Christ sends her  
an angel from  
heaven.

For after she had  
lived some time  
in the temple  
Christ would  
take her to hea-  
ven.

[Fol. 64a.]

The angel greets  
her, and tells her  
he is a messenger  
from her son.

And seide, "ladi ful of grace,  
Blessed be þou in eche place.  
Be nouȝt adrad þou; I be here,  
100 I am þi fones massagere;  
Fro hym I am to þee come,  
He gret þee wel þi dere sone.  
Floure of erþe heuene quene  
104 Blessed mote þou euer bene.  
Wel be þat tyme þat þou was born:  
For al þis worlde hit was forlorn  
ȝif þou ne were & þe fruyt of þee,  
108 Marie ladi wel þee be.

He brings her  
good news. He  
gives her a palm,  
which her son  
has sent.

Ladi, best of al þinge,  
Bliþe tiþynges I þee brynge.  
Thou take þis palme þat I brynge þee,  
112 Thi dere sone haþ sent it þee.  
The þynkeþ longe him to see  
Ther fore most I no lengere be.  
He schal sende after þee  
116 Of heuene ferde moche plente.  
And brynge þee in to his blisse  
That euer was & now is.

She is to be car-  
ried to heaven,  
where all wish  
for her.

[Fol. 64b.]

þer he is kyng þou schalt be quene,  
120 Al heuen ryche bliþe schal bene,  
And alle him<sup>1</sup> þenkeþ swiþe longe [1 þ = hem.]  
Til þou comest hem amonge."  
Than answerede oure ladi,  
124 And seide to þe angel, "belamy,  
Art þou my fones massagere,  
That bryngest me þis bodes here?  
Haueþ he me sette any day,  
128 Aȝens when I me greithe may  
With my frendes & my kynnes men,  
And with hem þat I in erþe haue ben,  
And hem þat I haue fedde & clad  
132 And don al þat my sone hem bad?"

Our Lady asks  
when this is to  
be, that she may  
prepare herself.



- Tho seide þe angel, "I sei þee,  
 Thou schalt be here but daies þre.  
 The þridde dai we schal come,
- 136 Alle ix. ordres fram heuen a boue,<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> = abouen.]  
 And fecche þee with myry songe :  
 For after þee vs þinkeþ longe."  
 To þat aungel seide oure ladi,
- 140 "What is þi name þat standeþ me bi?"  
 "My name seic I þee nouȝt,  
 But take þis palme þat I haue brouȝt,  
 Kepe it wel I bidde þee,
- 144 Ne lete it neuer be fro þee ;  
 Ne mai I no lengere abide here,  
 For I am sent a massagere.  
 I schal to þe apostles sone anone,
- 148 And seic to hem fundry on & one  
 That þei ben here þe þridde dai.  
 No lengere abide I ne mai."  
 When he had iseide to heuene he steie
- 152 And marie þer bi-left he.  
 Vn til hure chambre sone sche nam,  
 And also sone as sche þider cam,  
 Sche dide of hure clopes alle
- 156 And wasche hure *wit*h water of wille.  
 So sone as sche hadde donȝ  
 Newe clopes sche dide hure apon.  
 When sche was faire schred & clad
- 160 To ihesu cryft aboue sche bad.  
 And seide, "sone I þanke þee  
 That þou hast yþouȝt on me.  
 My sone þat is heuene kynge,
- 164 I praie þee of þi blessing,  
 Sone, for þyn hye name,  
 Schelde my bodi fro pyne & schame :  
 That þe deuel haue no myȝt,
- 168 To reyeue þee hit were no ryȝt.
- The angel tells  
 her it is but three  
 days to the time.
- She asks the an-  
 gel's name, but  
 he will not tell  
 her.
- [Fol. 65a.]
- He is going to  
 the apostles, to  
 order them all to  
 be with her on  
 the third day.
- She goes to her  
 chamber, and  
 washes and  
 clothes herself in  
 new clothes.
- Our Lady's  
 prayer to be pre-  
 served from Sa-  
 tan.

[Fol. 65b.]

Kepe me, sone, now is nede  
That I ne haue of þe deucl no drede.  
For with þe wiles þat he can

172 He bigileþ many a man.

Leue sone, ȝeue hym nouȝt  
Man kynde þat þou haft bouȝt.

Mi sone, þat art ful of pite,

176 For man kynne I praie þee ;

That þou for þi holi grace  
ȝeue hem boþe myȝt & space

Hem to amende or þei ben dede,

180 That þei haue of þe deucl no drede.

Thynke, leue sone, þou haft hem wrouȝt  
And dere þat þou haft hem bouȝt."

When sche hadde praied so,

184 Hure frendes sche callid hure to,

Hure sibbe & hure kynnes men,  
With reuful steuene sche spak to hem,  
An feide, "leue frendes, my sone

188 Wol no lenger þat I here wone.

He wol þat I with him be,  
Where fore I praie ȝow, par charite,  
ȝif I any þinge haue mys-wrouȝt

192 Seieþ me now for-hele ȝe nouȝt.

I it wole amende with my myȝt,  
That my soule haue no vnplyȝt.

The good þat ȝe haue donn me,

196 My sone, þat was donn on þe tree

Man to bigge fro þe quede,  
He ȝelde it ȝow at ȝoure nede,  
And brynge ȝow in to his blis

200 Ther I schal be &amp; my sone is."

[Fol. 66a.]

She calls her friends, and tells them of her departure, and asks them if she has wronged them in ought, that she may amend any ill she has done.

They lament over her loss.

**A**lle þat weren hure bi  
Off siche tiþinges weren fori,  
And faide, "ladi how mai þis be ?

204 How schulle we lyuen with oute þee ?

- Ladi þou haft vs ferued fo,  
 Alas how schulle we parte a-two?  
 Swete ladi, what is þi þouzt?
- 208 Rewe on vs departe vs nouzt.  
 In moche forwe & in myche wo  
 Schulle we lyue be þou a-go.”  
 þan answerede oure ladi
- 212 To þat folke þat stode hure bi.  
 “Lateþ be *your* grening hit helpeþ nozt  
 And haueþ blis in *zoure* þouzt.  
 Whiles I am here wakeþ *with* me
- 216 Hit doþ me good þat I *zow* se.  
 Haueþ no drede in wel  
 Of peyne schal I þole no del.  
 Mi bodi mai no peyne þolen
- 220 For he was þer of *y*-boren  
 He þoled deþ him self for me,  
 He honged nailed on þe tree,  
 Mi sone, þat is kyng of heuene,
- 224 Schal me sende worde wel euene,  
 Iohan & þe apostles where so þei bene  
 Schulle alle come for to sene.”  
 As sche so spak to þe mon
- 228 Off al þat wist nouzt seynt Ion.  
 He come to speke *with* oure ladi  
 Ferli him þouzt þat sche was fory.  
 And seide, “ladi what is þee?
- 232 What is þis folk þat I here se?  
 Seie me, ladi, what is þee?” he sede  
 “For me were leuer þat I were dede,  
 Than I þee se suche semblaunt make :
- 236 For schal I neuer suche a ladi take.  
 Haftou ouzt herde þat I ne can  
 Off me or of any *oper* man?  
 Schal I neuer haue blis
- 240 Til I wite, ladi, what þee is.”

And pray her to  
 pity them and to  
 stay with them.

She bids them  
 not to weep, but  
 watch with her  
 while she lives,  
 and be happy, for  
 her son will let

[Fol. 66b.]

her suffer no  
 pain.

St. John comes  
 in knowing no-  
 thing of what has  
 taken place.

His enquiry.

[Fol. 67a.]

Our Lady tells  
him she has been  
summoned to go  
to heaven by her  
son's messenger.

Oure ladi wept and Iohan also  
For trewe loue was bitwene hem two.  
Iohan seide, "ladi what is þee?  
244 For þi sones loue seie þou me."  
Marie anwerde *wit*h rewful steuene,  
And seide, "me cam bode fram heuene,  
Fro my sone a massagere,

248 He wol no lengere þat I be here.  
Wite þou wel hit rewif me  
That I schal Iohan parte fram þee.  
For þi loue & þi feruyce

252 That þou hast donn on eche wise,  
Thou hast me boþe fed & clad  
And donn also my sone þee bad,  
My sone schal it wel zelde þee;

256 I schal him telle when I him se."  
Than anwerde seynt Iohan,  
That was a ful fori man,  
And seide, "ladi how mai þis be,

260 That I schal þee no more se?  
Mi ioie my blis is donn eche del,  
Ne schal me neuer worþen wel,  
Sithen we ben parted atwo."

264 þo seide oure ladi, "why saiston so?  
Wite þou wel I go be-forn  
Thi feruyse schal noȝt be forlorn.  
I schal to my sone seie of þee

268 That þou with hym & me schal be.  
But hereftou now, my frende Ion,  
When þou seft þat I am gon,  
Kepe my bodi þat I ne be binomen,

272 When þe fellow Iewes comen,  
Mi bodi forto donn no sehame,  
For þei hate no þing more þan my name.  
Mi sone þei hongen on a tre,

276 Wel I wote so wolde þei me.

She thanks St.  
John for all his  
kindness.

His lament.

[Fol. 67b.]

Our lady comforts  
him, and  
begs him to watch  
over her body  
that the Jews get  
it not, as they  
hate her as they  
hated her son.

- I wote wel þei louen me nouȝt,  
 But þer of be þi most þouȝt,  
 When I am parted Iohan fram þee  
 280 That þei do my bodi none euclte.  
 My fone þat woneþ in heuene liȝt  
 Lete hem neuer þer to haue myȝt."  
 "Ladi sithen hit is fo,  
 284 That we schal departe a two,  
 Seie me how long hit is to þan."  
 "For soþe," marie seide to Iohan,  
 Bi þis & þe þridde day  
 288 No lenger abide I ne may."  
 When he it herde he was fory,  
 He wept & seide, "ladi mercy  
 How schal I lyue? how schal I fare?  
 292 How schal I blis or ioie haue?  
 Furst my lord was brouȝt to dede,  
 Thorw þe felun icwes rede.  
 And now my ladi wil me fro.  
 296 Swete lord, now me is wo.  
 Wolde my lord I wolde be dede,  
 For I ne can no better rede."  
 "Iohan," sche seide, "whi seistou so?  
 300 Th[e] aungeles schal þee come to,  
 To kepe þee where so þou be,  
 Erliche & late to gladen þee."  
 Whiles he spak so to seynt Ion,  
 304 Come þe apostles euerychon  
 To-gidre, but þei wist nouȝt  
 How þei weren to-gidre brouȝt.  
 Off operes come ne wist none,  
 308 But of hure come bliþe was Ion.  
 He cufst hem alle so fayn he was  
 And seide, "deo gracias.  
 Blessed, ihesu, be þi myȝt,"  
 312 For it is faire and hit is ryȝt.

St. John enquires  
 when she is to  
 depart.

[Fol. 68a.]

St. John wishes  
 for his own death.

While they are  
 conversing the  
 other apostles ar-  
 rive, but can give  
 no account of  
 how they were  
 summoned.

[Fol. 68b.]

That þi moder come to þee  
 That sche faire welcom be.  
 Of þine apostles þat most þee louen  
 316 I ne wote how þei ben hidre ycomen."

St. Peter enquires  
 the cause of St.  
 John's sorrow.

Than seide Petyr to feynt Ion,  
 "Whi art þou so fory a mon?  
 Whi wepistou & what is þee?

320 For selafchip telle þou me.  
 I schal þee seie, feynt Ion,  
 Whi I am so fory a mon.

St. John first en-  
 quires how he has  
 come.

But seie me furst, for godes loue,

324 Whi ze arn hider icome  
 And weryn so wide isprad,  
 Seieþ what haþ þou hidre ilad?"

He tells St. John  
 of the marvellous  
 manner in which  
 he was brought,  
 and they all agree  
 in saying that  
 they had been  
 gathered by a  
 miracle.

Tho seide Petyr, "a ferli þinge,  
 328 I was fer hens atte my prechinge.

I was so henne in anoþer londe  
 And helde my boke in my honde,  
 And tauȝt men of my fermoun,

332 I ne wote how I cam to þis toun."

So seide alle þat weren þere  
 Suche wondre fawe I neuer ere.  
 None of hem ne wist þorw wham

336 Ne what wai þei þidre cam.

Than seide feynt Ion, "for soþe I-wys  
 I schal þow telle what it is.

Comeþ with me in to þis hous

340 Oure ladi þer abideþ vs.

Sche ordeyneþ hure to fare vs fro  
 For hure sone hit wolle so.

Hure sone haþ sent his messagere

344 He wol no lengere þat sche be here,

And hider he haþ þow alle ysent  
 To kepe hure bodi when sche is went.

Bi-fore hure knele ze alle bi dene

348 And seieþ, ladi heuene quene,

[Fol. 69a.]

St. John takes  
 them to our  
 Lady's house,  
 and tells them  
 how she is to be  
 taken up to  
 heaven, and that  
 the reason why  
 they are gather-  
 ed is that they  
 may guard her  
 body.

- Off alle w<sup>m</sup>men best þee be ;  
 Thi sone vs haueþ sent to þee,  
 To kepe þee & do þi wille
- 352 Vs þenkeþ wel þat it is skille,  
 That heuene & erþe bowe þee to  
 For þi sone hit wol fo,  
 Thi sone þat is heuene kynge
- 356 And alle þing haþ in his kepinge.”  
 Than comen þe apostles alle  
 And bi hure bigan to falle ;  
 Vp ros oure swete ladi
- 360 And kist þe apostles bi & bi ;  
 Off here come sche was glad  
 Alle þei dide þat sche bad.  
 Sche asked hem how þei come þere
- 364 That sprad so fundry were ;  
 The seide in ful good þouȝt,  
 “ Thi sone vs haþ hidre ybrouȝt,  
 To kepe þee & by þee by,
- 368 Ther-fore we comen to þe lady”  
 Ful bliþe sche was of here come,  
 “ Blessed,” sche seide, “ be my sone.  
 When it is my sones wille
- 372 That I come him to hit is skille.  
 Mi bodi ȝe schal kepe so  
 That þer to come nouȝt my fo.  
 Kepeþ faire my body
- 376 That none do me no vilany.  
 The Iewis ben ful of felony  
 My sone þei flow þorw enuye.  
 The haten no þing more þan my name.
- 380 God late hem neuer do me schame.  
 Ther-fore I praie ȝow, pur charyte,  
 And for þe loue þat ȝe haþ to me,  
 When I am faren to heuen blis,
- 384 Wakeþ alle þer my body is.

They all fall  
 down before our  
 Lady, who rose  
 and kissed them

[Fol. 69b.]

They tell her that  
 her son has sent  
 them.

She prays them  
 to keep her body  
 from the Jews, ,



[Fol. 70a.]

and to watch it  
after her death,  
as the Jews would  
burn or outrage  
it.

They promise to  
do her behests.

An angel comes  
to summon her.

She lies down on  
her bed and the  
apostles stand by  
her.

[Fol. 70b.]

Christ calls to  
him his angels.

They are to go  
with him to fetch  
his mother.

- Kepiþ it boþe nyȝt and dai  
That no Iewe stele it awai :  
Thei wolde it brenne or do it schame,  
388 But ihesu, for þi holi name,  
Late hem nouer þer to haue myȝt,  
For fikirli hit were vnryȝt."  
Thei seiden alle soþe I-wys,  
392 "Hit schal be ladi as þi wille is."  
Whiles oure ladi spak so  
To þe apostles þat come hure to  
Come an aungel & stode hure bi,  
396 And seide, "wel þee be ladi,  
And so be alle þat ben þee bi,  
Loke þou be ful redi,  
þou schalt to heuene & be made quene.  
400 Ful bliþe mai þine hert bene.  
Alle schal þee serue þe company of heuene."  
As soone oure ladi herd þat steuene  
That þe aungel seide hure to  
404 Wel ful of joie was sche þo.  
Sche zede to hure bedde & lai  
A-bowte þe tyme of myddai.  
Iohan & þe apostles weren hure bi  
408 To kepen hure, as oure ladi  
Sche badde Ion & þe apostles alle  
To kepen hure what so bi-falle.  
Sittes now stille boþe more & lesse  
412 **S** And herkeneþ of þe moche bleffe  
Off Ihesu þer he come so lyȝt  
He dide his moder ful moche riȝt.  
As a sone auȝt his moder to done,  
416 He callid þe aungeles euerychone,  
And alle þe mayne þat was in heuene,  
And seide to hem with mury steuene.  
"Commeþ with me to my lemman,  
420 Sche is my moder, hure sone I am,

- Off hure I toke fleſche & blode,  
 And ſithen I hange on þe rode,  
 I þat euer was & ay ſchal ben  
 424 In al þis bliſſe þat ȝe here ſen,  
 I hadde reuþe on al mankyne  
 That alle went to helle pyne,  
 I made man to ſerue me  
 428 And þorw þe appel of a tre  
 That adam toke & ete it Inne  
 To helle he went & al his kynne.  
 Hit rewid me and for-þouȝt fore  
 432 And I it wolde þole no more.  
 I lyȝt doun & man bi-cam,  
 And of þat maide fleſche nam.  
 Bi-fore alle oþer I hure ches,  
 436 And I was born of hure fleſches.  
 Thritti wynter & ſomme del more  
 Men to wiſſen I was þore.  
 Men dide me moche cuelte  
 440 Myn owyn þat ouȝt for to be.  
 Thei token me & bette me fore  
 And atte þe laſt þei dide wel more.  
 With oute gult þei me ſwongen  
 444 And to a piler þei me bounden ;  
 Nails þei ſmyten in my fette  
 Off blode myne handes weren rede.  
 Myn hert þei ſtongen *with* a ſpere  
 448 That ſawe alle þat weren þere.  
 Ther I hange nailed on þe tree  
 My modre was wel wo for me :  
 And alſo was hure coſin Ion.  
 452 I callid hure to me ſoone anon  
 And ſeide, Ion, for my loue  
 Kepe wel þis wyf, I am hure ſone.  
 Boþe þei wenten þo fro me  
 456 Al one I hanged on þe tree.

He tells them of  
Adam's fall.

Of his own pity  
for mankind.

[Fol. 71a.]

Of his incarna-  
tion.

Of his thirty  
years life.

Of his crucifixion.

How Saint John  
took charge of  
our Lady.

[Fol. 71b.]

Of his death and  
descent into hell,  
and what he did  
there.

Mi foule fram my bodi I nam,  
In to þe pyne of helle fone I came.  
Alle my frendes þat I þer fonde,  
460 I toke hem oute *with* my ryȝt honde.  
Adam & Eue & many mo  
I dide hem oute of helle go.  
When I hadde harwed helle,

Of his resurrec-  
tion.

464 And don as I ȝow telle,  
And fet adam fro þe quede,  
The þridde dai I ros fro dede.  
Fram erþe to heuene I cam  
468 God & man bothe I am :  
In heuene & in erthe is my myȝt,  
Now I wol forþe in ryȝt  
That my modre be me bi,

He takes them  
with him, and  
they come to our  
Lady.

472 This tyme I wol for þi.  
Comeþ with me with mury fonge  
And do we hure come vs amonge.”  
Than cam ihesu *with* his mayne,  
476 Aungeles archaungeles moche plente,  
In to þe chambre þer ſche was Inne  
With ful many of hure kynne.  
That chambere was ful of moche blis  
480 As euer is þer ihesu is.

[Fol. 72a.]

Our Lady recog-  
nizes her son.

Tho ſeide alle þat were þere  
Suche a blis ſawe þei neuer ere.  
Amonge þat Ioie & þat glewe  
484 Oure ladi hure fone knewe.  
When ſche him ſawe ſche was glad  
Liſteneþ þe bede þat ſche bad.

Her prayer.

“Sone bleſſid mote þou be  
488 That þou bicomē man of me.  
Hit is wel ſene I am þee dere  
Now þi ſelf art comen here.  
Thine apoſtles þou ſendiſt furſt to me  
492 And now þou art come *with* þi meyne,

- To fecchyn me in to þi myzt  
 Was neuer modre sone fo bryzt.  
 Mi leue sone, now art þou come
- 496 With þi meyne, here a bone,  
 Do my sone þat þi wille is,  
 To þee me þinkeþ longe I-wis."  
 "Modre," he seide, "come with me
- 500 Of alle wyomen best þee be.  
 Thou schalt to heuen & be made quene,  
 Wel bliþe may þine hert bene."  
 "Sone," sche seide, "I be-feke þee
- 504 O þing þat þou graunt me :  
 That I noyt þe deucl se,  
 Ne none þat euer *with* him be :  
 I loue hem nouzt þei arn my sone
- 508 Ne wolde I neuer sene hem none."  
 "Moder," he seide, "ne drede þee nouzt,  
 Ne come it neuer in my þouzt,  
 Ne wille I neuer more þole
- 512 That any of hem come þee bi-fore,  
 Ne schal þou neuer se ne here  
 But me & aungeles þine fere.  
 Moder, a zift I schal þee zyue,
- 516 Thou schalt with me in heuene lyue,  
 And more schal I zeue þee  
 Al heuene companye schal serue þee.  
 Modre, for þe loue of þee
- 520 I schal haue *mercy* & pite  
 Off al man kynne for þi *praiere*  
 That were forlorn zif þou ne were,  
 Alle þat donn þee worschipe,
- 524 And seruen þee wel & treuliche,  
 Bi-feke to þee & *mercy* wille crie,  
 And seyn, help, seynt marie,  
 In what peyne so he be,
- 528 Moder, for þe loue of þee,

His reply to her.

[Fol. 72b.]

She begs him to defend her from the fiend.

He promises her that she shall be queen of heaven.

That prayer shall be made to her which he will himself give heed unto.

[Fol. 73a.]

- I schal hem reles sone anone :  
 For þi loue I schal þus done.  
 ʒif any haue ben al his lyue  
 532 In hede synne, maide or wyue,  
 And he wille on his laft þrowe  
 Schryue him & ben y-knowe,  
 And telle it ʒif he haue þe prest  
 536 Or a noþer man þat is him nest,  
 And ʒif he ne mai do no more  
 But þat him forþinkeþ fore,  
 In what synne so he be,  
 540 Moder, for þe loue of þee,  
 I schal on him haue mercy.  
 And sithen þei schulle wone þee bi,  
 ʒif a man hadde al one wrouʒt  
 544 Alle þe synnes þat myʒt be þouʒt,  
 And he on his laft dai,  
 ʒif he none ere ne mai,  
 Repent him & calle to þee,  
 548 In what synne so he be,  
 I schal here his praïere  
 For þi loue modre dere.  
 Al þat þou wolt bi-feke fore,  
 552 Be it lasse be it more,  
 Hit schal ben aftur þi wille :  
 For I it wille & þat is skille,  
 That no þing with seie þee  
 556 Off þat þou wolt bifeke me.”
- O**ure ladi knelid him bi-forn  
 And seide, “ þe tyme þat þou were born,  
 Ouer alle oþer blessed þou be,  
 560 For alle þat I wol þou grauntest me.”
- ¶ “ So I auʒt, moder, & so I wille.”  
 He left vp his hond & blessed hure stille.  
 His blessing seche þouʒt good,  
 564 And he hure soule vndrestode.

Mankind shall  
 have mercy for  
 her sake.

[Fol. 73b.]

And he will per-  
 form all her en-  
 treaties.

Our Lady's  
 thanksgiving.

- He callid to him seynt myʒhel,  
 "Thou kepe me þis soule wel,  
 Thou and alle þine fere,  
 568 Is no þinge me fo dere."  
 Alle þat mayne þat cam fro heuene  
 Thei fyngen *with* a myry fleuene.  
 Men myʒt wite bi here songe  
 572 That moche ioie was hem amonge.  
 With alle þat mayne to heuen he hure nam  
 And as foone as he þer cam  
 He made hure quene of heuen liʒt,  
 576 Blefid be hure fones myʒt. amen.
- N**OW schal we here of þe bodi  
 Where it bi-cam & where it li.  
 When þe soule was þere fro hure nomen  
 580 Than bad god *Peter* to him comen.  
 And seide "*Peter*, I comaunde þee  
 Mi moder bodi kepe þou me,  
 Iohan & alle þine fere ;  
 584 Nis no þinge me fo dere.  
 When I furst in þis worlde cam  
 Off hure bodi flesche I nam :  
 Off hure bodi I was born.  
 588 Petyr, go forþe þou be-forn,  
 Thou & alle þine feres *with* þee,  
 To Iosephat to þat vale  
 And leiþ þe bodi in a stone  
 592 Haueþ no drede of þoure fone,  
 Goth with faire proceffioun  
 To ierusalem þorwe þe toun,  
 Doþ þe belles alle to ryngen  
 596 And loke þat ʒe mury fyngen.  
 Loke þat ʒe haue candeles  
 Torches boþe faire & fele.  
 Foure of þe apostles schal bere þe beere  
 600 Ther on schal ligge me modre deere.

He charges Saint Michael to keep her soul.

She is carried to heaven.

[Fol. 74a.]

Peter is bidden to take care of our Lady's dead body.

He is to bury it in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Going in procession through Jerusalem.

Four apostles are to carry the ier.

[Fol. 74b.]

Jesus, blessing  
them, departs.A crippled Jew  
hears their song  
as they go  
through Jerusa-  
lem.He comes and  
cries after Saint  
Peter.On the night  
when Peter de-  
nied our Lord,  
he had defended  
him from the  
wrath of the  
Jews.

[Fol. 75a.]

He reminds St.  
Peter of this, and  
begs his help.

- Haueþ no drede of no Iew  
 For I my self schal be *with* þow."'  
 When ihesu hadde him so feide  
 604 And þe bodi was on bere leide  
 He þaf hem alle his blessinge,  
 And ftye to heuen þer he is kyng.  
 ¶ To hym þo feide seynt Ion,  
 608 "Felawes go we soone anon,  
 And turne we þis processiou,  
 And synge we faire þorw þis toun;"'  
 Ther was a Iew hem amonge  
 612 Off þe apostles harde þe songe,  
 To þe beere he cam leþand  
 And as he wolde lai on his hande,  
 To þe bere he cleued fast,  
 616 And to Petir he criede atte þe last,  
 And feide, "Petir þenkest þou nouȝt  
 When þi lord was to vs brouȝt,  
 Thou him forsoke & I þe knewe,  
 620 Praie for me," feide þe Iewe  
 "Praie þi lord ȝif I mai so be,  
 That he haue mercy on me.  
 Thenke," quod þe Iewe, "what I þee dede,  
 624 When þou was *with* vs in þat stede,  
 When þi lord was ytakyn  
 And þou haddest him forsakyn.  
 Oure mayne þee knewe þat ilke nyȝt  
 628 Bothe bi speche & by syȝt.  
 And feiden alle for I stode þee bi  
 That þou was of Ihesus companye.  
 Thou seidest *with* wordes & *with* þouȝt  
 632 For soþe þat þou knewe him nouȝt.  
 Praie þi lord of moche myȝt,  
 And his moder þat art so bryȝt,  
 That he me help at þis stounde,  
 636 For I was neuer so harde ybounde.



- As I þee helped atte þi nede  
 ʒelde me, Petir, now my mede.”  
 Seynt Petir anfwerde þo
- 640 To þe Iewe þat was so wo :  
 “ ʒif þou woldest leue on him  
 That on þe rode dide þi kyn,  
 That he is soþefast godes sone,
- 644 God & man for him bi-come ;  
 That marie bare, in hure lyf  
 Clene maide & clene wyf,  
 Clene widewe *wit*h oute wem,
- 648 For þee I wol *praie* þen,  
 Ihesu cryst vs liʒteþ aboue  
 That he for his moder loue  
 So ʒeue þee myʒt for to go
- 652 And bringe þee oute of þi wo.”  
 The Iewe þat henge apon þe bere  
 Anfwerde anone, as ʒe mai here ;  
 “ I leue wel & better I schal done
- 656 On ihesu crift godes sone,  
 That Iewes diden on þe rode  
 And for vs he schedde his swete blode,  
 That marie bare, in hure lyf
- 660 Clene maiden & clene wyf.  
 He brynge me I *praie* it him  
 Oute of þe wo þat I am Inne.”  
 As soone as he hadde seide þis bede,
- 664 He was al hole in þat stede.  
 Off fote, of honde he hadde myʒt  
 Alle his lymes bi-come ful ryʒt.  
 He stode vp swiþe anone
- 668 Bi-fore þe Iewes euerechone,  
 That suche a myracle haþ done  
 Ihesu crift godes sone,  
 Of a wilde hounde haþ made a lomb
- 672 To *preche* his worde in eche a lond.

St. Peter urges  
 him to believe on  
 Christ,

[Fol. 75b.]

and on the Jew's  
 profession of  
 faith

he is made per-  
 fectly whole im-  
 mediately.

He becomes a  
 preacher after St.

[Fol. 76a.]  
Peter has bap-  
tized him.

He converts  
twenty thousand  
and more with  
his first day's  
preaching.

[Fol. 76b.]  
The Jews attack  
the funeral pro-  
cession,

but are all  
stricken with  
blindness and  
lameness.

- Seynt Petir þat holi man  
The Iew he cryfened anone.  
He tauȝt him al his bi-leuc  
676 He wif he was to godes biheue :  
He ordeyned him to prest anone,  
And bad him soone for to gone  
And prechen al of godes sone  
680 In eche alond where he come.  
That palm þat Petir helde in his honde  
He toke it him þorw godes sonde,  
And bad him godes wordes telle  
684 Among þe Iewes þat were so felle.  
So he spak þe furst day  
That he turned to godes lay  
Twenty þousand & sommedel mo,  
688 Thorw wordes þat he spak þo.  
Foure of þe apostles þat were þere  
That swete bodi forþe þei bere.  
The Iewes þat were godes sone  
692 Thei herde þe cri sone anone,  
And þei asked what was þat crie,  
And men seiden it was mari  
That seynt Petir & his fere  
696 Bare þare apon a beere.  
“ Alas,” seide þei, “ for schame  
Ascape þei vs we schulle haue blame,  
Arme we vs alle sone anone  
700 And take we hem alle þer þei gone ;  
That bodi þat þei bere nyme we it  
And cast we it in a foule pit,  
Or brenne we it & do it somme where  
704 Or cast we it in a foule sere ;”  
Thei comen leþand þiderwarde  
And þat hem fel swiþe harde.  
Ihesu wolde nouȝt þat schame  
708 He made hem boþe blynde & lame :

- Off hem alle was þer none  
 That myȝt a fote on erþe gone :  
 Here mouþes were to here nek went  
 712 Thei þouȝt alle þat þei were ſchent,  
 Boþe here feet & here handes  
 Where bounde with itronge bandes,  
 Ful fore bounden þei were  
 716 For þei ne myȝt go ne here.  
 Than comen here frendes hem to  
 And ſeide, “ alas whi leie ȝe ſo,  
 In ȝoure armour ſo faſt yeliȝt  
 720 That beþ ſo faire & ſo bryȝt ?  
 ȝoure ſperes ȝour ſchildes helpeþ ȝow nouȝt.  
 Telleþ vs what ȝe haue þouȝt ?”  
 Thei anwerd nouȝt þat leyen þere  
 724 For þei ne myȝt hem noȝt here :  
 But ſomme of hem þat myȝt ſpeke  
 Seide alas, “ who ſchal vs wreke ?”  
 And euer þei cryede many a ſtounde,  
 728 “ Alas how harde we lie here ybounde.”  
 Off fyue þouſand was þer none  
 That myȝt of þat ſtede gone.  
 Than ſeide ſome þat ſtode hem bi,  
 732 That hadde yfene þat ferli,  
 That ſeynt Petir & his fere  
 Bare oure ladi on a beere :  
 Thiſe men wolde hure haue nomen  
 736 And þus þei ben ouer-comen :  
 The ladi þei wolde haue donn ſchame.  
 Ther-fore þei hauen godes grame.  
 The folke hem bad mercy to crie  
 740 To ihesu cryſt of here folie,  
 And leue þat he is godes ſone  
 And ſiþen cryſten men bi-come,  
 “ We hope þat ihesu ſchal ſone tyme  
 744 Delyuere ȝow of ȝoure pyne.”

Their friends find  
 them in this  
 ſtate.

[Fol. 77a.]

They cannot learn  
 from thoſe ſtrick-  
 en how it came to  
 paſs, but the by-  
 ſtanders inform  
 them.

They are urged  
 to call on Chriſt  
 for mercy,

[Fol. 77b.]  
and on so doing  
they are restored.

The apostles  
come to the valley  
of Jehoshaphat.

They leave the  
body, but watch  
near it.

In the morning  
the body was  
gone.

[Fol. 78a.]  
Something like  
manna was left  
in its place.

They found out  
this on the com-  
ing of St. Thomas,

- Thei criede *mercy* with good wille  
*Somme* lowde & *somme* fille.  
 And ihesu þorw his mochil myȝt  
 748 Here feet & handes gan to ryȝt.  
 Thorw myracle þat þer was donn  
 Bi-come cristene many on.  
 And leuede on cryft and criede *mercy*  
 752 That none oþer god was so myȝty.  
 The apoffles went forþe on here way  
 To Iosephat to þat valay,  
 When þe apoffles comen were  
 756 Wel softe þei setten down þe beere,  
 With gret deuocioun euerychone  
 Thei leide þe bodi in a stone,  
 And bileft alle in þat stede  
 760 As oure ladi hadde hem bede ;  
 And woke þer al þat nyȝt  
 With many torches & candle lyȝt.  
 On þe morwe when it was dai  
 764 Thei loked where þat bodi lai,  
 Thei ouerturned þat ilke stone,  
 Bodi þei founde þer none.  
 But þei sawe in þat stede þana  
 768 Liand as it were amana :  
 That manna bitokened hure clene lyf,  
 That sche was modre maide & wyf.  
 Tho wist þe apoffles, I-wis  
 772 The bodi was in to paradis.  
 Also godes wille was.  
 Thei seide “Deo gracias.”  
 Seynt Thomas of ynde þiderward cam  
 776 Also blyue as he myȝt gan,  
 And wolde haue ben at hure fyne  
 ȝif he myȝt haue come bi tyme ;  
 As he loked him bi side  
 780 He sawe a briȝtnesse bi him glide,

- Bi þat stede þer he come  
 Oure ladi to heuene was nome.  
 He knelede doun & feide, "ladi,  
 784 Off me I praie þow haue mercy ;  
 Ladi quene of heuene lyzt,  
 For þine swete mychel myzt,  
 Sende me token þis ilke day  
 788 What þing þat I fay may  
 To myn felawis, þer I hem fynde,  
 That I was toward þi buriyng.  
 Thei wil nouzt leue þat I were ;  
 792 Now graunt me, ladi, my praier."'  
 A-bowte hure myddel a seynt sche fouzt  
 That sche hure self hadde wrouzt,  
 Off silk & gold wounde in pal,  
 796 Doun to thomas sche lete it fal,  
 He toke þer þe gurdel in his honde  
 And þanked hure of hure fonde.  
 Forþe he went of þat stede,  
 800 Toward þe toune he him dede,  
 His felawis for to feke on his fete  
 ʒif he hem ouzt myzt mete.  
 Atte þe temple dominus  
 804 He fonde hem alle in an hous.  
 When he hem sawe he gret hem  
 And þei anwerde alle hym,  
 And feiden, "thomas of ynde,  
 808 Euer art þou bi-hynde,  
 Whare hast þou so longe bene ?  
 We haue buried heuene quene.  
 Thou helpeft nozt at no good dede,  
 812 Thou faileft euer at most nede."  
 "Sore me forþinkeþ þat I ne was here,  
 But I ne myzt come no nere,  
 Blessed be sche quene of blis  
 816 In þat stede þer now sche is.

who tells them he  
has seen our Lady  
being carried in-  
to heaven,

[Fol. 78b.]

who had given  
him her girdle.

They at first had  
rebuked him as  
being ever late,  
but when he  
shewed them the  
girdle they are  
silenced.

[Fol. 79a.]

For wel I wote bi my þouȝt  
 Ther ȝe hure left is ſche nouȝt."  
 Than ſeide to him ſone anone  
 820 Bothe Petir & ſeynt Ione :

St. Peter and St.  
 John are the per-  
 sons who rebuke  
 him.

“Thou ne woldeſt leue thomas  
 That oure lord fram deth ras.  
 Come þou art mys-bileuyd  
 824 And tales ynow þou canſt fynde.  
 Thou leueſt nouȝt on godes craft  
 Swylk felawis wille we nauȝt.”  
 “Be ſtille,” he ſaide, “broþer Ion,

828 Whi chyde ȝe me euerychone ?  
 I am ful wery man for-gone,  
 Me ne liſt anſweri neuer one.  
 But I þanke oure lord god

832 I ſawe hure *wit* fleſche & blood.  
 Ther oure ladi to heuene went  
 Here is þe token þat ſche me ſent.”  
 Quath ſeynt Petir, “þat is ſothe,

Saint Peter recog-  
 nizes the girdle,  
 whereupon they  
 ſet out to ſearch  
 for the body, but  
 found only a ſort  
 of flour like  
 manna.

836 This ſeynt ſche hure ſelf wof,  
 We dide it on hure in þe beere,  
 Wonder me þinkeþ þat it is here.  
 Go we ſwiþe in to þe vale

[Fol. 79b.]

840 To wite þe ſothe of þis tale,  
 That he haþ vs here yſeide,  
 For it was in þe tumbe ylaide.”  
 Oute of þe place ſwiþe þei ȝede

844 And þe tumbe þei vndede :  
 No þing þer Inne þei ne founde,  
 But a manere floure at þe grounde,  
 That floure was manna yclepid,

848 Hit was in þe tumbe yſtekyd  
 Thei ȝeden alle abowte þe tumbe  
 And knelede ou þe bare grounde,  
 And ſeiden “ihesu, godes ſone,

852 Al þi ſonde be welcome.

- Myȝtful art þou, heuene kyng,  
 That mai we wite bi þis tokenyng.  
 For no man mai wite ne fe
- 856 What is þi derne priuete.”  
 Cryft of heuene, þat is fo bryȝt,  
 Amonge þe apoffles fone he lyȝt,  
 And gret hem alle yfere
- 860 *With* aungeles fele þat *with* him were.  
 And feide, “now pees be *with* vs”  
 “Blessed be ȝe,” feide Ihesus.  
 A lyȝt cloude come after þan
- 864 And ouer-fprad hem euery man ;  
 And bar hem alle þat were þere  
 In to here stedes þer þei preched ere.  
 And fonden alle þat folke ȝete
- 868 Sittand stille atte here fete,  
 And þei bigonne for to preche  
 And þe folke for to teche.  
 Moche wondre hem þo þouȝt
- 872 How þei weren þidre brouȝt.  
 Miȝtful art þou, heuene kyng,  
 Ihesu crist, in alle þinge.  
 The apoffles kneled in þat stede
- 876 To ihesu þei bede a bede.  
 Ihesu herde here *praiere*  
 For þei were him leue & dere.
- 880 **W**E bifeche þee for alle þat hereþ þis vie  
 Off oure ladi seynt marie,  
 That Ihesu schelde hem fram *grame*  
 Fro dedly fynne & fro schame.  
 Ne mys-aventure schal bi-falle þat man
- 884 That þis a vie here can.  
 Ne no womman þat ilke dai,  
 That of oure ladi hereþ þis lai,  
 Dien ne schal of hure childe ;
- 888 For oure ladi hure schal be mylde.

Christ comes  
down to them,

and blesses them.

[Fol. 80a.]

They return to  
their own places.

A prayer for those  
who read or hear  
this life.



[Fol. 80b.]

Archbishop Saint  
Edmund gives  
forty days pardon  
to them who  
hear or read it.

Ne none mys-aventure schal be-falle,  
In felde in strete ne in halle,  
In stede þer þis vie is rad,  
892 For oure ladi hure sone it bad.  
And þe archibisshop seynt Edmound  
Haf graunted xl. daies to pardoun  
To alle þat þis vie wol here  
896 Or with good wille wol lere.  
Ihesu, for þi modre loue,  
That wonch in heuene vs aboue,  
Graunt vs, ȝif þi wille is,  
900 The mochil joie of paradis.  
A praier þer to feie alle we,  
A Pater noster pur charite,  
And an Aue marie þer to  
904 That Ihesus vs graunt fo. Amen.

¶ Celi regina fit scriptori medicina.

# FLOYRES AND BLANCHEFLUR.

FRAGMENTS OF THE MS.

COTTON. VITELLIUS, D. III.

. . . . . fo dere  
. . . . . wiþ þoute wene.  
. . . . . þat maide to his quene.  
4 . . . . . his maidenef vp in is tur.  
. . . . . hire wiþ muchel honor.  
. . . . . marchanf þif maide forlete.  
. . . . . bliþe mid here by-þete.  
8 . . . . . we blancheflur be.  
. . . . . floires in his cuntre.  
. . . . . to þe king icome  
. . . . . gold & þiſe garifome.  
12 . . . . . þan king i-þolde.  
. . . . . þo cupe of golde.  
. . . . . let at one chiriche.  
. . . . . les wereche.  
16 . . . . . [þ]at ano . . .  
. . . . . pointe ftonde  
. . . . . bi write!  
. . . . . hele worþþiþe.  
20 . . . . . rede.  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

[6a, col. 1.]

- . . . . . [h]aueþ vnder-nome.  
 24 . . . . . faderlonde he if i-come.  
 . . . . . halle he is a-lyzt.  
 . . . . . he grette anonryzt.  
 . . . . . þe quene he grette also.  
 28 . . . . . haueþ hif gretinge ido.  
 . . . . . askeþ war þat maide beo.  
 . . . . . were nou targeþ heo.  
 . . . . . ref hit haueþ vnder-nome.  
 32 . . . . . boure a if icome  
 . . . . . to hire anonryzt.  
 . . . . . [bl]ancheſtur mi fuede wryzt.  
 . . . . . ful iwis.  
 36 . . . . . war heo [is]  
 þine gabbinge deþ me wo.  
<sup>1</sup>Tel me war my lemmon beo.  
 Al wepinge onſuereþe heo  
 40 Sire heo ſeyde ded. ded quad he.  
 Sire heo ſeyde for ſoþe þe  
 Alas wenne deide my fuede wryzt.  
 Sire heo ſeyde wiþ inne þif ſeuenryzt.  
 44 þat vrþe hire waf leyd aboue.  
 And ded heo if for þine loue.  
 Floyref þat waf fo fayr & gent.  
 He fel ifwoue vp on þe pauement.  
 48 And þe criſtene winmon gon to crie  
 To criſt & to ſeyntemarie  
 þe king and þe quene iherdde þat cri  
 In to þe bure þo vrne hy.  
 52 And þe quene ate frome  
 By wepeþ hire dere ſone.  
 & þe kingef herte if ful of care  
 þat he ſikþ if ſone vor loue ſo fare  
 56 Anon he of ſwoninge awok & ſpeke miſte

[6a, col. 2.]

<sup>1</sup> From line 38 to 67 has already been copied by Sir F. Madden, and is printed in the Preface to "A Penni Worth of Witte," pp. viii., ix.

- Sore he wep & fore he syȝte  
 [And] on hif moder he by siȝt.  
 Dame he sayde led me þar þat mayde lyþ
- 60 Þider heo hine broute wel suþe.  
 Vor care a[n]d forwe of hire deþe.  
 Anou þat he to þe burles com.  
 Wel ȝerne he bi-hul þer on.
- 64 And letteres bigon to rede.<sup>1</sup> [1 MS. torede.]  
 þur' spek & þur' seðe.  
 þat þar lay suete blancheflur.  
 [þat] floyres louede par amur.
- 68 . . . . . swouneþ nouþe  
 Ic adone afe he speke myȝte.  
 Sore he wep & fore he syȝte.  
 And gon blancheflur bi-mene.
- 72 Wit teref rine afe a *seur* of r[e]ne  
 Blancheflur he seide blancheflur  
 So sute þing nas neu[er] in bur.  
 Vor þou were ibore of gode cunne [6b, col. 1.]
- 76 Vor in worle nes nere non.  
 þine imake of no wimmou.  
 I-nouȝ þu cuþest of clergie.  
 And of alle eurtesyie.
- 80 . . muchel & litel hit louede þe  
 Vor þi fayr-hede & þi bunte.  
 ȝif þat deþ were ideld ariȝt.  
 We scholden habbe idized boþe in ore niȝt.
- 84 Vor in one daye ibore we were.  
 Mid riȝte we scholden deie ifere.  
 Deþ he feyde vol of en-ue.  
 & vol of alle tricherie.
- 88 Mid *traisun* þou me haft mi les binome.  
 To bi-*traie* þat folk hit if þi wone  
 Heo wolde libbe & þu noldest  
 þou nelt me flen aud ihe wolde,
- 92 Wiþ þere me wolde þat þou were.

- A til in<sup>1</sup> no wiȝt come þere [1 *Or* Nul tu.]  
 Oþer me wolde þat þou . . . ne come  
 þer þou wolt come flome.
- 96 þ[er?] tike þat boſte beſt to libbe  
 Hem þou ſtikeſt under þe ribbe  
 & ȝif þer if eni forliued wrecche  
 þat of if liue nouȝt ne recche
- 100 þat fawe wolde deie for forewe [&] elde  
 On hem neltou nouȝt bi-helde  
 No lengore ich nelle mi lef bileue.  
 Ichulle be mid hire ere eue.
- 104 Nou after deþ elepie ich þe nulle.  
 Ac mi ſulue aſlen ich wille.  
 Aſe a mon þat draȝh him ſulue to þe de[þ]  
 Hiſ knif he draȝh out of hiſ ſcheþe
- 108 & to hiſ herte hit wolde habbe ifmite  
 Nadde hiſ moder hit vnder hete  
 Ac þe quene hiſ moder groo fel vpon  
 [&] þiſ knif heo him binom
- 112 Heo bi-nom him hiſ atel knif.  
 . . . . .  
 þat heo com bi . . . . .  
 . . . . . ſpac þe quene . . . . .
- 116 & feyde to þe kinge ſire broþer . . . . .  
 Sire of þiſ children nabbe we non  
 Non aliue bote þiſ on  
 & bote hit were þat hit wer . . . . .
- 120 þane eyþer deȝede vor oþer . . . . .  
 Dame þou feiſt ſoþ þo feyde he  
 Nu hit nele non oþer bot  
 Leuere me were þat heo wote
- 124 þane ihe for-lore mine ſone  
 Of þiſſe wordes . . . . .  
 To floyref . . . . .  
 Floyref ſone glad make . . . . .
- 128 . . . et þou ſchalt þi lef . . . . .

[66, col. 2.]

- Leue fone . . . . .  
 . . . . . fader rede & . . . . .  
 . . . . . wo . . . . .  
 132 Leue fone fo . . . . .  
 Vor . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 136 . . . . . vre rede . . . . .  
 . . . . . word & ende him . . . . .  
 Hou hei habbeþ þat mayde  
 & if þif foþ mi moder dere  
 140 þe for foþe heo . . . . .  
 þane ftond hii þanne . . . . .  
 He ifay þat þere naf . . . . .  
 Nu me þencheþ . . . . .  
 144 . . . . . ne fchal ihe . . . . .  
 . . . . . ne da[r] . . . . .  
 . . . . . ich . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 148 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . by fouht  
 152 . . . . . mid al hif mauht  
 . . . . . frend in babiloyne hadde  
 . . . . . wifede & wel radde  
 . . . . . ihte mid eni ginne.  
 156 . . . . . blancheflour iwinne.  
 . . . . . one longe brugge þou fchalt come.  
 . . . . . gere finde þer ate frome.  
 . . . . . e if ate brugge ende  
 160 . . . . . mon he if & hende.  
 . . . . . breþeren & treweþe ipliht  
 . . . . . wif & reden wel riht.  
 . . . . . bere him nefeno<sup>1</sup> ring.  
 164 . . . . . to toking.

[7a, col. 1.]

[<sup>1</sup> Or nefene.]

- . . . . . on eche halve  
. . . . . & takeþ if leue  
168 . . . . . þer by fene  
. . . . . onðarne heyþ  
. . . . . [bru]gge fuiþe neyþ.  
. . . . . þane brugge icome.  
172 . . . . . bruggere ate frome.  
. . . . . a Marbreston.  
. . . . . mon he waf on  
. . . . . waf of Muchel pris.  
176 . . . . . him fulf iwis.  
. . . . . yf waf i-hote doyre.  
. . . . . f him grette wel fayre.  
. . . . . him þane ring arauht  
180 . . . . . [d]ayre hine him bi-tauht  
. . . . . þe tockne of þe ringe.  
. . . . . hadde þer aniht wel gode giftinge  
. . . . . of flef of tendre bred  
184 . . . . . [ʔ hui]t win & eke of red.  
. . . . . floyref fike & colde.  
. . . . . gon þat chil by-holde.  
. . . . . wat may þe be  
188 . . . . . þe i-fee  
. . . . . al fere  
. . . . . [iu]ele ch.re.  
[7a, col. 2.] Bot floyref onfwerede him.  
192 Nay fire bi godes ore  
So god . . . . . wel þore.  
God lete me abide þane day.  
þat ich hit þe zelde May.  
196 Ac ich þenche on alle wife  
Vppon mine Marchaundise  
Ware vore ich am hider icome.  
Lest ich ne feynde hit ate frome  
200 & þat if þet mi meste wo



- ȝif ich hit finde & hit forgo.  
 Child woldest þou telle me of þi gref  
 To helpe þe me were wel lef.  
 204 And nou floyref him haueþ itold  
 Hou þat mayd from him wa fold.  
 & hou he waf of ſpayne one kingef ſone  
 Vor hire loue þider icome.  
 208 Nou doyref þat chil[d] by-halt.  
 & for a fol he hine halt.  
 Child nou ich wot al hou hit geþ.  
 Iwiſ þou welneſt þin owene deþ  
 212 þe amirel haueþ to hiſ iuſtifyinge  
 Oþer half hondert of riche kinge  
 þe alre richeſte king  
 Ne dorſte bi-ginne ſwch a þing  
 216 And mihte þe amirayl hit vnder-ȝete  
 Sone of hiſ liue he were quite  
 Aboute babiloyne beþ to ȝonge wiþoute wene  
 Sixti longe Mile & tene  
 220 & ate walle þer beþ ate.  
 Seueſiþe tuenti ȝate.  
 And tueye touref þer beþ inne.  
 þat þe chepinge if eche day inne.  
 224 Niſ þer day þoruh out þan ȝer.  
 þat þe chepinge if iliche plener.  
 Seue hundred turef wit outen þan tuo.  
 þ[er] beþ in þan boruh & ſomdel mo.  
 228 þe alre febleſte tour  
 Nolde nouht duti þe amperur  
 Vor to come þer wiþ inne  
 No-þer wid ſtregþe ne wid ginne.  
 232 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . ſchal to iwinne þat Mayd al ſo ſone  
 . . . . . þe ſonne & mone  
 236 . . . . . mid rift

[7b, col. 2.]

- . . . . . aplyft  
. . . . . hondred teyfe þe tour if heie.  
. . . . . by-halt fur & nei  
240 & an hundret teyfe hit if wid.  
& imaked wiþ muchel pruid.  
Of lym & of marbel ston  
In critiante niſ fwich non.  
244 þat mortar if i-maked se wel  
Ne May hit breke ire ne stel  
And þe pomel about þe lede  
If i-wrouht mit fo . . . . .  
248 Ne þarf me aniht . . . . .  
Nouþer torche . . . . .  
. . . . . a pomel . . . . .  
. . . . .  
252 . . . . . beþ in þan . . . . .  
Foure & fourti . . . . .  
[þ]at wel were þat ilke . . . . .  
. . . . . Mihte wonie . . . . .  
  
[*About twenty lines too dim to be read.*]  
  
256 . . . . .  
To cheſen . . . . .  
þey; he louede if quene . . . . .  
Me ſchal fecche adoun of þe . . . . .  
260 Alle þe maydenef of parage  
& bringe hem in on orcharde  
þe fayreſte of þe middel [erd]  
þer if fowelene ſong  
264 Me mihte wel libbe hem a[mong]  
Abute þan orchard if a . . . . .  
Summe of þe ſtoneſ bo . . . . .  
þer me may iſe uppon a . . . . .  
268 I write muchel of þe w . . . . .  
And a welle þat ſpringeþ . . . . .  
þat if i-mad mid muchel . . . . .

[7b, col. 2.]

- . . . . is . . . Muchel . . .  
 272 . . . . .  
 þat grauel bi þe . . . . .  
 An of . . . eu . . . . .  
 Of fafir & of . . . . .  
 276 Of . . . . . & of . . . . .  
 þe welle if of . . . . .  
 ʒif þer come . . . . .  
 . . . . .

[*About eighteen lines illegible.*]

- 280 . . . . . [8a, col. 1.]  
 . . . . . wel muchel of art  
 . . . . . woldest ʒeue þer of eny part  
 . . . . . de blancheflur to claris  
 284 . . . . . min owene leue floyres  
 . . . . . þif ilke fwete þingef  
 . . . . . clariffè merci . . . . .  
 . . . þe amyrayl . . þouʒt ne wreye  
 288 . . . . . ſcholden deʒe.  
 . . . . . namore mid alle.  
 . . . . . hit were to me by falle  
 . . . . . wel wytterli  
 292 . . . . . beyre drewori  
 . . . . . bedde heo hem haneþ ibrouʒt  
 . . . . . selk & pal i-wrouht.  
 . . . . . heo fette hem þer adoun.  
 296 . . . . . wende aroum.  
 . . . . . more bote cluppe & cutfè.  
 . . . . . blancheflur hit wifte.  
 . . . . . formeft ſpeke bigon.  
 300 . . . . . þat makedeſt mon  
 . . . . . nou godeſ ſone  
 . . . . . he if ouer-[e]ome  
 . . . . . hadde ifounde  
 304 . . . . . am vn-bounde.

- . . . . . oþer haueþ told.  
 . . . . . kare ful cold  
 . . . . . me wel ftronge  
 308 . . . . . fo longe  
 . . . . . ferueþ al to wille  
 . . . . . [dern]eliche & fülle  
 . . . . . heo noþh longe witc.  
 312 . . . . . eren vnder-þete.  
 . . . . . wel hire mote bi-tide  
 . . . . . amorewe tide  
 . . . . . blanche-flur  
 316 . . . . . hire in-to þan *tour*  
 . . . . . ich am cominge  
 . . . . . waf fleþinge  
 . . . . . ane wine  
 320 . . . . . come  
 . . . . . of herd . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 [8a, col. 2.]  
 324 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 þe amiral askede blanche[flur].  
 & clariffē feyde anonriht.  
 328 Sire heo haueþ i-waked al niht  
 & iwaked & iloked.  
 & irad on hire boke.  
 & ibede to god hire orifon  
 332 þat ȝeue þe hiſ benifcun.  
 & god þe holde longe aliue  
 & nou þat mayde flepeþ fo fuiþe  
 Heo flepeþ fo faſte þat mayde fucte.  
 336 þat heo ne may nouȝt come ȝete.  
 & þo bi-ſpak him þe king  
 Iwif heo iſ a swete þing.  
 Wel auȝhte ich wilny habbe hire to wiue.  
 340 So ȝerne heo bit for mine liue

- Clarisse a noþer day arift.  
 & haueþ blancheflur at-wiſt.  
 þat heo haueþ fo longe de-mere
- 344 Arif vp nou & g[on]e ifere.  
 þer heo feyde ich come anon.  
 . . . fl . . . ef . . . . .  
 Abode þe childeren afe don wiſe
- 348 Voleil atlepe on . . . fle wiſe  
 . . . þiſſe wiſe hey . . . . .  
 Sone þer . . . . .  
 . . . . . to þe piler wende . . .
- 352 A baſin of gold þer heo nom . . . . .  
 . . . haueþ . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Heo ne . . . . . 3e ne . . . . .
- 356 þo wende clariffe þat heo were ago  
 þo clariffe com in to þe tur  
 þe amiral aſkede blancheflur.  
 & aſkede whi heo ne come.
- 360 Alfo heo waſ woned to done  
 Heo waſ ariſe are ich were.  
 Ich wende hire habbe ifunde here.  
 What niſ heo . . . icome . . . . .
- 364 Wod heo . . . me to . . . . .  
 . . . . . chaumberlen  
 . . . . . hiſ . . . . .  
 . . . . .
- 368 So heo waſ . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .
- 372 . . . . . [8b, col. 1.]  
 . . . . . a 3e . . . . .  
 . . . hiſ louerd wat he i a3heþ  
 þe amirayl hed hiſ ſwerd him bringe
- 376 W[a]te he wolde of þiſſe tiþinge

- Vorþ he wende mid al his mayn  
 þat he com þer hei boþe leic.  
 þe ȝet waf þe flep in here eȝe  
 380 þe amiral het here cloþes adoun caste  
 A lutel bi-neþe here breste.  
 þo ifeih he wel anon  
 þon waf may & þoþer mon.  
 384 þe amirayl quakede for-angyf þe aftod.  
 Hem to quelle hit waf on his mod.  
 & ȝet he þouhte are he hem quelle.  
 Wat he were hui ſcholden telle.  
 388 & ſeþþe he þoute hem to deþe don.  
 þe children a-woken vnd . . . . .  
 And ſeȝen þat ſwerd ouer hem a-drawe.  
 Hij weren agr . . . & eþe hui mawe  
 392 . . . . . belami  
 Who madeke þe fo hardi  
 . . . . . in mi tour  
 . . . . . blancheflur  
 396 . . . . .  
 . . . . . þe . . . fore  
 þo seyde floyref to blancheflur.  
 Of vre liue niſ no focur.  
 400 Ak hei crieh him merci fo fuiþe.  
 þat he ȝaf hem furſt of here liue.  
 Vp he bad hem fitte boþe.  
 & don on here beyre cloþe  
 404 & þo he bad hem binde faſte  
 & in to one priſun he het hem caſte  
 . . . he . . after his barenage . . .  
 . . . him . . . . .  
 408 . . . . barenage . . . . .  
 þat to nan amyrayl abeþ nome . . . .  
 . . . . . ibuld  
 . . . . . waf ifuld  
 412 þe amiral ſtod up among hem alle

- . . . . . wreþ mid [alle]  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 416 . . . . . wiþoute w[ene]  
 To habben hire to mi quene.  
 . . . . . hire bedde mi felf ich eo[me]  
 . . . . . hire anc naked grome  
 420 . . . . . me wel loþe.  
 . . . . . hem boþe  
 & ich waf fo wroþ & wod  
 & ȝet ihe wiþ-drou . . . . .  
 424 þat ich hadde after . . . . .  
 To wreke me þoruh iugem[ent]  
 Nou ȝe habbeþ iherd hou it if [? iwent]  
 Awrekeþ me of mine fon  
 428 þo ſpak a king of þulk . . . . .  
 ȝe habbeþ iherd þif . . . . .  
 Ak are we hem to deþe . . . . .  
 We ſchullen i-heren þe . . . . .  
 432 What huy wolleþ ſpeke . . . . .  
 & ȝif huy wolleþ ou . . . . .  
 Hit niſ no riȝht iugem[ent]  
 Wiþ-oute onfuere . . . . .  
 436 þe king of nubie . . . . .  
 Sire fo ne ſchal hit . . . . .  
 . Traitor þat if nome hond . . . . .  
 Hit if riȝht þoru alle . . . . .  
 440 To beo for-don oþer i-sch . . . . .  
 Wiþ-outen oni here of . . . . .  
 Al þif ihe . . . . . & lag . . . . .  
 & bereþ him þer of w . . . . .  
 444 After þeſ chilteren . . . . .  
 Hem to for-berne þer . . . . .  
 Twene ſeriaunf hem forþ bringe  
 To fonge here dom fore wepin[ge]  
 448 Dreri weren þe chyldren . . . . .

[8b, col. 2.]



Her cyther by-wepeþ oþer . . .  
 þo feyde floyref to blanche[flur]  
 Of vre liue nif no foc[ur]  
 452 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

## NOTES TO HORN.

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Page 1. line 1 *he*=they, a rather rare form for *hi*. 4 *Ihc*=I. 6 *so* . . . *so*=as . . . as; *laste*. This is the past tense=lasted. 7 *het*=was named. 8 *faire*=fairer. 10 *miſte*. This is for *miȝte*. The interchange of *f* for *ȝ* is not unusual. Cf. Rel. Ant., p. 48, where through the whole poem this substitution occurs; as *brift* for *brizt*, *miſt*=*miȝt*, *riſt*=*riȝt*, etc.; and in the Horn there are several other instances, as v. 249. 18 *iliche*=*ilike*=*alike*. This *i* is the residuum of the old prefix *ge*. 20 *ladde*=lead (their lives)=lived; used in the same sense as the Latin *ago*. The various readings are—Harl. “*ȝat he with*,” etc. Oxf. “*ȝat he mid*,” etc. 21 *mannes*, a peculiar form, apparently for *manne*, gen. plur. of *man*.

P. 2. l. 30 *Also*=as. 32 *on his pleing*. The usual form is *on pleing* without the interposition of the pronoun. 39 *iſozte*=*hi ſozten*=they sought. 43 *ſchulle* or *ſcholle*. This is the plural form. 44 Harl. “*ȝat euer Criſt leueȝ on* ;” Oxf. “*God leuet on*.” 46 *ſchaltu*=shalt thou. This and similar amalgamations of the pronouns with the verb are common throughout. Cf. l. 39. 46 *henne*, full form *hennen*=hence. 47 *aliȝte*. This is past tense=alighted. Cf. supr. 6. 51 *gunne gripe*, began to grasp=did grasp, The sing. form is *gan*, contracted for *began*. Cf. inf. 62, etc. 52 *ſmite*, plur. of past tense=ſmote. See *ſmyten*, inf. 53. 54 *ȝat ſume hit yfelde*=so that some felt it. This *y=ge* is generally added to passive participles; when added to other parts of the verb Mr. Morris suggests that it is a corruption of *a*; or it may be that *ſume* is the true reading. The various readings are—Harl. “*ȝat hy ſomme*.” Oxf. “*Some of hem he felde*.” 56 *toȝenes*=against. Comp. *tofore*=before; *vele ſchrewe*=many shrews. The more usual form *fele* occurs in the next line; *ſchrewe*=*ſchrewen*. 57 *yȝe*=easily. A.S. *eāȝe*. 60 *neme*=took, past tense of *nime*; other forms and more usual are *nome* and *nam*. 61 *gunne quelle*=did kill.

P. 3. l. 63 *moſte*=might, the past tense of *mote*, which occurs below, 204. The meaning of the lines is, “There neither might live the strangers nor the kinsmen;” *sibbe* for kin is still found in the Lowland Scotch, as in the phrase “*sib to siller*”=akin to rich people. 65 *afoke*=*atsoke*=forsook; *laȝe*=law, religion. 66 *And to here toke*=

and took to their (religion). 67 *wymmanne* is gen. plural. Cf. sup. 21. 71 *he*=she. 88 *allaze*=*allazen*=slain. 91 *kene*. This is properly a plural form; *ken* would be singular.

P. 4. l. 100 *flen*=slay. I am indebted to Mr. Morris for the observation that this word is the Southern Midland form: the North Midland being *slo*; the Northern *sla*. 101 *to-ftere*, a dialectic form of *to-ftirre*=bestir, apparently here meaning to go, depart. In our text the *to* is used in the same way as in the Old Test.; "all to-brake his skull" (Judges ix. 53). On this line the other MSS. have—Harl. "parefore þou thalt to ftreme go." Oxf. "þe for þou feald to fron go." 102 *ifere*=companions. A.S. *ge-fera*. Cf. *ivo*=foes. O. and N. 1714; also *iflo*=arrows. 103 *funde*, apparently=to go. Cf. infra 133. 112 *Wringinde*, pres. participle. This is a Southern form. The Northern is in *ande*: the Midland in *ende*. 121 The sense is, "They deemed without doubt that they should lose their lives;" *to-wille*=*y wille*=*ywis*=certainly. 130 Harl. "And fe þe grafes." Oxf. "And so þe gras"—

P. 5. l. 143 "May no water drown thee." 148 *wiper-ing*=adversary. The more usual form in O.E. is *wiper-wyn*, from *wiperen*, to strive, oppose. The *with* in withstand, withhold, etc., is the root of this word. It occurs, Reliq. Antiq., p. 22:

"wer us fro wre wyþer-wines at ure hending"  
=preserve us from our adversaries at our death.

See also pp. 12 and 65 of the same work. 149 *fer*. On this word Marsh, Orig. and Hist. of the English Language, p. 215, says, "It is evidently the Danish *för*. Icel. *færr*, which the Scandinavian etymologists refer to the verb *alfara*, the primitive meaning being, *able to walk, active*; hence *hol and fer*=safe and sound." The word occurs twice in the Story of Genesis and Exodus, and in line 103 of Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, which see. Cf. also Metrical Homilies, by Small, p. xiv.:

. . . . . "at this resurrecciun  
Wit al his lims hal and fere  
Sal com bifor the demester."

This word *fer* will also be found in the same sense in the fragment of the Assumption herewith printed: see line 67. It also occurs in the Florice and Blancheflour published in the "Penni worth of Witte," line 189:

"I wene thou nart nowt al fer  
That thou makeft thous doleful cher."

154 *dune*=*dunen*=downs. 156 *þeren*. This should be *þeue*: such a clerical error as writing the stroke of abbreviation over the final *e* is very easy to understand. 160 *mild*. This should be in the plural, *milde*, and the rhyme *childe*. 161 *gumes* should be *gume*, to rhyme with *icume*; *gume* would be for *gumen*. 166 *A swihc*=such a; *uerade*=*ferede*=host, company. A.S. *werod*.

P. 6. l. 181 *to droze*. Notice the dropping of the *n* to rhyme with *inoze*, which word is the plural of *inoz*. 196 *Niþing* = niggardly, mean wretch. The word occurs in the quotations from Layamon in Marsh's Lectures, p. 159 :

“Whar ært þu, niðing?”

evidently a term of reproach. In Ellis's Specimens of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 274, it occurs :

“If thou hap tresour to win  
Delight thee not too mickle therein  
Ne nything thereof be.  
But spend it as well as thou can  
So that thou love both God and man  
In perfect charity.”

200 *Sone so* = as soon as. 202 *Icomen*. This word has occurred in the form *Icome*, supra 176. 206 *bruc* = enjoy; *eucning*. Here there is evidently an omission of *n* at the beginning of the word. It should be *neuening* = naming. The sense then is, “Enjoy thy name (and the omen contained in it); go forth very shrilly among valleys and hills, and sound thou loud by dales and by downs.” The MSS. have—Harl. “Wel broue þo þy nomeþung.” Oxf. “Wel brouke þou þi naming.” An instance of the use of *neuen* occurs in a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, Dd. 5. 64, 3., entitled “Forma Vivendi a beato Ricardo hermita” (Fol. 9a.)—

“þe fynnes of þe mowthe er thir. To fwere oft fyth, forfweryng, selaunder of crifte or of any of his halows : To neuen his name withouten reuerence.”

Also in a short poem in the Trin. Coll. MSS., B. 10. 12—

“Ihesu þi name is hegh to neuen,  
& þit I katyfe cry & kall.  
Ihesu me helpe and brynge to heuen  
With þe to won my synfull sall.  
Myghty ihesu þu here my stenen,  
Als þu me boght when I was thrall,  
& forgyfe me þe synnes seuen  
for I am giltly in þaim all.”

P. 7. l. 207 *schulle* seems to be for *schille*, the common form for the adjective *shrill*. This form occurs all through The Romance of Parthenay. Mr. Morris suggests *stulle* = *stille* = silently; but the sense seems to require the loud celebration of Horn's fame rather than quiet progress. 237 *In*. This apparently should be *And*. “And his companions instruct thou.” The Harl. MS. has “Ant his feren deuyfe.”

P. 8. l. 249 *dofter* = *dozter*. On this interchange see above, l. 10.

P. 9. l. 280 *upon his mode* = in his mind. Cf. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, l. 1475 :—

“Ful erly ho wat; him ate  
His mode for to remwe,”

*i.e.*, to change his mind. 287 *stille* = silently, secretly. 290 *biwike* = deceive. 291 *ofdrede* = fear greatly. 299 *on bedde* = a bed. This is a

mark of a Midland dialect. 300 *wedde*, probably from *wede*=to grow wild, mad, Cf. supra, 296. 308 *wolde*=*welde*=to rule, govern. The sense is, "Thou shalt plight thy troth to hold me as spouse, and I (plight thee my troth to hold thee as my) lord to rule (me)." 309 *on hire ire*=in her ear. 311 *lynne*, evidently=*blynne*=cease. It is doubtful whether the alteration should be made, as *lin* for *blin* occurs in Wright's Specimens of Lyric Poetry, p. 103.

P. 10. l. 317 *under molde*=buried. 324 *Ne wurftu*=*ne wortheftu*=thou shalt not be. 325 *Went*, imperative mood=go, depart. 330 *unorn*=rude, ill-mannered. 337 *woude*=feared, hesitated. "Listen why I was afraid to bring Horn to thee." 342 *on mi lokyng*=in my care, charge. 248 *wrope*, perhaps for O.E. *wope*=*weape*=sorrow.

P. 11. l. 352 *wham so hit recche*=whomsoever it may affect, i.e., whatever comes of it. 353 This seems to mean, "Rymenhild as well as she could began to soften in her temper;" *mupe*=mood. 354 The MSS. have—Harl. "Con lyþe." Oxf. "Gan leyhe." 356 "She was happy at that time." 359 *arife*=[shall] arise. 362 "There is none to bewray him." 366 "After that I reck not what people may say;" *reccheche*=*recche ich*. *Me*: this form of the indefinite pronoun occurs frequently in this MS.: see Glossary. Both the Harl. and Oxf. have *men*. 383 "On his knees he knelt him down."

P. 12. l. 388 *dorte*. This should be *dorste*, unless it be=*ðurte*=needed. The Harl. MS. reads, "Ne durþ non him"—and the Oxf. "Ne þar him no man." 401 *on pelle*=in pall. Pall was a rich kind of cloth used as covering for seats, etc. The Harl. MS. has *on palle*. 418 *wimman*=*wif-man*=woman. This form is singular number. 421 "It may not fitly become thee that I myself should be bound in marriage (to thee);" *cunde*=kind, race, family. Harl. "Of kunde me ne felde." Oxf. "Ich am nawt of kende." 422 Harl. and Oxf. "þe to spoufe welde."

P. 13. l. 427 *buze* should be *un-buze*=unclasp, unbend. Harl. MS. *unboue*. 428 *he*=she: Down she fell having swooned. 431 The sense is, "Assuredly he kissed with (her) very many times over;" *mid*=with: or may *mid y-wisse*=with certainty? 434 "Control now thine heart." 440 "Passed into knighthood." 448 "Ere a seven-night be past."

P. 14. l. 460 "It shall be well repaid him." 461 *leue*. This should clearly be *lene*=lend, grant. Oxf. "Horn god lene þe wel." 482 "Horn pleaseth me well and appears a good knight." 488 Harl. "And be my noþer derling." Oxf. "And be my nowne"—

P. 15. l. 498 *Sume hi were lufere*: *lufere*=wicked. It may refer to Fikenhild; or to the sorry *unknightly* condition in which they were. Harl. "Alle þer ywere." 527 *go one*=go alone. 528 *mone*=companion.

P. 16. l. 543 *Alfo*=as. The sentence means, "I will do all thy will as it may betide (befall);" i.e. "Whatever your will may happen to be." 554 "Therefore there is incumbent on me the more haste;" *rape*=speed, haste. 562. *Ihc wene ihc mai þe leue*= "I think I may believe thee." 564 *God him is þe dubbing*= "The dubbing (the setting, or it

may be ornament, engraving on the ring) on it is good." The verb occurs in a similar sense in Small's Metrical Homilies, p. 12 :

"He lyhted down ful mekeli  
Into the maiden wamb of Mary  
And sehop him bodi of hir flayfe  
And dubbed him wit our likenes."

P. 17. l. 567 *anonder*=under. Cf. *an-hez*=on high. 581 *erndinge*=progress. The Harl. has *endynng*; Oxf. *endynge*. 591 *brunie*=corslet, coat of mail. A.S. *byrne*. The Saxon word occurs in the Beowulf, 79, 481, etc. 592 *denie*=resound. Cf. the modern *din*. 598 *honde*=*honden*=hounds, dogs. 602 *belde*=boastful, confident, secure.

P. 18. l. 603 *wullez*=*wulleþ*=will. 607-8 For *smatte*—*hatte*, it should be *smat*—*hat*, or *smot*—*hot*. The Oxf. has *smot*. 624 *Anouen at þan orde*=above at the point. 628 *mitte*=*mid te*=with thee. 634 *londulfe*=of the land, i.e. this country's men.

P. 19. ll. 643-4 *izolde*—*woldest*. This and the many similar instances of false rhymes which occur are evidence of subsequent transcription. 649-651 *Heo* here is manifestly some corruption for the story is of Fikenhild. For 649, the Harl. has, "And Horn went into boure:" and for 651, "He fond Rymenhild fittynde." 655 *Horn fede, lef þinore*=Horn said, dear one, thy pity. For *lef* read *lese*. 674 *þare*. This is evidently for *hare* or *here*. *þare* is the Northern form of the pronoun, and would not be likely to occur in a Southern poem. Harl. *þilke*; Oxf. *here*.

P. 20. l. 684 *wurþ*. Read *and hit wurþ*=and it shall be. 704 *Murne*. *Sturne* is a better reading. 708 "Thou shalt be to me nevermore dear."

P. 21. l. 711 *flitte*. This word (and the same may be said of *ille*, 675) is seldom found in pure Southern compositions. They are probably due to some Midland scribe. 712 *an-hitte*. Cf. *an-honge*. 720 *nabod*=*ne bod*=did not stay. 736 *wonde*=wait.

P. 22. l. 756 *ifize* (pl.) saw.

P. 23. l. 793-4 For *woze*—*gloue* read *wowen*—*glouen*.

P. 24. l. 834 *ymone*=companions. For the form cf. *ifere*. 484 *togare* should be *togadere*. 854 *Hore deþ* should, perhaps, be *Here dent*=their assault.

P. 25. l. 865 There is evidently some omission here; the passage is supplied in the other MSS. thus—

Harl. "Y ne heuede ner of monnes honde  
So harde duntet in non londe  
Bote of þe kyng Murry  
þat wes fwiþe sturdy."

Oxf. "We neuere ne hente  
Of man fo harde dunte  
Bute of þe kyng Mory  
þat was fo fwiþe stordy."

878 *urne*=to run. 880 *wel fwiþe hize*=very quickly pursue.



P. 26. l. 904 It is difficult to see what this line means. There appears to be some corruption in the text.

P. 27. l. 941 This should be *fedē*. The abbreviation-mark, which is over the letter *e*, has been an error of the scribe. 956 "Alas for the time!"

P. 28. l. 969 "The sea began to be troubled under her walls." 972 *of-pinke*=repent, be sorry for. 996 For *felazc*, perhaps, we should read *knaue*, as the rhyme requires some such word.

P. 29. l. 1001 "He caused writs to be sent." 1003 Perhaps we should read *wizte*=brave, doughty.

P. 30. l. 1035 *adriȝe*=endure. Cf. the Northern word *dree*. 1045 *Modi*. The *i* seems to be superabundant here, and to be a clerical error in consequence of the *i* immediately following. *Mod*=temper. "Temper hot had I." 1063 *ful*=foul. 1064 *bicolmede*=blackened. Harl. *bi-collede*; Oxf. *kewede*. So *colmie* infra, 1082.

P. 31. l. 1087 *halke*=corner. 1099 *toke*=*be-toke*=entrusted (to my keeping).

P. 32. l. 1109 "She bare in her hand a horn, thus was the custom in the land." 1122 "And she filled him out of a brown jug his bowl of a gallon."

P. 33. l. 1144 *disse*=*pisse*=this. 1146 *i-orne*, have travelled, literally, have run.

P. 36. l. 1267 *hove*, akin to *heave*, to lift up; thou didst exalt me to knighthood.

P. 37. l. 1293 *crude*=crowd, press on. Cf. Chaucer, Man of Lawes Tale, 4715:

"O firste mevyng cruel firmament  
With thi diurnal swough that *crowdest* ay."

1310 "Thou belongest to our Lord and Saviour." 1314 *gros*, akin to *agrise*=to become afraid: "He became afraid of his words." 1322 This verse appears to mean, "They made me their reeve (or steward)." *Him* seems=*hem*.

P. 38. l. 1344 *stere*, "and is so stedfast to him."

P. 39. l. 1378 "And in the end they left none." 1385 This verse is very obscure, and seems to be corrupt.

P. 40. l. 1418 *rape* appears to be =hasty sudden alarm.

P. 41. l. 1436 *sun uprilte*=the sun's uprising.



## NOTES ON THE FRAGMENT OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Page 44. line 7 *blefli—herkni*. This form of verbal termination is very common in this fragment. Cf. inf. 120.

P. 45. l. 46 "I shall take for thee a trusty companion." 60 *forbere*. This word seems to have the meaning "take ill," "hardly put up with," "be offended with." Cf. Spenser's Faery Queen, Bk. ii. canto i. 53, 4:

"When as my wombe her burdein would forbere," = ill bear any longer.

P. 46. l. 68 On this see the note on King Horn, 149. 89 "She was saying her prayer in the temple when there descended the angel in that place."

P. 47. l. 120 *greþi*=prepare. Cf. Small's Metrical Homilies, p. 9:

"I send, he says, my messenger  
Bifor thi face thi word to ber  
That sal graithe bifor the the way."

Also pp. 10, 20, 86, 89 of the same work. 124 "And has done just as my son bade him."

P. 40. l. 149 *batere*. This word is an error of the scribe for *hatere*=clothing. The Camb. MS. Dd. 1. 1, alluded to in the Preface, has these lines thus:

"She dide of al hire hatere  
& wifch hire bodi w<sup>t</sup> elene watere."

165 "For with the cunning wiles that he knows."

P. 49. l. 174 *qued*=evil. Dutch *kwaad*. In a portion of the Lord's Prayer (Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 42) we have—

"ac vri ous uram queade" = But deliver us from evil.

Also in the same work, p. 161—

"Thus overkaam Jhesu the qued;"

and a few lines lower down—

"For to deme quike and dede  
He seal come to gode and quede."

178 *Wite*=free, defend. A.S. *witian*, *bewitian*. See Beowulf, 2275, 4431. 188 *Telle; hit me, ne heleþ hit noyt*=Tell me, and do not conceal it. *Hele*=to conceal, is still used in Kent: thus, to earth up celery is called *heling*, and so is the covering of a roof with tiles. 190 *idriþt*=oppressed. A.S. *drécan*. 193 *bigge*=buy.

P. 50. l. 234 *Fort*=until.

## NOTES ON FLORIZ AND BLAUNCHEFLUR.

Page 51. line 15 "For they thought they should never afterwards see him again, nor did they——"

P. 52. l. 24 *uerden=fareden*=fared, lived. 25 "Floris did not stint for any money to provide all that was needful." 37 *dreme*=tone of voice. In the Satire on the Blacksmiths, Rel. Ant. vol. i. p. 240, we have—

"Lus! bus! las! das! rowtyn be rowe  
Swech dolful a dreme the devyl it to dryve."

38 *zeme*=notice, regard. The word still exists in the Lancashire dialect; *gawmless*=heedless, may be found in the Glossary to Tim Bobbin. A.S. *gyman*=to take care.

P. 53. l. 65, 66 These lines, which are repeated inf. 121, 122, seem to mean, "But he might have no rest until the dead-sleep took him." *Fort*=until, occurs A. 234. 77 The instances of *me*=Fr. *on*, in the Fl. and Bl. are 77, 237, 270, 492, 671, 672, 698, 790.

P. 54. l. 110 "And also a cloth of miniver;" *pane*=Lat. *pannus*. The "Penni worth of Witte" explains this:

"And a mantel of scarlet  
Ipaned al with meniuer."

P. 55. l. 135 "At Babylon at the entrance thou shalt come to a bridge." A.S. *fruma*=beginning.

P. 56. l. 173 "Sire, he said, by God's mercy, I for a long time have not had so good an inn;" *ore*=mercy. Cf. Rel. Ant. vol. ii. p. 276:

"'Nelton,' quod the vox, 'thin ore,  
Ich am afingret swithe sore,  
Ich wet tonijt ich worthe ded.'"

185 "I would gladly advise and teach thee so that thou wouldst be much better." 197 "Daris then looked on Floris, and reckoned him for more than a fool."

P. 57. l. 209 "And I understand that Babylon extendeth a distance equal to a journey of a fortnight." 215 "On each day in all the year the market is equally thronged." 225 "It runneth in a brazen pipe;" *urn*=to run, occurs just below, 228; *urneth store*=runneth in abundance. 231 *kernel*. This is explained, by the version of Flor. and Blan. in the "Penni worth of Witte," as a knob or finial. The passage is as follows:

"And the pomel aboue the led  
Is iwrouth with so moche red."

233 *auouenom*=*anouenom*=above-named.

P. 58. l. 248 This seems to mean, "He will demand of him a reason for his presence," or, "find some fault with him for his presence." Cf. inf. 330. 253 *ful-iwis*=in good sooth. The lines mean, "Nor need he ever in good sooth to wish for more of Paradise." 258 *one*=on. 268 *Heo*=how.

P. 59. l. 299 "And she on whom the first flower falleth shall be queen, and receive the honour."

P. 60. l. 307 "To which maiden the well behaveth so at once she becomes undone." 311 "On her shall that flower fall by conjuration and enchantment." 337 *mi*. This seems an error for *pi*. 338 "To make a tower after this fashion at the entrance of thy land."

P. 61. l. 346 *Bipute panes*=without pence, without money at stake. 348 *slitte*=pocket, purse. 361 "If well for thy needs thou wouldest do." 369 "He will earnestly entreat thee to see if he can succeed the better."

P. 62. l. 401 "Then thou mayest discover thyself to him." Cf. sup. 190.

P. 63. l. 441 "They prayed God to give him an evil end."

P. 64. l. 465 *lepe*. This may be an adverb=hastily, or it may be for *zepe*=quickly.

P. 65. l. 489 *Bithute gabbe*=without joking. Cf. A Treatise on Dreams in the Rel. Antiq., vol. i. pp. 266, 267:

"White hors and rede hadde  
God tidyng withoute gabbe."

And—

"Children bueren other hadde  
That is harm withoute gabbe."

P. 66. l. 533 "I will conceal and not betray anything of the company of you two;" *beire*=of both. Halliwell and Wright's Glossaries. A.S. *ba*, both, forms *bam*, *begra*, from which latter case the word in the text is derived. This couplet in the Auchinlech MS. runs thus:

"White þe wel wtterli  
That hele Ich wille þoure both druri."

555 *wite*=expect. "But they could not expect to be long before they were found out."

P. 67. l. 579 "And thereon she offered her prayer that God who endured suffering would preserve thee long alive." 589 "Twitted her that she delayed so long."

P. 68. l. 606 "She feareth me too little."

P. 69. l. 637 *frist*=space of time. Cf. Beowulf, 153, 269. "That he grant them a space of life." 649 *apliȝt*=faithfully. This meaning is marked as doubtful in Coleridge's Gloss. Ind.

P. 70. l. 668 *hond habbing*=having (their plunder) in their hands. *Handhabend* and *backberond* were terms in Saxon law for a thief caught with his plunder about him. See Phillips' New World of Words, under *backberond*; Bailey's Dictionary, under *handhabend*. 675 "Mine is the

guilt and the improper conduct." 677 "But if I knew how I might undergo it, I ought to die twice."

P. 71. l. 736 *tire*=tear, drag back.

P. 72. l. 750 "It is very little advantage to thee to kill these fair children." 764 "Unless it be forgiven to them also."

P. 73. l. 776 *lowe peruore*=laughed thereat. 792 *breme*=famous, renowned. Beowulf, 35. 798 *nimen his red*=take his advice=decide on the course he intended to pursue. 804 *ibod*=offered, promised. A.S. *beodan*. 805 *winne*=gains.

P. 74. l. 813 *idel*=any thing or portion.

## NOTES TO THE ASSUMPTION.

- Page 75. line 10 *werde*. This is not an uncommon form for *werlde*.
- P. 76. l. 26 *dede*=death.
- P. 77. l. 66 *forberen*. See note on l. 60 of the Fragment of the Assumption. 73 *ferē*. See note on Horn, 149.
- P. 78. l. 116 *ferde*=host. A.S. *fyrđ*. 120 *heuen-ryche*=the kingdom of heaven.
- P. 79. l. 151 *steie*=ascended. From the same root we get *stīle*, *stīrrup*; and in the Northern dialects *stee*=a ladder. 168 *reyue*=rob, bereave.
- P. 80. l. 192 *for-hele*=conceal. 197 *quede*. See Fragment of Assumption, 174; also *infra*, 465.
- P. 81. l. 213 *greding*=crying. "Leave off your crying, it does no good."
- P. 85. l. 352 "We are persuaded there is a reason for it." See *inf.* 372, 554.
- P. 86. l. 410 After this is inserted in Camb. MS., Dd. 1. 1, the following lines:
- "Among hem alle fone affir jis  
A swete voys com fro paradys,  
So swete it was and so ferli  
pat alle jei pat were þer bi."
- And at this point the leaf containing pp. 324 and 325, alluded to in the Preface, is torn out. I give the complete passage from the other MS. (Ff. 2. 38, fol. 42):
- "Among þem all fone affire thys  
Come a swete fmelle from paradys  
So swete hyt was and so ferly  
That al they that were hir by,  
Yong and oolde euerychon,  
Fafte aslepe felle anonē.  
All they slepte be oure lady  
Harkenyth now the skylle why:  
As fone as they were aslepe  
Hyt began to thondre on mete  
And the erthe swythe to qwake  
As hyt wolde all to-fchake."
- P. 87. l. 438 "I was there to instruct men."
- P. 90. l. 543 "If a man had in his single person wrought all the sins that can be conceived."

P. 91. l. 598 "Torches both beautiful and many of them."

P. 98. l. 845 The disappearance of the body is thus described in the Cambridge MS. (Dd. 1. 1):

"Pei beried þe bodi under a ston  
 As God bad sone anon  
 ʒonge & olde þ<sup>t</sup> þer were  
 For hire wepte many a tere.  
 & þan þe apostlis ʒede aʒen  
 to þe borw of Ierusalem,  
 & fetten hem to þe mete  
 & of many a thing gan þei speke.  
 And as þei sat at the bord  
 þei began to preche goddis word:  
 & whil þei were in þat place,  
 Ihesu thorw his holi grace  
 Began to taken up anon  
 His moder bodi of þe ston:  
 He wold not suffre on no manere  
 þat hire bodi were left there.  
 Als bright as þe sunne beme  
 he brouht þe soule to þe bodi aʒen,  
 & he made hire quen Iwis  
 In þe kingdom of heuene blis."

P. 99. l. 885 This ending seems to have been an usual one for religious poems. In the Metrical Homilies, pp. xxi. xxii., there is the following, though the part preceding it (which Mr. Small very kindly copied for me) is not at all like our poem:—

"Womman fal perile of na barne  
 Na nan wit mistim he for-farne  
 Ne fal unto na dedlie plizte  
 That tai it here outhur day or niʒte  
 And mare thar-of I fai ye giete  
 Qu hertlic heris or redis itte  
 Of our Leuedi and Saint Johan  
 Thair benicun thaim bes noʒte wan  
 And Saint Edmund of Puntenei  
 Daiis of perdun thaim giuis xx<sup>ti</sup>  
 In a writte this ilke I fande  
 Him felue it wroʒte Ie underfande."

The Cambridge MS. (Dd. 1. 1) ends thus:

"Befeke we now þ<sup>t</sup> fwete may  
 þ<sup>t</sup> fehe pray for us nyght & day,  
 And bere onre arnde to hire sone  
 þat we may to him come,  
 Into heuene þer he is king,  
 & ʒeue us alle good ending.—Amen."

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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[N.B.—Where the *first* reference to any word stands alone, it refers to the line of King Horn. F is for Floris and Blancheflur, A for the fragment, and *a* for the complete copy of the Assumption of the Virgin.]

- A, he, F 129.  
 Abeie, atone for, 110.  
 Abide, remain, 1023.  
 Abowe, above, aloft, *a* 22.  
 Ac, but, F 32, 65, 95.  
 Acupement, accusation (Lat. *culpa*),  
     F 664, 670.  
 Admirad, admiral, 89.  
 Adraze, drawn, F 531.  
 Adrenche, drown, 971; F 5.  
 Adrinke, drown, 105, 971.  
 Adrize, dry up, 1035.  
 Adun, down, 428, 455.  
 Ageffe, contrive, 1181.  
 Agrife, terrify, 867.  
 Alizt, alighted, F 21.  
 Alrebest, best of all, F 383.  
 Also, as if, as, F 14, 326, 804.  
 Also, for all that, however, 543.  
 Amad, dismayed, 575.  
 Among, mixedly, all together,  
     F 431.  
 Amoreze, on the morrow, F 67, 123.  
 Anguffus, anxious, F 366.  
 Anhitte, strike, 712.  
 Anhonde, in hand, 1109.  
 Anhonge, hang, 328.  
 Anizt, by night, F 24.  
 Ankere, anchor, 1014.  
 Anonder, under, 567.  
 Anouen, above, 624.  
 Aplizt, faithfully, F 649.  
 Aquel, kill, F 725.  
 Aquite, bereft, F 207.  
 Ar, before, 546.  
 Arazt, } reached, gave, F 687.  
 Arazte, }  
 Are, before, 448; F 474, 661.  
 Areche, take vengeance on, 1220.  
 Arewe, in a row, F 298.  
 Arizte, aright, 457.  
 Arn, are, *a* 324.  
 Arnde, ran, 1231.  
 Ase, as, 34; F 42.  
 Aflaze, slain, 88.  
 Afoke, forsook, 65.  
 At, of, 585.  
 Aton, at one, agreed, 925.  
 Atwift, twitted, F 590.  
 Auouenom, abovenamed, F 233.  
 Auzt, ought, *a* 6, 415.  
 Awinne, win, F 132, 205.  
 Awreke, avenge, condemn, F 640,  
     658, 661, 731.  
 Azen, again, 582.  
 Azenes, against, 76.  
 Azte, ought, F 587; A 23.  
 Bacin, basin, F 563, 598.  
 Bad, prayed, 79; A 89, 154; *a* 160.  
 Bald, bold, 70.  
 Bale, sorrow, F 821.  
 Barbican, barbican (Fr. *barbacan*),  
     F. 244.



- Bare, bier, 891.  
 Barme, bosom, 706.  
 Barnage, baronage, F 639.  
 Bataille, battle, 574.  
 Batere, error for hatere = clothing.  
   See note. A 149.  
 Bed, bidding, A 124.  
 Bede, prayed for, F 553.  
 Bede, prayer, A 89; *a* 663.  
 Beire, of (you) both, F 534.  
 Belamy (Fr. *bel ami*); F 633;  
   A 132; *a* 124.  
 Belde, bold, 602.  
 Bene, boon, 508.  
 Beo, be, F 129.  
 Beode, pray, F 369.  
 Beon, may they be, 1.  
 Beoþ, }  
 Beþ, } are, be, 175; F 19, 21.  
 Buþ, }  
 Ber, beer, 1112.  
 Bere, sound, F 468.  
 Bere, bier, F 14.  
 Berste, burst, 662.  
 Beste, gain, advantage, 1178.  
 Betere, better, F 752, 756.  
 Bicolmede, blackened, 1064.  
 Bidde, }  
 Bid, } pray, 457; A 158, 170.  
 Bieſte, in the east, 1325.  
 Bifalle, befallen, become, 420.  
 Bifette, washed by (as by the sea),  
   1396.  
 Bifore, }  
 Biforn, } before, 369, 532.  
 Bigge, buy, *a* 197.  
 Bigge, beg, F 368.  
 Bigile, beguile, deceive, 320.  
 Bigod, By God, 165.  
 Bihalt, beheld, looked upon, F 197.  
 Bihet, entreated, 470.  
 Biknewe, known, F 718.  
 Bileue, past *bileſte*, remain, live,  
   363, 742; F 10, 150, 801; A  
   57; *a* 63.  
 Binomen, seized, *a* 271.  
 Bireued, deprived, 622.  
 Birine, to rain, 11.  
 Birunne, overran, overflowed (with  
   tears), 654.  
 Biſehine, to shine, 12.  
 Biſemeþ, appeareth, 482.  
 Biſoþ, besought, F 127.  
 Biſture, early, quickly (?), 685.  
 Biſwike, deceive, 290, 666.  
 Bitak, take, 785.  
 Biteche, give up to, entrust, F 688  
   692, 815.  
 Bitere, bitter, 960, 1482.  
 Bitide, turn out, 543.  
 Bitime, betimes, 965.  
 Bitwex, betwixt, 346.  
 Biþenche, bethink, F 428.  
 Biþinne, within, F 244.  
 Biþoþte, resolved, reflected, 264  
   411.  
 Biþute, without, F 218, 346, 489.  
 Bialle, beſal, 172.  
 Biuore, before, 233, 496.  
 Biwente, turned about, 320.  
 Biweſte, in the west, 5.  
 Biwinne, win, recover, F 196  
   349, 351, 374.  
 Blake, black, 1203.  
 Blenche, turn over, 1411.  
 Bliue, quickly, 472.  
 Blyþeliche, blithely, F 72.  
 Bo, both, F 547, 614, 730, 779.  
 Bolle, bowl, 1123.  
 Bode, message, tidings, A 104, 146  
   *a* 126.  
 Bone, boon, prayer, A 27; *a* 496.  
 Borde, board, table, 827.  
 Bote, blessing, F 821.  
 Boþe, boughs, 1227.  
 Breche, breech, F 258.  
 Brede, breadth, F 328.  
 Breme, glorious, renowned (A.S.  
   *breme*), F 792.  
 Brenne, burn, F 5.  
 Brid, bread, 1259.  
 Brigge, bridge, F 136, 152.  
 Broþte, brought, F 72.  
 Bruc, brook, enjoy, 206.

- Brudale, bridal, 1032.  
 Brun, a brown jar, 1122.  
 Brunie, corslet, mail for man or horse, 591, 717, 841.  
 Brymme, edge, shore, 190.  
 Bur, bower, F 103.  
 Burden, bore, 892.  
 Bure, bower, 286.  
 Bure, } burgh, F 213, 219.  
 Bur, }  
 Burgeis, burgess, F 115, 133, 183, 319.  
 Bute, but, except, 65; F 52.  
 But, unless, F 245, 260.  
 Buterfliȝe, butterfly, F 473.  
 Buȝe (should be *unbuȝe*), bow, bend, 427.  
  
 Caffidoines, chalcedonics, F 286.  
 Caft, fashion, F 338.  
 Chaere, chair, 1261.  
 Charbugle, carbuncle, F 234.  
 Chaumentement, enchantment, F 312.  
 Chelde, grow chill, 1148.  
 Cheose, choose, 664.  
 Chere, } countenance, F 13, 169;  
 Chire, } A 231.  
 Chippeȝ, cheep (used also of the noise of birds), F 549.  
 Clenche, strike, 1476.  
 Cleppen, clasp, F 594.  
 Cloȝe, clothes, 1215.  
 Clupede, called, 225.  
 Colmie, black, 1082.  
 Come, coming, 530.  
 Coniurefon, conjuration, F 312.  
 Cofin, cousin, 1444.  
 Couerture, bedclothes, 696.  
 Crestel, crystal, F 232.  
 Cristene, christian, 1317.  
 Crois, cross, 1309.  
 Crude, move, 1293.  
 Culuart, deceitful, F 247, 329.  
 Cunde, kind, nature, 421, 1377; F 677.  
 Cunne, kind, F 195.  
 Cunne, knoweth, is able, 568.  
  
 Cupen, cups, vessels, F 434.  
 Curt, court, 245.  
 Curtais, } courteous, F 116, 134,  
 Curteis, }  
 Cuffe, kiss, 1208.  
 Cuffeȝ, kiss, F 549.  
 Cufte, kissed, 405; F 11.  
 Cuȝe, knew, A 39.  
 Cuȝe, could, was able, 1090.  
  
 Damefele, damsel, 1169.  
 Darf, need (A.S. *þearfan*. Ger. *dürfen*), F. 237, 315.  
 Dene, down, a 347.  
 Denie, resound (cf. English *din*), 592.  
 Dent, blow, stroke (A.S. *dynt*), 152.  
 Deol, dole, sorrow, 1048, 1050.  
 Derie, injure (A.S. *derian*), 786; A 162.  
 Derling, darling, 488.  
 Direwerȝe, costly, F 289.  
 Diſſe, this, 1144.  
 Diȝe, death, 58, 640; F 661.  
 Dom, doom, F 700.  
 Dorſte, durst, 928.  
 Dorte, needed, 388.  
 Dofter, daughter, 249.  
 Dradde, were afraid, 120.  
 Draȝe, approach, go, 1289, 1420.  
 Dreme, tone, F 37.  
 Driȝte, our Lord Jesus Christ, 1310.  
 Drof, drove, 119.  
 Droȝ, drew, F 683.  
 Droȝe, went, 1006.  
 Druerie, love, F 382.  
 Dubbe, to create a knight, 447, 458.  
 Dubbing, creation of a knight, 438.  
 Dubbing, ornament, device on a ring, 564.  
 Duc, duke, F 697, 715, 747.  
 Dude, did, caused, placed, betook, 342, 1023; F. 69.  
 Dune, downs, 154.  
 Dunttes, strokes, 573, 609.  
 Dure, door, 973.

- Durcþ, extendeth, F 210.  
 Dute, fear, F 4.  
 Dutcþ, feareþ, F 606.  
 Ef, if, F 243.  
 Eft, afterwards, F 16.  
 Ehe, each, F 31.  
 Eidel, any part, F 813.  
 Eie, awe, F 302.  
 Ellos, else, otherwise, F 663.  
 Engin, device (Lat. *ingenium*),  
 F 755, 759.  
 Eni, any, 316.  
 Entermeten, meddle with (Fr.  
*entre-metre*), F 204.  
 Er, before, 535; F 519.  
 Erende, errand, 462.  
 Erles, earls, F 79.  
 Erliche, early, *a* 302.  
 Erndinge, intercession, 581.  
 Ert, art, F 52, 200.  
 Escheker, chess, F 344, 345, 356.  
 Este, east, 1135.  
 Eþe, easily, 835.  
 Eþelikefte, commonest, F 274.  
 Euc, eve, 364.  
 Euelte, injury, *a* 280.  
 Euening (an error for *neuening*),  
 naming, 206.  
 Eure, ever, 79.  
 Enrech, every, 216, F 284.  
 Eureþut, ever yet, 788.  
 Fader, father, 110.  
 Faire, fairer, 8.  
 Fairhede, beauty, 83.  
 Faste (*adv.*), fast, 119.  
 Fecche, fetch, 351.  
 Feire, fair, market, F 216.  
 Feire, fair, beautiful, F 561.  
 Feire, fairer, 8.  
 Felaze, fellow, companion, F 141.  
 Fele, many, 67, 1329; F 93, 162,  
 175; *a* 598.  
 Felle (perh. for *fulfelle*), *fulfil*,  
 1254.  
 Felonie, wickedness, F 331.  
 Felun, wicked, F 247, 329.  
 Feo, cost, F 25.  
 Feol, fell, 428.  
 Feol, happened, F 89.  
 Feond, fiend, A 164.  
 Feor, far, 1146, 1177.  
 Ferde, host, army (A.S. *ferd*), *a* 116.  
 Fer (*adj.*), sound, 149.  
 Ferde, went, 751, 938.  
 Fere, companion, A 78.  
 Feren, } companions, 19, 82, 237,  
 Ferin, } 1242; A 16.  
 Feiren, }  
 Ferli, marvel, *a* 732.  
 Ferli, marvellous, *a* 230, 327.  
 Ferlich, surprise, F 456.  
 Feste, feast, F 78.  
 Fet, } fetched, F 790; *a* 465.  
 Fette, }  
 Fin, } end, 262; F 441.  
 Fine, }  
 Fisl, fish, 725.  
 Fissen, to fish, 1136.  
 Fiffere, fisherman, 1134.  
 Fle, } flay, 86, 1370.  
 Flen, }  
 Fleme, flee, 1271.  
 Flift, flew, F 473.  
 Flitte, depart, 711.  
 Flures, flowers, F 434.  
 Fode, child, 1340.  
 Fole, people, 618.  
 Fole, foal, 589, 591.  
 Fond, found, 597.  
 Fonde, try, experience, 151, 730;  
 F 195, 429, 771.  
 Fone, foes, *a* 592.  
 Fonge, take, F 300, 395.  
 For, fore, 671.  
 Forbere, A 60.  
 Forbode, prohibition, 76.  
 Foreward, compact, 452; F 426.  
 Fore-hele, conceal, *a* 192.  
 Forleie, seduced, defiled, F 301.  
 Forlete, let go, desert, 218.  
 Forloren, injurious, 479.  
 Forsoke, forsook, 747.

- Fort, before, A 235.  
 Fort, forth, F 18.  
 Forþi, therefore, 554.  
 Forþinkeþ, repenteth, *a* 538, 811.  
 Forþought, repented, *a* 431.  
 Forþe, forget, F 497, 498.  
 Fout, } foot, 134; F 393.  
 Foute, }  
 Fozeles, fowls, 129; F 277.  
 Fremde, strange, 64; A 181.  
 Freo, noble, F 183.  
 Frume, beginning, entrance, F 135,  
 179, 339.  
 Ful, } foul, 322, 323, 1063.  
 Fule, }  
 Fulde, filled, 1153.  
 Fulle (*adv.*), quite, 96.  
 Funde, go, proceed, 103, 133, 1280.  
 Funde, reached, 882.  
 Fundling, } foundling, 228, 420.  
 Fundlyng, }  
 Fundyng, foundling, 220.  
 Furf (*n.*), space, time (A.S. *first*),  
 F 638.  
 Fus, eager (A.S. *fus*), F 368.
- Gabbe, deceit, F 489.  
 Gadere, gather, F 434.  
 Galeie, galley, ship, 185.  
 Galun, gallon, 1123.  
 Game, pleasure, 198.  
 Gamenede, sported, F 31.  
 Gateward, gatekeeper, 1067.  
 Gegges, young men, F 439.  
 Geng, train, band, A 220.  
 Gerfume, treasure, F 405, 419,  
 773.  
 Gefte, entertain (?), 478.  
 Geftes, entertainments, 522  
 Gefninge, entertainment, F 82,  
 125, 160, 201.  
 Geþ, } goeth, F 53, 199, 421.  
 Geþ, }  
 Gigours = gigelours, musicians (see  
 Coleridge's *Gl. Ind.*), 1472.  
 Giled, cheated, 1452.  
 Giles, guiles, deceptions, A 164.
- Ginne, stratagem, F 131, 195, 206,  
 258, 771.  
 Ginnur, engineer, F 324.  
 Gleo, glee, song, A 10.  
 Gleowinge, music, 1468.  
 Glewe, glee, *a* 483.  
 Glotoun, glutton, 1124.  
 Gloue, gloves (?), 794.  
 God, good, F 174.  
 Godne (*acc. sing.*), good, 727.  
 Gome, man, 22.  
 Gonde, compass, F 210.  
 Grace, favour, power, 571.  
 Grame, anger (A.S. *grama*), F 712;  
*a* 738, 881.  
 Grauel, 1465.  
 Grede, shriek (A.S. *grædan*), F 454.  
 Greding, weeping, *a* 213.  
 Greithe, prepare, *a* 128.  
 Grete, weep, 889.  
 Grette, greeted, 384, 782; A 88.  
 Gros, feared, 1314.  
 Guld, guilt, F 675.  
 Gume, man (A.S. *guma*), 161;  
 F 261.  
 Gunne, began. This verb gener-  
 ally = the auxiliary *did*. 51,  
 61, 179, 850.
- Habbe, have, F 65, 121.  
 Hail, whole, F 56.  
 Halke, corner, 1087.  
 Halue, behalf, F 144, 145.  
 Haste, on haste = quickly, 615.  
 Hatte, was called, F 479.  
 Hatte, heated, 608.  
 Harwed, ravaged, *a* 463.  
 Hauede, had, 48.  
 He, she, F 47.  
 He, they, 1.  
 Helde, loyalty, F 397.  
 Heleþ, cover, A 188.  
 Hende, kind, 371; F 74, 116,  
 134, 139, 320.  
 Hendeliche, kindly, F 333, 341,  
 379, 390.  
 Henty, *i. q.* hende, 1336.

- Henne, hence, away from here, 46, 319.  
 Heo, she, F 1, *et passim*.  
 Heorte, heart, 263; F 113.  
 Her, here, 306, 343.  
 Here, their, 60, 112; F 20, 461, *et passim*.  
 Here, hear, 398.  
 Hefte, command, F 610.  
 Het, bade, F 608, 619.  
 Het, was called, 7, 9, 25, 761.  
 Heþene, heathens, 598.  
 Heued, head, 610, 621, 641; F 562.  
 Heuie, heaviness, F 440.  
 Heþeste, highest, F 560.  
 Hider, hither, 1174.  
 Hine (Sax. acc.), him, 1028.  
 Hire, her, F 37, *et passim*.  
 Hit, it, F 123, *et passim*.  
 Hiȝ, high, F 151.  
 Hiȝe, hie, 880.  
 Hiȝede, hastened, 968.  
 Hiȝhede, height, F 327.  
 Ho, who, F 634.  
 Hol, whole, 149, 1341; A 67.  
 Holde, faithful, 1249.  
 Hom, home, 625.  
 Honde, hands, 112.  
 Honde, hounds, dogs, 598.  
 Hond-habbing, having in the hand, F 668.  
 Hore, for here, their, 854.  
 Hote, am called, 767.  
 Houe, raised, 1267.  
 Hu, how, 468.  
 Hudde, hid, 1196.  
 Hulle, hills, 208.  
 Hund, hound, dog, 601, 611.  
 Hunde, dogs, 831, 881.  
 Hurede, hired, 750.  
 Hufe, house, 994.  
 Hufebonde, husband, 1039.  
 Ibede, prayed, F 579.  
 Ibide, live till, F 175.  
 Ibore, born, 417.  
 Ibore, carried, F 775.  
 Iboȝt, bought, F 118.  
 Ibroȝt, brought, F 117.  
 Ibuld, built, F 643.  
 Ibunde, bound, 1116.  
 Icluped, called, F 140.  
 Iclupt, clasped, F 614.  
 Icomen, } come, 202; F 19, 85,  
 Icome, } 180.  
 Ieume, }  
 Ieume, }  
 Ieorc, chosen, F 268.  
 Ideld, separated, F 548.  
 Idiȝt, dressed, prepared, F 23, 260.  
 Idon, done, ended, 446; F 295.  
 Idriȝt, oppressed (A.S. *drecan*), A 190.  
 Ifare, fared, 468.  
 Ifere, companion, companions, 102, 221, 242; F 502; A 46.  
 Ifere, together, F 592.  
 Ifo, take, F 694 (A.S. *fōn*).  
 Ifounde, discovered, 773.  
 Ifunde, found, 955.  
 Igon, past, 187.  
 Igraue, engraven, 566.  
 Ihe, I, F 44, *et passim*.  
 Iherde, heard, F 53.  
 Ihere, hear, 678.  
 Ihote, called, 201; F 293.  
 Iknew, knew, F 509.  
 Iknowe (*part.*), aware, 983; also *inf.* to recognize, 1372.  
 Ilad, led, F 89, 114.  
 Ilaid, laid, F 14.  
 Ilaste, endure, 660.  
 Ileie, lain, 1139.  
 Ileft, } lasteth, lasted, F 513;  
 Ileft, } A 196.  
 Ilich, like, F 49, 216.  
 Ilike, likeness, impersonation, 289.  
 Ilke, same, 855, 926.  
 Iment, intended, 795.  
 Imete, meet, 940.  
 Ine, I—not; as, Ine schal = I shall not, F 179, 424.  
 Inere, I were not, F 681.  
 Inne, } inn, F 20, 35, 97, 171,  
 In, } 174, 373.

- Inome, taken, F 20, 86, 668.  
 Inot, Inc wot = I do not know, F 60.  
 Inoꝝ, } enough, 182; F 89.  
 Inoꝛe, }  
 Ioie, } joy, 106, 278; A 208.  
 Ioye, }  
 Iorne, travelled, 1146.  
 Ipiꝛt, placed, F 214, 220.  
 Ipliꝛt, pledged, F 141.  
 Iquemeb, satisfies, 486.  
 Irad, read, F 578.  
 Ire, iron, F 6.  
 Ire, ear, 309, 959.  
 Irod, I rode, 630.  
 Iſeo, see, F 130, 365.  
 Iſiꝛe, saw, 756, 976.  
 Iſiꝛte, I sighed, F 59.  
 Iſold, sold, F 48, 192.  
 Iſoꝛte, I sought, F 59.  
 Iſoꝛte, they sought, 39.  
 Iſpild, slain, A 18.  
 Iſprunge, ſprung, 548.  
 Iſteue (for iſterue), ſtarved, dead,  
 1167.  
 Iſwoꝛe, ſwooning, 428, 858.  
 Itake, taken, 1410.  
 Itazt, taught, F 404.  
 Iwite, discover, F 206.  
 Iwroꝛt, worked, F 403.  
 Iwuned, gone, F 567.  
 Iꝛe, eye, 755, 975, 1036; F 474.  
 Iꝛolde, yielded, F 809.  
  
 Jacintes, jacinths, F 287.  
  
 Kare, care, 1244.  
 Kembe, comb, F 562.  
 Kene, fierce, 852.  
 Kenne, kin, 176.  
 Kep, care, A 73.  
 Kepte, held back, 1202.  
 Kernel, knob, F 230.  
 Kerue, carve, 233.  
 Keſte, kissed, F 512.  
 Kinedom, kingdom, F 803.  
 Kinge-riche, kingdom, 17.  
 Klepte, clasped, F 512.  
  
 Knes, knees, 383.  
 Knewelyng, kneeling, 781.  
 Kniꝛti, } to confer knighthood on,  
 Kniꝛte, } 480.  
 Kunne, know, F 521.  
 Kunne (*n.*), kin, 865.  
 Kunnes, kind, F 415, 793.  
 Kyn, kindred, 633.  
  
 Ladde, led (a life), lived, 20.  
 Laie (*v.*), lay, 1252.  
 Laſt, leſt, F 179.  
 Laſte, leaſt, 616.  
 Late, let, 1044, 1473.  
 Lay, ſong, 1477.  
 Lay, } law, 65, 1110; *a* 686.  
 Laꝛe, }  
 Laꝛte, } laid up, 243, 379.  
 Leide, }  
 Lede (*v.*), lead, 184.  
 Leſ, remain, 774.  
 Leſdi, lady, F 35; A 55.  
 Legge, } lay, 1057; F 376, 754.  
 Ligge, }  
 Leme, light, brightness, F 235,  
 239.  
 Lemman, lover, F 53, 58, 75, 107,  
 132.  
 Leng, longer, A 137, 142, 184.  
 Leof (*adj.*), dear, 324.  
 Leof, love, F 542.  
 Leofe, loſe, 663.  
 Lepe (*adv.*), haſtily (or it may be  
 an error for *ꝛepe*), F 465.  
 Lepand, leaping, *a* 613, 705.  
 Lere, teach, 228, 241.  
 Lere, face, F 501.  
 Leſcoun, leſſon, A 3.  
 Leſing, lying, F 585.  
 Leſt = leſteſt, F 365.  
 Leſte = liſteneſt, giueſt ear to,  
 likeſt, 473.  
 Leſte, laſt, endure, A 112.  
 Let, hindered, F 25.  
 Let, cauſe, F 55, 109, 433, 434.  
 Lete, let fall, 890.  
 Lete, loſt, 1246.



- Lete, permit, F 175.  
 Leten, to hinder, 929.  
 Letez, allow, F 418.  
 Leue, believe, 562; *a* 655.  
 Leuc, dear, F 321.  
 Leue, for *lene*, give, 461.  
 Leuc, leave, F 9, 68.  
 Leucere, rather, F 806.  
 Liand, lying, *a* 768.  
 Libbe, live, 63; F 488.  
 Liche, like, F 88.  
 Ligge, to lie, 1275.  
 Linne, cease, 992.  
 Lisse, art, craft, 235, 1459.  
 Lite (*adv.*), little, 932.  
 Liþ, lieth, 1137.  
 Liþe, hearken, 334.  
 Liue, leave, F 124.  
 Liþte, descended, A 90.  
 Liþte, to shine, 386.  
 Lokyng, care, 342.  
 Loke, guard, 748.  
 Londiffé, belonging to the land, 634.  
 Lore, teaching, telling, 442.  
 Loþe, averse, hateful, 1060, 1197.  
 Louerde, } lord, F 37, 398.  
 Louerd, }  
 Louze, } laughed, 1480; F 776,  
 Lowe, } 477.  
 Lozen, }  
 Lude, loud, 209, 1294.  
 Luft, hearken, 334.  
 Luffe, liked, 406.  
 Luþere, wicked, unseemly, 498.  
 Luuie, love, F 392.  
 Lym, lime, F 221.  
 Lynne, cease, 311, 354.  
 Lyþe, listen, 2.  
 Lyþth, lighteth, descendeth, *a* 96.  
  
 Mai, may, F 6.  
 Make, mate, 1409.  
 Mannes (*gen. pl.* for *manne*), of men, 21.  
 Manrede, homage, submission, F 395.  
 Marchaunt, merchant, F 42.  
  
 Mafeun, mason, F 326.  
 Maffagere, messenger, *a* 100, 125, 146.  
 May, maiden, F 46, 102, 743, 808; A 2.  
 Maje, may, F 632.  
 Me, *indef. pron.* (used like Fr. *on*), 366, 891, 936; F 671, 672, 699, 763, 790.  
 Mede, desert, 470.  
 Meigne, )  
 Mein, )  
 Mayn, } retinue, F 17, 608, 621,  
 Maine, } 782; A 110; *a* 475, 496.  
 Mayne, )  
 Meyne, )  
 Meniuier, miniver (Fr. *menuvair*), F 110.  
 Mefaventur, misfortune, 326.  
 Mest, most, 24, 250; F 64, 120.  
 Mester, need, A 68.  
 Mestere, craft, 229, 549.  
 Met (*v.*), measure, F 328.  
 Mete, dream, 1408.  
 Meward, towards me, 1118.  
 Mid, together, 220, 432.  
 Mid, with, F 131; A 53.  
 Middelerd, world, F 272.  
 Millike (for milliketh), displeaseth, 668.  
 Mislyke, dislike, 425.  
 Misfrede, misadvise, misguide, 292.  
 Misfe, lose (followed by *of*), to misse of, 122, 1458.  
 Misfe (*v.*), might, 10.  
 Mitte, with thee, 628; F 347.  
 Mo, more, 808.  
 Mode, mind, 281.  
 Mode, anger, 1405.  
 Moder, mother, 1360.  
 Modi, angry, 704.  
 Molde, ground, 317.  
 Mone, companion (A.S. *gemana*), 528.  
 Mone, mind, liking, 1114.  
 Mone, moan, F 105.  
 Moretid, morrow-tide, F 558.

- Mofte, must, might, 63.  
 Mote, may, must, 97, 183; F 662,  
 Muchelhede, greatness, stature.  
 F 51.  
 Mureþþe, mirth, F 682.  
 Murie, merry, F 24, 158.  
 Murne (*adj.*) sorrowful, 704.  
 Murne (*v.*) mourn, 964.  
 Murninge, mourning, F 36, 39.  
 Muþe, mood, 354.  
 Muþe, mouth, F 11.  
 Myry, merry, a 94, 137.
- Nabit, he has not bitten, tasted  
 food, F 40.  
 Nabod, he abode not, tarried not,  
 720.  
 Nadde, had not, F 106.  
 Nadrinke, do not drown, 142.  
 Nam, name, a 36.  
 Nam, took, F 791; a 35, 59.  
 Nammore, no more, F 531.  
 Naftu, thou hast not, 1193.  
 Nayles, nails, 232.  
 Neuede, had not, F 174.  
 Neb, nose, F 615.  
 Nem, } took, 60; F 124.  
 Neme, }  
 Nempne, } named, F 53, 107,  
 Nempnen, } 290.  
 Neod, need, F 26.  
 Nert, wert not, F 170.  
 Net, has not eaten, F 33, 41, 95,  
 163.  
 Neure, never, F 104, 491, 492.  
 Neþ, } (*adj.* and *adv.*) nigh, nearly,  
 Niþ, } 252, 464, 860; F 461.  
 Nier, near, 771.  
 Nimeþ, taketh, F 9, 149.  
 Nimeftu, takest thou, F 38.  
 Nir, near, 364.  
 Nis, is not, F 42, 222.  
 Niþing, a mean, cowardly person,  
 196.  
 Niwe, new, F 296.  
 Niþt, night, F 22.  
 Nolde, would not, F 10.
- Nome, to take, F 66, 122.  
 None, noon, 358, 801.  
 Nowar, nowhere, 1096.  
 Nu, now, F 9.  
 Nuþte, ne wist, knew not, 276;  
 F 455.  
 Nuþe, now, F 12.  
 Nym, } take, seize, A 105, 121,  
 Nyme, } 134; a 701.  
 Nywe, new, 1432, 1442.
- O, one, F 225, 264.  
 Of, out of, 1084.  
 Of, off, F 2.  
 Ofdrad, } to be afraid, 291, 574;  
 Ofdrede, } A 93.  
 Offerd, afraid, F 475, 632.  
 Of-herde, overheard, 41.  
 Ofreche, recover, 1283.  
 Of-pinke, to repent, 106, 972, 1056.  
 On, a, an, 89, 299.  
 On, one, 952.  
 On, in, 309.  
 One, alone, 527.  
 Oniche, onyx, F 288.  
 Or, before, 553.  
 Ord, beginning, F 47, 191, 411,  
 767.  
 Orde, point (of a sword), 624, 1486.  
 Ore, oure, 192.  
 Ore, merey, 1509; F 173.  
 Ofte, host, F 126, 127, 148.  
 Oþe, oath, 347.  
 Oþer, or, 40.  
 Oþer, second (cf. Lat. *alter*), 187.  
 Ower, your, F 534; A 207, 208.  
 Oþe, own, 984.  
 Oþene, own, 240; F 524.  
 Oþt (*n.*), anything, aught, 976.  
 Oþt (*v.*), ought, F 351.
- Pal, cloth, F 536; a 795.  
 Paleis, palace, F 87.  
 Pane, a robe, F 110 (Lat. *pannus*).  
 Panes, pence, money, F 346.  
 Parais, } Paradise, F 76, 254, 282.  
 Paradis, }



- Parage, birth, parentage, F 256, 269.
- Par-amur, tenderly, F 486.
- Parte, share, F 387.
- Payn, } pagan, 41, 59, 76, 78, 81,  
 Pain, } 85, 147, 179, 807.
- Paene, }
- Paynyme, heathen lands, 803.
- Pelle, pall, a rich kind of cloth used for covering seats, 401.
- Pelte, pushed, 1415.
- Peure, } poor, A 61, 63.
- Poure, }
- Piler, pillar, F 597.
- Pilegrym, pilgrim, 1154.
- Pine, pain, ruin, 261, 635; A 160, 212, 215.
- Pleide, played, F 31.
- Pleing, sport, 32.
- Plenere, full, F 216.
- Plift, plight, 410.
- Plizte, pledge, 305.
- Poffe, dash about, 1011.
- Preic, pray, 763.
- Preide, prayed, 1186.
- Pris, price, value, F 750.
- Prud, } proud, 1389; F 241.
- Prut, }
- Prueffe, prowess, 556.
- Pure, peer, look. 1092.
- Qep, keep, A 50.
- Quap, quoth, F 573, *et passim*.
- Qued, } evil (Dut. *kwaad*), A 174;  
 Quede, } a 197, 465.
- Quelle, killed, 988.
- Quelle, kill, 61, 618; F 722, 751.
- Quenes, kius-(man), A 14.
- Quic, quick, alive, 1370.
- Radde, advised, F 761.
- Rape, haste, 554, 1418.
- Rathe, early, F 8.
- Recche, reach, affect, 352.
- Reccheche, reck I, 366.
- Red, } advice, counsel, decision,  
 Rede, } F 789, 798; a 294.
- Rede (*v.*), advise, 825; F 142, 185, 188.
- Rein, rain, 11.
- Reles, release, a 529.
- Reme, leave, 1272.
- Rengne, kingdom, 901, 908.
- Rente, interest, earning, 914.
- Reu, have pity, A 202.
- Reue, spoil (A.S. *reafan*), F 246.
- Reve, swear (?) (see Col. Glos. Ind. *s.v.*), 1322.
- Reupe, } (*n.*), pity, 409, 673;  
 Rewpe, } F 499.
- Rupe, }
- Rewe (*v.*), pity, 1521; A 20.
- Rigge, back, 1058.
- Rime, tale, 1363.
- Rizt, right, F 33.
- Roche, rock, 1382.
- Rode, rood, cross, A 11, 18, 192; a 13.
- Roper, rudder, 188.
- Runde, ran, F 716.
- Rupe, pity, 673.
- Sale, hall (Fr. *salle*), 1107.
- Saphirs, sapphires, F 285.
- Sardoines, sardonyxes, F 285.
- Saule, soul, 1190.
- Sauz, saw, 167.
- Saze, say, F 703.
- Schantillun, model, F 325.
- Schelde, shield, 53.
- Schenche, pour out, 370, 1106.
- Schende, } injure, destroy (A.S.  
 Schonde, } *scendan*), 680, 1402,  
 a 712.
- Schene, beautiful (Ger. *schön*), F 263.
- Schente, blamed, 321. See Promp. Parv. *s.v.*
- Schete, shoot, 939.
- Schonde (*n.*), injury, 714.
- Schredde, }
- Schrudde, } clad, 840, 1464; A 154;  
 Schred, } a 159.
- Schurd, }

- Schrewe (*n.*), enemies, 66.  
 Schrud (*n.*), clothing, A 153.  
 Schulle = fchille, shrill, 207.  
 Schup, ship, 597.  
 Schupeward, to ship, 1180.  
 Schlaayne, } a palmer's robe, 1054,  
 Selauin, } 1057, 1222.  
 Serippe, bag, 1061.  
 Se, sea, F 5.  
 Seche, seek, 1178; F 60, 61.  
 Sede, said, F 3, 37.  
 Sedes, said'st, 538.  
 Seggen, to say, F 281, 332, 385.  
 Seil, sail, 1013.  
 Seiftn, sayest thou, A 42.  
 Seke, sick, *a* 69.  
 Sele, silk, F 536.  
 Selde, seldom, F 462.  
 Seine, same, F 21.  
 Seluer, silver, 459; F 109, 232.  
 Semblaunc, } resemblance, appear-  
 Semblaunt, } ance, F 50, 646.  
 Sen, }  
 Seo, } to see, F 16, 100.  
 Sende, sent, 394.  
 Seriauns, servants, F 255.  
 Serie (?), 1385.  
 Seft, seest, *a* 270.  
 Seue, seven, 448; F 217.  
 Seuefipe, seven times, F 212, 650.  
 Seynt, girdle (Lat. *cinctus*), *a* 793,  
 836.  
 Se3, saw, 1083.  
 Sibbe, kin, 64; A 181; *a* 185.  
 Sik, sick, 272, 1185.  
 Sike (*v.*), sigh, 426.  
 Sikirli, surely, *a* 390.  
 Sire, lord, 1506.  
 Sittard, sitting, *a* 868.  
 Sittinde, sitting, 1443; F 155.  
 Sipe, time, 356.  
 Si3te, sighed, F 417, 431.  
 Skille, reason, *a* 352, 372, 554.  
 Slape, sleep, 1417.  
 Sle, }  
 Slen, } slay, 43, 85, 100, 813;  
 Slon, } F 6.  
 Sle3, quiet, A 144.  
 Slitte, pocket, F 348.  
 Slo3, slew, 987.  
 Snelle, quick, active, 1463.  
 Snute, snout, 1082.  
 So, as, 14, 15.  
 So—fo, as—as, 6; F 67, 123, 295,  
 372, 709.  
 Sonde, sand, 809.  
 Sonde, message (and sometimes  
 messenger), 265, 271; F 796;  
 A 106, 240.  
 Soneday, Sunday, 966.  
 Soper, supper, F 23.  
 Sore3e, sorrow, 261; F 528.  
 Sorwe, sorrow, 911.  
 Sopefast, assuredly, *a* 643.  
 So3te, sought, 465.  
 Spede, success, 461.  
 Spek, speak, 329.  
 Spelle, tale, history, 1030.  
 Spille, be ruined, 194.  
 Spufen, marry, F 788.  
 Squire, square, F 325.  
 Stage, building, F 255, 270.  
 Steie, }  
 Ste3, } ascended, A 143; *a* 151.  
 Stere, control, 434, 1344.  
 Stere, true, faithful, 1344.  
 Stere (*n.*), vessel, boat (?), 1373.  
 Sterue, die, 775, 910.  
 Steuene, voice, sound, F 54; A 73,  
 88, 239; *a* 79, 94.  
 Stille, drip down, 676.  
 Stille, quietly, silently, 287, 310.  
 Stirop, stirrup, 758.  
 Stiward, steward, 226.  
 Stuard, steward, 393.  
 Stund, time, moment, 167, 739;  
 F 695, 746.  
 Stupode, stooped, F 697.  
 Sturne, stern, F 701.  
 Suere, } neck, 404, 744, 1203;  
 Swere, } F 735.  
 Suete, sweet, 1257.  
 Sund, sound, 1341; F 364.  
 Sune (*v.*), to sound, 209.

Sute, sit, F 298.  
 Suþe, } truly, verily, F 354, 355,  
 Suiþe, } *et passim*.  
 Swete, sweat, 1407.  
 Sweuene, }  
 Sweuen, } dream, 666, 679, 724.  
 Sweuenin, }  
 Swihe, such, 166.

Tabide = to abide, 1446.  
 Teche, take, choose, A 46.  
 Tene, sorrow, 349, 683.  
 Tez, betook himself (A.S. *teon*),  
 F 617.  
 Tide (*v.*), happen, 204.  
 Tieres, tears, 654.  
 Tire, tear, pull, F 736.  
 Tipinge, tidings, 128; F 77, 81.  
 To, too, 50, 55.  
 To-droze, tore in pieces, destroyed,  
 181, 1492.  
 Tofore = before, 1436.  
 Togare, together (perhaps a mis-  
 take for togadere), 848.  
 Toke, took, chose, appointed, 1099.  
 To-fere = to ffire = bestir, 101.  
 See note.  
 Towaille, towel, F 563.  
 To-wiffe = I-wis, assuredly, 121.  
 Tozenes, against, 56.  
 Treo, tree, F 291, 293, 298.  
 Trest, trust, F 408.  
 Trewage, fealty, 1498.  
 Trewþe, troth, 305.  
 Truþe, troth, F 141, 396.  
 Tur, tower, F 220, 222, 223.  
 Tuye, twice, F 678.  
 Twei, two, F 439.  
 Tweie, two, 34, 301.  
 Twie, twice, 1452.

þanc, than, 13.  
 þarate, thereat, F 138.  
 þare = here, their, 674.  
 þaruore, therefore, 101.  
 þat, when followed by a negative  
 = ὅσπε μῆ, so as not. F 208, 266.

þe, thee, F 581.  
 þende = þe ende, the end, 1378.  
 þeof, thief, 323.  
 þer, there where, where, F 73;  
 A 44.  
 þert, thou art, F 334.  
 þes, this, 804; these, 828.  
 þez, though, 1040; F 62, 181, 349.  
 þilke, that, F 54.  
 þin, thine, F 4.  
 þincheþ, thinketh, F 32.  
 þinore = þin ore, thy mercy, 655.  
 þinowe, thine own, 669.  
 þinoze, thine own, 1205; F 200.  
 þo, then, then when, when, 48,  
 50; F 53, 589; A 151.  
 þolede, endured, F 580.  
 þolien, to undergo, F 442.  
 þonki, thank, F 541.  
 þore, there, A 61.  
 þorte, need, F 253.  
 þoþere, the others, F 765.  
 þoþt (*v.*), thought, F 34.  
 þralle, } slave, 419, 424.  
 þral, }  
 þralhod, position of a slave, 439.  
 þriue, prosper, 620.  
 þreo, three, 815.  
 þridde, third, 822.  
 þrottene, thirteen, 162.  
 þroze, space, while, 336, 1010.  
 þurez, through, F 141, 312, 313.  
 þufend, thousand, 319.  
 þuſte (*v.*), thought, A 226.  
 þuþte, it seemed, as, *him þuþte*, it  
 seemed to him, F 54.

Uaire, fair, F 86.  
 Valay, valley, a 754.  
 Uel, well, very, 445.  
 Uele, many, 66.  
 Uerade, multitude, company (A.S.  
*werod*), 166.  
 Uerde, returned, 625.  
 Uerden, fared, lived, F 24.  
 Vie, life, history (L. *vita*), a 879,  
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- Ulke, same, 1199.  
 Unbicomelich, uncomely, 1065.  
 Unbind, relieve, 540.  
 Uncupe, foreign, 729.  
 Underfonge, } undertake, 239, 906.  
 Underuonge, }  
 Underzat, understood (A.S. *under-*  
*gitan*), F 35, 97, 165, 556.  
 Unneþ, want of moderation, wrong-  
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 Unorn, rude, 330.  
 Unplyzt, harm, injury, *a* 194.  
 Unþurne, push open, 1074.  
 Uor, for, 172; F 557.  
 Uppe, upon, 450.  
 Urne, to run (also of water), to  
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 Ut, out, 71, 707.  
 Unel, evil, F 441.  
 Uþten, morning, dawn, 1376 (A.S.  
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 Wat, what, 277.  
 Wedde, grew wode, or wild, 300.  
 Wede, clothing, 1052.  
 Weder, weather, F 70.  
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 Wel, very, 42, *et passim*.  
 Welde, wield, rule, 908.  
 Wem, stain, *a* 647.  
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 Wenden, } F 15.  
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 Wene, inclination, F 651.  
 Went (*imper.*), go thou, 325.  
 Weop, wept, 675.  
 Wepinde, weeping, F 742, 744.  
 Werde, world, *a* 10.  
 Were, wear, 569.  
 Werie, defend, 785.  
 Werne, refuse, 916, 1404.  
 Weryn, were, *a* 325.  
  
 Wexe, wax, grow, 441.  
 Whannes, whence, 161.  
 Whar, where, 340.  
 Whei, wherever, A 221.  
 Wher, wherever, 416.  
 Whi, why, 337.  
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 Wide, a long way, 953.  
 Wif, woman, A 17.  
 Wile, will, 643.  
 Wiltu, wilt thou, F 482.  
 Wimman, woman, 418.  
 Wife (*v.*), direct, 237.  
 Wife (*n.*), manner, 360.  
 Wisse, to make wise, teach, 1457.  
 Witen, to know, 288; A 32.  
 Wite, blame (A.S. *witian*), F 723.  
 Wite, deliver, A 178.  
 Witte, wits, 1084.  
 Wipering, adversary, 148.  
 Wipfege, deny, 1276.  
 Wiputen, without, 347.  
 Wiþt, weight, F 650.  
 Wiþte, person (both masc. and  
 fem.), 671.  
 Wolde, rule, guide, 308.  
 Won, possession, F 386.  
 Wonde, feared, hesitated, 337, 736.  
 Woned, was wont, 34.  
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 Wroþe (*n.*), evil, 348.  
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Wune, habit, F 557.  
 Wurftu, shalt thou become, 324.  
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Yȝe, easily, 57.

Ywiſſe, assuredly, 432.

Ywende, I am going, 1211.

ȝaf, gave, F 126.

ȝare, quickly, 467.

ȝare (*adj.*), well, pleasant (?), 1356.

ȝe, yea, F 585.

ȝede, went, 1026.

ȝef, if, 143.

ȝef, give, 914.

ȝeld, repaid, F 814.

ȝeld, repay, 990.

ȝelde, prove, 482.

ȝem, to care for, A 51.

ȝeme, care, anxiety, F 38.

ȝeode, went, 381.

ȝer, year, 524.

ȝerne (*adv.*), earnestly, F 127, 357,  
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ȝerne (*adj.*), melancholy, 1085.

ȝerne (*v.*), ask, 915.

ȝete, yet, F 518.

ȝongling, youngling, young person,  
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ȝore, long ago, F 653.

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E R R A T A .

Page 25, line 869 (in the side note), *for* Biour *read* Biuor.

„ 48, „ 160, „ þine „ pine.

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