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P R E F A C E.

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 Blancheffur, 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 Blancheffur (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 Blancheffur, 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>	<i>MS. Laud. 108 (Bodleian), fol. 219b.</i>	<i>Cambridge Univ. Lib. Gg. 4. 27. 2.</i>
Her bygynneþ þe geste of Kyng Horn.	KING HORN.	
¶ Alle heo ben blyþe þat to my fong flyþe. a fong yehulle ou finge of Allof þe gode kynges. King he wes by weste þe whiles hit yleste. ant godlyt his gode quene, no feyrre myhte bene. ant houre sone lihte horn, feyrre child ne mihte be born. [ryne for reyne ne myhte by ne sonne myhte shyne Feyrre child þen he was. bryht so euer eny glas, So whit so eny lylie flour, So rose red was his colour. he was feyr & eke bold ant of fyftene wynter old.	Alle ben he bliþe þat to me wilen liþe. A fong ieh wille you finge 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.	Alle heon he bliþe þat to my fong lyþe : A fang ieh schal þou finge 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 funne upon birchine. 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.

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 Blauncheffour) 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 wrouit.
 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 fiugre
 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: Alcalá, 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, milte=miʒte, and 249, dofter=doʒter, to rhyme with ʒoʒte; and F 663, rift=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 *youre*. The þ is used regularly for *th*, but in one or two instances the more modern form occurs, as *futhe* instead of the usual *futhr*.

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*, 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; *houde*, 112, 1326; *beggere*, 1128; *chirche*, 1380.

In the fragment of the Assumption there are *feren*, 16, and *wyntere*, 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 felawe."

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 *ihe*. 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 iwroʒte;" 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. *ʒe*; Acc. or Dat. *ʒou*.

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. *ʒour* (*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 *ifoʒte*=*hi foʒte*=they sought; and Horn, 366, *reccheche*=*recche ihe*=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 *ſitteþ* (392). There occurs once the termination *eʒ* for the plural, *wulleʒ* (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 *eþ*, *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 Westernesne, 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 Blauncheffur'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 Blauncheffur, 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 Blauncheffur'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 Blauncheffur 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 Blauncheffur (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 Blauncheffur, 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.¹ 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

¹ 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.

- Alle beon he bliþe
þat to my fong lyþe :
A fang ihe fchal þou finge
4 Of Murry þe kinge.
King he was biwefte
So longe fo hit lafte.
Godhild het his quen,
8 Faire ne miþte non ben.
He hadde a sone þat het horn,
Fairer ne miþte non beo born.
Ne no rein upon birine,
12 Ne funne upon biþchine.
Fairer nis non þane he was,
He was briþt fo þe glas,
He was whit fo þe flur,
16 Roſe red was his colur.
In none kinge-riche
Nas non his iliche.
Twelf feren he hadde
20 þat alle wiþ him ladde.
Alle riche mannes fones,
And alle hi were faire gomes,
Wiþ him for to pleie,
24 And meft he luuede tweie ;
þat on him het haþulf child,
And þat oþer Fikeuild.

[MS. p. 11.]

King Murry and his queen Godhild 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, Hathulf and Fikeuild.

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 side,
Afe he was woned ride,
He fond bi þe stronde,

36 Ariued on his londe,
Schipes fiftene
Wiþ sarazins kene :
He axede what ifohte,

40 Oþer to londe brohte,

A Payn hit of-herde
And hym wel sone answarede :

“ þi lond folk we schulle slon,
44 *And* alle þat Crist lueþ¹ 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 fele mihten yþe
Bringe hem þre to diþe.

¶ þe pains come to londe
60 *And* neme hit in here honde :
þat soþe 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 Wurſt was Godhild þanne ;
 For Murri heo weop fōre
And for horn ȝute more.
 He wenten ut of halle
- 72 Fram hire Maidenef alle
 Under a roche of ſtone,
 Þer heo liuede alone,
 Þer heo *seruede* gode
- 76 Aȝenes þe paynes forbode :
 Þer he *seruede crīte*
 Þat no payn hit ne wīte :
 Eure heo bad for horn child
- 80 Þat Jeſu *crīt* him beo myld.
 Horn was in paynes honde
 Wiþ his feren of the londe.
 Muchel was his fairhede
- 84 For ihesu *crīt* him makede.
 Payns him wolde slen,
 Oþer al quic flen,
 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 ifene ;
 Þu art gret *and* ſtrong,
 Fair *and* euene long,
 Þu ſchalt waxe more
- 96 Bi fulle ſene ȝere :
 ȝef þu mote to liue go
And þine feren alſo,

They spare none
who will not for-
sake the Chris-
tian law.

Godhild was in
the deepeſt afflic-
tion,

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

Horn was in the
hands of the Pa-
gans,

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

but an admiral,
after dwelling on
the danger of let-
ting Horn and his
comrades live,

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

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

After great alarm they come in sight of land.

They land.

- 3ef hit fo bi-falle
 100 3e ſcholde ſlen us alle :
 þaruore þu moſt to ſtere,
 þu *and* þine ifere,
 To ſchupe ſchulle 3e funde,
 104 *And* ſinke to þe grunde,
 þe ſe 3ou ſchal adrenche,
 Ne ſchal hit us noȝt of-þinche ;
 For if þu were aliue,
 108 Wiþ ſwerd oþer wiþ kniue,
 We ſcholden alle deie
And þi fader deþ abei.”
 Þe children hi broȝte to ſtronde,
 112 Wringinde here honde,
 Into ſchupes borde
 At þe furſte worde.
 Ofte hadde horn beo wo
 116 Ae neure wurs þan him was þo.
 þe ſe bigan to flowe,
And horn child to rowe,
 þe ſe þat ſchup fo 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” quaþ he “3onge,
 128 The telle 3ou tiþinge,
 The here foȝeles ſinge
And þat gras him ſpringe.
 Bliþe beo we on lyue,
 132 Ure ſchup is on ryue.”
 Of ſchup hi gunne funde,
And fetten fout to grunde,

- Bi þe tē tide
 136 Hi leten þat ſchup ride :
 Þanne ſpak him child horn,
 In suddene he was iborn.
 “Schup, bi þe tē flode
 140 Daies haue þu gode :
 Bi þe tē brinke
 No water þe nadrinke :
 ʒef þu eume to Suddene
 144 Gret þu wel of myne kenne,
 Gret þu wel my moder,
 Godhild quen þe gode,
 And ſeie þe paene kyng,
 148 Jefu criſtes wiþering,
 þat ich am hol *and* fer
 On þis lond arived her :
 And ſeie þat hei ſchal fonde
 152 þe dent of myne honde.”
 þe children ʒede to Tunc,
 Bi dales *and* bi dune.
 Hy metten wiþ almair king,
 156 Criſt ʒeuen him his bleſſing,
 King of Weſternelle,
 Criſt ʒiue him Muchel bliſſe,
 He him ſpac to horn child
 160 Wordes þat were Mild :
 “Whannes beo ʒe, faire gumes,
 þat her to londe beoþ icume,
 Alle þrottene
 164 Of bodie ſwiþe 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
 Almar.

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
Suddene 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 mošte 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 lyue.
Hi sloȝen and todroȝe
Cristenemen inoȝe.
So crist me mote rede,
184 Us he duȝe lede
Into a galeic,
Wiþ þe fe to pleic,
Dai hit is igon and oþer,
188 Wiþute sail and roþer.
Ure fehip bigan to swymme
To þif londes brymme.
Nu þu miȝt us flen and binde
192 Ore honde bihynde,
Bute ȝef 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 fe side
204 Kyng wel mote þe tide.”
þanne hym spak þe gode king
“Wel bruc þu þin euening¹ [1 neuening ?]

- Horn þu go wel sehulle¹ [1 sehille.] and the king
 208 Bi dales *and* bi hulle takes him home
 Horn þu hude sune with him.
 Bi dales *and* bi dune
 So sehal þi name springe
 212 From kynge to kynge,
And þi fairnesse
 Abute Westernesle,
 þe strengþe of þine honde
 216 Into Eurech lond.
 Horn, þu art so swete
 Ne may ihe þe forlete.”
 Horn 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 knytes alle :
 Forþ he elupele 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 litte
 236 þat þu eue of wifte,
²In his feiren þou wiþe [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 laȝte
 244 Al þat he him taȝte.
 In þe curt *and* ute,
And cles al abute,
 Luuede men horn child,
 248 *And* meft him louede Rymenhild,
 þe kynges oȝene dofter,
 He was meft in þoȝte,
 Heo louede so horn child
 252 þat neȝ heo gan wexe wild :
 For heo ne miȝte at borde
 Wiþ him ſpeke no worde,
 Ne noȝt in þe halle
 256 Among þe kniȝtes alle,
 Ne nowhar in non oþere ſtede :
 Of folk heo hadde drede :
 Bi daie ne bi niȝte
 260 Wiþ him ſpeke ne miȝte
 Hire foreȝe ne hire pine
 Ne miȝte neure fine.
 In heorte heo hadde wo,
 264 *And* þus hire biþoȝte þo,
 Heo fende hire fonde
 Aþelbrus to honde
 þat he come hire to,
 268 *And* alfo ſcholde horn do
 Al in to bure,
 For heo gan to lure,
And þe fonde feide
 272 þat fik lai þat maide
And bad him come ſwiþe,
 For heo nas noþing bliþe.
 þe ſtuard was in herte wo,
 276 For he nuſte what to do,
 Wat Rymenhild hure þoȝte
 Gret wunder him þuȝte,

- Abute horn þe ȝonge
 280 To bure for to bringe,
 He þoȝte upon hiȝ mode
 Hit nas for none gode :
 He tok him anoȝer,
 284 Aþulf, hornes broȝer.
 ¶ “Aþulf,” he fede, “riȝt anon
 þu ſchalt wiȝ me to bure gon
 To ſpeke wiȝ 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 wiȝ 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 Wiȝ Aþulf child he wedde,
 On hire armes tweie
 Aþulf heo gan leie.
 “Horn,” *quaþ* heo, “wel longe
 304 Ihe habbe þe lued *ſtronge*.
 þu ſchalt þi trowþe 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,¹ [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,

- Fairer bi one ribbe
 316 þane eni Man þæt 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 ſehente.
 “Hennes þu go, þu fule þeof,
 324 Ne wurftu me neure more leof,
 Went ut of my bur,
 Wiþ muchel mefaentur.
 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 ;
 þeʒ 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, forþef me þi tene,
 Lefdi, my quene,

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.

- And horn ihe ſchal þe fecche
 352 Wham to hit recche.”
- ¶ Rymenhild ȝef he cuþe
 Gan lynne wiþ hire Muþe :
 Heo makede hire wel bliþe,
 356 Wel was hire þat ſiþe,
 “Go nu,” *quaf* heo “ſone
 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 bilcwe
- 364 Til hit beo nir ene,
 To hauen of him mi wille
 After ne reccheche what me telle.”
- ¶ Aylbrus wende hire fro
 368 Horn in halle fond he þo
 Bifore þe kyng on benche
 Wyn for to ſehenche,
 “Horn,” *quaf* he, “ſo 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 rew.”
 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 swetcliche hure grette.
 Of his feire ſiþte
 Al þe bur gan liþte.
- Rymenhild urges
 him on, and ap-
 points 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 prin-
 cess humbly and
 sweetly,

- He spae faire speche,
 388 Ne dorte¹ him noman teche. [1 dorste.]
 "Wel þu fitte *and* softe,
 Rymenhild þe briȝte,
 Wiþ þine Maidenens sixe
 392 þat þe fitteþ nixte.
 Kinges fuard 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 sette him on pelle
 Of wyn to drinke his fulle :
 Heo makede him faire chere
 404 *And* tok him abute þe swere.
 Ofte heo him cufte
 So wel so hire lufte.
 "Horn," heo seðe, "wiþute strif
 408 þu sehalt 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 wifse
And ȝiue þe heuene blifse
 Of þine husebonde
 416 Wher he beo *in* londe.
 The am ibore to lowe
 Such wimman to knowe.
 The 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 fōre 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 ywiþfe.
 “Lemman” he sede “dere,
 þin herte nu þu fīere.
 Help me to kniþte and promises to
do as she wishes
when he can at-
tain knighthood
of her father.
 436 Bi al þine miþte,
 To my lord þe king,
 þat he me þine 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 fōne
 þat ſchal beon idone :
 þu ſhalt beo dubbed kniþt
 448 Are come feue niþt.
 Haue her þis euppe
And þis Ring þer uppe
 To Aylbruf *and* ſtuard,
 452 *And* fe 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.

Wif seluer *and* wif golde
 460 Hit wurþ him wel iþolde.
 Crist him leue¹ spede
 þin erende to bede.”

[¹ leue.]

Horn delivers his
 message to Athel-
 brus,

¶ Horn tok his leue
 464 For hit was neþ eue.
 Aþelbrus he soþte
And ʒaf him þat he broþte ;
And tolde him ful ʒare
 468 Hu he hadde ifare ;
And fede him his nede
And bihet him his mede.

and adds his own
 entreaties.

¶ Aþelbrus also swiþe
 472 Went to halle bliue
 “Kyng,” he fede, “þu leste
 A tale mid þe beste ;
 þu sehalt bere crune
 476 Tomoreþe in þis tune ;
 Tomoreþe is þi feste :
 þer bihoueþ gefte.
 Hit nere noþt for-loren
 480 For to kniþti child horn,
 þine armes for to welde,
 God kniþt he seh al ʒelde.”

Athelbrus begs
 the king to
 knight Horn.

¶ þe king fede sone,
 484 “þat is wel idone.
 Horn me wel iquemeþ,
 God kniþt him bifemeþ.
 He seh al haue mi dubbing
 488 *And* afterward mi derling.
And alle his feren twelf
 He seh al kniþten him self :
 Alle he seh al hem kniþte
 492 Bifore me þis niþte.”
 Til þe liþt of day sprang
 Ailmar him þuþte lang.

The king con-
 sents.

Horn and also his
 companions are
 to be knighted.

- þe day bigan to fpringe,
 496 Horn com biuore þe kinge,
 Mid his twelf yfere,
 Sume hi were luþere ;
 Horn he dubbede to knihte
 500 Wiþ sword *and* spures brihte,
 He sette him on a stede whit :
 Þer nas no kniht hym ilik.
 He smot him a litel wiht
 504 *And* bed him beon a god kniht.
 ¶ Aþulf fel a knes þar
 Biuore þe king Aylmar.
 “ King,” he seðe, “ so kene
 508 Grante me a bene :
 Nu is kniht[*t*] fire horn
 Þat in suddenne was iboren :
 Lord he is of londe
 512 Ouere us þat bi him stonde ;
 Þin armes he haþ *and* seheld
 To fihte wiþ upon þe feld :
 Let him us alle knihte
 516 For þat is ure rihte.”
 ¶ Aylmar seðe sone ywis :
 “ Do nu þat þi wille is.”
 Horn adun lihte
 520 *And* makede hem alle knihtes.
 Murie was þe feste
 Al of faire gastes :
 Ac Rymenhild nas noht þer
 524 *And* þat hire þuhte sene þer :
 After horn heo sente
And he to bure wente,
 Nolde he noht go one
 528 Aþulf was his mone.
 Rymenhild on flore stod,
 Hornes come hire þuhte 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 “ Welcome, fire horn
532 *And* Aþulf kniȝt þe biforn.
Kniȝt, nu is þi time
For to fitte bi me ;
Do nu þat þu er of fpake,
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 :
Ihe wulle don al þi wille.
Alfo hit mot bitide
544 Mid *fpere* iſchal furft ride,
And mi kniȝthod proue,
Ar ihe þe ginne to woȝe.
We beþ kniȝtes ȝonge
548 Of o dai al iſprunge,
And of ure meftere
So is þe manere
Wiþ fume oþere kniȝte
552 Wel for his lemman fiȝte
Or he eni wif take :
For-þi me ſtondeþ þe more rape.
Today, fo criſt me bleſſe,
556 Ihe wulle do prueſſe,
For þi luue, in þe felde
Mid *fpere and* mid ſchelde.
If ihe come to lyue
560 Ihe ſchal þe take to wyue.”
¶ “ Kniȝt,” quaþ heo, “ trewe,
Ihe wene ihe 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 sunne
 568 þat eni man of telle cunne
 For my luue 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 duntres beon ofdrad
 Ne on bataille beon amad :
 Ef þu loke þeran
 576 *And þenke upon þi lemman.*
 ¶ And sire Aþulf, þi broþer,
 He schal haue anoþer.
 Horn ihe þe bifeche,
 580 Wiþ loueliche speche,
 Crist ȝeue god erndinge
 þe aȝen to bringe.”
 ¶ þe kniȝt hire gan keffe,
 584 *And heo him to bleffe,*
 Leue at hire he nam,
And in to halle cam :
 þe kniȝtes ȝeden to table,
 588 *And horne ȝede to stable :*
 þar he tok his gode fole
 Also blak so eny cole
 þe fole schok þe brunie
 592 þat al þe curt gan denie,
 þe fole 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 soȝte
 600 Oþer to londe broȝte.
 ¶ An hund him gan bihelde,
 þat spæc 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,
- and slays a hun-
 dred,
- and took the
 master's head
 and carried it to
 the king,
- [MS. p. 18.]
 to whom he re-
 lates his adven-
 ture.
- " þis lond we wulle; wynne
 604 *And fle þat þer is inne.*"
 Horn gan his swerd gripe,
And on his arme wype :
 þe sarazius he smatte
 608 þat his blod hatte :
 At eurreche dunte
 þe heued of wente ;
 þo gunne þe hundes gone
 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 folc þat he gan quelle.
 Of alle þat were aliue
 620 Ne miʒte þer non þriue.
 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 fehup 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 gonne me affaille,
 Mi swerd me nolde faille

- I smot hem alle to grunde,
 640 Oþer ȝaf hem diþes wunde.
 Þat heued i þe bringe
 Of þe maister kinge.
 Nu is þi wile iȝolde,
 644 King, þat þu me kniȝti woldest.”
- A** Moreȝe 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 ſaȝ 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 “noȝt ine wepe
 Bute afe ilay aſlepe
 To þe ſe my net icaste,
 660 *And* hit nolde noȝt ilaſte,
 A gret fiſſ at the furſte
 Mi net he gan to berſte.
 The wene þat ihe ſchal loſe
 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 wiȝte,
 672 *And* þarto mi treuþe iþe pliȝte.”
 Muchel was þe ruþe
 Þat was at þare truþe :

Next day the
 king goes hunt-
 ing, and leaves at
 home Fikenhild,

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

The dream was
 of a fiſh which
 she had loſt juſt
 as ſhe was catch-
 ing 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 tires stille.
 “Lemman” quap he “dere
 þu sehalt more ihere
 þi sweuen sehal wende
- 680 *Oþer* sum Man sehal us sehende.
 þe fiff þat brak þe lyue,
 Ywis he doþ us pine :
 þat sehal don us tene,
- 684 *And* wurþ wel sone ifene.”
- ¶ Aylmar rod bi sture,
And horn lai in bure.
 Fykenhild badde 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 sehonde.”
- ¶ 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 messaventure.

- Wel fone, bute þu flitte,
 712 Wiþ swerde ihe þe anhitte.
 Wend ut of my londe
 Oþer þu fehalt haue fehonde.”
- ¶ Horn fadelede his ftede Horn departs.
- 716 *And* his armes he gan fprede :
 His brunie he gan laec,
 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 haucstu þi sweuening.
 þe fil 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 fehale wunc 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 ftunde,
- 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 fo trewe,
 Kep wel mi huue newe.
- He taketh leave,
 promising to re-
 turn in seven
 years, and if he
 do not come, she
 may marry an-
 other.
- 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 forfōke :
- 748 Rymenhild þu keþ and loke.”
His ftede he gan biþrīde
And forþ he gan ride :
To þe hauene he ferde,
- 752 And a god ſchup he hurede,
þat him ſcholde londe.
In westene londe.
- ¶ A þulf weop wiþ iþe,
756 And al þat him iþe.
To lond he him fette
And fot on ſtirop fette.
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 ſcholde him feie,
What his name were
And what he wolde þere.
“ Cutberd,” he fede, “ ilhe hote,
- 768 Icomen 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 lef 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 fette him a knewelyng
And grette wel þe gode kyng

- þanne sēde Berild sone :
- 784 “Sire king, of him þu hast to done,
Bitak him þi lond to werie :
Ne sēchal¹ hit noman derie [1 sēchal MS.]
For he is þe faireste man
- 788 Þat euresūt on þi lond eam.”
- ¶ þanne sēde þe king so dere :
“Welcome beo þu here,
Go nu Berild swiþe,
- 792 *And* make him ful bliþe,
And whan þu farst to woþe,
Tak him þine gloue :
Iment þu hauest to wyue,
- 796 Awai he sēchal þe dryue.
For Cutberdes fairhede
Ne sēchal þe neure wel spēde.”
- 800 **H**It was at Cristesmasse,
Neiþer more ne laste :
þer cam in at none
A Geaunt sūþe sone,
Iarmed fram paynyme,
- 804 And seide þes ryme.
“Site stille, sire kyng,
And herkne þis tyþyng :
Her buþ pæns ariued
- 808 Wel mo þane siue.
Her beoþ on þe sonde,
King, upon þi lond,
On of hem wile fihte
- 812 Aþen þre knihtes :
þef oþer þre slean ure,
Al þis lond beo þoure :
þef ure on ouercomeþ þour þreo,
- 816 Al þis lond sēchal ure beo.
Tomoreþe be þe fihtinge,
Whane þe list of daye sþringe.”
- Berild commendeth
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 seðe þe kyng þurston,
820 “Cutberd sechal beo þat on,
Berild sechal beo þat oþer,
þe þridde Alrid his broþer.
For hi beoþ þe firengeste
824 *And* of armes þe beste.
Bute what sechal us to rede,
Ihe wene we beþ alle dede.”
- ¶ Cutberd sat at borde
828 *And* seðe þes wordes :
“Sire king hit nis no rihte
On wiþ þre to fihte.
Aȝen 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 schredde :
Horn his brunie gan on caste,
And lacede hit wel faste,
And cam to þe kinge
844 At his uprifiinge.
“King,” he seðe, “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 kne.
His feren him bifide
Hore deþ¹ to abide.

[¹ 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 ſede " kniʒtes nu ʒe reſte
 One while ef ʒou leſte."
 Hi ſede hi neure nadde
 864 Of kniʒte dentes ſo harde
 He was of hornes kunnē,
 Iborn in Suddenne.
- ¶ Horn him gan to agraife,
 868 *And* his blod ariſe.
 Biuo¹ 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 rynge,
And þoʒte on Rymenhilde,
 Ho ſmot him þureʒ þe herte,
 876 Þat fore him gan to ſmerte ;
 Þe paens þat er were ſo ſurne,
 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
 ſueh a knight but
 once before in
 Suddene.

[¹ 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.

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

Me leiden hem in bare
892 *And* burden hem ful ȝare,
¶ þe king com in to halle
Among his kniȝtes alle.
“Horn,” he fede, “ifcie 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 spufe helde
Reynild mi doȝter,
904 þat fitteþ on þe lofte.”

Cutberd excuses
himself.

¶ “O fire king, wiþ wronge
Scholte ihe hit underfonge ;
þi doȝter, þat ȝe me bede,
908 Ower rengne for to lede.
Wel more ihe ſchal þe ferue,
Sire kyng, or þu ſterue.
þi ſorwe ſchal wende
912 Or feue ȝeres ende :
Wanne hit is wente,
Sire king, ȝef me mi rente :
Whanne i þi doȝter ȝerne
916 Ne ſchaltu me hire werne :”

He stayed there
seven years.

¶ Cutberd wonede þere
Fulle feue ȝere :
þat to Rymenild he ne ſente
920 Ne him ſelf ne wente.
Rymenild was in Weſterneſſe
Wiþ wel muchel forineſſe,

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

¶ A king þer gan ariue
924 þat wolde hire haue to wyue,
Aton he was wiþ þe king :
Of þat ilke wedding

- þe daies were fehorte :
- 928 þat Rymenhild ne dorste
Leten in none wifē,
A writ he dude deuife,
Aþulf hit dude write
- 932 þat horn ne luuede noȝt lite.
Heo fende hire fonde
To euereche londe,
To feche horn þe kniȝt
- 936 þer me him fīnde miȝte,
Horn noȝt þer of ne herde,
Til o dai þat he ferde
To wude for to fchete,
- 940 A knaue he gan imete.
Horn feden,¹ “ Leue fere,
Wat fecheftu here ? ”
“ Kniȝt, if beo þi wille
- 944 Imai þe fone telle.
Ifeche fram biwefte
Horn of Wefternefle :
- 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 ;
Ihe habbe walke wide,
Bi þe fe fide,
Nis he no war ifunde :
- 956 Walawai þe ftunde !
Wailaway þe while !
Nu wurþ Rymenild bigiled.”
Horn iherde wiþ his ires,
- 960 And fpak wiþ bidere tires :
“ Knaue wel þe bitide,
Horn ftoudeþ 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 fode.]
- 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* feic þat heo ne murne,
 For ifchal beo þer bitime,
 A soneday bi pryne."
 þe knaue was wel bliþe
 968 *And* hiȝede aȝen bliue.
 þe se 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 ſe holde 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 hiſ oȝe,
 Of his gode kenne
 þe king of Suddenne,
And hu he floȝ in felde
 988 þat hiſ fader quelde,
And feide, "king þe wiſe,
 ȝeld me mi ſeruiſe
 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 Aþulſ mi gode felaze,¹
 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.

[¹ knaue ?]

- Þe king seðe sô stille,
 1000 "Horn haue nu þi wille."
 He dude writes fende
 Into yrlonde
 After kniȝtes liȝte,¹
 1004 Iriſſe men to fiȝte.
 To horn come inoȝe.
 Þat to ſchupe droȝe.
 Horn dude him in þe weie
 1008 On a god Galcie.
 Þe him gan to blowe
 In a litel þroȝe.
 Þe ſe bigan to poſſe
 1012 Riȝt in to Weſterneſſe.
 Hi ſtrike ſeil *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 :
 Alſo he ſprunge of ſtone.
 A palmere he þar mette,
 1028 *And* faire hine grette :
 "Palmere þu ſchalt me telle
 Al of þine ſpelle."
 He ſede upon his tale :
 1032 "I come fram o brudale ;
 The was at o wedding
 Of a Maide Rymenhild :

The king collects
his knights to go
with Horn.

[¹ 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 þeȝ he were ut of londe :
And in ſtrong halle,
Biþinne caſtel walle,
 þer iwas atte ȝate,
 1044 Nolde hi me in late.
 Modi¹ ihote hadde
 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 Crift 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 unbiſcomelich,
 Hes he nas neuremore ilich,
 ¶ He com to þe gateward
 1068 þat him anſwerede hard :
 Horn bad undo ſofte
 Mani tyme *and* ofte ;

[¹ Mod ?]

- Ne miȝte he awynne
 1072 þat he come þerinne
 Horn gan to þe ȝate turne
And þat wiket uniþurne ;
 þe boye hit ſcholde abugge,
 1076 Horn þreu him ouer þe brigge.
 þat his ribbes him to-brake :
And ſuþþe com in atte gate,
 He ſette him wel loȝe,
 1080 In beggeres rowe ;
 He lokede him abute
 Wiþ his colmie ſnute ;
 He feȝ Rymenhild fitte
 1084 Afe 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 cuþe knowe.
 Aþulf was in þe ture
 1092 Abute for to pure
After his comynge,
 ȝef ſchup him wolde bringe.
 He feȝ þe ſe flowe
 1096 *And horn nowar rowe.*
 He fede upon his ſonge :
 “ Horn nu þu ert wel longe
 Rymenhild þu me toke
 1100 þat iſcholde loke ;
 Ihe habbe kept hure eure
 Com nu oþer 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 þuhte he was ibunde.
 He seþe "quen so hende,
 To meward þu wende,
 þu sef us wiþ þe furste
 He speaks to Ry-
 menhild.
 1120 þe beggeres beoþ of-þurste."
 ¶ 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 seide, "haue þis cuppe,
And þis þing þer uppe :
 Ne saþ ihe neure so ihe wene
 1128 Beggere þat were so kene."
 Horn tok hit his ifere,
And fede, "quen so dere
 Wyn nelle ihe Muche ne lite
 1132 Bute of cuppe white.
 þu weneft ibeo a beggere,
And ihe am a fiffere,
 Wel feor icome bi este
 Horn tells her he
 is a fisherman,
 and that
 1136 For fiffen at þi feste :
 Mi net liþ her bi honde,
 Bi a wel fair sronde,
 Hit haþ ileie þere
 Fullle feue þere.
 Ihe am icome to loke
 his nets are close
 by ;
 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.
 1142 Ef eni fiff hit toke.

- The am icome to fillè :
 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 filling,
 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 iſteue¹ were :
 For þe Ring was þere.
 Þo ſente heo a damefele
 1170 *After* þe palmere ;
 “Palmere,” quap heo, “trewe
 þe ring þat þu þrewe,
 þu ſeie whar þu hit nome,
 1174 *And* whi þu hider come.”
 He ſede, “bi ſeint gile,
 The 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.

[¹ 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 schupeward in londe.
 He fede he wolde ageisse
 1182 To ariue in westernefle.
 þe schip 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 euste
 1190 God *þeue* his saule reste.”
 ¶ Rymenhild fede at þe furste :
 “Herte nu þu berste,
 For horn nastu namore
 1194 *þat* þe haþ pined þe so fore.”
 Heo feol on hire bedde,
 þer heo knif hudde,
 To sle wiþ king loþe
 1198 *And* hure selue boþe,
 In *þat* ulke niþte,
 If horn come ne miþte.
 To herte knif heo sette
 1202 Ae horn anon hire kepte.
 He wipede *þat* blake of his swere,
And fede : “Quen so swete *and* dere
 Ihe am horn þinoþe,
 1206 Ne canstu me noþt knowe ?
 Ihe am horn of westernefle,
 In armes þu me eusse.”
 Hi euste hem mid ywisse,
 1210 *And* makeden Muche blisse.
 ¶ “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 ſelauin 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 ȝwis.
 1234 Hi makede fuiþe 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 Ilorn.

- The wedding of Horn and Rymenhild 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 Rymenhild carefully till he wins his own kingdom of Suddene,
- and then he will take Rymenhild for his wife.
- Horn neuere bitraie,
 þeʒ he at diþe laie.
 Hi Runge þe belle
 1254 þe wedlak for to felle,¹ [1 fulfelle?]
 Horn him ʒede with his
 To þe kinges palais
 þer was brid *and* ale fucte,
 1258 For riche men þer etc.
 Telle ne miʒte 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 feie hit for no blame :
 1266 Horn is mi name
 þu me to kniʒt houe
And kniʒthod haue *proued* :
 To þe king men feide,
 1270 þat iþe bitraide,
 þu makedeſt me fleme,
And þi lond to reme,
 þu wendeſt þat iwroʒte,
 1274 þat y neuere ne þoʒte,
 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,

- þanne ſchal Rymen/hilde,
Ligge bi þe kinge.”
- ¶ Horn gan to ſehupe draze,
1290 Wiþ his yriſſe ſelaꝝes,
Aþulf wiþ *him* his brother,
Nolde he non oþer,
þat ſehup bigan to erude,
1294 þe wind *him* bleu lude,
Biþinne daies ſiue
þat ſehup gan ariue.
Abute middełniȝte
1298 Horn *him* ȝede wel riȝte.
He tok aþulf bi honde
And up he ȝede to londe.
Hi fonde under ſchelde
1302 A kniȝt hende in felde.
þe kniȝt *him* aſlepe lay
Al biſide þe way.
Horn *him* gan to take
1306 *And* fede: “kniȝt, awake.
Seie what þu kepeſt?
And whi þu her ſlepeſt?
Me þinkþ biþine erois liȝte,
1310 þat þu longeſt to ure driȝte.
Bute þu wule me ſehewe,
Iſchal þe to-hewe.”
þe gode kniȝt up aros,
1314 Of þe wordes *him* gros:
He ſede: “ihe haue aȝenes my wille
Payns ful ylle,
Ihe was *eriftene* a while:
1318 þo icom to þis ille
Sarazins blake
þat dude me forſake:
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. 21.]

who had slain the king of the land and many hundreds more.

He is surprised that Horn has never come to recover 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 felaȝes 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 fo dere,
 And is him fo ſtere,
 Miȝte ifeon 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 aliue wiſte."
 ¶ 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 ſle."
 Horn gan his horn to blowe,
 His folk hit gan iknowe,
 Hi comen ut of ſtere,
 1374 Fram hornes banere ;
 Hi ſloȝen *and* fuȝten,
 þe niȝt *and* þe uȝten,
 þe Sarazins cunde
 1378 Ne leſde þer non in þende.
 Horn let wucre
 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 caffel he let sette
Mid see him biflette.

þer ne miȝte liȝte

which can only
be reached at low
tide.

1398 Bute foȝel wiþ flizte.

Bute whanne þe fe wiþ 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.

þat 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 adreneche.

Rymenhild wiþ hire honde

1414 Wolde up to londe.

Fikenhild aȝen hire pelte

Wiþ his ſwerdes hilde.

He determines to
depart.

¶ Horn him wok of ſlape

1418 So a man þat hadde rape.

“Aþulf,” he ſede, “ſelaȝe

To ſchupe we mote draȝe

Fikenhild me haþ idon under,

1422 And Rymenhild to do wunder ;

Crist, for his wundes ſiue,

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 fette hi bigunne
 1434 Er þat ros þe funne.
 Er þane horn hit wifte,
 To-fore þe funne upriste,
 His sehup stod under ture
 1438 At Rymenhilde bure.
 Rymenhild litel weneþ heo
 þat Horn þanne aliue beo.
 Þe eastel 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 fone,
 Wel beo þu to londe icome.
 Today haþ ywedde Fikenhild
 1450 þi swete lemman Rymenhild.
 Ne seh al i þe lie,
 He haþ giled þe twie.
 þis tur he let make
 1454 Al for þine fake.
 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 lifte
 þat eni man of wifte.
 Harpe he gan sehewe
 1462 And tok felazes fewe,
 Of kniȝtes suiþe snelle
 þat sehrudde 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 Rymenhild'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.

- 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 izn 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 *fmot to hornes herte*
 1482 *So bitere þat hit fmerte.*
 He *lokede on þe ringe*
And þoȝte on Rymenhilde.
 He *ȝede up to borde*
 1486 *Wiȝ gode fuerdes orde.*
 Fikenhildes *crune*
þer ifulde adune,
And al his men arowe
 1490 *Hi dude adun þrowe.*
 Whanne *hi weren atlaȝe,*
 Fikenhild *hi dude to-draȝe.*
 Horn *makede Arnoldin þare*
 1494 *King, after king Aȝlmare,*
 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 liis hus.*

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.

- þe se *bigan* to flowe
And horn gan to Rowe.
 Hi *ganne* for ariue
 1506 *þer* king modi was fire.
 Aþelbrus he made *þer* king
 For his gode teching :
 He 3af alle þe kni3tes ore
 1510 For horn kni3tes 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 made his quene
 So hit mi3te wel beon.
 Al folk hem mi3te 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* no3t unorn,
 Make we us glade Eure among,
 For þus him endeþ hornes fong
 Jesus þat is of heuene king
 1530 3eue us alle his fucte blessing.

Athelbrus is
made king in
place of Modi.

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

Thence he goes
to Suddene with
his queen.

Thus ends the
tale of Horn.

Amen.

¶ ASSUMPCIOUN DE NOTRE DAME.

[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 called
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.”

Merie tale telle ihe þis day
Of seinte Marye þat swete may.

Al is þe tale [and] þis lefcoun

4 Of hire swete assompeioum,

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 underfonde wel þis gleo.

¶ Whan Ihesu *erist* 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 fede, “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 whan¹ ihe *com* fram heuene abuue [¹ 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,
 Alfo his fucte wille was,
 Heng Inayled on þe treo.
- 36 “Alas, my sone,” feide heo,
 “Hu may ihc liue, hu may þis beo?
 Hu mai ihc al þis foreþe iþeo?
 Ne cuþe ihc neure of foreþe noþt.
- 40 Mi leue sone, wat haftu þoþt?
 Hou ſchal ihc lyue biþute þe?
 Leue sone, what feiftu me?”
- ¶ Þo ſpac Iheſu wordes gode
 44 Þer he heng upon þe rode.
And fede to his moder dere,
 “Ihc 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 wynnman.
 þem hire wel wiþ al þi miþte
 52 þat noman do hure non unriþte.”
 Into þe temple mid hire he nam,
And alfo sone fo he þar cam
 Among þe lefdis in þe ſtede
- 56 God to *serui* 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 laifc *and* more,
 Poure *and* ſike 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.

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.

- Poure *and* hungrie wel faire he fedde,
And fike heo broȝte in here bedde.
 Nas þer nou fo hol ne fer
 68 þat to hire nadde mester.
 Hi louede hure alle wiþ here miȝte,
 For heo feruede hem wel riȝte.
 He wakede more þane flep
 72 Hire sone to ferui was al hire kep.
 To him heo elupede wiþ Murie steuene,
And hire he sente an aungel fram heuene,
 To gladie hire himself he cam,
 76 Crist þat flef 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 wiþ 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 eehe 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,
 Iblefled mote þu eure ben;
 Wel beo þe time þat þu were ibore,
 100 For al þis worlde were forlore,

- Ef þu nere *and* þat frut of þe,
 Marie lefli, wel þe be.
 Lefli, best of alle þinge,
 104 Wel bliþe bode ihe þe bringe,
 Nym þis palm wiþ þi riȝt 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 bliþe,
 112 Þat eue schal leste wiþute miþe.
 Þer he is kyng þu schalt beo quen,
 Al heuene for þe schal bliþe beon.”
 ¶ Þanne anfuaredi ure lefli
 116 To þe aungel þat stod hire by :
 “ Artu mi fones Meſſager
 Þat bringeſt me þis greting her ?
 Haþ he fet me any day
 120 Aȝenes þat ihe me greþi may,
And nyme lyue of mine keneſmen,
And myne friend þat wiþ me beon,
And of him þat haþ me cloþed *and* fed,
 124 *And* don alfo my fone hym bed ?”
 ¶ Þo fede þe aungel “ ihe telle þe
 þu ne schalt beo her bute daȝes þre.
 Þe þridde day we schulle come,
 128 Aungles fram heuene aboue,
 And fette þe wiþ murye fong,
 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 noȝt,
 Bute nym þis palm þat ihe hadde þe broȝt,
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 apoffles ihe sehal gon,
 110 *And* bidde hem alle eurech on,
 þat hi beon her þe þridde day,
 No leng abiden I ne may.”
- ¶ Þo he hadde ydon, to heuene he flez,
 144 Marie abod *and* was wel flez,
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 sone fo heo þar cam,
 He dude of al hire batere,
And wessch hire body wyþ clene 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 sode, “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 sone, ne zesf 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 zesf hem hoþe wille *and* spæce

- Hem to amendy er hy beo ded,
 þat þe deuel hem do no qued.
 þenk, sone, þat þu haist hem wrozt
- 176 *And þat þu haucst hem dere ibozt :*
 For hem þu þoledest pine *and* wo,
 Wite hem wel fram here fo."
- ¶ Þo heo hadde bifozt so,
 180 Hire frend he clupede hire to,
 Boþe sibbe *and* fremde Men.
 Wiþ reuful speche heo spak wiþ hem.
 And seðe, "leue frend, my sone
- 184 Nele no leng þat ihe her wone :
 He wile ihe wende *and* mid him be,
 And bidde ihe þou, *par* charite,
 ʒef ihe habbe eny þing mis-wrozt,
- 188 Telle; hit me, ne helep hit nozt.
 Ihe wulle amende *and* þat is riht,
 þat my saule ne beo idriht ;
 þat god ʒe habbeþ me ydon,
- 192 Mi sone þat was in rode ydon
 Man to bigge fram þe ded,
 ʒelde hit þou at ower ned,
And bringe þou into þat blis
- 196 þat eure ilest þar my sone is."
- ¶ Alle þat stoden hire by
 Of þat tþinge were sory.
And seðe, "Lefdi hu mai hit be ?
- 200 Hu schulle we liue wiþouten þe ?
 Lefdi dere, what hastu þozt ?
 Reu of us, ne wend þu nozt.
 In sore;e *and* in Muche wo
- 204 Schulle we lyue beo þu us fro."
- ¶ Þanne spak ure lefdy
 To hem þat were hire by :
 "Lete; beon, ower wepinge ne helpeþ nozt,
- 208 Habbeþ ioye in ower þozt,

After this she
 summoneth her
 kindred and
 friends,

and begs them to
 tell her if she
 have misdome,
 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
hath.

- 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 schal ihe þole no del ;
Ne schal no fore; come me to,
For my sone hit wule so.
Mi body ne schal 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 apostles whei hy be
Alle hi sehulle come to me."
- þe while he spac 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, "lefdi, what is þe ?
228 For my *seruife* tel hit me
Lefdi, what is þe iſed ?
Me were leffre to beo ded
þanc iſeo þe make ſuch chere.
232 What is þe ? my lefdi dere,
Ne ſchal 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 fonde Me cam while er fram henene.

[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 adreche fe,
Ne ire ne fteil ne mai þe fle,
And to þi wil þu schalt habbe grace
8 Late *and* rathe in ceche 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 Blanche-flur had lodged, and the rest are well entertained, and make merry, for Floriz spared no cost;

but Floriz himself neither ate nor drank, but thought of Blanche-flur.

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 Blanche-flur sat in the same way sad and mourning. Hereupon he gets the account of Blanche-flur from beginning to end.

- Fort to þe haucne hi beoþ icume,
 20 And þer habbeþ here in inome.
 At þe telue huse hi buþ aliȝt
 þat blauncheflur was þat oþer niȝt.
 Riche soper þer was idiȝt
 24 And muric hi uerden þer aniȝt :
 Floriz ne let for ne feo
 To finden al þat neod beo,
 Of fleiþ of fiþ 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 eke 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 marchaunt afe 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 iūʒte,
 60 For inot wher hire feche miʒte :
 Hire to feche ihe wille i-wende
 þeʒ heo beo at þe wordles ende."
- Floriz geʒ to his rest,
 64 On blancheflur he þoʒte mest,
 Ae rest ne miʒte he nabbe none,
 Fort þe dide ilep him nome.
 Amoreʒe, foʒe 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 blufeliche
 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 seh[olde]
 80 And þat wolden of him h[olde].
 Bliþe was floriz of þe tiþinge,
 He hopede come to þat gefniþinge,
 Wel he hopede among hem alle
 84 His lemman sen in þe halle.
 To a riche Cite hi buþ ieume,
 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 Blancheflur.

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 meniurier :
þanne he seðe, “hauc 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 rette ne miȝte he habbe none
Fort þe diðe slep him nome.
Amoreȝe, so sone so hit was day,
124 He nem his liue *and* wende his way,
And for his niȝtes geftinge
He ȝaf his ofte an hundred schillinge.

- And þerne he haþ his ofte biþoþt
 128 Þat he him helpe wiþ al his þoþt,
 In Babilloine oþer wher abeo
 Þat he miþte hire iþeo ;
 Hu he miþte mid tume ginne
 132 His lemman blauncheflur awinne.
 Þanne fede þe burgeis
 Þat was hende *and* curtais ;
 “ At babilloine ate frume
 136 To one brigge þu ſehalt eume,
 Whane þu comeſt to þe ȝate
 Þe porter þu ſehalt find þarate,
 Wel hende man *and* fair he is
 140 He is ieluped 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 fuiþe ;
 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 fele so weren in þe halle ;

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

The burgess tells him that at the entrance to Babylon 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 greeting him and presenting the ring, is very nobly entertained.

Every one is merry except Floris.

Daris, observing this, enquires the reason, and whether he dislikes his entertainment.

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 Blaneheflur was sold, and he was about to try by some stratagem 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 anfuerede 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, sire, on fele wife
 Nu upon mi marchaundife,
 Laft ine finde noȝt atte frume
 180 Þat þing for whi ihe am hider icume.
 And þeȝ ihe hit finde, hit is my wo
 Left 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 confail 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 cunnis ginne
 196 His lemman blauncheflur biwinne.
 Daris þanne floriz bihalt
And for more þane fol him halt.

- "Floriz," he fede, "ifeo hu hit geþ
 200 þu ert abute þinoze deþ.
 þe Admiral haueþ to his gefuingo
 Oþer half hundred of riche kinges :
 Ne þer nis non fo riche king
 204 þat dorste entermeten of eni fuch þing,
 þilke maile to awiinne
 Noþer wiþ strengþe ne wiþ ginne ;
 And þe Admiral hit mihte iwite
 208 þat he nere of his lif aquite.
 And Babilloine ihe underfonde
 Dureþ abute furtenniht gonde,
 Abute þe walle þer buþ ate
 212 Seucsiþe tuenti ȝales,
 And ine þe bureȝ amidde riht
 Beoþ twe tures iþiȝt,
 Eche day in al þe ȝere
 216 þe feire is þer iliche plenere.
 Seue hundred tures *and* two
 Beoþ in þe burȝ biþute mo,
 And ine þe burȝ amidde riht
 220 Beoþ twe tures iþiȝt
 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 firimes urneþ flore,
 Fram bure into halle
 þe firimes of þis welle.
 In þe *tur* is o kernel
 232 Of seluer *and* of cressel,
 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

men need 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 torehe ne lanterne,
þat he ne ȝiueþ liȝt *and* leme
240 As doþ aday þe funne berne.
þe porter is prud wiþalle,
Eche day he goþ on þe walle,
And ef þer comeþ eni man
244 Biþinne þilke barbeean,
Bute he him ȝeue leue
He wule him boþe bete *and* reue.
þe porter is euluart *and* felun,
248 He wule him fette 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 seriauns in þe ſtage
256 þat serueþ þe maidenes of parage:
Ae 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 ſuch a gume,
In al the world nis ſuch a fune,
Ne bu his wif neure ſo ſehene
264 Bute o ȝer ne ſchal heo beon his quene,
þeȝ heo luue him afe hire lif
þat he nele habbe anoþer wif.
And, floriz, imai þe telle fore
268 Heo ſchal beon his quene icore
Alle þe maidenes of parage
Me ſchal 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 crittal,
 Ho so wonede a moncþ in þat spray
- 276 Nolde him neure longen away ;
 So merie is þer inne þe foþeles song,
 þat ioic *and* blisful is eure among.
 In þe orchard is a welle
- 280 þat is suþe eler wiþ alle.
 The mai seggen iwis
 þe firimes comeþ fram paradis.
 For in þe firimes þe smale stones
- 284 Hi beoþ þer funden euech one,
 Boþe saphirs *and* sardoines,
 And sūþþe 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 mihte in erþe beo :
 Hit is ihote þe treo of luue
 For lesf *and* blofime beoþ þer buue,
 So sone so þe olde beoþ idon
- 296 þer springeþ niwe riht anon.
 Alle þilke þat elene maidenes beo
 Schulle fute arewe under þat treo,
 And which falleþ on þat furste flur
- 300 Schal beo *quene and* fonge þonur.
 3ef þer is eni maide forleie,
 þe wal is of so muchel cie
 An heo stepe to þe grunde
- 304 For to wassche hire honde,
 Ha bulmeþ up so he were wod
And Changeþ 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, chalcedony, 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.
 Ae 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 ſumne¹ red.” [1 ſumme.]
 þanne ſe² 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 fetten 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 ilitte ;
 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 anguiſus 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 ;
 The 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," seie blufeliche,
 For his gode compaygnie
 A-wunne he haþ þi drucric.
 The wot þat he mai drebest
 384 Of þine neode helpe þe mest.
 þu miȝt segge þe ne faileþ non
 Gold ne feluer ne riche won:
 Seie þu wilt parte wiþ him of þan,
 388 þat he schal eure beo riche man.
 Whanne he hereþ þe speke fo richeliche,
 And anfuere fo hendeliche,
 þanne he wile beo wel bliþe,
 392 And biginne to luue þe suiþe,
 And falle he wile to þi fote¹ [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 curfail to him sehewe."
 And alþus floris hath iwroȝt
 404 As daris him haþ itaȝt:
 Ac þureȝ þe cupe and þureȝ ȝerfume
 þe porter is his man bicume.
 ¶ "Nu," quaf florz, "þu art mi man,
 408 Al mi trest is þe upon:
 þeruore þu most me helpe nede
 Biþute þe ne mai me ſpede."
 Ord and ende he haþ him told,
 412 Hu þat maide was ifold,
 And hu he was of Spaygne a kinges fune,
 For hire luue he was þider ieune

- To fonde mid fume kunnes ginne
 416 Hu he miȝte hire awinne.
 Þo þe porter iherde þis he fiȝte :
 "The am," he ſede, "bitraid wiȝ riȝte,
 Þat þureȝ þis cupe *and* þis gerfume
 420 Ihe am nu þi man bicume.
 Nu ihe ſeo hu hit geȝ
 For þe ihe drede þolien deȝ,
 Noȝt for þan while ihe mai go
 424 Ihe ſchal þe failli neure mo.
 What me bitide oþer bifalle
 Ihe ſchal þe foreward holden alle.
 Iwend nu, floriz, to þin inne
 428 While ibiþenche of fume ginne :
 Ihe wulle fonde what ido may
 Bituene þis *and* þe þridde day."
 Floriz fiȝte *and* weop among,
 432 Þulke terme him þuȝte long. /
ÞE porter þoȝte what to rede ;
 He let flures gadere on þe mede,
 Cupen he let fulle of flures
 436 To ſirawen in þe maidenen bures.
 Þat was his red to helpe him ſo,
 He let floriz on þat on cupe go :
 Tuci gegges þe cupe bere
 440 And for heuie wroȝ hi were ;
 Hi beden God ȝiue him uuel fin
 Þat ſo manie flures dude þerin.
 To þe chaumbre þer hi ſcholde go
 444 Ne ȝeden hi ariȝt no :
 To anoþer chaumbre hi beoȝ agon,
 To blauncheflures chaumbre non.
 Þe cupe hi ſette to þe grunde
 448 And goȝ forȝ *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.

- Floris wende hit were his swete wiȝt
452 Ut of þe cupe he lep ariȝt ;
And þat maide for þe drede
Bigan to crien *and* to grede.
þo nuȝte floriz what to rede
456 For þe ferlich þat he hadde :
Into þe cupe he fierte 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 fiȝtene 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 anfuare
“ To þe cupe,” heo fede, “ ihe com *and* wolde
472 þis flures handlen *and* biholde :
þer fiȝfte ut a buterfliȝe
Are ihe wiȝte on min iȝe :
So fore ihe was offerd of þan
476 þat ihe crien 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 þar amur,

- And haþ þer-of ioȝe mai luue flures :
- 488 Ac ihe libbe in soreȝe in þis tures ;
 For ihe wene biþhute gabbe
 Þat þe Admiral me wule habbe,
 Ac þilke day ne ſchal neuere be
- 492 Ne ſchal me neuere atwite me,
 Þat ihe beo of lūne untrewē,
 Ne chaunge luue for no newe,
 Ne lete þe olde for no newe be,
- 496 So doþ floriz on his Contre ;
 Ac þeȝ floriz forȝe me
 Ne ſchal ihe neuere forȝete þe.”
 Clariz iherde þes ille reuþe
- 500 Of trewnesse *and* of trowþe :
 Þe tieres glide of hire lere.
 “ Blauncheflur,” he fede “ gode ifere,
 Leue ſuete 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 keſſinge ilefte amile
 And þat hem þuȝte litel while.
 Clarice biheold alþis
- 516 Here cuntenaunce *and* here blis.
 Seide Clarice to blauncheflur,
 “ Knoweſtu oȝt zete þis flur ?
 A litel er þu noldeſt hit ſe,
- 520 Nu ne miȝte hit lete fram þe :
 He moſte kunne muchel of art
 Þat þu woldeſt ȝeue 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,” *quaf* blancheflur to Clariz,
 524 “ þis is miu oꝛene suete floriz.”
 Nu boþe tuo þes suete þinges
 Crieþ hire *merci* al weþinge,
 To þe Admiral þat hem ne wreie
 528 For þenne were here foreþe niwe.
 Clarice hadde of hem pite :
 “ Noþing,” heo fede, “ ne dute þe,
 Ne dute þe *nammore* wiþ alle
 532 þat hit were to me bifalle.
 Hele ihe wulle *and* noþing wrcie
 Ower beire *cumpaignic*.”
 Clarice hem haþ to bedde ibroþt
 536 þat was of pal *and* fele iwroþt.
 In bedde heo broþte hem adun
 An hure self wende hem fram.
 Þo floriz furst speke bigan ;
 540 “ Ure *louerd*,” he fede, “ þat makedest man
 þe ihe þonki, godes sune,
 þat ihe am to mi leof icume.
 Mi leof, nu ihe habbe þe ifunde
 544 Of al mi care ihe am unbunde.”
 Nu aþer haþ oþer itold
 Of here foreþe *and* care cold
 þat hi hadde ifunde bo
 548 Suþþe hi were ideld atuo.
 Nu hi chippeþ *and* cufleþ
 And makeþ togadere muchel bliþe.
 If þer was aȝt bute cufte
 552 Swete blancheflur hit wifte.
 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
 Ehe 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 waitþ his honden in :
 Swiche him ferueþ a day so faire
 Amoreþe moſte anoþer peire :
 Ae 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,”
 Ae heo hit fede al ſlepinge.
 Clariz com in to þe Tur,
 576 Þe Admiral axede blauncheflur.
 “ Sire Alniþt heo ſet at hire boke
 And haþ þeron irad *and* loke,
 And þeron ibede hire orefun,
 580 Þat God þat þolede paſſiun
 Þe holde, ſire, longe aliue.
 And nu heo is atleped fuiþe
 Þat heo ne mai come to þe.”
 584 “ Is þat ſoþ ?” ſede he.
 Heo ſede, “ ȝe, ſire, withute leſing.”
 “ Heo is,” he ſede, “ a ſuete þing,
 Wel aȝte ihe willen hire to wif
 588 Þat so ȝerne biddeþ mi lif.”
 Amoreþe þo Clariz ariþ
 Blauncheflur heo atwiþ
 Þat he makede ſo longe demure.
 592 “ Aris,” heo ſede, “ *and* go we ifere.”
 Quaþ blauncheflur, “ ich come anon.”
 Ae 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
 Blancheſtur have
 to go.

Clarice aroſe and
 called Blanche-
 ſtur, who ſays,
 “ I am coming,”
 but ſaid it in her
 ſleep.

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

[MS. p. 8.]

The admiral ex-
 cuſeth her.

Next day
 Blancheſtur 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 Blancheflur, 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 unwife
 596 And soolle 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* blauncheflur.
 þo Clarice com into þe tur
 He axede *after* blauncheflur :
 “Sire, ihe wende hire finde here
 604 He was arise 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 fufthe 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 iseȝ :
 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 cie.
 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 adraze ;
 632 Sore hi beoþ offerd *and* wel maȝe.
 “Seic,” *quaf* þe Admiral, “belamy,
 Ho makede þe to hardy
 For to come in to mi Tur
 636 And to ligge bi blauncheflur ?”
 Hi crieþ him merci boþe suiþe
 Þat he ȝiue hem furt of liue.
 After his barnage he haþ ifend
 640 To awreke him wif iugement ;
 And let hem þe while binde faste
 And into *prison* ben icaste.
 His palais þat was so faire ibuld
 644 Of Erles *and* barons hit was ifuld.
 Up he stod among hem alle
 Bi femblaunt wel wroþ wif alle.
 “Lordinges,” he fede, “wif muehel *honur*,
 648 ȝe habbeþ iherd of blauncheflur,
 Hu ihe hire boþte apliȝt
 For feueþe of gold hire wiȝt.
 To hire was mi meste wene
 652 For to habbe to mi quene.
 Nis noȝt ȝore þat ine eom
 And fond hire wif hordom
 Me to schame *and* deshonor
 656 In hire bedde on mi Tur.
 Ihe habbe ȝou told hu hit is went,
 A-wrekeþ me wif Jugement.”
 Þanne spak a free burgeis
 660 Þat was hende *and* curt[*eis*].
 “Sire, are hi beo to diþe awreke
 We mote ihere þe children speke :
 Hit nere noȝt elles rift iugement
 664 Biþuten anfuare to acupement.”
 Þe king of Nubie fede þo,
 “For soþ 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
 Blanche's 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 þureȝ alle þing
 668 Felous inome hond habbing
 For to suffre Jugement
 Biþute anfuere oþer acupement.”
 After þe children nu me fendeþ,
 672 Hem to berne fir me tendeþ.
 Seide floriz to blauncheſflur,
 “ Of ure lif nis no fueur,
 Ac min is þe guld *and* þe unmeþ
 676 þat þu for me ſehalt 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 mireȝþe þu miȝteſt heriune wune.”
 He droȝ forþ a riche ring
 684 His moder him ȝaf at his parting:
 “ Hauc þis ring, lemman min,
 þu ne miȝt noȝt deie þe while he is þin.”
 þe ring he haueþ forþ araȝt
 688 And to blauncheſflur bitaȝt.
 “ þe ring ne ſehal 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 ſo 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 fucte þing
 Of men *and* wimmen þat buþ nuþe,
 708 þat goþ *and* feoþ *and* ſpekeþ wiþ muþe,
 Ne buþ fo faire in here gladneſſe
 So hi were in here forineſſe.
 Ae þe admiral was fo wroþ *and* wod
 712 He quakede for grame þer he ſtod,
 And het hem binde wel faſte
 And into þe fire caſte.
 þe duc þat þe ring funde
 716 Com to þe Admiral *and* runde,
 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,” quath 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.”
 Quath blauncheþflur, “aquel þu me,
 And let floriz aliue be,
 þef hit nere for mi luue,
 728 He nere noþt fram his londe icome.”
 Quath þe Admiral, “so ihe mote go
 þe ſchulle deie togadere bo.
 Miſelf 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 eyþer wolde for oþer deie,
 And for he feʒ mani wepinde cie,
 And for he luuede so muche 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
 Biſecheþ 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,” quath he, “nelle ihe neure do
 For þing þat me mai me do,
 764 Bute hit hem beo ferþine alfo.”
 Alle þoþere biſecheþ þis
 And of þe Admiral i granted 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 ieuue,
 To fonden wiþ fume ginne¹ [1 ginne, MS.]
 772 Hu he miʒte hure awinne,
 And hu þureʒ þe eupe *and* þureʒ þe gerfume
 þe porter was his man bieume,

- And hu he was in a eupe ibore.
 776 Alle þes oþere lowe þeruore.
Þe Admiral þo, wel him bitide,
 þat Child he sette bi his side,
 And haþ forþiue his wraþþe bo
 780 Floriz *and* blauncheflur alfo,
 And fede wiþ him hi ſchelde 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 childe for bliþe
 Falleþ to his fet hem to kiþe.
 He let hem to one Chirche bringe
 788 And ſpuſen hem wiþ one gold ringe.
 þure; þe red of blauncheflur
 Me sette Clariz adun of þe Tur:
 þe Admiral hire nam to quene,
 792 þilke ſete was wel breme,
 For þer was alle kunnes gleo
 þat miþte 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.
 þaune ſeide þe Admiral;
 800 "If þu doſt bi mi conſail
 Bilef wiþ me ne wend naht hom.
 Ihe wulle þeue þe a kinedom,
 Alfo long *and* alfo brod
 804 Alfo eure zet þi fader ibod."
 Ac 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
 dubs him knight.

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

Blancheſtur
 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 quene
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 fuþe wel :
He bitaȝte hem alle god almiȝte,
816 And com hom whane he miȝte.
He was king wiþ Muchel honour,
And heo his quene blauncheflur.
Nu ȝe habbeþ iherd þane ende
820 Of floriz *and* his lemman hende,
Hu after bale comeþ 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-I-T.

ASSUMPCIO BEATE MARIE.

- I**N honorance of ihesu cryft
 Sitteþ stille & haueþ lyfi,
 And þif ȝe wille to me here
 4 Off oure ladi ȝe mai lere,
 Floure of heuene ladi & quene,
 As fehe auȝt wel to bene,
 To wham aungeles donn here myȝt
 8 To ferue hure boþe day & nyȝt.
Par auenture 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 cryft was donn on þe rode,
 And þolede deþ for oure goode,
 He callide to hym feynt Iohan
 16 That was his fleſchli kynnes man :
 His moder fwete he dide alfo,
 He callid no men mo him to,
 And feide, “ 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 rewep 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 treeres fellen at hure fete.
Nas no wondre þouȝ ſche wepe fore
Of forwe wift ſche neuer more,
When he þat of hure fleſche nam,
36 For his holi ſwete nam,
Honge þer nailed to a tre.
"Alas, my ſone," þo ſaide ſche,
"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 *wit*h 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 *wit*h al þi myȝt,
That no man do hure vnryȝt."
¶ Þan nam þe apoſtel ſeynt Iohan
56 On his keypyng þis womman.
He kept hure wel *wit*h 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 cloþed & 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 *with* al here myȝt,
 76 Sche it ferued & þat was ryȝt :
 Sche woke more þan sche ſlepe
 Hure ſone to ferue was al hure kepe.
 To hym ſche callid *with* rewful ſteuene,
 80 And he hure ſent an angel fro heuene,
 To glade hure hym ſelf he cam
 That of hure bodi fleſche nam.
 Scynt 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 eom *him* to ;
 92 When he wolde hit was do.
 He ſent to hure an angel of heuene
 That gret hure *with* 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 þouȝ I be here,
100 I am þi sones 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,

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

108 Marie ladi wel þee be.
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 fende after þee
116 Of heuene ferde moche plente.
And brynge þee in to his bliþe
That euer was & now is.

She is to be ear-
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 him¹ 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 sones maſſagere,
That bryngest me þis bodes here?
Haueþ he me sette any day,

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

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?"

- Tho feide þe angel, "I fei þee,
 Thou ſhalt be here but daies þre.
 The þridde dai we ſchal come,
- 136 Alle ix. ordres fram heuen a bone,¹ [1 = abouen.]
 And fecche þee with myry ſonge :
 For after þee vs þinkeþ longe."
 To þat aungel feide oure ladi,
- 140 "What is þi name þat ſtandeþ me bi?"
 "My name feie 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 feie 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 cloþes alle
- 156 And waſche hure with water of wille.
 So ſone as ſche hadde donu
 Newe cloþes ſche dide hure apon.
 When ſche was faire ſchred & elad
- 160 To ihesu cryft aboue ſche bad.
 And feide, "ſone I þanke þee
 That þou haſt yþouȝt on me.
 My ſone þat is heuene kynge,
- 164 I praiſe þee of þi bleſſing,
 Sone, for þyn hye name,
 Schelde my bodi fro pyne & ſchame :
 That þe deucl haue no myȝt,
- 168 To reyuē þee hit were no ryȝt.
- The angel tells her it is but three days to the time.
- She asks the angel'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 preſerved from Satan.

[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, zeue hym nouzt
Man kynde þat þou hast bouzt.
Mi sone, þat art ful of pite,

176 For man kynne I praie þee;

That þou for þi holi grace
zeue hem boþe myzt & space
Hem to amende or þei ben dede,

180 That þei haue of þe deucl no drede.

Thynke, leue sone, þou hast hem wrouzt
And dere þat þou hast hem bouzt.”
When sehe hadde praied so,

184 Hure frendes sehe callid hure to,

Hure sibbe & hure kynnes men,
With reuful steuene sehe spak to hem,
An seide, “leue frendes, my sone

188 Wol no lenger þat I here wone.

He wol þat I with him be,
Where fore I praie zow, par charite,
zif I any þinge haue mys-wrouzt

192 Seieþ me now for-hele ze nouzt.

I it wole amende with my myzt,
That my soule haue no vnplyzt.
The good þat ze haue donn me,

196 My sone, þat was donn on þe tree

Man to bigge fro þe quede,
He zelde it zow at zoure nede,
And brynge zow in to his blis

200 Ther I sehal be & 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.

Alle þat weren hure bi
Off siche tþinges 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 þouȝt ?
- 208 Rewe on vs departe vs nouȝt.
 In moche forwe & in myche wo
 Schulle we lyue be þou a-go.”
 þan answered oure ladi
- 212 To þat folke þat siode hure bi.
 “Lateþ be *your* grening hit helpeþ nouȝt
 And haueþ blis in *your* þouȝt.
 Whiles I am here wakeþ *with* me
- 216 Hit doþ me good þat I þow fe.
 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 sēde worde wel euene,
 Iohan & þe apoitles where so þei bene
 Schulle alle come for to sene.”
 As sche so spak to þe mon
- 228 Off al þat wist nouȝt seynt Ion.
 He come to speke *with* oure ladi
 Ferli him þouȝt þat sehe was fory.
 And seide, “ladi what is þee ?
- 232 What is þis folk þat I here se ?
 Seie me, ladi, what is þee ?” he fede
 “For me were leuer þat I were dede,
 Than I þee se sūche semblaunt make :
- 236 For schal I neuer sūche a ladi take.
 Haftou ouȝt 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.

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.

- 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 answerde with rewful steuene,
And seide, "me cam bode fram heuene,
Fro my sone a massigere,
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 seruyce
252 That þou hast donn on eche wife,
Thou hast me boþe fed & elad
And donn also my sone þee bad,
My sone schal it wel zelde þee;
256 I schal him telle when I him se."
Than answerde 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 faiston so?
Wite þou wel I go be-forn
Thi seruyse 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 seest þat I am gon,
Kepe my bodi þat I ne be binomen,
272 When þe fellon Iewes comen,
Mi bodi forto donn no schame,
For þei hate no þing more þan my name.
Mi sone þei hongen on a tre,
276 Wel I wote so wolde þei me.

- 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 euelte.
 My sone þat woneþ in heuene liȝt
 Lete hem neuer þer to haue myȝt."
 "Ladi sithen hit is so,
 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 sory,
 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 iewes 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 cust 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 ſeynt Ion,
 "Whi art þou ſo ſory a mon?
 Whi wepiſtu & what is þee?

320 For ſelaſchip telle þou me.
 I ſchal þee ſeie, ſeynt Ion,
 Whi I am ſo ſory a mon.

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

But ſeie me firſt, for godes loue,

324 Whi ȝe arn hider icome
 And weryn ſo wide iſprad,
 Seieþ what haþ ȝou 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 ſerli þinge,
 328 I was ſer hens atte my preachinge.

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

332 I ne wote how I cam to þis toun."

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

336 Ne what wai þei þidre cam.

Than ſeide ſeynt Ion, "for ſoþe I-wys
 I ſchal ȝow 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 ȝow alle ȝſent
 To kepe hure bodi when ſche is went.

Bi-fore hure knele ȝe 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 wy^mmen 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 keepinge.”
 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 to fundry were ;
 The seide in ful good þouzt,
 “ Thi sone vs haþ hidre ybrouzt,
 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 ze schal kepe so
 That þer to come nouzt 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 3ow, þur charyte,
 And for þe loue þat ze 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 ftele it awai :
Thei wolde it brenne or do it ſchame,
388 But ihesu, for þi holi name,
Late hem neuer þer to haue myȝt,
For ſikirli 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 ȝede 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.
Sitteþ now ſtille boþe more & leſſe
412 **S** And herkenep of þe moche bleſſe
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 renþe 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 down & 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 soule 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 ſeche 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 ſeche him ſawe ſeche was glad
Liſteneþ þe bede þat ſeche 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 seechyn me in to þi myȝt
 Was neuer modre sone so bryȝt.
 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 wyemen best þee be.
 Thou schalt to heuen & be made quene,
 Wel bliþe may þine hert bene."
 "Sone," seche seide, "I be-feke þee
 504 O þing þat þou graunt me :
 That I noȝt þe deuel se,
 Ne none þat euer with him be :
 I loue hem nouȝt þei arn my sone
 508 Ne wolde I neuer sene hem none."
 "Moder," he seide, "ne drede þee nouȝt,
 Ne come it neuer in my þouȝt,
 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 ȝift I schal þee ȝyue,
 516 Thou schalt with me in heuene lyue,
 And more schal I ȝeue 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 ȝif þou ne were,
 Alle þat donn þee worchipe,
 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 last 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 forþiukeþ 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 last dai,
 ʒif he none ere ne mai,
 Repent him & calle to þee,
 548 In what synne so he be,
 I schal here his praier
 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.”
Oure 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 foule wel,
 Thou and alle þine fere,
 568 Is no þinge me fo dere."
 Alle þat mayne þat cam fro heuene
 Thei fungen *witʒ* a myry fleuene.
 Men myʒt wite bi here fonge
 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.
 NOW schal we here of þe bodi
 Where it bi-cam & where it li.
 When þe foule 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 *witʒ* 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 ze mury fungen.
 Loke þat ze 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.

- Hauþ no drede of no Iew
 For I my self schal be *with* ȝow."'
 When ihesu hadde him so feide
 604 And þe bodi was on bere leide
 He ȝaf hem alle his blessinge,
 And stye to heuen þer he is kyng.
 ¶ To hym þo feide seynt Ion,
 608 " Felawes go we soone anon,
 And *turne* we þis *proceßioun*,
 And syng 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 eleued fast,
 616 And to Petir he eriede 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 seiden 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 anſwerde þo
 640 To þe Iewe þat was fo wo ?
 “ ʒif þou woldest leue on him
 That on þe rode dide þi kyn,
 That he is soþesait 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
 Anſwerde anone, as ʒe mai here ;
 “ I leue wel & better I schal done
 656 On ihesu crist 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 crist 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 cryftened anone.
 He tauȝt him al his bi-leue
 676 He wif he was to godes bihcue :
 He ordeyned him to preft anone,
 And bad him foone for to gone
 And prechen al of godes fone
 680 In eche alond where he come.
 That palm þat Petir helde in his honde
 He toke it him þorw godes fonde,
 And bad him godes wordes telle
 684 Among þe Iewes þat were fo felle.
 So he fpak þe furft day
 That he turned to godes lay
 Twenty þouſand & ſommedel mo,
 688 Thorw wordes þat he fpak þo.
 Foure of þe apoſtles þat were þere
 That ſwete bodi forþe þei bere.
 The Iewes þat were godes fone
 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 fone 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 ſehent,
 Boþe here feet & here handes
 Where bounde with ſtronge 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 anſwerd 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 ouer 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 erie
 740 To ihesu cryſt of here folie,
 And leue þat he is godes ſone
 And ſipen 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 stricken how it came to pass, but the bystanders 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 apofiles went forþe on here way
To Iosephat to þat valay,
When þe apofiles comen were
756 Wel softe þei setten down þe beere,
With gret deuocioun euerychone
Thei leide þe bodi in a stonc,
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 stonc,
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 seche was modre maide & wyf.
Tho wist þe apofles, 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 fide
780 He sawe a briȝtnesse bi him glide,

- Bi þat stede þer he come
 Oure ladi to heuene was nome.
 He knelede doun & seide, "ladi,
 784 Off me I *prai*e þow haue *mercy* ;
 Ladi quene of heuene lyzt,
 For þine swete mychel myzt,
 Sende me token þis ilke day
 788 What þing þat I say may
 To myn felawis, þer I hem fynde,
 That I was toward þi buriunge.
 Thei wil nouzt leue þat I were ;
 792 Now *graunt* me, ladi, my *praiere*."
 A-bowte hure myddel a seynt sche fouzt
 That sche hure self hadde wrouzt,
 Off silk & gold wounden in pal,
 796 Doun to thomas sche lete it fal,
 He toke þer þe gurdel in his honde
 And þanked hure of hure sonde.
 Forþe he went of þat stede,
 800 Toward þe toune he him dede,
 His felawis for to seke on his fete
 ȝif he hem ouzt myzt mete.
 Atte þe temple dominus
 804 He sonde hem alle in an hous.
 When he hem sawe he gret hem
 And þei anwerde alle hym,
 And seiden, "thomas of ynde,
 808 Euer art þou bi-hynde,
 Whare hast þou so longe bene ?
 We haue buried heuene quene.
 Thou helpst nouzt at no good dede,
 812 Thou failest euer at most nede."
 "Sore me forþinkeþ þat I ne was here,
 But I ne myzt come no nere,
 Bleffed 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.]

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

- 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 :
 "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 with fleſche & blood.
 Ther oure ladi to heuene went
 Here is þe token þat ſche me ſent."
 Quath ſeynt Petir, "þat is ſothe,
 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
 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 on þe bare grounde,
 And ſeiden "ihesu, godes ſone,
 852 Al þi ſonde be welcome.

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

[Fol. 79b.]

- 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”
 “Bleifed 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 ftedes 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 crift, in alle þinge.
 The apoffles kneled in þat ftede
- 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 feynt 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 here.
Ihesu, for þi modre loue,
That woneþ in heuene vs aboue,
Graunt vs, zif þi wille is,
900 The mochil joie of paradis.
A praier þer to feic 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.
. marchanſ þiſ maide forlete.
. bliþe mid here by-þete.
8 we blancheflur be.
. floires in hiſ cuntre.
. to þe king icome
. gold & þiſſe garifome.
12 þan king i-þolde.
. þo cupe of golde.
. let at one chiriche.
. les wereche.
16 [þ]at ano
. pointe ſtonde
. bi write.¹
. hele worþþhiþe.
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 alfo.
 28 haueþ hif gretinge ido.
 atkeþ war þat maide beo.
 were nou targeþ heo.
 ref hit haueþ vnder-nome.
 32 boure a if icome
 to hire anonryzt.
 [bl]ancheflur mi fucte wyzt.
 ful iwis.
 36 war heo [is]
 þine gabbinge deþ me wo.
¹Tel me war my lemmon beo.
 Al wepinge onfuerede heo
 40 Sire heo feyde ded. ded quad he.
 Sire heo feyde for soþe ze
 Alas wenne deide my fucte wyzt.
 Sire heo feyde wiþ inne þif feuenizt.
 44 þat vrþe hire waf leyd aboue.
 And ded heo if for þine loue.
 Floyref þat waf so fayr & gent.
 He fel iſwoue vp on þe pauement.
 48 And þe criſtene winmon gon to crie
 To criſt & to feyntemarie
 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.]

¹ 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 fȳzte
 [And] on his moder he by siȳt.
 Dame he fȳde led me þar þat mayde lyþ
 60 þider heo hine broute wel suþe.
 Vor care a[n]d forwe of hire deþe.
 Anon þat he to þe burles com.
 Wel ȳerne he bi-hul þer on.
 64 And letteres bigon to rede.¹ [1 MS. torede.]
 þur fpek & þur fele.
 þat þar lay fucte blancheflur.
 [þat] floyres louede þar amur.
 68 frouncþ nouþe
 Ic adone afe he fpeke myzte.
 Sore he wep & fore he fȳzte.
 And gon blancheflur bi-mene.
 72 Wit teref rine afe a *feur* of r[e]ne
 Blancheflur he feide blancheflur
 So fute þing naf neu[er] in bur.
 Vor þou were ibore of gode curne [6b, col. 1.]
 76 Vor in worle nef nere non.
 þine imake of no wimmon.
 I-nouþ þu curst of elergie
 And of alle eurtȳfie.
 80 . . . muchel & litel hit louede þe
 Vor þi fayr-hede & þi bunte.
 ȳif þat deþ were ideld ariȳt.
 We fehorden habbe idized boþe in ore niȳt.
 84 Vor in one daye ibore we were.
 Mid riȳte we fehorden deie ifere.
 Deþ he feyde vol of en-ue.
 & vol of alle tricherie.
 88 Mid *traifun* þou me haft mi les binome.
 To bi-*traie* þat folk hit if þi wone
 Heo wolde libbe & þu noldest
 þou nelt me flen and ihe wolde,
 92 Wiþ þere me wolde þat þou were.

- A til in¹ 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 ſikeſt under þe ribbe
 & ȝif þer if eni forliued wrecche
 þat of if liue nouȝt ne recche
- 100 þat fawe wolde deie for ſorewe [&] elde
 On hem neltou nouȝt bi-helde
 No lengore ich nelle mi lef bileue.
 Ichulle be mid hire ere eue.
- 104 Nou after deþ clepie 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
 [&] þif 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 þif children nabbe we non
 Non aliuie bote þif 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 þiſle 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 fop mi moder dere
 140 þe for fope heo
 þanc ftand hii þanne
 He ifay þat þere naf
 Nu me þencheþ
 144 ne fehah 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 fehalt come.
 gere finde þer ate frome.
 e if ate brugge ende
 160 mon he if & hende.
 breþeren & treweþe ipliht
 wifif & reden wel riht.
 bere him nefeno¹ ring.
 164 to toking.

[7a, col. 1.]

[¹ Or nefene.]

- on eche halve
 & takeþ if leue
 168 þer by fene
 on ðarne 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 hinc him bi-tauht
 þe toekne of þe ringe.
 hadde þer aniht wel gode giftinge
 of flef of tendre bred
 184 [ʔ hui]t win & eke of red.
 floyref like & colde.
 gon þat chil by-holde.
 wat may þe be
 188 þe i-fee
 al fere
 [iu]ele ch.re.
 Bot floyref ontwerede him.
 192 Nay fire bi godef ore
 So god wel þore.
 God lete me abide þane day
 þat ich hit þe zelde May.
 196 Ac ich þenche on alle wifē
 Vppon mine Marchaundifē
 Ware vore ich am hider icome.
 Lest ich ne feynde hit ate frome
 200 & þat if zet mi meffe wo

[7a, col. 2.]

- 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 dorſie 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 muehel pruid.
 Of lyni & 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 toreche
 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 chefen
 þey; he louede if quene
 Me ſchal feeche 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 ſtonef bo
 þer me may iſe uppon a
 268 I write muehel of þe w
 And a welle þat ſpringeþ
 þat if i-mad mid muehel

[7b, col. 2.]

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

[*About eighteen lines illegible.*]

- 280 [8a, col. 1.]
 wel muchel of art
 woldest ȝeue þer of eny part
 de blancheflur to claris
 284 min owene leue floyres
 þif ilke swete þingef
 clarifse merci
 . . . þe amyrayl . . þouȝt ne wreye
 288 scholden deȝe.
 namore mid alle.
 hit were to me by falle
 wel wytterli
 292 beyre drewori
 bedde heo hem haneþ ibrouȝt
 selk & pal i-wrouht.
 heo sette hem þer adoun.
 296 wende aroum.
 more bote cluppe & cutse.
 blancheflur hit wiste.
 formeft speke bigon.
 300 þat makedest mon
 nou godef sone
 he if ouer-[c]ome
 habbe ifounde
 304 am vn-bounde.

- oþer haueþ told.
 kare ful cold
 me wel þronge
 308 fo longe
 ferueþ al to wille
 [dern]cliehe & fülle
 heo noþh longe wite.
 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

 324

 þe amiral askede blanche[flur].
 & clarifse 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 hiþ benifcun.
 & god þe holde longe aliue
 & nou þat mayde flepeþ fo fuiþe
 Heo flepeþ fo fafte þat mayde fucte.
 336 þat heo ne may nouȝt come ȝete.
 & þo bi-þpak him þe king
 Iwif heo if a swete þing.
 Wel auȝhte ich wilny habbe hire to wiue.
 340 So ȝerne heo bit for mine liue

[8a, col. 2.]

- Clariffè a noþer day arif.
 & haueþ blancheflur at-wif.
 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 ehilderen afe don wife
 348 Voleil atlepe on . . . ðe wife
 . . . þiflè wife hey
 Sone þer
 to þe piler wende
 352 A bafin of gold þer heo nom
 . . . haueþ

 Heo ne ze ne
 356 þo wende clariffè þat heo were ago
 þo clariffè com in to þe tur
 þe amiral askede blancheflur.
 & askede whi heo ne come.
 360 Also heo waf woned to done
 Heo waf arife are ich were.
 Ich wende hire habbe ifunde here.
 What niþ heo icome
 364 Wod heo me to
 chaumberlen
 hif

 368 So heo waf

 372
 a ze
 hif louerd wat he i aþheþ
 þe amirayl hed hif swerd him bringe
 376 W[a]te he wolde of þiflè tiþinge

[8b, col. 1.]

- Vorþ he wende mid al hiſ mayn
 þat he com þer hei boþe leie.
 þe ȝet waſ þe ſlep in here eȝe
 380 þe amiral het here cloþeſ adoun caſte
 A lutel bi-neþe here breſte.
 þo iſcih he wel anon
 þon waſ may & þoþer mon.
 384 þe amirayl quakede for-angyf þe aſtod.
 Hem to quelle hit waſ on hiſ mod.
 & ȝet he þouhte are he hem quelle.
 Wat he were hui ſeholden telle.
 388 & ſoþþe 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 ſo 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 ſo 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
 waſ ifuld
 412 þe amiral ſtod up among hem alle

- wref mid [alle]

 416 wiþoute w[ene]
 To habben hire to mi quene.
 hire bedde mi felf ich eo[me]
 hire ane 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 þoru iugem[ent]
 Nou ȝe habbeþ iherd hou it if [? iwent]
 Awrekeþ me of mine fon
 428 þo ipak 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 riht iugem[ent]
 Wiþ-oute onfuere
 436 þe king of nubie
 Sire fo ne ſchal hit
 Traitor þat if nome hond
 Hit if riht 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 þef childeren
 Hem to for-berne þer
 Twene ſeriaunf hem forþ bringe
 To fonge here dom fore wepin[ge]
 448 Dreri weren þe chyltren

[8b, col. 2.]

Her eyther by-wepþ oþer
 þo feyde floyref to blanche[flur]
 Of vre liue niþ no foe[ur]
 452

NOTES TO HORN.

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 *miſte*. The interchange of *f* for *ſ* is not unusual. Cf. Rel. Ant., p. 48, where through the whole poem this substitution occurs; as *brift* for *brift*, *miſt*=*miſt*, *riſt*=*riſt*, 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. “*pat he with*,” etc. Oxf. “*pat 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 *ilozte*=*hi lozten*=they sought. 43 *ſchulle* or *ſcholle*. This is the plural form. 44 Harl. “*pat euer Criſt leueþ 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 *aliſte*. 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 *fmite*, plur. of past tense=fmote. See *ſmyten*, inf. 53. 54 *pat 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. “*pat hy ſomme*.” Oxf. “*Some of hem he felde*.” 56 *tozenes*=against. Comp. *tofore*=before; *vele ſchrewe*=many shrews. The more usual form *fele* occurs in the next line; *ſchrewe*=*ſchrewen*. 57 *yþe*=easily. A.S. *eāþe*. 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 *wynnmonne* is gen. plural. Cf. sup. 21. 71 *he*=she. 88 *atlaye*=*atlayen*=skain. 91 *ken*. This is properly a plural form; *ken* would be singular.

P. 4. l. 100 *Hen*=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-stere*, a dialectic form of *to-tirre*=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 streme go." Oxf. "Þe for þou feald to firon 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 will*=*ycwis*=certainly. 130 Harl. "And fe þe grafes." Oxf. "And fo þe gras"—

P. 5. l. 143 "May no water drown thee." 148 *wiþering*=adversary. The more usual form in O.E. is *wiþer-wyn*, from *wiþeren*, 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 *zeren*. This should be *zeue*: 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 swiþe*=such a; *werade*=*ferede*=host, company. A.S. *werod*.

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

“Whar art 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 *Some so* = as soon as. 202 *Icomen*. This word has occurred in the form *Icome*, supra 176. 206 *bruc* = enjoy; *euening*. 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 brouke þou þi naming.” 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, telauder 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,
& ut 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 gilti 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 *dolter* = *doȝter*. 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 watȝ him are
His mode for to reuwe,”

i.e., to change his mind. 287 *stille* = silently, secretly. 290 *bilwike* = 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 car. 311 *lyne*, evidently=*blinne*=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 *wonde*=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*=*wæupe*=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 *arise*=[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=*surte*=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-wille*=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 *Same hi were lufere*: *lufere*=wicked. It may refer to Fikenbild; 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 *Alto*=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 schop him bodi of hir flayfe
And dubbed him wit our likenes."

P. 17. l. 567 *anonder*=under. Cf. *an-lez*=on high. 581 *erndinge*=progress. The Harl. has *endung*; 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 *houde*=*honden*=hounds, dogs. 602 *belde*=boastful, confident, secure.

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

P. 19. ll. 643-4 *izolde*—*woldet*. This and the many similar instances of false rhymes which occur are evidence of subsequent transcription. 649-651 *Hæo* 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 sittynde." 655 *Horn fede, lef þinore*=Horn said, dear one, thy pity. For *lef* read *lefe*. 674 *þare*. This is evidently for *here* 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 duates in non londe
Bote of þe kyng Murry
þat wes fwipe sturdy."

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

878 *wrne*=to run. 880 *wel fwipe 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 *fele*. 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 *felaze*, 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 *adrize*=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. *bicollede*; Oxf. *kwede*. 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 *bleli—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 forbear," = 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 *grēþi*=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^t clene 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 *Telleþ hit me, ne heleþ hit noþt*=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. *dræcan*. 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 delful 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 fearlet
Ipaned al with meuiuer."

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:

"Nelson, 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 fo 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 *þi*. 338 "To make a tower after this fashion at the entrance of thy land."

P. 61. l. 346 *Bijute panes*=without pence, without money at stake. 348 *slitte*=pocket, purse. 361 "If well for thy needs thou wouldst 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 *þepe*=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 habbe
God tidyng withoute gabbe."

And—

"Children bueren other habbe
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 *furit*=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 þerwore*=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 *eidel*=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 *forbercn*. See note on l. 60 of the Fragment of the Assumption. 73 *ferc*. See note on Horn, 149.

P. 78. l. 116 *ferde*=host. A.S. *fjrd*. 120 *heuen-ryche*=the kingdom of heaven.

P. 79. l. 151 *steie*=ascended. From the same root we get *stile*, *stirrup*; 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 aftir jis
A fwete voys com fro paradys,
So fwete it was and so ferli
Pat alle jei jat were per 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 aftire thys
Come a fwete fwnelle from paradys
So fwete hyt was and fo ferly
That al they that were hir by,
Yong and oolde euerychon,
Fafte aftepe felle anone.
All they flepte be oure lady
Harkenyth now the fkylle why:
As fone as they were aftepe
Hyt began to thondre on mete
And the erthe fwythe 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
 Jonge & olde þ^t þer were
 For hire wepte many a tere.
 & þan þe apostlis jede aȝen
 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 þ^e ston:
 He wold not suffre on no manere
 þat hire bodi were left there.
 Als bright as þe funne beme
 he brouht þe soule to þe bodi aȝen,
 & 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 plijte
 That tai it here outher day or niȝte
 And mare thar-of I fai ye giete
 Qu hertlic heris or redis itte
 Of our Leuedi and Saint Johan
 Thair benicun thaim bes noȝte wan
 And Saint Edmund of Punteuei
 Daiis of perdun thaim giuis xx^{ti}
 In a writte this ilke I fande
 Him selue it wroȝte Ie underfande."

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

"Befeke we now þ^t fwete may
 þ^t s^{ch}e pray for us nyght & day,
 And bere oure arnde to hire sone
 þat we may to him come,
 Into heuene þer he is king,
 & þeue us alle good ending.—Amen."

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

[N.B.—Where the *first* reference to any word stands alone, it refers to the line of King Horn. F is for Floris and Blanche-flur, 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.
 Agefle, 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, }
 Arc, 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.
 Afe, 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.
 Barne, bosom, 706.
 Barnage, baronage, F 639.
 Bataille, battle, 571.
 Batere, error for hatere = clothing.
 See note. A 119.
 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.
 Benc, 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.
 Bieffe, 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.
 Bileuc, past *bilefte*, remain, live,
 363, 742; F 10, 150, 801; A
 57; *a* 63.
 Binomen, seized, *a* 271.
 Bireued, deprived, 622.
 Birine, to rain, 11.
 Birunne, overrun, overflowed (with
 tears), 654.
 Bifehine, to shine, 12.
 Bifemeþ, appeareth, 482.
 Bifozt, besought, F 127.
 Bifture, early, quickly (?), 685.
 Bifwike, 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.
 Biþeneche, bethink, F 428.
 Biþinne, within, F 244.
 Biþoþte, resolved, reflected, 263,
 411.
 Biþute, without, F 218, 346, 489.
 Bialle, befall, 172.
 Biuore, before, 233, 496.
 Biwente, turned about, 320.
 Biwefte, in the west, 5.
 Biwinne, win, recover, F 190,
 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, 140,
 a 126.
 Bone, boon, prayer, A 27; *a* 496.
 Borde, board, table, 827.
 Bote, blessing, F 821.
 Boze, 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.
 Brozte, 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.

 Caffidoinis, chalcedonics, F 286.
 Caft, fashion, F 338.
 Chaere, chair, 1261.
 Charbugle, carbuncle, F 234.
 Chauntement, enchantment, F 312.
 Chelde, grow chill, 1148.
 Cheofe, 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.
 Crefel, 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, }
 Cufte, 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. *durfen*), 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.
 Diſfe, 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.
 Duntis, strokes, 573, 609.
 Dure, door, 973.

- Durcþ, extendeth, F 210.
 Dute, fear, F 4.
 Duteþ, feareþ, F 606.

 Ef, if, F 243.
 Eft, afterwards, F 16.
 Ehe, each, F 31.
 Eidel, any part, F 813.
 Eie, awe, F 302.
 Elles, 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, carls, F 79.
 Erliche, early, a 302.
 Erndinge, intercession, 581.
 Ert, art, F 52, 200.
 Escheker, chess, F 344, 345, 356.
 Este, east, 1135.
 Epe, easily, 835.
 Eþelikefte, commonest, F 274.
 Euc, eve, 364.
 Euelte, injury, a 280.
 Euening (an error for *neuening*),
 naming, 206.
 Eure, ever, 79.
 Eurech, every, 216, F 284.
 Eureþut, ever yet, 788.

 Fader, father, 110.
 Faire, fairer, 8.
 Fairhede, beauty, 83.
 Faste (*adv.*), fast, 119.
 Feeche, fetch, 351.
 Feire, fair, market, F 216.
 Feire, fair, beautiful, F 561.
 Feire, fairer, 8.
 Felazc, 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 161.
 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.
 Fislēn, to fish, 1136.
 Fislere, fisherman, 1134.
 Fle, } flay, 86, 1370.
 Flen, }
 Flemc, flee, 1271.
 Flit, 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, foith, 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, }
 Foþeles, 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.
 Gez, }
 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.
 Granel, 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.

- Heene, 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.
 Heȝete, highest, F 560.
 Hider, hither, 1174.
 Hinc (Sax. acc.), him, 1028.
 Hire, her, F 37, *et passim*.
 Hit, it, F 123, *et passim*.
 Hiz, high, F 151.
 Hiȝe, hic, 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.
 Ieluped, called, F 140.
 Ielupt, clasped, F 614.
 Icomen, } come, 202; F 19, 85,
 Icome, } 180.
 Icumme, }
 Iceore, chosen, F 268.
 Ideld, separated, F 548.
 Idriȝt, 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.
 Igrate, engraven, 506.
 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, Ine wot = I do not know, F 60.
 Inoꝝ, } enough, 182; F 89.
 Inoꝝe, }
 Ioie, } joy, 106, 278; A 208.
 Ioye, }
 Iorne, travelled, 1146.
 Ipiꝝt, placed, F 214, 220.
 Ipliꝝt, pledged, F 141
 Iquemeꝝ, satisfies, 486.
 Irad, read, F 578.
 Ire, iron, F 6.
 Ire, ear, 309, 959.
 Irod, I rode, 630.
 Iſeo, see, F 130, 365.
 Iſiꝝe, saw, 756, 976.
 Iiꝝte, I sighed, F 59.
 Iſold, sold, F 48, 192.
 Iſoꝝte, I sought, F 59.
 Iſoꝝte, they sought, 39.
 Iſpild, slain, A 18.
 Iſprunge, sprung, 548.
 Iſteue (for iſterue), starved, dead,
 1167.
 Iſwoꝝe, swooning, 428, 858.
 Itake, taken, 1410.
 Itaiꝝt, taught, F 404.
 Iwite, discover, F 206.
 Iwroꝝt, worked, F 403.
 Iwuned, gone, F 567.
 Iꝝe, eye, 755, 975, 1036; F 474.
 Iꝝolde, yielded, F 809.

 Jacintes, jacinths, F 287.

 Kare, care, 1244.
 Kembe, comb, F 562.
 Kenc, 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.
 Kniꝝti, } to confer knighthood on,
 Kniꝝte, } 480.
 Kunne, know, F 521.
 Kunne (*n.*), kin, 865.
 Kunnis, kind, F 415, 793.
 Kyn, kindred, 633.

 Ladde, led (a life), lived, 20.
 Laie (*r.*), lay, 1252.
 Laſt, leſt, F 179.
 Laſte, leaſt, 616.
 Late, let, 1044, 1473.
 Lay, song, 1477.
 Lay, } law, 65, 1110; *a* 686.
 Laꝝe, }
 Laꝝte, } laid up, 243, 379.
 Leide, }
 Lede (*r.*), 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 *ꝝepe*), F 465.
 Lepand, leaping, *a* 613, 705.
 Lere, teach, 228, 241.
 Lere, face, F 501.
 Lefcoun, lesson, A 3.
 Lefing, 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.
 Leue, dear, F 321.
 Leue, for *lene*, give, 461.
 Leue, leave, F 9, 68.
 Leuere, 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.
 Lip, lieth, 1137.
 Liþe, hearken, 334.
 Liue, leave, F 124.
 Liþte, descended, A 90.
 Liþte, to shine, 386.
 Lokyng, care, 342.
 Loke, guard, 748.
 Londiþc, belonging to the land, 634.
 Lore, teaching, telling, 412.
 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.

 Mafoun, mason, F 326.
 Mañigere, messenger, *a* 100, 125, 146.
 May, maiden, F 46, 102, 743, 808; A 2.
 Maze, 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. *menுவair*), 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.
 Milike (for miliketh), displeaseth, 668.
 Mislyke, dislike, 425.
 Misfrede, misadvise, misguide, 292.
 Milc, lose (followed by *of*), to milc of, 122, 1458.
 Miste (*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.

- Motte, must, might, 63.
 Mote, may, must, 97, 183; F 662,
 Muchelhede, greatness, stature.
 F 51.
 Mureþje, 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.
 Nuþe, 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-þinke, 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, mercy, 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*).
 Paues, 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, }
 Poure, } poor, A 61, 63.
- 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.
- Preie, pray, 763.
- Preide, prayed, 1186.
- Pris, price, value, F 750.
- Prud, } proud, 1389; F 241.
 Prut, }
- Pruefle, 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, kins-(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.
- Reufe, }
 Rewfe, } (*n.*), pity, 409, 673;
 Rupe, } F 499.
- Rewe (*v.*), pity, 1521; A 20.
- Rigge, back, 1058.
- Rime, tale, 1363.
- Riqt, right, F 33.
- Roche, rock, 1382.
- Rode, rood, cross, A 11, 18, 192; a 13.
- Rofer, rudder, 188.
- Runde, ran, F 716.
- Rufe, 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.
 Selauyne, } 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.
 Seiftu, 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, } to see, F 16, 100.
 Seo, }
 Sende, sent, 394.
 Seriauns, servants, F 255.
 Serie (?), 1385.
 Seft, seest, *a* 270.
 Sene, 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.
 Sibe, 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.
 So3efast, 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, } ascended, A 143; *a* 151.
 Ste3, }
 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 351, 355,
 Suþe, } *et passim*.
 Swete, sweat, 1407.
 Sweuene, }
 Sweuen, } dream, 666, 679, 724.
 Sweuenin, }
 Swilic, such, 166.

 Tabide = to abide, 1446.
 Teeche, 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.
 Tijinge, 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-fiere = 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.

 þane, than, 13.
 þarate, thereat, F 138.
 þare = here, their, 674.
 þarore, therefore, 101.
 þat, when followed by a negative
 = ὡστε μή, 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 41.
 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.
 þopere, the others, F 765.
 þoþt (*v.*), thought, F 34.
 þralle, }
 þral, } slave, 419, 424.
 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.
 þuþte (*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,
 884, 891, 895.

- Ulke, same, 1199.
 Unbicomelich, uncomely, 1065.
 Unbind, relieve, 540.
 Uncube, foreign, 729.
 Underfonge, }
 Underuonge, } undertake, 239, 906.
 Undergat, understood (A.S. *under-*
gitan), F 35, 97, 165, 556.
 Unneþ, want of moderation, wrong-
 doing (A.S. *unneþe*), F 675.
 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
 flow, 878; F 225, 228.
 Ut, out, 71, 707.
 Uuel, evil, F 441.
 Uþten, morning, dawn, 1376 (A.S.
uhte).

 Walawai, welaway, 956.
 War, where, 955.
 Waſſe, wash, F 564.
 Wat, what, 277.
 Wedde, grew wode, or wild, 300.
 Wede, clothing, 1052.
 Weder, weather, F 70.
 Weie, way, 759.
 Wel, very, 42, *et passim*.
 Welde, wield, rule, 908.
 Wem, stain, *a* 647.
 Wende, } thought, 121, 297;
 Wenden, } F 15.
 Wende, go, F 61.
 Wende, went, F 17, 124.
 Wene (*r.*), think, 663.
 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.
 While, time, F 814.
 Wide, a long way, 953.
 Wif, woman, A 17.
 Wile, will, 643.
 Wiltu, wilt thou, F 482.
 Wimman, woman, 418.
 Wife (*r.*), 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.
 Wiſſegge, deny, 1276.
 Wiputen, without, 347.
 Wiſt, weight, F 650.
 Wiſte, person (both masc. and
 fem.), 671.
 Wolde, rule, guide, 308.
 Won, possession, F 386.
 Wonde, feared, hesitated, 337, 736.
 Woned, was wont, 34.
 Wonede, lived, F 275.
 Worlde, world, F 62; A 100.
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 Wurþ, } as a future).
 Woze, woo, 546, 793.
 Woze, walls, 970.
 Wreie, betray, F 527, 533.
 Wreche, vengeance, 1284.
 Wringinde, wringing, 112.
 Wrong, wrung, 1062.
 Wroþe (*adj.*), angry, 1216.
 Wroþe (*n.*), evil, 348.
 Wuder, whither, F 114.
 Wulleþ, will, 603.
 Wund, wound, 1342.
 Wunder, sorrow, grief, 1422.
 Wunc (*r.*), dwell, 731, 1325.

- Wune, habit, F 557.
 Wurftu, shalt thou become, 324.
 Wurnc, hinder, prevent, 1086.
 Wyue, wife (used for a person only
 betrothed), 722.
- Y=I, 344.
 Yclizt, inclosed, *a* 719.
 Yfelde, felt, 54.
 Yfere, companions, 242, 497.
 Ymone (*n.*), companions (cf. *Mone*),
 834.
 Ynome, taken, A 5.
 Yswoze (*part.*), swooning, in a
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 Yþe, easily, 57.
 Ywiffe, assuredly, 432.
 Ywende, I am going, 1211.
- ʒaf, gave, F 126.
 ʒare (*adj.*), well, pleasant (?), 1356.
 ʒe, yea, F 585.
 ʒede, went, 1026.
 ʒef, if, 143.
 ʒef, give, 914.
 ʒeld, repaid, F 814.
 ʒeld, repay, 990.
 ʒelde, prove, 482.
 ʒem, to care for, A 51.
 ʒeme, care, anxiety, F 38.
 ʒeode, went, 381.
 ʒer, year, 524.
 ʒerne (*adv.*), earnestly, F 127, 357,
 375.
 ʒerne (*adj.*), melancholy, 1085.
 ʒerne (*c.*), ask, 915.
 ʒete, yet, F 518.
 ʒongling, youngling, young person,
 F 705.
 ʒore, long ago, F 653.
 ʒulde, yield, return, F 176.
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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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