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The Sowdone of Babylone

and of

Ferumbras his Sone who conquerede Rome.

Re-edited

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with introduction, notes, and glossary,

by

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INTRODUCTION.

The exploits of Charles the Great, who by his achievements as conqueror and legislator, as reformer of learning and missionary, so deeply changed the face of Western Europe, who during a reign of nearly half a century maintained, by his armies, the authority of his powerful sceptre, from the southern countries of Spain and Italy to the more northern regions of Denmark, Poland, and Hungary, must have made a profound and unalterable impression in the minds of his contemporaries, so that for centuries afterwards they continued to live in the memory of the people. Evidence of this high pitch of popularity is given by the numerous chansons de geste or romances, which celebrate the deeds, or are connected with the name, of the great and valiant champion of Christendom.

It is true that the sublime figure of Charlemagne, who with his imaginary twelve peers perpetually warred against all heathenish or Saracen people, in the romances of a later period, has been considerably divested of that nimbus of majestic grandeur, which the composers of the earlier poems take pains to diffuse around him. Whereas, in the latter, the person of the Emperor appears adorned with high corporeal, intellectual, and warlike gifts, and possessed of all royal qualities; the former show us the splendour of Royalty tarnished and debased, and the power of the feodal vassals enlarged to the prejudice of the royal authority. Roland, in speaking of Charlemagne, says, in the Chanson de Roland, l. 376:

"Jamais n'iert hum qui encunte lui vaillet,"

and again the same Roland says of the Emperor, in Guy de Bourgoyn, l. 1061:

"Laissomes ce viellart qui tous est assotez."

CHARL. ROM. V.
This glorification of the great Christian hero took its rise in France, but soon spread into the neighbouring countries, and before long Charlemagne was celebrated in song by almost all European nations. Indeed, there are translations, reproductions, compilations of French Charlemagne romances to be met with in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, as well as in Scandinavia and Iceland. Even in Hungary and Russia these chansons of the Charlemagne cycle seem to have been known.\(^1\)

A full account of almost all Charlemagne romances will be found in Gaston Paris's exhaustive work of the *Histoire poétique de Charlemagne* (Paris, 1865), and in Léon Gautier's *Épopées françaises* (Paris, 1867).

Of all the Charlemagne romances, that of Fierabras or Ferumbras has certainly obtained the highest degree of popularity, as is shown by the numerous versions and reproductions of this romance, from the 13th century down to the present day.

When the art of printing first became general, the first romance that was printed was a prose version of *Fierabras*; and when the study of mediæval metrical romances was revived in this century, the *Fierabras* poem was the first to be re-edited.\(^2\)

The balm of Fierabras especially seems to have been celebrated for its immediately curing any wound; we find it referred to and minutely described in Florian's *Don Quichotte*, I. chap. 10. The scene of Fierabras challenging to a combat the twelve peers of France, and of his vaunting offer to fight at once with six (or twelve) of them,\(^3\) must also have been pretty familiar to French readers, as the name of Fierabras is met with in the sense of a simple common noun, signifying "a bragging bully or swaggering hector."\(^4\)

Rabelais\(^5\) also alludes to Fierabras, thinking him renowned enough as to figure in the pedigree of Pantragruel.

In 1833, on a tour made through the Pyrenees, M. Jomard wit-

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2 Gautier, *Épopées*, ii. 308.
3 Cf. the French *Fierabras*, l. 84; *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 102; *Sordone*, l. 1067.
4 Thus in *Scarçon*, Gigant, iii.
5 Pantagruel, ii. chap. 1.
nessed a kind of historical drama, represented by villagers, in which Fierabras and Balan were the principal characters.¹

That in our own days, the tradition of Fierabras continues to live, is evident from the fact, that copies of the Fierabras story, in the edition of the Bibliothèque Bleue, still circulate amongst the country people of France.² There is even an illustrated edition, published in 1861, the pictures of which have been executed by no less an artist than Gustave Doré. And like Oberon, that other mediæval hero of popular celebrity,³ Fierabras has become the subject of a musical composition. There is an Opera Fierabras composed by Franz Schubert (words by Joseph Kupelwieser) in 1823, the overture of which has been arranged for the piano in 1827, by Carl Czerny.⁴

The different versions and the popularity of the present romance in France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, having been treated in the Introduction to Sir Ferumbras, we need not repeat it again here.⁵ As to the popularity of the Fierabras romance in the Netherlands, the following passage from Hoffmann, Horæ Belgicæ (Vratislavia, 1830), I. 50, may be quoted here⁶:

"Quam notæ Belgis, sec. xiii. et xiv., variae variarum nationum fabule fuerint, quæ ex Gallia septemtrionali, ubi originem cepérunt, translate sunt, pauca hæc testimonia demonstrabunt:— . . . . in exordio Sidraci:—⁷

Dickent hebbic de gone ghescouden,  
die hem an boeken houden  
daer si clene oerbare in leren,  
also zijn jeesten van heeren,  
vан Paethenopense, van Amidase,  
vан Troijen ende van Fierabrace,  
ende van menighen boeken, die men mint  
ende daer men litel oerbaren in vint,

¹ See the most interesting account of this piece and its curious manner of representation in Histoire Littéraire de la France, xvii, 720-21.
² Gautier, Épopées, ii. p. 308; and Histoire Poétique, p. 99.
³ See Huon de Bourdeaux, edd. Guissard and Grandmaison, p. xxxviii.
⁵ Cf. besides, Histoire Poétique, pp. 97, 143, 155, 214, 251; Épopées françaises, ii. pp. 307-9; and the Preface of the French edition of Fierabras.
⁶ See also Mone, Uebersicht der niederländischen Volksliteratur älterer Zeit, Tübingen, 1836.— p. 56.
That the *Fierabras* romance must have been well known and highly popular in England and Scotland, may be gathered from the numerous references to this poem in various Middle English works.

Thus the whole subject of the *Fierabras* romance is found in the following passage, taken from *Barbour's Bruce*, ed. Skeat, 3, 435 ss., where the King is described as relating to his followers:—

"Romanys off worthi Ferambrace,
That worthyly our-commyn was
Throw the rycyth douchty Olywer;
And how the duz Peris wer
Assegyt intill Egrymor,
Quhar King Lawyne lay thaim befor
With may thousandinis then I can say.
And bot elewyn within war thai,
And a woman; and wa sa stad,
That thai na mete thar within had.
Bot as thai fra thair fayis wan.
Y heyte, sua contenyt thai thaim than;
That thai the tour held manfully,
Till that Rychard off Normandy,
Magre his fayis, warnty the king.
That wes joyfull off this tithing:
For he wend, thai had all bene slayne.
Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne.
And wan Mantrybill and passit Flagot:
And syne Lawyne and all his flot
Dispitinsly discumfyt he:
And deliueryt his men all fre.
And wan the naylis, and the sper.
And the crowne that Ihesu couth ber;"
And off the croise a grete party
He wan throw his chewalry."

In his poem of Ware the Hawke, Skelton (ed. Dyce, I. 162) cites Syr Pherumbras as a great tyrant. He also refers to him in one of his poems against Garnesche, whom he addresses with the following apostrophe:

"Ye fowle, fers and felle, as Syr Ferumbras the firoke."

The story of the combat between Oliver and Ferumbras is alluded to by Lyndsay, in his Historie of ane Nobil and Wailzeand Squyer, William Meldrum, ed. Hall, ll. 1313-16:

"Roland with Brandwell, his bricht brand,
Faucht never better, hand for hand,
Nor Gawin aganis Golibras,
Nor Olyver with Phorambras."

The tale of the fortified bridge of Mauntrible seems also to have been very well known in England and Scotland. In the Complaint of Scotland, ed. Murray, p. 63, we find the Tail of the Brig of the Mantrible mentioned among other famous romances. In his lampoon on Garnesche, Skelton describes his adversary as being more deformed and uglier than

"Of Mantryble the bryge Macbus the murrayon."

As has already been mentioned, amongst all the Charlemagne romances the (originally French) romance of Fierabras is remarkable as being one of the first that was rescued from the dust of libraries; and it is worthy of note, in connection with it, that the first printed version was not a French, but a Provençal one, which was published not in France, the birth-place of the romance, but in Germany.

The manuscript of this Provençal version having been discovered by Lachmann in the Library of Prince Ludwig von Oettingen-

1 It is worthy of notice that the account of the Fierabras romance as given by Barbour, may be considered, on the whole, as identical with the subject of the French Fierabras or the English Syr Ferumbras, but not with the Swedan, as there is no mention made of the combat before Rome, nor any trace of what makes up the first part of the Swedan. But the spelling Lawyn for Balan agrees with the spelling of the same name in the Swedan. As to the relics mentioned in the passage above, they differ from all other versions.

2 In the Swedan the Bridgeward is called Alagolofre: cf. Index of Names.
Wallerstein,¹ somewhere about the year 1820, the poem was published in 1829 by Immanuel Bekker.²

Raymond, who drew attention to this edition of the poem in the *Journal des Savants*, March 1831, supposed this Provençal version to be the original.

Soon after Fauriel discovered at Paris two MSS. of the romance in French, and a third French MS. was found in London,³ by Fr. Michel, in 1838.

In 1852 Fauriel gave an account of the poem in the *Histoire Littéraire de la France, par les religieux bénédictins de congregation de Saint-Maur . . . . continuée par des membres de l'Institut*, vol. xxii. p. 196 et seq., where he also investigated the question of the originality of the two versions, without arriving at a final solution; as from the comparison of the French and the Provençal version, no conclusion as to the original could be drawn in favour of either of the two poems.⁴

As early as 1829 Uhland and Diez had expressed their opinion, that in all probability the Provençal poem was to be looked upon as a reproduction of some French source;⁵ and in 1839 Elelestand du Méril, in France, had pointed out the French poem as the original of the Provençal version;⁶ Guessard in his lectures at the Ecole des Chartes, at Paris, had also defended the same opinion; when in 1860, the editors of the French *Fierabras*⁷ finally and irrefutably proved the impossibility of considering the Provençal poem as anything but a translation of a French original.

¹ This MS, consisting of 71 parchment leaves in 4to, with coloured initials at the beginning of each rhyme-strophe, had formerly been in the possession "Majoris Monasterii congregationis Sancti Mauri," at Paris. Having passed through many hands during the French Revolution, it finally came to the Library of Wallerstein.
² Der Roman von Fierabras, provenzalisch. Berlin, 1829.
³ British Museum, MS. Reg. 15. E. vi.
⁴ Cf. also the *Préface* of the French *Fierabras*, p. iv.
⁵ See *Leben und Werke der Troubadours*, by Friedrich Diez, Zwickau, 1829, p. 613 note, and *Berliner Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*, 1831.
⁶ In a footnote to his *Histoire de la Poésie scandinave*, p. 183, where he says:—"Le roman de Fierabras, publié à Berlin par M. Bekker, est . . . évidemment traduit du français, et en a conservé trop de formes et d'expressions pour avoir la moindre valeur grammaticale."
⁷ *Fierabras chanson de geste*, edd. Kroeber and Servois, in the collection of the *Anciens Poètes de la France*.
In 1865, Gaston Paris, in his *Poetical History of Charlemagne*, pointed out that what we have now of the *Fierabras* romance must be looked upon as a very different version from the old original *Fierabras* (or *Balan*) romance, the former being indeed only a portion, considerably amplified and in its arrangement modified, of the old poem, the first portion of which has been lost altogether. Gaston Paris had been led to this supposition by the rather abrupt opening of the *Fierabras*, which at once introduces the reader *in medias res*, and by the numerous passages of the *Fierabras*, which contain allusions and references to preceding events; several of which, being obscure and inexplicable from the context of the *Fierabras* itself, can only be explained by assuming the existence of an earlier poem.

The main subject of the old *Balan* or *Fierabras* romance may be given as follows:—"The Saracens having invaded Rome and killed the Pope, Charlemagne sends, from France, Guy of Burgundy and Richard of Normandy to the rescue of the city, and follows himself with his main army. After a fierce combat between Oliver and Ferumbras, the city is delivered from the Saracens, and a new Pope established." 1

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1 For a more detailed analysis, see *Histoire Poétique*, p. 251, and cf. the account given of the old *Fierabras* or *Balan* romance by Philippe Mousket, ed. Leissenberg, Bruxelles, vol. I. v. II. 4664—1716, which runs as follows:—
Of all the events related in the old Balan romance, there is but one which is contained in the Fierabras poem, viz. the combat between Oliver and Fcninibras, and even this has been greatly modified in consequence of the composer's transferring the scene of action from Italy to Spain. All the other events related in the Fierabras, the love of Floripas and Guy, the capture of the twelve peers, their being besieged in the castle of Agremor, and their deliverance by Charlemagne, and the ultimate wedding of Floripas and Guy are altogether wanting in the original Fierabras [Balan] romance.

Therefore Gaston Paris was right in saying that the Fierabras poem contained only the second part of the earlier poem, the first part of which had not come down to us.

Now it seemed as though this view, which had been clearly
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demonstrated and generally adopted, would have to undergo a thorough modification on the discovery of a new Fierabras Manuscript in Hanover. Professor Groeber, having been informed of the existence of that MS. by Professor Tobler, published from it, in 1873, the poem of the *Destruction de Rome,*\(^1\) which in that MS. precedes the *Fierabras* romance.\(^2\) In his Address to the Assembly of German Philologists at Leipzig,\(^3\) the same scholar attempted to show that this poem represented the first part of the earlier *Balan* romance.

This supposition, however, can only be accepted with reserve, and needs a great modification, as by no means all the references to previous events contained in the *Fierabras* receive explanation in the *Destruction,* although all such previous events must have been narrated in the original *Balan*. Moreover, one of these allusions in the *Fierabras* is in direct contradiction to the contents of the *Destruction.*

Thus ll. 2237 *et seq.* of the *Fierabras:*\(^4\)—

```
"... à chevalier de France ai lontans enâmé:
Guis a nom de Borgoine, moult i a bel armé;
Parens est Karlemaine et Rollant l'aduré.
Dès que je fui à Romme, m'a tout mon cuer emblé,
Quant l'amirans mes peres fist gaster la cîte,
Lancafer de Baudas abati ens ou prê,
Et lui et le cecat, d'un fort espiel quarâd,"
```

where Floripas declares that she has seen Guy before Rome when defeating Lukafer, widely differ from the account given in ll. 1355 *et seq.* of the *Destruction,* where Guy does not arrive at Rome until after the departure of Laban's army to Spain.

In the *Destruction* no clue is given which would enable us to explain why Charles should be constantly applying to Richard in the *Fierabras* (ll. 112 *et seq.*) for information about Fierabras, or why Richard, in particular, should know more about Fierabras than any one else. There is no mention in the *Destruction* of Richard chasing

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1 *Romania,* ii. 1873, pp. 1—48.
3 Printed in *Verhandlungen der 28sten Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner in Leipzig.* Leipzig, 1873, p. 200 *et seq.*
4 Corresponding to ll. 1410 *et seq.* of the Ashmole *Firumbras.*
the Emir before him in the plain of Rome, to which event ll. 3708-9 of the Fierabras clearly refer.

"Richards de Normendie au courage aduré,
Qui echa l'amirant devant Romme ens el pré."

The allusion contained in ll. 2614, where Richard is said to have slain Corsuble and Mautrie, the uncle of Floripas, is not cleared up by the Destruction, as in the three passages, where Richard is mentioned there (ll. 246, 288, 541), he does not play an active part at all, whereas from Mousket's analysis of the original Fierabras [Balan] romance, we know how important a part Guy and Richard played in the old poem. There Richard and Guy being sent off by Charlemagne as a first succour to the oppressed Romans, succeeded in delivering Chateau-Miroir, which had been seized by the Saracens. The story of the combat around Chateau-Miroir, as related in the Destruction, ll. 593 ss., is thoroughly different, as besides other variations, there is neither Richard nor Guy concerned in it.

Therefore, as the contents of the Destruction are not identical with Mousket's analysis of the old Balan romance, and as several passages alluding to events previously described are left unexplained in the Destruction; and as there is even an instance of the Destruction being in contradiction to the Fierabras, the poem of the Destruction de Rome cannot be said to be identical with the first part of the Balan romance.

1 Cf. Sir Fierabras, ll. 8192-3.
2 Cf. also l. 2784 and Sir Fierabras, ll. 1860 and 2059.
3 See above, p. xi, footnote, and Histoire Poétique, p. 251.
5 The following differences between the Destruction and the narration of Philippe Mousket are worthy of note:
(i) the combat around Château-Miroir is described in a different manner in the two poems.
(ii) the scene of action, which at the end of the Destruction is transferred to Spain, remains, according to Philippe Mousket, in the neighbourhood of Rome for the whole time.
(iii) Guy of Burgundy and Richard of Normandy play a most important active part before Rome, according to Ph. Mousket, whereas in the Destruction this is not the case.

Now, as to the last two items, they must have been in the original such as
The Provençal version and the *Destruction* are each printed from unique MSS., the latter from the Hanover MS., the former from the Wallerstein MS. Of the French *Fierabras* there are seven MSS. known to exist.

\[a = \text{the MS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, Supplém. franç., No. 180, which has been followed throughout by the editors of the French *Fierabras*, who in cases of evident errors or lacunae of this MS., consulted the three following MSS.:}
\]

\[b = \text{the MS. of the Biblioth. Nationale, Lancelot, 7566}^{3-3}.
\]

\[c = \text{the MS. of the British Museum, MS. Reg. 15. E. vi.}^{1}
\]

\[d = \text{the MS. of the Vatican Library, Regina 1616.}
\]

\[D = \text{the MS. in possession of M. Ambroise-Firmin Didot, a small fragment of which has been printed by Gautier, *Épopées fr. ii. 307*.
}\]

\[E = \text{the Escorial MS., a description of which, together with the variations, has been given by Knust, in the *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache und Literatur*, vol. ix. p. 43 et seq.}
\]

\[H = \text{the Hanover MS., which also contains the *Destruction de Rome*. It has been described by Professor Groebner in the *Jahrbuch*, xiii. p. 111.}
\]

they are related by Ph. Mousket. For only thus some obscure passages of *Fierabras*, of which even the *Destruction* affords no explanation, are cleared up. Thus, *Fierabras*, l. 1049,

"Près fu du far de Rome, ses a dedens jetés"—

which is in contradiction to the *Destruction*, is explained by l. 4705-6 of Mousket's account (see above). Only Mousket relates that Floripas has seen Guy before Rome (*Fierabras*, l. 2240; Ashmole *Vermbras*, l. 1413), and that Richard took part at the combat there. Therefore the account as given by Ph. Mousket, agreeing with what must have been the contents of the old original, is based on a version older than the *Destruction*, which exhibits significant differences.

These differences between Mousket and the *Destruction*, as well as the fact that several references to preceding events contained in *Fierabras* remain unexplained by the *Destruction*, were some of the reasons which led me in my *Dissertation*, pp. 41—49, to consider the *Destruction* as a poem written by another author than that of the *Fierabras*. In order to clear up the allusions to preceding events contained in the *Fierabras*, the very beginning of which necessarily requires some explanatory account—a circumstance which also gave rise to the 'episode' of the Provençal version—the *Destruction* was composed as a kind of Introduction to the *Fierabras*, whereby it happened that some allusions remained unexplained.

\[1\] For a description of this magnificent MS., see *Sir Vermbras*, p. vi, footnote.
As to the English Fierabras romances, there are two versions known to exist:¹ the poem of Sir Ferumbras contained in the Ashmole MS. 33 ² and the present poem.

In the following we shall attempt to point out the differences of these two versions, and to examine whether there is any relationship between the English and the French poems, and if possible to identify the original of the former.

A superficial comparison of the English poem of Sir Ferumbras with the French romance Fierabras (edd. Kroeber and Servois) will suffice at once to show the great resemblance between the two versions. In my Dissertation on the sources and language of the Sowdan of Babylone (Berlin, 1879) I have proved (pp. 30—40) that the Ashmolean Ferumbras must be considered as a running poetical translation of a French original. Since Mr. Herrtage, in the Introduction to his edition of the Ashmole MS. 33, has also pointed out the closeness with which the translator generally followed the original, which he believes to belong to the same type as the Fierabras, edited by MM. Kroeber and Servois. "The author has followed his original closely, so far as relates to the course of events; but at the same time he has translated it freely, introducing several slight incidents and modifications, which help to enliven and improve the poem. That he has not translated his original literally, is shown by the fact that the French version consists of only 6219 lines, or allowing for the missing portion of the Ashmole MS., not much more than one-half the number of lines in the latter, and that too, although he has cut down the account of the duel between Oliver and Ferumbras from 1500 to 800 lines, by leaving out Oliver's attempts at converting the Saracen, Charlemagne's prayers, &c."

Now, in my opinion, we ought not to lay too much stress on the fact that the number of lines in the two versions differs, as all translators of poetical works, who wish to follow their original as closely as possible, will easily be able to render it 'literally' as long as they write in prose. But adopting a poetical form for their translation, and still pursuing their intention of a close rendering of their original,

² Edited for the E. E. T. S. in 1873, by S. J. Herrtage, B.A.
they must needs be more diffuse, and the consideration of rhythm and rhyme will compel them sometimes to abandon a quite literal translation, and to be content with a free reproduction. This is also the case with the author of Syr Ferumbras, who, notwithstanding the many passages where the French text is not given 'literally,' must be considered as a close rhymed translation of the French poem. The only liberty which we see the English author take sometimes, consists in contracting or amalgamating together those couplets similaires,¹ or strophes which contain repetitions.

But not always did the author thus give up his plan of rendering his original closely: occasionally he has such repetitionary lines in the same place as the French poem, as, for instance, in ll. 130 et seq. corresponding to Fierabras, ll. 125 et seq.

The closeness and literalness of his translation is well exemplified by his introduction in an English dress of a great many French words which are unknown, or at least of a most rare occurrence, in English, and which in his translation are found in the same place and context, where the French text has them. This will be best illustrated by juxtaposing the corresponding phrases of the two versions.

Ashmole Ferumbras.

312 Hit ys rewarded ons two be-
twyne ðat Olyuer schal wende
and take þe bataile
330 Mercy, quâp he to kyng Charles

369 ðat paynede crist
388 Er y remarie me of þis place
399 y chalenge wiþ þe to fiȝt
457 Parfay, ansuerde erld O,
533 þat he ne . . maden þelde his
body to him creaut
537 wiþ my swerd trechaunt
538 Sarysyns, said erld O.
551 long man in fourehure
558 a ful gret pite, etc.

French Fierabras.

301 'Nous jujon Olivier, si l'avons
esgardé Qu'il fera la bataille
au palen deffîé,'
333 'As piës le roy se jete, merehi li
a prié,'
377 '— dont vos Diex fu penës,'
392 'Ains que je m'en renue . . .'
402 '— je te voel calengier'
449 'Par foi, dist Oliviers . . .'
548 'se Roland s'i combat, ne faicre
reerant'
553 ' . . . à m'espée treneant'
554 'Sarrazines, dist li quans . . .
579 Il ot l'enfourcëure grant
586 j'ai de toi grant pite, etc.

¹ Cf. Gautier: Lephyles Francaises, i. 221.—"Rien n'est plus fréquent, dans la Chanson de Roland et dans nos poèmes les plus anciens, que la répétition double, triple et même quelquefois quadruple, de certains couplets. Cette répétition n'ii pas lieu dans les mêmes termes, ni surtout avec les mêmes rimes. Tout au contraire, la même idée est reproduite en vers différents, munis d'assonances ou de rimes différentes."
731 have mercy of me, iantai
781 to remuirte be of his place
817 he was encombled with F.
922 hey went forth on a pendant
947 wan hure spece gunne to faile
984 At aralyng of an hulle
1008, 1012 to resourcre be barons
1016 weel longe hadde his chas yest
1058 and ofre reliques riche knowe
1227 for to wyte wat pay be and hure
coryne yknowe
1316 By an old forsake yreate of be
olde antiquyte
1773 sittynge on a grene erber
1974 Floripas his doctre be certoyse
in cambre par she was In be
paleys yhurde noise and hyder
fan she gas
2007 bow ert asotid
2538 a grct repref it were
3065 brydel and paytre and al be
gere wi fyf gold yharneysed were
3572 and he king him gan ascrie
3791 a grct dul pay made here
4511 with an hard crestid serpentis
fel
5733 on en ston a creacchede and in
a spatte in dinspit of god, etc.

Besides these undoubted examples of translation, we must bear
in mind that there occur some variations of readings, where, indeed,
the author of Syr Ferumbras seems to have introduced slight inci-
dents and modifications. But examining them more closely, we shall
soon become aware that many of them also point to a French original,
which we may sometimes identify by comparing these variations with
the readings of those French MSS. that are already printed. Thus,
the words "warto ys stede þan tyæþ he," l. 91, render exactly a line
of the Escorial MS.1—"son cheval arena a l'abricel rose"—which
is omitted in l. 93 of F (i. e. the French Fierabras, as edited by MM.
Kroeber and Servois).2

1 The variations of this MS. are printed in the Jahrbuch der roman. and
2 This edition, although printed from the MS. a, may be said to represent
a group (w) of four MSS., called a b c d (see above xv). Another group (z)
The following is another example of $A$ (= the Ashmolean Ferumbras) differing from $F$, but agreeing with $E$:

$$A.$$  

175 Ne lyre he noyt þys day til evene  
2131 Adoun þay guyne falle, knellying on þe erthe stille ... & kusse-dem everechone, etc.

$$E.$$  

175 ke il puisse tant viere que cis jours soit passés  
2833 Issi ageonvillierent par bones volentez ... Ils baissent les reliques...

Notwithstanding these resemblances of $A$ to $E$, in passages where $A$ differs from $F$, $E$ cannot have been the source of $A$, as there are many instances where $E$ and $F$ show the same reading, whereas $A$ differs from both versions.

Thus, $A$, l. 340 et seq., it is Duke Reyner who blesses his son, and not Charles, as $E$ and $F$ (l. 357) have it.

The names of Arrenor, Gwychard, Gayot, and Angwyree, given in l. 814, differ from those which are mentioned in the corresponding passage of $E$ and $F$ (ll. 1548-49).

There is no mention of Kargys being slain by Oliver ($A$ 880) to be found in $E$ or $F$ (l. 1670-76).  

In $A$ 1178, Lamusour advises the Soudan not to slay the prisoners; in $E$ and $F$ (l. 1948) the same advice is given by Brulans.

The names of Lambrock and Colbraut ($A$ 1616, 1618) are not found in $E$ and $F$, 2424.  

$A$, ll. 1347-48, are wanting in $E$ and $F$ (2174).

is formed by the MSS. $E$ and $D$. Both groups belong to the same type $y$.  

Cf. Greber, *Die handschriftlichen Gestaltungen der chanson de geste Ferumbras*, Leipzig, 1869, p. 27, where we find the following stemma:

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y  
 |  
z  
 |  
|---
E   D  
 |  
|  
w  
|---
d a b c
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Instead of a giant (A 1700) we find a giantess mentioned in E and F (l. 2483).

Instead of Roland (A 1793) it is Naymes who speaks first in E and F, 2570.

These few instances, the number of which might easily be increased, will certainly suffice to show the impossibility of regarding E as the original of A.

Only a short passage of the Didot MS. has been hitherto printed;\(^1\) therefore the arguments drawn from a comparison of A with that printed passage cannot be considered as altogether irrefutable and final. But as the Didot MS. belongs to the same family of MSS. as E, we may at once presume, that as E cannot be taken for the original of A, the possibility of the Didot MS. being the source of A, is not very strong. Besides it may be stated, that no trace of the two additional lines (ll. 19 and 20\(^2\)) which the Didot MS. inserts after l. 63 of a (or F) is found in A, although this version gives, in ll. 52 ss., a pretty close translation of the corresponding passage in F (ll. 50 et seq.). This may lead us to conclude that the Didot MS. was not the source of A.

Comparing now A with what is known of the Hanover MS. of Fierabras,\(^3\) we find A resembling to H in the following names: Lucafer (only once Lukefer in A 2204), Maragounde (once Marigounde, A 1364), Mouyn A = Mouyn H.—A 1700 and 2831, which differ from F, equally agree with H. In the last case A agrees also with E (although differing from F). Now as we know that H together with D and E are derived from the same group z,\(^4\) we may perhaps be justified in regarding a MS. of the latter group as the original of A. But a more detailed comparison of A with H being impossible at present, this argumentation wants confirmation.

The impossibility of regarding the Provençal version as the source

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1 Epopees Francaises, ii, 307, and Cat. rais. des livr. de la bibl. d'Ambr. F. Didot, I, 361.
4 "Die Vergleichung weniger aus allen Hss. bekannten Versen macht gewiss, dass H mit D und E aus der nämlichen Quelle z geflossen ist." Jahrbuch, xiii. 113.
of the Ashmolean \textit{Ferumbras}, is proved by the fact that the long additional account, the 'episode' as Professor Groeber calls it,\(^1\) is wanting in \(A\). Another proof is given by \(A\), ll. 5763 \textit{et seq.}, where \(A\) agrees with \(F\); but widely differs from \(P\).\(^2\)

It seems superfluous to point out the inadmissibility of regarding the French prose version as the original of \(A\), the first edition of the prose version being of a much later date than the Ashmolean \textit{Ferumbras}. But also that version from which the prose romance has been copied or compiled, cannot have been the original of \(A\). For although the phrase of \(A\), 3888—"A skunteed as a bore"—seems to contain some resemblance of expression with the reading of the prose \textit{Fierabras}—"il commença à escumer come s'il fiust ung senglier eschaufé," which Caxton translates—"he began to seme at the mouthe lyke a bore enchaffed"—the reading of \(A\), ll. 1307 \textit{ss.}, which greatly varies from Caxton's version (a translation of the French prose \textit{Fierabras}), renders inadmissible the supposition that the original of the French prose version is the source of \(A\).\(^3\)

Having thus compared the Ashmolean \textit{Ferumbras}, as far as can be done at present, with all existing versions of this romance, we arrive at the following conclusions.

The Ashmole \textit{Ferumbras} is a pretty close translation of some French version, which we are at present unable to identify. Its original was neither of the same family (\(w\)) as the \textit{Fierabras}, edited by MM. Kroeber and Servois, nor yet of that of the Escorial version. Nevertheless, the original of \textit{Sir Ferumbras} cannot have differed much from the common original, from which these two groups of MSS. are derived. To this original, called \(y\) by Groeber, the MS., from which \(A\) has been copied, appears to have been more closely related than to the Provençal version, from which it certainly is not derived. As the liberties which the author of \textit{Sir Ferumbras} took in translating his original, consist only in very slight modifications, we may con-

\(^1\) \textit{Handschrift, Gestalt.}, p. 10.

\(^2\) See the note to l. 5763 of \textit{Sir Ferumbras}, and cf. \textit{Fierabras}, 5955.

\(^3\) The number of instances where \(A\) varies from \(U\)'s version might easily be increased. Thus we find \(A\) 349 differing from \(C\) 52/111 and from \(F\) 357; \(A\) 814 differing from \(C\) 79/3 and from \(F\) 1518; \(A\) 1616 differing from \(C\) 102/10 and from \(F\) 2424; \(A\) 1238 differing from \(C\) 92/5 and from \(F\) 2083; \(A\) 4652 differing from \(C\) 171/26 and from \(F\) 4900, &c.

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clude from his closeness of translation in general, that in those passages of A which exhibit significant deviations from the known French versions, these variations are not due to the composer of the Ashmolean poem, but were already to be found in its original. Therefore the Ashmole Ferumbras may be considered as representing by itself the translation of an independent French MS., which perhaps belonged, or at least was nearly related, to the type y.

I now come to the consideration of the Sowdan of Babylone, which the simple analysis given by Ellis,¹ shows to be an essentially different work from the Ashmolean Ferumbras. Indeed, whilst the Syr Ferumbras represents only a portion (viz. the second part) of the original Ferumbras [or Balan, as Gaston Paris has styled it],² the Sowdan approaches the original more nearly in that it contains the long "introductory account".³ For this first part of the Sowdan (as far as l. 970), although it cannot be considered as identical with the first portion of the old Balan romance, contains several facts, which, however abridged and modified, show a great resemblance with those which must have been the subject of the lost portion of the old original. Whereas the Ashmolean Ferumbras is, on the whole, a mere translation of a French original, the Sowdan must be looked upon as a free reproduction of the English redactor, who, though following his original as far as regards the course of events, modelled the matter given there according to his own genius, and thus came to compose an independent work of his own.

This point being fully treated in my Dissertation,⁴ I need not again enter into discussion of it here. I only mention that the composer of the Sowdan has much shortened his original, omitting all episodes and secondary circumstances not necessarily connected with the principal action, so that this poem does not contain half the number of lines which his original had,⁵ and that the proportion of the diffuse Ashmolean Ferumbras and the Sowdan is over five to one.⁶

¹ Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, ed. Halliwell, p. 379 et seq.
² Histoire Poétique, p. 251; cf. also Revue critique d'Histoiire et de Littérature, ii. 1869, p. 121 et seq.
⁴ pp. 17 et seq.
⁵ Dissertation, p. 18.
⁶ Introduction to Sir Ferumbras, p. xiv.
The subject of the ‘introductory account,’ or the first part of the Sowdan, is nearly the same as that of the Destruction de Rome, differing from this poem only in the omission of a few insignificant incidents or minor episodes, and in greater conciseness, which latter circumstances, however, enters into the general plan of the author.

Indeed, the author of the Sowdan seems to have known the Destruction, as we see from a comparison of the two poems. Thus the following instances show a great resemblance of expression of the two versions:

Sowdan.

37 'With kinges xii and admiralles xiv'

77 'The Romaynes robbed us anone'

75 'to presente you'

76 'a drift of wedir us droffe to Rome'

110 'An hundred thousande'

128 'To manace with the Cristene love'

175-76 'Oure sheldes be not broke nothinge, Hawberkes, spere, ner poleyne, ner pole'

224-27 'Lukafere, Kinge of Baldas, The countrey hade serehid and sought, Ten housande maidyns fayre of face Unto the Sowdan hath he broghte'

Destruction.

420 'Ensemble ou li issirent xv roi corone Et xiv amaceours'

1154 'Bien i a xxx roi et xiv admiré'

689 'xxx roi sont ou li et xiv amaceours'

163 'Et xiv amaceours'

115-16 'De eels de Romenie que m'ont fait desrober. Tiel avoir m'ont robbé'

119 'vous quidai presenter'

120 'Us vens nous fist à Rome parmi le far sigier'

217 'Par C fois M payen'

228 'pour François menacier'

332 'Et menace François pour faire les loye'

546-17 'Quant encor nen est lance quassée ne brusie, Ne halbers derompus, ne fors targe percie'

613-19 'Lucafer de Baldas disent al mestre tre, Devant l'amiral vint, forment l'a encline: Voyant tot ses barnages l'a l'eschee presente, Moignes, prestres et lais, que sont encheene, Hermites et enfants, a tous lor poign lié; As femmes et pucels les os furent bende, Totes vives presentent par devant l'admiré'

614 'Maintenant soient tot occeis et descoupé. Ne voil que mi serjant en soient encombré.'

228 ss, 'The Sowdane commaunded hem anone That thai shulde al be slayne ... He saide 'My peple nowe ne shalle With hem noughte deouled be''

278 'Ile elepede his engynour Sir Mayone'

289 'Mahoundis benysone thou shalt haue'

908 'Sortibrans a mande Mabon l'engineor'

627 'Mabon te benoic'

925 'Mabon te doint honor'
And fille the dikes faste anoone.'

Men myght go even to the wall.'

The bethen withdrawe hem tho.'

His baner knewe 1 ful welle.'

He entred to the maistre toure.'

The firste wande thus they wonne.'

And Estragot with him he mette With bores hede, blake and dome. For as a bore an hede hadde And a grete mace stronge as stele. He smote Savaryz as he were madde.'

'Therfore Gy of Bourgoyne! Myn owen nevewe so trewe.'

He smote of the traytours hede.'

And saide "Gode gife him care. Shal he never more ete brede, All traytours evel mot thai fare."'

Ferumbras to Seinte Petris wente.'

'Three hundred thousand of sow-ceurs.'

Sir Gye aspied his comynge, He knewe the baner of Fraunce, He wente anoone aym the Kinge, And tolde him of that mys-chuaunce, Hove that the cursed sowdnone, Hath brent Rome and done the re-quis awaye.'

Wynde him blewe ful fayre and gode.'

'To londe thai vente iwis.'

'Tithinggis were tolde to Lavan.'

With three hundred thousand of bachelers.'

'Si empliron les fosses.'

'Kom poe aler al mure.'

'Kom pooit bien au mur et venir et alor.'

'Payen se sont retrait.'

'Jeo ai bien ses armes conu et avise.'

'Tantost le mestre porte aurons moult bien ferme.'

'Mais tot le premier bail ont Sarasin popke.'

'Estragot le poursuit, uns geans diffaes, Teste avoit com snglers, si fu rois coronés. El main tient une mace de fin ascier trempé. Un coup a Savariz desur le chef done.'

'Et Guion de Bourgoyne a a lui apelle, Fils est de sa soror et de sa parente: Cosins, vous en irrés . ?

'Le chief al portier tresche.'

"Diez" fist il "te maldie et que t'ont engendré, Kar trai-tour au darain averont mal delé."'

'Al moustier de saint Pierre est Fierenbras ales.'

'iii C mil chevaliers.'

'Guis perceut le baniere le roi de saint Dine, Encontre lui chevalche, la novele ont conte Come la fort cpte li payen ont gasté; La corone et les clous d'liece en sont robbé Et les autres relies .. .'

'Li vens en siert es veilles que les a bien guiés.'

'il sont en terre entré.'

'Les noveles en vindrent al soldan diffaié.'

'iii C mile François.'

Other instances of resemblance may be found in the following passages:

\[ S 49-50 = D 94-99; \]
\[ S 103 = D 202, 209; S 119 = D 385; \]
\[ S 146 = D 445-46; S 150 = D 503-4; S 157 = D 509; S 300 = \]

\(^1\) The French text will be found in the Notes, which see.
Besides, there are some names which occurring in none of the French versions, but in the Destruction, point to this poem as to the original of the Sowdan. Thus Savaris\(^1\) (S 171) seems to be taken from D 540.

Astragot or Estragot, S 346, 4902, the name of the giant by whom Savaris is slain, and who is said to be the husband of Barrock, occurs in D 1090.

The Ascopartes, a people subjected to the Soudan, are mentioned in D 98, 426, but not in F or P.

King Lones, in the context where it occurs (S 24) is clearly taken from D 9.

Iffrez, S 165, is perhaps the same as Geffroi in D 1139, 1367, 1122.

\(^{[Mounpeters, S 3228, occurs only in D 250, 286.]}\)

Persagyn, S 1259, seems to be identical with Persagon, D 162.

The form Laban is only met with in the Destruction, the French and the Provençal versions, and the Ashmole Ferumbras reading Balan.\(^2\)

The name of the Soudan's son, Ferumbras, is explained by the form Fierenbræs, which occurs in D 57, 66, 71, 91, 343, 1210, 1237, besides the spelling Fierabras, which is the only one used in the French, the Provençal and Caxton's versions.

Also the phrase 'sowdan' seems to have been derived from the Destruction (l. 1436, 'soldan'), as it does not occur in any other version.

The great number of these resemblances seem evidently to point out the Destruction as the original of the first portion of the Sowdan; the few points in which the two versions differ not being such as to offer convincing arguments against this supposition.

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\(^1\) For these names, the Index of Names may be referred to.

\(^2\) In some passages the Destruction shows also the spelling Balan, but Laban is more common.
Indeed if, for instance, we find a lot of nations, the names of which are not in \( D \), mentioned by the author of the poem as belonging to the Sowdan's empire, this point can be considered as irrelevant, as from many other instances we know how fond many composers of medieval romances were of citing geographical names, by the great number of which they beheld to show their knowledge in that science.\(^1\) Also the three names of Saints (\( Qwynlyyn, Symon, Fremond \)\(^2\)), and the names of five Saracen gods and of a Saracen bishop,\(^3\) many of which, moreover, seem to be inserted only for the sake of rhyme, cannot be regarded as being of great consequence in establishing the source of the Sowdan. Others also, as Oliborn, Focard, Hubert, Gyndard, Tamper (the last occurring twice as a rhyme-word), being the names of insignificant characters, may be looked upon as mere expletives. Another variation is Isrez (ll. 625, 641) for Tabour (\( D \) 1202).

Besides these variations in the names contained in the two poems, we find in the Sowdan some slight modifications as to the matter related; none of which, however, is of so significant a character, as necessarily to point to some other original than the Destruction, which the very striking points of resemblance above cited show almost decisively to have been the original of the Sowdan. The differences in the subject-matter may be explained by the tendency of the poet to follow his original only as far as the principal events are concerned, but to have his own way in the arrangement of the subject-matter, and especially to deal freely with secondary incidents.

Thus he may have thought the combat round Chateau-Miroir—which, moreover, is related in the Destruction in a rather obscure and confused style—to be a rather episodical incident, which he had better leave out in his poem, as not advancing the principal course of events.

A similar explanation may be given of the fact, that the account of Lukafer's desiring the hand of Floripas is given on another occasion in the Sowdan than in the Destruction. In the Destruction, l. 241, Lucafer claims that maiden immediately on arriving in the

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\(^{1}\) See note to l. 1000.  
\(^{2}\) See note to l. 2842.  
\(^{3}\) Dissertation, p. 20.
Soudan's camp, as a reward for his having travelled such a long way in Laban's service. The poet of the Sowdan thinking, perhaps, that this was not a sufficient reason to justify such a claim, mentions this incident at another time, which he may have considered as more properly chosen for demanding a reward. It is on returning from a victorious expedition undertaken by Lucafer that the latter in the Sowdan, ll. 224—242, asks for the hand of Floripas.

As to the following or second part of the Sowdan, on the whole the same subject is treated of as in the Ashmole Ferumbiras. But there are many differences between the two poems.

In the Sowdan, l. 1411 et seq., Roland is captured by the Saracens at the same time as Oliver, and both on being conducted before Laban at once avow their names. In the Ashmole MS., ll. 909, &c., Oliver is led away to the Soudan together with Gwylmer, Berand, Geoffrey, and Aubray, whereas Roland is among the French peers whom Charlemagne sends on a mission to Laban to demand the surrender of Oliver.  

The names of the twelve peers do not agree in both poems. In the Sowdan we find the following list (cf. ll. 1653 et seq., and ll. 1730, 880) :—Roland, Oliver, Duk Neymes of Bavere, Oger Danoys, Tery Lardeneyes, Folk Baliane, Aleryse of Loreyne, Miron of Braban, Bishop Turpyn, Bernard of Spruwse, Bryer of Mountez, Guy of Bourgoyne.—Richard of Normandy, although a most important personage, is not included amongst the Douzeperes. Nor is Guenelyn mentioned as a peer of France. Four of these names, Folk Baliane, Turpyn, Bernard of Spruwse, Aleryse of Loreyne, do not occur at all in the Ashmolean Ferumbiras.

The new game which Lucafer wants to teach Neymes, is differently described in the two poems, there being no mention made in the Ashmol. MS. (ll. 2231 et seq.) of the thread, needle, and coal, as spoken of in ll. 1998—2000 of the Sowdan.

1 See note to l. 1653, 2 Cf. note to l. 1723.
3 Mr. Herritage, in his note to the Ashmol. MS., l. 259, reproduces—from the Roxburgh Club edition, Intrud. p. vi.—the list of the twelve peers in the French version of the Grenville copy, 16531, which he erroneously takes for that of the Sowdan.
4 But there is one "Alorys le erld of Brye," mentioned in the Ashm. MS., ll. 935, 2842, 4076, &c.
In the *Sowelan*, l. 2507, Laban, being engaged with his gods, seizes the image of Mahound and smashes it. This incident is omitted in *Syr Ferumbras* (ll. 3345).

In the Ashmole MS., ll. 5760 et seq., Ferumbras tries to persuade his father to become a Christian, whilst Floripas urges Charles not to delay in putting him to death. In the *Sowelan*, l. 3156 et seq., there is no mention of either of them interfering either for or against their father.

Ashm. MS., ll. 130 et seq., differs greatly from the corresponding passage in the *Sowelan* (ll. 1647 et seq.). In the latter poem the knights are pulled up from their dungeon with a rope, whilst in the former they have their fetters taken off by means of a sledge-hammer, anvil, and tongs, &c.

In the *Sowelan*, l. 3044, Richard of Normandy is left back as a governor of Mantrible; in the Ashmole version, l. 4881 et seq., Raoul and Howel are ordered to keep that place, whereas Richard accompanies Charlemagne (cf. l. 5499).

In the Ashm. MS., l. 5209, Neymes sees first Charles coming with his host; in the *Sowelan*, l. 3083, it is Floripas who first discovers the banner of France.

The prayer which Charlemagne, seeing Oliver in distress, addressed to Christ, in the *Sowelan*, l. 1304 et seq., is not mentioned in the Ashm. version.

The account of the duel between Oliver and Ferumbras differs considerably in the two versions. In the Ashmolean MS., l. 580, the incident of Oliver assisting Ferumbras to arm (cf. *Sowelan*, 1158) is omitted, and it is not Oliver (as in the *Sowelan*, l. 1270) who is disarmed, but Ferumbras, whom his adversary offers to accept his own sword back (Ashm. MS., l. 680).

In the Ashmolean version, l. 102, Ferumbras offers to fight at once with twelve of Charles's knights; in the corresponding passage of the *Sowelan*, l. 1067, he challenges only six.

In the *Sowelan*, l. 1512 et seq., Floripas advises her father not to slay the captive peers, but to detain them as hostages that might be exchanged for Ferumbras. In the Ashm. MS., l. 1178, it is not Floripas, but Lamasour, who gives that advice to the amirant.
As in many of the variations, mentioned just before, there are many omissions in the Ashmole MS., which are related in the Sowdan, it becomes evident that the Ashmolean version cannot have been the original from which the Sowdan was copied, which is also proved by several names occurring in the Sowdan, but which are not to be found in Syr Ferumbras. Thus, for instance, the names of Esplard, Belmore, Fortibance, Tamper, do not occur at all in the Ashmolean version, whereas other names have quite a different form in the latter poem. For Generyse, S 1135, 1239, we find Gurin, A 216, 443; Barrock, S 2939, 2943, 3022 = Amyote, A 4663; Ala golofur, S 2135, 2881 = Agolafre, A 3831, 4327; and Laban is always spelt Balan in the Ashmolean poem, &c.

Now as there are some passages where the Sowdan, while it differs from the Ashm. M.S., corresponds with the French Fierabras, we might be inclined to think that poem to be the original of the Sowdan. Thus Charlemagne's prayer and the name of Bishop Turpin, which are omitted in the Ashm. M.S., occur in the French Fierabras. But there are several differences between the Sowdan and the French poem.

In the Fierabras, l. 1933, the French prisoners, on being brought before the Soudan, do not avow their true names as they do in the Sowdan, l. 1498.

In the French poem, l. 704, Oliver tells his adversary his name before the fight begins; in the Sowdan, l. 1249, he does not confess his true name until they had fought for a considerable time.

In the Fierabras, l. 1043, Oliver drinks of the bottles of balm, which is not mentioned in the Sowdan, l. 1190.

Again, Fierabras, ll. 1329 ss., where Ferumbras having disarmed Oliver, tells him to take his sword back again, does not agree with ll. 1279-82 of the Sowdan.

Instead of Floripas (S 1515), Brulans advises the Soudan not to slay the prisoners in F 1949.

The French knight slain at the sally of the captives is called Bryer in S 2604, but Basin in F 3313.

1 There is one Templer mentioned in the Ashm. M.S., l. 2673. But he is not identical with Tamper of the Sowdan, ll. 2641, 2667.
Concerning the sacred relics there is no mention made of the cross (S 3236) in the French poem, and the signe, i.e. 'the shroud or winding-sheet of the Lord' (F 6094), is omitted in the Sowdan.

Besides these variations of the two versions there is an incident of Marsedag being killed by Guy, and buried by the Saracens (S 2247—2274), which being omitted in the Fierabras proves that the author of the Sowdan cannot have followed the French poem, or at least not that version which is edited by MM. Kroeber and Servois.

Similarly there is no mention made in the French Fierabras of Bryer being charged to take care of the relics and of Charles's treasure (S 3204).

The game of blowing burning coals is related in Sowdan, l. 1996 ss., with several details which are wanting in the French poem, l. 2907.

The names also do not always agree in both versions. Thus we find Generyse, S 1139, for Garin, F 438; Mapyn, S 2325, for Maubrun, F 3046; Alagolofar, S 2135, for Agolafre, F 4290 or Golofre, F 4267, 4383; Bryer, S 2604, for Basin, F 3313; Maragonde, S 1563, for Marabunde, F 2196; Bologne, S 3238, for St. Denis, F 6199; Barokke, S 2939, and Espiard, S 2145, are not mentioned at all in the French Fierabras, nor does Belmore, S 3122, occur in the Fierabras, either in the corresponding passage, F 5867, or elsewhere.

On the fact that the names of the twelve peers (see above, p. xxvii) differ in the Sowdan from those mentioned in the Fierabras, too much stress need not, I think, be laid, as it might be explained by the simple inadvertence of the composer. The poet in freely reproducing his source, which he generally followed pretty closely as far as relates the course of events, well remembered the names of the principal French knights; but having forgotten those of less important characters, some of whom do not appear again in the poem, and being obliged to fill up their number of twelve, might have placed any names which he remembered having met with somewhere

as included in the list of the douzeperes. By an oversight he omitted to mention Richard, whom however we see appear afterwards.¹

Similarly the names of Laban and Fierabras for Balan and Fierabras afford no convincing proof of the impossibility of the French Fierabras being the original of the second part of the Sowdan, as the poet, having found those spellings in the Destruction, the source of the first portion of his romance, might simply have retained them for the whole poem.

But reviewing all the facts of the case, and taking into account those passages which relate incidents omitted in the Fierabras, and which the author of the Sowdan therefore cannot have taken from that poem—and further taking into account the several differences between the two versions, which, it may be admitted, generally speaking, are only slight ones—the French Fierabras, i.e. the version edited by MM. Kroebcr and Servois, which represents the group w (see before, p. xix, footnote), cannot have been the original of the second part of the Sowdan.

Proceeding now to a comparison of the Sowdan with the Escorial MS.,² we have not found any passage where S differing from F agrees with E, as E and F generally have in those places the same reading. Therefore the Escorial MS. cannot be regarded as the original of the Sowdan.

Unfortunately the fragment printed from the Hanover MS. is too short to allow of an exact comparison with that version. We only know³ that some names, the spelling of which in the Sowdan differs from that in the other versions, have the same form in the Hanover MS. as in the Sowdan. Thus we find the following names agreeing in both versions: Lucafer, Maragoverde, Manppn. Only instead of Laban which is used in the Sowdan, we read Balan. In the fragment printed by Groebcr,⁴ we find the name of the Soudan’s son

¹ See note to 1, 2535.
² There being only a small fragment printed of the Didot MS. (Opopées Fr. ii. 307), a comparison of the Sowdan with this version is impossible at present. But as the Didot MS. belongs to the same group as E, what results from a comparison of S with E may be assumed for the Didot MS.
⁴ Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache und Literatur, xiii. p. 111.
with the same spelling as in the *Destruction*, *Fierenbras*, which is nearer to *Ferumbras* than *Fierabras*.\(^1\)

This resemblance of the names contained in the two versions might lead us to believe the Hanover MS. of *Fierabras* to be the original of the second part of the *Sowdan*, just as the *Destruction*, found in the same MS., is the original of the first part. But as, according to Gaston Paris, the Hanoverian version "is the same as the printed text, differing only in slight variations of readings,"\(^2\) we may suppose it likely that in all passages where the *Sowdan* differs from the printed *Fierabras*, it also differs from the Hanover MS. Nevertheless, as the differences between the *Sowdan* and the printed *Fierabras* are, on the whole, not very significant; for the several instances of omission in the *Sowdan*, being easily accounted for by the general plan of the poet, cannot be regarded as real variations; and as some names, the spelling of which differs in *S* and *F*, are found to be identical in *S* and *H*, we might, perhaps, be entitled to think the second part of the *Sowdan* to be founded on a MS. similar to the Hanover one.

It still remains for us to compare the *Sowdan* with the Provençal version.

In most cases where *S* differs from *P*, it also differs from *P*, therefore *S* cannot have taken those variations of readings from the Provençal poem.

The account of the knights sent on a mission to Laban, in *S* 1663—1738, considerably differs from the corresponding passage in *P* 2211 ss.

In *P* the scene of the whole poem is placed in Spain, there is no mention of the combat before Rome,\(^3\) as in the first part of the *Sowdan*.

The game of blowing a coal, *S* 1996 ss., is not mentioned in the Provençal version.

From these variations, taken at random out of a greater number,

\(^1\) This example is not very striking, as the spelling *Ferumbras* may simply have been retained from the first part of the poem; see above, p. xxxi.

\(^2\) *Syr Ferumbras, Introduction*, p. xiv, footnote.

\(^3\) See *Händschriftliche Gestaltungen*, p. 14, and *Dissert.*, p. 29.
it becomes evident that the Provençal poem has not been the original of the Sowdan.

If now we compare the Sowdan with Caxton's version, which we know to be simply a translation of the French prose romance of Fierabras;¹ the few following instances of differences between C and S will show at once, that also that version from which the prose romance was copied or compiled² cannot have been the original of the Sowdan.

There are several variations in the names contained in the two versions. Thus we find Ballant in C for Laban in S; Fyerabras in C for Ferumbras in S; Garin, C 55/3 = Generyse, S 1135; Amyott, C 176/26 = Barrokk; S 1135, &c. The game of blowing a coal is told with more details in S 1998, and somewhat differently from C 118/24; the incident of Laban's seizing the image of Mahound and smashing it, which is related in S 2597, is omitted in C, &c.

Looking back now to our investigation concerning the original of the Sowdan, we sum up what results from it, in the following resumé:

Most probably the Destruction de Rome is the original of the first part of the Sowdan. As to the second part, we are unable to identify it with any of the extant versions. The French Fierabras, as edited by MM. Kreber and Servois, is not the original, but the differences between the two poems are not significant; apparently a version similar to the Hanover MS. may be thought to be the original.

The Sowdan is no translation, but a free reproduction of its originals; the author of the Sowdan following his sources only as far as concerns the course of the principal events, but going his own independent way in arranging the subject-matter as well as in many minor points.

The Sowdan differs from the poem of Syr Ferumbras in two principal points:

(1) In being an original work, not in the conception, but in the treatment of the subject-matter, whereas the Ashmole Ferumbras is little more than a mere translation.

¹ Histoire Poétique, p. 157.
² And to which only a few very insignificant additions were made by the author; see Hist. Poétique, p. 99, bottom.
(2) In representing, in its first portion, the first part of the old Balan romance, whereas Syr Ferumbras contains only the second. But as that second part of the old Balan romance appears to be considerably modified and greatly amplified in the Ashmole Ferumbras, so the first part of the Sowdan contains a likewise modified, but much shortened, narration of the first part of the old Balan poem, so that the Sowdan has arrived to become quite a different work from the original Balan or Ferumbras romance, and that a reconstruction of the contents of that old poem would be impossible from the Sowdan.

LANGUAGE AND SUMMARY OF GRAMMATICAL FORMS.

As regards the language of the Sowdan, the first point is the dialect. Looking at the plurals of the present indicative in -en or -n, we at once detect the Midland peculiarities of the poem. Thus we find, l. 1331, gone rhyming with one, l. 1010, goon: camalyon, l. 506, gone: than, l. 1762, lyven: gyfyn, l. 1816, hyleven: even.

The verbal forms of the singular present indicative and of the second person sing. preterite of weak verbs lead us to assign this poem to an East-Midland writer. The 2nd and 3rd person singular present indicative end in -est, -eth; and the 2nd person sing. preterite of weak verbs exhibits the inflection -est: l. 1202, goist: moost; 1314, 1715, knowest; 1344, trovest; 1154, blowest; 1153, saiest; 2292, forgelyst; 560, doist; 1193, doistowe;—1093, goth: wroth, 1609: tolh, 1620: doth; 1728, sleith: deth; 561, sholdest; 1244, shuldist; 603, madist; 563, hadist; 2219, askapeldist, &c.—Twice we find the 2nd person preterite without -est (made, wroght); but see the note to l. 2.

If, now, we examine the phonological and inflectional peculiarities of the Sowdan, we find them thoroughly agreeing with those of other East-Midland works,¹ which still further confirms the supposition of the East-Midland origin of the poem.

¹ See Morris's Preface to Genesis and Exodus, Skeat's Introduction to Havelock the Dane, and Mall's edition of Harrowing of Hell (Breslau, 1871).
I or y, the descendants of original u (which in Old English [Anglo-Saxon] had already become y or i in consequence of i-mutation or umlaut)—are found rhyming with original i:—ll. 449, 881, kyn : him, 2060 : wynne; 1657, fille : stille; 1973, fire : desire, &c.

It must, however, be noted that the rhyme king : inne (l. 372) or king : thing (ll. 173, 236) cannot be regarded as an East-Midland peculiarity, because king, drihten, ekken, the i of which is a modification of original u, are to be met with in all Middle-English dialects, as has been shown by Professor Zupitza in the Anzeiger für deutsches Altertum, vol. vi. p. 6.

Old English short a, which is liable to change into o, appears in this poem—

(1) always as o, before n-combinations (ad, at, ng):—531, stronge : istonge; 3166, broute : found; 214, amonge : longe, &c.

(2) as a, before the single consonants m and n:—1120, name : shame, 935 : same, 1739 : grame; 785, 1773, man : Lavan; 3125, came : Lavan (cf. 2579, Lavan : tane); 2160, came : done, &c.—

The fact that com (ll. 547, 1395, 3095, &c.) is used as well as cam as sing. preterite indic. need occasion no difficulty if we remember that the original short a (or o) of cam (or com) had already been lengthened into o in the O.E. period.1 Came and come as pret. sing. are employed indifferently in Chaucer as well as in the Celestin (ed. Horstmann, Anglia, i. 56), which is known to have been composed in the East-Midland dialect.

O long, from O.E. ð, in our poem has that broad sound which is peculiar to the East-Midland dialect. We find it rhyming with—

(1) original ð:—1025, wrothe : sothe; 801, goo : doo; 60, inowe : blowe; 325, so : ido, &c.

(2) unchangeable a:—257, Aufricanes : stoones; 506, gon : than; 2049, aoon : Lavan, &c.

As many East-Midland works2 the Sowadan has three forms for O.E. þær:—thare, thore, there, all of which are established by the rhyme:—1805, thore : Egremoure (cf. 2895, Egremoure : tresoure, 1003, Agremore : more); 126, thare : lore; 430, thare : sware;

1 See Sweet, Anglia. iii. 152. 2 Cf. Mall, Harrowing of Hell, p. 18.
2245, there: chere, 2404: here; 2604, there: were (wanon), 208: were (werian), &c.

We likewise find sore and sare¹ (O.E. sære):-1196, sore: more; 166, sore: care; 1377, sore: thore.

The O.E. diphthongs ea and eo and the O.E. ȝ (mutated from ȝa or ēo) appear as e in this poem:-1595, me: see, 632: fee, 1339: free, 105: be; 1535, depe: slepe; 1011, 1523, dere: here; 963, nere: were; 596, 1528, nede: spede; 2530, hevene: elevene, &c.

A brief summary of the grammatical inflexions employed in the poem will also give evidence of a great similarity with the forms used by other East-Midland writers, and will serve to show that the language of the Svedan agrees closely with that of Chaucer.

In the declension of substantives the only remnant of case-formation by means of inflexions is the ending used to form the Genitive Singular and the Plural.

The genitive singular of nouns ends in es (sometimes written -is or ys) for all genders:-356, develes; 1209, stedes; 849, worldis; 1804, worldes; 3035, dammes; 1641, nededes; 1770, shippes; 1072, jaderis.

Substantives ending in -s in the nominative case, remain unchanged in the genitive case:-1214, 1287, Ferumbras; 2006, Naymes; 3207, Charles; 1639, 1350, Floripas.—Florip, 1. 614, is the genitive case of Floripe or Florip, 1. 2027, 1571.

The nominative plural of all genders is formed by -es (-is, -ys) or -s:-919, knights, 1947, 2276, knightis; 1384, horses, 1401, horsys; 429, 2054, gatis; 192, wordes; 837, swordes; 174, hedes; 2289, ladies; 3271, soules; 26, bokes; 606, peres; 297, lours, &c. Examples of a plural case without s are seen in thinge, l. 2, 1709:-O.E. ping; honde, 987, O.E. handa, as well as hondes, 1412, 2568; frende, 3212, O.E. frýnd, as well as frendes, 1011, O.E. fréondas. Other plurals which are equally easily explained by their O.E. forms are:-eyen, 825, O.E. éagan; shoone, 1381, O.E. sëon; fete, 1403, O.E. fêt, fote, 1427, O.E. jótum, 2673, O.E. fôta.

¹ Cf. Schipper, Alexiuslegenden, 98/121.
To mark the difference between the definite and indefinite forms of adjectives is a difficult task; as the final -e had in most cases already become silent in the poet's dialect, it seems probable that he no longer observed the distinction.

The pronouns are the same as in Chaucer and in other East-Midland poems:—I, me, thou, the; he, hym; sche, her and hir; it and hit (cf. note to l. 41); we, us; ye, you. The plural of the personal pronoun of the 3rd person is thai and he (cf. note to l. 2698) for the nominative case; hem, and in some doubtful passages (see note to l. 88) thaym for the accusative case.

As in Chaucer, the pronoun of the 2nd person is often joined to the verb:—hastow 1680, maistow 1826, shallow 1669, woltow 1727, wile 1511, artow 1957, kanstow 2335, &c.

Possessive pronouns:—myn and thyn are used before vowels and before h; my, thy before consonants. Only once, l. 90, my is placed before a vowel. His, hire and here; our, your; here and (twice, 623, 1244) thair.

The demonstrative pronouns are this, these or thes; that.

The definite article the or þe, is used for all cases singular and plural. But we find besides, the following examples of inflexion:—tho, 2063, O.E. þó, and the accusative sing. þon, 108. In l. 2052, tho means 'them, those' = Lat. eos. Tho, l. 2639, seems to be a mistake of the scribe, it is perhaps miswritten for þat (day), cf. l. 619.

Men, 115, 1351, and me, 287, are used as indefinite pronouns. Everyche, every, everychone occur frequently. Note also ichoon 2774, ilka 2016; thilke 2644, eche 1865.

That or þat, who, whome are used as relative pronouns. The interrogative pronouns are who and what.

Verbs. The plural imperative ends in -eth or -th, which, however, we find frequently omitted, as in l. 194, prove you, 2078 proveth; 2131 sende, 167 sendeth; telle 1977, tellyth 1625, &c.

The -n of the infinitive mood is often dropped, as in Chaucer:—274, 1588, sene: bene; 1124, see: tre; 658: cite; 600, be: cite; 1225: contre; 1411, flee: cite; 3065, fleen: men; 1282, sloo: no; 792, sloome: one, &c.

The final -(e)n of past participles of strong verbs is in most cases charl. rom. v.
XXXVIII

GRAMMATICAL PECULIARITIES: VERBS.

dropped, as in Chaucer:—3176 forlorn: borne, 32 born, 3011 wonne, 21 wonen, 2756 comen: men, 155 come, 2476 holpe, 1362 bygote, 1026 blome, &c.

Weak verbs form their past participles in -ed, -d, -et, -t, much as in Chaucer:—lerned 3042, eyde 1648, toolde 670, boste 111, delte 526, displayed 133.

The prefix i- or y- occurs sometimes, icome 784, come 155, istonge 533, itake 49, taken 1430, &c.

The present participles end in -inge and -nde, as is often the case in East-Midland works:—2831 prikande: comande, 435 cryande, 924 makande, 3225 morninge: kynte, 2399 slepynge: honde, where evidently sleptande is the true reading.

As in Chaucer the 2nd person preterite of strong verbs is sometimes formed by -est or -ist, letist 2167; but we find also regular forms, as in slough 1259, where, however, the O.E. e (slóge) is already dropped.

The -en or -n of the preterite plural and of past participles is commonly dropped, ronden 3007, ronne 2959, took 477, tokene 2621, slough 78, sloughen 401, ido 327: so, &c.

The -d in the past participles and in the preterite of weak verbs is sometimes omitted, as often happens in East-Midland works. Thus we find comforde 2242 and comforted 312, commaunde 57 and commandel 225, graunte 607, liste 1132, list 1966, discumfite 1464, &c. On the same analogy we find light 1125, 1189, and lighted 3109, worth 1203, and worthed 1163.

As regards the final -e's, it may be remarked that the scribe has added many final -e's, where the rules would not lead us to suspect them, and has often given a final -e to words which in other passages of the poem, although similarly used, have no e:—note 245, 274, not 255, 313; hove 19, how 275; undere 61, under 713; bute 247, but 8; cooste 202, coost 3062; crafte 424, crafte 2335; ashamede 1295, ashamed 558, &c.

This is due either to carelessness on the part of the scribe, or perhaps to the fact that in the speech of the copyist the final e's had already become altogether silent, so that finding many words ending in -e and not knowing its meaning, he considered it as a mere
“ornament in writing” (Ellis, *Pronunciation*, i. 338), and sometimes added, sometimes omitted it.

With respect to the composer of the *Sowdan* himself, there may be some doubt left whether in his speech the final *e* had become altogether silent, or was still pronounced occasionally. From the following instances it may be concluded with certainty that the poet very frequently did not sound the final *e*:—757 böghte : noght, 3154 hôt : fat, 961 wronge : distruction, 556 oulace : was; cf. also 1383, 1611, 2163; 2795 spéke we of Richard, 2999 fught, 2093, 859 bringe, 9, 2547 kepte, 834 wente, 142 come, 713 wode.

In other cases there is no certainty whether the final *e* is quite silent or must be slightly pronounced or slurred over, so as to form trisyllabic measures. It must be noted, however, that in supposing trisyllabic measures in all these doubtful cases, the number of this kind of measure will increase to a great amount in the *Sowdan*. Therefore I rather incline to think the final *e* silent also in the following instances:—2090 défende this place, 1201 brêke both bâke, 861 côme from ál, 2119 aske consaite, 1597 wôle these traïtors, 1783 wêns come yé, 2317 pâse that brigge, 1100 rônne nytcuëne, 2997 fôught so lôngé, 175 broke nothinge, 1658 bèdle with right, 713 grêne wode side, 571 hôme to Rôme that nîght, 1610 the fîls jauïour fedde your prisonère, 2152 fîls traïours of Frâncë, 921 charged the yonge with ál, 380 absoute midnîghte, 726 sône to hîm, 160 ünneth not ône [Chaucer still pronounces umnethê].

Nevertheless there seems to be some instances where the final *e* is to be sounded, as in ll. 298, 2790, 1332, 1619, 2740, 592, 2166, 2463, 1405, 2386, 895, 332, 91.

Final *en* also seems sometimes not to constitute a separate syllable:—1365 wâiten upon mé, 459 brêken our wâlles, 45 slépen with ópynen ýce, 485 cómen by the cost, 2313 dülen it about, &c.

In all these cases *n* had very probably already fallen off in the speech of the poet, as the following examples lead us to suppose:—178 vrynne : him, 1582 dyce : hierry, 2309 shewe : trewe, 2107 slépe to lôngê, 861 côme from ál, &c.

As regards the final *es* of nouns, the poet seems to have observed the same rules as those followed by Chaucer; viz. *es* is sounded when
joined to monosyllabic stems; it does not increase the number of syllables (and therefore is often spelt -s instead of -es), when the stem has two or more syllables:—197, 277 goddes, 665 naile, 445 tentes, 2068 tentes, 174, 1799 hedes, 2032, 2868 sverdes, 2327 valles, 1209 stedes, 1770 shippes, 2702 somers, 2687, 2591 felowes, 2660 felowes, 2412 maydyes, 647, 1597 traytours, 2036 orders, 45 lovers, 2612, 3098 devotes, 1770 sijpes, 2702 sordes, 2687, 2591 fdoives, 2660 felloves, 2412 maydys, 647, 1597 fraytours, 2036 orders, 45 lovers, 2612, 3098 devotes, 1072 faderis, 203, 862 somondes, 881 sarsyns.

The final es of adverbs seems no longer to constitute a separate syllable:—2213 hunged els hy, 2786 els had he, 2109 ellis I may singe, 1525 elles vol he, 2061 thens, 1783 whens.

METRE AND VERSIFICATION.

The poem is composed in four-line stanzas. The arrangement of the rhyme is such that the 1st and 3rd lines rhyme together, and the 2nd and 4th together, which gives the following rhyme-formula: a b a b. The rhyme-endings employed in one stanza do not occur again in the next following.

But it must be noticed that there seem to occur some instances of eight-line stanzas, one of which, beginning at l. 1587, is built on the model employed by Chaucer. Others are arranged differently. Those beginning at ll. 1059 and 1219 show the rhyme-formula a b a b a c a c, in that of l. 1411 the 2nd and 4th lines are rhymed together, and the 5th and 7th, whilst the 1st, 3rd, 6th, 8th, all end with the same rhyme. The formula for the stanzas beginning at ll. 807, 879, 1611 is a b a b c b c b. In the stanza of l. 939 all the pair lines are rhymed together, and the odd ones also, which is the only instance in the poem of eight consecutive lines having only two rhyme-endings, as generally eight lines show four different rhyme-endings, and three only in the passages cited above. But the whole stanza of l. 939 seems not to be due to the author; he has very probably borrowed it from some other poem. ¹

¹ See note to l. 939.
inclined to regard this as an additional reason for considering the stanza employed in the *Sowdan* as an eight-line one. Indeed, the portion from the Initial of l. 1679 to the next one of l. 1689 might be taken for one single stanza. The 24 lines from l. 575 (beginning with an Initial) to the next Initial in l. 598 might equally be considered as three stanzas, whilst there are 5 times 8 lines = 5 eight-line stanzas from the Initial of l. 2755 to the next Initial in l. 2795.

In all these instances the supposition of eight-line stanzas would suit the context, as is the case also with other passages. Thus in the following cases it might seem as though eight lines taken together were more closely connected and made better sense than four lines, e.g. II. 583—598, 1703—1710, 1679—1686, 939—962, 1043—1050, 244 ss., 455 ss., 631 ss., 1039 ss.

But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that there are also a great many cases where, as regards the sense, four lines can be considered as an independent whole, when, e.g., the speech spoken by a person is contained in four lines, and the words of another person replying to the first follow in the next four lines. Very often also these next four lines contain only a part of the second person’s reply, so that the remainder of his reply falls into the following stanza. This ‘enjambement’ or continuation of the sense, and sometimes of the syntactical construction from one stanza to another, need not, of course, prevent us from admitting the supposition of eight-line stanzas; as, upon the whole, it is met with in all poems composed in stanzas, and as it is frequently used in *Le Morte Arthur* (Harleian MS. 2252, ed. Furnivall), which is written in eight-line stanzas; but as there is no instance known of an eight-line stanza containing four different rhyme-endings, which at this supposition it would be the case with the *Sowdan*, the eight-line stanzas containing either three rhyme-endings, as in *Chaucer*, or two, as in *Le Morte Arthur*, and as in some passages of the *Sowdan* (ll. 1691, 1695, 1699, 1711, 1715), we find Initials placed after four lines, I believe a stanza of four alternately rhyming lines to be the one intended by the composer—a metre which, according to Guest, *History of Eng. Rhythms*, ii. 317—‘must have been well known and familiar during the fifteenth century.’ The few eight-line stanzas quoted above, may
then be owing either to the inadvertence of the poet, who somewhat carelessly employed one of the two rhyme-endings of one stanza a third and fourth time in the following one, or, perhaps also, he intentionally retained that rhyme-ending, and he inserted eight-line stanzas amongst those of four verses as a mere matter of variation. It is perhaps not impossible that the retention of this rhyme-ending was not greatly felt.

As regards the rhymes themselves, they are both monosyllabic or masculine rhymes, and dissyllabic or feminine ones. Frequently they are used alternating with each other, as in the stanzas beginning with l. 2755.

Sometimes we find four feminine rhymes occurring in an unbroken succession, as in ll. 1263-66. But it must be noticed that the number of masculine rhymes is predominant. Thus the stanzas beginning with ll. 3047, 3063, 3123, 1123, 791, 1035, 1271, 1275, 2019, 1311, 1351, 1463, &c., contain only masculine rhyme-endings.

The rhymes are not always full and true; there occur many imperfect ones.

(1) A word in the singular number is often rhymed with a word in the plural number, which therefore has an additional s (or es) :- 797, thinge : tidymys; 2647, fycyte : knayghtes; 2087, light : knayghtes; 1455, coynes : kinge; 2272, laye : dayes; 2395, 885, Ogere : peres; 2456, all : walles; 2682, rede : stedes; 944, monye : stoones; cf. also 2376, vile : beweled. In l. 68, poundis : dromonde; the rhyme becomes perfect in reading pounde, as in l. 2336, instead of poundis.

(2) Single n is found rhyming with n-combinations.

a. n : nd—cf. 814, ychoon : Mahounde; 912, yavilone : Mahounde; 1201, crowne : Mahounde. The rhyme, 162, Rome : houne, may be explained in the same manner, for houne stands for hounde, as it is spelt in ll. 237, 2377, 935, 1756.1


1 "This elision of a final d in such words as hond, lond, skeld, held, &c., is by no means uncommon in ancient poetry, and arises simply from pronunciation."—Morris, Specimens of Early English, 320/261.
In 614, love: rowe, the second rhyme rowe does not contain the consonant v.

(3) Rhymes imperfect as concerns the consonants.


f : v—cf. 341, twelve: selve; 415, wife: alive; 1762, gyfene: lyvene; 1912, (life: lyve. But in all these cases the rhymes are really perfect, they seem only imperfect in consequence of the copyist writing indiscriminately v.

Thus the rhyme of 1. 341 reappears in 1. 1867, self: twelf. In 1. 2336 we find geie, which is written geve in 1. 198; lefe, l. 764; safe, l. 864, are spelt with v in ll. 1340, 1529, 2808.

l : n—cf. l. 363, consaile: slayne. Quite similar is l. 1251, velde: sende.


d : t—l. 2868, gyrde: sterte; 1151, plete: dede.

a : p—l. 283, tyde: depe. But this rhyme is very probably owing to the scribe. For depe we ought to read wide.

A single consonant rhymes with a double consonant. The only certain instance occurs in l. 311, tyde: childe. For in ll. 312, 317, dele: wede, we might read wale, as this word is frequently spelt in the poem; cf. ll. 385, 2618, 1173, 1651, &c. For dede in l. 2980 (rede: dede) we may substitute dele, which occurs in l. 2510. The rhyme glad: hadde, 2687, becomes perfect if we read gladde, which is the usual spelling of the word in the poem; cf. ll. 439, 570, 918, &c. Besides, I believe hadde to be monosyllabic. Ferre: mere l. 1575; in l. 117 we find fere.

The rhyme, l. 2654, sloughe: drowe can easily be restored in reading slowe, which occurs frequently, as in ll. 2401, 2683, 304, 2208, &c. The rhyme ane: shafe, 555, seems to be due to some clerical error.

(4) Rhymes imperfect as concerns the vowels.

a : e—2803, gate: lete; perhaps we are justified in reading late,
XliV

THE RHYMES OF THE POEM.

cf. Havelock; 328; l. 2752, made : dede. The rhymes thare : were, 1383; bare : there, 671; Agremare : there, 33, are really perfect ones, as we know the poet to have used thare, there, and thore indiscriminately; cf. ll. 208, 2604, 430, 1805, 1003; l. 1436, ladde : nede; 2365, ladde : bedde, the author probably pronounced ladde. For lefte, l. 2335 : craft, we may read lafte, as is shown by l. 424, lafte : crafte. In ll. 1781, 544, tene : than, the rhyme will be improved by reading then.

a : o (cf. p. xxxv)—504, thane : gone; 1143, 1079, Rolande : honde; 133, sowdone : Lavan (where we might read sowdan, as in l. 1491); 627, SQicdane : toivne; 2527, 1684, Roidande : londe. i (y) : e. This rhyme also occurs in Chaucer; cf. Ellis, Pron. i. 272; see also Guy, p. xiv.—I. 21419, him : hem; 1299, dyne : lente; 523, strike : breke; 1643, mylde : shelde; 1263, togedere : thidere; 1277, wepenless : ivis; 344, shitte : mette; 2538, hende : wynde (read vende), &c.; l. 82, vilone : remedye (read vilanye, as in ll. 179, 2577); but 1015, vilane : me, cf. Guy, xi, v—813, sly : curtseye; 895, we : lye; cf. Ellis, Pron., i. 271.

The monophthong y is rhymed with a diphthong, the second part of which is y:—I. 441, Sarsynes : Romaynes; 2761, Apolyne : agayne; 2105 : slayne; 2175 : eyne; 2280, dye : waye (cf. 1582); 589, fyne : Bourgoyn.

o : ou (ow).—I. 1023, wrothe : soute (which is written solde in ll. 2014, 2024, 2246, 2719); 779, fonde : grounde; 260, clarione : sonne; 879, lione : crowne; 2780, malison : towne, &c. Cf. also 1264, endured : covered.

o : e.—463, oost : best. The rhyme is restored in reading rest instead of oost.

o : i.—I. 966, sonne : begynne.

ue : exe.—I. 2312, vertue : feice. But this rhyme cannot be objected to, as "final French u (as in due) was diphthongized into eu in Chaucerian English."^1

Other irregularities are:—I. 112, dounte : rounte; 1987, use : house; 1131, thou : lough; 1200, moost : goist; 1730, dethe : sleith;

DATE OF THE POEM AND NAME OF THE AUTHOR.

George Ellis attributes the present poem to the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. "I think," he says in his Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, ed. Halliwell, p. 380, "it would not be difficult to prove from internal evidence, that the present translation cannot be earlier than the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century."

1 See the note.

2 Although I. 25 says that the story of the Sowdan "is written in Romance,"
Having seen from the summary of grammatical peculiarities that there is a great similarity between the language of Chaucer and that of the composer of this romance, we might be inclined to consider the latter as a contemporary of Chaucer. From some passages of the Sowdone, which seem to contain allusions to Chaucerian poetry, we may conclude that the poet must have known the Canterbury Tales. Thus ll. 42—46:

"Whan kynde eoroge begynneth to pryke,
Whan frith and folde we xen gaye,
And every wight desirith his like,
Whan lovers slepen with opyn yze,
As Nightingales on grene tre"...

appear to be imitated from the Prologue of the Canterbury Tales, ll. 10—12:

"And smale fowles maken melodie.
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in her corages."

Further on we remark in ll. 939-40:

"O thow, rede Marœ Armypotent,
That in the trende baye base made by trone."

some traces of resemblance with the Knight's Tale, ll. 1123-26:

"And downward on a hill under a bent,
There stood the tempul of Marœ armypotent,
Wrought al of burned steel, of which theatre
Was long and streyt, and gastiely for to see,"

which may still be compared with the first lines of the Prologue of Queen Anelida and False Arcite:

"Thou ferse God of armes, Mars the rede,
That in thy frosty contre called Trace,
Within thy grisly temples ful of drede,
Honoured art as patron of that place." 1

Now the Prologue of the Canterbury Tales and the Knight's Tale, being written in couplets, or lines arranged in pairs, were certainly composed after 1385,2 or rather after 1389.3 From the treatment of this cannot induce us to consider our poem as a mere translation. It is, on the contrary, a free reproduction of a French original.

1 Cf. also Lindsay's History of Squyer Meldrim, l. 390:

"Like Mars the God Armypotent."


3 Cf. Chaucer, ed. Morris, i. 205, footnote.
the final e's, which, contrary to Chaucer's usage, seem to have been silent in a great number of cases in the poet's speech, we may further conclude that the Sowdan must be somewhat later than the Canterbury Tales. Therefore the poet of the Sowdan cannot have been merely a later contemporary of Chaucer; I rather think it to be more probable that he must have lived some time after him. This would bring us to the beginning of the fifteenth century as the date of the romance.

As to the name and profession of the poet nothing is known, and we have no clue whatever from the poem.

The present edition of the Sowdan is printed from the unique MS. of the late Sir Thomas Phillips, at Middle Hill, Worcestershire, which is now in the possession of the Rev. John E. A. Fenwick, Thurleston House, Cheltenham. Sir Thomas Phillips purchased the MS. at Mr. Heber's sale.\(^1\) The oldest possessor's name which we find noted, is on the reverse of the last leaf of the Manuscript, where is written, "This is John Eteyes (or Ebeye's) boke, witnes by John Staff"—in a hand circa temp. Eliz. or Jac. I. By some notes made by former possessors on the first fly-leaf of the MS., and by the autograph names which we find there, we learn that Geo. Steevens bought the MS. "at Dr. Farmer's Sale, Friday June 15, 1798, for £1. 10. 0." On May 20th, 1800, it was "bought at the Sale of Geo. Stevens, for 3. 4. 6." by "O. Grah" Gilchrist.\(^2\)

A transcript of the MS. made by Geo. Stevens had been presented by him to Mr. Douce. This copy was re-transcribed by Geo. Ellis, who, in 1811, published some extracts with an analysis of the romance in the Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances.\(^3\) The same copy has been followed by Halliwell, who in his Dictionary of Arch. and Prov. W., has several quotations\(^4\) from the present romance, which he styles as "MS. Douce, 175."

\(^1\) *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, Part xi. p. 162. MSS. Lot 1533.

\(^2\) Ed. Halliwell, p. 379 et seq.

\(^3\) For instances, see the following words:—Atame, alayned, ameved, assorte, aventure, forcer, &c.
The poem of the *Sowdan* was first printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1854.¹ The text of the present edition differs from that of the *editio princeps* in so far as punctuation is introduced, which is altogether disregarded by the MS. and the Roxburghe Club edition. In some passages words which have been written as one in the MS. are separated in the text; thus *a laye*, l. 2694; *a ras*, l. 645, are printed instead of *alaye, aras*. Sometimes also words written separately in the MS. are united by a hyphen, as *be-falle*, 14; *i-wiss*, 71; *i-sought*, 725; *with-oute*, 841; *a-bide*, 818; *a-ferde*, 1337, &c. These slight deviations from the MS., which are always indicated in the foot-notes, seemed advisable on account of the great help they afford the reader in understanding the text. More important emendations and corrections of evident scribal blunders and other mistakes are given in the foot-notes, and will be found explained in the Notes.

The Index of Names will be useful to those who wish to compare the *Sowdan* with any other version of the romance.

The Glossarial Index contains besides the obsolete terms all those words the spelling or the signification of which essentially differs from that now accepted. Words which show only slight orthographical variations from their modern form have not been included, as the reader will have no difficulty in identifying them.

In conclusion I have the pleasant duty of acknowledging the invaluable assistance which Professor Zupitza at all times readily and freely gave me. My best thanks are also due to Mr. Furnivall and to Mr. Napier for their kind advice and suggestions, and to Mr. Herrtage for collating a transcript of the poem with the MS.

Emil Hausknecht.

*Berlin, January, 1881.*

¹ London. Printed by William Nicol, Shakspere Press, MDCCCLIV.
ADDITIONS.

Since the Introduction was written, I have had an opportunity of seeing the Hanover MS. of the French Fierabras. The kind offices of Professor Koner exerted on my behalf secured me the consent of the Administration of the Royal Hanoverian Library to have the MS. sent to Berlin, and their most generous permission to consult it freely in the Reading Room of the University Library.

Having now compared the Sowdan more closely with the Hanover MS., I must state that the final result arrived at in my investigation concerning the original of the Sowdan (cf. p. xxxii) is in no way altered.

As already stated above (p. xxxii), and as the subsequent examination and the passages of $H$ quoted below will serve to confirm, the Hanover version is, generally speaking, the same as the printed version of the Fierabras, differing only in slight variations of readings.

The names in which $S$ differs from $F$, but agrees with $H$, are already spoken of on p. xxxi. But there are several others in the spelling of which $H$ agrees with $F$, but differs from $S$. Thus we find Balans or Balant in $H$ for Laban in $S$; Gurain, $H$, leaf 80, back, $F438 = Generyse, S1135$; Agolafres, $H$, leaf 81 = Alagolofer, $S2135$; Amiotte, $H$, leaf 83, back = Barrokk, $S2939$, etc.

As to the subject-matter, there are no instances where $S$, differing from $F$, agrees with $H$. In all points in which $S$ differs from $F$ we find it also differing from $H$.

Thus the game of blowing a burning coal, in the description of
which \( S \) slightly differs from \( F \), is related in \( II \) with nearly the same words as in \( F \). As, besides the small fragment printed by Groteker in the *Jahrbuch*, xiii, and some few remarks in the *Zeitschrift für rom. Phil.*, nothing is known of the Hanover MS., the following passages printed here may serve to show how little \( II \) differs from \( F \). The game of the coal (\( S \) 1996—2016, \( F \) 2907—2934) is thus described in \( II \), leaf 58:

"Veillard, dist Lucafer, vous ni savez juer,
Vous ne savez en France le grand charboun soffler.
Certes, ceo dist li dus, mais n'en oie soffler.
Et respon a payen : Mais te feray montrer,
Ly payen vait le duc au grand fowel mener.
Quant Rollant l'ad veu, a Berard l'ad mostré
Ore porrs bone jeu ver et esgarder,
Dahait qui ne laira ly et Naimes juer.
Lucafer se beysa pur un tison comber.
Trestote le plus ardant qui i poet trover,
Par tiel air soffla le fu qil li fist voler.
Puis a dist a Names ' Ore vous covent soffler.'
Names prist le tison qui bien se sout aider,
Vers le payen s'en va pur le tison soffler,
Por ceo le fist ly dus qa ly se volt meller,
Si suflia le tison qe le fist allumer,
Le barbe et le menton fist au payen bruler,
Tres parym le visale en fist la flame vire,
Qe par un sule petite qe nel fist souiller.
Quant le voit ly payen, le sanc quida deueber.
Il jette a ij. ses maines, qi le quide frapper,
Mais ly dus le ferry tres parym le costes,
Qe les oiz de la teste ly fist en fu voler,
Puys l'ad pris par le flank, s'il voit en le fu ruer.
Lichiers, dist dus Names, Dex te poet mal doner.
Tu me quidoies ore come folc ey trover."

The distribution of the relics, in which \( S \) (cf. note to l. 3238) differs from \( F \) 6195 *et seq.* is related as follows in \( II \), leaf 100:

"A

U baron seint Dynis fu mult grant l'assemblee
Au perron au londy fu la messe chanteer,
Illok fu la corone partie et desseveree,
L'un moite fu a seint Dynis donee
Et un clow ansiement, cest verite proveer,
De la Corone fu un partie a Ais portee,
A Compaigne est l'ensigne en l'eglise honorer,
Et les autres ij. clowes en Oriens fu enveïer,
Maint presant fist Charls de France la loie
Des saintisme reliques, Jhesu de maistees.
En l'our de Deu est mainte eglise fonder,
La feste de lendit fu pur ico estoree.
Jaiaaz videront cens ne taille donee.
Ne tardoit que .iiiij. ans l'Espagne fu gaster.
La fu la treison de Rollant perpensee,
Que Ganés le vendist a la gent diffuèce,
Pays fu as chiuals sa chars destreучee,
Pâbles en fu mortz de suz Lyons en la pree,
La le vengea Terris au trenchant del espec,
Pays fu pendu armes par gulee parce,
Toutz iours vegnent traitors a mal destinee
On aloignee ou après la ni aueront duree.

Charles voit à Orliens, la chaîcheon est tinec
totz j'ai ma chançon fine.
De eels romance est bone la tine et l'entre,
Et en milene et partote qi bien l'ad escoutee
La beneiceon aez de Deu et del virgine honore. Amen.”

The miracle (F 6101—6123)1 of the glove, in which Charles had
placed fragments of the thorns, remaining suspended in the air for over
an hour, the description of which is omitted in the Sowdan (cf. Dissert., p. 29), is related as follows in H, leaf 99:—

“L'EMPERERS de France fist forement a boier
Il a fait un table sur .ij. trestes lever,
Et par de sur un paille qui fu fait outre mer,
Illok fist Charlim la corone aporter,
Puis ad fait l'arcevesque partir et deviser,
Si ad fait les reliques mult bien enveloper,
Dodens son mestre coffres les a fait defifferer,
Et les autres reliques qe il vondra aporter.
Les petites esignons qil vist esgruner,
De la saint corone qil fist demenbrer,
Trestote les acolliey nostre emperez ber,
Et les mist en son gant quaquil pout trover,
Un chivaler le tent qil vist lez ly ester,
Mais al ne l'aperceut my qe nele oit parler.
Charlemayn retirat sa mayne, si lesse le gant aler,
Et dex a faiz le gant enmy l'air arester
Tant que d .i. leue en pout home bien aler;
Kar la presse fu grant, ne l'en puis remenbrer.
Charlemayn commande l'ewe apporter.
De son gant ly sovgne si quant il dust laver,
Mais ne seet a ky le comanda aballer,
Par desur la gent le vist en l'air esteer,
L'arcevesque la monstre et tuit l'altre barne.
Ceo fu mult grant merveille, home en doit bien parler,
Charls a pris son gant, s'est assis au soper.”

H, leaf 37, agrees with F, l. 1043, in making Oliver drink of the
bottles of balm, which is not mentioned in the Sowdan, l. 1190
(cf. p. xxix).

1 Cf. Sir Ferumbras, 183/5988.
Similarly we find $S$ 2604 differing from $H$, leaf 62, where we read *Basyns* (= *Basin*, $F$ 3313) instead of *Bryer*.

Again $H$, l. 40, agreeing exactly with $F$, l. 1329 *et seq.*, differs from $S$ 1279-82 (cf. p. xxix).

Instead of *Floripas*, $S$ 1515, it is *Brulans*, $H$, l. 49, and $F$ 1949, who advises the Soudan not to slay the prisoners.

The names of the twelve peers are the same in $H$ as in $F$ (cf. p. xxvii); and the whole scene of the peers being sent one after the other on a mission to Laban (cf. note to l. 1665 of the *Sowdan*) is described exactly alike in $F$ 2263—2282 and in $H$, leaf 51, back, with the only difference that the names of the peers are given in a different order in both versions, Richard of Normandy, who is sent off as the sixth in $F$, being the second in $H$.

These variations of $S$ from $H$ clearly exemplify the impossibility of regarding the Hanover MS. as the original of the *Sowdan*. But as on the whole these differences are not of a very significant nature, and as, moreover, part of these variations may perhaps be attributed to the favourite habit of the author of going his own way in the arrangement of the subject-matter and in some minor points, whereas in the essential course of the events he strictly adhered to his source (see above p. xxxviii, and cf. note to l. 2535); and as besides there are several names, the spelling of which differs in $F$, agreeing in $S$ and $H$, I think there can be no doubt that the original of the second part of the *Sowdan* was a version similar to the Hanover MS.

If now we compare the Hanover version with the Ashmole *Ferumbras* more closely than has been possible on page xx, there are some instances where $A$, whilst differing from $F$, agrees with $H$.

**H.**

If. 27. *Ha Glout, dist Karlemaines,*

If. 27. *Que puis *ricre* que cest jours

fu passes

If. 25, bk. *Ses chiuals ad reine à un

arbre rasmee

*Et garda les leges tote contreval

li pree*

**A.**

163. *A glotoun, saide pe Emperer

175. *Ke lyce* he noyt *lys* day to be *euyen

91. *Parto ys stede pan tyepe he*
A. 302. Panné per come bifoce Charloun, If. 28, bk. Atant se sunt drecie Guiuelon and Hardree

In other instances A is found differing from H as well as from F. Thus the name of Enfaloun, A 4652, which is Effraons in F 4900, does not occur at all in H, which in the passage corresponding to F 4900, as well as in that corresponding to F 4913, reads Affricons li Geans.

Again, in the story of Myloun, in which A, l. 2008 et seq., differs from F, we find H disagreeing from F, 2734 et seq., and from A:—

"Volez vous queor de feme essaiet et esprover
Ad riche duc Milon vous deverez remenbrer,
Qe tant nori Galans qe ly fist adouber,
Puys ly telly sa feile Gabæn au vis cler,
Leufes Marsilion en fist desberrier.—
Quant lentent Floripas, du sens quid'a deueer."—(H, leaf 56.)

But in most cases in which F differs from A, H agrees with F.

Thus we find Ferumbras challenging only six French knights in H, lf. 26, as in F, 84, 105, instead of twelve in A, l. 102.

In A, l. 5204, Floripas, swooning away, is upheld by Oliver, whereas in F, 5373, and in H, lf. 90, it is Guy who keeps her from falling.

For Howel of saint Miloun, A 5574, we read Huon de saint Lis in F 5792, and Hugon de saint Lis in H, lf. 95, bk.

As in F 2912 it is to Berard that Roland speaks in H, lf. 57, bk., and not to Olyver, as in A 2234.

That Maubyn scales the walls by means of a ladder of leather (A 2406) is not mentioned in F 3061, nor in H, lf. 59, bk.

In A 1386 Floripas gives Oliver, who is wounded, a warm draught, which heals every wound; in F 2209, as well as in H, lf. 51, it is by a bit of the mandrake plant that he is healed.

The maid-attendant mentioned in A 1238 (chamberere) is a man-attendant in F 2083 (chamberlenc) and in H, lf. 49, bk. (chamberlayn).

There is no trace of the additional lines of A, ll. 4867—4875, to be found in H, lf. 86 bk., nor in F, 5094.

Among the relics spoken of in A, there is nowhere a mention made of the signe. In H we find the signe always mentioned

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together with the crown and the nails, just as in F. In the passage quoted above from H, lf. 100, and in the line which corresponds to F 6094, we find ensigne instead of signe; but ensigne certainly must be looked upon as a clerical blunder. In the other passages in which we find "the winding sheet, or shroud, of the Lord" mentioned in H it is also called signe:—

"Et rendrai la corone et le signe honore."

H, lf. 42 = F, 1498; and H, lf. 45, bk. = F, 1805.

"Et les saintismes clowes et le signe honores."—H, lf. 57 = F, 2829.

That the signe cannot be the "inscription of the cross" (cf. Introduction, p. xxx) is proved by an additional line of the Hanover MS., in which the Archbishop is said to have covered the heads of the French with the signe:—

"Puis a trait l'ensigne qui bien estoit ovres
Engenolant l'ad Reis tote oce lermes baisies,
Plus flairoit ducement que bassine enbasines.
Quant Franceans l'ont ven, cle vous effraes,
De pite et de joy fu chescous enplores,
L'ercevesqe le prist, mult fu bien purpenses,
Et nos Frances en a les chefs envolpes,
Puis le mist sur le paille qest a or ornets,
Od les altres relikes dont illi out asses."

H, lf. 98, corresponding to F, 6094 et seq.

Abstaining now from citing any more passages where H agrees with F, but differs from A, I think the few quotations above will suffice to show the impossibility of regarding the Hanover MS. as the original of the Ashmole Ferumbras, notwithstanding that there are some resemblances of A to H (cf. p. xx). Therefore the result arrived at on p. xxi as to the original of the Ashmolian version is in no way altered by the detailed comparison of A with H.

SKETCH OF THE STORY.

Laban, the Soudan of Babylon, who was residing at Agremore in Spain, went to the chase in a wood near the sea (p. 2). Being tired of hunting he sat down under a tree, and, perceiving a ship drawing near unto the shore, he sent one of his men to hail the vessel and to inquire for news. The interpreter of the vessel informs the soudan that the ship, freighted with a rich cargo at Babylon designed as a
present to Laban, had been driven by violent storms to the shore near Rome, where the ship had been robbed, and many of its people had been slain by the Romans. He solicits the Soudan to revenge this insult. Laban promises to make them pay dearly for it (p. 3). He convokes a war-council, and assembles a hundred thousand men and seven hundred sail. Himself goes, with Ferumbras his son and Floripas his daughter, in a dromond richly adorned (p. 4). They disembar in the haven of Rome, slay all Christians, and burn towns, abbeys, and churches. The pope of Rome assembles his council (p. 5). Duke Savaris is to meet the Saracens. With ten thousand men he draws near the Soudan's pavilion on the shore (p. 6); they slay ten thousand Saracens. The Romans, though masters of the field, cautiously retire within the walls of the city. Lukafer of Baldas, having scoured the country, brings ten thousand Christian maidens to the Soudan, who orders them to be put to death (p. 7). Lukafer demands Floripas for his wife, in return for which he promises her father to bring Charlemagne and his twelve peers to the foot of his throne. Floripas agrees to accept him when he has fulfilled his promise. The next morning Lukafer assaults the city, but the ditches being too deep (p. 8), the Saracens are obliged to retire. On the following day the assault is renewed, the ditches are, on Mavon's advice, filled with faggots. After a sharp conflict, where there were ten thousand Saracens slain by the stones of the Romans, the heathens are obliged to withdraw (p. 9). This second repulse makes the Soudan almost mad with vexation; he chides his gods. But Lukafer told him that he had learned from a spy that Savaris would, on the following day, come out again to fight with them. He now intended, when Savaris was engaged in the battle, to unfold a banner made exactly like that of the Romans, and to attempt, by this stratagem, to be admitted within the gates. And so it turned out: the Romans mistaking him for Savaris returning from his sally, he entered the main tower, and slew all therein. Savaris, noticing the artifice of the enemy, and seeing his troop reduced to seventy-two men, turned back, but found the gate shut (p. 10). Estragot, a black giant of Ethiopia, slays him with his steel-mace. The Pope having summoned his council, a senator suggested the necessity of
sending messengers to Charlemagne to ask his aid. They all assented, and three messengers (p. 11) left the city by a postern at midnight; they passed the enemy's camp without being noticed by any wight. On the next morning Laban attempted a third assault; he commanded every man to throw pikes and bills over the walls to kill the Romans, and ordered the ships to go up the water with their boats bound to the mast, that they might fight in close combat. Near the tower there stood a bulwark, or “bastile,” which was a strong defence to the wall. It was thrown down by stones hurled from an engine. Laban, growing proud from this event, summoned the Romans to surrender. Instead of an answer a Roman hurled a dart at his breast-plate, but his hauberk shielded him. The Soudan, more than mad, charged Ferumbras to destroy them all (p. 12), and enjoined Fortibrance and Mavon to direct their engines against the walls. The great glutton Estragot, with his heavy mace, smote on the gates and brake them in pieces. But as he was entering one of the gates, they let the portcullis fall, which crushed him to the ground, where he lay crying like a devil of hell. The Romans rejoiced, but the Saracens grieved. They withdrew to their tents, leaving behind the corpse of Estragot, whose soul went up to Mahound (p. 13). The Pope called all his people to St. Peter's and proposed to them to attempt a sally with twenty thousand men, to attack the enemy before day-break within their camp, and to leave ten thousand for the defence of the city. In the morning the Pope displayed the banner of Rome, and after a prayer for the preservation of the city, they marched out. But Ferumbras, going his rounds (p. 14), noticed their coming, sounded the alarm, and drew up his troops. Then began a fierce struggle. Ferumbras slew Sir Bryer of Apulia (p. 15) and the worthy Hubert. Nine thousand heathens were killed and eight thousand Romans. Lukafer destroyed eighteen Romans; he also slew Gyndard, a senator of Rome, who had killed ten Saracens. Then came the Pope with a great escort and his banner before him. Ferumbras, supposing him to be the sovereign (p. 16), burst open the thick crowd and threw him down to the ground. But having opened his ventail, he saw his tonsure, and recognized the Pope. “Fie, priest,” he said, “what doest thou here in the battle-field?"
SKETCH OF THE STORY: THE SOWDAN OF BABYLON.

It would be a shame for me to slay thee. Go home and think of thy choir-service.” The Pope, being glad to get off so easily, retired to Rome with five thousand men, fifteen thousand being killed. Charlemagne, having learned from the messenger the great disaster which had befallen the Romans, said he would not desist until he had chased the Soudan and Ferumbras out of Christendom (p. 17). He gave ten thousand pounds of francs to his nephew, Guy of Burgundy, and sent him off with orders to advance against the Soudan by forced marches. Himself would follow as soon as possible. In the mean time Laban reminded Lukafer of his vaunting promise to bring him Charlemagne and his twelve peers in return for his daughter Floripas. Lukafer said he would do all he had promised. With ten thousand men he attacked the city on one side, the other being assaulted by Ferumbras. The combat continued as long as daylight lasted. At night they retired to their tents (p. 18). Then treason was planned by Isres, who by inheritance possessed the guard of the chief gate of the town. He went to the Soudan and offered to betray the city on condition that his life and property should be spared. The Soudan promised it. Ferumbras with twenty thousand men went with Isres, but on entering the gate he caused the traitor’s head to be struck off by the portcullis and to be carried on the point of a spear through the city. “Treason,” cried the people (p. 19), when Ferumbras advanced into Rome. All the streets were soon covered with dead men. Ferumbras went to St. Peter’s, seized the relics, the cross, the crown, and the nails, burned the whole city, and carried away all the treasures and the gold to Agremore in Spain, where the Soudan went back to stay. Three months and three days they spent there in great festivities, making offerings to their gods, and burning frankincense in their honour. They drank the blood of beasts and milk, and ate honey, and snakes fried with oil (p. 20). When Sir Guy, approaching, drew near Rome, he found the whole city in flames. He grieved much that he had arrived too late, and resolved to wait there for Charlemagne, and then to tell him how Laban had burnt the city, and had sent the relics to Agremore, his principal town in Spain. Soon king Charles advanced to rescue Rome with his twelve peers and three hundred thousand soldiers (p. 21). Roland
led the vanguard, Oliver the rear, and the king was with the main body. The provisions were conveyed by sea. Guy, seeing the army come, went to meet the king, and told him the mischief done by the Soudan, who, moreover, had made a vow to seek Charles in France in order to afflict him with grief. "He will find me near," said Charles, "and shall pay dearly for it. Unless he consents to be baptized (p. 22), he shall never see Babylon again." They all took ship without delay. Propitious winds drove them into the river Gasc, where they landed, thirty miles from Agremore, and laid waste the country. Laban, hearing this news, was astonished at Charles's presumption (p. 23). He assembled all his barons, and charged them to bring him alive that glutton that called himself king of France, and to slay the rest of his army. Ferumbras went forth with many Saracens. He meets with Roland. They deal each other heavy strokes. Oliver cuts off a quarter of Lukafer's shield. The combat lasted the whole day. Well fought the twelve peers (p. 24). Ferumbras charges Oliver. King Charles, seeing this, rides at Ferumbras, and strikes his helm with a heavy mace. Ferumbras cannot approach him on account of the crowd. Charlemagne slew thirty Saracens with his sword Mounjoy. Lukafer of Baldas encountering Charles told him that he had promised the Soudan to bring him Charles and the twelve peers. Charles strikes him on his helmet (p. 25), but Lukafer is rescued by a great throng. Roland, drawing Durnedale, cleared a space around him, and hammered the heads of the Saracens. So did the other peers, and thirty thousand Saracens were slain. At night the pagans quit the field. Ferumbras vows never to desist until he has conquered Roland and Oliver (p. 26) and been crowned king at Paris. Charles went to his pavilion and thanked God and St. Mary of France. He praised the elder knights for having won the victory, and exhorted the young ones to take example by them. They all make merry and go to supper. The Saracens address a prayer to the red Mars Armipotent (p. 27), to grant the Mahometans the victory over the Christians (p. 28). In order to recruit the late losses in his army, the Soudan sent for his vassals, and assembled more than three hundred thousand Saracens at Agremore. He addressed them (p. 29) in order to increase their
ardour, ordered a solemn sacrifice to his gods, and charged Ferumbras to march with thirty thousand of his people against the Christian king (whom he wished to teach courtesy), and to slay all his men except Roland and Oliver (p. 30), if they would renounce their gods. Ferumbras led out his troops; until arriving near Charles’s camp, he ordered them to halt in a wood, and advanced with only ten of his men to the camp of Charlemagne, and offered to fight at once against six of his peers. If he should conquer them, he would lead them away to his father’s hall; but if he should be conquered, he would be Charles’s man. The king sent for Roland and ordered him to undertake the combat. Roland refuses (p. 31), because Charles had praised the old knights: they might show their prowess now. Charles, vexed, smites Roland on the mouth, so that the blood springs from his nose, and he calls him a traitor. Roland draws his sword, but the other barons separate them and try to conciliate them. Meanwhile Oliver, who being sorely wounded kept his bed, on hearing of this dispute, had armed himself and went to Charles. He reminds the king of his long services, in reward for which he demands the battle. Charles remonstrates with him. But Oliver insists (p. 32). He rides to the forest, and finds Ferumbras alighted under a tree, to a branch of which his steed was tied. “Arise,” he said, “I am come to fight with thee.” Ferumbras, without moving, demands his name. “I am Generyse, a young knight lately dubbed.” Ferumbras observes: “Charles is a fool to send thee; go and tell him to send me Roland and Oliver and such four other douzeperes. For little honour were it to me to fight with thee.” “Spare thy words,” replies Oliver, “and take thy arms” (p. 33). Ferumbras is wrath and seizes his helmet, which Oliver assists him to lace. Ferumbras thanks him, courteously bowing to him. They mount their steeds, and rushing together like fire of thunder, they have their lances broken. They draw their swords. Ferumbras smites Oliver on his helmet so that the fire flies. Oliver strikes at the head of Ferumbras, breaks away the circle of his helmet, and the sword glancing off down his back, he cuts off two bottles of balm (p. 34), which he throws into the river. Ferumbras tells him that they were invaluable to a wounded man, and that he should atone for their loss with his life. He
strikes at Oliver, who wards off the blow with his shield, but his steed is killed under him. Oliver quickly starts up and tries to kill his adversary's horse, but Ferumbras rides off and ties it to a hazel. "Yield thyself to me," says Ferumbras, "believe on Mahound, and I will make thee a duke in my country, and give thee my sister" (p. 35). "Ere I yield to thee," answered Oliver, "thou shalt feel my strokes." They fight for a considerable time; the blood runs from both their bodies. By mutual consent they stop to take breath. Ferumbras again asks Oliver his name and kin. "Thou must be one of the twelve peers, as thou fightest so well." "I am Oliver, cousin to Charlemagne." "Thou art welcome here," says Ferumbras; "thou slewest my uncle (p. 36); now thou shalt pay the penalty." The fight continued the whole day. At last Oliver, smiting Ferumbras upon the helmet, had his sword broken. He ran to the steed at the tree and seized a sword that was hanging there, but in turning on Ferumbras, he received a blow that made him kneel down (p. 37). But he returns Ferumbras a fearful stroke. Charles, seeing Oliver on his knees, prayed to Christ that he might grant the victory over the pagan. An angel announced to him that his prayer was heard. Charles thanks God (p. 38). The fight begins again. Ferumbras breaks his sword on Oliver's helmet. He runs for another and asks Oliver to surrender. But Oliver aims at him a blow which cuts his hauberk, so that his bowels are laid bare. Ferumbras implores his mercy, and consents to be christened, his gods having proved false. He requested him to take his hauberk (p. 39), to fetch his horse, and to carry him to his own tent. But the Saracens who lay concealed in the wood rush out. Oliver, being surrounded, sets down Ferumbras under an olive-tree, and defends himself with his sword, dealing the Saracens many a hard blow. Then Roland rushed into the throng of the enemy and slew many (p. 40). His horse being killed by arrows and darts, he fights on foot, but his sword breaking, he is taken and led away. Oliver rides to rescue him, but his horse being also killed, he is overpowered and bound. Both were conducted to Lukafer of Baldas (p. 41). Charles sees them, and calls for a rescue. Many enemies were slain by the French barons, but the Saracens had fled with their prisoners, and
Charles is obliged to turn back. Under a holm tree they find Ferumbras, whom the king is going to put to death. But on his requesting to be baptized Charles took pity on him (p. 42), led him to his tent, and ordered a surgeon to attend him. He soon recovered, and bishop Turpin baptized him by the name of Floreyn. But he continued to be called Ferumbras all his life. Afterwards he was known as Floreyn of Rome on account of his holiness. Roland and Oliver being brought to the Soudan, Laban enquires their names. They confess their names (p. 43). The Soudan swears they shall both be executed the next morning before his dinner. But Floripas advises him to detain them as hostages, and to remember his son Ferumbras, for whom they might be exchanged. The Soudan, finding her counsel good, orders his gaoler Bretomayn to imprison them, but to leave them without food (p. 44). At high tide the sea filled their deep cells, so that they suffered much from the salt water, from their wounds, and from hunger. On the sixth day Floripas, who was gathering flowers in her garden, heard them lament. Moved to compassion, she asks her governess Maragound to help her in getting food for the prisoners. Maragound refuses, and reminds Floripas of her father's command. Floripas, thinking of a trick, called to her governess to come to a window (p. 45) and see the porpoises sporting beneath. As Maragound is looking out, Floripas pushes her into the flood. She then asks Bretomayn to let her see the prisoners. The gaoler threatened to complain to her father, but Floripas, having seized his key-clog, dashed out his brains. She then went to tell her father she had surprised the gaoler feeding the prisoners (p. 46) and promising to deliver them, wherefore she had slain him. The Soudan gives the prisoners into her guard. She now proceeded to the prison, asked the prisoners what they wanted, and promised to protect them from any harm (p. 47). She let down a rope, and with her maidens drew up both, and led them to her apartments. There they ate, took a bath, and went to bed. The Soudan knew nothing of his prisoners being in Floripas's chamber. Meanwhile Charlemagne tells Guy that he must go to the Soudan to demand the surrender of Roland and Oliver, and of the relics of Rome. Naymes of Bavaria represents that a messenger to the Soudan
(p. 48) would certainly be slain; and that they ought to be anxious not to lose any more besides Roland and Oliver. Then said the king: "By God, thou shalt go with Guy." Ogier the Dane remonstrates, but is ordered to go too. So are Thierry of Ardane, and Folk Ealiant, Aleroys, and Miron of Brabant. Bishop Turpin kneels down to implore the king's mercy, but he must go too, as well as Bernard of Sprawse (p. 49) and Brier of Mountdidier. The knights take leave and start. About the same time the Soudan having assembled his council, Sortibrance and Brouland (p. 50) advise him to send twelve knights, and to bid Charles to give up Ferumbras and to withdraw from his country. The knights are despatched; near Mantrible they meet with the Christian messengers. Duke Naymes enquires whither they intend to go (p. 51). Having heard their message, the delegates of Charlemagne cut off their heads, which they take with them to present to the Soudan at Agremore. Laban was just dining when Naymes delivers his message: "God confound Laban and all his Saracens, and save Charles, who commands thee to send back his two nephews and to restore the relics" (p. 52). They then produce the heads of the Soudan's messengers. The Soudan vowed a vow that they should all ten be hanged as soon as he had finished his dinner. But Floripas recommended him to put off his resolution until a general council of his barons had determined on the best way to procure the liberation of Ferumbras. Thereupon the Soudan gives the prisoners into her guard. Floripas leads the knights into her tower (p. 53), where they were glad to find Roland and Oliver. They told each other how they had fared. After washing, they dined off venison, bread, and wine. The following day Floripas asks Naymes his name, and enquires after Guy of Burgundy, whom she had loved for a long time (p. 54), and for whom she would do all she could for their benefit, and would be baptized if he would agree to love her in return. Naymes tells Guy to take her for his wife; but Guy refuses, as he never will take a wife unless she be given him by Charles. But Roland and Oliver persuade him, so that he at last consents. Floripas, holding a golden cup of wine (p. 55), kissed him, and requested him to drink to her after the fashion of her country; she then would drink to him in return. They all
make merry, and prepare to assail the Soudan at supper on the following day. Meanwhile Lukafer comes to the Soudan and asks leave to see the prisoners, in order to know how Floripas guards them. Finding the door locked (p. 56), he burst it open with a blow of his fist, and told them he was come to speak to them, and to enquire after Charlemagne. Duke Naymes answers. Lukafer then asks what amusements they have after dinner. Naymes says: "Some joust, some sing, some play at chess." "I will teach you a new game," says Lukafer (p. 57). With a thread he fastened a needle on a pole and put a burning coal upon it. He blew it at Naymes's beard and burnt it. Naymes waxed wroth, and snatching a burning brand from the fire he smites at Lukafer, and throws him into the fire, where he was burnt to charcoal. Floripas applauds this, but points out their danger, and advises them to arm. At supper time she goes to her father (p. 58). As they were sitting at table, the twelve peers rushed in and slew all whom they met. Laban, pursued by Oliver, jumps out of a window on to the sea-shore and escaped without injury. They killed all in the castle, and then drew up the bridges and shut the gates. Laban vowed a vow that he would hang them all and burn his daughter. He sent to Mantrible for troops (p. 59) and engines and besieged Agremore. Floripas recommends the peers to enjoy themselves. In the morning the Soudan attacks the castle, but is repulsed (p. 60). He accuses his gods of sleepiness and shakes them to rouse them out of sleep. Brouland tells him, as the castle is strong and well stored with provisions, the peers will hold it very long; but if he would send orders to Alagolofer, the bridge-keeper at Mantrible, not to allow any one to pass without leave (p. 61), they would get no assistance from Charles and die from hunger. Espiard, the Soudan's messenger, is despatched to Mantrible, and commands the giant not to suffer any one to pass the bridge (p. 62). Alagolofer drew four and twenty chains across the bridge. Meanwhile the Soudan assaults the castle again, but the twelve peers slew three hundred Saracens (p. 63). Laban threatens to hang them, and utters imprecations against Floripas, who returns them. He then calls for Mavon, his engineer, and orders him to direct a mangonel against the walls. Mavon knocked down a piece of the battlements.
Roland and Oliver lament; they are comforted by Floripas (p. 64). Guy kills Marsedage, the king of Barbary, by throwing a dart at him. The Saracens stop the attack to bury Marsedage, and bewail him seven nights and seven days. Then the Soudan more closely blockades the castle (p. 65). The provisions being exhausted, Roland complains of Charles's forgetfulness; but Floripas cheers him up, saying she possessed a magic girdle, which was a talisman against hunger and thirst for those who wore it. They all successively put it on, and felt as if they had feasted (p. 66). Laban wondered at their endurance, but at last remembering the girdle, he induced Mapin to attempt to steal it at night. Mapin entered the chamber of Floripas (p. 67) through a chimney. He finds the girdle and puts it on, but Floripas perceives him and cries out. Roland hurries to her assistance, cuts off Mapin's head, and throws him out through the window into the sea without noticing the girdle. Floripas, seeing her girdle lost, is much grieved; Roland comforts her. They agree to attempt a sally to obtain food (p. 68). In the morning Naymes and Ogier remain in the castle, while the others start and surprise the Saracens sleeping in their huts. They slew three hundred, and carried off as much food as they could bear (p. 69). The Soudan is enraged and is going to burn his gods, but, appeased by his wise men, he sacrifices again, and is assoiled by the priests. Laban holds council (p. 70). A new assault begins, but so many of the assailants were slain by the showers of stones hurled down by the peers that the ditches are filled with dead bodies. The Saracens retire. But soon a second attack ensues. There being no stones, Floripas gave them her father's silver and gold to cast amongst the assailants. The Soudan in alarm for his treasure gives up the assault (p. 71). He is enraged with his gods, and smites Mahound so that he fell on his face; but the priests induce him to kneel down and ask forgiveness (p. 72). Meanwhile Roland exhorted Richard of Normandy to go on a message to Charles, that he might come to their rescue. They all would, the following morning before day-break, make an attack on the Saracens, and meanwhile he should steal off in the darkness. In the morning they sally out. Floripas and her maidens draw up the bridges after them. Richard went off towards Mantrible (p. 73).
The others slay many Saracens; but Guy, overpowered by the Babylonians, is taken prisoner. Laban asks his name. Guy tells him. He is to be hanged. Three hundred Saracens crowding near the gate of the castle, attempted to prevent the other peers from entering. A fearful struggle begins (p. 74), in which Sir Bryer is killed. At last the Saracens take to flight. The peers retire inside the castle, taking the corpse of Bryer with them. Floripas enquires after Guy, and on hearing of his capture, begins to lament despairingly. Roland promises to rescue Guy (p. 75). On the following morning Laban orders Sir Tamper to erect a gallows before the castle, where Floripas could see it. Guy is led bound. Roland calls his companions to arms. They rush forth (p. 76). Oliver cuts down Sir Tamper, Roland kills a king of India, takes his sword and horse, and gives them to Guy, having unbound him. They slay many Saracens, and put the rest to flight. Retiring towards the castle, they see Admiral Costroye, and the Soudan's standard-bearer, escorting a great convoy, destined for the sultan, across a field near the high road (p. 77). Roland calls to them to share the provisions with them. Costroye refuses, and is slain by Roland. Oliver kills the standard-bearer, and the convoy is conveyed into the castle (p. 78). Floripas thanks Roland for bringing back Sir Guy, and proposes that he shall choose himself a mistress from amongst her maidens. But Roland refuses to take any that is not a Christian. The Soudan, on hearing such bad news, again defies his gods, and threatens to throw them into the flames (p. 79). But bishop Cramadas kneels before him and appeases him. The Soudan makes an offering of a thousand besants to his gods. When Richard arrived as far as Mantrible, he found the bridge barred by twenty-four chains, and Alagolofer standing before it. Determined not to leave his errand unperformed, he knelt down and commended himself to God. A hind appears (p. 80) and swims across the river; Richard follows her, and passing over in safety, hurries on to Charlemagne. Meanwhile Genelyn, the traitor, had advised Charles to retire to France, because the twelve peers were all slain. The king believed him, and marched homeward, lamenting for his peers. Richard overtakes him, and is recognized by Charles, who asks him about the others.
Richard tells the king how they are besieged within the castle of Agremore, and are waiting for his assistance. Charles, vowing vengeance on Gendyn (p. 81), turned and marched to Agremore. Richard informed him of the giant who kept the bridge, and how he had passed the river by a miracle. He proposed a plan that twelve knights, disguised as merchants, with their arms hidden under their clothes, should pay the toll, and the bridge being let down, they should blow a horn as a signal for the others to approach. They start and arrive at Mantrible (p. 82). Alagolofer asks whither they are going. Richard says they are merchants on their way to the Soudan, and they are willing to pay the toll. Alagolofer refuses to let them pass, and tells them about the ten knights, who had passed there and done so much mischief to the Soudan; therefore he will arrest them all. Sir Focard draws his sword and smites at him, Richard blows his horn, and Charles advances (p. 83). Alagolofer fights them with a great oak club. Richard seizes a bar of brass and knocks him down. Four men get hold of him and throw him into the river. They loosened the chains; but the Saracens assembling on the walls of the city, many Christians were slain. Alagolofer's wife, Barrock the giantess, comes on with her scythe and mows down all whom she meets. Charles dashes out her brains (p. 84), and with fifteen knights enters the outer gate of the town, thinking his army would follow him. But the gate was instantly closed upon him, and his men came too late. Charles was in great danger; but Genelyn, seeing him shut in, exclaimed that the king and the twelve peers were dead, and proposed to retire, as he wished to be king himself. They were going to return, but Ferumbas (p. 85) calls him a traitor; he rallies the French, and with his axe bursts open the gate. He chased the Saracens and rescued the king. Mantrible is taken with all its engines and treasures. Richard found two children of seven months old (p. 86), and four feet high. They were sons of Barrock, begotten by Astragot. Charles caused them to be baptized, and called the one Roland and the other Oliver. But they soon died for want of their mother's milk. The king appoints Richard governor of the city, and hurries on to Agremore with his army and with Ferumbas (p. 87). Laban, being told by a spy
that his city was taken and the bridge-ward killed, swears to avenge
him. He calls a council, and charges his barons to take Charles
alive that he might flay him. Charles approaches. Floripas first
recognizes the banner of France and tells the others (p. 88). Roland
and all his companions sally forth to meet Charlemagne. Laban
draws up all his people in battle-order. The French make a great
slaughter of the Saracens. Charles encounters the Soudan; he
unhorses him, and would have cut off his head, but for Ferumbras,
who requested that his father might be baptized. The Saracens,
seeing Laban a prisoner, fly; but the Christians pursue them.
Three hundred escaped to Belmarine. Charles leads Laban to
Agremore. Floripas welcomes her father (p. 89), but he is enraged
at seeing her. She then bids Charlemagne welcome, and presents
the holy relics to him. Charles kisses them, and says a prayer; he
then thanks Floripas for her assistance to his knights, and for having
preserved the precious relics. He orders Turpin to prepare a vessel
wherein to baptize the Soudan, and to wash off his sin in the water
(p. 90). Turpin leads Laban to the font, but the Soudan strikes at
him, spits on the vessel, utters invectives against all Christians, and
curses Ferumbras. Charles commands Naymes to cut off his head.
He is executed; his soul goes to hell, there to dance with devils.
Floripas was baptized with all her maidens, and was wedded to Guy.
Charles divided Spain between Guy and Ferumbras (p. 91), and charges
Sir Bryer of Bretayne to take care of the relics, and to bring all his
treasure to Paris. After taking leave of Guy and Floripas, Charles
sails to Monpilier, where he thanks God for the victory (p. 92), and
for the relics. He presents the cross to Paris, the crown to St. Denis,
the three nails to Boulogne. Charles well remembered the treachery
of Genelyn, and ordered him to be drawn and hanged at Montfaucon
in Paris (p. 93).
The Romaunee of the Sowdome of Babylone
and of Ferumbras his Sonc who
Conquerede Rome:

From the unique MS. of the late Sir Thos. Phillipps.

God in glorye of myghteste 1 moost,
That al thinge made in sapience
By vertue of woordo and holy goost,
Gyvinge to man grete excellence,
And alle, þat is in erthe, wroght
Subiecte to man and maþ to the,
That he shoulde with herte and thought
To loue and serve, and nowþ but the:
For 3yfe maþ kepethy commandemente
In al thinge and loued the welle
And hadde synnede in his entente,
Thanþ shulde he fully thy grace fele;
But for the offences to God I-doþ²
Many vengeaunces haue be-falle.
Where-þof I wolde you telle of oonþ,
It were to mock to telle of alle.
While þat Rome was in excellence
Of alle Realmes in dignite,
And howe it felle for his offence,
Listinyþe a while and ye shal see,
Howe it was wonenþ and brente
Of a Sowdonþ, that heathenþ was,
And for synne howe it was shente;
As Kinge Lowes witnessith þat cas,

1 God has ordained
all things wisely.

2 The man who
keeps His com-
mandments and
loves Him well,

12 will feel His
grace.
But many who
offended Him
have felt His
vengeance.
16 I will tell you of
one; it would
take too long to
tell of all.

Listen to me, and
ye shall hear how
Rome, the former
mistress of all
nations, came to
fall by its ens,
and was destroyed
by a heathen
Soudan.
24 King Lewis has
borne witness to
As it is wryten in Romaunce
And founden in bokes of Antiquyte
At Seinte Denyse Abbey in Fraunce[c],¹
There as Cronyceles remembred be,
Howe Laban, the kinge of hie degre,
And syr and Sowdoii of hie Babilon,²
Conquerede grete parte of Christiante,
That was born in Askalon.       28
And in the Cite of Agremare
Vppon the Rivere of Flagote
At pat tyme he soiorned ther?
Fulle royally, wel I vote,
With kinges xij and Admyralles xiiiij,
With many a Baroii & Knijtis ful bookd,
That roialle were and semly to sene;
Here worpynesse al may not be told.  32
Hit bifelle by-twylxte March and Maye,
Whan kynde corage begynmeth to pryke,
Whaû ñfrith and falde wexen gaye,
And every wight desirith his like,
Whaû lovers slepeû with the open ye,  40
As Nightyngalis on grene tre,
And sore desire þat thai cowde flye,
That thy myghte withe here louere be:
This worthy Sowdoû in this sesoû
Shope him to grene woode to gooû,
To chase the Bore or the Venesoû,
The Wolfe, the Bere and the Bawson.  52
He roode tho vppoû a fôrestë stronde
With grete rowte and roialte,
The fairest, þat was in alle þat londe,
With Alautes, Lymmeris and Racches free.  56
His hentes to chace he commaundë,
Here Bugles boldely for to blowe,
To fere the beestis in þat launde.

¹ leaf worn.  ² See the note.
The Sowdon woxe very I-nowe;
He rested him vndere an holme tre
Sittyng vpvoñ a grene sete
Seyne a Dromonde com sailyling in þe see
Anone he charged to bekyn him with honde
To here of him tidinges newe.
The maister sende a man to londe,
Of diners langages was gode and trewe,
And saide "lorde, this Dromonde ¹
Fro Babylonyne comen is,
That was worjye thousande poundis,
As it mete with shrewes I-wis,
Charged with perle and precious stones
And riche pelure and spicerye,
With oyle and bras qweynte for the nones
To presente yow, my lorde worthy.
A drift of wedii- vs drophe to Rome,
The Romaynes robbed vs anone;
Of vs thai slowgh ful many one.
With sorwe and care we be bygone.

Whereof, lorde, remeyle
Ye ordeyne by youre Barons booklet,
To wreke the of this vilane;
Or certes ourc blis is coolde. ²
The Soudon hirynge this typhinge,
With egre chere he made a vowe
To Mahounde and to Appolyne,
That thai shulde by it dere I-nowe,
Er that he wente fro theymye. ³

"Where be ye, my kingses booklet,
My Barons and my Admyral? 
Thes tidinges make myn herte coolde.
But I be venged, dyen I shalle.
Sire Ferumbras, my sone so dere,
Ye muste me conforte in this case;

¹ See the note. ² or Ar ³ See the note.
THE SOUDAN STARTS FROM AGREMORE

be my comfort in this case.

Order Sortybraunce, my counsellor, to be called for, and my chancellor Oliborn,

and Espiard my messenger, that he may go to Africa and to Asia and to all the princes, who owe me allegiance, and command them hastily to assemble with shield and lance at Agremore."

In a short time 100,000 men had assembled.

On the advice of Lukaffe, king of Baldas,

the soudan also brought together 700 sail and a dromond for himself, for Ferumbras of Alexandria, for the Asiatic king of Chaunder and for Floripas.

There were two masters in that vessel, and two idols placed on the main top, with round maces, therewith to menace the Christians.

The sails of red sendal-silk were

My joye is alle in the nowe here
And in my Doghter Dame Florypas.
Sortybroune, my Counselere,
Lete clepe him forthe to counsaile me,
And Oliborne, my Chaunceler
And noble Clerke of hie degre,
And Espiarde, my messangere,
To goon to Assy and to Aufrike,
To kingses, princes ferr' and ner',
Barons, Admyralls and Dukes frike,
Comaundinge hem yppon her legeaunce
To come in al hast vnto me,
Wel Armed with sheld and launse,
To Egremoure þon riche Cite."

In shorte tyme this message was wroghte
An hundred thousande on a rowte
That robbery was righte dere boght,
Was never none derrer withouten doubte.

The kinge of Baldas, sir Lukaffe',
Of Aufryke lord and governoure,
Spake to the Sowdeñ, that men myghte here,
And saide "sir, for thyn honour',
Do sende for shippes both ferr and nere."

Carrikes, Galeis and shippes shene,
vij hundred were gadered al in fere
And a Dromonde for the Sowdeñ kene.

Sir Ferumbras of Alisaundre
In the Dromonde with him was,
Of Assy the kinge of Chaunder',
And his faire doghter Floripas.

Two maistres were in the Dromounde,
Two goddes on hye seteñ thore
In the maister toppe, withe macis rounde,
To manace with the Cristen lore.

The sailes were of rede Sendelle,
Embrowdred with riche araye,
With beestes and breddes every dele,
That was right curious and gaye;
The Armes displayd of Laban
Of Asure and foure lions of goole.
Of Babiloyne the riche Sowdoñ,
Moost myghty man he was of moolde,
He made a vowe to Termagaunte,
Whan Rome were distroyed & hade myschauzce,
He woolde turne ayen erraunte
And distroye Charles the kinge of Fraunce.
Forth thai sailed on the flode,
Tille thai come to the haven of Rome:
The wynde hem served, it was ful goode.
Ther londed many a grymlye gome.
Thai brente and slowen, pat Cristen were,
Towñ, Abbey and holy chirche.
The heten hade such power there,
That moche woo gan thai there wirch.
Tidinggis came to Rome anone
Unto the Pope, that p^t^ tyme was,
That the hepren came to bren and slone.
This was to hem a sory cas.
He letc cal his counsaile to-geder
To wete, what was beste to doñ.
Anone as thai were come peder,
He asked of hem al ful sone:
"Lordinges, it is vnknowne^1 to you,
That this cursed hathen Sowdon
Brennyth and stroyeth oure pepul nowe,
Alive he leveth vnneth not one.
Scint Petir be oure governoure
And save this worthi Cite of Rome,
And Scinte Poule be oure gydoure
From this cursed heten houne!"^2
Ifrez he bispake him thain,

1 See the note.  2 looks like hound.
SAVARIS LEADS THE CHRISTIAN TROOPS

Of Rome, advised that worthy men should be sent to Charles of Douce France to implore his assistance.

But Duke Savariz, thinking this to be a wretched piece of timidity, as they had not tried anything for themselves,

asked for 10,000 men to be put under his command.

The next morning the duke addressed his men,

and directed them to the soudan's

Of Rome he was a Senatoure,
And said "sendeth some worthy man
To Charles kinge of hye honoure.
He wolde you helpe with al his myghte,
That noble kinge of Dowse Fraunce."

"Certes" quod Savaris "pat weren no righte,
It were right a foule myschaunce,
To sende to pat worthy kinge.
We have oure hedes yet al hole,
Oure shieldes be not broke no-thinge,
Hawberke, spere, ner poleyn, ner pole,
Where-of shul we playn to him,
That no thinge yet have assaide ?
Mech nylanye we myght wynne,
That for noght were so sone afrayed.
Ten thousande men deluyere me tyte
Tomorue next in-to the feelde,
And I shall prove with al my myghte
To breke there bothe spere and shielde."

Vnto the Senatours it semed welle,
His counsaile goode and honurable.
This worthi Duke was armed in stele
In armes goode and profitable ;
He bare a Chek of goulis clere,
An Egle of goulde abrode displayed.
With him many a bolde Bachelere

Tho spake Savary; withi wordes on hye
And saide "my felowes alle,
This daie prove you men worthy,
And faire you al shal befall.
Thenke yat Criste is more myghty
Than here fals goddis alle ;
And he shal geve vs the victorie,
And foule shal hem this day bifalle."

Forthi than rode pat faire Ooste
With right goode chere and randon,
AGAINST THE SARACENS AND CONQUERS THEM.  7

Tille than come ful nyȝe the cooste.
Of the Sowdons Pavylōn
Ferumbras was of hem ware
And sprange out as a sparkil of glede;
Of Armes bright a sheelde he bare,
A Doughty man he was of dede.

xv thousande came oute there
With him at þat same tyde,
Ayen the Romaynes for to were,
With bobance, booste and grete pride.
The stoure was stronge, enduryng longe:
The Romaynes hade there the feckle;
The Sarysyns thai slough amonge,
Ten thousand and mo with spere and sheelde.
Sauariz was wise and ware
And drowe towards þat Citee.
His baner displaied with him he bare
To releve with his meyne.
The Pope with his Senatours
Thanked god þat tyme of glorie,
That gafe hem þat day grete honours,
Of hethen that dai to have the victorie.

Lukafere, kinge of Baldas,
The countrey hade serchid and sought,
Ten thousande maidyns faire of face
Vnto the Sowdan hath he broghte.
The Sowdoi commanded hem anone,
That thai shulde al be slayn.
Martires thai were enerychoñ,
And therof were thai al ful fayne.
He saide “my peple nowe ne shalle
With hem noughte defouled be,
But I wolde distroie ouer all
The sede over alle Cristiante.”
The spake lukefere the kinge,
That hethen hounde Baldas,

pavilion near the shore.
[leaf 6]

204 Ferumbras, that doughty warrior, becoming aware of them, led
208 15,000 men against the Romans.
212 10,000 and more of the Saracens were slain, and the Romans, though victorious, were led back to Rome by the cautious Savaris.
220 The Pope thanked God for the victory.
224 Lukafere of Baldas having scoured the country, brought 10,000 maidens to the soudan, who
228 ordered them to be slain,
232 saying, he would not have his people polluted by them, and he would destroy every Christian seed.
236 Lukafere said to the soudan:
"Grant me thy daughter and I will bring thee Charlemagne and all his twelve peers."

Laban assented; but Floripas said, she would only consent to be his darling,

when he had taken Charles and the douzepeers.

The next morning the soudan ordered Lukafar to assault the City with 30,000 men.

The Saracens, finding the ditches too deep, cannot pass, and are obliged to return.

And said "Sir Sowdan, graunte me one thinge, Thi doghter Dame Floripas.
The kinge of Francon I shal the bringe And the xij dosipers alle in fere."
The Sowdan saiide in pat tokenynge, "I graunte the here, that is so dere."
Tho sayde Floripe "sire, noon hast, He hath note done as he hath saiied.
I trowe, he speketh these wordes in waste, He wole make bute an easy brayde.
Whan he bryngith home Charles the kinge And the xij dosipers alle,
I graunte to be his derlynge What so ever therof by-falle.

Then on the morowe the Sowdan Callid to him Lukafar' of Baldas,
To assaile the Cite anone:
"And loke thou tary not in this cas!
Thrity thousande of my menie,
Of Gallopes, Ethiopes and Aufricanes,
Take hem to the walles with the.
Betith down wallis, towris and stones."
Lukafar' blewe his clarion

To Assemble the Sarasyns pat tide,
Where-of thai knewe right welle the soune,
Thaie made hem redy for to ride,
But whan thai come to the yate,
The Dikes were so develyde depe,
Thai helde hem selfe Chek-mate ;
Ouer cowde thai nothir goo nor crepe.
Lukafar' in al the haste

Turned to the Sowdan agayn
And saiide "sir, it is alle in waste,
We laboure nowe alle in vayne.
To depe and brode the Dikes bene,
The Towres so stronge be with alle,
BUT THE HEATHENS ARE OBLIGED TO WITHDRAW.

That by Mahounde I can note seen,
How that we shulde wyne ther to the walle."

Who was woode but the Sowdoñ?
He reneyed his goddis alle.
He clepede his Engynour sir mavone,
To counsaile he did him faste calle.
He tolde him the case of þat myschefe,
How it stode at that ilke tyde.
Mavon Gafe him counsel in breefe
To fille the Dikes þat were depe.¹
Every man to woode shal gooñ,
Fagotis to hewe and faste bynde,
And fille the Dikes faste anoðn
With alle, that we may ther fynde.

"Gramercy, Mavoñ," quod Laban than,
"Mahoundis benysone thou shalt haue,
Of alle myn Ooste the wiseste man
With counsaile men for to sauc.
Alle this was done the seconde daye,
Men myght go even to the walle;
On every party the ooste laye,
Thai made assaite² then generalle.
The Romaynes ronneñ to the toures,
Thai were in ful grete dowte;
Thai hade many sharpe shoiu'es,
Thai were assaied sore a-bowte.
Wifis and maidyns stones thay bare
To the wallis than ful faste,
Thai were in grete drede and care;
The men over the wallis did caste.
Thai slowen many a Sarasyñ,
x thousands³ pepul of heñ and moo.
The daie passed to the fyne,
The hethen withdrowe hem tho.
Whan these tidinges came to laban,

¹ Read 'wide' ² sic.? assaite. ³ MS. M
Lukafir enters the Main Tower of Rome.

Laban chides his gods and nearly grows mad with vexation.

But Lukafir told him that, having espied that

Savaris would, the following day, come out again to fight with them, he would have a banner made exactly like his, which when Savaris was much engaged in the battle, he would unfold and enter Rome.

And so it turned out;

the Romans mistaking him for Savaris, returning from his sally,

he entered the main tower, [leaf 9]

and slew all therein.

Savaris becoming aware of the artifice of the enemy,

and seeing out of 10,000 Romans no more than seventy-two left,

turned back, but found the gate shut,

His goddes he gan chide.
He waxe both blake, pale and wan,
He was nyse woode pat same tyde.
The Lukafir comfortede him well
And saide "sir, be not dismayed,
For I have aspied everydele,
Howe thai shalle alle be betrayede.
Savariz wole to morowe with us fighte,
His baner knowe I ful welle;
I shal have an othere, I you plighte,
Like to this every dele.
When he is soste besy in bataile,
Than wole I with banere displaiede
Ride in to Rome without faile,
Thus shal thai al be betrayede.
The Sowdañ was glad of this tidinge,
Hopinge it shulde be so;
And even as it was in purposynge,
Right so was it aftir I-do.
Wenyngge it hade be Sauarye,
Relevinge fro the hethen stoue,
Wenyngge doth ofte harme without lye,
He entred to the maister Toue.
The firste warde thus thay worne
By this fals contrevede engyne.
Thus was moche sorowe bygoñ,
Thai slougli all, that were ther-Inne.
Whañ Sauariz saughi this discomfitur
Of the Romaynes in that tyme,
And howe harde thani was here aventur,
Of sorowe pat myghte he ryme
Of x thousande men lefte no moo
But sexty men and twelfe,
And whan he sawe this myschief tho,
He turned homewarde agayn him selue.
By thani he founde the gate shite
The Pope despatches messengers to Charlemagne.

With Sarisyus, that hade it wone;
And Estragot with him he mette
With bores hede, blake and donne.

For as a bore an hede hadde
And a grete mace stronge as stèle.
He smote Sauaryz as he were madde,
That dede to grounde he felle.

This Astrogot of Ethiop,
He was a kinge of grete strength;
Ther was none suche in Europe
So stronge and so longe in length.
I trowe, he were a develes sone,
Of Belsabubbis lyne;

For ever he was thereto I-wone,
To do Cristeñ men grete pyne.

When tidingsgigs came to the [P]ope,
That Duke Sauaryz was dede slayn,
Thañ to woo turned alle his hope;
He dide calle thañ to counsaile
Alle the Senatoris of Rome,
What şinge pat myght hem most availe,
And what were beste to done.
Tho by-spake a worthy man of counsaile,
An Erille of the Senatoris:
"The best counsaile, pat I can

Sending vnto Charles the kinge
Certifîynge him by your myssangeris
The myschief pat ye are Inne,
That he come with his Dosyperys
To reskue Cristiante fro this hefren."
All thai assentede anone therto;
The lettres were made in haste.

Thre messageres we ordeyn3 therto,
That went forthe at the laste.

1 This line in a much later hand
2 Read: were ordeyned

And was shain by Estragot, a black giant of Ethiopu.
At a posterne thai wente oute
Pryvely aboute mydnyght,
And passed through alle the route.
Of hem was war no wight.

B

At a posterne thai wente oute
Pryvely aboute mydnyght,
And passed through alle the route.
Of hem was war no wight.

Laban commandéd every
man to throw
pikes and bills
over the walls, to
kill the Romans.

He ordered the
ships to go up the
water, with their
boats bound to
the mast, that
they might fight
in close combat.

Near the tower
there stood a
bastile which
formed a principal
protection to the
city.

It was laid low by
stones hurled
from an engine.

Laban, growing
proud, summoned
the Romans to
surrender.

Instead of an
answer, a Roman
hurled a dart at
his breast-plate,
but his hauberke
shielded him.

The soudan, more
than mad,
charged Ferum-
bras to destroy
them all,

A

"For Mahoundes lone, pat is so good,
Destroye vp bothe man and place.
Spare no thinge that is alyve,
Hows, Toure ner Walle,
Beest, ner man, Childe nere Wife,
Brenne, sło and distroye alle.''
The Ferumbrae ordeynede anone
To bende the Engynes to the town
And bete down both Toure and stoon.
He cleped forth Fortibraunce and Mavon
And saide "be youre Engynes gooode?
Shewe forth here nowe your crafte
For Mahoundis love, pat gevith man foode,
That ther be no Toure lafte."
Theo the grete gloton Estagote¹
With his myghty mace swaere
On the Gatis of Rome he smote
And brake hem alle on thre thare.
In he entríd at the Gate
The Porte-Colis on him thai lete falle.
He wende, he hade come to late,
It smote him through herte, lyuer and galle.
He lai cryande at the grounde
Like a develle of Helle;
Through the Cite wente the sowne,
So lowde than gan he yelle.
Gladde were al the Romaynes,
That he was take in the trappe,
And sorye were al the Sarsyns
Of pat myschevos happe.
Sory was the Soudoñ than
And Ferumbras and Lukafel.
Thai drowe hem tille her tentes than,
Thai left him ligginge there.
Mahounde toke his soule to him
And broght it to his blis.
He loued him wel and al his kyu,
¹ Estragote
Of that myghte he not mys.
Anone the [P]ope dide somon alle;
The peole of the Cite came,
To Seinte Petris he dide hem calle,
And thidere came every man.
He saide on hie "my Children dere,
Ye wote wel, howe it is;"
Ayenst the Sarisyne, that nowe be here,
We mowe not longe endure I-wis.
Thay brekeneoure walles, oure Toures alle
With caste of his Engyne.
Therefore here amonge you) alle
Ye shalle here counsaile myne.
Thai bene withdrawe to here Oost,¹
And on-armede thay ben alle.
Therfore, me thenketh, is beste
To-morowe erly on hem to falle.
We have xxx⁴ thousande men;
Twenty thousande shal go with me,
And in this Cite leve ten
To governe the comynalte."
The Senatoris assentede sone
And saide, beter myghte no man seyne.
On the morowe this was it done²;
God bringe hem wele home agayne.
The Pope did display than
The hie baner of Rome,
And he assoiled every man
Through gracious god in Dome.
He praiide of helpe and socour³
Seinte Petir and Poule also
And oure lady, þat swete floure,
To saue the Cite of Rome from woo.
Forth thay riden towarde the Oost.
Ferumbras romede a-houte; ⁴

¹ Read: reste
² See the note.
He saw the Romaynes comen by the Cost, discovered their coming,
Thereof he hade grete dowte.
He blewe an horne, of bras it was; sounded the alarm,
The Sarsyns be-goñ to wake.
“Arise vp” he saide in aras,
“We bene elles alle I-take,
And Armes anone, every wight,
To horse with spere and sheilde!
Ye may se here a fercfuH sighte
Of oure enemyes in the felde.
Astopars, goo ye biforne vs,
For ye be men of myghte;
Ethiopes, Assaynety and Askalous,
Go nexte afore my sighte.
My Fadir and I with Babylouynes,
Ho shal kepe the rerewarde.
King Lukafer with Baldeseynes,
To venge alle, shalle have the Fowarde.”
The Romaynes asped, pat thai were ware
Of here comynge thani,
And therfore hade thay moche care.
Natheles on hem thai goñ—
Seinte Petir be here socoure!—
And laiden on side, bake and boñ.
There began a sturdy shoure
Sire Ferumbras of Alisaundre ooñ,
That bolde man was in dede,
Vpon a steede Cassaundre gaye,
He roode in riche Weede.
Sire Bryer of Poyle a Romayne to fraye
He bare through with a spere,
Dede to the grounde ther he lañ
Might he no more hem dere!

1 MS. Oost corrected to Cost.
2 Read: a ras.
3 See the note.
4 Read: We
5 MS. Berumbras.
6 See the note.
A GREAT MANY ARE SLAIN ON EITHER SIDE.

That sawe Huberte, a worthy man,
Howe Briere was I-slayn,
Ferumbras to quite than
To him he rode ful even.
With a spere vppone his sheld he pa
Stilly gaun he strike;
The sheld he brake I-myddis the feelde;
His Hawberke wolde not breke.
Many goode strokes were delte.
Ferumbras was a-greved tho,
He smote with mayne and myghte
The nekke asonder, the ventayle also,
That dede he sate vprighte.
There was bataile harde and stronge;
Many a steede wente ther a-straye,
And leyen at the grounde I-stonge,
That resyn never aftyr that day,
IX thousand of the payens pride
That day were slayn,

and the worthy
Hubert.

9000 pagans were killed,

and 8000 Romans.

Lukafere destroyed
eighteen Romans,

he also slew
Gyndard, a
senator of Rome,
[leaf 14]
who had shain ten
Saracens.

Then came the
Pope with a great
guard and his
banner before
him.

Ferumbras, sup-
posing him to be
the sovereign,

IX thousand of the payens pride
That day were slayn,

And viij thousande of the Romaynes side,
That in the feelde dele layne.

Lukafere, bat paynym proude,
Slough Romaynes ey3tene,
Of werp moche sorowe he coude,
His strokes were over alle sen.

Gyndarde, a Senatoure of Rome,
Had slayne Sarsenys tei,
Tille he met with the cursed gome,
Lukifere slough him than.

Tho come the Pope with grete aray,
His baner to-fore him wente.
Ferumbras than gañ to assaye,
If he myght that praye entente,
Supposyng in this though[t]e,
Ther was the souerayne;
He spared him therfore right noght,
But bare him down ther in þe playn.
Anoon he sterte on him all aane
His Ventayle for to onlace,
And saugh his crowne newe shawe,
A-shammed thanne he was.
"Fye, preest, god gyfe the sorowe!
What doist thou armede in the feelde,
That sholdst saye thi matyns on morwe,
What doist thou with spere and sheldé?
I hoped, thou hadiste ben an Emperoure,
Or a Cheftayne of this Ooste here,
Or some worthy conqueroure.
Go home and kepe thy Qwer!"
Shame it were to me certayne
To sle the in this bataile,
Therfore turne the home agayn!"
The Pope was gladde þer-of certayne,¹
He wente home to Rome that nyght
With Five thousande and no more,
XV thousande lefte in the feelde aplight,
Full grete sorowe was therfore.

Owe telle we of the messanger,
That wente to Charlemayne,
Certyfyinge him by lettres dere,
Howe the Romaynes were slayne,
And howe the Contrey brente was
Vnto the Gate of Rome,
And howe the people song ‘alas,’
Tille socoure from him come.
"Who” quod Charles, that worthy kinge,
"The Sowdoën and Ferumbras?"
I nyl lette for no thinge,
Till I him oute of Cristendome chace,
Therefore Gy of Burgoyñ,
Mynne owen nevewe so trewe,
¹ Read: ‘without faile,’

burst open the thick crowd and threw him down to the ground.
But seeing his tonsure, he was ashamed.
"Fie, priest," he said, "what doest thou in the battle-field?"
It would be a shame for me to slay thee.
Go home and think of thy choir-service!"
The Pope retired with 5000 men,
15,000 being killed.
Charlemagne, having learned from the messenger the great disaster which had befallen the Romans,

[Leaf 15]
said, he would not desist until he had chased the soudan and Ferumbras out of Christendom.
The Saracens again attack the city.

He gave 1000 pounds of francs to his nephew Guy of Burgundy, and sent him off with orders to advance against the soudan by forced marches. Himself would follow as soon as possible.

Take a thousand pound of Frankis syne, To wage wyth the pepul newe.
Take this with the nowe at this tyne, And more I wolde sende the,
Loke that thou spare no hors ne shelede, But pat he dede be;
And faste hye the thyderwarde, For I drede thay haue grete neede,
And I shalle come afterwarde As faste, as I may me spede:"

Speke we of Sir Labañ

And let Charles and Gy be,

Howe he ordeyned for hem than To Distroye Rome Citee.

"Sir Lukafer, thou madiste thi boost To conquer the Romaynes
And to bringe me the Ooste
Of the xij peris and Charlemayne.
Vppon a condicion I graunte the
My doghter, dere Dame Floripas.
Wherefore, I aske nowe of the
To holde covenante in this cas:"

"That I saide" quod Lucafere,

"To Mahounde I make a vowe
To done al pat I light the ther,
Ye and more than1 for Florip love."

He ordeyned assaute anone in haste
With x thousande men and moo;
And Ferumbras at that oper side faste
Assailed hem with grete woo.
The saute endured al pat daye
From morowe, till it was nyght,
To throwe and shete by euery waye,
While that hem endured the light.
Tho wente thai home to thair tentys,

1 See the note.
Tille it were on the morowe.
Isres in his fals ententes
Purposed treson and sorowe.
He was chief Porter of the Town,
By heritage and fee so he shulde be.
He wente to the Sowdañ,
For the riche Cite betraye woole he,
And saide "lorde, gife me grace
For my goodes and for me,
And I wolde deyeuer the this place
To haue and holde for ever in fee.
The keyes of this riche Cite
I haue in my bandon,"
"That graunte I" quod Laban "the
To be free withoute raunson."
Ferumbras made him yare,
With xx\(^4\) thousand men and moo,
With this Isres for to fare,
And to wynne the Cite soo.
As sone as he entred was
The chief Gate of alle,
And alle his men in aras,\(^1\)
He lete the Portcolys falle.
He smote of the traitourus hede
And saide "god gife him care!
Shal he never more ete brede,
All traitours evel mot\(^2\) thai fare!
If he myght leve and reigne here,
He wolde betraye me;
For go he west, south or North,
Traitor shalle he never be."
He dide lete bere his hede on a spere
Through-oute this faire Citee.
'Treson, treson' thai cried there,
Pite it was to here and see.

\(^1\) Read: 'a ras.'  \(^2\) MS. met.
The people fled by every waye,
The hye wey ful of dede men laye,  
And eke by every lanys side.
Ferumbras to Seinte Petris wente,
And alle the Relekes he seased anoon,
The Crosse, the Crowne, the Nailes bente;
He toke hem with him everychone.
He dide dispoile al the Cite
Both of tresoure and of golde,
And after that brente he
Alle pat ever myght be toolde.
And alle the tresoure with hem pai bare
To the Cite of Egremour?
Laban the Sowdon sojourned there
Thre monjes and thre dayes more
In myrth and Ioye and grete solas.
And to his goddes ofrynge he made,
He and his sone Sir Ferumbras
Here goddis of golde dide fade,
Thai brente Frankensense,
That smoked vp so stronge,
The Fume in her presenc,
It laste alle alone.
Thai blewe hornes of bras,
Thai dronke beestes bloode.
Milke and hony ther was,
That was roial and goode.
Serpentes in Oyle were fryed
To serve p° Sowдон with alle,
"Antrarian Antrarian " thai lowde cryed
That signyfied 'Ioye generalle.'
Thus thai lived in Ioye and blis
Two monjes or thre.
Lete we now be alle this,
And of Gye nowe speke we.

Now speke we of Sir Gye
That toward Rome hied with his Oost.
Whan he approched there-to so ny3e,
That he myght se the cooste,
Alle on a flame pat Cite was;
That thre myle al abowte,
Ther durst no mañ, pat ther was,
Come ny3e the Cite for grete dowte.
That was a sory Cite than,
Sir Gye was in grete care,
Ther was nowhere a soryer mañ,
For sorowe he sighed ful sare,
And saide "welallas"1 the while
"For we come ar to late,
For by some treson or some gyle
Thai entred in at some Gate.
There is no more but for to abyde,
Tille Charles come, the kinge,
In this mede Vnder grene wode side,
To telle him of this tithinge,
Howe Laban hath the Cite brente
And bore the Religes2 a-waye,
And howe he hath hem to Spayne sente
With Shippes of grete aray,
To Egremour' his chief Cite,
Ther to live and ende ;
And manassith Charles and his baronye.
God gife hem evelle ende !"
Kinge Charles he forgate nought
To come to reskowe Rome,
Alle his Dogypers were I-sought,
Fulle sone to him thay come.
Thre hundred thousande of Sowdeoures

1 MS. is rubbed, but it looks more like welawai.
2 Read: 'reliques.'
Kinge Charles with him dide lede,
They were doughty in all stourys
And worthy men of dede.

Sir Roulande pat worthy knighte,
He ladde the Fowarde,

And Sir Olyuer, that was so wighte,
Gounerned the Rerewarde.

The Kinge himselfe and his Baronye,
With Dukes And Erilles roialle,
Gounerned alle the medil partye.

By commaundemente generall
He ordeyned grete plente
Of Flessh and Fissh, brede and wyne,

In shippes to saile by the see,
To serven him ful wel and fyne.

Sir Gye aspied his comynge,
He knewe the baner of Fraunce,
He vente anoon ayen the kinge
And tolde him of pat myschaunce,
Howe that the cursed Sowdai
Hath brent Rome and bore the Releksis awaye,
And how he hath slayn alle and some,
That he hath founde of Cristen faye.

And more-over he made his a-vowe,
To seke kinge Charles in Fraunce
And do him wo ther I-nowe.

"God gif him mosch myschaunce!"—
"A" quod Charles "pat nedith noght,
He shal fynde me nere.
By god, pat dere me boght,
He shal by it ful dere.
I shalle him never leve I-wis
Withinne walle ner withoute,
I swere by god and seinte Denys,
Tille I have sought him oute;
And but if he will Baptised be
And lefe his fals laye, 761 he never shall see Babylon again."
Babyloyne shal he never see
For alle his grete aray.
Anoon to shippe every man 768 They all took ship without delay.
With vitaile and with store,
Euen toward the proud Sawdañ
With-outeñ any more.
Wynde him blewe ful fayre and goode 772 Propitious winds drove them into the river Gase, where they
Into the Ryver of Gaze,
Even over the salte flode 776 landed, 30 miles from Agrenore,
And over the profounde rase.
XXX legeè from Egremour'
By londe for south: it is,
And ther withoute any more
To londe thai wente I-wis, 776 and laid waste the country.
And brente and slougeñ al þat thai fonde,
And stroyed both Toure and towñ. 780 Laban, hearing this news,
Thai lefte no thinge on grounde,
That thai ne bete it dowñ.
Tithinggis were tolde to Laban,
Howe Charles was I-come 784
And slough bouth childe, wyfe, man
And brente and stroyed alle and some
With thre hundred thousand of Bacheleris,
That were both stoute and gaye, 788
And with him al his Dosyperis,
Pepiñ of grete araye.
"And but ye ordeyne remedy,
He wolþ you brenne and slooñ, 792
Youe and youre riche Baronye,
He wolþ leve a-life neuer erne oon."
Whan Laban herde these tidyingys,
His herte woxe alle coole 796 [leaf 20]
And saide "this is a wonder thinge!
Howe durste he be so boolde?
Litill kenmyth he what I may doo,
He dreedith me litil nowe.
But certes he shalle, er' he goo,
To Mahounde I make a vowe.
Sir Lucafer' and Ferumbras
To him dide he calle
And Mavon and Sortebras
And his Barons alle.
I charge you vppon youre legeaunce,
That ye bringe me that gloton,
That clepeth himselfe kinge of Fraunce,
Hidere to my Pavilon.
Kepe him a-live, the remenaunte sle
The xij Peris ychoon !
I shalle tech him curtesye,
I swere by god Mahounde."
Ferumbras anoon than
Arrayed him for to ride
With proude Sarasyns many a man,
That boldely durst a-bide.
Rowlande met with Ferumbras
And gafe him such a stroke
That al astonyed þerof he was,
It made him lowe to stoupe.
Ferombras smote him agayne
With myghte and mayn, with ire
That he stenyed alle his brayne,
Him thought, his eyen were alle on fyrc.
With Lucafer' Oliver' mette,
And hit him on the sheeld
A stroke, that was right wel sette;
A quarter flye in the feelde.
Thus thai hurtele to-gedere
Alle the lefe longe daye,
Nowe hider and nowe theder;
Mony an hors wente ther astray.
The Dosyperis thay foughten wele,
Duke Neymys and Oger, With goode swordes of fyne stele And so dide Gye and Syr Bryer. Ferumbras was euer a-bowte To fyghte with Olyvere, And Olyuer with-oute dowte Leyde on with goode chere. Kinge Charles saugh Ferumbras, To him fast he rode And it on the helme with his mace, That stroke sadlye abode. Ferumbras was woode for woo, He myght for prees come him to For no worldis thinge, that myght be tho. Kinge Charles anoon Joyeoute-drowe, And with his owen honde XXX Sarseyuys ther he slowe, That laie dede vppone the sonde; Many of hem therfore made joy Inowe. Sir Lukafer of Baldas, He presed to Charles sone, And saide "Sir, with harde grace, What hastowe here to done ? I behight Laban to bringe the to him And the xij peris alle; Now shaltowe come from al thy kyn Into the Sowdans halle. Yelde the to me" he saide, "Thy life shalle I safe." A stroke on him than Charles layde; He made the Paynym to rafe. He smote him on the helme With mown-Ioye, his gode bronde. Ne hadde he be reskned than, He hade slayn him with his honde.

1 A modern hand has written in the margin "Mount."
but Lukafer is rescued by a great throng.

Roland, drawing Durendale, cleared a space around him and

hammered the heads of the Saracens,

So do the other peers,

and 30,000 Saracens were slain.

At night the Pagans quit the field.

Ferumbras vows, never to desist.

Than came Balde3yn3 with thronge
To reskue there here lorde,
And nubens with hem amonge
And Turkes by one accorde.
Tho Roulande Durnedale oute-drowe
And made Romme¹ abowte.
XL of hem ther he slowe,
Tho were thai in grete dowte.
Roulande as fiers as a lion
With Durnedale² tho dinge
Vpon the Sarsyns crowne,
As harde as he myght flynge.
Duke Neymys and Sir Olyuer',
Gy and Allocreynes of Loreyne,
And alle the noble xij Peris,
Oger' and Bryer' of Brytayne,
Thai foughten as fethfully in fat fight,
The feelda ful of dede men laye.
XXX" thousande, I you plight,
Of Sarsenys ther were slayn.
Al thinge moste haue an ende,
The nyghte come on ful sone,
Every wighte returned to wende;
Ferumbras to his men gan gone
And saide "oure hornes blowe we,
This day haue we a ful ille afraye,
To saie the south and not to lye,
Oure goddis holpe vs not to daye,
What devel fat ever hem eilth.
This bataile was so sharpe in faye,
That many a man it wailyth.
Shalle I never in herte be glade to daye,
Till I may preve my myghte
With Roulande, that proude ladde,
Or with Olyuer', that is so lighte,

¹ See the note. ² Insert: 'gan.'
That evel hath vs ladde;
And in Paris be crowned kinge
In despite of hem alle,
I wole leve for no thinge
What so evere byfalle.
Kinge Charles with grete honour
Wente to his Paviløn;
Of the treyumple he bare the flour
In dispite of Mahounde.
Almyghty God and Seynte Denys
He thanked ful ofte sithe
And oure lady Marie of Paris,
That made hem gladde and blitß.
He recomendide the olde Knightes,
That pat daye hade the victorye,
And charged the yonge with al her myghtes
To have hem in memorye;
For worthynesse wole not be hadde,
But it be ofte soughte,
Ner knighthode wole not ben hadde,
Tille it be dere boghte.
"Therfore ye knightes, yonge of age,
Of oolde ye may now lere,
Howe ye shalle both hurle and rage
In felde with sheeldde and spere.
And take ensample of the xij Peris,
Howe thai have proved her myght,
And howe thai were both wight and fiers
To wyznen honourys in righte.
These hethen houndes we shal a-tame
By God in magiste,
Let us make myrth in goddis name
And to souper nowe goo we."

O Thow, rede Marß Armypotente,
That in the trende baye hase made py trone, 940
That god arte of bataile and regent

unless he be crowned king at Paris.

Charles went to his pavilion and thanked God
He praised the elder knights for having won the victory and exhorted the young ones

They make merry and go to supper.

Prayer addressed to the red Mars Armipotent,
SPRING IS THE TIME OF LOVE.

And rulst alle that alone,
To whom I profre precious present,
To the makande my moone
With heere, body and alle myn entente,
A crowne of precious stoones,
And howe to the I gyfe
Withouten fraude or engyne,
Vppon thy day to make offerynge,
And so shal I ever, while pat I live,
By righte pat longith to my laye,
In worshipe of thy reverence
On thyn owen Tewesdaye
With myrr, aloes and Frankensense,
Vppon condicion that thou me graunte,
The victorye of Cristyn Dogges,
And that I may some hem adaunte
And sle hem down as hogges,
That have done me distruction
And grete disherytaunce
And eke slayn my men with wronge.
Mahounde gyfe hem myschaunce!"

In the semely seson of the yere,
Of softenesse of the sonne,
In the prymsauns of grene vere,
Whan floures spryngyn and bygynne,
And alle the floures in the frithi
Freshly shews here kynde,
Than it is semely therwythi,
That manhode be in mynde;
For corage wole a man to kithi,
If he of menske hauue mynde,
And of loue to lystyn and lithe,
And to seke honur for pat ende.
For he was neuer gode werryour,
That cowde not loue a-ryght;

1 Read: 'sone.'
The Soudan rallies his troops.

For loue hath made many a conquerour;
And many a worthy knighte.
This worthy Sowdan, though he he¿en wer,
He was a worthy conquerour';
Many a contrey with sheld and spere
He conquerede wyth grete honoure.
And his worthy sone Ferumbras,
That kinge was of Alisaundr',
And Lucafer of Baldas,
That cruell kinge of Cassaundr',
That wroghten wonders with here honde
With myghte and mayne for to fyghte,
And over-ride mony a manly londe,
As men of Armes hardy and wighte.
The Sowdan seyinge this myschief,
How Charles hade him a-greved,
That grevaunce was him no thinge lese,¹
He was ful sore ameved.
He sente oute his bassatoures
To Realmes, provynces ferr and ner,
To Townes, Citeis, Castels and Tours,
To come to him ther he were,
To Inde Maior and to Assye,
To Ascoloyne, Venys, Frige and Ethiope,
To Nubye, Turkye and Barbarye,
To Macedoine, Bulgar and to Europe.
Alle these people was gadred to Agremore,
Thre hundred thousand of Sarsyns felle,
Some bloo, some yolowe, some blake as more,
Some horrible and stronge as devel of helle.
He made hem drinke Wilde beestes bloode,
Of Tigre, Antilope and of Camalyon,
As is here vse to egre here mode,
Whan þai in werre to battayle goon.
He saide to hem "my frendes der,
As my trust is alle in you,
¹ Read: 'lefe.'
THE SARACENS SACRIFICE TO THEIR GODS.

On these Frenche dogges, that bene here, Ye moste avenge me nowe, Thai have done me vilanye, Mikille of my people have thay slayn. And yet more-over thay manace me And drive me to my contrey agayn; Wherefore I wole at the bygynnynge To Mahounde and to my goddis alle Make a solempne offernyge; The better shall it vs byfalle. The laste tyme thai were wrothe, We hade not done oure dute. Therefore to saye the southe”. . . . There were many hornys blowe, The preestes senden thikke I-nowe Goolde, and silver thikke thai throwe, With noyse and crye thai beestes slowe, And thought to spede wel I-nowe; And every man his vowe he made To venge the Sowdan of his tene. Here goddis of golde thai wax alle fade, The smoke so grete was hem bitwene. Whan alle was done, the Sowdan than Charged Ferumbras redy to be On the morowe, ere day began, To ride oute of pat Cite

With xxxd thousande of Assiens, Frigys, Paens and Ascoloynes, Turkis, Indeis and Venysyens, Barbarens, Ethiope and Macidoynes, “Bringe him to me, that proude kinge; I shal him teche curtesye, Loke that thou leve for nothinge To sle alle his other mayne, Safe Rouland and Olyuere, That bene of grete renounwe,
FERUMBRAS CHALLENGES 6 CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS TO SINGLE COMBAT. 31

If thai wol reneye her' goddis ther
And leven on myghty Mahounde.

Ferumbras with grete araye
Rode forthe, Mahounde him spede,
Tille he came ny3e ther' Charles lay
By syde in a grene mede.

In a woode he buskede his men
Prively that same tyde,
And with his felowe noon but ten
To kinge Charles he gan ride
And said "sir' kinge, that Arte so kene,
Upon trwes I come to speke with the,
If thou be curteis, as I wene,
Thou wolte graunte a bone to me,
That I mighte fight vpon this grene,
With Rouland, Olyvere and Gye,
Duke Neymes and Oger' I mene,
Ye and Duke Richard of Normandye,
With al sex attones to fight.
My body I profr' here to the
And requyre the, kinge, thow do me right,
As thou art gentille Lord and fre;
And if I may conquere hem in fere,
To lede them home to my Faderis halle;
And if thai me, I graunte the here,
To be thy man, body and alle.
The kinge Answered with wordis mylde
And saide "felowe, þat nedithi nought,
I shalle fynde of my n a Childe,
That shal the fynde that thou hast sought."
The kinge lete calle Sir Roulande
And saide "thou most with this man fight,
To take this bataile here on honde,
Ther-to God gyfe the grace and myghte!
Roulande answered with wordis boolde
And saide "Sir, have me excused!"
Roland refuses to undertake the combat.

He said, certeynly he ne wolde;
The bataile vttirly he refused.

“The laste day ye preyed faste
The oolde knightes of her' worthynes.
Let hem goon forth, I haue no haste,
Thai may goo shewen her' prowess.”

For that worde the kinge was wrothe
And smote him on the mouthe on hye,
The bloode at his nose oute-goth,
And saide “traitour, thou shalt a-bye.”
“A-bye” quod Roulande “wole I noughte,
And traitour was I never none,
By þat lord, þat me dere hath brought!”
And braide oute Durnedale þer' anone.

Roland draws his sword,

but the other barons separate them

and try to conciliate them.

Meanwhile Oliver, who, being sorely wounded, kept his bed, on hearing of this dispute, had armed himself and went to Charles.

He reminds him of his long services, and demands the battle.

Charles remonstrates with him.

But Oliver insists.
“Certes” he saide “I holde the a folke,
But I praye, god sheekle the fro shame.”

Forth he rideth in that Forest,
Tille he gan Ferumbras see,
Where he was light and toke his rest,
His stede renewed til a grene tre.
“Sir” he saide “reste thou welle !
Kinge Charles sente me hidur.
If thou be curteys knyghtes and lele,
Rise vp and let vs fight to-geder.”
Ferumbras sate stille and lough,
Him liste not to rise oute of the place.
“My felowe” quod he “what arte thou ?
Telle me thy name for goddis grace.”
“Sir” he saide “Generys,
A yonge knyghte late dobbet newe.”
“By Mahounde” quod he “thou arte not wyse,
For thy comyng shaltowe sore rewe.
I holde Charles but a foole
To sende the hider to me,
I shall the lerne a newe scole,
If thowe so hardy to fighte be.
I wende, he wolde haue sende Roulande,
Olyuer and iiij mo Dosyperys,
That hade bene myghty men of hondo
Bataile to a-bide stronge and fiers.
With the me liste no playe begynne,
Ride agayn and saye him soo !
Of the may I no worshype wynne,
Though I slough the and such V mo.”
“ Howe lange ” quod Olyuer “ wiltowe plete?
Take thyn armes and come to me,
And prove pat thou saiest in dede,
For boost thou blowest, and penkes1 me.”

Whan Ferumbras herde him speke so wel,

1 Read: ‘as thenketh.”
OLIVER LAYS HOLD OF THE BOTTLES OF BALM,

Oliver lays hold of the bottles of balm,

He caught his helme in grete Ire,

That wroght was of goode fyne stele

With Perlis pight, Rubeis and Saphire.

Olyuer' halpe him it to onlase;

Gilte it was alle abowte.

Ferumbras panked him of his grace

And curteisly to him gan lowte.

Thai worthed vp on here stedes,

To Iuste thai made hem preest,

Of Armes to shewe her myghty dedis

Thai layden here spere in a-reeste,

To-geder thai ronuhen as fire of thonder',

That both here Launuces to-braste.

That they seteñ, it was grete wonder;

So harde it was, pat thygan thresto.

Tho droweñ thai oute here swords kene

And smyten to-geder by one assente.

There thai hitten, it was wele sene;

To sle eche other was here entente.

Syr Ferumbras smote Olyuer'

Vppon the helme righte on hye

With his swerde of metel cler',

That the fyre he made oute-flye.

Olyuer' him hitte agayñ vpon the hede

1 the hede than fulle sore,

He carfe awaye with myght and mayne

The cercle, that sate vpon his crown.

The stroke glode down by his bake,

The Arson he smot ther awaye

And the botelles of bawme withoute lake,

That uppone the grene ther thai laye,

That were trussed by-hynde him faste.

Tho Ferumbras was full woo;

Olyuer' light adown in haste,

The botellis he seased both two,

1 Blank in MS. See the note.
He threwe hem into the River than
As ferr' as he myghte throwe.
"Alas" quod Ferumbras "what doistowe,\textsuperscript{1} manne?"
Thou art wode, as I trowe.
Thai were worth an C nt pounde
To a man, \textit{\textit{pat}} were wounded sore.
Ther was no \textit{preciosour} thinge vppoñ grounde,
That myghte helpe a man more.
Thou shalt aby at Mahounde,
That is a man of myghtes moost.
I shall breke both bake and croŵn
And sle the, ther thou goist."
Tho Olyuer\textsuperscript{2} worth vp agayn,
His swerde he hade oute \textit{I-drawe}.
Ferumbras him smote with mayne
And mente to haeue him slawe.
He smote as doth the dint of \textit{pondir} ;
It glased down by his sheckle
And carfe his stedes neke a-sonder,
That dede he fille in the felde.
Wightly Olyuer\textsuperscript{2} vp-sterte
As Bacherel, doughti of dede,
With swerde in honde him for to hirte
Or Ferumbras goode stede.
That Ferumbras aspied welle,
He rode a-waye than ful faste
And tiede him to a grene hasel,
And come ayen to him in haste
And saide "nowe yelde the to me!"
Thou maiste not longe endure ;
And leve on Mahounde, \textit{\textit{pat}} is so der,\textsuperscript{2}
And thy life I shalle the ensure.\textsuperscript{3}
Thou shalt be a Duke in my contr',
And men haue at thyñ owen wille.
To my Sustir shaltowe wedded be,
\textsuperscript{1} M.S. deistowe. \textsuperscript{2} \textit{Read}: 'free.' \textsuperscript{3} M.S. ensuce.
They take breath. Oliver declares his name.

It were pite the for to spille!"
"Better" quod Olyuer! "shul we dele,

By God that is in magiste,
And of my strokes shaltow more fele,
Er I to the shalle yelde me."

Thai smeten togedder with egre mode,
And nathir of othire dradde;
Thai persed her' hauberkes, that were so goode,
Tille both thayr bodyes bladde.

By mutual consent they stop to take breath.

The blood ran from both their bodies. By mutual consent they stop to take breath.

Ferumbras asks Oliver again his name and kin.

"Thou must be one of the douze-peers, as thou fightest so well."

"I am Oliver, cousin to Charlemagne."

"Thou art welcome here," says Ferumbras;

"thou slewest my uncle,"

"Thou must be one of the douze-peers, as thou fightest so well.

"I am Oliver, cousin to Charlemagne."

"For fer I leve it not ontoolde,
My name is Olyuere certayn,
Cousyn to kyng Charles the boolde,
To whome I shalde the sende
Qwikke or dede this same daye,
By conqueste here in this feelde,
And make the to renye thy laye."

"O" quod Ferumbras than to Olyuer,
"Welcome thou arte in-to this place,
I have desyrede many a yere
To gyfe the harde grace.

Thou slough myñ uncle Sir Persagyne,
The doughty kinge of Italye,
The worthyeste kinge Þat lyued of men,
OLIVER RECEIVES A HEAVY BLOW.

By Mahounde, thou shalt abye!"
Tho thai dongen faste to-gede?  1261
While the lone day endured,
Nowe hither and nowe thider;
Fro strokes wyth sheeldes here bodics pai covered.
And at the laste Olyuer' smote him so
Vppon the helme, fat was of stele,
That his swerde brake in two.
Tho wepen had he never a dele.
Who was woo but Olyuere than?
He saugh noone other remedy.
He saide "sir, as thou art a gentile man,
On me nowe here haue mercy.
It were grete shame I-wis,
And honur' were it noon,
To sle a man wepenles;
That shame wolde never' goon."
"Nay traitour, thou getiste noon.
Hade I here an hundred and moo!
Knele down and yeilde the here anoyn,
And eles here I woole the sloo."
Olyuer' saugh, it wolde not be,
To truste to moch in his grace.
He ranne to the stede, pat stode by the tre,
A swerde he raught in pat place,
That was trussed on Ferumbras stede,
Of fyne stele goode and stronge.
He thought he quyte Ferumbras his mede.
Almoost hadde he abyde to lone;
For in turnynge Ferumbras him smote,
That stroke he mygte welle fele,
It come on hym so hevy and hoote,
That down it made hym to knele.
Tho was Olyuer' sore ashamede
And saide "thou cursed Sarasyne,
1 See the note,
But Oliver returns him fearful stroke. 

Charles, seeing Oliver on his knees, prayed to Christ

Thy proude pride shall be atamed, By God and by seinte Qwyntyne. Thou hast stole on me that dynte, I shall quyte the thyñ hire."

A stroke than Olyuer' him lente, That hym thought his eyeñ wer' on fir? Kinge Charles in his pavilõn was And loked towarde þat fyghte And saugh, howe hers Ferumbras Made Olyuere knele ðow right. Wo was him tho in his herte;

To Þesu Criste he made his mone; It was a sight of peynes smerte, That Olyuere kneled so sone:

"O Lord, God in Trinite, That of myghtis thou ærte moost, By vertue of thy maieste That alle knoweste and waste, Lete not this heten man Thy seruaunte ouercome in fyght, That on the bileve ne kan, Þesu, Lorde, for thy myghte! But graunte thy man the victorie, And the Paynym skomfited to be, As thou ærte Almyghty God of glorye! Nowe mekely, Lorde, I pray to the."

To Charles anoone an Aungel came And broght him tidingges sone, That God had herde his praire? than And graunte him his bone. Tho Charles thanked God above¹
With herte and thought, wordo and dede, And saide "blessed be thou, Lorde almyghty,¹ That helpiste thy seruaunte in mede."

These Champions to-gedir thai gone

¹—¹ See the note.
With strokes grete and eke sure,
Eche of hem donge othir oñ,
Alle the while thai myghte eudur.
Ferumbras brake his swerde
On Olyueris helme on hye.
Tho wexe he ful sore a-ferde ;
He ranne for an othir redyly
And saide "Olyuere, yelde the to me
And leve thy Cristefi laye.
Thoushalte have alle my kingdome free
And alle aftir my daye."
"Fye, Saresyne" quod Olyuere than,
"Trowest thou, that I were wode,
To forsake him, þat made me man
And boght me with his hert blode."
He raught a stroke to Ferumbras,
On his helme it gan dowñ glyde,
It brast his hawberke at þat ras
And carfe hym through-e-oute his syde,
His bare guttis men myght see ;
The blode faste dowñ ranne.
"Hoo, Olyvere, I yelde me to the,
And here I become thy man.
I am so hurte, I may not stonde,
I put me alle in thy grace.
My goddis ben false by water and londe,
I reneye hem alle here in this place,²
Baptised nowe wole I be.
To Ihesu Crist I wole me take,
That Charles the kinge shal sene,³
And alle my goddes for-sake.
Take myn hawberke and do it on the,
Thoushalte have fulþ grete nede.

¹ Probably an error for 'half.'
² In the margin the Scribe adds:—'The merci Ladi helpe.'
³ See the note.
THE SARACENS RUSH OUT OF THE WOOD.

X thousande Sarayns waiten vppon me,
And theryfore go take my stede.
Lay me to-fore the, I the praye,
And lede me to thy tente.

Hye the faste forth in thy way,
That the Sarayns the not hente."
A-noon it was done, as he ordeyned,
And faste forth thai ryden.

The Sarayns anone assembled,
For to haue with hem foughten.
Ferumbras saughe the feelsde thore
Of Sarynes fully filled;

Of Olyvere dradde he ful sore,
That Sarayns shulde him haue killed.
He praide, that he wolde let him down
"Vndir yonde Olyfe tree,
For if ye cast me down here, with hors shoon
Alle to-treden shalle I be."

He priked forth and layde him thar',
Out of the horses tras,
And with his swerde by-gan him wer,
For amonge hem alle he was.
A Sarayn smote him with a spere,
That it brake on pecis thre;
His hauberke myglit he not der,
So stronge and welle I-wroght was he.

He hit pat Sarayns with his swerde
Throughi the helme in-to the brayne.
He made an other as sore aferde,
He smote of his Arme with mayne.
But thane come Roulande with Durnedale
And made way him a-bowte.
He slowe hem down in the vale,
Of him hade thai grete dowte.

The prees of Sarayns was so stronge

1 Read: 'soghten.'
2—2 See the note.
A-boute Roulande that tyde.
Thai sloughen his horsys with thronge,
And dartis throwen on every syde.
Whan Roulande was on his Fete,
Thañ was he woo with-alle.
Many of hem he felte yete
And dede to grounde made hem falle.
At the last his swerde brake,
Thañ hadde he wepyñ noon,
As he smote a Saresyns bake
A-sundre down to the Arsoñ.
Tho was he caught, he myght not flee,
His hondes thañ bounden faste
And lad him forth to here Cite,
And in depe prison they hem caste.
Olyuer' sawe, howe he was ladde,
A sorye mañ thañ was he;
Him hadde leuer to haue bene dede
Than suffren that myschief to be.
Smertly aftire he pursued tho,
To reskue his dere brother.
The prees was so grete, he myghte not so,
It myghte be no othir,
Be he was cowbe¹ by verr' force
With lx of Astopartes.²
Thai hurte him foule and slough his hors
With gauylokes and wyth darts.
Yet on foote, ere he were foolde,
He slough of hem fiftene.
He was not slayñ, as god woolde,
But taken and bounded³ with tene.
Tho were taken to Lucafer',
The proude kinge of Baldas,
Both Roulande and Olyuer'.

¹ *Read*: 'cauglite.'
² *Miswritten for* 'bounden.'
Charles sees them, and calls for a rescue.

Many enemies were slain, but the Saracens had fled with their prisoners, and Charles is obliged to turn back. Under a holm tree they find Ferumbras,

whom he is going to put to death.

But on his requesting to be baptized,

Charles took pity with him,

Gladde was he of that cas.
Kinge Charles was in herte woo,
When he saughe his neuewes so ladde,
He cried to the Frenslimeii tho:
"Rescue we these kyghtes at nede."
The kynge himselfe slough many one,
So rede the Barons bolde.
It wolde not bene, thai were agoñ,
Magre who so woolde.
The Saresyns drew hem to here Cite,
Kinge Charles turned agayne.
He saugh under an holme tre,
Where a knight him semed lay slayñ.
Thederward he rode with swerde in honde.
Tho he saugh, he was alyve;
He lay walowyng vppon the sonde
With blody woundses fyve.
"What arte thou?" quod Charlemayne,
"Who hath the hurte so sore?"
"I am Ferumbras" he saide certayñ,
"That am of hetheii lore."
"O fals Saresyn" quod the kinge,
"Thou shalt have sorowe astyte;
By the I haue lost my two Cosynes,
Thyñ hede shalle I of-smyte."
"O gentil kinge" quod Ferumbrase,
"Olyuere my maister me hight
To be Baptised by goddis grace,
And to dyeñ a Cristen knighte.
Honur were it noon to the
A discoumsfite man ò slo,
That is converted and Baptized wolde be
And thy man bycomeñ also."
The kinge hade pite of him than,
He toke him to his grace
And assyned anoñ a man
ROLAND AND OLIVER ARE BROUGHT TO THE SOUDAN.

To lede him to his place.
He sende to him his surgyne
To hele his woundes wyde.
He ordeyned to him such medicyne,
That sone myght he go and ryde.
The kinge commaunded bishope Turpyn
To make a fonte redy,
To Baptise Ferumbras perin
In the name of god Almyghty.
He sende to him his surgyne
To hele his woundes wyde.
He ordeyned to him such medicyne,
That sone myght he go and ryde.
The kinge commaunded bishope Turpyn
To make a fonte redy,
To Baptise Ferumbras perin
In the name of god Almyghty.
He ordayne the kinge alle him calle,
He forsoke the foule feende of helle
And his fals goddis alle.
Nought for than Ferumbras
Alle his life cleped was he,
And afterwarde in somme place,
Floreyne of Rome Cite.
God for him many myracles sheweth,
So holy a man he by-came,
That witnessith both lerned and lewde,
The fame of him so ranne.

Owe for to telle of Roulande
And of Olyuere, that worthy was,
Howe thai were brought to the Sowdaft
By the kinge of Boldas.
The Sowdaft hem sore affrayned,
What pat here names were.
Roland saide and noght alayned:
"Syr Roulande and sire Olyuere,
Neewe to Kinge Charles of Fraunce,
That worthy kinge and Emperoure,
That nowe are takyn by myschaunce
To be prisoneres here in thy toure."
"A, Olyuer, arte thou here ?
That haste my sone distroyede,

1 'was.'
And Rouland that are his sire,
That so ofte me hath annoyed.
To Mahounde I make a vowe here,
That to morne, ere I do eat,
Ye shulle be slayn both in dire,
And lives shalle ye bothe lote.”

Tho saide maide Florepas:
“Ye shulle be avysed of this cas,
Now and in what manere
My brothir, pat is to prisoun take,
May be delyucred by hem nowe,
By cause of these two knightes sake,
That bene in warde here with you.
Wherefore I counsaile you, my fader dere,
To have mynde of Sir Ferumbras.
Pute hem in youre prisoun here,
Tille ye haue better space.
For hem, pat ye haue here;
And certeyn elles wolde he be slayn,
That is to you so lefe and dere.”

“A, Floripp, I-blessed thou bee,
Thy counsaile is goode at nede,
I wolde not leve my sone so free,
So Mahounde moost me spede,
For al the Realme of heten Spayne,
That is so brode and large.
Sone clepe forth my gaylour Bretonayn,
That he of hem hadde his charge,
“Caste hem in your prisoun depe,
Mete and drinke gyfe hem none,
Chayne hem faste, pat thay not slepe;
For here goode daies bene a-gone.”
Tho were thay cast in prisoun depe;  

1 Read: 'dirke.'
Every tyde the see came inne.
Thay myght not see, so was it myrke,
The watir wente to her chynne.
The salte watir hem greved sore,
Here woundis sore did smerte.
Hungir and thurste greved heme yet more,
It wente yet more nere here herte.
Who maye live withoute mete?

1540 At high tide the sea filled their deep cells.

Thay came inne.
They suffered much from the salt water, from their wounds, and from hunger.

1548 On the sixth day,

1544 They suffered much from the salt water, from their wounds, and from hunger.

Thay myght not see, so was it myrke,
The watir wente to her chynne.
The watir wente to her chynne.
The salte watir hem greved sore,
Here woundis sore did smerte.
Hungir and thurste greved heme yet more,
It wente yet more nere here herte.
Who maye live withoute mete?

1548 On the sixth day,

1544 They suffered much from the salt water, from their wounds, and from hunger.

So on a daye, as God it wolde,
Floripas to hir garde̜n wente,
To geder Floures in morne colde.
Here maydyns from hir she sente,
For she herde grete lamentacion
In the Priso̜n, that was ther nye ;
She supposed by ymagynacion,
That it was the prisoners sory.
She wente her' nerr' to here more,
Thay wailed for defaute of mete.
She rued on hem anoon ful sore,
She thought, how she myght hem beste it gete.
She spake to her Maistras Maragounde,
Howe she wolde the prisoneres fede.
The develle of helle hir confounde,
She wolde not assente to pat dede,
But saide “Damesel, thou arte woode,
Thy Fadir did vs alle defende,
Both mete and drinke and othere goode
That no man shulde hem thider sende.”
Floripe by-thought hir on a gyle
And cleped Maragounde anoon rigit,
To the wyndowe to come a while
And se ther a wonder syght :
“Loke oute” she saide “and see a ferr'
The Porpais pley as thay were wode." 1576
Maragounde lokede oute, Floripe come ner'
And shofed hire oute in to the flode.
"Go there" she saide "the devel the spede!
My counsell shaltowe never biwy.
Who so wol not helpe a man at nede,
On evel deth mot he dye!"
She toke with hire maidyns two,
To Britomayne she wente hir waye 1584
And saide to him, she moste go
To visete the prisoneres that daye,
And saide "sir, for alle loues,
Lete me thy prisoneres seon.
I wole the gife both goode and gloues,
And counsell shalle it beon."
Brytomayne that Taylor kene
Answered to hir sone agayne 1592
And saide "Damesel, so mote I theyn,
Tha I worthy to be slayny.
Hath not youre Fader charged me,
To kepe hem from every wyght?"
And yet ye wole these traytours see?
I wole goo telle him Anoon right."
He gan to turne him anone for to go,
To make a playnte on Floripas. 1600
She sued him as faste as she myghte go,
For to gif him harde grace.

The gaoler threatened to complain to her father, 1576
but Floripas,

having seized his key-clog, 1604
\[\text{Read: 'mente.'}\]
\[1\]

She then went to tell her father, [leaf 40]
she had surprised the gaoler feeding the prisoners and
She sueued him as faste as she myghte go,
For to gif him harde grace.
And how the covenante made was,
Whan thai shulde delyuered be;
Wherefore I slough him with a mace.
Dere Fadir, forgif it me!"
"My doghtir dere, that arte so free,¹
The warde of hem now gif I the.
Loke, here sorowe be evere newe,
Tille that Fernubras delyuered be."
She thanked her Fadere fele sithe
And toke her maydyns, and forth she goth,
To the prisone she hyed hire swyth.
The prisōn dore vp she dothe
And saide "sires, what be ye,
That make here this ruly moone?
What you lakkith, tellyth me;
For we be here nowe alle alone."
Tho spake Roulande with hevy chere
To Floripe, that was bothe gentè and tre,
And saide "lo, we two caytyfes here
For defaute of mete dede moste be.
vj dayes be comŷn and goon,
Sith we were lokèd in prisōn here,
That mete nor drinke hade we noon
To confortè with oure hevy cher."
But woolde god of myghtes moost,
The Sowdoii wolde let vs oute goon,
We to fight withi alle his Ooste,
To be slayn in feelde anoon.
To murthir men for defaute of mete,
It is grete shame tille a kinge;
For every man most nedes etc,
Or ellis may he do no thinge."
Tho saide Floripe with wordes mylde,
"I wolde fayne, ye were now here,
From harme skath² I wole you shelfe,
Read: 'trew.' ² Read: 'harme & skathe.'
And gife you mete with right gode cher."
A rope to hem she lete down goon,
That above was teyde faste. 1648

She and hir maydys drewe per vpon,
Tille vp thay hadde hem at the last.

She led hem into here chambr dere,
That arrayed for hem was right wele,
Both Roulande and Olyvere, 1652

There they ate,
And gave hem there a right gode mele.
And when thay hadde ete al eir fille,
A bath for hem was redy there, 1656
Ther-to thay went ful fayre and stille,
And aftyr to bedde with right gode cher.

The Soudan knew
nothing of his
prisoners being
in Floripas' chamber.

There they ate,
And gave hem there a right gode mele.
And whan thay hadde ete al eir fille,
A bath for hem was redy there,
Ther-to thay went ful fayre and stille,
And aftyr to bedde with right gode cher.

Meanwhile
Charlemagne
tells Guy that
he must go
to the Soudan to

demand the
surrender of
Roland and
Oliver,
and of the relics
of Rome.

They were ful mery in that Dongeoun,
For of hem wiste man never one.
Now let e we his be and mery make,
Tille god sende him gode delyverance.

After the tyme, pat thay were take,
What did Charles, the king of Fraunce,
Til-er woole we speke nowe,
Howe he cleped forth Sir Gy 1664
And saide "on my message shaltowe,
Therfore make the faste redy,
To bidde the Soudon sende me my Nevepes both
And the Relques also of Rome ;
Or I shall make him so wrothi,
He shaH not weie what to done.
And by pat god, pat hath me wroght,
I shal him leve Towre ner Town. 1672
This bargai shal so dere be bought
In dispite of his god Mahou,

Duke Neymes of Bauer' vp stert than
And saide "Sir, hastowe no mynde, 1680
How the cursed Sowdaun Laban
Alle messengeris doth he shende?
Ye haue lost inowe, lese no mo
Onworthy Olyuer and Roulande."
"By god, and thou shalt with him go,
For al thy grete brode londe."

Ho Ogere Danoys, þat worthy maþn,
"Sir" he saide "be not wroth!
For he saith south."—"go thou than!"
By Gode thou shalt, be thou never so loth."

Sire" quod Bery Lardeneys,
"Thou shalt hem se never more."—
"Go thou forth in this same rees,
Or it shalle the repente ful sore."

Liste ye youre Barons to lese?"—
"Certis, this is a wondir thinge!
Go thou also, thou shalt not chese!"

Leroyse rose vp anone
And to the kinge þan gaþ he speke
And saide "what thinke ye, sir, to done?"—
"Dresse the forth with hem eke!"

Iron of Brabane spake an worde
And saide "Sir, thou maiste do þy wille.
Knowist thou not that cruel lorde,
How he wolst thy Barons spille?"—
"Trusse the forth eke, sir Dasaberde,
Or I shalle the sone make!
For of all thinge thou arte aferde,
Yet arte thou neyther hurte ner take."

Bishop Turpin kneeld down
to implore the king's mercy,
but he must go too,
as well as

Bernard of Spruwse
Thou maiste haue neade to hem yette."—
"Thou shalt goon eke for alle thy boost,
Haue done and make the fast yare!
Of my neade gyse thou no coost,
Ther-of haue thou right no care!"

B
Ryer of Mounte3, pat marqwy3 bolde,
Was not aferde to him to speke.
To the kinge sharply he tolde,

His witte was not worth a leke:
"Woltowe for Angre thy Barons sende
To pat Tiraunte, pat alle men sleith?
Or thou doist for pat ende,
To bringe thy xij peres to the deth."
The kinge was wroth and swore in halle
By him, pat boght him with his blode:
"On my messange shall ye goñ alle!
Be ye never so wroth or wode."

Thay toke here lefe and forthi thay yede,
It availed not agayne him to sayne.
I pray, god gif hem gode spede!
Ful harde it was to comeñ agayñ.

Owe let hem passe in goddis name,
And speke we of the Sowdoñ,
Howe he complayned him of his grame,
And what that he myght beste done.
"Sortybraunnce and Bronlande" seyde he,
(Of counsil ye be fulle wyse.
How shal I do to avenge me
Of kinge Charles, and in what wyse?
He brenyth my Toures and my Citees,
And Burges he leveth me never oon.
He stroieth my meñ, my londe, my fees.
Thus shalle it not longe goon.
And yet me greveth most of alle,
He hath made Ferumbras renay his laye.

1 See the note.
Therfore my counselors I calle,  
To remedy this, howe thay best maye.  
For me were lever that he were slayn,  
Thane he a Cristen hounde shulde be,  
Or withi Wolfes be rente and slayn,  
By Mahounde myghty of dignyte.”  
To answerde Sortybraunce and Broulande  
And saide “gode counsaile we shal you gyfyn,  
If thowe wilte do afyr covenante,  
It shal you profite, while you lyven.  
Take xij knightis of worthy dede  
And sende hem to Charles on message nowe.  
A-raye hem welle in roial wede,  
For thý honour and for thy prowe.  
Bidde Charles sende thy sone to the  
And voyde thy londe in alle haste,  
Or ellis thou shalt him honge on a tre,  
As hye, as any shippes maste.”  
“Nowe by Mahounde” quod Laban,  
“This counseil is both trewe and goode,  
I shalle him leve for no man  
To parforme this, though he wer’ woode.”  
He did his lettris write in haste,  
The knightes were called to goo perwith,  
That thay hyze hełi to Charles faste  
And charke1 hym vpvoñ life and lithe.  
Forth thai ride towarda Mantrible þañ,  
In a medowe, was Fayre and grene,  
Thai mette withi Charles messageris teñ.  
Duke Neymes axed heñ, what thai wolde mene,  
And saide “Lordynges, whens come ye?”  
And whider ye are mente, telle vs this tyde.”  
“Fromí the worthy Sowldoñ” than saide he,  
“To Charles on message shalle we ride,

1 Sic in MS. Query—‘charge.’
THE PEERS KILL THE SOUDAN'S MESSENGERS.

Euel tithyngges we shalle him telle,
Fro Laban, that is lorde of Spayne.
Farewele, felowes, we may not dwelle.”
   “A-bye” quod Gy “and turne agayne,
We wole speke with you), er ye goon,
For we be messengeris of his.
Ye shal aby everichone,
So God brynge me to blis,”

Anoon here swerdes oute thay brayde
And smotene down right al a-boute.
Tille the hetheñ were down layde,
Thai resyneyd many a sore cloute.

Thai smyteñ of here hedes alle,
Eche mañ toke one in his lappe.
Fal what so ever byfalle,
To the Soudon wole they trappe.
Tille thai come to Egremoure,
Thai stynte for no worldes thinge ;
Anone thai fonde the Sawdañ thore,
At his mete prouedly sittynge,

And þat maide fair' Dame Floripas
And xiiij princes of grete price
And kinge Lukafer' of Baldas,
Thas was both bolde, hardy and wyse.
Doughty Duke Neymes of Bano' 
To the Soudone his message tolde
And saide “god, þat maide heven so cler,
He saue kinge Charles so bolde
And confounde Labañ and all his men,
That on Mahounde byleved,¹
And gife hem ever endinge ! amen.
To morue, longe er it be everñ,
He commandith the vppoñ thy life
His Neewes home to him sende,
And the Religes² of Rome withoute strife ;
¹ Read: ‘byleven.’ ² Read: ‘reliques.’
THE PEERS ARE IMPRISONED IN FLORIPAS’ TOWER.  53

And ellis getist thou an evel ende!

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

xij lurdeynes mette vs on the waye;

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Thai saide, thay come streight fro the.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Thai made it both stoute and gay;

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Here hedis here maistowe see.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Thai saide, thai wolde to Charles goon,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Evel tidingges him to telle.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Loo here here heddis enerychone,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Here soulis bene in helle.”

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

“O” quod Lavane “what may this be,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

To suffr this amonge my knightes alle?

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

To be rebuked thus here of the

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

At mete in myn owen halle!

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

To Mahounde myghty I make a vowe,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Ye shall be hanged alle ten,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Anoon as I have eten I-nowe,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

In presence of alle my men.”

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Maide Floripas answered tho

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

And saide “my derworth Fadir der’!

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

By my counsaile ye shal not so,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Tille ye haue your Barons alle in fer’,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

That thai may se what is the best,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

For to deluyere my brother Sir Ferumbras.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

And aftirward, if pat ye liste,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Ye may gife hem ful evel grace.”

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

“Gramercy, doghter, thou saieste welle,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Take hem alle into thy warde.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Do feter hem faste in Iren and stele

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

And set hem in strayzte garde.

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Thus was I neuer rebukede er nowe;

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Mahounde myghty gyfe hem sorowe!

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Thay shalle be flayn and honged on a bowe,

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Longe ere tyme1 to morowe.”

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

Florip toke these messangeris

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

And ladde hem vp in-to here tou’;

They then
produce the heads
of the Soudan’s
messengers.

1 Read: ‘I dyne.’  See the note.
There thai founde two of here feris.
Thay thanked thereof god of honoure.
Tho sayde Duke Neymys of Bauer:
"Gladde men we be nowe here,
To fynde Roulande and Olyuer?
In helthe of bodye and of goode cher."
Thai kissed eche other with herte gladde
And thanked god of his grace ;
And eche tooke othir, howe thay sped hadde,
And howe thay come in-to that place
By helpe of mayde Floripī hire self,
"God kepe hir in honoure !"
For thus hath she brought vs lider alle twelwe,
To dwelle in hir owen boure."

After washing,
Tho thay wessh and wente to mete,
And were served welle and fyne
Of suche goode, as she myght gete,
Of Venysoñ, brede and gode wyne.
There thai were gladde and wel at ease;
The Soudon ne wist it noght.

And then went to sleep.
Aftyr thay slepe and toke her ese,
Of no man thañ thay ne roght.
On the morowe Floripī, that mayde fre,
To Duke Neymes spake in game :
"Sir gentil knight," tho saide she,
"Telle me, what is your name."
"Whi axe ye, my lady dere,
My name here to knowe alle?"
"For he¹ spake with so bolde chere
To my Fadir yestirdaye in his halle.
Be not ye the Duke of Burgoyne, sir Gūy,
Nevewe unto the kinge Charles so fre?"
"Noe, certes, lady, it is not I,
It is yondir knight, pat ye may see."
"A, him have I loved many a day ;
¹ Sie in MS. Read: 'ye.'
GUY CONSENTS TO TAKE HER FOR HIS WIFE.

And yet knowe I him noght.
For his loue I do alle that I maye,
To chere you with dede and thought.
For his love wille I cristenede be
And lefe Mahoundes laye.
Spekith to him nowe for me,
As I you truste maye;
And but he wole graunte me his loue,
Of you askepe shalle none here.
By him, pat is almyghty above,
Ye shalle abyde it ellis ful dere."
Tho wente Duke Neymes to Sir Gye
And saide "This ladye lovetli the,
For thy loue she maketh us alle merye,
And Baptizede wole she be.
Ye shalle hir take to your wedded wife,
For alle vs she may saue."
" By God " quod Gye " pat gafe me life,
Hire wole I never hane,
Wyle I neuer take hire ner no woman,
But Charles the kinge hir me gife.
I hight him, as I was trewe man,
To holde it, while I lyve."
Tho spake Roulande and Olyuer,
Certyfyinge him of her" myschefe,
Tellinge him of the parellcs, pat pay in wer,
For to take this lady to his wedded wife.
" But thou helpe in this node,
We be here in grete doute.
Almyghty god shalle quyte thy mede,
Elles come we nevere hommys oute."
Thus thay treted him to and fro;
At the laste he sayde, he wolde.
Floripas thay cleped forth tho;
And brought fourth a Cuppe of golde,
Ful of noble myghty wyne,
And saide "my loue and my lorde, 1928
Myn herte, my body, my goode is thyñ,"
And kissed him with that worde,
And "sir" she saide "drinke to me,
As the Gyse is of my londe ; 1932
And I shalle drinke agayñ to the,
As to my worthy hosbunde."
They clipped and kissed both in fere
And made grete Joye and game,
And so did alle, that were ther ;
Thai made ful mery alle in same.
Theo spake Floripas to the Barons boolde
And saide "I haue armur? I-nowe ;
Therfore I tel you\), what I wolde,
And pat ye dide for your prowé.
To morue, whañ my Fadir is at his souper\),
Ye shalle come in alle attonys ;
Loke ye spare for no fere,
Sle downñ and breke bothi bake and bones ;
Kithe youñ knightis of hardynesse !
Ther is none helpe, but in this wyse,
Then moste ye sheweñ youre provés,
And wynne this Castel in this guyse."
Thai sayden alle, it was welle saide,
And gladde thay were of this counsaile.
Here armur? was forthñ layde,
At souper the Sowdoñ to assaile.
Kinge Lucaferè prayde the Sawdoñ,
That he wolde gif him lysisce,
To the prisoners for to goon,
To see the maner of her presence.
He gafe him lefe, and forth he wente
Vp vnto Floripas Toure.
To asspie the maner was his entët,
Heñ to accuse agayne honoure.
Whañ he come, he founde the dore fast I-stoke,
He teaches them a new game.

He smote there-on with his fist,
That the barre began to broke.
To make debate, let him list.

"Who artowe" quod Floripas
"Put maketh her such araye?"
"I am kinge Lucafere of Baldas,
The Sowdon sente me hidir in faye;
To seeñ his prisoneris is my desire.
And speke with hem everychoñ,
To talke with hem by the fire.
And speke of dedis of Armes amonge."
Tho saide Duke Neymes "welcome be ye
To us prisoners here!
What is your will, nowe telle ye;
For we be men of feble chere."
"I woolde wete of Charles the kinge,
What mañ he is in his contre,
And what mayne he hath, and of what thinge
He rekyneth moost his dignyte."
Duke Neymes saide "an Emperoure
And kinge he is of many a londe,
Of Citeis, Castels, and many a Toure,
Dukes, Erles, Barons bowynge to his honde."
"But saye me, felowe, what is your vse,
To do in cont' after the none.
And what is the custome of your hous,
Tille men to souer shalle gone?"
"Sir, somme men iouste with sper and shelde,
And somme men Carol and singe gode songes,
Some shote with dartis in the feelde,
And somme play at Chesse amonge."
"Ye bene but foulis of gode dissporte;
I wolde you tech a newe play.
Sitte downe here by one assorte,

1 These two lines are written as one in the MS.
2 MS. iuste.
With a thread he fastened a needle on a pole and put a burning coal upon it.

He blew it at Naymes's beard and burnt it.

Duke Neymes waxed wroth, and snatching a burning brand from the fire he smites at Lukafer and throws him into the fire, where he was roasted to charcoal.

Floripas applauds this, but points out their danger, and advises them to arm.

At supper time she goes to her father.

And better myrthe never ye saye."

He teyde a tredde on a pole
With an nedil ther-on I-fest,
And ther vppo'n a qwik' cole.

He bade every man blowe his blast.
Duke Neymes hade a long berde,
Kinge Lucafer' blewe eve'n to hyin,
That game hade he never before lered.

He brent the her' of Neymes berde to the skyne.
Duke Neymes than gan wex wroth,
For he hade brente his berde so white
To the Chymneye forth he goth
And caught a bronde him with to Smyte.

With a goode wille he him smote,
That both his eye'n bresten oute.

He caste him in the fire al hote;
For sothe he hadde a right gode cloute.
And with a fyre forke he helde him doune,
Tille he were rosted to colis ilkadele.

His soule hade his god Mahouin.
Florip bade him warme him wele.
"Sires" tho saide Floripas,
"Entendith nowe al to me!"

This Lucafer' of Baldas Was a lorde of grete mayne.

My Fadir hade him euer yn cher' I telle you for sothe everydele,
He wolde anoöi after him enqu'er, And therefore loke, ye arme you well!" Florip wente in, as the maner was, To here Fadir at souper tyme.

No man spake worde of kinge Baldas, Ner no man knewe of his sharp pyne.
The xij peris armed hem wel and fyne With swerdes drawe and eg' chere.

While thay mery\(^1\) drinkyng\(^2\) the wyne

\(^1\) Missetten for 'were'?\(^2\)
And sittinge alle at here souper.
Thai reheted the Sowdôñ and his Barons alle
And madeñ orders wondir fast,
Thai slowe down alle, þat were in the halle,
And made hem wondirly sore a-gast.
Olyvere eegerly sued Laban
With swerd I-drawe in his honde.
Oute at the wyndowe lepte he þan
Vppoñ the salte see stronde,¹
And he skaped away from hime,
But woo was he þerfore,
That he went awaye withi lynñ
To worche hem sorowe more.
Roulande than came rennynges
And axed, where was Laban.
Olyvere answerede moornynges
And saide, howe he was agoon.
Tho thai voided the Courtes at the last
And sloweñ tho, that wolde a-bide,
And drewe the brigge and teyed it fast,
And shitte the gatis, that were so wyde.
Laban, that by the ebbe escaped,
Of harde, er he come to londe,
He alle astonyed and a-mapide,²
For sorowe he wronge bothi his honde
And made a vowe to Mahounde of myght,
He wolde that Cite wynne
And never go thens by day nor nyght,
For foo, for frende, ner for kynne.
"And tho traytouris will I do honge,
On a Galowes hye with-oute the gate ;
And my Doghter, þat hore stronge,
I-brente shal be there-ate.
To mauntrible he gan sende amoon
Aftir men and tentis goode,

¹ MS. strowde. ² Read: 'a-mapide.'
The Soudan besieges the castle.

Engynes, and besieged at Agreraore.

Floripas recommends the peers to enjoy themselves.

In the morning the Soudan attacks the castle, but is repulsed.

And Engynes to throwe with stoon
And goode armur many foolde.
The sege he did leyen a-bowte
On every side of that Cite.
To wallis with Engynes thai gan rowte,
To breke the Toures so fre.

Tho saide Florip, "lordingges goode,
Ye bene biseged in this toure,
As ye bene wight of mayne and moode,
Proveth here to saue youre honour.
The toure is stronge, drede you\ nought,
And vitayle we have plente.

Charles wole not leve you\ vnsought ;
Truste ye welle alle to me.

Therefore go we soupe and make merye,
And takith ye alle your ease ;
And xxx\ maydens lo here of Assyne, 1
The fayrest of hem ye chese.
Take your sporte, and kith you\ knyghtes,
Whan ye shalle haue to done ;

For to morowe, when the day is light,
Ye mooste to the wallis goon
And defende this place with caste of stoon
And with shotte of quarelles and darte.

My maydyns and I shal\ bringe goode wone,
So eueryche of us shalle bere hir parte."

On morowe the Sowdon made assaute
To hem, that were with-Inne,
And certes in hem was no defaute,
For of hem myght thay nought wynne.
Here shotte, here cast was so harde,
Thay durste not nyzhe the walle.

Thay drowen hem bakwarde,
Thay were bete\ over alle.

King Laba\ turnede to his tentes agayn,

1 Read: 'Assye.'
He was nere wode for tene,  
He cryede to Mahounge and Apolyne  
And to Termagaunte, pat was so kene,  
And saide "ye goddes, ye slepe to longe,  
Awake and helpe me nowe,  
Or ellis I may singe of sorowe a songe,  
And of mournynge right I-nowe.  
Wete ye not wele, that my tresoure  
Is alle with-inne the walle?  
Helpe me nowe, I saye therfore,  
Or ellis I forsake you alle."  
He made grete lamentacioñ,  
His goddis byganne to shake.  
Yet that confortede his meditacioñ,  
Supposinge thay didde awake.  
He cleped Brenlande to aske counsaile,  
What was beste to done,  
And what thinge myght hiñ moste avayle,  
To Wynne the Cite sone.  
"Thou wotist welle, pat alle my tresour'  
Is there in here kepinge,  
And my daughter, pat stronge hore,  
God yif her evelle endyng'!"  
"Sir" he saide "ye knowe welle,  
That Toure is wondir stronge.  
While þay haue vitayle to mele,  
Kepeñ it thay wole fulle longe.  
Sende to Mauntreble, your' cheif Cite,  
That is the keye of this londe,  
That noñ passe, where it so be,  
With-oute youre speciall sonde,  
To Alagolofur, þat geaunte stronge,  
That is wardeyne of þat pas,  
That no man passe that brigge alonge,  
But he have special grace.  
So shalle not Charles with his meyne.
Espiard is despatched to Mantrible,

Reskowe than Agramoure.

Thañ thay shalle enjamyched be,
That shalle hem rewe ful sore."—

"Mahoundis blessynge have thou and myne,
Sortybrunce, for thy rede."—

"Espyarde, messanger' myne,
In haste thou most the spede
To my Cite Mavntreble,
To do my message there,
To Alogolofi', pat giaunte orrible.
Bydde him his charge wele here,
And tel him, howe that the laste daye
Ten fals traytours of Fraunce
Passed by that same waye
By his deaute with myschaunce,
Charginge him vppoñ his hede to lese,
That no man by the brigge, 1
Be it rayne, snowe or freze,
But he his heede down ligge."

Espiarde spedde him in his waye,
Tille he to Mantrible came,
To seke the giaunte, ther he laye
On the banke bysyde the Dame,
And saide "the worthy Sowndoñ,
That of alle Spayn is lorde and sir',
Vppoñ thy life commaundeth the anoñ,
To deserue better thyn hire.
The laste day thou letist here passe
Ten trattoures of douse Fraunce.

God gisse the evel grace,
And hem also moche myschaunce!
He charged the vppoñ life and dethi,
To kepe this place sikerlye;
While in thy body lasteth the breth,
Lette nooñ enemye passe ther'bye."  

1 See the note.
Alagolofur rolled his yea
And smote with his axe on the stone
And swore by Termagaunte and Apolyne,
That ther-by shulde passen never one,
But if he smote of his hede,
And brought it to his lorde Laban,
He wolde never ete no brede,
Nere never loke more on mañ.
xxiiij Cheynes he didde over-drawe,
That noo man passe myght,
Neyther for lune nere for awe,
No tyme by daye, nere by nyghte.
"Go, telle my lorde, I shalit kepe ;
On payne of my grete heede
Shalle ther no mañ goo ner crepe,
But he be take or dede."
This geaunte hade a body longe
And hede, like an libarde.
Ther-to he was devely stronge,
His skynne was blake and harde.
Of Ethiope he was bore,
Of the kinde of Ascopartes.
He hade tuskes, like a bore,
An hede, like a liberde.
Laban nolde not forgete
The saute to renewe,¹
To wynne the Toure, he wolde not lete.
Here trumpes lowde thay blewe.
Every man wente to the walle,
With pikeyes or with bowe.
Thay made assante generalle,
The walles downe to throwe.
But thay with-inne bare hem soo,
Thay slowe of the Saresyns iij hundred.
Thay wroghten hem both care and woo,

¹ These two lines are written as one in the MS.
Laban threatens to hang them, and utters impreca-
tions against Floripas, who returns them.

The soudan calls for Mavon, his engineer, and orders him to
direct a mangonel against the walls.

Mavon knocked down a piece of the battlements.

Roland and Oliver lament;

they are comforted by Floripas.

Vppon her fightinge that wondride.
Tho cryed Laban to hem on hye,
"Traytours, yelde you to me,
Ye shall be hongede els by and bye
Vppon an hye Galowe tree."
Tho spake Florip to the Sowdoñ
And sayde "thou fals tyraunte,
Were Charles come, thy pride we' done
Nowe, cursede myscreaunte.
Alas! that thou ascapediste soo
By the wyndowe vppon the stronde,
That thy nek' hade broke a-two!
God sende the shame and shonde!"
"A! stronge hore, god gife the sorowe!
The[u] venemouse serpente.
With the wilde horses\(^1\) thou shalt be drawe to morowe,
And on this hill be brente,
That al men may be war' by the,
That cursed bene of kynde.
And thy love shalle honged be,
His hondes bouade him byhynde."
He called forth Mavon, his Engynour',
And sayde "I charge the,
To throwe a magnelle to yon tour',
And breke it downe on thre."
Mavon set vp his engyne
With a stooñ of .vj. C wightly,
That wente as even as eny lyne,
And smote a cornell down right.
Woo was Roulande and Olyuer',
That pat myschief was be-falle,
And so were alle the xij peres;
But Florip thañ conforte hem alle:
"Sires" she saide "beithi of goode chere!
This Toure is stronge I-nowe.

\(^1\) See the note.
He may cast twies or thries or he hit ayen þer,¹
For sothe I telle it you.
Marsedage, the royalle kinge,
Rode in riche weede,
Fro Barbary commyng,
Vppoñ a sturdy stede,
Cryinge to hem vppoñ the walle:
"Traytouris, yelde yow here!"
Brenne you alle ellis I shalle,
By myghty god Iubyter."

Guy aspied, that he came nev',
A darte to hime he threwe ful even,
He smote him throwe herte & liver in fer'.
Dame Floripe lough with londe steven
And saide "Sir Gye, my lune so free,
Thou kanste welle hit the prikke.
He shall make no booste in hiscontre;
God gifte him sorowe thikke!"

Whañ Labañ herde of this myschief;
A sory mañ was he.
He trumped, his mene to relese;
For to cease that tyme mente he.
Mersadage, kinge of Barbarye,
He did carye to his tente,
And beryed him by right of Sarsenye
With brennyinge fire and riche oynemente,
And songe the Dirige of Alkaron,
That bibill is of here laye,
And wayled his deth everychoñ,
vij nyghtis and vij dayes.
Anooñ the Sowdoñ, south to say;
Sente iiij hundrid of knightis,
To kepe the brigge and the waye
Oute of that Castil rightis,
That nooñ of hem shulde issue outhe,
¹ See the note.

CHARL. ROM. V.

¹ See the note.
To feche vitayle by no waye.
He charged hem to wacche wel all abowte,
That thay for-famelid myght dye.
Thus thay kepte the place vij dayes,
Tille alle hire vitaile was nyge spente.
The yates thay pas the streyte weyes.
Tho helde thai hem with-in I-shente.
Tho spake Roulande with hevy chere
Woordes lamentable,
Whan he saugh the ladies so whijte of ler',
Faile brede on here table,
And saide "Charles, thou curneys kinge,
Why forgetist thou vs so longe?"
This is to me a wondir thinge ;
Me thinkith, thou doiste vs grete wronge,
To let vs dye for faute of mete,
Closed thus in a dongeōn.
To morowe wol we asaye what we kon gete,
By god, that beritlie the crown."
Tho saide Floripas "sires, drede noghte
For noon houngr that may befalle.
I knowe a medycyne in my thoughte
To conforte you with alle.
I have a girdil in my Forcer,
Who so girde hem ther-with aboute,
Hunger ner thirste shal him neuer dere,
Though he were vij yere with-oute."
"O" quod Sir Gy "my lune so trewe,
I-blessed mote ye be !
I pray you, that ye wolde us alle hit shewe,
That we may haue oure saule.
She yede and set it forthi anoōn,
Thai proved alle the vertue,
And diden it aboute hem everychoōn.
It comforted alle both moo and fewe,
As thai hade bene at a feste.
MAPYN ENTERS FLORIPAS' CHAMBER.

So were thay alle wele at ease,
Thus were thai refreshed both moost & lest
And weren before in grete diseese.
Laban wondred, how thai myght endure
With-oute vitaile so lone.
He remembred him on Floripas sanctur',
And of the vertue so stronge.
Tho wiste he welle, that throughi famyine
Might he hem never wynne.
He cleped to him fals Mapyne,
For he coude many a fals gynne:
He coude scale Castel and Toure
And over the walles wende.
“Mapyne” he saide “for myn honoure,
Thou mooste haue this in mynde:
That hore, my doghter; a girdil hath she,
From hounger it savvyth hem alle,
That wonnen may thay never be,
That foule mote hir bifalle!
Kanstowe gete me that girdill by craft,
A thousande pounde than shal I gefe the;
So that it be there not lefte,
But bringe it hither to me.
Thou kanste see by nyghte as welle
As any man doth by daye.
Whan thay bene in here beddes ful stift,
Than go forth thider right in thy waye.
Thou shalt it in here Chamber fynde,
Thou maist be thereofe sure.”
“Sir, there-to I wolde me bynde,
If my life may endure.”
Forth wente this fals Mapyne
By nyght into the Tour—
God gife him evel endinge!—
Euen in to Floripas bour'.

1 Read : 'lafte.'
By a chimney he wente inne;  
Fulle stilly there he soughte it.  

He it founde and girde it aboute him,  
And after ful dere he boght it;  
For by the light of a lampe ther

Floripas gan him aspye,  
Alle a-frayed oute of hir slepe for fere,  
But lowde than gan she crye  
And saide "a thefe is in my bourse,  
Robbe me he Wolfe or sloo."  

Ther-with come Rouland fro his tour 
To wete of hir woo.  
He founde Mapyne bysye hir bedde,  
Stondinge amased for drede,  
To the wyndowe he him ladde,  
And there he smote of his hedde,  
And caste him oute in-to the see.  
Of the gyrdille was he not war;  
But whan he wist, the girdel hade he,  
Tho hadde he sorowe and care.

Floripas, seeing her girde lost,  
is much grieved;  
And aspyed, hir gyrdel was goon,  
"Alas!" she saide, "alle is it shente!  
Sir, what haue ye done?  
He hath my girde aboute hym.  
Alas! pat harde while!  
A rebelle hounde doth ofte grete tene;  
Howe be we alle begilede."  
Tho spake Roulande with cher' boolde,  
"Dameselle! beythl noughte aferde!  
If any vitaile be aboute this hoold,  
We wole hem wynne withe dinte of swerde.  
To morowe wole wee onte-goon 
And assaye, howe it wole it be.  
I make a vowe to God alone,

1 See the note.
Assaile hem wole we!
And if thay haue any mete,
Parte withe hê̩n wole we.
Or elles strokes thay shal gete
By God and seynte Mary mŷ̩n avour'!¹
In the morne, er the larke songe,
Thai ordeynede hem to ride
To the Saresyns, þat hade so longe
Leyen hem besyde.
Duke Neymes and Oger
Were ordeynede to kepe the place.
The x othir of the xij peres
Wente oute to assaye here grace.
Thay founde̩n hem in logges slepynge,
Of hem hade thay no thought.
Thai slowe̩n down þat came to honde,
Mahounde availed hem noghte.
In shorte tyme the ende was made,
Thay ten slough iij hundred ther'.
Tho founde thai vitaile, thay were glad,
As moche as thay myghte home ber'.
Duke Neymes and Oger, that kept the tour',
Say hem with here pruyve.
Thai thanked god hye of honoure,
That thai spedde so þat day.
Thay avaled the brigge and lete him yn,
Flori̩p and here maydyns were gladde,
And so were thay, that were with-yn;
For alle grete hounger thay hadde.
Thai ete̩n and dronken right I-nowe
And made myrtdi ever amonge.
But of the Sowdo̩n laban speke we nowe,
Howe of sorowwe was his songe.

W

Han tidyingges came to him,
That his men were slayn,
And howe thai hade stuffed he̩n also ¹

¹ See the note.
The Soudan is enraged,

With vitaile in agayne,
For sorowe he woxe nere wode.
He cлепed Brenlande and Sortybraunce.
And tolde hem with angry mode
Of his harde myschaunce.
"Remedye ordeyne me,
Ye be chief of my counsaile;
That I of hem may vengede be,
It shalle you both availe.
O ye goddes, ye faile at nede,
That I have honoured so longe,
I shalle you brei, so mote I spede,
In a fayre fyre ful stronge;
Shalle I neuer more on you bieve,
But renaye you playnly alle.
Ye shalle be brente this day er eve,
That foule mote you befalle!"
The fire was made, the goddes were broght
To have be caste ther-inne.
Tho alle his counsaile him by-sought,
He shulde of pat errore blynne,
And saide "Sir, what wolde ye done?
Wole ye your goddis for-sake?
Vengeaunce shalle than on you come,
With sorowe, woo and wrake!
Ye moste make offrynge for youre offence,
For drede of grete vengeaunce,
With oyle, mylke and sfrankefence
By youre prestis ordynanne."
Tho he dide bere hem in ayei,
And to hem made dewe offerynge.
The prestis assoyled him of pat synne,
Ful lowly for him prayinge.
Tho he cлепed his counselors
Brulande and Sortybraunce,

1 M.S. mete.
THE PEERS THROW LABAN'S GOLD AT THE ASSAILANTS.

Axyunge, howe he myght destroye the xij peres,
That Mahounde gife hem myschaunce.
Thay cowde no more ther-oñ,
But late saile ayen the toure.
With xx viii thousands thai gañ goñ,
And bigonne a newe shoure
To breke down the Walles,
With moffokes and with pike,
Tille iiij hundred of hem alle
Lay slayne in the dike.
So stronge was the cast of stooce.
The Saresyns drewe hem abakke,
Tille it was at hye none ;
Tho gone thay ayeñ to shake.
Tho fayled hem cast, þat were with-inne ;
Tho cowde thai no rede,
For stooce was ther noone to wynue.
Tho were thay in grete drede.
Than saide Floripas, "beith not dismayde !
Ye shalle be holpe anoñ.
Here is syluer vessel and now,"¹ she sayde,
"That shulle ye prove goode woñ."
She set it forth, thay caste oute faste
Alle that came to honde.
Off siluer and goode vessel thay made waste
That wast ² down vpþon the sonde.
Whañ thai saugh that roial sight,
Thai leften alle here dede ;
And for the tresoure thay do fight,
Who so myghte it awey lede.
Tho the Sowdonoñ wexe nere wode,
Seinge this tresoure thus dispoyled,
That was to him so dere and goode
Laye in the dike thus defouled.
He bade thay thai shulde lene

¹ ß I now. ² Read: 'went.'
The Soudan asks his gods' forgiveness.

And turne him agayne in haste.
He wente home tille his tente than
With grete sorowe and mourning mode.
To-fore his goddis whan he came,
He cryed, as he were wode:

"O fals goddis, that ye beith,
I have trustid to longe youre mode.
We1 were lever to suffe deede,
Thañ lif this life here lenger nowe.
I haue almoste loste the breth,
xij fals traytours me overe-lede,
And stroyen alle pat I haue.
Ye fals goddis, the devel youe spede!
Ye make me nowe for to rave;
Ye do fayle me at my nede."

In tre he smote Mahounde,
That was of goold full rede,
That he fille down to the grounde,
As he hade bene deede.
Alle here bishopes crydenoute
And saide "Mahounde, thyñ ore!"
And down to the erthe wele lowe thay loute,
Howlynge and wepynge sore,
And saide "Sire Sowdoun, what hauye ye done?"
Vengeaunce shalle on the falle,
But thow repente the here anone."
"Ye" quod he "I shrew of youe alle!"
Thai made a fyre of frankencense
And blewëñ hornes of bras,
And casten in milke hony for the offence,
To-fore Mahoundes face.
Thay cousained Laban to knele a down
And aske forgyvenes in that place.
And so he didde and hade pardon
Throgh prayere and specialle grace.

1 ? Me.
Then this was done, Evan sayde Roulande
To his Felowes xj:
"Here may we not longe holde londe,
By God that is in heven.
Therefore sende we to Charles, the kinge,
That he wolde reskowe vs sone;
And certifye him of our strayte heinge.
If ye thinke, it be to done.
Richard of Normandy, ye most goon,
I holde you both wyse and hende.
And we shalle tomorowe, as stil as stoøn,
The Saresyns a-wake, er ye wynde.
And while we be mooste bysy in oure werke,
And medel with hem alle in fere,
Stele ye a-waye in the derke!
And spede you faste, ye were there!"
On the morowe aftir the daye
Thay were armede ful ryghte,
Thai rode fortli stilly in here way,
God gonerne hem, mooste of myght!
Floripe and here maydyns kept the tou'
And woonde vp the brigges on hye,
And prayde god, to kepe here paramour,
The Duke of Burgoyne, Sir Gye.
She preyde to Rouland, er he wente,
To take goode hede of him,
That he were neyper take nere shente,
As he wolde her lone wynne.
On thay set with herte stronge
And alle hem sore afrayed.
Richard the whiles away he wronge,
Thilo thai were alle dismayede.
Towarde the Mountrible he hyed him faste,
To passe, if that he myghte.
Their he came at the laste.

Meanwhile Roland

exhorted Richard of Normandy to go on message to Charles, that he might come to their rescue.
They all would the following morning, before day break, make an attack on the Saracens, and meanwhile he should steal off in the darkness.
In the morning

they sally out.
Floripas and her maidens draw up the bridges after them.

1 'When,' 2 Read: 'wende.' 3 ? 'while.'
God kepe him for his moch myght!

His xij. felowes hesyd hem soo
That mary of hem thay sloughe.
Gye slowe the kinge of Babyloyne tho;
The Babyloynes of his hors him drowe,
And with force him drowe there
And bounde his hondes ful fast.
A newe game thai gañ him lere,
For in depe prison thay him caste.
But Labañ wolde him first se,
To wete what he was.

"Telle me thy name nowe" quod he,
"Thy songe shalle be 'alas.'"—
"Sire" he saide "my name is Gye,
I wole it never forsake.
It were to me grete vilanye
Añ othir name to take."—
"O fals traytowr" quod Labañ,
"My doghtir, þat stronge hore,
Hath me for-sake and the hath tañ,
Thow shalte be honged therfore."
Roulande made grete moone,
It wolde noñ other be.
Homwarde thai gañ goñ,
.iij.e Saresyns ther saye he,
That kepte the pace at the brigge-ende,
Armed wel in goode araye,
That thai sholde not in wende,
But be take or slayñ þat daye.
Roulande to his felowes saide:
"Beth alle of right gode chere!
And we shall make hem alle afrayde,
Er' we go tooure soupere."

A fearful struggle begins.

| 1   | ? xij. | 2 See the note. | 2564 | 2568 | 2572 | 2576 | 2580 | 2584 | 2588 | 2592 | 2596 |
BRYER IS SLAIN.

Agayne iijc men I-tolde,
That durste rigit wel a-byde.
Tho was Durnedale set a werke,
XL of hethen he sloughe,
He spared nether' lewde ner clerke,
And Floripas ther'-of loughe.
The shotte, the caste was so stronge,
Syr Bryer was slayn there
With dartes, gauylokes and speres longe,
xx" on hym there were.
Roulande was woo and Olyuer,
Thay sloughheñ alle that thai mette.
Tho fledde the Turkes alle for ser,
Thay durste no longer lette
And saide, thai werñ no men,
But develis abroken oute of belle,
"iij. hundred of vs agaynñ hem teñ.
Oure lorde Mahounde hem qwelle!
XL of vs here be ascaped,
And hardde we be bistadde."—
"Who so wole of heñ more be iaped,
I holde him worsse than madde."
Tho Roulande and Olyuer'
Madeñ grete woo and sorowe,
And tokeñ the corps of Sir Bryere
And beryed it on the morowe.
Floripe asked Roulande anoone
"Where is my love Sir Gye?"—
"Damesel" he said "he is gooñ,
And thery fore woo am I."—
"Alas" she said "than am I dede,
Nowe Gye my lorde is slayñ,
Shall I never more ete brede
Tille that I may se him agayn."—
"Be stille" quod Roulande "and haue no car',
We shal hym haue ful wel e.
GUY IS GOING TO BE HANGED,

Tomorowe wele we thiderward far'
With spere and shelde of stele.
But we bringe him to this Tour—
Leeve me elles no more—
With victorye and grete honour,
Or thay shall e abyce it ful sore."

On the morowe, whan tha daye was clere,
Labanordeynede Gye honged to be.

He cleped forth Sir Tampere
And badde him do make a Galowe tre,
"And set it even by-fore the tour',
That pilke hore may him see ;
For by lord Mahounde of honour,
This traitour there shall honged be.
Take withe the .iij. hundred knightes
Of Ethiopis, Indens and Ascopartes,
That bene boolde and hardly to fight
With Wifles, Fauchons, Gamylokés1 and Darte;
Leste pat hurdeynes come skulkyng e oute,
For ever thay haue bene shrewes.
Loke eche of hem haue such a cloute,
That thay neuer ete moo Sewes."

Forth thay wente with Sir Gye,
That bounde was as a these faste,
Tille thay come the turn' ful nye ;
Thai rered the Galowes in haste.
Roulande perceyued here doynge
And saide "felows, let armes2!
I am ful gladde of here comynge,
Hem shall not helpe her charmes."

Oute thai riden a wele gode spede,
Thai ix toward e hem alle.
Florip with here maydyns toke gode hede,
Biholdinge over the tour' walle.
Thai met first with Sir Tamper,

1 *M.S.* Gamylokés.
2 Read": 'as armes.'
God give him evelle fyne!

Such a stroke lente hym Olyuer,  
He elefe him down to the skyne.

Roland bare the kinge of Ynde
Ther with his spere frome his stede.

.iiiij. fote it passed his bak byhynde,
His herte blode Jiei-didde he blede.

He caught the stede, he was ful goode,
And the swerde, pat the kinge hadde,
And rode to Gye, there he stode,
And onbounde hym and bade him be gladde.
And girde him with that goode swerde,

"Be thou" he saide "righte nought a-ferde,
But helpe vs wightly at this nede."

An hundred of hem sone thay slowe
Of the beste of hem alle;
The remenaunte a-way fast thay flowe,
That foule motte hem byfalle!

Roland and his Felowes were glad
That Gye was safe in dede.

Thay thanked god, that thay1 him hadde
Gyfen thaye2 such grace to spede.

As thay wente towarde the Tour,  
A litil bysyde the hye waye,
Thai saugh comynge with grete vigoun2
An hundred vppoñ a laye.2

Costroye ther was, the Admyralt,  
With vitaile grete plente,

And the stondarte of the Sowdon Roial.  
Towarde Mauntrible rideñ he,  

.iiiij. Chariotes I-charged with flessh and brede,  
And two other3 with wyne,

Of divers colouris, yolowe, white and rede,

And iiiij Somers of spicery fyne.

1 See the note.  2 MS. 'alaye.' See the note.
Roland calls to them to share the provisions with them.

Costroye refuses, and is slain by Roland.

Oliver kills the standard-bearer. The convoy is conveyed into the castle.

Tho saide Roulande to Olyuer:

"With these meyne moste we shifte,
To haue parte of here vitailes her,
For therof us nedith by my thrife."—

"Howe, sires" he saide "god you see!
We pray youe for youre curtesye,
Parte of your Vitaile graunte me,
For we may nother borowe ner bye."

Tho spake Cosdroye, that Admyral,

"Ye gete none here for noglit.
Yf ye egth chalenge in special,
It most be dere I-boght."—

"O gentil knightes" quod Olyuere,

"He is no felowe, pat wole haue alle."

"Go forth" quod the stondart, "thow getist noon here,
Thy parte shalle be fulle smalle."—

"Forsoth" quod Roulande "and shift we wole,
Gete the better, who gete maye!"

To parte with the nedy it is gode skille,
And so shalle ye by my faye."

He rode to the Admyral with his swerde
And gafe him suche a cloute,
No wonder thougi he were aferde,
Both his eyzeñ braste oute.
Olyuere met withe the proude stondarde,
He smote him through the herte.
That hade he for his rewarde;
That wounde gan sore smerte.
Thai were slayñ, that wolde fight
Er durste bikure abyde.
Thai forsoke her parte anoñ right,
It lefte alle on that on side.
Forth thai dreweñ pat vitaile
Straight in-to the Toure.
There was no mani durst hem assayle,
For drede of here vigour.
The Soudan Defies His Gods.

Floripe hem rescyved with honour,
And thanked Roulande fele sythe,
That she saugh Gye hir paramour,
That wolde she him quite and kithe.
Thai eten and dronken and made hem gladde,
Hem neded ther aftyr fulle sore
Of suche, as god hem sente hade,
I-nowe for iiiij moonpes and more.
Florip saide to Roulande than,
"Ye moste chese you a love"—
Of alle my maydyns, white as swain."—
Quod Rouland "pat were mysheve;
Oure lay wole not, pat we with yone dele,
Tille that ye Cristyn be made;
Ner of your play we wole not fele,
For thain were we cursed in dede."

Owe shall ye here of Labaun.
Whan tidyngees to him wer' comeñ,
Tho was he a fulle sory mañ.
Whan he herde, howe his vitaile were nomen,
And howe his men were slayne,
And Gye was go safe hem froo,
He defyed Mahounde and Apolyne,
Iubiter, Ascarot and Alcaron also.
He commaundede a fire to be digít
With picche and Brymstoñ to breñ.
He made a vowe with alle his myglit,
"Thai shal be caste ther-Inne!"
The prestes of her' lawe ther-ôñ,
Thai criden oute for drede
And saide "alas, what wole ye done?
The worse than moste ye spede!"
The Sowdoñ made a grete othe
And swore by his hye trone,
That though hem were never so lotñ,

1 Read: 'leve.'
Thai sholde be brente Ichoñ.
Tho came the bisshope Cramadas
And knelled before the Sowdoñ,
And charged him by the hye name Sathanas,
To saven his goddes ychoñ:
"For if ye brene youre goddes her',
Ye wynyn her malison,
Than wole no man do youäl cher',
In feelde, Cite, ner' in towñ."
The Sowdoñ was astonyed þan
And gan him sore repente
Of the foly, that he bygan,
And els hade he be shente.
A thousande of Besauntes he ofred paym to,
By counsail of sir Cramadas,
To please with his goddys tho,
For fere of harde grace.
The Sowdone commaunded euery daye
To assaile the tour with caste.
But thay with-in gafe not an Eye,
For thay wroghte in wast.

\[N\]\n
Owe speke we of Richard of Normandy,
That on message was sente,
Howe he spedde and his meyne.
When he to Mauntrible wente,
He founde the brigge Ichayned sore;
xxiiij\textsuperscript{th} were ouere-drawn̄.
Alagolofure stode there before,
That many a man hade slawene.
When Richard saugh, ther was no gate,
But by flagot the flode,
His message wolde he not lete;
His hors was both bigge and goode.
He knelled, bisechinge god of his grace,
To save him fro myschief.
A white hende he saugh anoon in þat place,
That swam over the cliffe.
He blessed him in godis name
And folowed the same waye
The gentil hende, pat was so tame,
That othir side gan playe.
He thanked god fele sythe,
That him hade sente conforte.
He hied him in his message swijc.
To speke with Charles his lorde.
But I shalle you(telle of a traytour,
That his name was called Genelyne,
He counsellde Charles for his honoure
To turne homwarde ageyn.
He saide "the xij peres bene alle dode,
And ye spende your gooode in vayne,
And therefore doth nowe by my rede,
Ye shalle see hem no more certeyn."
The kinge bilyed pat he saide,
And homwarde gan he fare.
He of his xij Dosiperes was sore dismayed,
His herte woxe right fulle of cai-.
Rycharde of Normandy came prikande
And hertly to ride begane.
Kinge Charles aspyed him comande;
He commaunded to abide every man.
"What tidingges?" quod the kinge to Richard,
"Howe fare my felowes alle?"
"My lorde" he saide "god wote, ful harde.
For thai be byseged with-in ston-walle,
Abdyngne youre helpe and your socoun'!
As men pat haue grate nede.
For Ihesues love, kinge of honour,
Thiderward ye you spele!"
"O Genelyne" quod the kinge,
"Nowe knowe I thy treso'n,
I shalle the qwite, be seynte Fremounde,
Whan this viage is don."
The kinge turned him ageyn,
And alle his Ooste him with,
Towarde Mountrible certeyne.
And graunte him gree and grith !
Richarde him tolde of that place,
Howe stronge it was I-holde
With a geaunte foule of face,
The brigge hath chayned many folde ;
The River was both depe and brode,
"The last tyme that I over-rode,
By myracle I passed that tide.
Therfore sir, I shal yow telle,
Howe ye mote governe yow here.
In yonde wode ye moste dwelle
Priuely in this maner,
And xij of vs shalle vs araye
In gyse of stronge marchauntes,
And fille our somers withe fog and haye,
To passe the brigge Currauntes.
We shalle be armed vnder the cote
With goode swerdes wele I-gyre,
We moste paye tribute, wele I wote,
And elles over we may not sterte.
But whan the chaynes be lete down
Ouer ther for to passe,
Than wole I, pat ye come oñ,
In haste to that same place.
Whañ I see tyme for to come,
Thañ shalle I my horne blowe.
Loke, ye be redy alle and some,
For that shañ ye welle knowe."
Forth thay wente in pat araye
To Mountrible, that Cite.

1 Read: 'God,'
Alagolofur to hem gan seye,  
"Felawes, wheder wole ye?"
Richard spake to the geaunte
And sai'd "towarde the Sowdon,
With dyu[ers] chasser as trewe marchaunte,
We purpose for to goon,
To shewen him of pellur and Gryse,¹
Orfrays of Perse Imperyalle,
We wole the yefe tribute of assaye
To passe by lycence in especyaH."
"Licence gete ye noen of me;²
I am charged that noen shal passe,
For x lurdeyns of Franche were her²;
God yefe hem evell grace!
Thay passed this way to Egramou';
Thay haue done the Sowdon grete tene,
Thay have wonne his toure and his tresou',
And yet holde thai it, I wene.
Wherfor, felawes, I arrest yow alle,
Tille I knowe, what pat ye bene."
Sir Focard brayde oute his swerde with-alle,
Wel sore he gan to tene
And sai'd "fye oñ the Sarasyne!
For alle thy grete harde hede
Shaltow never drinke water ner wyne,
By god! thou shalt be dede."
He smote at him with egre chere
But he gafe thereof right nought.
"Alas" quod Richard "thou combrest vs her',
By god, that me der' hathi boghte."
The cheynes yet we'r alle faste,
The geaunte wexe nere wode,
Richard blew his horn in haste,
That was both shrille and goode.
Kinge Charles hied him anoon

¹ Read: 'gray.' ² See the note.
Alagolafre fights them with a great oak club.

Richard seizes a bar of brass and knocks him down.

[i]iij men get hold of him

and throw him into the river.

They loosened the chains;

but, the Saracens assembling on the walls of the city, many Christians were slain.

Alagolafre's wife, Barrock the giantess, comes on with her scythe and mows down all whom she meets.

Charles dashes out her brains.

Towards the brigge so longe;
The Geaunte fought with hein alone,
He was so harde and stronge.
With a Clog of a'n Oke he fought,
That was wel bound with stole.
He slough al pat ever he raught,
So stronge was his dinte to dele.
Richard raught him with a bar' of bras,
That he caught at the gate.
He brake his legges, he cryed "alas"
And felle alle chekt-mate.
Londe thai gan he to yelle;
Thay herde him yelle through pat Cite,
Like the grete develle of helle,
And saide "Mahounde, nowe helpe me!"

[iiij men hin caught ther',
So hevy he was and longe,
And cast him ouer in-to the river'.
Chese he, whither he wolde swyme or gong';
Anoon thay brast the Chaynes alle,
That ouer the brigge were I-drawe.
The Saresyns ronnen to the walle,
Many Cristen men were the'n I-slawe.
Than came forth Dam barrok, the bolde,
With a sithe large and kene,
And mewe a-down as pike as shepe in folde,
That came byforne hir by-dene.
This Barrok' was a geaunesse,
And wife she was to Astragote,
She did the Cristen grete distresse,
She felled downe alle pat she smote.
There durst no man hire sithe abyde,
She grenaedd like a develle of helle.
Kinge Charles with a quarel pat tide
Smote hir, that she lowde gan yelle,
Euer\(^1\) the founde through-out the brayn;
That cursede fende fille downi dede.
Many a man hade she there slayn,
Might she never after ete more brede!
Charles entred in the firste warde
With xv knightis and no moo;
Of hym his ooste toke no garde,
He wende his ooste hade entred also.
The Sarisynez ronne to the gate,
And shet it wonder faste.
Charles men came to late;
Tho was Charles sore agaste.
Betwene two wardes he was shit,
Defende he him if he cañ!
The Sarisynez with him thay mette,
Grete paryl was he in than.
Tho Genelyne saie, the kinge was inne
And the yates faste I-stoke,
Ther myght no mañ to him wynne,
So was he faste with-inne I-loke,
To his frendes he gan speke
And saide "the kinge is dede,
And alle xij peres eke.
On peyne" said he "to lise myn hede,
Let vs hye to Fraunce warde!
For I wele be crowneide kinge,
I shalle you alle wele rewarde,
For I wolde spare for no thinge."
Anoon thay assented to Genelyne,
Thay saugh, ther was no better rede.
The Frensh men drewe heñ al ayene,
Thay wende the kinge hade bene dedde.
Tho Ferumbras with his meyne than
Came for to seke the kinge,
And saugh hem turne enevy mañ;

\(^1\) Read: 'over.'
CHARLES IS RESCUED BY FERUMBRAS.

Him thought, it was a wondir thing:
“Where is the kinge?” quod Ferumbras.
Quod Genelyne “with-in the walle,
Shaltowe neuer more seeni his face!"
“God gyf the an yvel falle!
Turne agayne, thow traytoure!
And helpe to reskowe thy lorde.
And ye, sires, alle for your honour!"
Thay turned agayne with that worde.
Ferumbras with axe in honde,
Myghtyly brake up the gate,
Ther myght laste him noon yron bonde,
He hade ner-honde I-come to late.
The kinge hadde fought so lange with-ynne,
That omnethe myght he no more.
Many ther were abouteñ him,
His meñ were wounded ful sore.
Ferumbras came with gode spede,
He made the Sarasyns to fle.
He reskowed the kinge at his nede,
XL Sarasyns sone killed he.
Thai ronnen a-weise by every side,
Thai durste nowher' rowte.
In shorte tyme was falled her pride,
Thay caught many a sore cloute.
That Cite was wonne that same daye,
And every tour' ther-ynne
Of Mountreble, pat was so gaye,
For alle her' soubtile gynne,
Fulle of tresour' and richesse,
Of Siluer and goolde and perr',
And clothes of goolde, wroght of Saresynes,
Of riche aray and roialte.
Richarde, Duke of Normandy,
Founde ij Children of .vij. monæs oolde,1

1 See the note.
HE HURRIES ON TO AGREMORE.

xiij fote longe wer' thay,
Thay wer' Barrakes somes so boolde;
Bygote thay wer' of Astragot.
Grete joye the kinge of hem hade.
Hethen thay wer' both, wele I wote,
Therfore he'ñ to be cristenede he bade.
He called pat one of hem Roulande,
And that other he cleped Olyuer':
"For thai shalle be myghty men of honde."
To kepeñ hem, he was fulle chere.
Thay myght not leve, her Dam was dede;
Thai coude not kepe hem forth.
Thai wolde neyper ete butter nere brede,
Ner no meñ was to hem worthe.
Her Dammes mylke they lacked ther,
Thay deyden for defaute of here dam.
Kinge Charles made hevy cher,
And a sory mañ was than.
The kinge let eordeyne anoon,
The Cite to be gourned
Of the worthiest of hem ychoñ,
That weren of wer' best lerneñ.
Duke Richarde of Normandy,
He was made chief gouernour';
And ij C with him in hys company
To kepe the brigge and tour'.
Forth he rode to labañ than,
With his Ooste and Sir' Ferumbras.
A spye to the Sowden fast ran
And tolde him al that cas,
How Charles was come with his ost,
And Mountrible hade he wonne,
"Alagolofur slayñ is for alle his bost,
This game was evel begun."
Whane laban herde of his comynge,

---

1 feet high.
They were sons of Barrock, begotten by Astragot.
Charles caused them to be baptized, and called the one Roland and the other Oliver.
But they soon died
for want of their mother's milk.
Kinge Charles made hevy cher,
And a sory mañ was than.
The kinge let eordeyne anoon,
The Cite to be gourned
Of the worthiest of hem ychoñ,
That weren of wer' best lerneñ.
Duke Richarde of Normandy,
He was made chief gouernour';
And ij C with him in hys company
To kepe the brigge and tour'.
Forth he rode to labañ than,
With his Ooste and Sir' Ferumbras.
A spye to the Sowden fast ran
And tolde him al that cas,
How Charles was come with his ost,
And Mountrible hade he wonne,
"Alagolofur slayñ is for alle his bost,
This game was evel begun."
Whane laban herde of his comynge,
Floripas recognises the French banner.

Him thought his herte gan breke.

"Shalle I never be withoute moornyge,
Tille I of him be wreke."

He commandeth to blowe his Claryons
To assemble alle his Ooste.

His counsaile to him he lete calle
And tolde, how kinge Charles was in that coost,
Hadde wonne Mountible and slayn his men
"And dishiryth to disheryte me,
And prouedly manessith me to fleen,
Or drive me oute of this contre.
Me mervaylythe mocch of his pride.
By Mahounde, moost of myght!
Ye and my sone withe him doth ride,
To the develle I hem bedight.
But I be venget of hem both
And honge hem on a tree,
To myghty Mahounde I make myne othe,
Shalle I never Joyfulle be.

He calleth a council,
and charges his barons to take
Charles alive that he might slayn him.

Charles approaches.

Floripe lay on the tour, on hye
And knewe the baner, of Fraunce.

and tells the others.

To Roulande she gan faste crye
Tidynes of goode chaunce:
"Kinge Charles is comen and Ferumbras,
Here banes both I do see,
With alle her oste yonder in that place;
Welcome to vs thay alle be."

Roulande and Olyuere
Arayed hem for to ride;
And here felawes alle in fer;
To Charles thay goñ that tyde.
Laban come forth with his mayne,
Saresyns, that were ful felle,
Turkes, Indens, and Arabye
Ye and of the Ethiopes like the develes of helle.
There were stronge wardes sette
By ordynannee of dyuers batayle.
When thay to geder were met,
Eythir othir sore gañ assayle.
Ther were Saresyns al to-hewe;
Roulande slouge many one.
Thay lay so thikke dede on rewe,
That onnepe myghte men ride or goon.
Kinge Charles met with Labañ
And bare him down of his stede,
He lighted down and ceased him than,
He thought to qwite him his mede.
He brayde oute Mowñjoye wyth gode wille
And wolde have smeten jowñ joye with gode wille,
Ferumbras prayde him to abyde stille,
To crystæn him, er he wer dede.
The Saresyns sanghe Laban take,
Thay fleddeñ away fulle faste.
Lenger durste thay no maistryes make,
Thai were so sore agaste.
The Cristæn hem chased to and fro,
As a grehounde doth the hare.
ij. c. ascaped with moche woo,
To Belmore gan thay far?
Kinge Charles ladde Labañ
In-to Agremour? Cite.
And whan pat he ther? came
A ful sory man was he.
His doghter welcomed him

3092 Roland and all his companions sally forth to meet Charles-magne.
3096 Laban draws up all his people

[leaf 77]

3100 in battle-order.
3104 The French make a great slaughter of the Saracens.
3108 Charles encounters the Soudan, unhorses him,

3112 and would have cut off his head, but for Ferumbras, who requested that his father might be baptized.
3116 The Saracens, seeing Laban a prisoner, fly;

3120 but the Christians pursue them.
3124 Floripas welcomes her father,
but he is enraged at seeing her.

She then bids Charlemagne welcome, and presents the holy relics to him.

Charles kisses them, and says a prayer;

he then thanks Floripas for her assistance to his knights, and for having preserved the precious relics.

He orders Turpin to prepare a vessel, wherein to baptize the Soulahn

and to wash off his sin in the water.

With right gode cher. 1
He lokd on hir al gryme,
As he wode wroth weir,
And saide "fye on the, stronge hore,
Mahonde confounde the!"
Charles saide "here-of no more,
But let us nowe mery be!"—
"Sir" she saide thanne,
"Welcome ye be into this tour'!
Here I presente to you, as I can,
Relikes of grete honour,
That were at Rome I-wonnen
And brect into this halle.
That game was evel bygonne,
It sithen rewed us alle."
Kinge Charles kneled adownñ
To kisse the Relikes so goode,
And badde ther' añ oryson
To that lorde, ëat deyde ön rode.
And panked Floripe with al his herte,
That she hade saued his meyne
And holpe hem oute of peynes smerte
And kepte the Relekes so fre.
Kinge Charles did calle bisshope Turpyñ
And bade him ordeyne a grete fat,
To baptyse the Sowdonñ yne ;
"And loke what he shalle hat.
Unarme him faste and bringe him ner',
I shal his godfader be.
Fille it fulle of water' cler',
For Baptysed shalle he be.
Make him naked as a Childe,
He moste plunge ther-inne.
For now most he be meke and mylde,
And I-wassh awaye his symne."  

1 These two lines are written as one in the MS.
Turpyn toke him by the bonde
And ladde him to the fonte.
He smote the bisshope with a bronde
And gaf him an evel bronte.
He spitted in the water cler'
And cryed oute on hem alle,
And defied alle þat cristiñ wer?
That foule mote him by-falle!
"Ye and thou, hore serpentyne,
And that fals cursed Ferumbras,
Mahounde gyfe hem bothi evel endyng',
And almyghty Sathanas!
By you came all my sorowe,
And al my tresure for-lorne.
Honged be ye both er tomorowe!
In cursed tyme were ye born."
Ferumbras saide to the kinge,
"Sir, ye see, it wolde not be,
Lete him take his endynge,
For he loueth not Cristyante."
"Duke Neymes" quod Charles tho,
"Loke þat execucion be doñ,
Smyte of his hedde! god gyfe him woo!
And goo we to mete anoone."
It was done as the kinge commaunde,
His soule was fet to helle,
To daunse in þat sory lande
With develes, þat wer' ful felle.
Dame Florip was Baptysed than
And here maydysn alle,
And to Sir Gye I-maryed.
The Barons honoured hir alle.
Alle the londe of Spayne
Kinge Charles gyfe hem þwo,
To deporte bitwyxt hem twayne,
Ferumbras and Gy also.
And so thay livede in ioye and game,
And brethern both thay wer,
In pees and werr both I-same,
Ther durste no mañ hem der.
Kinge Charles turn'd home agayn
Towarde his contre,

He charged Sir Bryer of Bretayne
His tresourer for to be :
To kepe the Helikes of grete pris
And his other tresour,
And bringe hem safe to Parys,
There to a-bide in store.
He saide "farewell, Sir Ferumbras,
Ye and Gye, my dere freunde !
And thy wyf Dame Floripas !
For to Fraunce nowe wole I wende.
Be ye togeder as breth[e]n bothi !
No mañ ye nediti to drede,
Be ye newere to-gedere wrothi,
But eyther helpe othir at his nede.
Vysityth me, whañ ye haue space ;
In-to Fraunce makith your disporte,
God wole you sende the better grace,
In age to do me conforte."
Thai toke leve of the kinge,
With ful hevy cher,
And turned agayn bothi mornynge,
With wepynge water cler.
Kinge Charles with the victory
Sailed to Mompeleres,
And thanked almyghty god in glorye,
That he had saued his Dosiperes,
And fende him of the Saresynes
The hyer honde to have,
For alle here strenghe and her Engynes

Read: 'strenghe,'
The Relikes of Rome to saue.
At oure lady of Parys
He offred the Crosse so fre ;
The Crowne he offred at seynte Denyse,
At Boloyne the nayles thre.
Alle his Barons of him wer' gladd,
Thai gave him grete presente.
For he so wele hade I-spedde,
Thay did him grete reverence.
The kinge hade wel in mynde
The tresone of Genelyne,
Anoon for him he dide sende
To yefe him an evel fyne:
"Thou traitour unkynde " quod the kynge,
"Remembrist thou wot how ofte
Thou hast me betrayed, pou fals Genelyne?
Therfore thoue shalt be honged on loftes!—
Loke that the execucioii be done,
That throgh Parys he be drawe,
And honged on hye on mount Fawcoû,
As longeth to traytoures by lawe ;
That alle men shall take hede,
What deth traytowrys shall fele,
That assente to such falsede,
Howe the wynde here bodyes shal kele."
Thus Charles conquered Labaû,
The Sowdoû of Babj'îone,
That riche Rome stroyed and wañ
And alle the brode londe of Spayn.

1. . . . . . [an]d of his Barons
. . . . . . . [hi]s pride
. . . . . . . . eligosns
. . . . . . . . pat tyde
. . . . . . . . on Charles soule
. . . . . . . . s also

1 A corner of the leaf torn off.
CONCLUSION.

. . . . . . Peter and Poule

[leaf 81]

God lete hem never wete of woo!
But brynge here soules to goode reste!
That were so worthy in dede.

God give joy to all who read this romance.

And gyf vs ioye of the beste,
That of here gestes rede!

Here endithe the Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne and of Ferumbras his sone who conquerede Rome, And Kynge Charles off Fraunce withe xij. Dosyperes toke the Sowdon in the feelde And smote of his heede.
NOTES.

Page 1, line 1. myghteste, evidently an error of the scribe for myghtes, cf. ll. 1635, 1312, 3068, 2546, 1200, 2059; and Syr Ferumbras, l. 2719.

"Now help hem be heg kyng of hevene, pat art of miytes most."

God in glorie occurs again in l. 3229; cf. the French expression Damedeu de gloire; Fierabras 2332.

p. 1, l. 2. made and wroght in l. 5 are the 2nd person sing. preterite, which in all other instances in this poem ends in -est. But perhaps we might suppose a change of person here, and regard made and wroght as the third person. For examples of the change of person see Syr Ferumbras, ll. 2719, 4393, and Guy of Warwick, ed. Zupitza, l. 2324.

p. 1, l. 7. shulde to love; to before an infinitive, governed by an auxiliary verb, is pretty common in Middle English works. See Zupitza's note to Guy, 1925.

p. 1, l. 9. ȝife. This is the only instance of ȝ being written in the present poem at the beginning of a word. ȝife is written if in all other passages of the poem, cf. ll. 550, 651, 763, and 1061, etc. As to the pronunciation of ȝ in the middle of a word, it is doubtful, whether it had still preserved its ancient guttural sound, or not, as the same words are written sometimes with it and sometimes without it, and are often made to rhyme with words in which ȝ or yh would be etymologically incorrect; e.g. nye, which is spelt nyȝe in l. 2284, rhymes with Gye, in l. 2657. We even find whȝte, in l. 2289, instead of white (l. 2008: smȝte). At the end of a word ȝ has the sound of s.

p. 1, l. 13. idoone. The prefix i-, O.E. ge-, sometimes occurs in this poem, but more frequently it is not written; see Introduction, p. xxxviii.

p. 1, l. 14. cf. l. 2516.—ll. 1—14 may be said to contain the moral of the whole poem, which we know the romance writers to be very fond of placing at the beginning of their works. "La moralité de tout un poème," says Léon Gautier, in his Epopées Françaises, l. 233, "est quelquefois exprimée dans ses premiers vers."
NOTES TO pp. 1, 2, ll. 16—29.

p. 1, l. 16. *moch* = *much* (as in l. 754) is the usual spelling in this poem. We likewise find *meche*, l. 179, and *mikille*, l. 1016.

p. 1, l. 19. *his* refers to *Rome*.

p. 1, l. 22. Laban, the father of Ferumbras, is styled *soldan* only in this poem, and once in the *Destruction de Rome*, l. 1436:

"Les noveles en vindrent al soldan diffiáé."

The French, the Provençal and the English version of *Sir Ferumbras* all agree to call him *amyral* or *amirans*.

p. 1, l. 24. The mention of King Louis and of the abbey of St. Denis (l. 27) seems to be an imitation of the *Destruction*, l. 7 et seq.:

"Le chachon est perdue et le rime fausee,
Mais . . li reis Louis, dont l'alme est trespasse
—Ke li fache pardon la verge honoree—
Par lui et par Gautier est l'estoire aunue
Et le chachon drescie, esprise et alunee
A saint Dysis de France premierement trovee."

St. Denis also occurs in the beginning of the French *Fierabras*, l. 4:

"A Saint Denis en France fu li raules trouvez."


p. 2, l. 25. *Romaunce*, the French or *Romance* language. We often find the authors of romances, both of translations and of imitations from the French, referring to the original; cf. *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, sign. E i:

"His own mother there he wedde,
In Romaunce as we rede."

Again, fol. ult.: "In Romaunce this cronycle is."


p. 2, l. 26. *bokes of antiquyte*. This is to be regarded as one of those frequent assertions of the authors of these poems, who in order to give more credit to their tales, thought it necessary to affirm their antiquity and celebrity in old times. Cf. Gautier, *Epov. Fr.*, II. 87: "Il fut de bon ton d’annoncer, au commencement de chaque poëme, qu’on avait trouvé la matière de ce poëme dans quelque vieux manuscrit latin, dans quelque vieille chronique d’abbaye, surtout dans les manuscrits et dans les chroniques de Saint-Denis. On se donnait par là un beau vernis de vérité historique. Plus les trouvèrent ajoutaient aux chansons primitives d’affabulations ridicules, plus ils s’écriaient: ‘Nous avons trouvé tout cela dans un vieux livre.’"

p. 2, l. 27. *Seinte Denyse* is the genitive depending on *abbey*.

p. 2, l. 28. *there as* = where, or where that. See Koch, *Englische Grammatik*, II. § 511.

p. 2, l. 29. *Laban*. So the father of Ferumbras is called in the *Destruction de Rome*, where only in six passages (ll. 891, 899, 1116, 1194, 1174, 981) we find the form *Balan*, which is the only one used in the French *Fierabras*, in the Provençal version, and in the English
NOTES TO p. 2, ll. 31—49.

Syr Ferumbras. — of his degree; this kind of expletive occurs again in l. 100: clerk of his degree; cf. also l. 168: king of his honour.

p. 2, l. 31. Cristiante = the company of Christians, the countries inhabited by Christians, cf. ll. 235, 374. It signifies "the religion taught by Christ" in l. 3182. Cristiante and Christendom are used promiscuously in Middle English writers.

p. 2, l. 33. Agremare: there. The rhyme becomes perfect by reading Agremore: there, which we find in l. 1805; cf. also l. 1003 Agremor: more (i.e. negro), and ll. 672, 775, 2140, 2895.

p. 2, l. 34. Flagot. See Index of Names, s.v. Flagot, and cf. note to l. 1723.

p. 2, l. 37. This line is too long, nevertheless it seems to be correct as it stands, clearly imitated from several passages of the Destruction de Rome.

l. 1420. "Ensamble on li issirent xv roi corone. Et xiii amaceours."

l. 1155. "Bien i ad xxx rois et xiii amaceours."

l. 689. "Xxx roi sont ou li et xiii amaceours."

l. 163. "Et xiii amaceours."

p. 2, l. 41. hit instead of it is found again in l. 2309; in all the other instances it is spelt as in modern English.

p. 2, l. 42. pryke, to spur a horse, to excite, to spur or to stimulate. It is O.E. prician, which occurs in Ælfric's Grammar, ed. Zapitza, p. 174 (pynge = ic pricige). This and the following line are imitated from Chaucer; cf. C. T. Prologue, ll. 10, 11, and see Introduction, p. xlvi. Kynde = naturalis, ingenium; kynde wit = common sense. Kynde is O.E. cynde (Modern English kind).

p. 2, l. 73. frith means "forest," or more correctly "enclosed wood." The original sense of forest is "unenclosed wood" (see Diez, Elymologisches Wörterbuch, I. 185). Stratmann, Dicht. p. 228, s.v. friš, seems to be right in connecting frith with O.E. friþ, freþ = pax, tutela, saepturn. Morris, Allith. Poems, Glossary, derives it from the Gaelic frith. "Frith is still used in Provincial English, meaning unused pasture-land, bushwood" (Halliwell).

p. 2, l. 45. yse (O.E. éagum): ëge (O.E. fléogan). With regard to the power of ë, see the note to l. 9, and cf. the spelling eyen in ll. 826, 1302, 2012.

p. 2, l. 46. tre may be singular (O.E. tríwe) as well as plural (O.E. trúwum).

p. 2, l. 49. The following lines (49—53) correspond with ll. 94—100 of the Destruction, which run as follows:

"Li admirals d'Espaigne s'est ailes desportar
As puis sur Aigremore, avec li, M. Escler;
La fist ses ours salvages a ses hommes bercer.
La veissicés maint viante, maint brachet descoupler,
Payens et Ascopars as espés jouer,
Coure par le marine et elaeier maint venger,
Maint ostour veissies et maint falcon voler."

CHARL. ROM. V.
p. 2, l. 50. *shope*, literally “shaped;” *he shope him*, “he got himself ready, he planned, devised, intended.” The phrase is of frequent occurrence in Chaucer.

p. 2, l. 52. *bawson*, badger. For the use of badgers, see Skeat’s note to Specimens of English Literature, p. 383.

p. 2, l. 56. *Alaunts*, a kind of large dogs of great strength and courage, used for hunting the wolf, the bear, the boar, &c. Cf. “Aboute his charre wente white alaunterz

Twenty and mo, as grete as any stere,

To hunte at the lyoun or at the berc.”

Chaucer, ed. Morris, II. 66/1290.

According to Diez (Etymol. Wörterb., I. 12, s. v. “alano”) *alauntz* means “Albanian dogs.” *Lymmeris*, “blood-hounds.” Halliwell quotes the following passage: “A dogge engendred betwene an honde and a mastyve, called a lymmer or a mongrell.” *Lymmer* is the French *limier*, O.Fr. *limier*, which etymologically means a dog that a courser leads by a lime, i.e. a thong or leash. *Lime* is the same word as French *lien*, a leash; Latin *ligamen*. *Lymmer* is preserved in Modern English *limner*, a “lime-hound.”

p. 2, l. 56. *Rache* and *brache* are both retained in the modern speech; *rache* seems to be particularly used in Scotland. “Brache is said to signify originally a bitch hound—the feminine of rache, a foot-scenting dog” (Morris, Gawayne, Gloss. p. 89). *Rache* is, according to Stratmann, O.Icel. *rakki*; *brache* is O.Fr. *braque*, M.H.Ger. *brauco*.

Cf. also Halliwell’s Dict. s. v. “brach.” The French *raceille* is etymologically connected with *rache*; see Diez, Etym. Wörterb., II. 407.

p. 2, l. 57. *commaunde* for *commanded* (l. 228), formed on the same analogy as *comforte* (l. 2242) for *comforted* (ll. 312, 2117), *alight* for *alighted*; *gerde* for *girded*; *grante* (l. 607) for *granted*, etc.

p. 2, l. 59. *fere*, O.E. *færin* (Mod. Eng. *fear*), is an active verb, meaning “to frighten, to terrify.” It is still found in this sense in Shakespeare.—*launde*: *commaunde*. The very same rhyme occurs again in l. 3189, where *launde* is spelt *launde*. The rhyme need not cause any difficulty, cf. Guy, p. xi. k. Or must *launde* be taken here for *launde* = saltus? Cf. Morris, Gloss. to Allit. Poems, s. v. *launde*.

p. 3, l. 62. *set*, means “seat, sedes”; O.Icel. *set*, O.H.G. *sez*, M.H.G. *sitz*. This stanza as it stands seems to be incorrect, there being no rhyme to *sete*; possibly a line has been lost after l. 63.

p. 3, l. 67. The subject of the sentence is wanting. For more instances see Zupitza’s note to *Guy*, l. 10. It is to be observed that for the most part the subject wanting is of the same person as the object of the preceding sentence,—he was god and true of divers langages = “he well knew, understood them perfectly.”

p. 3, l. 68. *dromonde*: *poundis*. Read *dromounde* (which occurs l. 125): *pounde* (see l. 2336).
p. 3, l. 69. We find fro and from in this poem. Both belong to the Midland dialect. Fro is confirmed by the rhyme fro : so (l. 2760). It is derived from the Scandinavian fra; Mod. Eng. has retained it in "froward," and in the phrase "to and fro." The same word enters as a prefix into composition in O.E. compounds, as fr-ettan, etc. Babylogne, the author pronounced Babylogne as well as Babylone (either rhyming; cf. ll. 30, 3260).

p. 3, l. 74. queynte, "famous, excellent," cf. Skeat, Etymol. Dict. p. 482, s. v. quaint. for the nonce, "for the nonce, for the occasion." Cf. Zupitza's note to Guy, 612; it is often used as a kind of expletive.

p. 3, l. 75. to present ye. The Destruction de Rome has: "vous qui-
dai presenter."

p. 3, l. 76. French: "Uns vens nous fist à Rome parmi le far sigler." 

Destr. l. 120.


p. 3, l. 78. About the rhyme Rome : one, see Introduction, p. xliii.

p. 3, l. 79. bygone, "afflicted, pressed hard;" literally it means, "overrun, covered." Cf. Shakespeare, Julius Caesar.

"Even such a one.
So pale, so spiritless, and woe-begone."

p. 3, l. 82. vilane : remedye. Read vilanye, as in l. 2577, where it rhymes with Gye, see Introduction, p. xliiv, and Ellis, Pronunciation, l. 271.

p. 3, l. 83. codle, used here and in l. 91 in nearly the same sense as in the expressions collected by Zupitza, in his note to Guy, 1149.

p. 8, l. 84. tithynge. So with th in ll. 1787, 714, 783; in ll. 65, 91, 149, 324, etc., we read tidynge. There are several instances where d and th in the middle of a word seem to be promiscuously used in this poem; as hithire l. 1265, hider 1869 (cf. also dogorder 2580, and dochter 96, 124, etc.).

p. 3, l. 86. Mahounde, Appolyn and Termagant are the principal deities (cf. ll. 2105, 2177, 2761) of the Mahometans, who were considered as pagans = pagens (ll. 535, 1040) or paynym (ll. 539, 866, etc.). Other idols of the Saracens are mentioned in ll. 2761-2 of the Soedone. Compare also Gantier's note to l. 8, of his Edition critique de la Chanson de Roland, and Skeat, Prioress's Tale (Clarendon P.S.), 161/2000.

p. 3, l. 88. theyme instead of hem occurs only three times in the poem (ll. 88, 1237, 2787). There must be some corruption here, as there is no rhyme to theym. The last stanza ends at l. 87, and the next one begins at l. 89. As far as the sense is concerned we could easily do without this line; it ought perhaps to be regarded as spurious.

p. 3, l. 93. Ferumbras is spelt differently in the different versions of the romance. In the Soedan we always find Ferumbras, in the Ashmole MS. Ferumbras and Fyrumbras. He is called Fyrumbras in the French,
Féralbas in the Provençal version; the Destruction has Fierabras, but more frequently Fierembras. In Caxton's Life of Charles the Great his name is Fyeralbras, Skelton has Pharambrus, Lyndsay Pharambras, and in Barbour's Bracc we read Ferumbrace; see Introduction, pp. xxv and xxxii.

p. 4, l. 99. Oliborn. This name does not occur in any other version of this poem. The same is the case with regard to Espiard, l. 103. None of the French versions gives any name to the Sondan's messenger. In the Ashmole MS. l. 3823, the messenger is called Malyngryas.

p. 4, l. 102. Assy = Asia. This name does not occur in the other versions of the poem; cf. note to l. 1000.

p. 4, l. 103. Cf. the Destruction, l. 202:

"Par tote la terre sont li baron maude"

ferre and nere, cf. ll. 117, 996, and the note to l. 528 of Syr Ferumbras.


p. 4, l. 109. The passage is not clear. Perhaps there is some corruption here and we ought to read: anou route, "assembled quickly, immediately"; route would then be the preterite formed on the analogy of lighte, grante, commande, etc. See Introduction, p. xxxviii.

p. 4, l. 110. Destruction, l. 217:

"Par C foiis M payen."

douzé: route. See Introduction, p. xlv, and note to l. 9.

p. 4, l. 113. Lucafer is the name of the Saracen King in all the versions of this romance but in the French one, where with the single exception of one passage (l. 2242 Lucafer), he is always called Luifer, cf. Introd. p. xx.

p. 4, l. 114. lorde and governoure. This repetition of the same idea by two synonymous words, the one of English and the other of French origin, is very common in M.E. writers. Thus we read in this poem, l. 2164 lorde and sire, l. 225 serchid and sought, l. 3199, 1936 joue and game, l. 742 wel and fine.

p. 4, l. 118. A carric was a kind of large ship, called caraca in Italian, carraca in Spanish and Portuguese, carraque in French, kraecke in Dutch. The etymology is not clear. See Diz, Etymol. Wörterb., l. 112. Halliwell has 'carrack, a Spanish galleon. Sometimes English vessels of great value and size were so called.'

p. 4, l. 119. Destruction, l. 385:

"Par vii fois sont C mil. si l'estoire ne ment."

p. 4, l. 124. his faire daughter Floripas. Floripas is described as follows in the Destruction, l. 252-262:

"Aitaut es vous la bele ou il n'out qu'enseignier
Vestue d'un diapre, onke ne vi tant chier.
NOTES TO pp. 4—6, ll. 128—173. 101

Ses crins sur ses épaules plus lusoient d’or mier,
Sa clair out bele et blanke plus que noifs en fevrier,
Les oes avoit plus noirs que faloen moutenier,
Et le colour vermaile con rose de rosier,
La bouche bien sweet et douce pour baisier,
Et les levres vermailes comme flour de peskier;
Les maneles out dures como pomme de pomnier,
Plus sont blanches que noifs que chiet apres fevrier;
Nuls hom ne porroit ja sa grant beiale praiser."

Compare also the French Fierabras, II, 2007, et seq.
p. 4, l. 128. This line is clearly imitated from the Destruction, II. 331-2:
"En sa main i baston que contremont baille,
Et manace Francois pour faire les loye."

Cf. Introduction, p. xxiii.
p. 5, l. 131. *breddes*, "birds"; *l* and *r* very often change their place
in a word. Thus we find *worlde* and *wrold*, *erfis* and *erfis*, etc.
p. 5, l. 132. *sowdun* and *sowden* are used promiscuously in the rhymes.
p. 5, l. 146. *Destruction*, II. 445-6:
"N’i remeigne chastels, dungsions ne fermete
Moustiers ne abbeie que ne soit embrase."
p. 5, l. 150. Compare the *Destruction*, II. 503-4:
"L’apostoile de Rome ad la novele oie
Ke payen sont venu els plains de Romanie."
p. 5, l. 157. *unknowne* makes no sense. Perhaps we ought to read
*yknounne* or *not unknowne*. In the *Destruction*, II. 509-513—
"Seignours, ke le feromes, franke gent segnorie?
Li admirals d’Espaigne a no terre seise;
Il en out ja gasteue une mout grand partie:
An bref termo serra ceste terre exilie;
Qui bon consail saura vienge avant si nous die."
p. 5, l. 160. *unneth*, O.E. *uneâsê*, "uneasily, scarcely." Chaucer has
*unnethi*, the final *e* being almost always sounded. See Introduction,
p. xxxix.
p. 5, l. 163. *gydoure* evidently means "guide, conductor, commander."
p. 5, l. 164. *bounne* = *bounde*. On the elision of final *d*, see Skeat,
xxxvii.
p. 5, l. 165. *Ifre*. There is no person of this name in any other
version. Perhaps this *Ifre* may be identical with *Jeffroi*, mentioned
as a senator of Rome in the *Destruction* (II. 1122, 1139, 1317).
p. 6, l. 170. About the phrase "douce France" compare Léon Gautier’s
note to l. 15 of his *Édition critique de la Chanson de Roland*.
p. 6, l. 171. *Savaris*. The author has found this name in the *Destruc-
tion*, l. 540.
p. 6, l. 173. *Kinge*: *thinge*. In my dissertation on the language and
the sources of the Sowdan of Babylon, p. 4, bottom, I have shown
that \( i \) or \( y \), which corresponds to O.E. \( y \), the \textit{umlaut} of \( u \), rhymed with original \( i \) in this poem, which proves that the author wrote in the East Midland dialect. But among the examples collected there (p. 5), I ought not to have cited \textit{kinge}, because this word is not peculiar to the East Midland speech, but occurs with the same form in all dialects. See \textit{Introduction}, p. xxxv.

p. 6, l. 175-6 are imitated from the \textit{Destruction}, ll. 546-7. See \textit{Introduction}, p. xxii.

p. 6, l. 176. \textit{ner}, the common form for \textit{nor} (267, 1633) in this poem. "\textit{Polaynes} are knee-pieces in a suit of armour. This term for genouilleres is found in the household book of Edward I." (Morris, \textit{Glossary on Sir Gawayne}, s. v. polaynes).


p. 6, l. 189. \textit{Chek} = "cotton, linen or woollen cloths, woven or printed in checkers." (Latham, \textit{Dictionary}, 1876.)

p. 6, l. 191. A line seems to be wanting here. There is no rhyme to \textit{display}.


p. 7, l. 202. \textit{than} seems to be an error for \textit{thay}.

p. 7, l. 214. \textit{Sarisyngs}. There are several spellings of the name of this people in the poem : \textit{Sarisyngs, Sarsongys, Sarisyns, Sarisyns}.

p. 7, l. 222. \textit{that day} occurs again in l. 223. The author probably only wrote it once; the repetition is most likely due to the scribe.

p. 7, l. 224. The following lines are imitated from the \textit{Destruction}, ll. 613-619; see \textit{Introduction}, p. xxii.

p. 7, l. 228. The French text (\textit{Destruction}, l. 624) has:

"Maintenant soient tot océs et descoupe,
Ne voit que mi serjant en soient encobre."

p. 8, l. 247. The original meaning of \textit{brayde} is "start, blow," but this makes no sense here, nor can it mean "a boast," as the editor of the Roxburgh Club edition explains it. But Mid. Eng. \textit{brayde}, as well as O.E. \textit{bregd} or \textit{bregd}, often signifies "deceit, craft, a cunning trick, a fraudulent contrivance, a stratagem or artifice." See Mätzner’s \textit{Wörterb.} and Halliwell’s \textit{Dict}. This, I think, is also the meaning of \textit{brayde} in l. 247. Floripas has been engaged to Lukafer who had promised the Soudan, her father, to bring the emperor Charlemagne and all his twelve peers to the foot of his throne, in return for the hand of his daughter. Floripas, not at all enamoured of the king of Baldas, but obeying the will of her father, said she would only agree to
accept him when he had fulfilled these conditions. But she does not believe that Laban thinks of ever fulfilling them, she is persuaded that those words, those promises made by Laban, are only a brayde, i.e. a stratagem or artifice devised by him in the hope of winning her hand before the performance of his promise. This signification of braide has been retained in the Mod. Eng. adjective braid, "crafty, deceitful."


p. 9, l. 278. Destruction, l. 908:
"Sortibrans a mande Mabon l'engineor."

p. 9, l. 283. depe: lyde. The rhyme becomes perfect if we read wide instead of depe.

p. 9, l. 286. French text gives, l. 934:
"Si emplirons les fossés."


p. 9, l. 293. Men ought go even to the walle, compare the Destruction, l. 918:
"K'om poet aler at mure."

and l. 958:
"K'om poiot bien au mur et venir et aler."

p. 9, l. 295. assaile, evidently a mistake. Read assaute, as in l. 2205.

p. 9, l. 298. shour, "fight, attack." See Zupitza's note to Guy, l. 9206. sharpe shoures, as in the Destruction of Troy, l. 5804, "sharp was the shoure." Cf. also l. 950 of this poem, "bataile was sharpe."

p. 9, l. 300. stones thai bare, etc. Destruction, l. 967:
"Ces edens ou grans pierces firent grant lapide."

p. 9, l. 303. French text gives (l. 975):
"Maintes pieres del mur ont contreval rue."

p. 9, l. 306. In the Destruction, l. 977:
"L'asalt dureit cel jour jusque a la nutee."


p. 10, l. 311. For tyde: chudle see Introduction, p. xliii.

p. 10, l. 312.
"Lucafer li traitre traison ad pense,
Qu'il se contrefera les armes del cite;
Et tote si pense sont a Labam demonstr.
'Sire admirail d'Espaigne,' cee dist li diffaies,
'La cite est mount fors, et Francois sont doute;
Ils defendront le mur, ja mais n'iert entre,
Que par une voidie que jeo ai porpense,
Il ad dedens un conte de mult grant cruale,
Savaris ad a non, est de grant parente;
Chescon jour il s'en ist, s'est oue nous meile,
De la gent dieffac, mainte teste a coupe."—Destr., ll. 986-96.

"J'ai bien conu ses armes et les ai avise."

p. 10, l. 331. *Destruction*, l. 1011:

"Tantost le mestre porte aurons mouit bien ferme."

p. 10, l. 332. *Destruction*, l. 1057:

"Mais tot le premier bail ont Sarrasin pöeple."


"De V. M. ne remendrent que iiiic sans fausser."

See note to l. 67.

p. 10, l. 341. *twelffe* : *selve* ; *f* and *v* very often stand for one another, see *Introduction* on p. xliii.


p. 11, l. 346. *Estragot* or *Astragot*. This name is not to be found in the other versions, it only occurs in the *Sowdan* and in the *Destruction*; cf. *Destr.* l. 1090-4:

"Estragot le poursuit uns geans diffales
Teste avoit com senglers, si tu rois corones.
El main tient i. mace de fin ascier trempe,
Un coup a Savaris desur le chef done."

p. 11, l. 360. French text reads:

"Et la novele en ou l'apostoile conté."—*Destr.* l. 1101.


p. 11, l. 364. See above, l. 78.

p. 11, l. 368. *erille* is not derived from the Erse, as the editor of the Roxburghie Club edition supposes. It is simply another spelling for *erlc*, which occurs in l. 1986. O.E. *eawl*, Mod. Eng. *eawl*.

p. 11, l. 369. There must be a gap of some lines here; between this and the following line a space has been left of about the width of one line; l. 370 is written in a much later hand.

p. 11, l. 376. *lettres* translates the French "li brief" (Destr. l. 1121), *in haste* = French "isinelement" (Destr. l. 1119).

p. 11, l. 377. *we ordeyne* makes no sense. Read *were ordeyned*, as in l. 2396. Cf. the *Destruction*, l. 1133:

"Tot troi sont colement de la cite hastés."


p. 12, l. 394. *honde of honde,* "hand to hand."—In the Glossary of the Roxburghe Club ed. we read: "Cast. Wherewithal to throw." This is the sense of *cast* in l. 2471; but it occurs with two other meanings. In l. 394 *cast* signifies "device, plot, intention," as often elsewhere. In ll. 460, 2091, 2099, 2467, 2603, 2792, it means "the act of throwing, the throw."

p. 12, l. 400. *bery,* "afflicted, sorrowful." So in ll. 3037, 8224.


p. 14, l. 464. *oost* does not rhyme with *beste.* Both the sense and the rhyme will be improved if we read *rest* for *oost.*

p. 14, l. 473. As it stands, the line makes no sense. *This* is written indistinctly in the MS., so that we may read either *this* or *thus;* the sense requires the latter, which I think is the true reading. Or else we may keep *this* and write *idone* instead of *it done.*

p. 15, l. 488. *aras.* Read a *ras,* and see note to l. 1349.

p. 15, l. 491. *and armes* makes no sense, as we are hardly entitled to take *armes* for the 2nd person plural imperative; which in this poem always ends in *-eth.* See Introduction, p. xxxvii. I think we must change *and* into *as.* For the explanation of the phrase "as armes;" see note on l. 2660.

p. 15, l. 495. The *Ascopars* or *Ascopartes* are mentioned in the *Destruction* as the subjects of the Soudan. The name of this people is not to be found in any other version. *Astopars* is merely a clerical error for *Ascopars,* which may be easily accounted for by remembering that in the MSS. the characters *c* and *t* are very often formed almost alike. The true spelling *Ascopars* is found in ll. 2196, 2648; cf. also the *Destruction,* l. 98, 426. Nothing is known of the origin and the home of the Ascoparts. That they must have been men of great bodily strength follows from l. 496, "for ye be men of mighte," and l. 2645, "that bere boolede and hardy to fighte." Compare also what is said about them by Donne, in his first satire:

"Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar."

It is worthy while to note that a giant, called Askapard, occurs in the romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton. See Ellis, *Metr. Romances,* ed. Halliwell, p. 263.

p. 15, l. 500. *Ho* is evidently a mistake for *we.* *vere-warde,* "rearguard;" the van is called *fowarde,* ll. 502, 732, the main body the *medyl partye,* l. 735.


p. 15, l. 510. *oon* makes no sense. I suspect the reading of this and the following stanza is quite corrupt. If ll. 510 and 511 should belong to different stanzas, the *enjambement,* or continuation of the
sense from one stanza to another, would be unusually strong. I am therefore inclined to think that originally a stanza began at l. 510, and that there is a line wanting after l. 509, which contained the rhyme to bon (l. 508). The scribe noticing the absence of rhyme tried to restore it himself. Adding oon to l. 510, he made it rhyme with bon (l. 508). Having thus destroyed the rhyme of ll. 510 and 512 (Alisandre: Cassandre, as in l. 984), he added gaye to l. 512, which now rhymed to l. 514, where he still added to fraye. In order to get a rhyme to l. 518, he changed in l. 516 the original laye (: Romayne) into lan (“he ceased, stopped”), and wrote “to” the grounde instead of “on” (cf. l. 1186) or “at” (cf. ll. 533, 435) the grounde, connecting thus these words with l. 515, whereas originally they belonged to there he laye, or—as there also may have been added by the scribe—to he laye. If now we read with mayne instead of ful evene, in l. 521, we get a perfect rhyme to l. 519; l. 520 having lost its rhyming line, he made it rhyme, by adding than to l. 522, which originally rhymed to l. 524. Now to get a rhyme to l. 524 he composed and inserted himself l. 526. Therefore I think the original reading of these two stanzas ran as follows:

510 Sir Ferumbras of Alisandre
That bolde man was in dede,
Uppon a steede Cassandre
He rode in riche weede.

514 Sir Bryer of Poyle a Romayne
He bare through with a spere;
Dede on the ground [there] he laye,
Might he no more hem dere.

518 That saw Huberte, a worthy man,
 Howe Briere was islayne,
Ferumbras to quite than
To him he rode with mayne.

522 With a spere uppone his shede
Stiffly gan he strike;
The shede he brake inmiddis the feeke,
His hawberke wolde not breke.

526 Ferumbras was agreyed tho, &c.

On the rhyme Romayne: laye (l. 514) cf. ll. 536, 890.

p. 15, l. 514. Bryer of Poyle does not occur in any of the other versions.

p. 15, l. 516. lan, preterite of lin, “to cease;” more common in the compound blin, contracted from *be-lin.

p. 15, l. 517. might he no more hem dere. On the order of words, cf. ll. 2954, 649, 2435.

p. 16, l. 520. quite, “to requite, reward, retaliate, pay off.” See below note to l. 780.


p. 16, l. 532. astraye, “out of the right way or proper place, running
NOTES TO pp. 16—19, ll. 541—650.

about without guidance." O.French *estraier*, which is derived from Latin *ex strato*, see Diez, *Etym. Wörterb.* l. 402; II. 296.

p. 16, l. 541. *verre*, "war," seems to owe its origin to the French *guerre*, as it is not found in O.E. It appears for the first time in the *Saxon Chronicle*,—he coude, "he knew, had endured." See Mätzner's *Grammatik*, II. 262.

p. 17, l. 555. It is evident that *all one* must be a corruption. Perhaps the conjecture of the editor of the Roxb. Club edition, supposing *all rafe* to be the true reading, may be right. But he is certainly wrong to identify this *rafe* with the *rafe* in l. 866, which, being the infinitive mood of a verb, cannot be taken for an adjective or adverb, which the sense seems to require in l. 555. Halliwell, s. v. Raff, gives: "in raff = speedily." There is a Danish adjective, *ræp*, "brisk, quick." Cf. Skeat, *Etym. Dict.* s. v. *ræffe* and *ræp*.

p. 17, l. 570. *certaine* spoils the rhyme. The rhyme becomes perfect if we read *without faile*, as in l. 322.

p. 17, l. 573. *aplight*, "on plight, on my word." See Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 8541. It is often used as an expletive.

p. 17, l. 580. *who the sowdan*, etc. == *who is the Sowdan*. The verb of the sentence is wanting; cf. note to l. 2156.

p. 17, l. 587. French text gives:

"Et Guion de Bourgoynce a lui appelè
Fils est de sa soror et de sa parenté
Cosins, vous en irrés . . ."

*Destr.* ll. 1179, et seq.

p. 18, l. 613. *hight* = (1) "was called," (2) "promised," (3) "called" (partic. past). It is the preterite tense of *haten, hoten,* or *hat* (l. 3154). Cf. Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 169.

p. 18, l. 614. *than* seems to be a corruption, and I think must be left out. *Florip* is the genitive of *Florip*, which occurs as a nominative in ll. 2075, 1527. There is another nominative *Floripas* which forms the genitive *Floripas*, ll. 1659, 2350.

p. 19, l. 625. *Isres*, the name of the "chief porter of the town," who betrayed the city, only occurs in the *Sowdan*; in the *Destruction* the same treachery is committed by *Tabour*, D. 1203.

"Uns traitre del eit que del porte out les eles."


p. 19, l. 647. French:

"Le chief al portier trenche," *Destr.* l. 1236.

p. 19, l. 648. In the *Destr.* l. 1244-5:

"Dieux" fist il "te maldie, et que t'ont engendre,
Kar traitour au darain averont mal dehe."

p. 19, l. 650. *met*, a mistake for *mot*, which we find in ll. 1582, 2334, 3170.
p. 20, l. 663. Cf. the Destr. l. 1260:  
"Al monstier de saint Pierre est Fierenbras alés."

p. 20, l. 665. the cross, the crown, the nails bente. The relics mentioned in the Destruction are the crown of thorns, the cross, the nails, and the "signe," which, as I have shown in my Dissertation (pp. 45, 46), does not mean "inscription of the cross," but is the Greek σαυραρ, and signifies "the shroud, or winding-sheet, of the Lord, suaire, sudatorium." In the French Fierabras, as well as in Syr Feronbras, no mention is made of the cross.

p. 20, l. 673. there instead of there would improve the rhyme. See Introduction, p. xxxv.


p. 21, l. 699. Alle on a flame that cite was; cf. the French:

"Kant il vindrent a Rome si virent luy porte oueree  
La flambe en la cite moult grammaent alumee,  
Pour grant chalour qu'i fu n'i povoi entrer."  
(Destr. l. 1378-80.)

p. 21, l. 723. The Destruction, ll. 1384—1408, has:

"Si dirrai de Charlon, le fort roi corone.  
De par totes ses terres avoit ses gens mande,  
N'i remest dus ne quiens ne baron el regne,  
Qu'il assemble ne soient a Paris la cite.  
Quant il i furent tous venu et ajoute,  
L'emperere de France en halted en ad parle:  
'Seignours, or escoutes, si vous dirrai verte,  
Li admirals d'Espaigne a no pais gaste  
Et oue lui CM sarrazin diffiaie,  
Il ont ensegie Rome, m'admirable cite,  
Tot le pais entour ont il pour voir robbe;  
Si jeo ne les soccoure tot l'auront il gaste,'  
'Sire,' firent li prinees, 'a vostre volonte:  
Nous ne vous failliromes tant que poons durer,'  
Adone en ad li rois grant joie demene.  
Quant si gent furent prest a complir son pense,  
Adone s'en est li rois eralment aprestes  
Et si firent li contes de France le regne.  
Quant sont appareilie si sont enchamine:  
i3i C mil chevaliers ad li rois el barne  
Oliviers porte-sa banere que ben leu ad guie,  
Rollans fu en arriere, li vassals adures,  
De soccoure Guion s'en est li rois hastes.  
Tant ont il nui et jor chivalche et erre,  
Qu'il sont en Romanie, n'i ont reine tire.'"

p. 22, l. 744. He knewe the bauer of France. The French text has:
NOTES TO pp. 23—25, ll. 766—836.

"Guis parciert le baniere le roi de saint Dine, 
Encountre lui chevalerie, la novelle ont conte, 
Come la forte cite li payen ont gaste: 
La corone et les clous d’i-loec en sont robbe 
Et les autres reliques..."

p. 23, l. 766. *for*, "notwithstanding, in spite of." So also in l. 2904.

p. 23, l. 771. *Destr.*, l. 1425:
"Li vens en fiert es voiles que les a ben guies."


p. 23, l. 778. French: "il sont en terre entre."

p. 23, l. 779. *fonde: grounde.* *fonde* is spelt *fonde* in ll. 1857, 3020, 344, 2353, 2363.

p. 23, l. 780. *stroyeth* = "destroyeth." "Compounds of Romance origin, the first part of which is a preposition, or words derived from such, often mutilate, or even entirely drop the preposition" (Zapitza’s note to Guy, l. 576). Thus we have *sail*, l. 385, = "assail;" 
*longeth*, l. 3264, = "belongeth;" *skomfited*, l. 1320, = "diskomfited," 
l. 336, 1464; *quite*, l. 520, = "requite;" *perceived*, l. 2659, = "aperceived;" 
*saut*, ll. 619, 2200, = "assaut," l. 615; *ginne*, l. 2326, =
"enginee," l. 333; *playne*, l. 177, = "complayn;" *skaped*, l. 2049, =
"askaped," l. 2218.

p. 23, l. 787. French: "iici mile Françoys."


p. 24, l. 835. Observe the subject expressed twice; cf. ll. 723, 1031, 1682, 1814, 2331.

p. 25, l. 836. *Neymes.* This celebrated hero has been especially famous by the advices and counsels of which even in matters of greatest difficulty he was never at a loss. "Tel conseiller n’orenent onques li Franc," i. e. the French had never such a counsellor. This passage of the romance of *Aspremont* may be looked upon as containing the portrait of Neymes as we find him described in all poems. The story of his birth and youth is in the romance of *Aubri le Bourgoing.* He was the son of Gasselin, king of Bavaria. Cassile, an usurper, is about to seize the throne and to kill the young Neymes, when Charlemagne comes to his help and re-establishes the legitimate inheritor.

p. 25, l. 836. *Ogier Danoys* (cf. l. 1687) is one of the twelve peers in this poem. His life is contained in the French poem of the "Chevalerie Ogier" by Raimbert de Paris. According to that romance Ogier had been delivered in his youth to Charlemagne as
a pledge to secure the discharge of the tribute which his father Geffroi, king of Denmark, was bound to pay to the emperor. The French ambassadors having once been insulted by Geffroy, Charlemagne swears to make Ogier pay with his life the offence done by his father, and Ogier is going to be executed when the emperor, following the urgent requests of messengers arrived from Rome, suddenly starts to deliver this city from the Saracens. On this expedition the French army is hard pressed by the enemy, but Ogier by his eminent prowess and valour enables Charles to enter Rome. He now is pardoned and becomes the favourite of the emperor. Several years afterwards Ogier's son Baudouinet is slain by Charlot, the son of Charlemagne, as they were quarrelling about a party of chess. Ogier, in order to revenge his son, goes as far as to attack Charlemagne himself, but on the point of being taken a prisoner, he escapes and flees to Didier, king of Lombardy. Charles makes war on Didier, and after a long struggle Ogier is taken and imprisoned at Reims, where he is going to be starved, when a sudden invasion of the Saracens obliges Charlemagne again to have recourse to the courage and valour of the Dane. Ogier delivers France by slaying the giant Bréhons. To reward him for the service done to his country, Charles gives him the county of Hainaut, where afterwards, as the poem tells us, he died in the renown of holiness.

p. 25, l. 845. *it* = "hit." Cf. note to l. 41.

p. 25, l. 847-50. These four lines seem to be incorrect. As they stand, the three first lines are rhymed together, and there is no rhyme to the fourth. The diction of the whole passage, which cannot be said to be ungrammatical, is nevertheless wanting in precision and exactness.

p. 25, l. 866. *rafé* = rave.

p. 25, l. 868. *Moun-joye* is the name of Charlemagne's sword in this poem (cf. l. 3111, 850), whereas, according to all other romances, the emperor's sword was called *Joyeuse*. *Mounjoie* or *Montjoie* was the name of the French standard; it was likewise used as the battle-cry of the French, cf. *Fierabras*, l. 1703, and *Syr Fierumbras*, ll. 2285, 2652, 4577, 4727. The sword *Joyeuse* had been forged by the celebrated Weland or Galand, as we read in the French *Fierabras*, l. 635: "Et Galons fist Floberge à l'acier atrempé, Hauteclere et Joüuse, où moult et dignité; Celle tint Karlemaines longuement en certe." Compare Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique*, p. 374.

p. 26, l. 875. *Durnedale*. This renowned sword was forged by the famous Galand or Weland. The French *Fierabras* (l. 645) is the only romance which attributes it to Munifian. It had been given by Charlemagne to Roland as the best of his warriors. As to the exploits achieved with it, Roland enumerates them himself in that celebrated passage, where in his death-hour he tries to break
Durnedale to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Saracens (Chanson de Roland, ll. 2316-2337). The steel blade of this sword has been highly praised for its extraordinary hardness. It had been tried by Charlemagne himself on that "peron," or steel block before the emperor's palace in Aix-la-Chapelle (see Histoire Poétique, p. 370). Durnedale proved good as well as Almace, the sword of Turpin. But Courtain, Ogier's sword, was then shortened by half a foot. According to l. 1407 of the Sowdan, Durnedale broke; but this incident has been mentioned nowhere else. Cf. Syr Ferumbras, l. 997, and Fierabras, l. 1740.

p. 26, l. 876. romme, spelt also rome, rowme, rōm, is Mod. E. room, O.E. rūm, "spatium."

p. 26, l. 880. dinge; read gân dinge. Dinge is the infinitive mood, but the sense requires a preterite tense. The preterite of dinge is doug, dougen, which occurs in l. 1263. But as dinge cannot be altered here, on account of the rhyme, the passage is easily corrected by adding gân = "he began to strike, he struck."

p. 26, l. 884. Alloreyynes of Loreynes and Alveryse (l. 1639) are probably identical. Then Alloreyynes would be an error of the scribe, who having already the following Loreynes in his mind wrote Alloreyynes instead of Alveryse.

p. 26, l. 900. in fuy = "truly," fuy = "faith, truth." O.Fr. feï or fœid, Lat. fides.

p. 26, l. 904-5. Cf. Chanson de Roland, ll. 1903-4:
"Rollanz est proxe Olivier est sages,
Abeduí unt merveillus vasselage."

p. 27, l. 913. I cannot tell what tyrjumple means, or whether it be a corruption.

p. 27, l. 939. This kind of prayer or apostrophe addressed to the God of War is certainly taken from another English work, which I am unable to trace, but which must have been much known at the time of our author, as we find it referred to in different authors. That it has been taken from another poem is proved by some phrases of this prayer which are somewhat obscure or rather unintelligible here, and which we certainly should be able to explain if we knew the original context in which they occurred. Then the form base (l. 940) is somewhat suspicious, as it is the only instance of the 2nd person singular present dropping the t, which it has always in this poem. The arrangement, too, of the following stanzas differs from that generally observed in the Sowden. If we consider our poem as composed in eight-line stanzas (but see Introduction, p. xl) we mostly find the 1st and 3rd lines rhyming together, then the 2nd and 4th, the 5th and 7th, and finally the 6th and 8th, so that four different rhyme-endings are necessary to one stanza. If now we consider the stanza from l. 939 to 946, we only have two rhyme-endings, all the pair lines rhyming together, and all the odd ones
together. In ll. 947 to 950 the 1st and 4th rhyme together, whilst the 2nd and 3rd are paired off together.—ll. 939-941 we find alluded to in Chaucer, see Introduction, p. xlvii, and the Prioress’s Tale, ed. Skeat (Clarendon Press), p. xvii. Compare also Lindsay, The Historie of Squyer Meldrum, l. 390:

“Like Mars, the God Armipotent.”

p. 27, l. 939. rede Mars. “Bocaecio uses the same epithet in the opening of his Teseide: ‘O rubiconde Marte.’ Irede refers to the colour of the planet.” Morris, note to Knight’s Tale, l. 889.

p. 27, l. 940. Baye never means “sword,” as the editor of the Roxburghe Club ed. renders it, nor does this translation make any sense here at all; baye signifies “a wide, open room or space in a building.” See Mätzner’s Wörterbuch, p. 164. Morris, in the Glossary to the Alliterative Poems, has “bay = recess. The original meaning seems to be opening of any kind. Cf. bay, space in a building between two main beams.” Halliwell, s. v. bay, has: “A principal compartment or division in the architectural arrangement of a building.” It appears to be etymologically the same word as Ital. baja, French baie, “bay, gulf, harbour,” the French baie being equally used for “opening of any kind.” The Catalán form for baie is badia, which corresponds to the verb badar, meaning “to open.” See Diez, Etym. Wörterb. l. 46. Bay is retained in the Mod. E. compound “bay-window.” Cf. also the French “la bée d’une fenestre,” cited by Carpentier-Ducange, s. v. beare. With regard to the signification of trende, the editor of the Ruxb, Club ed. wrongly guessed again in explaining it as “drawn” or “trenchant, cutting.” Trende means “turned, bent, vaulted in the form of an arch.” See Halliwell, p. 887, and Stratmann, p. 572, s. v. tenden (= “volvere”). But I am at a loss how to explain why Mars is said to have put up his throne in an arched recess, or compartment, of a building.

p. 28, l. 957. some, a clerical error for sone.

p. 28, l. 965. prymsauns of grene vere—“the earliest days of green spring” (Glossary to the Ruxb. Club ed.). This may be the sense; but what is the literal meaning of prymsauns? If we had prymtuns, or prymtunwe, we might be inclined to take it for a corruption of French printemps, as we find pastaunce or pastance corrupted from passe-temps. (See Skeat, Spec. of Eng. Literature, 460/149 and 427/1096.) Cf. also the Romanant of the Rose, ll. 3337-74: “At prime temps, Love to manace. Ful ofte I have been in this caas.” Or is prymtuns perhaps a clerical error for entrauns or entrance? This would then make us think of such passages as the following one:

“Che fu on mois de mai, à l’entree d’esté,
Que florissent cil bos et verdissent cil pré.”

Ficablas, ll. 5094-5.

p. 28, l. 966. sprygyn, the only instance of the 3rd person present plural ending in -yn (for the common -en). This perhaps is due to
the scribe thinking already of the following \textit{yn} in \textit{begynne}. But it must be stated that the whole passage is rather obscure. Neither the meaning of \textit{springyn} and \textit{begynne} nor the connection of l. 966 with the following lines is very clear. \textit{Floures} occurring twice looks also somewhat suspicious. Moreover, these two stanzas do not well suit the context and might easily be done without; they are evidently borrowed from some other poem. Observe besides the alliteration in \textit{floures}, \textit{fithe}, \textit{freshly}.


p. 29, l. 993. \textit{lsec} miswritten for \textit{left}, which sense and rhyme require, and which occurs in ll. 832, 1526.

p. 29, l. 995. \textit{bassatours (?)} = "vavassours, vavasors."


p. 29, l. 1000. The great number of geographical names contained in these two lines is probably due to the favourite habit of medieval romance writers, who thought that they showed their geographical knowledge by introducing long strings of names. Thus we find in \textit{Web. Rom.} II. l. 632 \textit{et seq.}, the names of sixteen towns mentioned in fourteen lines, all of which are said to have been visited by Richard the Lion-hearted. Again in the same poem, ll. 3679, \textit{et seq.}, we find the names of thirteen countries occurring in ten lines. Cf. also \textit{King Alis.}, \textit{Web. Rom.} I. ll. 1440 and 1692. Often, too, geographical names seem to be inserted on account of the rhyme, as \textit{Chaunder} in l. 123, and \textit{Europe} in l. 1001.

p. 29, l. 1008. \textit{Camaloym}, "meaning, probably, the camelopardalis. The blood of a camelon would go a very little way towards satisfying a thirsty Saracen" (Ellis, \textit{Mtr. R.} 387). Perhaps also the poet did not know much of either of these two kinds of animals, and all he wished was to cite an animal with some outlandish name.

p. 30, l. 1025. \textit{sothe : wrothe}. The spelling \textit{sothe} occurs in ll. 2014, 2024, 2246, 2719. There must be a lacuna of one or more lines here. The rhyme-word to \textit{dute} (l. 1024) is wanting; the context also evidently shows that ll. 1025 and 1026, as they stand together, make no sense. It is worth while to add that the next five lines, contrary to the common usage of our poem, are all rhymed together.

p. 30, l. 1040. Observe \textit{Paens}, i. e. "pagans," used as a proper name here; cf. the \textit{Destr.} l. 98, and \textit{Fierabras}, l. 5673.

p. 31, l. 1051. For a description of \textit{Ferunbras}, compare \textit{Fierabras}, ll. 578 \textit{et seq.}, and ll. 611 \textit{et seq.}, and \textit{Syr Ferunbras}, l. 550.

p. 35, l. 1060. \textit{trves} = truces, truce.

p. 31, l. 1067. \textit{stc.} So in the French \textit{Fierabras}, l. 84:

\begin{quote}
"Ja n'en refuserai. par Mahom. jusqu'à vi."
\end{quote}

\textit{Charl. Rom. V.}
In the English Ferumbras, l. 102, we read:

"And þoþ per come twelue, þe beste of þy fered,
I will kõpe on hem my miȝt, & dyngen hem al to douste."

p. 31, l. 1071. *in fere* — "together." *fere*, literally "one who fares with one," means "a travelling companion, a comrade, a mate; a company." O.E. *(ge-)fera.*

p. 31, l. 1074. *man* — "bondman, subject, vassal." So in ll. 1354-1466.


p. 31, l. 1084. Cf. the French text:

"Sire, ce dist Rollans, cherties, tort en aves,
Car, par icel seigneur Ki Dix est appellé,
Je vauroie moult miex que fuissés desmembrés
Hier quant païen nous vindrent à l'issue des gués
L. mile furent, à vers helmes jésmes,
Grans caus en soustenimes sur les eceus bandés;
Oliviers mes compagnys 1 fu le jour navrés,
Tout fuissés desconit, c'est fines verités,
Quant vous nous secourustes e vos riches barnés,
Et païen s'en tournerent les trains abandonnée,
Quant fumes reparié as loges et as trés,
Puis te vantas le soir, quant tu fus enviés,
Que li viel chevalier cavoies amené
L'avoient moult miex fait que li joule d'asse,
Assés en fui le soir laïdem ont ramponés."

(ill. 144-161.)

Compare also *Syr Ferumbras*, ll. 144-163

p. 32, l. 1088. *of* — "on account of."

p. 32, l. 1092. According to most of the old romances Roland was invulnerable. He never lost any blood by a wound but on the occasion when he was beaten by Charlemagne

"For trois goutes sans plus, quant Charles par irour
Le feri de son gant que le virent plousour."

See *Histoire Poétique*, p. 264.

The French text (ll. 166-170) runs as follows:

"Karles trait son gant destre, qui fu à or parés
Fiert le comte Rollant en travers sur le nês;
Après le caup en est li sans vermans volés,
Rollans jeté le main au branç qui est létrés;
Ja en ferist son oncle se il n'en fust estés."


p. 32, l. 1096. Double negatives like *never none* are pretty common in mediaeval writers. Cf. in the *Sowdan*, ll. 1876, 2181, 2199, 2279, 2305.
p. 32, l. 1103. at one, "of one mind, agreement." Cf. King Horn, ed. Lumby, l. 925:

"At on he was wiþ þe king."

Hence Mod. Eng. atone, "to set at one, to reconcile." See Zupitza's note to Guy, l. 5308.

p. 32, l. 1105. to make voydawnce, the same as to voide, l. 1768 = "to quit, to depart from, to get rid of."

p. 32, l. 1110. without more = "without delay, immediately." more is O.E. mára, comparative to micel; it is not the Latin more. See Zupitza's note to Guy, l. 719.

p. 33, l. 1126. renewed, "tied." Fr. renouer, from neuud = Lat. nodius. It is to be distinguished from renewed = "renovated," which occurs in l. 2200.

p. 32, l. 1128. hider is spelt hider in ll. 810, 833, etc.


p. 33, l. 1145. myghty men of honde. So in l. 3029. The same phrase occurs in M.H.G. "ein helt ze sinen haunden," which is explained as meaning, "a hero [or one who becomes a hero] by the strength of his hands or arms." See Jänicke's note to Biterolf, 5078, and Grimm's Grammatik, IV. 727 note. The expression seems to be originally French; cf. Méon, Fabliaux, III. 478: "chevaliers de sa main"; Renard, ed. Martin, l. 21410: "prodom de sa main." Cf. also Roman des Éles, ed. Scheler, l. 433, where main is wrongly explained by the editor.

p. 33, l. 1151. plete, "plead." The rhyme leads us to suppose that the author pronounced plete, which indeed is the more common form.

p. 33, l. 1154. and makes no sense here. thankes must also be incorrect, the 3rd person present singular always terminating in -eth in this poem, and not in -es. Read as thanketh me; thanketh me occurs in l. 465.

p. 34, l. 1158. pight, "pitched, fixed." The infinitive mood is picchen; cf. O.Dutch picchen, O.Icel. pikka, "pungere, pungere."

p. 34, l. 1159. In the French Fierabras, l. 606 et seq., Oliver also assists the Saracen to put on his gear. This point is not mentioned in the Ashmolean version, see Introduction, p. xxviii.

p. 34, l. 1163. worthed up, "became up, got up, mounted." It is the past tense of the verb worthen, O.E. wæran, "to become." Another past tense of this verb is worth, l. 1204.

p 34, l. 1164. arcest, or arest = "a rest, or support for the spear when

p. 34, l. 1167. as fire of thonder, cf. dintre of thondir in l. 1207.

p. 34, l. 1168. to-braste, "burst in pieces." The prefix to-, answering to Germ. zer-, has the force of "in twain, asunder."

p. 34, l. 1170. threstre, O.E. préstan, "premere, trudere." The author probably pronounced thraste, which will improve the rhyme.

p. 34, ll. 1179-80. upon the hede (blank in MS) the hede. This is evidently a mistake of the scribe; sore, l. 1180, too, which does not rhyme with crowne, is probably miswritten for sone. The rhyme as well as the context shows that the true reading is:

"Olyver him hitte again
Upon the hede than fulle sone
He earfe awaye with myght and mayne
The cercle that sate upon his crowne."

p. 34, l. 1182. About the cercle, see Denmay, Le Costume de guerre, p. 132. "Non seulement le cône du heaume (helme) est bordé par ce cercle, mais il est parfois renforcé dans toute sa hauteur par deux arêtes placées l'une devant, l'autre derrière, ou par quatre bandes de métal ornements (de verroteries), venant aboutir et se croiser à son sommet."—crowne means the "tonsure of the head," then topically "the skull or head."

p. 34, l. 1185. the botelles of bavme are not mentioned anywhere else in the Sowdan; the other versions tell us that the balm contained in those vessels was the same as that with which Christ was anointed. Cf. Syr Ferumbras, ll. 510—517; and see Introduction, p. vi and xxix.

p. 34, l. 1191. the river. According to the oldest version of the poem the whole combat took place on the shore of the Tiber, near Rome. See Introduction, pp. xi and xxxii. Cf. Fierabras, l. 1049:

"Pres fu du far de Rome, ses a dedes jetés,"

and Philippe Mousket, I. 4705-6:

"Les .ii. barius qu'à Rome prist,
Si les gieta emni le Toivre."

In the Sowdan as well as in the Ashmole MS, there is no mention of Oliver's drinking of the balm before throwing it into the water, which both the Provençal and the French versions tell us he did. Cf. Fierabras, ll. 1031—1048, and the Provençal version, ll. 1335, et seq.

p. 35, l. 1210. fille, "fel."

p. 35, ll. 1221. dere spoils the rhyme. Read "free."

p. 36, l. 1250. Cousyn to King Charles, cf. l. 1117. In ll. 1499 and 1671 Oliver is said to be nephew to Charlemagne. He was the son of Renier de Gennes, who according to Sir Ferumbras, l. 652: "Y am Charlis emys sone"—was the uncle of Charlemagne. In the poem Girar de Viane we find Oliver among the enemies of the
Emperor and fighting with Roland in close combat; they are at length stopped by divine interposition. Then began a close friendship which lasted till their death at Roncevaux. Oliver's sister Aude was betrothed to Roland. See, besides, Syr Fierabras, ll. 422, 1297, 1305, 1354.

p. 36, l. 1258. hardé grace, "misfortune," cf. l. 2790.

p. 36, l. 1259. Persayyn. This name does not occur in any other version again, except in the Destruction, where one Persagon appears in the list of the Saracen barons. But it is not stated there that he is uncle to Fierabras; cf. besides Fierabras, ll. 2614, 2784.

p. 37, l. 1263. Observe the four consecutive feminine rhymes.

p. 37, l. 1277. The scene as related here widely differs from that described in the Ashmolean version. In the Soedone, Oliver gets hold of the sword which is "trussed on Ferumbras's stede." In the Ashmolean poem it is not Oliver who is disarmed, but Ferumbras, and Oliver allows him to pick up his weapon again. This in itself furnishes us an argument for conjecturing that the author of the Soedon did not follow, or even know of, the Ashmolean version. In the French poem, as well as in the Provençal, it is likewise Oliver who is disarmed. If in those poems we find mentioned besides that Ferumbras offered his enemy to take up his sword again—an incident not related in the Soedon—we do not consider this to disprove our supposition that the French version was the source of the Soedun, as we may consider our author in this case simply to have adhered to his favourite practice of shortening his original as much as possible, so far as no essential point is concerned. Cf. the French Fierabras, ll. 1289—1346.

p. 37, l. 1286. saught is a misprint for raught.

p. 37, l. 1289. He thought he quyte. quyte may be explained as standing for quyted, or else he must be changed into to: He thought to quyte, the latter reading is perhaps preferable. We find in l. 3110 a passage agreeing almost exactly with this.

p. 38, l. 1298. Quyrnyn. The name of this Saint does not occur in any other version of our romance.

p. 38, l. 1308. There is no mention made of this prayer in the Ashmolean version, the Soedan here (ll. 1308—1340) agrees again with the French Fierabras, ll. 1164—1244 (and with the Provençal poem, l. 1493, et seq.), with the only difference, that the prayer which Charlemagne addressed to God, in order to bestow the victory upon the Christian hero, is much longer in F, and is stuffed with so many details of the Scripture, that in some way it may be regarded as a succinct account of the whole life of the Lord.

p. 38, l. 1320. skouytéed = discomjitéd, l. 1464. It is formed by the same analogy as stroyeth = destroyeth. See note to l. 780. The substantive discumjitéure, O.Fr. descomjitéure, occurs in l. 336; the same
word, without prefix, is found in M.H.G., cf. Kudrun, ed. Martin, 646, 2: "dö si höten gerne die porten zuo getan
dö muenste si daz lernen durch schwamphenziureu verlân."
The Italian noun is sconfitta, and the verb sconfiggere.
p. 32, l. 1327. God above does not rhyme with lord almighty. The rhyme is easily restored if we read of might (cf. l. 2059) for above, and if we change almighty into almyght, so that we have:
1. 1327. "Tho Charles thanked God of myghte."
1. 1329. "And saide, 'blessed be thou, lord almyghte.'"
The adjective almyght is of frequent occurrence in Mid. Eng. writers. So in Allit. Poems, l. 497: "in sothful gospel of god almyght;" Syr Ferumbras, l. 3580, "God almy3te : sîte;" ibid. l. 3815, "god almyght : wy3t."
p. 39, l. 1349. cas is an erratum for ras.—"Ras, shave." "Rees 1693, evening." These explanations given by the editor of the Roxb. Club ed. are wrong. Ras and rees being both derived from O.E. rés, "impetus cursus," are indiscriminately used in three meanings: (1) "onset, assault;" (2) "course, run, rush, haste, hurry;" (3) "space, time, occasion." The last signification is well shown by the following passages:
"Hit lasteþ but a lutel rees."
(Al. Maydenhod, l. 26.)
"Dat ys to seye upon a rees,
Synkyng Saxone, be on pees."
(Arthur, ed. Furnivall, l. 525.)
In the Svedan ras or rees means (1) "time, instant, occasion," ll. 1349, 1693; (2) "rush, hurry, haste," ll. 645, 489. rese, l. 774 = "current in the sea," the same word as the preceding ras and rees, meaning properly, "a narrow rush, or violent current of water." See Morris, Chaucer's Prologue (Clarendon Press), s. v. reyse. Cf. the French expressions, "raz de mer," "raz de courrent," "raz de marée."
p. 39, l. 1361. sene : be. Read se as in ll. 1124, 658, 1826.
p. 40, l. 1372. ryden, which does not rhyme with foighten, is evidently a clerical error. I suppose soghten to be the true reading. For examples of soght = "came, went, moved," see Zupitza's note to Guy, l. 7151, and Skeat's Glossary to Specimens, s. v. socht.—There is still another corruption in this passage, as assemblad does not rhyme with ordeyned.
p. 40, l. 1380. Note the transition from the indirect to the direct speech.
p. 40, l. 1381. As it stands, the line is too long and spoils the rhythm. The words "if ye cast me downe" can be dispensed with.
p. 40, l. 1383. thare : were (O.E. werian). The rhyme is easily restored by reading there instead of thare, cf. ll. 2004, 2404, 2245, etc. and see Introduction, p xxxv.
p. 41, ll. 1419-22. Observe the weak rhymes alternating with the strong ones.

p. 41, l. 1420. brother means "brother-in-law." Oliver's sister Aude was Roland's intended bride. Perhaps also brother may be taken here in sense of "brother in arms," as in most romances we find Roland and Oliver mentioned as a couple of true friends united by the most tender ties of comradeship. Besides, Oliver was highly indebted to Roland, who had rescued him when he had been made a prisoner after his duel with Ferragus.

p. 41, l. 1423. cowthe miswritten for caughte, which we read in ll. 1411, 1603.

p. 41, l. 1424. Ascopartes is the correct form. See note on l. 495.

p. 51, l. 1427. foolde cannot be "earth" here, for which the editor of the Roxburghe Club ed., takes it. Foold is the participle past of fealden, "to fold, plicare." It means, "folded, bent down, fallen." This seems also to be the sense of foolde in the following passages: Lazamon, 23983-4:

"Pa fool Frolle
dolde to grunde."

Ibid. ll. 27054-6:

"Romanise veollen
fifteen hundred
folden to grunden."

Ibid. ll. 20057-60:

"he folte to quellen
De king on his peode
& his folde valden
volden to grunde."

Cf. Strattmann, p. 194.

p. 41, l. 1433. Roland and Olyver are taken prisoners. This incident is differently related in the other poems. There Roland is not taken at all, but sent afterwards among the messengers to the Soudan's court. Together with Oliver four knights are taken, viz. Gwylmer, Berard, Geoffrey and Aubry, who all are carried away by the flying Saracens in spite of the efforts of Roland and Ogier.


p. 42, l. 1456. astyte has nothing to do with the Latin astatus with which the editor of the Roxb. Club ed. apparently confounds it in explaining it as "cunningly devised." Astyte means "at once, immediately, suddenly"; see Morris, Glossary to Allit. Poems. It is a compound of the simple word tye, "soon, quickly," which see above, l. 181.

p. 43, l. 1475. Tarpyr. The name of the archbishop is not mentioned in the Ashmolean version. The French text, ll. 1836-40, runs as follows:
NOTES TO pp. 43—47, II. 1183—1619.

“Karles, nostre empereres, en est en pies levés,
Il apela Milon et Turpin l’alosés,
Deus rics arcivesques de moult grant sainteté:
Faites moi tost uns fors bencier et saerer;
Je woel que cis rois soit bauptizés et levés.”

Cf. also the Provençal poem, l. 1893, et seq.


p. 43, l. 1486. Rome is a corruption of Roye, as follows from the French Fierabras, l. 1851:

“C’est sans Florans de Roie, ce dist l’auctorités.”

Cf. the Ashmole Ferumbras, l. 1087, and Groeber, Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie, IV. p. 167.

p. 43, l. 1495. affrayed, which must not be confounded with affrayed, as the editor of the Roxburghe Club ed. does, means “asked, inquired.” It is the compound of fraynen or fraynen, O. E. frignan, “to ask.” Goth. fræhan. Germ. fragen.

p. 43, l. 1497. allayned, “concealed.” The simple verb layne (from Icel. legna, cf. Zupitza’s note to Guy, l. 2994) is still retained in the Scottish dialect, with the sense of “to hide.” Cf. also Morris, Allit. Poems, Gloss. s. v. layned.

p. 43, l. 1498. In the other poems the prisoners do not tell their true names; see Introduction, pp. xxvii and xxix; and cf. Syr Ferumbras, l. 1167.

p. 43, l. 1499. Roland is nephew to Charlemagne on his mother’s side. See note to l. 1888, and cf. the Ashmole Ferumbras, l. 2066. For Oliver, see above, note to l. 1250.

p. 44, l. 1515. In the Sveden Floripas herself advises Laban not to slay his captives, but to imprison them. In the other versions it is one of the barons who gives the same advice. See Introduction, p. xxviii.

p. 44, l. 1558. depe: myrke. The rhyme will be restored by reading dirke or derke instead of depe. derke occurs in l. 2541.

p. 45, l. 1604. maute. “In Old French mauté is malice.” Gloss. to Roxburghe Club ed. I do not know whether maute exists in O. Fr., but even if it did, it would make no sense here. I feel sure maute is a corruption of mynte or mente (cf. l. 1784), the preterite of minten or menten = “to aim a blow, to strike,” from O. E. myntan, “to intend, to purpose.” See Zupitza’s note to Guy, l. 6579, and Morris, Allit. Poems, s. v. mynte. Cf. also Syr Ferumbras, l. 5587:

“Pan Charlis a strok till hym gan mynte;
Ac hym fayled of ys dynte,
for jat swerd hym glente . . .”

p. 47, l. 1615. treu instead of free will restore the rhyme. The same rhyme treve: neue occurs in ll. 67, 588.

p. 47, l. 1619. fele sithe, “many a time, often.” So in ll. 2740, 2815. Cf. ofte sithe, l. 916.
p. 47, l. 1624. *ruly*, O.E. hréowlic = "rueful, sorrowful, mournful, piteous."

p. 47, l. 1645. *harmes skathe* makes no sense. Read *harmes et skathe*, which occurs in Gen. and Exod. l. 2314:

"Dis sonde hem overtakere raede
And bicallee of harme and sord."  

p. 48, l. 1665. In the French *Fierabras* (as well as in the Ashmolean version) it is Roland whom Charlemagne addresses first (see above, note to l. 1483); he tells him that he must go on a mission to demand the surrender of Oliver and his companions. Upon which Naymes and the other twelve peers remonstrate, but are all sent to Laban one after the other, just as in the *Sowden*. In the Provençal poem it is only Guy who protests. Cf. ll. 2263-2282 of the French *Fierabras*:

"Rollant regarda tost, si l'a araisonné :
Biaus nés, ce dist li rois, trop sui por vous irés ;
Vous mouroir le matin, à Aigremore irés ;
Si dirés l'amirant, gardés ne li celés,
Rende moi la courone dont Dix fu couronés
Et les autres reliques dont je sui moult penés ;
Et en aprèz demant mes chevalier membres ;
Et se il ne le fait si que deviserés, 
Dites j'el ferai prendre par la goulé à un trefs,
En desere le meunri com .i. larron prové,
Ne troverai putel où il ne soit passé." etc.


p. 49, l. 1683. *lose*, "lose." So in l. 2655 and 1696, where it rhymes with *chose*, which occurs again in ll. 2748, 2934.

p. 49, l. 1687. French text gives (ll. 2297, *et seq.*):

"Ogier li boins Danois s'en est levés en pies :
Sire drois emperere, pour amour Dieu, oïés :
Bien sai se il i vont ja n'en reverna piez.
Avec irés, dist Karles, par les ex de mon cief :
Or i serés vous .v. qui porterés mes briés."

p. 49, l. 1691. Bery must be miswritten for *Terry*, as we find Terris d'Ardane in the French *Fierabras*, l. 2290, and Terry of Arldane in *Syr Ferumbras*, l. 1469. According to l. 3187 of *Syr Ferumbras*, Thierry is the father of Berard (Bryer) of Mountdidier. Cf. the French text, ll. 2290-96 and *Syr Ferumbras*, ll. 1468-1473.


p. 49, l. 1695. Folk Baliant is not mentioned in any other poem of our romance. See *Introduction*, p. xxvii.

p. 49, l. 1699. *Aleroyse.* See note to l. 884.
p. 49, l. 1711. *Turrym.* There was a real bishop of this name, who, according to the Gallia Christiana, held the see of Reims from A.D. 753 to 794. As we find him described in the romances, Turpin was the very type of a knight-bishop. In the poem of *Aspremont,* he bears before the Christian army the wood of the true cross which in his hands beams with brightness like the sun. In the romance of the *Enfances Ogier* it was he, into whose custody Ogier was given, when he had been made a prisoner after his revolt, in company with the king of Lombardy, against Charlemagne (see above, note to l. 856), and who, notwithstanding the order of Charles to have Ogier starved to death, kept the Dane alive, who afterwards, when the Saracens invaded France, proved a great help to the Christian arms. As we read in the *Chanson de Roland,* II. 2242 seq., Turpin met his death at Roncesvaux, but according to the *Chronicle of Turpin,* he survived the disaster of Roncesvaux, and was saying mass for the dead, when he saw the angels carrying the soul of Roland up to heaven. But from Gaston Paris's Essay *De Pseudo-Turpino* we know this chronicle to be an apocryphal book written by two monks of the eleventh and twelfth century.

p. 49, l. 1717. *set not of youre barons so light* = "do not count, consider them so little." Cf. "to take one so lighte," in *Syr Ferumbras,* II. 114, 156.

p. 50, l. 1721. *gife no coost* has the same meaning as *give no tale* = "make no account, do not mind." See Zupitza's note to *Guy,* 8143. Cf. also *Sonedan,* I. 2793, and *Syr Ferumbras,* I. 5847, 101, 4975; and also l. 173, 1578.

p. 50, l. 1723. Bryer of Mountes, or Berard de Montdidier was celebrated for his gallantries and attentions to the ladies:

"D'ardimen vail Rhotan et Olivier
E de domnei Berart de Mondesderi."

i. e.—"In prowess I am equal to Rolland and to Oliver, in matters of love to Berart of M." says the troubadour Peire Vidal in his poem *Dragoman seiner*; cf. also *Fierabras,* II. 2125-7;

"Je ne sai qui vous estes, car ne vous puis viser,
Mais je cuit c'as pucieles sivés molit bien juer,
En cambre sous cortine baiser et aceoler."

See, besides, *Syr Ferumbras,* II. 422, 1297, 1305, 1354. This Bryer of Mountes must be the same as the one slain in a sally of the twelve peers, II. 2604, 2622, because, according to l. 1723, it was he who was among the peers sent on a mission to the Soudan. There is one Bryer of Brytaine occurring in l. 886, whom one might be inclined to think identical with Bryer of Mountes, as in l. 886 he is cited together with the other peers. But since we find him again as the treasurer of Charlemagne (l. 3205), this is impossible, unless we suppose the mention of Bryer in l. 3205 to be owing to the absent-
NOTES TO pp. 50—55, ll. 1743—1892.

mindedness of the author, who may be accused of a similar inadvertency with regard to Ryehard of Normandy; cf. note to l. 2707, and Index of Names, s. v. Flagot.

p. 50, l. 1743. *Bronland.* The true reading is *Brouland,* as shewn by *Fierabras,* ll. 1540, 5174, &c.; *Destruction,* ll. 1240-159, 441, and *Soivdan,* ll. 1759, 2456. The Ashmole MS. has *Bruyllant.*


p. 51, l. 1778. *charke* hardly makes sense here. It is perhaps a clerical error for *charge,* "to command, to order." The sense would then be, "and to tell him the Soudan's strict orders which by peril of death (= upon life and lithe) Laban recommended him to obey."

p. 51, l. 1779. *pen* instead of *pan* would improve the rhyme.

p. 52, l. 1788. *lurde* of Spayne. Cf. the French expression, "amirans d'Espaigne," which we find so often used in the *Destruction.*

p. 52, l. 1802. *trappe* is Mod. Eng. *trappe,* which is used in the sense of "to traipse, to walk sluttishly." Halliwell has "trapes == to wander about."

p. 52, l. 1816. *hyleved.* Rhyme and sense will be improved by reading *hyleven.*

p. 53, l. 1854. *tyne* makes no sense here. Perhaps we ought to read *I dyne;* cf. ll. 1508, 1114, 1837, and *Syr Ferumbras,* l. 5621:

"Ofer elles þoo shalt þyn hefd forgon,
To morwen, or y wil dyne."

_Fierabras,* l. 1914:

"Ja mais ne mcngerai si sera aelsenbres."

See also *Guy,* l. 3695.

p. 54, l. 1888. *Syr Gy, necew unto the king Charles.* Cf. *Fierabras,* ll. 3406-8:

"On m'apele Guion, de Bordoigne sui nés,
Et fils d'une des filles au duc Millon d'Angler,
Cousin german Rollant, qui tant fait à douter."

Duke Milon d'Anglers was brother-in-law to Charlemagne, whose sister Berte was Milon's wife and mother to Roland. Cf. Philippe Mousket, l. 2706-8:

"S'oet Charles une autre sereur,
Bertain : cele prist à seigneur
Milon d'Anglers, s'en et Rollant."

If, therefore, in the passage quoted above from *Fierabras,* Guy is said to be the grandson of Milon, he must have been the grand-nephew of Charlemagne, and nephew to Rollant. As we learn from the French poem of *Guy de Bourgogne,* Guy's father was Samson of Burgundy. Cf. besides, *Histoire Poétique,* p. 407, and *Syr Ferumbras,* ll. 1922, 2001, 1410, etc.

p. 55, l. 1892. *And yet knowe I him noght.* Floripas has already once
seen Guy when he was defeating Lukafer before Rome; cf. Fierabras, ll. 2237-2245:

"i. chevalier de France ai lontans ename
Guis a nom de Borgoise, moul i a bel armé;
Parens est Karlemaine et Rollant l'aduré.
Dès que je fui à Romme, m'a tout mon aur box toile;
Quant l'amirans mes peres fist gaster la cite,
Lucafer de Baudus abati ens ou pré,
Et lui et le ceval, d'un fort espiel quarre.
Se eis n'est nes maris, je n'ara homme né;
Pour lui voel je croire ou roi de sainte maisté."

See also Syr Fierumbras, ll. 2073-2087. Our line does not necessarily imply a contradiction to the French text, as on the former occasion she probably saw the duel from a great distance, when the latter's features were hidden by his helmet. That she really did not recognize him follows from the following passage of Fierabras, l. 2800, et seq.

"Je aine en douce France :i. leger baceler."
—"Dame, comment a nom?" ce dist Rollans li her.
Et respon la puciele : "ja le m'orrés nommer;
Guis a nom de Borgoise, moul i a bel armé."
—"Par mon chéf" dist Rollans "à vos ex le vées
N'a pas entre vous deus iiili piés mesurées."

Besides there are numerous instances to be met with in mediaeval poetry of persons enamoured of some one they had never seen:

"Ans no la vi et am la fort"

p. 55, l. 1927. myghty seems to mean "excellent, delicious," rather than "heavy."

p. 57, l. 1974. amonge, "every now and then, from time to time, occasionally." See Zupitza's note to Guy, 2301. It is often used as a kind of expletive.

p. 57, l. 1995. foulis, "fools, foolish." Cf. the French text:
"Par Mahum, dist li rois, trestout sont fol prové."

p. 57, l. 1996. There is no mention made of this game in the Provençal poem. It is described here even more explicitly than in the French Fierabras, ll. 2907—2932. Cf. also Syr Fierumbras, ll. 2230—2251.

p. 57, l. 1997. assorte = "assembly, company;" by one assorte = "in one company." (Halliwell). It seems to be connected with sort = "set, assemblage," see Skeat, Specimens of E. E., 425/999

p. 58, l. 2000. i-fest : blast. Perhaps we ought to read i-fast.

p. 59, l. 2036. maden orders. I do not know the exact meaning of this expression. Perhaps it may be taken with the same sense as the Mod. II. Germ. phrase = "ordnung schaffen," which literally means
"to set in order, to put matters straight," but is often used in the sense of "to clear away," or, "to remove or despatch."

p. 59, l. 2045. that he wente awaye with lym = "that he had escaped with (his limbs, or having) his limbs safe and sound. lyme, O.E. lym., Mod. Eng. limb.

p. 59, l. 2052. tho = O.E. þæ, "those, them," it is used as a definite article in l. 2063.

p. 59, l. 2057. awapide, miswritten for awapide (Heritage), "astonished, bewildered." Cf. Stratmann, p. 10.—Mätzner, Wörterbuch, p. 150, connects it with Goth. as$happjan, "to suffocate." We find m written for w several times in our poem; thus we read gamylokes for gawylokes in l. 2650, and romme for rowme in l. 876.

p. 60, l. 2085. Assyne. The rhyme shows that Assye is the true reading. Assye occurs in ll. 102, 123.

p. 60, l. 2093. wone, "heap, plenty." O.Icel. wán. See Zupitza's note to Guy, p. 444.

p. 61, l. 2119. Brevlantde. It ought to be Brevland or Brouland; see above note to l. 1743.

p. 61, l. 2120. The first foot in the line consists of the single word whot. Thus in ll. 2283, 2374, 2394, etc.

p. 62, l. 2145. Espyarde. This name only occurs in this poem. In Syr Ferumbras, l. 3824, the messenger sent to the bridge-keeper is called Malyngryas. There is no name mentioned in the French Fierabras, l. 4265.

p. 62, l. 2156. That no man by the brigge. There is no verb in the sentence. Perhaps we ought to read that no man passe by the brigge, or, that no man passe the brigge.

p. 63, l. 2191. Of the description of the giant in Fierabras, ll. 4740—4755, and Syr Ferumbras, ll. 4435—4441.

p. 63, l. 2199. noble not. See note to l. 1096.

p. 64, l. 2225. The line is too long. Wilde can be dispensed with, and instead of horses we may read hors; cf. Skeat, Gloss. to Prioress's Tale (Clarendon Press), s. v. hors.

p. 64, l. 2233. a magnelle, "a mangonel," an ancient military engine used for battering down walls (Halliwell). Magnelle is the O.Fr. Mangonel, or Mangoneau, the Italian manganello (= "arbalist, crossbow"). The latter is the diminutive form of mangano, "a sling;" Greek, μαγγανος. See Diez, Etym. Wörterb., I. 261.

p. 64, l. 2238. Cornel or cornel, Fr. carronel, Mod.Fr. créneau, "battlement, pinnacle." Literally it means, "a piece carved out," i.e. of the wall on the top of a building; the French verb carnerel or crenelder signifying, "to carve out, to jag, to notch." Cornel is derived from Latin crena (See Diez, Gramm., I. 14), which means "a notch, a cut, an incision" (Diez, Etym. Wörterb., II. 268). Thus cornel came to denote a battlement or indented parapet; or more
exactly it was applied to those parts of the wall projecting upwards between the openings or embrasures. It was one of these projecting portions that was here knocked down. Cf. also Syr Ferumbras, i. 3314.

p. 65, l. 2245. The line is too long. Perhaps or he hit may be dispensed with.

p. 65, l. 2247. The episode of Marsedag being slain by Guy is not found in any other poem of this romance.

p. 65, l. 2271. Alkaron, "the Koran," al is the Arabic article. There is a god named Alcaron occurring in l. 2762.

p. 66, l. 2282. dye: waye. See l. 441. forfanelid = "famished, starved to death." I am not aware of any other instance of this word. Halliwell has "famele = to be famished." The prefix for- has intensive or augmentative power; it is particularly used in past participles. See Mätzner's Grammatik, P. 542.

p. 66, l. 2290. faile is the infinitive mood = "to be wanting, to become deficient." "Roland seeing the ladies white and pale (with hunger) and (seeing) the bread wanting on their table spoke some words of lamentation," etc.

p. 66, l. 2303. forceere, "chest, coffer." For the etymology see Diez, Würterb., II. 31, s. v. forziere.

p. 66, l. 2309. As it stands the line is too long. As you and that may be dispensed with, we ought perhaps to read, I pray ye wole us alle it shewe.

p. 66, l. 2310. saule, "fill, hunger satisfied to repletion." The rhyme shows that the last syllable is accented. Therefore it cannot be derived from the French soûl (Gloss. to Roxb. Club ed.), but from soûlèe.

p. 66, l. 2311. yede = "went." Not from O.E. code, but from go-code. See Zupitza's note to Guy, l. 60, and Skeat, Piers the Plowman (Clarendon Press), 94/40.

p. 66, l. 2312. vertue: feuce; the rhyme is perfect, see the Abstract of Mr. Nicol's paper in the Academy of June 23, 1877 (vol. xi. p. 564, col. 1).

p. 66, l. 2313. We must scan this line thus:

And diden it aaboute hem eveychon.

-en in diden is mute; see Introduction, p. xxxix.

p. 67, l. 2326. ginne = "engin, contrivance, trick." See note to l. 780.

p. 67, l. 2337. lefte. The rhyme shows that the author pronounced lefte, which we find in l. 426.

p 68, l. 2351. Cf. Fierabras, ll. 3046—3097. In the Provençal poem Maubyn or Malpi, as he is called in Provençal, enters the room by means of a charm which makes the door open itself:
NOTES TO pp. 68—73, ll. 2365—2538. 127

"Vengutz es al fossat, pres de la tor cayrada.
Tantost intret dedins cuendamens a celada,
Vene a l'us de la cambra: si la trobet tancada.
Et a dit son conjur: tota s'es desfermada."
ll. 2757-60.

p. 68, l. 2365. The rhyme is restored if we read leddo instead of ladde.
See l. 1651.

p. 69, l. 2390. By God and seynt Mary, wyn avour. I think the
words wyn avour are due to the scribe, not to the author, as they
spoil the rhythm. So we get Mary: we. This rhyme, although
not perfect, is of no rare occurrence in Mid. Eng. works, see Introduc-
tion, p. xliv. As to the spelling of avour I am not aware of any
other instance of this form of the word. There is a form avowre
cited by Halliwell. Besides, avoury and avowery, which he quotes
under different heads, are perhaps only different spellings of the same
word.

p. 69, l. 2399. slepinge must be altered into slepande in order to restore
the rhyme. The author employed -and and -ynge as terminations of
the present participle. See Introduction, p. xxxviii.

p. 69, 1. 2421. also belongs to l. 2422.

p. 70, l. 2433. so mete I spede, "as I may succeed." See Zupitza's
note to Guy, l. 615.

p. 71, l. 2477. and now is perhaps miswritten for inow; cf. the French
text, l. 3803:

"Tant y a plates d'or, nus nes porroit nombrer."

p. 71, l. 2482. wast gives no sense. Perhaps we ought to read
went.

p. 72, l. 2491—2502. The arrangement of the stanzas seems, as
regards the rhymes, to be incorrect.

p. 72, l. 2507. In the Ashmole Ferumbras this episode of the Soudan
breaking the image of Mahound is omitted. In the French text he
only threatens to make him cry, as soon as he gets hold of him, but
he is rebuked by Sorbrance telling him that Mahomet being over-
tired with guarding the treasure has only fallen asleep. Cf. Fierabras,
ll. 3820—3829.

p. 72, l. 2512. or, O.E. är, "mercy, favour." Thyre ore = "grant
us thy favour, " "have mercy upon us," or, "with thy favour."

p. 73, l. 2535. Richard of Normandy appearing here as in the French
Fierabras, among the twelve peers besieged by the Soudan, without
having been mentioned before in the number of the knights sent on
a mission by Charles, furnishes us with an argument in support of our
supposition that the French Fierabras was the source of our poem.
See Introduction, p. xxx, and of Fierabras, ll. 3957—3994, and Syr
Ferumbras, l. 4921.

p. 73, l. 2538. wende: hende; wende which occurs in l. 2328 would
improve the rhyme.
p. 73, l. 2549. *paramour* = "object of chivalrous affection and devotion."

p. 73, l. 2557. wronge, preterite of wringe, "to press well out, force one's way."

p. 73, l. 2558. Does thile stand for while, as then, l. 2527, seems to be miswritten for when? Or is thile = the while?

p. 74, l. 2564. sloughé: drowe. Read slowe, as in l. 2401, 2683, 304, 2208, etc.

p. 75, l. 2597. itolde, "in number," see Zupitza's note to Guy, 1770.

p. 75, l. 2614. quell = "kill," which occurs in l. 3006.

p. 75, l. 2616. bistudde, "hard bestead, greatly imperilled."

p. 75, l. 2617. japed, "mocked, tricked, laughed at." Connected with Icel. *gabba*, "to mock."


p. 76, l. 2651. lurdyn, Mod. Eng. lurdan, which is said to be the Fr. lourdin (diminutive of lourd). Regarding it as a corruption of "lord Dane" is a mere joke:

"In every house lord Dane did then rule all, Whence laysie lozels lurdanes now we call."

*Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 588.


p. 76, l. 2660. let armes makes no sense. Read as armes—As armes = Fr. aux armes, "to arms," is of pretty frequent occurrence in Mid. Eng. poems; see Mätzner's Wörterb., p. 112. Cf. also Syr Ferumbras, l. 2933:

"As armes," janne eride Rolond,
"As armes everychone!"

Cf. ibidem, l. 4125. So we read in the *Destruction*, l. 1460:

"Ore as armes, seignours, franc chevalier membré."

Perhaps we ought to read as armes also in l. 491, where the reading and armes is somewhat suspicious, since armes, if we regard and armes to be the true reading, would be the only instance of the imperative plural ending in -es (instead of -eth) in the Sowdan.

p. 77, l. 2689. Thay thanked God that thay him hadde Gyfe thaye suche grace to spede. These lines are corrupt. I propose to read:

"Thay thanked God that hem hadde Gyfen suche grace to spede."

p. 77, l. 2694. alaye, written as one word in the MS., must be divided into two, a being the indefinite article, and laye meaning "un-ploughed ground, field, pasture, meadow." Mod. Eng. ley, lea, lay See Stratmann, s. v. leye, p. 356.

p. 77, l. 2698. he, "they." This is the only instance of he instead of the common thay. But he, which is further confirmed by the rhyme, must certainly be attributed to the author; thay occurs only once
NOTES TO pp. 78—81, II. 2706—2810.

(l. 3021) as a rhyme, but the rhyme is not a good one, and there also it would be preferable to read he.

p. 78, l. 2706. *by my thrife*, the same as "so mote y thryve," or, "so mote y spede" = "as (verily as) I may thrive," "in truth."

p. 78, l. 2707. see; cf. Zupitza's note to Guy, 163.

p. 78, l. 2719. *wole: skille*. The rhyme shows that *wole* cannot be due to the author; we must read *wille* (or *welle* which occurs l. 2633).

p. 78, l. 2732. *bikare or bykeringe*, l. 2559 = "fight, battle, skirmish." *Er durste bikare abide*. The subject is wanting, see note to l. 67. Or is there any corruption in this line? Perhaps we ought to read: "Lenger durste [thay] no bikare abyde." Cf. II. 3117, 2610, 2947.

p. 79, l. 2748. *love*. The rhyme requires *leof* or *leere*. *leof*, O.E. *leof*, means "dear, beloved." For examples of *leef* being used as a substantive, see Stratmann, p. 359.

p. 80, l. 2793. *eye, "egg."* See Koch, *Eng. Gr.* II. § 582, and compare the French phrase "valoir un œuf pelé."

p. 80, l. 2797. *and his meyne*. This must be a mistake of the author himself. According to l. 2557, Richard had ventured alone on a mission to Charlemagne. There is no mention whatever made afterwards that he was joined by any one; the other poems likewise state that Richard was without any companion.

p. 80, l. 2805. *lete: gate*. The rhyme requires *late*.

p. 81, l. 2810. *cliffe*. Here the author of the *Sordan* goes so far in shortening his original as to be wholly unintelligible. Indeed, any reader, not comparing these lines with corresponding passages in the French poem, will be left without any clue to what *clif* is here intended to mean. From the French *Fierabras* we know that the water of the river was very deep and broad, and that the banks were exceedingly steep and almost inaccessible. Cf. *Fierabras*, ll. 4349:

"Et voit l'agne bruant, le flot parfent et lé?"

l. 4358: "La rive en est moult haute, bien fait à redouter." Cf. also the Provençal poem, ll. 3733, et seq.:

"Richart regarla l'ayga, que fe mot a duper,
E fo grans c'euonda, que no y auza intrar,
E la riba fou *anta de C' pos ses gaber."

Now it was by means of a twofold myracle that the Christian knight was enabled to cross the river:

(1) The waters suddenly increased and rose so as to reach the very top of the banks; cf. *Fierabras*, ll. 4365-69:

"Or oës quel vertu Diex i vaut demonstrer
Pour le roi Karlemaine, qui tant fait à douter,
Ançois que on éust une liuee alé,
Veissiés si Flagot engroisser et enfler,
Que par desus la rive commence à seronder."

Provençal, ll. 3741-45;

CHARL. ROM. V.
"Ara podez auzir, si m veletz escutar:  
Tan bela meravilha li vole diex demostrar  
Per lo bon rey de Fransa que el vole tant amar;  
Ans un trag de balesta pogues lumhs hom amar;  
Pogratz vezer Flagot sus la riba montar."

(2) A deer appears and shows Richard the way across the river to the top of the opposite bank.

"Atant es vous i. cerf, que Diex i fist aler,  
Et fu blancs comme nois, blancs fu a resgarder.  
Devant le ber Richart se prent a demostre,  
Devant lui est tantost ens en Flagot entrés.  
Li dus voit Sarrazins après lui aronté,  
S'il ot paour de mort ne fait a demander.  
Aprés le blance bisse commencha a errer  
Tout ainsi com ele vait, lait le ceval aler;  
Et li ciers vait devant, qui bien s' i sot garder,  
D'autre part a la rive se prent a ariver."

Cf. also the Provençal version, ll. 3751-54:

"Apres la blanca bestia laycha 'l destrier amar.  
E lo cer vay denan, que l samput ben guizar,  
De l'autra part de l'aygua l'a fayt ben arivar,  
E diex a fayt Flagot en son estat tornar."

This bank which formerly was steep and inaccessible, but is now covered with water, is called cliff by our poet. In the Ashmolean poem the first miracle is not mentioned; cf. Syr Ferumbras, ll. 3943, et seq. p. 81, l. 2811. he blessed him in God's name. The phrase occurs also in Syr Ferumbras, l. 3961, but is not to be found in the French text. Mr. John Shelley (in his paper printed in the Annual Report and Transactions of the Plymouth Institution, IV. i. 71) took this phrase as a proof that the original of the Sowdan could not have been the French poem. But it must be stated that as in the Sowdan, l. 2807, so in the French version Richard is said to have addressed a prayer to God:

"Escortrement commence Jhesu à reclamer:  
Glorieus sire pere, qui te laissas pener  
En la crois bencoite pour ton pule sauver,  
Garisidus lui mon cors de mort et d'affoler,  
Que je puisse Karlon mon message conter."

Fierabras, ll. 4360-64.

If now we consider that some lines back (l. 4093) the French poem expressively states that Richard seeing himself hard pressed by the Saracens, signed himself with the sign of the cross—

"Lors a levé sa main, de Jhesu s'est signé"  
an incident which at that moment is omitted in the Sowdan—we think ourselves entitled to regard this proof as not very convincing.

p. 81, l. 2820. Ganclon, one of Charlemagne's officers, who by his treachery was the cause of the defeat of Roncesvauux, the death of Roland, etc., for which he was torn to death by horses. For
several centuries his name was a synonymous word with traitor. 


p. 81, l. 2845. *Fremounde* cannot be the true reading, as it does not rhyme with *kinge.* Besides *Fremounde* does not occur again in the poem. Perhaps we ought to read *Qreytyne,* as in l. 1298. In the corresponding passage of the French *Fierabras* (l. 4625) it is to St. Denis that Charles swears; cf. also *Syr Fierabras,* l. 4289.

p. 82, l. 2850. *And* makes no sense. Read "*God.*"

p. 83, l. 2887. *gryse:* assaye. We get a perfect rhyme if we read *gray* instead of *gryse.* Halliwell, s. v. "gray," has: "the skin or fur of a badger."

p. 83, l. 2891. As it stands, the line does not rhyme with l. 2893. The rhyme will be restored if we read:

"*Lycence gete ye none nere," or perhaps
"*Lycence gete ye of me nere,""

*nere* meaning *necer, never,* as in *Guy,* 10550 and 10716.

p. 84, l. 2939. The name of the giantess is *Amiette* or *Amiote* in the other poems.

p. 84, l. 2941. This line is too long; *as pikke* may be omitted.

p. 84, l. 2942. *bydene,* "immediately, all at once." On the etymology see Zupitza's note to *Guy,* 2408.

p. 85, l. 2981. *ayene* means "back." So in *Genesis* and *Exodus,* l. 1097:

"And bodem hem and tagten wel
Sat here non wente agen."

Again, l. 3267: "*So quochen he wende agen,
An israel folc lete we ben."

p. 86, l. 3020. As it stands, this line does not scan well. Perhaps we may read *month* instead of *mouthes,* and *childre* instead of *children,* and scan the line thus:

"Found two childre of seven month oldde."

p. 87, l. 3021. *thay:* Normandy. The rhyme, though imperfect, cannot be objected to; but as the rhyme *e* : *y (i)* is frequently employed by our author (see Introduction, p. xliii), and was of rather common use about that period (see Ellis, *Pronunciation,* l. 271), we might incline to the supposition that *he* is the true reading. Cf. besides l. 2698.

p. 87, l. 3034. *mene* makes no sense. Perhaps we ought to read: *mote,* "food."

p. 87, l. 3044. In the French poem, l. 5108, Hoel and Riol are appointed governors of Mantrible, whereas Richard goes on with Charles and commands one of the divisions of his army (l. 5577). Cf. *Syr Fierabras,* l. 5643.


p. 88, l. 3084. In the *Fierabras,* l. 5574, it is Naymes who first recognizes the banner of France; cf. *Syr Fierabras,* l. 5209.

K 2
NOTES TO PP. 89—95, II. 3098 3274.

p. 89, l. 3098. *of the Ethiopes* = “some of the Ethiopians.” This may be regarded as an example of the partitive use of *of*. Cf. Zupitza’s note to *Guy*. 1961.

p. 89, l. 3103. *also heve* must be more correctly written *al to-heve*; — *to-*, as a mere prefix (signifying “in twain, asunder, apart”) = Germ. *zer*) belongs essentially to the verb; the intensive adverb *al* (= “utterly, ominio”) used before verbs beginning not only with *to-*, but also before other prefixes, still further strengthens, and belongs to, the whole expression. So *al to-treden*, l. 1382, *to-braste*, l. 1168.

p. 89, l. 3122. *Belmore.* Perhaps identical with Belmarine.


p. 90, l. 3141. *game,* “sport, joke, affair.”

p. 90, l. 3154. *kat,* “be called.” See note, l. 613.

p. 91, l. 3164. *bronde,* “sword.” In the next line *bronte* means “blow, stroke.”


p. 91, l. 3191. The rhyme is spoiled. Perhaps *there* must be transposed so that we get the rhyme *baptysed: imaryed*.

p. 92, l. 3210. *there to abide in store* = “to be kept in store”; cf. Skelton, ed. Dyce, l. 162, 221.

p. 92, l. 3227. *victory* = “booty, spoils of victory, trophy.”

p. 92, l. 3232. *the hyer honde to have* = “to have conquered or vanquished.” The same phrase is found in M. H. G.; cf. Hartmann’s *Iwein*, ed. Lachmann, l. 1537-8:

> “Vrou Minne nam die obern hant, 
>  daz si in viene unde bant.”

p. 93, l. 3236. In the French *Fierabras*, l. 6082, *et seq.*, and in the Provençal poem, l. 5067, *et seq.*, the relics are distributed as follows: Part of the crown and one nail to St. Denis, and “*li signes,*” the winding-sheet of the Lord, to Compiègne. There is no mention made of the cross in the French poem (see note to l. 665); cf. Intro. pp. 1 and liv.

p. 93, l. 3253. According to the *Chanson de Roland*, Ganelon has been drawn and quartered in a field near Aix-la-Chapelle.


p. 95, l. 3274. The French poem ends with the assertion of the poet (or the scribe) that whoever has well listened to this romance will find every part of it good and excellent, the opening, the middle, and the end:

> “De cest roumant est boine et la fin et l’entre, 
>  Et enmi et partout, qui bien l’a escoutee.”
GLOSSARY.

O.E. = Old English or Anglo Saxon. O.Fr. = Old French.

32/1094 = page 32, line 1094.

Abye, 32/1094, vb. to pay for, expiate. O.E. abyegan.
adumte, 28/957, vb. to subdue.
Fr. dauter, donter, dompter.
afersde, 39/1337, pp. afraid. O.E. aféerde.
affrayned, 43/1495, pt. s. asked. 
O.E. frignan.
afraye, 26/896, sb. disturbance, fight.
agreveed, 29/992, pp. aggrieved.
Fr. aggrever.
alayned, 43/1497, pt. s. concealed, dissembled. Icel. leyna.
alle and some, 22/749, altogether, every one.
almiht, 38/1329, adj. See note.
amnevéd, 29/994, pp. moved.
amonge, 57/1994, adv. in the mean time, now and then, sometimes.
See note to l. 1974.
aplight, 17/573, adv. certainly, indeed. See note.
ameste, 34/1166, sb. rest, support.
O.Fr. arrest.
arson, 41/1410, sb. pommel. Fr. arçon.
aspiéd; 10/314, pp. espied. Fr. espierr.
assaye, 83/2889, sb. value. Fr. essai.
assorte, 57/1997, sb. assembly, company. See note.
assoyled, 70/2455, pt. pl. absolved.
asstraye, 16/332, adv. out of the right way, roving about without guidance.
astyte, 42/1456, adv. immediately.
asure, 5/134, sb. azure.
atame, 27/935, vb. to tame, subdue. O.E. atamian.
atone, 32/1103, agree.
atones, 31/1067, at once.
avente, 36/1237, vb. to take breath.
Fr. venter.
avoure, 69/2390, sb. protection, protectress.
avyse, 49/1716, vb. to consider, advise with one's self. Fr. aviser.
awapide, 59/2057, pp. astounded, bewildered. See note.
ayene, 85/2981, adv. back.

Bandon, 19/636, sb. disposal.
bassatours (?), 29/995, sb. vavassors.
bawson, 2/52, sb. badger.
baye, 27/940, sb. recess, niche. See note.
beckyn, 3/64, vb. beckon. O.E. becaunian.
bedight, 88/3070, vb. to dispose, to surrender, to send forth.
bende, 13/420, vb. to direct.
bente, 20/665, adj. bent, crooked.
benysone, 9/289, sb. blessing. Fr. benoisin.
bette, 49/1716, adv. better.
bikure, 78/2732, sb. skirmish.
bispace, 5/165, pt. s. spoke with.
biwry, 46/1580, vb. betray. O.E. biwrengan.
bloom, 29/1005, adj. blue. Icel. blár.
blyue, 70/2442, vb. to cease, stop. O.E. belinnan.
boboue, 54/1870, sb. a lady’s apartment, boudoir. O.E. bur.
bowe, 53/1853, sb. bough, branch. O.E. bog.
brayde, 8/247, sb. craft, deceit, artifice. See note.
bredees, 5/131, sb. birds. O.E. bridæs.
broke, 36/1232, pp. feared. Cf. O.E. on-dra’dun.
broke, 57/1965, vb. to break.
bronte, 91/3166, sb. blow.
buskede, 31/1055, pt. s. prepared, arrayed. Icel. buask.
bychede, 84/2942, immediately. Originally mid ène. See note.
bykeringe, 74/2395, sb. skirmish.
by than, 10/344. See note.
Camalony, 29/1008, sb. camel-leopard. See note.
carrikes, 4/118, a kind of large ship. See note.
caste, 12/394, sb. plan, stratagem; 60/2091, the throwing; 71/2471, missile. See note to l. 394.
ceased, 89/3109, pt. s. seized.
chaffer, 83/2885, sb. merchandise. O.E. céap, faru.
charke, 51/1778, vb. to creak, crack. See note.
chek, 8/189, sb. a checkered cloth.
chere, 6/201, sb. demeanour, behaviour, humour.
chere, 80/2781, sb. friendliness, willingness.
chere, 87/3630, adj. pleased, merry.
ches, 49/1698, vb. to be free to choose. O.E. céesan.
clopeth, 24/809, pr. s. calls.
cloute, 38/2014, sb. blow.
combrest, 83/2909, pr. s. encumberest. Fr. combrer.
coost, 50/1721, sb. regard, account. See note.
cornell, 64/2238, sb. shaft of a pinnacle or battlement. O.Fr. caruell. See note to l. 2238, and compare Du Cange, s. v. quarn-ellus: “pinna muri per quam milites jaculantur.”
coude, 16/541, pt. s. knew.
counsail, 46/1390, secret.
delte, 16/526, pp. dealt.
dere, 92/3292, vb. to harm, injure. O.E. derian.
derke, 73/2541, adj. dark.
dewe, 70/2452, adj. due.
dinge, 26/880, vb. to dash, beat. Cf. Icel. dengja.
dirke, 44/1539. See note.
dobbet, 33/1136, pp. dubbed. O.E. dubban. Fr. dober.
domte, 14/478, sb. glory.
don, 88/3078, vb. cause, order O.E. don.
donne, 11/347, adj. dun.
dowte, 9/297, sb. fear.
GLOSSARY.

dresse, 49/1702, vb. to direct one's self; go, start. Fr. dresser.
dromonde, 3/63, sb. vessel of war.
dute, 30/1024, sb. duty. Deriv. of due, dewe. Fr. den.

egre, 29/1009, vb. to excite, to urge.

eke, 20/662, adv. also. O.E. ēac.
egyn, 28/918, sb. a skilful contrivance. Fr. engin.
enample, 27/931, sb. example.
entente, 16/550, vh. to turn one's attention to, to try to get, to attempt.
entente, 28/945, sb. meaning, will, mind.
erille, 11/368, sb. earl.
eraunte, 5/139, quick, immediately.
eye, 80/2793, sh. egg. O.E. eeg.
Fade, 20/678, vb. to dispose, to arrange, to set up (?).

fade, 30/1033, adj. weak, faint.
faste, 32/1086, adv. much, greatly.
fat, 90/3152, sb. vat, tub. O.E. fset.
fauchon, 76/2650, sb. a sword or falchion.
fay, 26/900, vb. truth, faith.
fele, 47/1619, adj. many.
felle, 41/1405, pt. s. made fall, killed.
fende, 92/3231, pp. defended, protected, granted.
fère, 36/1248, sb. fear. O.E. fér.
fere, 44/1505, sb. companion. In fere, 31/1071, together.
fere, 2/59, vb. to terrify.
ferre, 4/103, adv. far.
fet, 91/3188, pp. fetched.
fill, 35/1210, pt. s. fell.
flée, 88/3065, to flay. O.E. flían.
folde, 71/1127, pp. felled, knocked down.
forcere, 66/2303, sb. chest, coffer
O.Fr. forcer.

for-famelid, 66/2282, pp. entirely famished.
foule, 77/2686, vb. foul luck, mischance.
fowarde, 15/502, 22/732, sb. vauguard.
frankensense, 20/679, sb. an odor- ous resin, pure incense.
fraye, 15/514, vb. to frighten, attack.
frike, 4/104, adj. quick, bold, active.
frith, 2/43, sb. enclosed wood.
froo, 79/760, prep. from.
fyne, 9/306, sb. end.

Game, 90/3141, sb. affair; 92/3199, pleasure. O.E. gamen.
gan, 10/549, pt. s. began.
gavylok, 41/1426, sb. a spear or javelin. O.E. gafoluc.
genaunese, 84/2943 (?), sb. giantess.
geder, 45/1553, vb. to gather. O.E. gedrian.
glased, 35/1208, pt. s. glided. O.Fr. glacier. See Zupitza's note to Gay, 1. 5067.
glede, 7/205, sb. a glowing coal, ember. O.E. gleó.
god, 3/67, adj. versed in, master of.
gome, 5/144, sb. man. O.E. guma.
gonge, 84/2934, vb. to go. O.E. gongan.
goulis, 6/189, sb. gules, a red colour. Fr. gulez.
gray, 83/2887, sb. the fur of a gray, or badger. O.E. gréig.
gree, 82/2850, sb. grace, favour.
Fr. gré. Lat. gratum.
grenned, 84/2948, pt. s. grinned, roared. O.E. gremian.
greyenisse, 29/993, sb. grievance.
greved, 45/1543, pt. s. grieved, molested, troubled.
grith, 82/2850, sb. peace, agreement. O.E. grið.
gryse, 83/2887, sb. a kind of fur.
Fr. gris.
GLOSSARY.

guttis, 39/1351, sb. guts. O.E. gut.
gydoure, 5/163, sb. leader, guide.
gyune, 67/2326, sb. engine, contrivance.

Harde, 59/2056, pt. s. heard.
hat, 90/3154, vb. to be called. O.E. hétan.
he, 77/2698, pron. nominat. thay. O.E. hi.
heced, 62/2158, sb. head. O.E. hédol.
hende, 73/2536, adj. gentle, polite. O.E. hendig.
hennys, 55/1922, adv. hence. O.E. heonan.
hente, 40/1370, vb. hold, take. O.E. hentan.
hie, 14/455, sb. haste.
hight, 18/613, pt. s. promised. 36/1242, art called. O.E. heht.
honde of honde, 12/394, in close fight.
hoole, 32/1119, adj. whole, sound. O.E. hál.
hurle, 27/929, vb. to jostle, to strike. A contraction of hurte.
hurteleed, 24/831, pt. pl. clashed against, jostled. Frequentative of hurte. Fr. hurter, hearter.
hye, 32/1092, sb. haste.

I-fast, 58/2000, fixed.
ilkadele, 58/2016, every part. O.E. ñele, dél.
ilke, 9/281, adj. same. O.E. ylca.
isemente, 66/2286, pp. destroyed. O.E. ge-scended.
istoke, 56/1963, pp. shut up, fastened. From steken. O.L.G. steccan.
istonge, 16/533, pp. stung, pierced. O.E. stungen.
it, 23/845, vb. to hit. Icel. hitta.
iwone, 11/358, adj. accustomed.

Japed, 75/2617, pp. mocked, laughed at. O.Icel. gabba.
jouste, 57/1991, vb. to joust, fight. Fr. jouster.

Kele, 93/3258, vb. to keel, cool. O.E. célan.
kind, 63/2196, sb. race, family.
kithe, 28/971, vb. to show, manifest. O.E. cyxan.
kon, 66/2297, prs. pl. can.
kynde, 28/968, sb. nature, temper. kynde, 2/42, adj. natural, inborn.

Lan, 15/516, pt. s. ceased, stopped. O.E. lan.
late, 71/2460, pt. pl. let, caused, ordered. O.E. let, kéton.
launde, 2/39, sb. park, lawn.
laye, 28/951, sb. law. O.E. lagn.
layne, 16/538, pt. pl. lay. O.E. lêgon.
lefe, 23/763, vb. leave, abandon, forsake. O.E. léfan.
lefe-long, 24/832, adj. long, tedious.
legez, 23/775, leagues. Fr. lieue. O.Fr. legue. Lat. leuca.
leke, 50/1726, sb. leek. O.E. léac.
lele, 33/1129, adj. leal, loyal. Fr. leal.
lenger, 72/2500, compar. longer.
lere, 66/2289, sb. countenance, complexion. O.E. hléor.
lere, 74/2569, vb. to teach.
lered, 58/2005, pp. learned.
lerne, 33/1141, vb. to teach.
lesse, 49/1683, vb. to loose. O.E. lésan.
lette, 17/585, vb. leave off; 74/2610, to put a stop to, hinder, tarry. O.E. lettan.
love, 23/794, vb. leave. O.E. léfan; 30/1043, omit, neglect.
leve, 19/651, vb. live, remain. O.E. gelyfan.
leven, 31/1050, vb. believe. O.E. léfan.
lewde, 75/2601, sb. laymen, unlearned. O.E. lewied.
light, 26/905, adj. active, nimble.
light, 33/1125, pp. alighted. O.E. lihtan.
lithe, 81/1778, sb. limb, member. O.E. lītē.
logges, 69/2399, sb. huts. Fr. loge.
lym, 59/2045, sb. limb.
lyued, 66/1261, pt. pi. lived.
mikille, 30/1016, adj. many. O.E. mycel.
moot, 29/1009, sb. mind, temper, courage. O.E. mōd.
moolde, 5/136, sb. earth, worth. O.E. mōde.
moone, 28/944, sb. moan, complaint. Cf. O.E. mēnan.
more, 23/777, delay. See note to 1. 1110.
more, 29/1005, sb. moor, Maurian. not, 19/650, vb. may.
myghty, 56/1927, adj. See the note.
myrke, 45/1541, adj. dark. O.E. myrice.

Natheless, 15/506, adv. nevertheless.
nather, 36/1232, adj. neither.
nere, 13/416, conj. nor.
nere, 22/756, adv. near.
nerehond, 86/2998, adv. almost.
noght, 43/1497, adv. not.
noght, 78/2712, sb. nothing.
none, 32/1114, sb. noon.
nones, 3/74, sb. nonce, occasion.
nothinge, 6/175, not at all.
nothir, 8/267, conj. neither.
nought for than, 43/1483, nevertheless.
nyl, 17/585, prs. s. will not. O.E. nyle.

Of, 32/1088, prp. on account of.
oght, 78/2713, sb. aught.
onarmede, 14/464, unarmed.
onnce, 89/3105, adv. scarcely.
onworthily, 49/1634, adv. unusefully.
orders, 59/2036. See the note.
ore, 72/2512, sb. mercy, favour. O.E. ār.
orfrays, 83/2888, sb. gold embroidery. Lat. Aurifrisum.
overlede, 72/2502, vb. to dominate over, to oppress.
Parelles, 55/1917, sb. pl. perils. Fr. peril.
paynym, 16/539, sb. pagan.
pellure, 83/2887, sb. fur. O.Fr. pellure.
pight, 34/1158, *pp. pitched, fixed.
pinne, 88/3077, *vb. to torment.
O.E. *pínan.
playn, 6/177, *vb. to complain.
plete, 33/1151, *vb. plead, prattle.
From Fr. plet, plais.
plight, 26/889, *prs. s. promise, assure.
prises, 40/1399, *sb. crowd, struggle.
Fr. presse.
preest, 34/1169, *ajj. ready. Fr. prest.
prik, 81/2831, *vb. to spur a horse, to ride.
prikke, 65/2260, *sb. a piece of wood in the centre of the target. See Halliwell’s *Diction. s. v. preke.
prove, 6/183, *vb. to try.
prowe, 51/1766, *sb. profit, advantage, honour. Fr. prou.
prove, 51/1766, *sb. profit, advantage, honour. Fr. prou.
preve, 6/183, *vb. to try.
prove, 51/1766, *sb. profit, advantage, honour. Fr. prou.
prymsauns, 28/965 (?). See the note.
Quod, 32/1095, *prt. s. quoth.
qwelle, 75/2614, *vb. to kill. O.E. cwél.
qwere, 17/566, *sb. quire, choir-service.
qweynte, 3/74, *adj. excellent, elegant. O.Fr. cont. Lat. cognitus.
qwite, 16/520, *vb. to requite, to reward.

Racches, 2/56, *sb. setting dogs, pointers.
ras, 39/1349, *sb. instant, occasion. See the note. 19/645, hurry, haste.
rase, 23/774, *sb. rush, channel of the sea.
raught, 46/1605, *prt. s. reached, aimed at, struck. O.E. réht.
rees, 49/1693, *sb. time, occasion.
reche, 59/2035, *vb. to cheer.
releve, 7/219, *vb. to rally.
renew, 33/1126, *vb. to tie. Fr. renoncer.
renew, 63/2200, *vb. to renovate, to recommence. Renew.
resyn, 16/534, *prs. pl. rise.
rome, 14/484, *vb. to walk about. See Stratmann, s. v. rāmen, p. 452.
romme, 26/876, *sb. room, space. O.E. rūm.
rowte, 2/54, *sb. company, host.
rowte, 60/2073, *vb. to assemble n a company, to throng, to rally.
ruly, 47/1624, *adj. rufeful. O.E. lēowlic.
ryme, 10/339, *vb. to cry out, to moan.
Saile, 12/385, *vb. to assail.
same, all in s., 56/1938, altogether.
sare, 21/706, *adv. sorely, sadly.
saule, 66/2310. See the note.
saute, 18/61, *sb. assault.
scole, 33/1141, *vb. style, manner.
sede, 7/233, *sb. sed.
scke, 32/1116, *adj. sick.
semedy, 2/39, *adj. seemly, comely, beautiful.
sendelle, 4/129, *sb. a kind of rich thin silk.

pight, 34/1158, *pp. pitched, fixed.
pinne, 88/3077, *vb. to torment.
O.E. *pínan.
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prowe, 51/1766, *sb. profit, advantage, honour. Fr. prou.
prowe, 51/1766, *sb. profit, advantage, honour. Fr. prou.
set, 49/1717, vb. to consider; estimate.
sete, 3/62, sb. a seat.
sewes, 76/2654, sb. juices, delicacies. O.E. seaw.
seyn, 14/472, vb. to speak.
shente, 1/23, pp. destroyed.
shifte, 78/2704, vb. to divide, to share. O.E. scifan.
shonde, 64/2222, sh. disgrace, ignominity. O.E. sceald.
shoon, 40/1381, sh. shoes. O.E. sceon.
shope him, 2/50, pt. s. got himself ready to, arrayed himself.
shoure, 15/509, sb. fight.
shrew, 72/2518, vb. to curse.
shrewes, 76/2652, sb. wicked beings.
sikerlye, 62/2172, adv. surely.
skath, 47/1645, sh. loss, damage, ruin. Cf. O.E. scean.
skomfited, 38/1320, pp. discomfited.
sonde, 61/2134, sb. message, order.
sore, 2/47, adv. very much, eagerly.
sore, 33/1138, adv. sadly.
sowdeoures, 21/727, sb. soldiers, hirelings. Lat. solidarius. Cf. Fr. soudard, soudoyé.
spede, 70/2433, vb. thrive.
spille, 36/1226, vb. to destroy. O.E. spillan.
stenyed, 24/825, pt. s. shook, astonished.
steven, 65/2258, sb. voice. O.E. stefn.
stondart, 78/2717, sb. standard-bearer. Fr. étendard.
store, 23/768, sb. provision.
store, 92/3210, sb. stock, preservation, keeping.
stoure, 7/212, sb. battle, tumult.
stoute, 53/1825, adj. proud, boasting.
stonde, 2/53, sb. strand, shore.
stroyeth, 5/159, pres. s. destroyeth.
styne, 52/1804, pt. pl. stopped.
sue, 46/1601, vb. to follow. Fr. suivre.
sware, 13/428, adj. heavy.
swyth, 47/1621, adv. quick, fast. O.E. swiðe.
Tan, 74/2581, pp. taken.
tene, 30/1032, sb. grief, anger, insult, injury. O.E. têna.
tene, 83/2902, vb. to vex, to wax wroth. O.E. týnan.
teyde, 48/1648, pp. tied.
th, 76/2639. See the note.
thame, 51/1756, than that.
then, 46/1593, vb. to prosper. O.E. þéon.
thikke, 30/1027, adj. numerous, plentiful, plenty.
threste, 34/1170, vb. to thrust, shake, totter.
thritte, 78/2706, sb. thriving, prosperity, success. O.Icel. þrít.
tho, 59/2052, pron. those, them.
tho, 59/2063, art. the, those.
tho, 2/53, adv. then. O.E. þo.
througe, 41/1401, sb. thrusts, throwing of arrows.
tobraste, 34/1168, pt. pl. burst, or broke in pieces. O.E. (töbærst) töburston.
tohewe, 89/3103, pp. hewn to pieces. O.E. tö-heaven.
tokenyng, 8/242, sb. news, intelligence.
totreden, 40/1382, pp. crushed, trodden down.
trappe, 52/1802, vb. to go. Cf. Ger. treppeln, E. trip, O.Fr. treper.
troldo, 58/1999, sb. thread. O.E. pé-kid.
trende, 27/940, pp. turned, vaulted.
treted, 55/1923, yt. pi. treated, pressed.
trete, 3/67, adj. a thorough master of, a trustworthy interpreter of.
treyumple, 27/913 (?)
trowe, 8/246, vb. to believe.
trusse, 49/1707, vb. to pack off, to be off.
trwes, 31/1060, sb. truce.
tyte, 6/181, adj. soon, quickly, fast.

Unneth, 5/160, adv. scarcely.

Vere, 28/965, sb. spring.
vertue, 82/2312, sb. magic, power.
viance, 28/2846, sb. voyage, journey.
victory, 92/3227, sb. booty.
voydance, 32/1106, sb. relinquishment, deliverance.
voyde, 51/1768, vb. to give up, abandon, leave.

Wage, 18/590, vb. to hire, pay.
ware, 7/204, adj. aware.
waste, 8/246, in = in vain.
wende, 92/3214, vb. to turn, go. O.E. wendan.
wende, 85/2958, pt. s. thought, O.E. wende.
wene, 31/1061, vb. to think.
were, 7/210, vb. to defend, to protect, to fight. O.E. werian.
werre, 16/511, sb. war.

wery, 3/60, adj. weary, fatigued.
wessh, 51/1871, pt. pl. washed.
wete, 94/3270, vb. to know.
what, 47/1623, pron. = who.
wiile, 76/2650, sb. a kind of axe. O.E. wifel, "bipennis."
wight, 27/933, adj. nimble, active.
Sw. víg, activo.
wrach, 5/148, vb. to work, to do. O.E. wyrcaan.
wiste, 48/1602, pt. s. knew.
wode, 9/276, adj. mad, furious.
wode-wruth, 90/3130, adj. madly angry. O.E. wód and wrás.
wone, 60/2093, sb. lot, quantity. Icel. wán.
worche, 59/2046, vb. to work, to do. O.E. wyrcaan.
worthed up, 34/1163, pt. s. got up, mounted.
wote, 2/36, prs. s. know. O.E. wát.
wortist, 61/2123, prs. s. knowest. O.E. wást.
wrake, 70/2446, sb. persecution, mischief, destruction. O.E. wracu.
wrake, 88/3058, pp. wreaked, revenged.
wrong, 73/2557, pt. s. pressed, forced his way, hurried off. O.E. wringen.
wyne, 9/275, vb. get, attain. O.E. winnan.

Yare, 19/639, adj. ready. O.E. gearn.
yates, 66/2285, sb. gates. O.E. gathu.
yede, 66/2311, pt. s. went. O.E. ge-eode.
yoldo, 12/403, vb. yield. O.E. gieldan, pp. golden
yolowe, 29/1005, adj. yellow. O.E. geolo.

pilke, 76/2644, pron. such, yon. O.E. hyle.
þon, 4/108, art. the. O.E. þone.
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Agremare, Agremour or Egremour, a town in Spain situated on the river Flagot. The soudan is holding his court there (l. 33), when he hears of the injuries done to his subjects by the Romans. Having destroyed Rome, he returns to Agremor (l. 672) [not to Morimonde, as in the Destruction, l. 1351, and in Fierabras, l. 27]. At Agremor the twelve peers are imprisoned and besieged. Syr Ferumbras reads Egremogyn, Egremour, Agremour.

Alagonofur, a Saracen giant, warden of the bridge of Mantrible; ll. 2135, 2881, 2149, 2175, 2801, 3053. In Syr Ferumbras, l. 3831, etc., he is called Agolafre. In the French poem of Fierabras we find Agolafre and Golafre.

Alcaron, l. 2762, a Saracen deity; cf. note to l. 2271.

Aleroyse, l. 1699, one of the twelve peers; cf. note to l. 884.

Alisaundre. Ferumbras is called King of Alisaundre, ll. 510, 984. Cf. Destr. 71, 1257, 1315. Fierabras, 50, 66, 538, etc. Ashmole Ferumbras, 53, 88, etc.

Appolyn, one of the Mahometan deities. See note to l. 86.

Arabye, l. 3097. Cf. Destr. 73; Fierabras, 3160, 4096.

Ascalon. Laban's birthplace, l. 100, and subject to him. This name does not occur in any other version.

Ascrot, l. 2762, a Mahometan god. Occurring in none of the other versions.

Ascopars, see note to l. 495.

Askalous, l. 497.

Assaynes, l. 497.

Assiens, ll. 1039, 2085. In this poem only the last three nations are mentioned as being included among Laban's subjects.

Assye, l. 102, 123, 1000. See note to l. 1000.

Astragot, or Estragot, a Saracen giant who kills Sabaris, ll. 346, 352. He is slain by the portcullis let down by the Romans, l. 432. He was husband to Barrock, the giantess of the bridge of Mantrible, ll. 3944, 4902. Cf. Destr. 1090. Not in Fierabras nor in the Ashmolean version. See note to l. 346.

Aufrique, ll. 102, 114. Africane, l. 257, part of the soudan's dominions. Cf. Syr Ferumbras, l. 5465, Destr. 76, Fierabras, 4913.

Babilon, see note to l. 69; cf. Destr. 78, 204, 85; Fierabras, 51; Syr Fer. 53.

Baldesbynnes, 501, 871. Occurring in no other version; cf. besides Martin's note to Kudrun, 161, 2, and perhaps Fierabras, 2873, 4721 Balagué = Balgueur (Ballegerium, Valaguaria) near Lerida in Spain.

Barbareye, l. 1001, mentioned only in this poem.

Barrok, ll. 2939, 2950, 3022, a giantess, wife to Astragot, slain by Charles. See note to l. 2939.

Belmore, does not occur in the other versions; see note to l. 3122.

Belsabur, l. 357, occurs only in this poem.

Bernard of Spruwse (? Prussia); 1715, one of the twelve knights. See Introduction, p. xxvii.

Boloyne, 3238. Charles presents
the nails to that place. See note to l. 3236, and cf. Fierabras, l. 6199.

Bretomayn, Laban's gaoler at Agremor, ll. 1533, 1591, slain by Floripas, l. 1606. This name is spelt 'Brutamont' in Fierabras, 'Brytamoun' in Syr Ferumbras. It is not to be met with in the Destruction.

Brouland, chief counsellor to Laban. See note on l. 1743.

Bryer of Brutamone,--of Mountez; see note to l. 1723.

Bryer of Doyle, a Roman knight, slain by Ferumbras; see note to l. 514.

Bulgare, l. 1002. Occurring in no other poem.

Cassaundre, ll. 986, 512, town belonging to Lukafar. This name is not found in the other versions.

Charles, Charlemayne, the French king.

Chaundler, l. 123, a town in Asia; only mentioned here. See note to l. 1000.

Cosdroye escorts a convoy destined for the soudan; he is slain by Roland; cf. note to l. 2695.

Cramadas, a Saracen bishop, ll. 2775, 2788. Not found in the other versions.

Currauntes, the bridge near Mantrible, l. 2866. This name occurs only in this poem.

Dasaberde, l. 1707, (?) mentioned only here.

Denys, ll. 27, 61, etc. Occurring in all versions.

Durnedale, Roland's sword; see note to l. 875.

Espiard, l. 111, Laban's messenger; cf. note to l. 2145.

Ethiopes, subject to Laban. See note to l. 257.

Europe, l. 1002. Mentioned only in this poem.

Ferumbras, see note to l. 93.

Flagot, the river on which the city of Mantrible with its famous bridge is situated, cf. ll. 2559, 2788, 2855, etc., and Fierabras, ll. 7348, 4886, etc. When the twelve peers besieged in Agremar send Richard of Normandy to Charlemagne to ask his aid, Richard is said to have started in the direction of Mantrible, l. 2559; but finding the bridge blocked up and guarded, l. 2799, he is obliged to swim across the water, 'Flagot the flode,' l. 2804. Charlemagne being informed of the distress of his peers, starts towards Mantrible, l. 2849, and having first taken it and left Richard there with two hundred knights, l. 3044, he continues his march against the soudan at Agremar, l. 3047. Whence it is clear that Agremar cannot be situated on the river Flagot, as is stated in l. 34; a mistake evidently owing to an oversight on the part of the poet. Cf. besides, note to l. 1723.

Floreyn of Rome, name given to Ferumbras after his baptism; see note to l. 1486.

Florip, Floripas; see note to l. 614. In the Ashmolean versions we find Florype, a spelling which does not occur in any of the French poems. But once we find Floripes in Fierabras, l. 2035.

Focard, l. 2000, one of the Christian knights who struck at the bridge-keeper of Mantrible when he refused to let them pass. The name occurs only in this poem.

Folk Ballant, l. 1695, one of the twelve peers. Only found in this poem.

Fortibraunce, l. 422, one of the soudan's engineers. Only occurring in this poem.

Fraunce. Charles is called king of dowe Fraunce, cf. Fierabras, 2103; Syr Ferumbras, 1260. This phrase does not occur in the Destruction.
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FREMOUNDE, a saint; see note to l. 2845.
FRIGE, l. 1000; Frigys, l. 1040. Part of the soudan's dominions, not mentioned in the other versions.

GALLOPES, l. 251, mentioned only in this poem.
GAGE, a town in Spain, where Charlemagne lands his troops. The name is found only in this poem (in rhyme), l. 772.

'GENELYN, a French knight, notorious for his treachery. He advised Charles to leave Spain and to return home, urging that the twelve peers must be dead at Agremor, since no news arrived from them, l. 2820. When in assaulting Mantrible he saw Charles shut in the city, he treacherously proclaimed the king to be dead, and ordered the French to return to France, where he hoped to be crowned king. But he was rebuked by Ferumbras (ll. 2970-2991). For his treason he is hanged and drawn at Montfaucon in Paris (ll. 3244-3254).

GENERYSE, ll. 1139, 1239, is the name Oliver gives himself when asked by Ferumbras. The French Fierahras and the Ashmolean Ferumbras have Garin instead.

GY of BOURGOYNE, see note to ll. 1888, 1892.
GYNAND, l. 543, a Roman senator who kills ten Saracens. He is slain by Lukafar. Occurring only in this poem.

HUBERT, l. 518, a Roman knight, slain by Ferumbras. Not mentioned in the other versions.

IFFREZ, a Roman senator who advises to send to Charles for help. See note to l. 165.
INDE, l. 999. Not mentioned in the other poems. Cf. note to l. 999.

ESRES, 625, 641, the chief porter of Rome, who treacherously delivers the keys to the Saracens. See note to l. 625.

JUBYTER, ll. 2254, 2762, a Saracen god, mentioned only in this poem.

LABAN, see note to l. 29.
LOWES, occurring in the Soudan and the Destruction, but not mentioned in the other versions. See note to l. 24.
LUKAFER OF BALDAS, see note to l. 113. Once, l. 256, this name is spelt Luketere.

MACEDOYNE, l. 1002. Occurring only in this poem.
MAHOUND, see note to l. 86.
MAPYN, l. 2326, introduces himself into the bed-chamber of Floripas to steal the fatal girdle. In the French poem, l. 3046, he is called Maubrun d'Agronolée; in the Ashmolean version Mabyn of Egremolee, l. 2385. Cf. Introduction, pp. xx, xxx, xxxi.

MARAGONDE, the name of Floripas's governoress, l. 1563. Spelt Morabunde in the French poem. See Introduction, pp. xxx, xxxi.

MARIE, ll. 917, 2390; cf. Destr. ll. 374, 564; Fierabras, ll. 285, 815; Syr Ferumbras, ll. 5177, 5451.
MAESEDAG, king of Barbary, occurs only in this poem. See note to l. 2247.

MAUNTRIBLE, a town in Spain on the river Flagot (see above) with a bridge; cf. also Destr. 211, and Fierabras, 1867, etc.

MAVON, ll. 278, 422, 2230, Laban's engineer; spelt Mabon in the Destr. ll. 908, 941, and in Fierabras, l. 3733. The name does not occur in the Ashmole MS.

MIHON OF BRABANDE, one of the twelve peers, occurring only in this poem, l. 1703.

MONTFAWCON, l. 3253. Not found in the other versions.
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MOUPPELERS, after having conquered the soudan, Charlemagne sails from Spain to Mounpeller, l. 3228. The name does not occur in the Fierabras, where the king returns to France in an eight days' journey (ll. 6164—6187). Cf. Destr. ll. 250, 286.

MOWNJOYE, see note to l. 868, and cf. the Song of Roland, 128/746.

NEYMES OF BAVERE, one of the twelve peers, see note to l. 836.

NUBENS, l. 873, NUBYE, l. 1001, a people subject to the soudan.

OGER DANOYS, one of the twelve peers, see note to l. 836.

OLHORN, l. 99, the soudan's chancellor; only found in this poem.

OLYVER, one of the twelve peers; see note to l. 1250.

PARIS, l. 917; see note to l. 3254.

PERSAGYN, a king of Italy, and uncle to Ferumbras, slain by Oliver, l. 1259. In the Destr. l. 162, we find one Parsagon mentioned among the peers of the soudan's empire. See note to l. 1259.


SEINT PETER, ll. 161, 480, etc., the saint; cf. Fierabras, l. 1261; Syr Ferumbras, l. 3756; Destr. l. 501.

CEINT PETER, l. 453, the cathedral; cf. Fierabras, l. 57; Destr. l. 1109.

SEINT POUL, ll. 163, 3269, the saint; cf. Syr Ferumbras, l. 3756; not mentioned in the other poems.

POYLE, l. 514, ? Apulia; found only in this poem; cf. note to l. 1000.

QWYNTX, l. 1298, a saint by whom Ferumbras swears; see note to l. 2845.

Richard of Normandy, see notes to ll. 2555, 2795, 3014.

Romayne, l. 77, inhabitant of Rome.

Rome, l. 17.

Rouland, see note to ll. 1499, 1888.

Sathanas, l. 2777, a Saracen god.

Savaris, l. 171, a duke of Rome who leads the Roman troops against the Saracens. He is slain by Estragot (l. 346). He also occurs in the Destr. de Rome. In the French Fierabras appears a French knight Savaris, l. 1699.

Sortybraunce, the chief counsellor of the soudan.

Spayn, l. 717, belonging to the soudan's dominions. It is the scene of the principal action narrated in this poem, as indeed the only part where the scene is laid elsewhere is that describing the destruction of Rome.

Symox, a saint by whom Charles swears, l. 1713.

Tamper, a name peculiar to this poem. He erects a gallows before Agremore castle to hang Guy, l. 2641.

Termagant, l. 137, a Saracen deity; cf. note to l. 86. Spelt Termagant in Syr Ferumbras, Tervagant in the French Fierabras.

Tery Lardeneys, one of the twelve peers; see note to l. 1691.


Turopyn, the French bishop who baptizes Ferumbras, l. 1475. This name does not occur in the Ashmole MS.

Vexys, subject to Laban; see note to l. 1000. Mentioned only in this poem.

Rungay: Clay and Taylor, the Chaucer Press.
The Taill of Rauf Coilyeai

WITH THE FRAGMENTS OF

Roland and Vernagu

AND

Otuel.

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PART VI.

The Tail of Rauf Coilyear

(About 1475 A.D.)

(From the unique copy of Lekpreuk's edition of 1572)

With the fragments of

Roland and Vernagu

And

Otuel

(From the unique Auchinleck MS., about 1330 A.D.)

Re-edited from the originals,

With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary,

By

Sidney J. H, Herrtage, B.A.,


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XXXIX.

RUNGAY: CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS.
INTRODUCTION.

Otuel, p. vii, xiii, xv.

The present part of the Early English Text Society's series of Charlemagne Romances contains three pieces, all unique, and all only once before printed. The first piece, "The Taill of Rauf Coiltzear," is here reprinted from the only known copy existing, which was discovered in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh in 1821. Nothing whatever is known of the author of the poem. He certainly lived before 1500, for Dunbar, in his address to the king, refers to the "taill" as follows:—

"Quhen servit is all uder man,
Gentil and semple off every clan,
Kyne of Rauf Colyward and Johne the Reif,
Nathing I get, na conqueris can,
Excess of thought dois one mischeif."

And Douglas, in his "Palice of Honour," written in the year 1501, also couples Rauf Coiltzear and John the Reeve—

"I saw Raf Collyward with hes thrawin brow,
Craibit Johne the Reif, and auld Cawkelpis Low."

The copy in the Advocate's Library was, as will be seen from the colophon, printed in 1572 at St. Andrews, by Robert Lekpreuik. The "taill" begins on leaf A ij, and occupies fourteen pages. The subject is one which appears to have been a favourite one in all ages. The idea of a king disguising himself, in order to mix freely amongst his subjects without being recognized, whatever his motive, has frequently recommended itself to English ballad-makers. Thus we have the ballads of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," "King Henry and the Soldier," "King James I. and the Tinker," "King William III. and the Forester," "King Alfred and the Shepherd," "King Edward IV. and the Tanner," "King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler," and the oldest of all, "John de Reeue," or "John the
Reeve,” a ballad written in the opinion of Prof. Hales about the middle of the 15th century, but, according to Mr. Wright, in the latter part of the 14th century. It was certainly written after 1377 and before 1461.¹

The fact that Charles the Great and his “Duchepetiris” are introduced into the poem, and that the scene is laid partly on a wild moor near Paris, and partly in Paris itself, would lead to the conclusion that it had a French origin; but there are, probably, no real grounds for such a conclusion. The number of French idioms is far fewer than we should expect to find in a translation or adaptation; those which do occur, e.g. pardie, in fay, bone fay, are nearly all colloquial, and such as, from the intercourse between the two countries, might well be familiar to a native of Scotland.

The poem, as pointed out by Dr. Irving,² begins in a similar manner to the “Awturs of Arthur.”³ Both are written in 13-line alliterative stanzas, the only difference being in the scheme of rimes, which in the “Awturs” is abababaceca, and in “Rauf Coil3ear,” abababadedde. For this reason Dr. Irving conjectured that possibly the two poems are by the same hand. In all probability the poem is quite original, the reference to an authority, “as the bulk says,” l. 355, being nothing more than one of those phrases which the authors of romances so frequently inserted in order to give a fictitious air of authenticity to their compositions.⁴ Whoever the author was, he deserves credit for the really quaint humour with which he has worked out his subject. It is impossible to say exactly when the poem was first written, since “the whole orthography has been assimilated to that of the 16th century,” and in its present shape belongs to what Dr. Murray defines as the “Middle Period” of

¹ It is reprinted in full by Prof. Hales and Mr. Furnivall in “Bishop Percy’s Folio MS.” 1868, vol. ii. pp. 559—594. My own belief is that it was written not later than 1400. I do not think the use of such a construction as “thou had wedded John daughter reeue,” that is, the daughter of John the Reeve, came down so late as 1450; though common in the 14th century. See examples in note to p. 41, l. 154, below.
³ Printed for the Camden Society in “Three Metrical Romances,” pp. 1—36.
⁴ See Dr. Hausknecht’s note to the “Sowdone of Babylone,” l. 26. But in this case it may mean that the service was done as the book directs.
INTRODUCTION.

Lowland Scotch.1 Probably we shall not be far wrong in assigning it to the middle of the second half of the 15th century.

The description of the deadly duel between Rauf and the Saracen is a really comical burlesque of the combats described in Sir Ferumbras, Otuel, &c., and we may be pardoned for entertaining a slight suspicion that the promise of the hand of Joanna in the one case, and of Belesent in the other, had probably more to do with the conversions of the Saracens than either the arguments of Roland, or the descent of the dove on the head of Otuel.

The second and third poems contained in the present part are printed from the celebrated Auchinleck MS. They were printed, but far from correctly, for the Abbotsford Club in 1836, together with a fragment of a romance of Alexander, contained in the same MS.2 In both, the first letter is always separated from the second by a pretty wide interval. Both are unfortunately defective, having been mutilated for the sake of the illuminations which have been torn out. "Roulant and Vernagu" has not, however, suffered much: the loss at the beginning probably only amounting to eight lines. "Otuel" has fared worse, having lost eight lines near the beginning, and probably a leaf at the end. The two poems were analyzed by Ellis, the first under the title of "Roland and Ferragus," the second under that of "Sir Otuel."3 Of the latter, he says that "a second MS., in six-lined stanzas, is in the possession of W. Fillingham, Esq. The style of this is much more languid and feeble, resembling pretty nearly the diction of the romance which we have just examined ["Roland and Ferragus"]. It has, however, the merit of completing the story, and of furnishing a paraphrase of Turpin's Chronicle from the period of the death of Ferragus to the battle of Roncevalles." This MS. has been lost sight of, and I have not been able to gain any information as to its whereabouts. I therefore here reprint Ellis's analysis of that part of it which forms the continuation to "Otuel."

1 "Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland," 1873, p. 57.
2 "Ancient Metrical Romances," from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, 1836, pp. i—xxvii, 84.
"In the continuation of the story, Otuel appears to be almost forgotten, though his name occurs two or three times towards the end of the romance, for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of justifying its title. I have already observed that such a continuation would scarcely deserve notice, but that it presents us with the concluding scene in Turpin's history, the battle of Roncesvalles.

Charles, having thus terminated the campaign of Lombardy, led his unsuccessful rival to Paris, where Garsic, convinced that it was out of the power of Mahomet or Apolyn to obtain for him such terms as he might secure by embracing Christianity, consented to be baptized by the hands of archbishop Turpin. Soon after this, Charles received intelligence that Ibrahim king of Seville, having united his forces with those of the king of Cordes, was encamped near that city; he therefore collected an army with all possible expedition, and marched to attack them. He found them

'With batayles stern ten;
The first wraen foot-men
That grisliche were of cheer;
With hair they were be-hong,
And beardys swithe long.
And horns in hond bare.'

These ugly troops were also provided with numberless bells and other sonorous instruments, which, added to the hideous shouts and yells with which they advanced to the attack, produced a discord truly diabolical. It will readily be believed that the valorous knights, who formed the van of the Christian army, were very little disturbed either by the abominable features, or by the grotesque gesticulations, or by the dissonant noises of these uncouth antagonists: but their horses, who were perfectly unprepared for an encounter with such musicians in masquerade, utterly refused to approach them, and, when roused by the spur from the lethargy of astonishment into which they had been plunged by the unexpected sight, suddenly dispersed in all directions, and, charging the French infantry with the rapidity of lightning, threw them into confusion; after which, communicating the panic to the body of reserve, they hurried the astonished Charlemagne, together with his twelve peers, several miles from the field of battle.

The infantry, having at length gained a commanding eminence, were easily ruffled, because they could not run much further; but it was not till late in the evening that they were joined by the cavalry, when the king commanded them to pitch their tents. On the following morning he gave orders that the ears of all the horses in the army should be carefully stopped with wax, and that they should at the same time be hood-winked; after which he marched forward in good order to meet the enemy. The Saracens were now repulsed in their turn; but maintained an obstinate conflict in defence of their sacred
INTRODUCTION.

standard, which was carried in a car drawn by twelve oxen. On this occasion, Charlemagne exhibited the greatest heroism, and, drawing his good sword Joyeuse, rushed into the midst of his enemies, forced his way to the standard, cut in two the long and massive spear on which it was reared, and shortly after clove the skull of the ferocious Ibrahim, the tyrant of Seville. Eight thousand Saracens fell in this battle; and on the following day the king of Cordes, who had escaped into the city, was forced to surrender, and to do homage to Charles, after promising to renounce his former creed, and to embrace the doctrines of Christianity.

Immediately after this victory, the French army was called off to repress the inroads of the king of Navarre; and on this occasion the pious Charles was gratified by a fresh miracle. It is well known that those who die in battle against the infidels are rewarded by the crown of martyrdom; and if this were not a matter of course, it was in the present case secured by the express promise made by St. James to Charles in his sleep. Now the good king wished to know how many of his knights were predestined to lose their lives on this occasion, and prayed to heaven that his curiosity might be satisfied. Accordingly, the intended victims were all marked with a red cross on their shoulder; but Charles, finding their number much greater than he expected, and wishing to obtain a cheaper victory, left them all behind in a place of security, attacked the enemy, gained the battle, and returned without loss. In the mean time those for whom he was thus solicitous had all expired; and thus did the good king learn that it is useless to oppose the designs of Providence.

Having at length secured the submission of Spain, by distributing all his conquests, either amongst his own friends or amongst those of his benefactor St. James, Charlemagne became desirous of returning into France; but feeling some uneasiness at leaving behind him two Saracen kings, named Marsire and Baligand, who then resided at Saragossa, he despatched an ambassador to inform them that they must immediately consent to be baptized, or else pay him tribute. The ambassador whom he chose for this mission was the celebrated Guines or Ganelon, whose duty to his sovereign, and to his country was soon overpowered by a present of thirty somers (beasts of burden) laden with gold and silver, which the artful Saracens offered to him on condition of his undertaking to lead the French army into the defiles of the forest of Roncesvalles.

And thrice the steeles with gold fine,
To Charles sent that Sarrazin,
All they were white as flour;
And an hundred tuns of wine,
That was both good and fine,
And swithe fair colour.1

1 Gaguin, in his translation of Turpin, adds to this present a thousand beautiful damsels, "pour en faire à leur voulenté," and further explains to us
At the same time they permitted Ganelon to make, in their name, whatever promises he might think necessary for the purpose of preventing any suspicions in the mind of Charlemagne.

The traitor executed his commission with great address, and suggested such a disposition of the French army as insured the destruction of Roland and of all his companions. Charles in person commanded one half of the army, and was suffered to pass the mountains unmolested, and to descend into the open country; but no sooner had Roland, who conducted the second division, advanced into the forest of Roncesvalles, than he found himself attacked on all sides by the Saracens, who had been previously posted on every eminence, and had concerted every measure for the surprise of the Christians. Roland, as might be expected, made a desperate resistance, and, being assisted by all the best knights of France, nearly annihilated the first body of his assailants; but the Saracens continued to receive constant reinforcements, while the Christians were exhausted by fatigue and hunger. Constantine of Rome, Ogier le Danois, Reynald de Montauban, Sir Bertram the standard-bearer, and many others of less note, after performing prodigies of valour, were successively slain. Olivier, covered with wounds, was at length overpowered, and Roland, after singly cutting his way through the enemy, perceived that all hopes of retreat were lost, and that nothing remained for him but to seek for an opportunity of dying honourably in the field.

After wandering for some time in the forest, he discovered a single Saracen, whom he secured and bound to a tree; after which having gained an eminence from whence he could discover the situation of the enemy, he sounded his ivory horn, collected round him a small number of his fugitive soldiers, and, returning with them to his prisoner, unbound him, and promised him life on condition that he should point out to them the person of king Marsire. The Saracen readily obeyed, and showed him the king mounted on a bay charger, and bearing a golden dragon on his shield; upon which Roland, setting spurs to his horse, dashed through the surrounding guards, and with one blow clove his enemy to the saddle-bows. Baligand collected the remains of the Saracen army, and retreated to Saragossa.

Roland, now covered with wounds, and beginning to suffer severely from fever and from thirst, dismounted from his horse, lay down under a tree, and, drawing his good sword Durindale,

"The he began to make his moan,
And fast looked thereupon,
As he it held in his hand."
"O sword of great might,
"Better bare never no knight,
"To win with no loud!
"Thou hast y-he in many batayle,
"That never Sarrazin, saunis sayle,
"Ne might thy stroke withstood.
"Go! let never no Paynim
"Into batayle bear him.
"After the death of Roland!
"O sword of great powere,
"In this world n' is nought thy peer,
"Of no metal y-wrought;
"All Spain and Galice
"Through grace of God and thee, y-wis,
"To Christendom ben brought.
"Thou art good withouten blame;
"In thee is graven the holy name
"That all things made of nought!"

After these words he rose, and, exerting his whole force, struck the sword against a rock in hopes of breaking it; but Durindale sank deep into the solid stone; and when he had with some difficulty drawn it out, he found the edge uninjured.

The dying hero now blew his ivory horn, in hopes of drawing round him some friends, if any such had escaped from the battle, to whom he might consign his sword, and who might join with him in prayer during his last moments. No one appeared. He made a second effort, and with such violence that he burst the horn, and at the same time so distended all his veins that his wounds began to bleed most abundantly, and soon reduced him almost to extremity. The sound of this blast was distinctly heard in the army of Charlemagne, who wished to return in search of his nephew, but was persuaded by Ganelon, that Roland could be in no danger, but was most probably amusing himself by hunting in the forest. It brought, however, to Roland, two of his companions, Sir Baldwin and Sir Terry, who having escaped the general slaughter, had been hitherto wandering through the forest, and whom he sent in search of some water; which, however, they were unable to find. In the mean time a Saracen, coming by chance to the spot where the hero lay, endeavoured to carry off Durindale; but Roland, suddenly starting up, wrenched the sword from his hand, killed him with one blow, and fainted with the exertion: so that Sir Baldwin, finding him apparently lifeless, laid him with great care across his horse, took care of his sword and horn, and conducted him to an adjoining valley, where the hero, recovering his senses, had time to make a very long prayer before he expired; when his soul was immediately carried up to heaven by a troop of angels.

Archbishop Turpin was, at this moment, saying mass for the souls of the dead, and distinctly heard the songs of these angels, who were, however, too distant to be seen: but at the same time he discovered
and interrogated a troop of black fiends, who were flying to hell with
the soul of king Marsire, and who reported to him the death of
Roland, which he instantly notified to Charlemagne.

The good king instantly set off towards Roncevales, and being
met by Sir Baldwin, who confirmed the deposition of the devils, was
conducted by him to the body of Roland, over which he swooned two
or three times, and uttered many learned but tedious lamentations. He
then prepared for vengeance; and, having first prayed to Heaven
that the sun might be stopped for him, as it had formerly been for
Josua (a favour which was readily granted to him), led his army
against Saragossa, where Beligand had found a retreat. In this battle,
Sir Turpin distinguished himself by many acts of extraordinary
valour, as did also Sir Hugon, Sir Thibaut, Charlemagne, and Otnel,
of whom we have long lost sight, but who is now brought forward
for the purpose of killing Perigon, king of Persia, whilst Turpin has
the honour of destroying the treacherous Beligand. Sixty thousand
Saracens, it seems, were slain in this long and murderous day; after
which Charles returned to the fatal field of Roncevales; where Sir
Terry, having formally accused Ganelon of causing the destruction of
the French army, and having proved his charge in single combat, that
traitor was condemned to be hanged, and then torn into quarters by
four horses. Having thus revenged the death of his nephew,

‘Charlys took his knights,
And went to Roland. anon rights,
With swithe great dolour;
Rolandys body he let dight,
With myrrh and balm anon right,
With swithe good odour.’

“Rouland and Vernagu” can claim credit for little more than
being a fair translation or adaptation of the Chronicle of the pseudo-
Turpin, as will be seen from a comparison with the Latin version, of
which I reprint the chapter containing the account of the duel of
Roland and Vernagu, or Ferragus. In 1. 328 the translator expressly
refers to his Latin original, and in 1. 481 he evidently assumes it to
have been written by Turpin himself.

1 Though these lamentations are insufferable in the drawling stanzas of our
English translator, they are not unentertaining in the old French of Gaguin.
“O le bras dextre de mon corps! l’honneur des Gaules! l’espée de chevalerie!
Hache inflexible, haubergeon incorruptible et beauume du salut! Comparé à
Judas Machabeus par ta valeur et prouesse, ressemblant à Sanson, et pareil à
Jonatas fils de Saul par la fortune de ta triste mort! O chevalier très aspre et
bien enseigné à combattre! fort plus fort, et très fort! génie royal! destruc-
teur des Sarrazins! des bons Christiens défenseur! le mur et défense des
elevés! le ferme baston des orphelins et veuves! la viande et réfection des
pauvres! la révélation des églises! langue sans avoir menti és jugemens de
toutes choses,” &c. (chap. xxiv.). (See Charles the Grete, pp. 240-1.)
"Otuel," on the other hand, is written with a considerable amount of spirit and animation. It is connected with "Roland and Vernagu" by the concluding lines of the latter, the "Sege of Melayne" coming in as an interlude between the two. It differs in so many respects from "Roland and Otuell" that the relations of the two may be compared to those of the "Sowdone of Babylone" and "Sir Ferumbras." It is, in fact, not a translation so much as an adaptation or reproduction, the author not considering himself confined to a strict following of his text, but free to modify, add, or omit at pleasure. In its opening it agrees with the Middlehill MS. of "Otinel," rather than the Vatican MS., for while the latter gives the time of Otuel's appearance as "à Pasques," the former says: "ço fu le jor dunt li Innocent sunt." In "Roland and Otuell," l. 193, as in "Otinel," Otuel agrees to surrender his sword to Roland; but in the present version it will be seen that he indignantly refuses. "Roland and Otuell" again omits the passage describing the death of Ampater (Erpater) at the hands of Otuel (see note to l. 1129), which is briefly related in "Otuel," ll. 1111—1122. Nothing is said in "Otuel" about Ogier's reception and treatment by Clarel's mistress, in which "Roland and Otuell" follows closely the account in "Otinel," and both omit his torture by her on hearing of the death of Clarel. The positions of Roland and Oliver in the episode described in st. cxvii of "Roland and Otuell" are reversed in "Otuel," ll. 1399—1416. The details of the final general engagement differ very considerably, but "Roland and Otuell" follows "Otinel" more closely than does "Otuel." It appears then, on the whole, that "Roland and Otuell" is a tolerably close translation of a French version of "Otinel," which was not, however, identical with the "Otinel," edited by MM. Guessard and Michelant, while "Otuel" is a free adaptation or reproduction of another version, differing in some minor details, but how far it is impossible to say, owing to the loose open manner in which the author of the English poem has treated his subject. In l. 706 he refers to "romauaso" as his authority, but this may be simply for the purpose of gaining credit for his work.

The following are the principal dialectal peculiarities of "Roland and Vernagu" and "Otuel."
In the former the pronouns are—

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<td>N I y ich.</td>
<td>Eou.</td>
<td>he hye (116) it.</td>
<td>we.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G mi min.</td>
<td>$\ddot{p}$i.</td>
<td>his.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>D me.</td>
<td>$\ddot{p}$e.</td>
<td>him it.</td>
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Ichadel (768) and ich (208, 286) = same, very, are noticeable.

The genitives of nouns end in -es, except pin (396): winter (5) is plural as in A.S., and so also mizt (366, 389).

In verbs the infinitive ends in -en, but the n is generally dropped. We have resten, gon, ben (and also be), sien. Three times we have an ending in -y or -i, ansverey (764), prechy (156), servi (358): yse occurs once (789).

In the present indicative we have one instance, woni (166), of an ending in -i. In the second person singular we have comest (162) and winnes (164): the ending in the third person singular is -th, and with one exception, don (202), the same ending is used throughout in the plural.

Bit for biddeth occurs once (56), and we have instances of the coalescence of the first personal pronoun with the verbs, ichot (767), ichil (2, 430), and ichauw (396, 732); the second personal pronoun is frequently attached to the verb, as hadestow (514), astow (781). In the preterite the plural ending is -en, but the n is generally omitted.

The plural imperative ends in -ep. Only one present participle occurs, slepeand (623).

In the past participles the ending of weak verbs is t, of the strong verbs -en, but the n is sometimes omitted. The prefix i- or y- (A.S. ge) is generally used: thus we have y-meten, y-schapen, y-sen, y-bore, and y-born, y-fonded, y-corn, y-herd: forlore and forlorn also occur.

Of inflections of the article we have one instance, "$\ddot{p}an$ pridde day" (691), which survived perhaps as a kind of formula: "pe nende" occurs in l. 389, and "$\ddot{p}$e neue" in l. 581.

In "Otuel" the following forms occur in the pronouns:
INTRODUCTION.

N i, ich, ihc. þou, þou. He, ho (1097), we, ye. þei.

G mi, min, þi, þin his, hise. þoure. here, have (1078).

D me. þe. him. ham (918), hem.

A me. þe, te. him. us. þou. hem, have (1660).

Hit is used (103, 384) referring to masculine nouns, as in "Sir Ferumbras": beie for both occurs once (529).

In verbs the ending of the infinitive is generally -en, but the -n is at times omitted: thus we have habben, habbe, and hauen, gon and go, sene, seen and se, sjen and sle, ben and be, &c.

In the present indicative the second person singular ends in -est, but once we have tou wille: the third person singular ends in -ep.

In the plural the first and third persons end in -en, the -n being sometimes omitted.

The second person ends in -ep, except in l. 2, where we have willen, and in l. 613, where we have habben. The termination is omitted in II. 614 and 979.

Rit for rideth, halt for holdeth, and bytit for betideth, occur once each. There is no instance of this coalescence of the first personal pronoun with the verb, but the second is sometimes found attached on to its verb as doston, and the third in one instance, taket (210).

In the preterite the second person singular ends in -est, and the third person plural in -en, the n as usual being frequently omitted.

The plural imperative ends in -ep.

The present participle ends in -ing or -ying, except in one instance, pleinde (1460).

The past participles of the weak verbs end in -t, of the strong in -en, the -n being frequently omitted. The prefix i- or y- is omitted as often as it is used: thus we have i-comen, comen, and come, i-be and ben, y-gon, gon, and go (1012). We find also lorn, i-lore, and lose (1398).

The following instances of plurals of nouns in -n occur: foon (64), honden (174), sinnen (394), gameu (710), steeden (1007), and eiven (1100): hond occurs in l. 916.
The verbs have, will, wist, and be have negative forms: nist, nult, nold, nas, nelle, nere, nis, nabbe, &c.

Adverbs in -iche occur in ll. 346, 365, 559-60 and 1158, &c.

In ll. 317 and 1528 we have perhaps an instance of the tendency to drop the t of the second person of verbs which is frequent in the "Bestiary" and "Genesis and Exodus." (See Dr. Morris' Introd. to the latter, p. xviii.)

The use of u for i, as hul for hill, whuche for which, &c., is not uncommon.

A consideration of these forms and peculiarities leads to the conclusion that the poems were written by an East-Midland scribe, who from some reason or other was acquainted with Southern literature.

With regard to the date of composition of the poems the Auchinleck MS., from which they are here reprinted, is generally ascribed to c. 1330 A.D.; but, were such not the case, so far as "Roland and Vernagu" and "Otuel" are concerned I should feel disposed to assign a somewhat later date.

I am indebted to Dr. Murray for the collation of "Rauf Coilzeor" with the original, and also for numerous hints and suggestions as to the poem, and to Mr. Furnivall for information as to John de Reeue.

Finchley, N.

Christmas, 1882.
APPENDIX.

DE BELLO FERRACUTI GIGANTIS, ET DE OPTIMA DISPUTATIONE ROLANDI.¹


APPENDIX.

Ferragus carries off, one in each hand. Then 20 knights are sent in pairs, but with the same result, so that all are afraid of the Saracen. At last Roland challenges him, but Ferragus lifts him on to his saddle.

Roland catches him by the chin, and they both fall. They mount their horses and begin to fight. Roland accidentally kills Ferragus' horse, and afterwards knocks his sword out of his hand. Ferragus with his fist kills Roland's horse, and they fight on foot till dusk, when they leave off, agreeing to resume the duel next day.

Next morning they meet again: Ferragus armed with a sword, and Roland with a long, crooked staff.


¹ Ed. ligum
HISTORY.

erat

Eolando

Ergo

quantum

campo.

Rolandus

liii'i

T,

minimi.

T-i
tuith

asks.

can

At

iniuriam

Et

".

sjepe
dormiret.

luuenis

Tunc

cum
dormiuit

et

Chrisliano

prajgrauatus

dicens

Hispanica,

tianse

torumdus,

decertamus."

"Cuius

tertia

nascitur,

inquit,

Eolandus,

si

tani

impetratis

ita

eum

regreditur."
Roland says, "He is One God in Three Persons."

"Then," says Ferragus, "there must be three Gods, not one God."

"No," says Roland, "though there are three coeternal and coequal persons in the Trinity, there is but one God.

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"No," says Roland, "though there are three coeternal and coequal persons in the Trinity, there is but one God.

As in a harp when played are three things, skill, strings, and the hand, and yet there is but one harp:

and as in the sun are three things, heat, brightness, and whiteness, and yet only one sun,

so in God are three persons, but one God.

"Now I understand," says Ferragus, "but how could God be born?"

"As Adam," replies Roland, "was born of none, so the Son of God was born of none, but begotten by God himself."

trinus." "Verum dicis," inquit Rolandus, "quia vnus est: sed cum dicis, Trinus non est, in fide claudicas.

Si credis in Patrem, crede et in Filio eius, et in Spiritu sancto. Ipse enim Deus et Pater, Filius, et Spiritus sanctus est, vnus Deus permanens in tribus personis."


1 Ed. Filium
quam assitis, ego victus sim; et si mundax est, tu victus sis; et sit genti victae iugiter opprobrium, victoribus autem laus et decus in ænum." "Fiat," inquit Rolandus, "ita." Bellum ex utroque corroboration, et illico Rolandus pagamn aggredivit. Tun Ferracutus ecceit iuctam spatha sua super Rolandum, sed ipse Rolandus saltavit ad hænum, et accepit iuctum spathæ in baculo suo. Interea ascisso baeculo Rolandi, irruit in eum ipse Gigas, et illum arripiens leuiter inclinauit subter se ad terram. Statim agnosit Rolandus, quod tunc nullo modo euadere poterat, coepit igitur implorare auxilium filium beate Mariae semper virginis, et erexit se Deo iuvante pualatim, et revoluit eum subter se, et adiunxit manum suam ad mucronem eius, et punxit eius parumper per umbilicum, et eua sit ab eo. Tunc excelsa vox coepit Deum suum Gigas invoacare, dicens:

"Mahumet, Mahumet, Deus meus, succurre mihi, quia morior! Et statim ad hanc vocem concurrentes Saraceni rapuerunt eum, portantes manibus suis versus oppidum. Rolandus vero iam incolumis ad suis redierat. Illico Christiani Saracenos qui Ferracutum defecerant in oppidum, quod erat super urbem ingenti impetu ingrediuntur. Sicque Gigas perimitur, vbris et castra capiuntur, et pugnatores a carcere eripiuntur."

1 Ed. urbem et castrum capitur.
Rauf Coilean.
The Taill of

RAUF COILZEAR.

In the cheiftyme of Charlis, that chosin Chiftane, Thair fell ane ferlyfull flan within thay fellis wide, Quhair Empreouris and Erlis and vther mony ane Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befoir the yule tyde. Thay past vnto Paris, thay proudest in pane, 5 With mony Prelatis & Princis, that was of mekle pryde; All thay went with the king to his worthy wane, Ouir the feildis sa fair thay fure be his syde. All the worthiwest went in the morning; Baith Dukis and Duchepiris, 10 Barrounis and Bacheleiris, Mony stout man steiris Of town with the King.

And as that Ryall raid ouir the rude mure, Him betyde ane tempest that tyme, hard I tell, The wind blew out of the Eist stifie and sture, The deip durandlie draif in mony deip dell; Sa feirslie fra the Firmament, sa fellounlie it fure, Thair micht na folk hald na fute on the heich fell In point thay war to parische, thay proudest men and pure, In thay wickit wedderis thair wist nane to dwell. Amang thay myrk Montanis sa madlie thay mer, Be it was pryme of the day, Sa wonder hard fure thay That ilk ane tuik ane seir way, 20 And sperpellit full fer.

In the reign of Charles [the Great], rode out into the country. On the wild moor they were overtaken by a fearful tempest, which dispersed them in all directions.
The King went astray, no one knew whither; he wandered over the mountains, till it drew near night.

In this evil plight he meets a churl, with a mare bearing two paniers, whom he accosts and learns that he is Rauf the Collier, who lived some seven miles off.

Enill lykand was the Kyng it nichtit him sa lait, and he na harberie had for his behufe; Sa come thair ane cant Carll chachand the gait, With ane Capill and twa Creillis cuplit abufe. The King carpit to the Carll withouten debait, "Schir, tell me thy richt name, for the Rude lufe:" He says, "men callis me Rauf Coilzear, as I weill wait; I leid my life in this land mith mekle vnrufe, Baith tyde and tyme, in all my trauale; Hine ouir seuin mylis I dwell, And leidis Coilis to sell, Sen thow speris, I the tell All the suith hale."

"Sa mote I thrife," said the King, "I speir for nane ill; Thow semis ane nobill fallow, thy answer is sa fyne." "Forsouth," said the Coilzear, "traist quhen thow will, For I trow and it be nocht swa, sum part salbe thyne." "Mary, God forbid!" said the King, "that war bot lytill skill; Baith myself and my hors is redy for to tyne:
I pray the, bring me to sum rest, the weddir is sa schill,
For I defend that we fall in ony fechtine. 60
I had mekill mair nait, sum freindschip to find;
And gif thou can better than I,
For the name of Sanct Iuly,
Thow bring me to sum harbery,
And leif me not behind!"

"I wait na worthie harberie heir neir-hand
For to serve sic ane man as me think the:
Nane bot mine awin house, maist in this land,
For furth in the Forest, amang the fellis hie.
With thy thow wald be payit of sic as thow fand, 70
Forsuith thow suld be wel-cum to pas hame with me,
Or ony vther gude fallow that I heir fand
Walkand will of his way, as me think the;
For the wedderis ar sa fell, that fallis on the feild."
The King was blyth quhair he raid,
Of the grant that he had maid,
Sayand, with hert glaid,
"Schir, God 3ow forseild!"

"Na! thank me not ourir aircie, for dreed that we threp,
For I have seruit the 3it of lytill thing to rufe; 80
For nouther hes thoug had of me fyre, drink, nor meit,
Nor nane vther eismentis for tauncellouris behufe.
Bot, micht we bring this harberie this nicht weill to
heip,
That we micht with resoun baith thus excuse,
To-morne, on the morning, quhen thow sail on leip, 85
Pryse at the parting, how that thow dois;
For first to lofe, and syne to lak, Peter! it is schame."
The King said, "in gud fay,
Schir, it is suith that ye say."
Into sic talke fell thay,
Quhill thay war neir hame.
Arrived at the Collier's house, he peremptorily summons his wife, and she, ever in awe of the Chiurl, welcomes them both.

To the Colljearis hous baith, or thay wald blin,
The Carll had Cunning weill quhair the gait lay:

"Vndo the dure beliue! Dame, art thou in?
Quhy Deuill makis thow na dule for this cuill day?
For my Gaist and I baith cheueris with the chin, 96
Sa fell ane wedder feld I neuer, be my gude fay!"
The gude wyfe [was] glaid with the gle to begin—
For durst scho neuer sit summoundis that scho hard
him say—
The Carll was wantouz of word, and wox wonder wraith.

[A iij, back]
The Collier was gudlie in feir, tuke him be the hand,
and put him befoir, as ressoun had bene;
Quhen thay come to the dure, the King begouth to stand,
To put the Colljear in befoir, maid him to mene.
He said, “thow art vncourtes, that sail I warrand!”

He tyt the King be the nek, twa part in tene,
“Gif thow at bidding suld be boun or obeysand,
   And gif thow of Courtasie couth, thow hes forget it clene!

Now is anis,” said the Coiljear, “kynd aucht to creip,
   Sen ellis thow art vnknawm,
   To mak me Lord of my awin;
   Sa mot I thriue, I am thravin,
   Begin we to threip.”

Than benwart thay 3eid, quhair brandis was bright,
   To ane bricht byrmand fyre, as the Carll bad.
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe, thair Supper to dicht;
   “Of the best that thair is, help that we had,

[   . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 135
   . . . . . no break in the old edition.]
Effir ane euill day to haue ane mirrie niet,
   For sa troublit with stormis was I neuer stad.
Of ilk airt of the Eist sa laithly it laid,
   3it I was mekle willar than,
   Quhen I met with this man.”
   Of sic taillis thay began,
   Quhill the supper was graid.

Sone was the Supper dicht, and the fyre bet,
   And thay had weschin, I-wis, the worthiest was thair:
   “Tak my wyfe be the hand in feir, withowtin let, 146
   And gang begin the buird,” said the Coiljear.
   “That war vnsemand, forsuhlth, and thy self vnset:”
The King profferit him to gang, and maid ane strange fair,
   “Now is twyse,” said the Carll, “me think thow hes forget!”

He leit gyrd to the King, withoutin ony mair,
   And hit him vnder the eir with his richt hand,
sends him to the floor.

Quhill he stakkerit thair with all
Half the broid of the hall;
He faind neuer of ane fall,
Quhill he the eird fand.

As the King starts up in anger,
He start vp stoutly agane—vneis micht he stand—
For anger of that outray that he had thair tane.
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe, “ga, tak him by the hand,
And gang agane to the buird, qhaur 3e suld air haue gane.”

Rauf repeats his order,
“Schir, thow art vnskilfull, and that sall I warrand;
Thow byrd to haue nurtour aneuch, and thow hes nane;
Thow hes walkit, I wis, in mony wyld land,
The mair vertew thow suld haue, to keip the fra blame!
Thow suld be courtes of kynd, and ane cunnand Courteir.
Thocht that I simpill be,
Do as I bid the,
The hous is myne, pardie,
And all that is heir.”

The King thinks he was never so treated:
The king said to him self, “this is ane euill lyfe, 3it was I neuer in my lyfe thus-gait leird;
And I haue oft tymes bene qhaur gude hes bene ryfe,
That maist couth of courtasie, in this Christin eird.
Is nane so gude as leif of, and mak na mair stryfe,
For I am stonischit at this straik, that hes me thus steird.”

[A iiij, back]
In feir fairlie he foundis, with the gude wyfe,
Qhaur the Coil3ear bad, sa braithlie he beird.

but in fear
Quhen he had done his bidding, as him gude thochte,
Down he sat the King neir,
And maid him glaid & gude cheir,
And said, “3e ar welcum heir,
Be him that me bocht.”
Quhen thay war seruit and set to the Suppar,  
Gyll and the gentill King, Charlis of micht,  
Syne on the tother syde sat the Coiljear,  
Thus war thay marschellit but mair, & matchit that nicht.

Thay brocht breid to the buird, and braun of ane bair;  
And the worthiest wyne, went vpon hicht;  
Thay Beirnis, as I wene, thay had aneuch thair,  
Within that burelie bigging, byrmand full bricht.

Syne enteris thair daynteis, on deis dicht dayntelie;  
Within that worthy wane  
Forsuith wantit thay nane.  
With blyth cheir saysis Gyliane,  
"Schir, dois glaidlie."

The Carll carpit to the King cumlie and cleir:  
"Schir, the Forestaris, forsuir, of this Forest,  
Thay hae me all at Inuy, for dreid of the Deir;  
Thay threip that I thring doun of the fattest.  
Thay say, I sall to Paris, thair to conipeir  
Befoir our cumlie King, in dule to be drest;  
Sir manassing thay me mak, forsuir, ilk 3eir,  
And 3it aneuch sall I hae for me and ane Gest.  
Thairfoir sic as thow seis, spend on, and not spair."

Thus said gentill Charlis the Mane  
To the Coiljear agane:  
"The King him self hes bene fane,  
Sum tyme, of sic fair."

Of Capounis and Cunningis they had plentie,  
With wyne at thair will, and eik Vennysoun;  
Byrdis bakin in breid, the best that may be;  
Thus full freschlie thay fure into fusoun.

The Carll with ane cleir voce carpit on he,  
Said, "Gyll, lat the cop raik for my bennysoun,  
And gar our Gaist begin, and syne drink thow to me;"  
Rauf says the King's foresters threaten him on account of the royal Deer which he kills,  
but he will have as many as he wants in spite of them.  
Charlemagne remarks that the King himself has on a time been glad of such cheer.

Rauf bids his wife send the Cup round,
Sen he is ane stranger, me think it resoun." 216

They drank dreichlie about, thy wosche and thy rais;
The King with ane blyth cheir
Thankit the Coil3ear;
Syne all the thre into feir
To the fyre gais.

Rauf tells many tales,

Quhen they had maid thame eis, the Coil3ear tald
Mony sindrie taillis efter Suppair.
Ane bricht byrnyand fyre was byrnyand full bald;
The King held gude countenance, and company bair,
And euer to his asking ane answer he 3ald;
Quhill at the last he began to frane farther mair,
"In faith, freind, I wald wit, telg 3e wald,
Quhair is thy maist wynning?" said the Coil3ear.
"Out of weir," said the King, "I wayndit neuer to tell;
With my Lady the Quene
In office maist haue I bene,
All thir 3eiris fyftene,
In the Court for to dwell."

"What is your office with her?"
"A gentleman of her bed-chamber.
My name is Wymond of the Wardrobe.
If you will come to court [B j, back]
I will find you good sale for your fuel."

"Quhat-kin office art thow in, quhen thow art at hame,
Gif thow dwellsis with the Quene, proudest in pane?"
"Ane Chyld of hir Chalmer, Schir, be Sanct Jame,
And thocht my self it say, maist inwart of ane;
For my dwelling to nicht, I dreid me for blame."
"Quhat sall I call the," said the Coil3ear, "quhen thow art hyne gane?"
"Wymond of the Wardrop is my richt Name;
Quhair euer thow findis me befoir the, thi harberie is tane.
And thow will cum to the Court, this I vnderta,
Thow sall haue for thy Fewsail,
For my sake, the better sail,
And onwart to thy trauall,
Worth ane laid or twa."
He said, "I haue na knowleage quhair the Court lyis, And I am wonder wa to cum quhair I am vnkend." "And I sall say thee the suith on ilk syde, I wis, That thow sall wit weill aneuch or I fra the wend: Baith the King and the Quene meitis in Paris For to hald thair thule togidder, for scho is efter send. Thair may thow sell, be ressoun, als deir as thow will prys; And zit I sall help the, gif I ocht may amend, For I am knawin with Officiaris in cais thow cum thair. Haue gude thocht on my Name, And speir gif I be at hame, For I suppois, be Sanct Jame, Thow sall thair the better fair." "Me think it ressoun, be the Rude, that I do thy red, In cais I cum to the Court, and knaw bot the ane; Is nane sa gude as drink, and gang to our bed, For als far as I wait, the nicht is furth gane." To ane preuie Chalmer beliue thay him led, Quhair ane barely bed was wrocht in that wane; Closit with Courtingis, and cumlie cled, Of the worthiest wyne wantit thay nane. The Coile,ear and his wyfe baith with him thay yeid, To servie him all at thay mocht, Till he was in bed brocht. Mair the King spak nocht, Bot thankit thame thair deid.

Vponn the morne airlie, quhen it was day, The King buskit him sone, with scant of Squyary. Wachis and Wardroparis all war away, That war wont for to walkin mony worthy. Ane Pauyot preuie brocht him his Palfray, The King thoche lang of this lyfe, and lap on in hy; Than callit he on the Carll, anent quhair he lay, Early in the morning, the King dresses, without help of attendants.

Rauf does not know where the Court is, but is told, and pressed to come.
to take his leave.

The Churl would fain detain him,

but the King says he must go to his duties.

but the Collier scouts the idea.

The guest presses him then to bring a load of fuel to the Court.

The Collier will do so to see how coals sell.

For to tak his leif, than spak he freindly.
Than walkinnit thay baith, and hard he was thair;
The Carll start vp sone,
And prayit him to abyde none:
"Quhill thir wickit wedderis be done I rednoch 3e fair."

"Sa mot I thrive," said the King, "me war laith to byde;
Is not the morne 3ule day, formost of the 3eir?
Ane man that Office suld beir be tyme at this tyde,
He will be found in his fault, that wantis foroutin weir.
I se the Firmament fair vpon ather syde,
I will returne to the Court, quhill the wedder is cleir;
Call furth the gude wyfe, lat pay hir or we ryde,
For the worthie harberie that I haue fundin heir."
"Lat be, God forbid," the Coill3ear said, "And thouf of Charlis cumpany,
Cheif King of Cheualry,
That for ane Nichtis harbery
Pay suld be laid."

"3ea, sen it is sa that thow will haue na pay,
Cum the morne to the Court, and do my counsall:
Deliuer the, and bring ane laid, and mak na delay,
Thow may not schame with thy Craft, gif thow thrive sall.
Gif I may helf the ocht to sell, forsuith I sall assay,
And als my self wald haue sum of the Fewall." "Peter!" he said, "I sall preif the morne, gif I may,
To bring Coillis to the Court, to sequihen thay sell sall."
"Se that thow let nocht, I pray the," said the King.
"In faith," said the Coill3ear,
"Traist weil I salbe thair,
For thow will never gif the mair
So mak ane lesing."
"Bot tell me now leely quhat is thy richt name?  
I will forget the morne, and ony man me greif."  

"Wymond of the Wardrop, I bid not to lane;  
Tak gude tent to my name, the Court gif thow will  
preif."

"That I haue said, I sall hald, and that I tell the plane;  
Quhair ony Coil3ear may enchaip I trow till encheif."

Quhen he had granfit him to cum, than was the King  
fane,  

And withoutin ony mair let, than he tuke his leif.  
Then the Coil3ear had greit thocht on the cummand he  
had maid;  
Went to the Charcoill in hy,  
To mak his Chaufray reddy;  
Agane the morne airly  
He ordanit him ane laid.

The lyft lemit vp beliue, and licht was the day;  
The King had greit knowlunge the countrie to ken.  
Schir Rolland and Oliuer come rydand the way,  
With thame ane thousand, and ma, of fensabill men  
War wanderand all the nicht ouir, & mony ma than thay  
On ilk airt outwart war ordanit sic ten,  

Gif thay micht heir of the King, or happin quhair he lay;  
To Jesus Christ thay pray that grace thame to len.

Als sone as Schir Rolland saw it was the King,  
He kneillit doun in the place,  
Thankand God ane greit space,  
Thair was ane meting of grace  
At that gaddering.

The gentill Knicht, Schir Rolland, he kneillit on his kne,  
Thankand greit God that mekill was of micht;  
Schir Oliuer at his hand, and Bischoppis thre,  
Withoutin commounis that come, and mony vther  
Knicht.
Than to Paris thay pas, all that Cheualrie,  
Betuix none of the day and Jule nicht;  
The gentill Bischop Turpine cummaund thay se,  
With threttie Conuent of Preistis reuest at ane sicht,  
Preichand of Prophecie in Processioun.  
Efter thame baith fer and neir  
Folkis following in feir,  
Thankand God with gude cheir  
Thair Lord was gane to toun.

Quhen thay Princis appeirit into Paris,  
Ilk Rew Ryallie with riches thame arrayis.  
Thair was Digne service done at Sanct Dyonis,  
With mony proud Prelat, as the buik sayis.  
Syne to Supper thay went, within the Palys;  
Befoir that mirthfull man menstrallis playis;  
Mony wicht wyfis sone, worthie and wise.  
Was sene at that semblay ane and twentie dayis,  
With all-kin principall plentie for his plesance.  
Thay callit it the best Jule thau,  
And maist worthie began,  
Sen euer King Charlis was man,  
Or euer was in France.

Than vpon the morne airlie, quhen the day dew,  
The Coi3ear had greit thocht quhat he had vnder tane;  
He kest twa Creillis on ane Capill, with Coillis anew,  
Wandit thame with widdeis, to wend on that wane.  
"Mary, it is not my counsall, but 3one man that 3e knew,  
To do 30w in his gentrise," said Gyliane;  
"Thow gaif him ane outragious blaw, & greit boist blew;  
In faith thow suld haue bocht it deir, & he had bene allane.  
For thy, hald 3ow fra the Court, for ocht that may be;  
3one man that thow outrayd  
Is not sa simpill as he said;  
Thairun my lyfe dar I layd,  
That sall thow heir and se."
"3ea, Dame, haue nane dreg of my lyfe to day; 
Lat me wirk as I wille, the weird is mine awin.  
I spak not out of ressoun, the suth gif I sall say,  
To Wymond of the Wardrop, war the suth knawin.
That I haue hecht I sall hald, happin as it may,
Quhidder sa it gang to greif or to gawin."
He caucht twa Creillis on ane capill, & catchit on his way
Ouir the Daillis sa derf, be the day was dawin. 385
The hie way to Paris, in all that he mocht,
With ane quhip in his hand,
Cantlie on catchand;
To fulfill his cunnand,
To the Court socht. 390

Graithe thought of the grant had the gude King,
And callit Schir Rolland him till, and gaif command-
ment,
(Ane man he traistit in, maist atour all vther thing,
That neuer wald set him on assay withoutin his assent,)
"Tak thy hors and thy harnes in the morning; 395
For to watche weill the wayis, I wald that thow went,
Gif thow meitis ony leid lent on the ling,
Gar thame boun to this Burgh, I tell the mine Intent.
Or gyf thow seis ony man cumming furth the way,
Quhat sumeuer that he be, 400
Bring him haistely to me,
Befoir none that I him se
In this hall the day."

Schir Rolland had greit ferly, and in hart kest
Quhat that suld betakin, that the King tald. 405
Vpon solemnit 3ule day, quhen ilk man suld rest,
That him behouit neidlingis to watche on the wald,
Quhen his God to serve he suld haue him drest.
And syne, with ane blyith cheir, buskit that bald,
Out of Paris proudly he preikit full prest;  410
In till his harnes all haill his hechtis for to hald,
He umbekest the countrie, outwith the town.
He saw na thing on steir,
Nouther fer nor noir,
Bot the feildis in feir,
Daillis and doun.

He huit and hehouerit quhill midmorne and mair,
Behaldand the hie hillis and passage sa plane;
Sa saw he quhair the Coil3ear come with all his fair,
With twa Creillis on ane Capill; thairof was he faue.

He followit to him haistely, amang the holtis hair,
For to bring him to the king, at bidding full bane.

He said, "withoutin letting,
Thow mon to Paris to the King;
Speid the fast in ane line,
Sen I find na ma."

"In faith," said the Coil3ear, "it was I neuer sa nyse;
Schir Knicht, it is na courtisie commounis to scorne:
Thair is mony better than I, cummis oft to Parys,
That the King wait not of, nouther nicht nor morne.

For to toswill me or tit me, thoacht foull be my clais,
Or I be dantit on sic wyse, my lyfe salbe lorne."

"Do way," said Schir Rolland, "me think thow art not wise,
I red thow at bidding be, be all that we haue sworne;
And call thow it na scorning, bot do as I the ken,
Sen thow has hard mine Intent:
It is the Kingis commandement,
At this tyme thow suld haue went
And I had met sic ten."
"I am bot ane mad man, that thow hes heir met;
   I haue na myster to matche with maisterfull men.
Fairand ouir the feildis, Fewell to fet,
   And oft fylit my feit in mony foull fen;
Gangand with laidis, my gouerning to get.
   Thair is mony Carll in the countrie thow may nocht ken;
I sall hald that I haue hecht, bot I be hard set,
   To Wymond of the Wardrop, I wait full weill quhen."

"Sa thrieue I," said Rolland, "it is mine Intent
   That nouther to Wymond nor Will
Thow sall hald nor hecht till,
   Qhill I haue brocht the to fulfill
   The Kingis commandment."

The Carll beheld to the Knight, as he stude than;
   He bair granit in Gold, and Gowlis in grene,
Glitterand full gaylie quhen Glemis began,
   Ane Tyger ticht to ane tre, ane takin of tene.
Trewlie that tenefull was trimland than,
   Semelie schapin and schroud in that Scheild schein;
Mekle worschip of weir worthylie he wan,
   Befoir, into fechting with mony worthie sene.
His Basnet was bordourit, and burneist bricht
   With stances of Beriall cleir,
   Dyamounit and Sapheir,
   Riche Rubeis in feir,
   Reulit full richt.

His plaitis properlie picht attour with precious stanis,
   And his Pulaniis full prest of that ilk peir;
Greit Graipis of Gold his Greis for the nais,
   And his Cussanis cumlie sehynand full cleir.
Bricht braissaris of steill about his arme banis,
   Blandit with Beriallis and Cristallis cleir,

The Collier will go

(B iiiij. back.)

but Roland says he shall go to the King first.

The Churl looks at the Knight's array:

his basnet gleaming with precious stones,

his armour

CHARL. ROM. VII.
Ticht ouir with Thomas, and treu lufe atanis;

The teind of his Jewellis to tell war full teir.

His Sadill circuit and set, richt sa on ilk syde;
His brydill bellisand and gay,
His steid stout on stray,
He was the Ryallest of array,
On Ronsy micht ryde.

Of that Ryall array that Rolland in raid
Rauf rasit in his hart of that Ryall thing;
“He is the gayest in geir, that ever on ground glaid;
Haue he grace to the gre in ilk Iornaying.
War he ane manly man, as he is well maid,
He war full michtie, with magre durst abyde his meting.”

He bad the Coilşear in wraith swyth withoutin baid,
Cast the Creillis fra the Capill, and gang to the King.
“In faith, it war greit schame,” said the Coilşear;
“I undertuk thay suld be brocht,
This day for ocht that be mocht;
Schir Knicht that word is for nocht
That thow Carpis thair!”

“Thow huifis on thir holtis, and haldis me heir,
Qhill half the haill day may the hicht haue.”

“Be Christ that was Cristinnit, and his Mother cleir,
Thow sail catche to the Court that sail not be to craue.
It might be preisit preindice, bot gif thow suld compair,
To se quhat granting of grace the King wald the gaif.”

“For na gold on this ground wald I, but weir,
Be fundin fals to the King, sa Christ me saue!”

“To gar the cum and be knawin, as I am command,
I wait not qhut his willis be,
Nor he namit na mair the,
Nor ane vther man to me,
Bot quhome that I fand.”
"Thow fand me fechtand nathing that followit to feid,
I war ane fule gif I fied, and fand nane affray:
Bot as ane lauch-full man, my laidis to leid, 510
That leifs with mekle lawtie and laubour in fay.
Be the Mother and the Maydin that maid vs remeid,
And thow mat me ony mair, cum efter quhat sa may,
Thow sall dyntis deill, quhill ane of vs be deid,
For the deidis thow hes me done vpon this deir day."
Mekle meirwell of that word had Schir Rolland; 516
He saw na wappinnis thair,
That the Coilüear bair,
Bot ane auld Buklair;
And ane roustie brand.

"It is lyke," said Schir Rolland, and lichtly he leuch,
"That sic ane stubill husband man wald stryke stoutly;
Thair is mony toun man, to tuggill is full teuch,
Thoicht thair brandis be blak and vnburely;
Oft fair foullis ar fundin faynt, and als freuch. 525
I defend we fecht or fall in that foly;
Lat se how we may disseuer with sobernes aneuch,
And catche crabitnes away, be Christ counsell I.
Quhair winnis that Wymond thow hecht to meit to day?"
"With the Quene, tauld he me; 530
And thair I undertuke to be,
Into Paris Pardie,
Withoutin delay."

"And I am knawin with the Quene," said Schir Rolland,
"And with mony byrdis in hir Bowre, be buikis and bellis; 535
The King is into Paris, that sall I warrand,
And all his aduertance that in his Court dwellis.
Since the Collier is on his way to Court he will trust him, on a pledge.

Rauf will give no pledge,

but this Roland get out of the way (rink), or he shall rue it.

Sir Roland takes his leave,

but the Collier challenges him to meet him alone there next day,

Me tharth have none noy of myne erand,
   For me think thou will be thair eftter as thou tellis;
Bot gif I faund the, forrow now to keip my cunnand."
   "Schir Knicht," said the Coil3ear, "thow trowis me neuer ellis,
Bot gif sum suddand let put it out of delay;
   For that I hecht of my will,
And na man threit me thair till,
   That I am haldin to fulfill,
And sall do qhill I may."

"3ea, sen thou will be thair, thy cunnandis to new,
   I neid none airar myne erand nor none of the day."
"Be thou traist," said the Coil3ear, "man, as I am trew,
   I will not haist me ane fute faster on the way;
Bot gif thou raik out of my renk, full raith sall thow rew,
   Or be the Rude I sall rais thy Ryall array;
Thocht thy body be braissit in that bricht hew,
   Thow salbe fundin als febil of thy bone fay."
Schir Rolland said to him self, "this is bot foly
   To strine with him ocht mair:
I se weill he will be thair."
His leif at the Coil3ear
He tuke lufesumly.

"Be Christ!" said the Coil3ear, "that war ane foull scorne,
   That thow suld chaip, bot I the knew, that is sa schynand;
For thow seis my weidis ar auld, and all to-worne,
   Thow trowis nathing thir taillis that I am telland.
Bring na Beirnis vs by, bot as we war borne,
And thir Blonkis that vs beiris, thairto I mak ane bland,
   That I sall meit the heir vpon this mure to morne,
Gif I be haldin in heill—and thairto my hand—
Sen that we hane na laiser at this tyme to ta."
In ane thourtour way,
Seir gaitis pas thay,
Baith to Paris in fay;
Thus partit thay twa.

The gentill Knicht, Schir Rolland come rydand full sone,
And left the Coil`ear to cum, as he had vndertane;
And quhen he come to Paris the hie Mes was done,
The King with mony cumly out of the Kirk is gane.

Of his harnes in hy he hynt withoutin hone,
And in ane Rob him arrayit richest of ane;
In that worschipfull weild he went in at none,
As he was wont, with the wy that weildit the wane,
On fute ferly in feir, formest of all.
Richt well payit was the King
Of Schir Rollandis cumming;
To speir of his tything
Efter him gart call.

The King in counsall him callit, "cum hidder, Schir Knicht!"
Hes thow my bidding done, as I the command?"
"In faith," said Schir Rolland, "I raid on full richt,
To watch wyselie the wayis; that I sall warrand.
Thair wald na douchtie this day for Iornay be dicht;
Fairand ouir the feildis full few thair I fand;
Saif anerly ane man that semblit in my sicht,
Thair was na leid on lyfie lent in this land."
"Quhat kin a fallow was that ane, Schir, I the pray?"
"Ane man in husband weid,
Buskit busteonsly on breid;
Leiland Coillis he zeid
To Paris the way."
"Quhys hes thow not that husband brocht, as I the bad? I dreed me, sa he dantit the, thow durst not with him deill."

"In faith," said Schir Rolland, "gif that he sa had, That war full hard to my hart, and I ane man in heill."

He saw the King was engreuit, and gat furth glaid, To se gif the Coiljearis lawtie was leill:

"I suld haue maid him in the stour to be full hard stad, And I had witten that the Carll wald away steill; Bo[ñ] I trowit not the day that he wald me beget."

As he went outwart bayne,

He met ane Porter swayne

Cummand raith him agayne, Fast fra the 3et.

"Quhair gangis thow, Gedling, thir gaitis sa gane?"

"Be God," said the Grome, "ane gift heir I goif; I deuise at the 3et thair is ane allane, Bot he be lattin in beline, him lykis not to leif."

With ane Capill and twa Creillis cassin on the plane, To cum to this Palice he preissis to praeif."

"Gif thou hes fundin that Freik, in faith I am fane; Lat him in glaillly, it may not engreif.

Bot askis he eirnestly efter any man?"

Than said the Gedling on ground:

"3c, forsaith in this stound, Efter ane Wymound
In all that he can."

"Pas agane, Porter, and let him swyith in, Amang the proudest in preis, plesand in pane.
Say thou art not worthy to Wymond to win, Bid him seik him his self, gif thair be sic ane."

Agane gangis Schir Rolland, quhair gle sauld begin, And the zaipt 3eman to the 3et is gane;
Enbraissit the bandis beliue or that he wald blin,
Syne leit the wy at his will wend in the wane.

"Gang seik him now thy self," he said vpon hicht:
"My self hes na lasair
Fra thir 3ettis to fair."
"Be Christ," said the Coiljear,
"I set that bot licht."

"Gif thow will not seik him, my awin self sall:
For I haue oft tymes swet in service full fair.
Tak keip to my Capill, that na man him call,
Quhill I cum fra the Court," said the Coiljear.
"My laid war I laith to lois, I leif the heir all;
Se that thow leis thame not, bot 3eme thame full 3air."
In that hardy in hy, he haiket to that hall,
For to wit gif Wymondis wynning was thair.
He arguit with the Ischar ofter than anis,
"Schir, can thow ocht say
Quhair is Wymond the day?
I pray the, bring him gif thow may
Out of this wanis."

He trowit that the wy had wittin of Wymond he wend,
Bot to his raifand word he gane na reward;
Thair was na man thairin that his name kend,
Thay countit not the Coiljear almaist at regard.
He saw thair was na meiknes nor mesure micht mend,
He sped him in spedely, and nane of thame he spaird;
Thair was na fyue of thay Freikis, that micht him furth send,
He socht in sa sadly, qhill sum of thame he saird.
He thristit in throw thame thraly with threttis.
Quhen he come amang thame all,
3it was the King in the hall,
And mony gude man with all,
Vngane to the meit.
to where the King is dining in state

Thocht he had socht sic ane sicht all this seaun seir,
Sa solempnit ane semblie had he not sene; 665
The hall was properly apperrellit and paintit but peir,
Dyamountis full dantely dentit betwene.
It was semely set on ilk syde seir,
Gowlis glitterand full gay, glemand in grene,

in a splendid hall

Flowris with Flourdelycis formest in seir, 670
With mony flamand ferly ma than fyftene.
The rufe reulit about in reuall of Reid,
   Rois reulit Ryally,
   Columbyn and Lely
Thair was ane hailsam harbery
   Into riche steid.

With Dosouris to the duris dicht, quha sa wald deme,
   With all diuers danteis dicht dantely;
Cireulit with siluer semely to sene,
   Selcouthly in seir he was set suttelly.
Blyth byrdis abufe, and bestiall full bene,
   Fyne foullis in Fyrth, and Fischis with fry;
The flure carpit and cled, and coverit full clene,
   Cummand fra the Cornellis closand quemely.
Bright Bancouris about browdin our all, 685
   Greit Squechonis on hicht,
   Anamalit and weill dicht,
   Reulit at all richt
   Endlang the hall.

Rauf would fain see Wymond

"Heir is Ryalitie," said Rauf, "aneuch for the nanis,
   With all nobilnes anournit, and that is na nay;
Had I of Wymond ane word, I wald of thir wanis,
   Fra thir wyis, I-wis, to went on my way;
Bot I mon 3it heir mair quhat worthis of him anis,
   And eirnestly efter him haue myne E ay."
695
He thristit in throw threttie all atanis,
   Quhair mony douchtie of deid war Ioynit that day.
For he was vnburely, on bak thay him hynt;  
As he gat ben throw,  
He gat mony greit schow;  
Bot he was stalwart, I trow,  
And laith for to stynt.

He thristit in throw thame, and thraly can thring,  
Fast to the formost he foundit in feir:  
Sone besyde him he gat auc sicht of the Nobill  
King,

"3one is Wymond, I wait, it worthis na weir;  
I ken him weill, thocht he be cled in vther clothing,  
In clais of elne gold kythand 3one cler.

Quhen he harbreit with me, be half as he is heir,  
In faith he is of mair stait, than euer he me tald.  
Allace, that I was hidder wylit!  
I dreed me sair I be begylit!"  
The King preuillie smylit,  
Quhen he saw that bald.

Thair was seruit in that saill Seigis semielie,  
Mony Sen3eeorabill Syre on ilk syde seir;  
With ane cairfull countenance the Coiljear kest  
his E  
To the cumly Queene courtes and cler:  
"Dame, of thy glitterand gyde haue I na gle,  
Be the gracious God that bocht vs sa deir;  
To ken Kingsis Courtesie, the Deuill come to me,  
And sa I hope I may say, or I chaip heir.  
Micht I chaip of this chance, that changes my  
cheir,  
Thair suld na man be sa wyse,  
To gar me cum to Parise,  
To luke quhair the King lyis,  
In faith, this seuin 3ir!"
Quhen worthie had weschin, and fra the buirdis went,
Thay war for-wonderit I wis of thair wyse Lord;
The King fell in carping, and tauld his Intent,
To mony gracious Grome he maid his record.

How the busteous Beirne met him on the bent,
And how the Frostis war sa fell, and sa strait ford.

Than the Coil3ear quoke as he had bene schent,
Quhen he hard the suith say how he the King schord.

"Greit God! gif I war now, and thy self with all,
Vpon the mure quhair we met,
Baith all suddandly set,
Or ony Knicht that thow may get
Sa gude in thy hall!"

The lords laugh loud;

the Knights bid hang him.

"God forbid!" quoth the King;

"he shall be knighted himself!"

Befoir mony worthie he dubbit him Knight,
Dukis and digne Lordis in that deir hall.
"Schir, se for thy self, thow semis to be wicht;
Tak keip to this ordour, ane Knight I the call;
To mak the manly man, I mak the of micht,
Ilk 3eir thre hundreth pund assigne the I sail.
And als the nixt vacant, be ressonabill richt,
That hapnis in France, quhair sa euer it fall,
Forfaltour or fire waird, that first cummis to hand,
I gif the heir heritabilly,
Sa that I heir, quhen I haue hy,
That thow be fundin reddy
With Birny & brand."

"It war my will, worthy, thy schone that thow wan,
And went with thir weryouris wythest in weir;
Heir ar curagious Knightis, suppos thay the nocht ken,
For thy simpill degre that thow art in heir.
I bescik God of his grace to mak the ane gude man,
And I sall gif the to begin glitterand geir."
Ane Chalmer with Armour the King gart iicht than
Betaucht to ane Squyar, and maid him keipeir.
With clois Armouris of steill for that stout Knight,
Sextie Squyaris of fee,
Of his retinew to be;
That was ane fair cumpany
Schir Rauf gat that nicht.

Vpon the morne airly, Schir Rauf wald not rest,
Bot in Ryall array he reddyit him to ryde;
For to hald that I haue hecht, I hope it be the best,
To zone busteous Beirne that boistit me to byde.
Amang the Gal2art Gromis I am bot ane Gest,
I will the ganandest gait to that gay glyde;
Sall neuer Lord lauch on loft, quhill my lyfe may lest,
That I for liddernes suld leif, and lenand besyde.
It war ane graccles gude that I war cummin to,
Gif that the King hard on hicht
That he had maid ane earll Knight
Amang thir weryouris wich,
And docht nocht to do."
Vpon ane rude Rumsy he ruschit out of toun;
  In ane Ryall array he rydis full richt;
  Euin to the Montane he maid him full boun,
  Quhair he had trysttus meit Schir Rolland the Knight.
  Derfly our Daillis, discoverand the doun,
  Gif ony douchtie that day for Iornayis was dicht.
  He band his blonk to ane bustk on the brent broun,
  Syne baid be the bair way to hald that he had hecht.
  Qhill it was neir time of the day that he had thair bene,
  He hikit ane lytill him fra,
  He sa cummand in thr
The maist man of all tha,
  That euer he had sene.

Ane Knight on ane Cameill come cantly at hand,
  With ane curagious countenance, and cruel to se;
  He semit baddly to abyde with Birny and with brand,
  His blonk was vnburely, braid and our hie.
  Schir Rauf reddyit him sone, and come rydand,
  And in the rowme of ane renk in fewtir kest he;
  He semit fer fellonar than first quhen he him fand,
  He foundis throw his foreenes gif he micht him se.
  He straik the steid with the spurris, he spreton the bent;
  Sa hard ane cours maid thay,
  That baith thair hors deid lay,
  Their speiris in splenders away
Abufe thair heid sprent.

Thus war thay for thair foreynes left on fute baith,
  Thay sture hors at that straik strikin deid lay than;
  Thir riche restles renkis ruschit out full raith,
  Cleikit out twa swordis and togidder ran.
  Kest thame with gude will to do vther skaith,
  Bair on thair basnetis thay Beirnis or thay blan.
  Haistely hewit thay togiddir, to leif thay war laith
To tyne the worships of weir that thay air wan;
RAUF COIL3EAN.

Na for doun of vincussing thay went nocht away;
Thus aither vther can assaill
With swordis of mettail;
Thay maid ane lang battail
Ane hour of the day.

Thay hard harvest men, thay hewit on in haist;
Thay worthit heuy with heid, and angerit with all;
Qhill thay had maid thame sa mait, thay fail3e almaist,
Sa laith thay war on aither part to hit thair price fall.
The riche restles men out of the renk past,
Forwrocht with thair wapnis, and euill rent with all;
Thair was na girth on the ground, qhill ane gait the gaist;
"3arne efter 3eilding," on ilk syde thay call.
Schir Rauf caucht to cule him, and tak mair of the licht,
He kest vp his Veseir,
With ane Cheualrous cheir,
Sa saw he cummand full neir
Ane vther kene Knicht.

"Now, be the Rude!" said Schir Rauf, "I repreif the!
Thow hes brokin conditioun, thow hes not done richt:
Thow hecht na bakheir to bring, bot anerly we;
Thaito I tuik thy hand, as thow was trew Knicht."
On loud said the Sarajine, "I heir the now lie!"
Befoir the same day I saw the neuer with sicht;
Now sall thow think it richt sone, thow hes met
with me,
Gif Mahoun or Termagant may mantene my micht."
Schir Rauf was blyth of that word, & blenkit with his face;
"Thow sayis thow art ane Sarajine?"
Now thankit be Drichtine,
That ane of vs sall neuer hine,
Vndeid in this place."
Neither intends to let the other go alive;

Than said the Sarazine to Schir Rauf succeduously, "I haue na lyking to lyfe to lat the with lyfe." 860
He gaue ane braid with his brand to the Beirne by,
Till the blude of his browes brest out abufe.
The kene Knicht in that steid stakkerit sturely,
The lenth of ane rude braid he gart him remufe.

He gau he ane braid to the Beirne by,

Till the blude of his browes brest out abufe.

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland come rydand ful richt,
And ruschit fra his Runsy, and ran thame betwene:
He says, "thow art ane Sarazine, I se be my sicht,
Fortoconfound our Christin men,thatcounteris sakene.

Tell me thy name tyte, thou trauelland Knicht! 876
Fy on thy fechting! fell hes thow bene;
Thow art stout and strang, and stalwart in fecht;
Sa is thy fallow in faith, and that is weill sene.

In Christ and thou will trow, thou takis nane outray."

"Forsuith," the Sarazine said, 881
"Thy self maid me neuer sa affraid
That I for souerance walde haue praid,
Na not sail to day.

"Brief me not with 3our boist, but mak 3ou baith boun,
Batteris on baldly the best, I 3ow pray."

"Na," said Schir Rolland, "that war na resoun,
I trow in the mekle God, that maist of michtis may.
The tane is in power to mak that presoun,
For that war na wassalage sum men walde say; 890

I rid that thow hartfully forsak thy Mahoun;
Fy on that foull Feind, for fals is thy fay!"
Beemm Christin, Schir Knight, and on Christ call;
   It is my will thow convert,
This wickit world is bot anc start—
And hane him lakedly in hart
   That maker is of all.”

“Schir Rolland, I rek nocht of thy Rauingis;
   Thow dois bot reuercnce to thame that rekkis it nocht;
Thow slane hes oft, thy self, of my Counsingis,
   Soudanis and sib men, that the with schame socht.
   Now fainindis to have fauour with thy fleichingis,
   Now hane I ferlie, gif I fauour the ocht;
We sall spuils 30w dispittously at the nixt springis,
   Mak 30w biggingis full hair, bodword hane I brocht.
Chace Charlis 3our King fer out of France;
   Fra the Chane of Tartarie,
   At him this message wald I be,
   To tell him as I haue tauld the,
   Withoutin plesance.”

“Tyte tell me thy name, it scrais of nocht;
   3e Sarayeins ar succuderus and self willit ay,
Sall neuer of sa sour anc brand anc bricht fyre be brocht,
   The Feynd is sa felloun als fers as he may.”

“Sa thriue I,” said the Sarazed, “to threip is my thocht,
   Quha waitis the Cristin with cair, my cusingis ar thay;
My name is Magog, in will and I mocht,
   To ding thame doun dourly that euer war in my way.
For thy my warysoun is full gude at hame quhair I dwel.”
   “In faith,” said Schir Rolland,
   “That is full cuill wyn land
To hane quhill thow ar leuand,
   Sine at thine end hell.
tries to convert him,

with the bait of rich dukies,
a worthy wife,
Dame Jane of Anjou,

heiress-apparent of two dukies.

[Die, back]
The Saracen recketh nought of these attractions,

but since the Christian God is so good,

he will believe on him,

and Christ his son.

Sir Roland thanks God;

all three, on their swords, become sworn brothers,

and proceed to court.

The King celebrates the event.

"Wald thow convert the in hy, and euer the of sin,
Thow suld hane mair profite and mekle pardoun ;
Riche Douchemeis seir to be sesit in,
During quhill day dawis, that neuer will gang doun ;
Wed ane worthie to wyfe, and weild hir with win,
Ane of the ricthe of our Realme be that ressom ;
The gentill Duches, Dame Jane, that claimis be hir kin
Anges and vther landis, with mony riche toun. 931
Thus may thow, and thow will, wirk the best wise,
   I do the out of dispair.
In all France is nane so fair
   Als scho is, appeirand air
   To twa Douchemeis."

"I rek nocht of thy riches, Schir Rolland the Knight,"
Said the rude Sarazime in Ryall array,
"Thy God nor thy Grassum set I bot licht ;
Bot gif thy God be sa gude as I heir the say,
I will forsaiik Mahoun, and tak me to his micht,
Euer mair perpetuallie as he that mair may.
Heir with hart and gude will my treuth I the plicht,
That I sall lelely leif on thy Lord ay,
And I beseik him of Grace, and askis him mercy, 945
And Christ his Sone full schene,
For I haue Christin men sene,
That in mony angeris hes bene,
   Full oft on him cry." 949

"I thank God," said Rolland, "that word lykis me !
And Christ his sweit Sone, that the that grace send."
Thay swoir on thair swordis swyftlie all thre,
And consoruit thame freindis to thair lyfis end,
Euer in all trauell, to leif and to die.
Thay Knightis earyit to the court, as Christ had thame kend. 955

The King for thair cumming maid game and gle,
With mony mirthfull man thair mirthis to mend.
Digne Bischoppis that day, that doughtie gart bring,
   And gane him Sacramentis seir,
And callit him Schir Gawteir,
   And sine the Duches cleir
   He weddit with ane ring.

Than Schir Rauf gat rewarid to keip his Kniechteid:
   Sir Rauf’s Knighthood is approved,
Sic tythingis come to the King within thay nyne nicht,
That the Marschell of France was newlingis deid; 965
   and he made maréchal of France.
Richt thair, with the counsall of mony kene Knight,
   He thocht him richt worthie to byde in his steid,
For to weild that worship worthie and wicht.
His wyfe wald he nocht forget, for dout of Goddis feid.
   He duly sends for his wife,
He send efter that hende, to leif thame in richt, 970
   and on the spot where he met the King,
Syne foundit ane fair place quhair he met the King,
   founds a hospice in name of St. July.
   Euer mair perpetually,
In the name of Sanct Iuly,
   That all that wantis harbery,
   Suld haue gestning.

Finis.

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Anno 1572

Charl. Rom. VII.

D
Rouland and Vernagu.
Kouland and Vernagu.

1 For he it seize wip siʒt.
Now bigin ichil of him,
Of charls þat was stout & grim,
& tel ʒou al þat riʒt.

2 ¶ An hundred winter it was and þro,
Sepen god dyed opon þe tre,
þat charls þe king
Hadde al fraunce in his hond,
Danmark & Inglond,
Wþouten ani lesing,
Lorein & lombardyve,
Gascoun, bayoun, & pikardyve,
Was til his bidding;
& emperour he was of rome,
& lord of al christendome,
þan was he an heisse lording.

3 In þat time was an emperour
In costentin of gret honour,
Constansious he hiʒt;
God he loued & alle his,
& hated hem þat dede amis,
Wip al his miʒt.
In speyn, þo þer was a king,
A stern man wþouten lesing,
þat werred oʒain þe riʒt.
Ebrahim was his name,
Wide sprung his riche fame,
He was a douʒti kniʒt.
He persecuted the Christians, and exiled the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who complained to Constantine.

Great was the Emperor's grief.

In his grief he prayed to Jesus, [fol. 263, col. 2.]

who sent an angel with a message

Never so glad had the Emperor been.

4 ¶ Alle þat leuned in godes lawe, He lete hem boþe hong & drawe, þo þat he mist of take; 
& þe patriarch of jerusalem Out of lond he dede him fleem, Al for godes sake. 
Þe patriarche was ful wiis, 
& to þe emperour he went y-wis, His mone for to make, 
Hou þe king ebrahim Out of lond exiled him, Wip michel wer & wrake.  

5 ¶ King costance Þe emperour Made swip ge gret dolour For þis tidinges, 
Ihū crist bisouȝt he, Almiȝti god in trinite, King of al kinges, He sende him grace him to slo, þat had y-wroȝt so michel wo, & slawe godes ginges, 
& sone so he had þe bon y-bede, An angel liȝt doun in þat stede, & þis bode him bringes. 

6 ¶ þe angel seyd to þe emperour, "Welle þe greteþ þi sanceour, Ihū, ful of mist, 
& bit þe sende wip michel anour, After charls þe conquerour, He is a douhty kniȝt. 
He schal þe help in batayl, & sle þe sarrazin wipouten fail, þat dop ȝain þe rizt." þe emperour was glad & bliȝe, 
& þonked god fele sipe, His hert nas neuer so liȝt.

55
CHARLES MARCHES TO constantinople.

7 ¶ Four pe best he sent of hem, He sent four envoys with a letter
pat on hiȝt dauid of ierusalem, 67
&s samuel al so,
Ion of naples was anoþer, 70
ysac hiȝt pe ferþ broþer,
pider he gan go.
He went to pe palais of rome, to Charles at rome.
& bi-for sir charli[s] come 73
& told him of her wo;
þai toke him þe letter & kist his hand, 76
Swiche was þe lawe of þe land,
& schal ben euer mo.

8 ¶ Charls wepe for þat dede, Charles was 79
When he herd þe letter rede, and ordered all
& hete an heizeing, who could bear
Al þat miȝt armes bere, arms to assemble,
Kniȝf or scheld, sword or spere,
Men schuld bi-for him bring. 82
þai busked hem & made hem yare, and then march to
To costentin for to fare, constantinople.
Wipouten ani lesing. 85
þemperour was glad y-wis,
& vnderfenge wip miche blis,
Sir charls þe king. 88

9 ¶ Riche inels wipouten lesing, [fol. 265, back,
sir costance þe king col. 1.] 91
Bifor sir charls he brouȝt; Constantius pre-
Sauage bestes for þe nones, sented Charles
Gold & siluer, & riche stones, with jewels,
Ac þer of nold he nouȝt: 94 and other
He bi-souȝt him of more honour, honours.
Of ihū our saucour, 97
þat al þis warld hap wurȝt,
þat he on suffred passioun,
Of þe croice & of þe croun,
þer of he him bi-souȝt.
He showed him the holy relics, the very odour of which cured three hundred sick people. There were the holy crown, the arm of St. Simeon, a piece of the cross, our Lady's smock, the rod of Aaron, the spear of Longinus, and one of the nails.

Charles prayed for a proof of the relics, and the place was filled with a heavenly light.

10 O Emperor his will dede, & ladde him to pe holy stede, pere pe reliques ware; her comm swiche a swete odour, pat neuer sete so swete sauour, No feld pai neuer are; Of pe smal pat was so swote, bre hundred sike hadde her bote, & cast were out of care. pan brouzt pai forp pe holy croun, & pe arme of seyn simoun, Bi-foru hem alle pare.

11 & a parti of pe holy crosse, pat in a cristal was don in clos, & godes clopeing. Our leuedi smok þe hye had on, & þe 3erd of aramon, Forþ pai gun bring, & a spere long & smert, þat longys put to godes hert, He gaf charls þe king; & a nail long & gret þat was y-drive þurc godes fet, Wip outen ani lesing.

12 When charls had resieuéd þat þing, He bisou3t ihû, heuen king, To sende him miȝt & space, For to wite þe soþe þere, Þif þe reliques verray were, Er he þennes pase. þan decended a liȝtnesse, Doun riȝtes fram þe heuen blis, In þat ich place, þat þai wenden alle y-wis, þai hadde ben in paradys, So ful it was of grace.
ST. JAMES APPEARS TO CHARLES IN A VISION.

13 If Jai tok lene at peperour, & ponked him of gret honour, & to aise in gascoyn went; & per he duelld siker apli3t. So he biheld opon a niȝt, Vp to pe firmament, A way of sterres he seigc y-wis, Out of spaine in to galis, As red as brond pat brent. He bi-souȝt god in trinite To sende him grace wite wat it be, Wip wel gode entent.

14 If in pe pouȝt pat he was in, per com a voice, & spac to him, Wip a milde steuen, "James pe apostel bi crist, Iones broȝer, pe wangelist, Godes deciple of heuen, pat god bad prechy on pe se, For pe herodes lete me scl, per of y pe neuen, Mi body lip in galis, Bizond speyne for sope y-wis, Jurnays mo pan seuen.

15 For pe me wondreȝ wipouten fail, pe comest nouȝt1 to do batayl, pe lond for to winne, & zif pe winnes pe lond y-wis, Y schal pe bring in to pe blis, per ich woni inne. Al pe me sekep more & lesse, Schal haue for-zenenes Of her dedel sinne. Now wende & do as y pe sede, & in batayl peu schalt spele, When peu it will biginne.

139 Charles returned to Gascony,
142 and one night saw a line of stars pointing towards Galicia,
145 and the voice of James the Apostle,
148 whom Herod had killed,
151 told him how his body lay in Galicia, seven days' journey away,
154 written over the line.
163 and that he was to go and rescue it;
The line of stars betokened that Charles should conquer all the country.

[fol. 264, col. 1.]

[1 Ms. James.] Thrice did the vision appear, and Charles started with a large army.

First he laid siege to Pamploun for six months, but could not win it.

Charles prays to God to enable him to win the city, and immediately the walls fall down.

16 If pe way of sterres bitokneip y-wis, 
   pat of spaine & of galis
   thou shalt be conquerer;
   Lorain & lombardye,
   Gascoyne, bayoun, & pikardye,
   Schal be in pi pouwer."  

17 If pe first cite was pampiloun,
   pat was a swipe noble toun,
   pat charls gan asyayl;
   & sex monepes he it bi-lay apli3t,
   pat no3ing winne he it no mi3t,
   For alle his batayle.
   For pe walles so strong were,
   He no mi3t haue non entre pere
   Wip outen ani fayl,
   per were mani strong gines,
   & fele pousand of sarazines,
   Swise hey3e of parail.

18 If pan praid charls to god of heuen,
   "Lord, he seyd, here mi steuen,
   Astow art ful of mi3t,
   Sende me grace pis cite to winne,
   & sle pe sarrazins her inne,
   pat don o3ain pe ri3t."
   P0 felle pe walles of pe cite,
   Charls entred wip his meyne,
   Als a douhti kni3t,
   & purch pe miracle pat was pere,
   Ten pousand sarrazins cristned were,
   In pat ich mi3t.
19 ¶ & po þat nold nouȝt cristned be, He lete hem hong opon a tre, Er he þennes pase. þus charls þurch spayn gan gon, & wan þe cites eurichon, Al þurch godes grace. Where he com in ani erd, Ich man was of him aferd, þat loked on his face. þe names of eueri cite þat he wan, y schal tel þe Er ich hennes pase. 20 ¶ Visim, lameche, & sumy, Colonuber, luche, & vrry, Brakare & vimaraile, Compostel, a cite grete, Aurilian & tullet, þat strong is to asayl; Goddelfagar & salamencha, Vline, canayls, madris, al swa Calatorie & lestoyl, Medinacel, an heiȝe cite, Segouus þe grete, & salamenche, Gramie & sturgel, 21 ¶ Godian & emerite, Bourg in spaine, þþ nis nouȝt lite, A swiþe noble toun; Nasers & maped, Carion & vrpaled, & oche of gret renoun; Burbagalle, a castel al so, Costant, petros, & oþer mo, Bayet & pampiloun, Ventos in þe grene vale, Caparre, eustorge, & entale, Gascoine & bayouns, 211 Then Charles marched through-out Spain, 214 and took every city: 217 (fol. 264, col. 2.) amongst them Compostella, 218 Salamanca, Madrid, 220 Segovia, Godian, 223 (fol. 264, col. 2.)
Portugal and Saragossa, Granada, Seville, Acon, and many others.

At Acon lay Torquas, the disciple of St. James, at whose tomb many miracles were wrought.

The whole of Spain did Charles win,

till he came to Lucerne, which withstood him a whole year.

•u Roulanu and Vernagu. 22

Portugal and Saragossa, Granada, Seville, Acon, and many others.

The whole of Spain did Charles win,
25 ¶ Then prayed Charles again,
bo preyd charls to god abone,
hat he him sent grace sone,
pe cite for to winne.
bo fel pe walles adoun riȝtes,
King charls entred wip his kniȝtes,
purch hat ich ginne;
Charls acurssed pat cite,
& ventos, & caparre, & deneye,
For her dedeli sinne;
Deserd pai were after þan,
hat neuer seþen no cristen man,
No durst com þer inne.

26 ¶ For charls curssed þo lucern,
Also tite þe toun ganbern,
& schal don euer mo;
& of þe smoc of þat toun,
Mani takeþ þer of pusesoun,
& dyþ in michel wo:
& þer þe ofer þre cites stode,
Bþþ waters red of helle flode,
& fisches ther in al blo;
& who þat wil nouȝt leue me,
In spaine men may þe sop þe y-se,
Who þat wil þider go.

27 ¶ & while charls was in þat stede,
A fair miracle god for him dede,
Er he gan þennes wende;
Braunches of vines charls sett,
In marche moneþ wip outen lett,
As was þe riȝt kende;
& amorwe grapes þai bere,
Red & ripe to kerne þere,
For þaners þai gun sende;
And for þaners þai crid þo,
3ete men eclþþ þe cite so,
& schal to þe worldes ende.
All the towns in Spain Charles won back, and destroyed all the Saracen’s idols.

A statue had Mahoun made with great craft, and in it put many fiends to protect it,

for that statue would fall when a king brought Spain to Christianity. Charles overthrew that statue, and with the spoils built churches.

1 Clodonius the first Cristen king, & clotayrs wip outen lesing,

King dagabers & pipin, Won mani tounes in spaine, 

Ae pe gode charlmain, Wan it al wip gin:

Alle pe maumctes in spaine were, bat were pe sarrazins leue & dere, 

King charls & turpin, hale destroyd purch godes mit, 

Sum purch miracle & sum purch fijt, So seyt pe latin.

If & an image of gret pouste, Stode on a roche bi pe se,

In pe gilden lond; His name was salanicodus,

As a man y-schapen he wes, & held a glaive an hond,

Mahoun maked him wip gin, & dede mani fendes per in,

As ich vnderston, For to susten pe ymage,

& sett him on heize stage, For no man nold he wond.

If pe face of him was turned soue ri3t, In her lay the sarrazins founde apli3t

Of iubiter & mahoun; bat when y-born were pe king,

bat schuld spaine to cristen bring, pe ymage schuld falle adoun;

Charls dede pat ymage falle, & wan in spaine pe cites alle, 

Bope tour & toun; & wip pe tresour pat he wan pere

Mani a chirche he lete arere, 

bat was of gret renoun.
OF A MIRACLE WHICH HAPPENED AT BAYONNE.

31 "If he first chirche for sop y-wis,
   Was seyn Iames in galis,
   pat he let & arere,
   Wip an hundred chanouns & her priour,
   Of seynt ysador pe confessour,
   For to serui &ere:
   & in aise a chapel,
   Of lim & ston y-wrouȝt ful wel,
   Of werk riche & dere,
   & seyn Iames at burdeues,
   & on at tolous, anope & aneves,
   & mo as 3e may here.

32 Charles duelled siker apliȝt,
    pre mones & fourten niȝt,
    In bayoun wip his ost,
    per fel a miracle of a kniȝt,
    Wiche pat was to dep y-diȝt,
    perch pe holy gost;
    Sir roym for sop he hiȝt,
    Er he dyd he hadde his riȝt,
    Wip outhen ani bost;
    On of his frendes he cleped him to:
     "Y schal dye it is so,
         Ful wele þou it wost.

33 "If Mine cloþes þat icheau,
    þer wip þat y be brouȝt in graue,
    Wip mete & drink & liȝt,
    & sel min hors on hieiȝing
    Pouer clerkes sauters to sing,
     þer to þat it be diȝt;"
    & when he hadde y-seyd þus stille,
    Also it was gode wille,
    Þan died þe kniȝt,
    þe hors was seld wip outhen duelinges,
    For to hundred schillinges,
    & put it vþ apliȝt.
At the end of a month the knight appeared to his executor,

To his seketour com pe ded kniȝt, & seyd in pis maner:

"Mi soule is in heuen blis,
For pe lone of min almis,
pat y sett here ;
& for pou hast at-hold min,
pitti days iehane ben in pin,
pat wel strong were,
Paradis is graunted me,
& in pat pain pou schalt be,
pat ich was in ere."

and told him he should go to hell for his dishonesty.

In the morning the executor told his dream,

& wonder hadde apliȝt ;
& amorwe his swenen he told,
To orls & to barouns bold,
To squiers & to kniȝt :
& amonges hem alle,
As pai stoden in pe halle,
pær com a windes fliȝt,
& fele fendes pȝ were swift,
& beren him vp in to pe lift,
& held him pere four niȝt.

At last his body was found at Navern,

So schal eueri sekatour,
pȝ dedes gode abigge wel sour,
pat hye bi-nimeȝ pȝ pore.
A DESCRIPTION OF CHARLES AND HIS HABITS.

37 No[w] late we be of pis ping, & speke of charles pe king, 
pat michel was of mist, 
Of his lengpe & his brede, 
As pe latin ous sede, 
Ichil you rede ariszt; 
Tventi fete he was o lengpe, 
& al so of gret strengpe, 
& of a stern sight, 
Blac of here & rede of face, 
Where he com in ani place, 
He was a douhty kniʒt. 

38 Four times in pe zere, 
On his heued he bere, 
pe holy eroun of born, 
At ester, at wissontide, 
& at seyn iames day wip pride, 
& in zole as god was born. 
& atte pe mete in pe halle, 
Among his kniʒtes alle, 
A drawe swerd him biforn, 
pis was pe maner ay, 
& schal be til domesday, 
Of emperour y-corn. 

39 & whare he slepe aniszt, 
Wel wise he was & wiʒt, 
& douted of tresoun, 
An hundred kniʒtes him kept, 
pat non of hem no slept, 
pat were of gret renoun, 
& eueri duʒti kniʒt 
Held a torche liʒt, 
& a naked fauchoun. 
pis king charls lay, 
Wip his ost mani a dai, 
In pe cite of pampiloun.

427 Now will I tell you of Charles. 

428 He was 20 feet in height, 

430 with black hair and a ruddy complexion. 

436 Four times in the year, 

439 at Easter, Whitsuntide, 
[fol. 265, back. col. 1.] 

440 St. James's day and Christmas, 
he wore at his table the holy crown of thorns. 

445 

448 

451 When he slept 100 knights guarded him, 

454 each with a torch and a drawn sword. 

457 

460
One day came tidings to Charles of a doughty knight called Vernagu, who had come to fight with him.

He was 40 feet in height; his face 4 feet across, and his shoulders 15 feet. He was a leathsome sight and as black as pitch.

He challenged Charles or any of his knights to fight.

Charles was astonished, for never had he seen any so grim.
Sir oger þe danais,
A kniȝt ful curtays,

To him first was y-sent;
& at his coming,
Vernagu an heȝyȝing,
Vnder his arm him hent,
Y-armed as he was,
He toke him in þe plas,
& to þe castel he went:
Sir oger schamed sore,
Him o-pouȝt þat com pore,
& held him foule y-schent.

Reynald de aubeþpine
Was sent to þat sarrazin,
He servet him al so;
& seyd to charlmain,
"Sir, þo þou won spain,
Hadestow non better þo?"

So mahoun me þine rest,
Oȝain ten swiche þe best,
To fiȝt ich wold go."

Sir costentin of rome,
& þerl of naunte com,
To fiȝt wip boþe to.

& vernagu bar boþe,
No were þai neuer so wroþe,
To nassers castel,
Vnder aþer arm on,
As stille as ani ston,
Mijn þai nouȝt wip him mele.
þo charlz sent ten,
Al so he servet his men,
Mijn no man wip him dele.
Charls bi-pouȝt þo,
þif he sent mo,
It were him wroþer hele.
Then Roland asked leave to fight Vernagu; and Charles granted him leave.

Roland asked leave to fight Vernagu; and Charles granted him leave.

Then Rolan dasked leave to fight Vernagu; and Charles granted him leave.

**46**

Roland pe gode kniȝt, po bad leue to fiȝt, Oȝain þat painim, 
King charls seyd, "nay, þou no schalt nouȝt bi þis day, He is to stout & grim." 
So long he him bad, þat leue of him he hadde. 
Roland armed him, 
& com anon riȝt 
In to þe feld, to fiȝt 
Oȝain þat sarrazin. 

Vernagu picked him out of his saddle, but Roland felled him to the ground.

**47**

Vernagu pickd him out of his saddel, but Rolan d felled him to the ground. 

**48**

They drew their swords, 

and Rolan d cuts Vernagu's horse in two. 

Then Vernagu killed Roland's horse.
ROLAND AND VERNAGU FIGHT A WHOLE DAY LONG.

49 ¶ A fot þai tok þe liȝt, 571
& vernagu a non riȝt,  
His sawerd he had y-lore. 
Rouland wiþ al his miȝt,      [fol. 266, col. 2]
He stired him as a kniȝt,  
& yaf him dintes sore.  
Til it was again þe none,  
þus þai layd opon,  
Ay til þai weri wore:  
Douk rouland sone he fond,  
þat wiþ no dint of brond,  
He slonȝ him neuer more.  

50 ¶ When it com to þe neue, 574
Vernagu bad leue,  
To resten of þat fiȝt:  
Rouland him trewþ þe ȝaf,  
So he most bring a staf,  
After his wil y-diȝt;  
Vernagu graunted wel  
& went to her hostel  
When þat was niȝt.  
Amorwe wiþ outen fail,  
þai com to þe batayl,  
Aiper as douhti kniȝt.  

51 ¶ Sir rouland brouȝt a staf 577
þat king charls him ȝaf,  
þat was long & newe,  
þe bodi of a ȝong oke,  
To ȝif þer-wiþ a stroke,  
He was touȝ & trewe.  
& wiþ þat gode staf,  
Wel mani dintes he ȝaf  
Vernagu þe schrewe.  
& at þe non apliȝt,  
þai gun anopur fiȝt,  
& stones to gider þrewe.  

They fought on foot,  
but Roland could not hurt him with a sword.  
At even Vernagu proposed to adjourn the fight till the next day.  
Roland agreed on condition that he might bring a staff as his arm.  
So next day he brought a young oak,  
with which he belaboured Vernagu.  
Then they took to stones.
Their helmets and shields were broken to pieces.

Vernagu, feeling tired, asked leave to have a sleep.

Roland agreed, and promised not to touch him in his sleep.

Vernagu went to sleep,

and snored like a wild boar;

so Roland brought a great stone and placed it under his head for a pillow.

52 ¶ Gode rappes for þe noues,
þai zauen wip þe stones,
þat sete swipe sore;
þat helme & heye targe,
þurch her strokes large,
þer wip þai broken wore.
& vernagu at þat cas,
So sore asleped was,
He no miȝt fïȝt no more:
At rouland leue he toke,
þat time, so seyt þe boke,
For to slepe þore.

53 ¶ Roland zaf leue him,
For to slepe wele aȝin,
& rest him in þat stounde,
& seyd þat he nold,
For þe cite ful of gold
Be þer wip y-founde,
Slepeand to slen a kniȝt,
 þei þat he had in fïȝt,
þif him deþes wounde.
þo vernagu lay adoun,
To slepe he was boun,
þere opyn þe grounde.

54 ¶ & vernagu rout þore,
As a wild bore,
þo he on slepe was:
To him rouland gan gon,
& tok þe gretest ston
þat lay in þat place,
He leyd vnder his heued y-wis
For him þouȝt it lay amis,
To lowe at þat cas.
& vernagu vþ stode,
He starð as he were wode,
When he awaked was,
55 Vernagu asked anon,
   "Who leyd bis gret ston,
      Vnder min heued so?
It no mi3t neuer be,
Bot 3if he were a knijt fre.
Wist ich who it were,
He schuld be me leue & dere,
[No gap in the MS.]
beij pat he were mi fo.''
Qua9 rouland, sikerly,
   "Certes it was y,
      For pat pou rot so.
56 Vernagu asked anon,
   "Who leyd bis gret ston,
       Vnder min heued so?
It no mi3t neuer be,
Bot 3if he were a knijt fre.
Wist ich who it were,
He schuld be me leue & dere,
[No gap in the MS.]
beij pat he were mi fo.''
Qua9 rouland, sikerly,
   "Certes it was y,
      For pat pou rot so.
57 Vernagu to rouland sede,
   "Al so pi god pe spede,
      Whare were pou y-born ?"
   "In fraunce, bi seynt austin,
King charls cosyn,
      Our kinde lord y-corn.
We leuep opon ihü,
pat is ful of vertu,
pat bare pe crown of porn.
& 3e leuep in pe fende,
For-pi wip outen ende,
      3e schul be for lorn."

Vernagu wondered greatly at this act of courtesy,
643 and asked who did it.
646 Vernagu told him that only in the navel was he vulnerable.
658 [fol. 266, back, col. 2]
Roland asked the Saracen how it was he could not hurt him.
655 Vernagu told him, Roland told him.
661 "Where wert thou born ? ''
667 asked Vernagu.
660 "Where wert thou born ? ''
660 asked Vernagu.
662 Vernagu told him that only in the navel was he vulnerable.
666 [fol. 266, back, col. 2]
Vernagu asked who Jesus was.  58  ¶ & when þat vernagu
Y-herd speke of ihū,
He asked wat man he was.  679
Roland answered,
"The king of
Paradise,
who was born of a
virgin,
suffered for mankind on the cross,
rose on the third
day from death to
tune,
and ascended into
heaven, one God
in Three
Persons."
Vernagu asked
who Jesus was.
Y-herd speke of ihū,
He asked wat man he was.
Roland answered,
"The king of
Paradise,
who was born of a
virgin,
suffered for mankind on the cross,
rose on the third
day from death to
tune,
and ascended into
heaven, one God
in Three
Persons."

Sir rouland seyd, "he is
þe king of paradys,
& lord ful of gras,
In a maiden he was bore,
To bigge þat was forlore,
As sonne passeþ purch þe glas,
& dyed opon þe rode,
For our alder gode,
& nouȝt for his gilt it nas:
¶ & suffred woundes fiue,
& ros fram ded to fiue,
þan þridde day ;
& fet out adam & eve,
& mo þat were him leue,
Fram helle for soþe to say,
& sitt in trinite,
O god in persones thre;
Swiche is our lay."
¶ Vernagu seyd þo,
"It no miȝt neuer be so,
þer of y sigge nay.
How could he be  60  ¶ Hou miȝt it euer be,
þat he were on & thre?
Tel me now þe skille."
Rouland þan sede,
"Al so god me spede,
þis wiþ a gode wille.
As þe harp has þre þinges,
Wode & souȝ & streuges,
& mirþe is þer tille,
So is god persones þre,
& holeliche on in vnite,
Al þing to ful-fille.

Roland answers:
"As in a harp are
three things,
wood, and strings,
and sound, so in
God are three
persons:
ROLAND 
EXPLAINS 
THE 
MYSTERIES 
OF 
THE CHRISTIAN 
FAITH. 

61 
"& as pe sonne haf pinges pre, 
Hete & white on to se, 
& is ful of liht, 
So is god in trinite, 
Vnite & mageste, 
& lord ful of miht." 
Quaþ vernagu, "now y se, 
Hou he is god in persones pre, 
Now ich wot pat riht, 
Ac hou pat he bicom man, 
The lord pat pis world wan, 
þer of no haue y no siht."

62 
"Quaþ rouland, "he pat ous bouzt, 
& al ping maked of nouzt, 
Wele miht he be so hende, 
þat he wald sende his sone, 
In a maiden for to wona, 
Wip outen mananes kende." 
Quaþ vernagu, "saunfayl, 
þer of ichaue gret meruai, 
Hou miht he fram hir wende, 
Hou miht he of hir be bore, 
þat was a maiden bi fore, 
Y no may nouzt haue in mende." 

63 
"Rouland seyd to vernagu, 
"Mi lorde fader ihu, 
Is so michel of miht, 
þat he made sonne & se, 
& fisches in þe flod to be, 
Dope daye & miht: 
Wele may he þan, as y þe er seyd, 
Ben y-bore of a maide, 
Wip outen wem apliht." 
Quaþ vernagu, "it may wele be, 
Ac hou he dyed y no can nouzt se, 
Tel me now pat riht." 

And as in the sun 
are heat, brightness, and light, so 
715 
is the Trinity in 
Unity.

"Now I understand," said 
Vernagu; "but 
become man?"

"God," said 
Roland, "who is 
Almighty, sent 
His Son to be born 
man of a Virgin?"

"How could a 
Virgin bear a 
child?" asked 
Vernagu.

"That might well 
be," said 
Vernagu; 
"but how could 
God die,"
ROULAND AND VERNAGU.

64 "For i nist neuer no man, bat aros after pan,

When pat he ded was, & zif he godes some were,

He no miȝt nouȝt dye þere : Tel me now pat cas."

Quaþ roland, "y schal tel þe. His bodi slepe vpon þe tre,

& þe þridde day aras, His godhed waked euer & ay,

& to helle tok þe way, & bond satanas.

And so must we all at the day of judgment rise, and give account of our lives."

65 "So schul we al arise, & of þe dome agrise,

Atte day of iuggement, & answerey for our dede,

þe gode & þe quede, Hou we our liȝt haue spent."

Quaþ vernagu, "now ichot wel, Hou he aros ichadel,

& haue in min entent Ac hou he steyȝe to heuen,

Y no can nouȝt neuen, No wite verrament."

66 Þan seyd roland, "O vernagu, understond,

Herken now to me. þat ich lord þat wiþ his miȝt,

In a maiden a-liȝt, Y-born for to be,

As þe sonne arös in þe est, & decended in þe west,

Astow miȝt now se, Rist so dede god almȝt,

Mounted in to heuen liȝt, & sit in trinite."
AN ANGEL APPEARS AND ENCOURAGES ROLAND.  59

67 ¶ Quap vernagu, "now ich wot,
Your cristen lawe eueri grot,
Now we wil fiȝt.
Wher lawe better be,
Sone we schul y-se,
Long ar it be miȝt."
Rouland a dint him ȝaf,
Wip his gode staf,
Dat he kneled apliȝt,
& vernagu to him smot,
& earf his staf fot hot,
Euen ato arïȝt.

68 ¶ po rouland kneld adoun,
& maked an orisoun,
To god in heuen liȝt,
& seyd, "lord vnder stond
Y no fiȝt for no lound,
Bot for to saue þi riȝt,
Sende me now miȝt & grace,
Here in þis ich place,
To sle þat foule wiȝt."
An angel com ful sone,
& seyd "herd is þi bone,
Arise rouland & fiȝt,

69 ¶ & sched þe schrewes blod,
For he nas neuer gode,
Bi lond no bi se:
Þei alle prechours aliue,
To eristen wald him schrieue,
Gode nold be neuer be."
When rouland herd þat steuen,
He stirt him vp ful euen,
& faȝt wip hert fre;
Strokes bi sex & seuen,
Togider þis kniȝtes seuen
Dat mani man miȝt y-se.
Soon he cut off the Saracen's left arm, but Vernagu hit him so sore on the head that had it not been for his helmet he had been killed,

but with one blow he cut Vernagu's shield in two, and with the next stroke gave him his death wound.

Rouland wip outen dueling, 

but Vernagu 

that had it not been for his helmet he had been killed, 

but with one blow he cut Vernagu's shield in two, 

and with the next stroke gave him his death wound.

Vernagu called on his gods for help, 

As ze bep m¡¡t-ful helpep me, 

pat ich m¡¡t y-venged me 

Of pis cristien hounde.”
ROLAND SLAYS VERNAGU AMIDST GREAT REJOICINGS.

73 ¶ Rouland louȝ for þat cri,
& syd, "mahoun, fikerly,
   No may þe help nouȝt:
No Iubiter, no apolin,
No is worp þe brust of a swin,
   In hert no in þouȝt."
His ventail he gan vn-lace,
& smot of his heued in þe place,
   & to charls it brouȝt:
þo þonked he god in heuen,
& mari wiþ milde steuen,
   þat he so hadde y-wrouȝt.

74 ¶ & al þe folk of þe lond,
For onour of roulond,
   þonked god old & þong:
   & zede a procesioun,
Wiþ croice & gomfaynoun,
   & salue miri song,
Boþe widowe & wiif in place,
þus þonked godes grace,
   Alle þo þat speke wiþ tong.
To otuel also þern,
   þat was a sarrazin stern,
   Ful sone þis word sprung.
The Romance of Otuel.
Hearken all, young and old,
and I will tell you of the wars between the Christians and Saracens.

Once there was a doughty king of France, Charles, a true knight,
in whose time was a heathen king of Lombardy, named Garsie.

A great lord he was, but he believed not on Jesus Christ,
and his whole thought was to destroy Christianity.

Never in all heathendom was there so great a king:

when he held his parliament,

fifteen kings came at his command, and swore to join in war on Charles,

for he was the greatest of Christian kings.

On Childermas-day Charles with his douze-peres went towards Paris.

\[\text{70 wolde on ihú crist bîleuc,}\]
\[\text{& tok pe lond to his byhene:}\]
\[\text{Níst & day it was his þout,}\]
\[\text{To bringe cristendom to nout.}\]

\[\text{4 \text{In heponesse þer nas no king,}}\]
\[\text{þat ne hel[d] of him sum þing,}\]
\[\text{Or dude him omage or feute.}\]
\[\text{Suich a mįsty king was he,}\]
\[\text{Alle þei scholden to him bouwe.}\]
\[\text{He was lord of londes ynowe,}\]
\[\text{& ʒit he þouȝte wit maistrie,}\]
\[\text{Habben al cristendom to gye:}\]
\[\text{Al cristendom more & lasse,}\]
\[\text{He þouȝte to maken heponesse.}\]

\[\text{5 \text{In heponesse þer nas no king,}}\]
\[\text{þat ne hel[d] of him sum þing,}\]
\[\text{Or dude him omage or feute.}\]
\[\text{Suich a mįsty king was he,}\]
\[\text{Alle þei scholden to him bouwe.}\]
\[\text{He was lord of londes ynowe,}\]
\[\text{& ʒit he þouȝte wit maistrie,}\]
\[\text{Habben al cristendom to gye:}\]
\[\text{Al cristendom more & lasse,}\]
\[\text{He þouȝte to maken heponesse.}\]

\[\text{6 \text{Hit was on childermasse day,}}\]
\[\text{Sop to segge wip outen nay,}\]
\[\text{þat king charles of sein denys,}\]
\[\text{Wente him to ward parys.}\]
\[\text{Hise duzze peres wit him he nam,}\]
\[\text{& muche poeple to him kam,}\]
\[\text{& token alle here consail þare,}\]
\[\text{þat þei wolden wip alle fare,}\]
Into Marsile riden and gon, & werren þere wip godes soon, & hadden set a certein day, To wenden þider wip outen delay: Bote ar þei þiderward ferden, Suiche tydinges þei herden, Of a sarasin douȝti & good, þat a-mocuede al here blod.

7 Þe þer com a sarazin ful of rage, From king garsie in message, In to paris þe wei he nam, & to þe kinges paleis he kam. Otuwel his name was, Of no man a-fered he nas, Into þe paleis þo he cam. A skwier be þe hon[d] he nam, & seide: "ich am comen her. Kyng garsies messager, To speke wip charles, king of þis lond, & wip a kniȝt þat heet Roulouȝ, & a noper hatte oliuer, Kniȝtes holden wipouten peer: þose þre ich biseche þe, þat þou telle me whiche þei be."

8 Þe skwier þouȝte wel by siȝt, þat Otuwel was a douȝti kniȝt, & for he was in message come, Bi þe hond he hauep him nome, & ladde him in to þe halle, Among þe grete lordses alle, & þere þei stoden oppon her feet. He schewede him where þe king seet,

1 MS. sazasin.
2 This line is twice written in the MS.; at the end of fol. 268, col. 2, as above, and at the beginning of p. 268 back, col. 1, In to þe palais þo he cam.
He went directly up to Charles, without any fear, and said before them all: "Garsie, my lord, defies thee, and curses thee!"

And Roland he challenged to meet him in the field in single combat.

& tauzte him hou he scholde knowe, here pei seten oppon a rowe, Roulond & olyuer, & pe godde kniȝt ogger.

Il Anon as otuwel hadde a siȝt Of charles pei was king & kniȝt, For eye of no man he ne leet, Bote wente to him þere he seet. Hit was þe boldeste sarazin, þat enere þorte drinke win, & þat was sene wip ȝoute lesing. þo he spak wip charles þe king. He seide to him amydde his halle: "Sire king, foule mote þe falle, þou art a-boute for to greue Mahoun þat we onne byleue, þere fore haue þou maugre, So þe greteþ garsie bi me, þat me haueþ in message sent, To seggen his comauandement. & þou, Roulond, þat art his kniȝt, Non ich knowe þe be siȝt, May ich mete þe in þe feeld, Wip þi spere & wip þi sehled, Ich wole wyte, so mote Ich þe, Riȝt bytwene me & te."

1 (Eight lines lost in consequence of the cutting out of the illumination at the beginning of the poem. These eight lines were on the back of the illumination.)
Estut attempts to slay Otuel, but Roland saves him.

"Dat pou makest offe his bost, Tel me nouz ef pou wast." [133]

Quap otuwel, "so mote ich pe, I nelle nouzt hele for cie of pe. It was oppon a weddenesdai, In aueril be-fore pe may, King garsie pe weie nam, To pe Cite of rome he cam, Twenti pou ende was pe sawe, Dat were pare of sarazin lawe: Corsouse m[i swerde ful] harde fel, & bot peere Freinche flechs fol wel."

Said Otuel, "I will tell thee."

It was in April that Garsie with 20,000 men came to Rome, where with my sword I slew full many Frenchmen."

Estat, a French knight, aims a stroke at Otuel with a brand, but Roland warded it off.

The French knights are enraged,

10 "Dat pou makest offe his bost, Tel me nouz ef pou wast." [133]

11 Estuet of leggers, a freinshe kniȝt, He sterte op anon riȝt, & kyppe anon in his hond A gret muche fir brond, & to otuwel a strok hadde ment, & Rouiold by-nam him pe dent.

12 Estuet of leggers, a freinshe kniȝt, He sterte op anon riȝt, & kyppe anon in his hond A gret muche fir brond, & to otuwel a strok hadde ment, & Rouiold by-nam him pe dent.

13 "Ich for bele oppon alle þing, Dat noman be so wood, For to don hym oper þan good, A kinges mesager for he is, He ne schal habbe nou harm, i-wis." 144

14 "Sire king," quap otuwel, "be mi blod, & ani of hem be so wod, To drawe to me sword or knif, Certes he schal lesen his lif." 148

152 The French knights are enraged,
and one seizes
Otuel by the
head,
and attempts to
kill him with a
knife.

The French press
round Otuel to
avenge their
comrade,

but Otuel
threatens them,
and orders them
to sit down.

Otuel draws his
sword,
and slays him.

15 ¶ He starte op & was wrogb,
To ligge longe him was lop,
& Corsouze his brond he drou3, [175]
& he kingse knijst he slou3,
& amang hem alle he stood,
& lokede as he were wood.
he kingse knijstes were agramed,
& summe of hem were aschamed,
pat otuwel in pe halle,
Slou3 a knijst among hem alle,
& bi-gunnen op to stonden,
& pou3te to leggen on him honden.

16 ¶ Otuwel þer of was war,
& in his herte it him bar,
þat þei nere a-boute no good,
& seide to hem þere he stod ;
"Bi þe louerd fire mahoun," [179]
Knijstes i rede þe sitten a-doun.
For þef ani of þou so hardi be,
þat any strok munteþ to me,
Mahoun mi god ich here for-sake
þef he sschal euere ordres take,
Of ani oþer bisschopes hond,
Bot of Corsouze mi gode brond."

17 þei be-helden otuwel alle,
Knijstes & skwieres in þe halle,
CHARLES CALLS ON OTUEL TO GIVE UP HIS SWORD.

Charles forbids any to touch the Saracen, and they all think Otuel must be mad.

They all think Otuel must be mad.

Charles forbids any to touch the Saracen.

Roland offers to take charge of it, and promises that none shall interfere with him.

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Charles calls on him to surrender his sword.

Roland offers to take charge of it, and promises that none shall interfere with him.

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22 If Quaç otuwl þe sarazin;
   “Bi mahoun, þat is louerd min,
   Þau þich hadde skwieres twelue,
   Ich wole bere myn swerd mi selue.
   Holte o roum! ich wolde rede,
   & þanne dostou a god dede.”
23 If “Sarazin,” quaç charles þe king,
   “Let ben al þi pretning.
   Tel me nou alle & some
   In what message arton come.”
   Otuwl, þat noble kníȝt,
   Answerede a non riȝt:
   “Hider me sente king garsie,
   Spaine is his, an[ð] lumbardie,
   & manye londes name-couþe,
   þat i ne mai nouȝt nenme wiþ mouþe;
   Bi me he sente þe to segre,
   þou sscholdest cristendom a-legge,
   & maken þine men in eche toun,
   For to leuen on fire mahoun,
   & þou & alle þine barons bolde,
   Of him þe sschulle þoure londes holde,
   þanne miȝtou amenden þif þou wilt,
   þat þou hauest mahoun agult :
   & certes, bote it so bi-falle,
   Garsie wele þiue þine londes alle,
   To olecent of esclauyne,
   þe kinges sone of Ermenie,
   þat haueþ his .o. douȝter to wif,
   þat he loneþ as his lif ;
   þous sschall all þi murþe a-doun,
   Bote þou leue on sire mahoun.”
24 If þe diuzze piers answerede þo :
   “Certes, while we moun ride & go,
   Fraunce sschal he neure þiue,
To none while we mourn liue.
Sire king, his wille nou þou wost,
Let asemble al þin ost,
& let vs upon garsie wenden,
Alle hise londes for to sschenden;
Of wordes þat he haueþ ispeke,
For soþe we reden you be a-wreke.” [258] 264

25 ¶ “Certes, sire king,” quaþ otuwel,
“þine freinsche kniȝtes kune ßelpe wel,
& whan þei beþ to werre îbrout,þænne be þei riȝt nouȝt.
26 ¶ Þauȝ þou bringe wiþ sschelde & spere
Al þat euere may wepene bere,
To werren vpon [k]ing garsie,
Certes alle þei sscholden deie.
& þou art king, & old kniȝt,
& hauest iloren al þi miȝt,
& in þi þinkpe, tak god hede,
þou nere neuere douȝti of dere.”

27 ¶ Þo was þe king was a-gramed,
& alle hise duzze peres asschamed,
þat otuwel, þat heþene kniȝt,
Tolde of hem alle so liȝt.

28 ¶ Roulond bi þe king stood,
& amenede al his blod,
& seide in wrappe a non riȝt,
To otuwel þat heþene kniȝt;
“To werren on garsie þef we fare,
In bataille, and i mete þe þare,
& i may mete þe ariȝt,
Bi ihû þat is ful of miȝt,
þou ne sschalt neuere after þat day,
Despice freinchs man, þef ich may.”
Otuel laughs, and says he is quite ready at any moment.

Roland accepts the challenge, and Otuel proposes the next day for the duel.

Roland is willing, and they plighted their words to each other.

Charles is pleased with Otuel, and declares that if he will be baptized he will make him a rich man.

Otuel.

29 "Oue," quap otiwel & louz; "Wherto makestou it so touz; To prete me in anofer lond, Nam ich [nou3t] here at pin hond, "Wherto makestou it so touz, To prete me in anofer lond, Nam ich [nou3t] here at pin hond, [303] 3ef pou hauest wille to filste, When euere pou wolt let pe di3te, & pou sschalt finde me redi di3t, In pe feld to bide fi3t."

30 "Bi god," quap roulond, "ich wolde be 3are When ich wiste to finde pe 3are, & eune mote he priue & pe, 3ef pou hauest wille to filste, When euere pou wolt let pe di3te, & pou sschalt finde me redi di3t, In pe feld to bide fi3t."

31 "3e lene 3a," quap otiwel po, "Wheper so faillele of us two, Ich wolde finde mahoun to borwe, Ich wile be redi erliche to morwe."

32 Quap roulond, par he stod on grounde, "Selpe me gode." feere ifounde Rj3t be fore pe kinges Eien, 3ef pou woldes follaut take, 3ef pou woldes follaut take, & eune mote he priue & pe, & pibe false godes for sake, Ich wolde make the, so mote ihe pe, & tou wille bleue wip me, A riche man in mi lond, & tou wille bleue wip me, A riche man in mi lond, 3ef pou nost what follaut is; 3ef pou nost what follaut is; 316 & biheld his gode wille, & seide, "it is harm, iwis, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me, 320 & biheld his gode wille, & seide, "it is harm, iwis, "it is harm, iwis, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me, A riche man in mi lond, A riche man in mi lond, 324 & biheld his gode wille, & seide, "it is harm, iwis, & biheld his gode wille, & seide, "it is harm, iwis, A riche man in mi lond, A riche man in mi lond, & biheld his gode wille, & seide, "it is harm, iwis, A riche man in mi lond, A riche man in mi lond, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me, & tou wille bleue wip me,
"Cristes cors vpon his heuned, but Otuel with a curse indignantly refuses.
Dat me radde such a red,
To forsake mi god mahun;
I nelle nouȝt leue thi false sarmon." 328

35 ¶ pauȝ Otuwel speke outrageous,
For he was comen on message,
King charles þat was heende and god,
Noble soffre him habbe nouȝt bote god,
Bote seide to him a non riȝt:
"Be þou skwier, be þou kniȝt,
Tel me þef thi conseil is nome,
Of what linage þou art come." 336

36 ¶ Otuwel answerde þis;
"A kinges sone ich am, iwis,
So þo to segge & nouȝt to lye,
Ich am þe kinges cosin garsie,
Fernagu mryn eem was,
þat neure ouer-comen nas,
Sir roulond þi cosin him slowȝ,
þere fore wole rise wo inouȝ,
þere fore ich desire so moche,
To fiȝt þep roulond sikerlieche.
Ich wille to morewen in þe day,
Awreken his dep þef ich may,
Nou he haueþ iseid his sawe,
þat he ne mai him nouȝt wip drawe,
þat we schule boþe fiȝten iseere.
Nou ich wille þat þou it here,
Min Emes dep þich [wille] a-wreke,
Or mryn herte sschal to-breke."

37 ¶ King charles[es] gan to meuen his blod,
Bot nauȝes he was hende & good,
& nolde for his e wordes heȝe,
Don otuel no vileinie.

Charles asks him of his rank and family.
[fol. 276, col. 1.]
Otuel says he is a king's son.
Charles is vexed at his insolence,
but as he is an ambassador.
he gives him in charge to Rayner

Bote comandede a non a swein,  
Gon sechen him his chaumberlein,  
A sing kniȝt ant nouȝt old,  
Hede was wel norssched & bold;  
& seide to him, "sire Reiner,  
Tak here pis messege,  
& to his in sauliche him lede,  
Hede for no word ne for no dede,  
Hede he hauep don & seid,  
Hede non hond be on him leid;  
& loke that he be wil idizt,  
& onoured als a kniȝt."

38  "Pe chamberlein a non dede,  
Als pe king him hadde ibede,  
& ladde him hom to his in;  
& whan he was icomen in,  
He tok his leue the chamberlein,  
& wente to pe king æsein.  
Littel slep pe king pat niȝt,  
For ferd of roulant pat gode kniȝt  
Of pe bataille he hadde inome,  
Leste he were ouer-come,  
For pe king hadde sein fol wel,  
p pe kuntenaunse of otuel:  
p pe king wiste wel a fin,  
Hit was a bold sarazin,  
For he sauȝ hit wel by siȝt,  
p he sauȝ him sien his kniȝt.

39  "On morwe po pe dai sprong,  
& po larke bi-gan hire song,  
King charles wente to cherche,  
Godes werkes for to werche.  
Roulond, his cosin, wiȝp him ȝede,  
Of godes help pat hadde nede,
AFTER MASS THE NEXT DAY ROLAND AND OTUEL MEET.

pei wenten a non to here masse,
For here sinnen sscholde be pe lasse.

40 * po pe masse was iseid,
& pe uuestement doun ileid,
pe king & roulond ifere,
Wente forp as pe moun here,
Riȝt to pe paleis yate,
& founde houinge þer atec
Otuel, armeg and idigt,
Al redi to bide figt.
po seide þat sarazin;
"Sire king, where is þi cosin,
Roulond þat his truþe pliȝte,
þat he wolde wiþ me figt?
He was þo fol heie of mod,
Is he nou ilete blod."

41 Roulond stod & alþ herde,
Hou otuel toward him ferde,
& answerde a non riȝt:
"By ihū, þat is fol of miȝt,
þin heued sschal fele vnder þin hood,
þat i nam nouȝt laten blod."

42 "Wel-come be þou," quaf otuwel þo,
& turnde his stede & made him go,
& to þe place þo rod he,
þere þe bataille sscholde be.
Al a-boute þe water ran,
þer was noþer man ne wimman,
þat miȝte in riden no gon,
At no stede bote at on;
& þere otuwel in rood,
No lengere he ne a-bood.

Roulond þat douȝti kniȝt,
Was fol hasteliche idigt,
when he sees Otuel waiting for him, 

that he makes his horse swim across the river.

At once they charge, 

their horses fall, but they themselves are not hurt.

They draw their swords.

Roland aims a stroke at Otuel, 

who dodges it, 

& his stede he bi-strod, & no lengere he ne aboord, 428
Er þe dai i-don it were, þer þei sschollen fijþen ifere. 432
Anon als roulond be-heeld, Otuwel houede in þe feel[d],
Roulund was so egre to fijþe, þat for al þe world he ne miȝte
Abide to riden in at þe sate, þere otuwel rod in ate,
He þonte þe nekste weie to ride, 436
& no lengere he nolde a-bide, He smot his stede wiþ spores brijþe,
& wiþ help of godes miȝte, 440
Ouer þe water þe stede swam, & to londe saf he cam.

§ Anon riȝt als roulond Hadde ikauȝt þe druȝe lond, 444
Gret enuye was ham be-twene, [451]
þei riden to-gadire wiþ speres kene,
þat were steue & nouȝt longe ; 448
& þe kniȝtes were boþ stronge, & smyten eijer in oþeres sscheld,
þat boþe hors fallen in þe feld,
& risen aȝein op from þe grounde, 452
& boþe kniȝtes were hole & sounde.

§ þo þe stedes were risen boþe, 456
þe kniȝtes woxen boþ fol wroþe, 
& drowen swerdes ate laste, 
& eijer huȝ on oþer faste. Roulond to otuwel smot
A strok, þat fol sore bot, 
He wolde haue smiten otuwel, & he blenkt swiþe wel, 460
& roulund smot þe stede broun, [466]
ROLAND’S AND OTUEL’S HORSES ARE BOTH KILLED.

& clef þe heued al adoun, and the sword cleaves the head of his horse.
& þe stede fel to grounde, 464
Bot otuwel was hol & sounde.

46 ¶ Roulond was hende & good of wille, Roland waits for
& houede oppon his stede stille, Otuel to get up.
To smiten made he semblant non, [fol. 270, back, col. 2.]
Er otuwel was risen & gon. 468

47 ¶ “Roulond,” quaþ otuwel, “what was þe?
Art tou blynd, mizþou nouȝt se
Wil ich oppon mi stede sat?
Whi sscholde mi stede habbe that?
It hadde be more honour to þe,
For soþe to habbe i-smite me.”

48 ¶ “Onȝ,” quaþ roulond, “blame me nouȝt,
Bisengeme, ihe habbe i-fouȝt.
Otuwel, ich hadde yment,
þat þou sscholdest hauȝe ifeled þat dent.
Ich hadde wel leuere, so mote ich þe,
Otuwel, habbe ȝonen it þe.” 476

“By Saint James,” says Roland, “I meant the stroke for you.”

49 ¶ Otuwel was wroþ his stede was slawe, Otuel in a rage
& wiþ his sword he bar i-draue, smites at Roland,
He smot to roulond wiþ good wille, but misses him,
þat [h]ouede oppon his stede stille. and kills his
þat he hadde roulond ment, horse instead.
& he failede of his dent,
& smot roulondes gode stede,
þat neuere eft on erþe he ne þede. [478] 488

50 ¶ Otuwel þoute on errore deede, Otuel gives
þo he hadde slawe his stede,
Hou roulond houede stille as ston, Roland time to
til he was risen & gon ; get up,
& he stod al stille, and declares he
& lect roulond risen at wille, meant the stroke
& seide, “ roulond, so mote ich þe, for him,
þat strok ich mente to þe, 496
not for his horse.  & nou it is on þi stede istunt,
Let nou stonde dunþ for dunþ.

They fight fiercely on foot.  51  ¶ þo þei sien nou oþer bote,
þei wenten to-gidere al on fote,  500
& strokes zeden bi-twene ham so kene,
þat þe fer sprong out bi-twene.

Charles prays to God, to save Roland.  52  ¶ King charles wip hise kniþtes bolde, [486]
Was come þe bataille to bi-holde,  504
& bi-souȝte god fol of miȝt,
He sscholde saue roulond his kniȝt.

Roland, finding that Otuel is a strong knight,  53  ¶ Boþe kniȝtes were gode & stronge,
& fouȝten to gider swipe longe,  508
Roulond was a hende kniȝt,
& feled þat otuwel smot ariȝt,
& þat myȝt was in his arm,
& þoute to sauen him from harm,  512
& seide, “otuwel, let þi fiȝt,
& leue on ihu ful of miȝt,
& ich wele ben at acent,
þat þou sschalt wedde belecent,  521  516
þe kinges douȝter, mi nese þat is;
I rede, otuwel, þat þou do þis.”

Otuel declares nothing will make him renounce his religion.  54  ¶ Quaþ otuwel to roulond,
“Whil mi swerd is in min hond,  520
Al þi preching is for nouȝt,
Hit ne cam neuere in my þout,
Me ne stant nouȝt of þe swich awe,
þat þou sschalt make me reneie mi lawe,  524
For to wedde belecent;
So nis nouȝt mi wille iwent.”

The fight is renewed.  55  ¶ þo þei ne miȝte nouȝt acente,
Aȝein to bataille þei wente,  528
& fouȝten harde to-gidere beie;
Neueron of oþer ne stod eie.
Charles begins to fear for Roland's life.

56 ¶ Rolandon bi-gan to meuen his blood,
    bat otuwel so longe stood,
    & for tene vp wip þe brond,
    bat he bar in his hond,
    & in þe heued he þoute to redde
Otuwel, bote nouȝt he ne spedde.
Otuwel starte o side,
    & lette þe swerd bi him glide,
    & roulond wip þe swerdes end,
Reiȝte Otuwel oppon þe lende;
Als he wolde þe dent fle,
Otuwel fel on kne.

57 ¶ Otuwel a-sschamed was,
    bat he kneelede oppon þe gras,
    & for anger his herte gan sswelle,
    & þouȝte roulonde for to quelle;
In the heued he hadde him ment,
Bote roulond bleinte for þe dent,
As swete ihu crist wolde,
    bat roulond þere deie ne sscholde.
Bi side þe heued þe dent wente,
    & þe hauberk he to-rente,
Fram þe hepe bon an heijʒ,
    bat alle þe pece out fleiʒ.

58 ¶ King charles saw þere he stood,
    & was fol dreni in his mood,
    & was swîpe sore afriȝt,
To lese roulond his gode kniȝt,
For otuwel smot so hétverliche,
    þe king wende sikerliche,
    bat roulond sscholde been ylore,
    & was a sori man þere fore.

59 ¶ As þe king stod in doute,
He spak to his folk aboute,
    & seide to alle þat þere were;

Roland with all his might aims a stroke at Otuel's head,
but Otuel starts to one side,
and the sword wounds him in the thigh,
so that Otuel falls on his knee.
He is soon up,
and makes a cut at Roland's head,
but misses it,
and cuts a great piece off his hauberk.
Charles begins to fear greatly that he will lose Roland,
and he bids all his knights to kneel and pray for an end of the duel, and

the conversion of Otuel.

They do so, and immediately a white dove descends from heaven and settles on Otuel's head.

Otuel at once leaves off fighting, and says he will accept Roland's offer, and will become a Christian.

Roland gladly agrees.

“Lordinges, doth as ich you lere, Sitte eche man oppon his kne,
& biddeth to god in trinite,
For his grace & for hisse mistes,
Sende sei3tnesse bi-twene po kni3tes & 3un otuwel wille to day,
For to rencien his lay.”

They do so, 60 ¶ Enerichone pei token here red,
& deden as pe king ham bed,
To ih’u crist pei deden here bone,
& swete ih’u herde ham sone. [578] 576
A whit coluere þer cam fle,
þat al pe peple miȝten se,
On otweles heued he liȝte,
þoru þe uertu of godes miȝte. 580
& otuwel, þat douȝti kniȝt,
Wip-drouȝ him anoon riȝt
Fram roulond, & stod al stille,
To fiȝte more he ne hadde wille, 584
& seide, “Roulond pou smitest fol sore, [582]
Wip-drau þin hond & smiȝt na more.
þef þou wolt holden þat þou me het,
þat i sschal wedde þat maiden swath,
þe kinges douȝter, belesent,
For soȝe, þan is mi wille went,
þef i sschal wedden þat faire may,
Ich wille bileuen oppon þi lay, 592
& alle myne godes forsake,
& to soure god ich wille take.” [585]

Roland gladly agrees. 61 ¶ Roulond likete þat word fol wel,
& answerede otuwel;
“I þonke it ih’u, ful of miȝt,
þoru wham þat grace is in þe liȝt.” 596

[fol. 271, back, col. 1.] 62 ¶ Otuel caste of his hond
Corsouse, his gode brond,
OTUEL CONSENTS TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

& roulond his also,
& to-gidere péi gune go.
Eyther for-3af oþer his lóp,
Nas non of hem wiþ oþer wroþ,
Bote clippe & kusse éþer oþer, [588]
As éþer hedde been oþeres broþer.

63 "Sire," quaþ roulond, "we béþ al sounde,
Nóþer of vs ne haueth wounde. [598] 616
Otuwel háneþ his conseil nome,
bat he wile cristene by-come,
& ich hábbe granted bi ȝoure acent,
bat he sschal wedde belecent."

64 "Certes," quaþ charles pþo,
"Non þou wolt bat it be so,
I grante wel bat it so be,
For whi bat he wille dwelle wiþ me.
þanne hadde ich pe & olíuer,
Otuwel, & gode ogger,
In all þe world in lenkþe & brede,
þer nis king þat nolde me drede."

65 "Sire," quaþ roulond, "we béþ al sounde,
Nóþer of vs ne haueth wounde. [598] 616
Otuwel háneþ his conseil nome,
bat he wile cristene by-come,
& ich hábbe granted bi ȝoure acent,
bat he sschal wedde belecent."

66 "Sire," chaþ charles rood þidere a non,
& kníþtes wiþ him many on.
Anon as he þider cam,
Bi þe hon[d] roulond he nam,
& seide, "roulond, for godes Erþe,
Hou is þe and þis man iwurþe?
So harde strokes as þe habben ȝiue,
Hit is wunder þat þe liue."

They both throw down their swords, and embrace each other, and walk off together.

Charles with his knights ride to meet them, and asks what has happened.

Roland tells him that Otuel has agreed to become Christian, if he may marry Belicent.

Charles agrees at once.

They all return to the palace, and make great rejoicing for the conversion of Otuel.
On the morrow they conduct him to church, where he is baptised by Turpin.

Charles then offers him his daughter; but Otuel declares he will not marry her until the war is over, and Garsie a prisoner or slain.

He calls a council of his douzeperes, to advise whether they shall attack Garsie at once or wait till spring.

They advise him to wait. During all the winter Charles makes preparations for the campaign.

On mornen po pe day was briżt, 67  
pei ladden to churcche pat noble kniʒt, 636  
Bisschop turpin was bisschop po,  
He folde him pat day & nammo.

Otuel hadde follauʒt nome, 68  
& to pe kingges pees was come, 640  
pe king beed him his douʒter a non,  
& feire loundes mani on.

Otuwel to pe king saide, 69  
"Sire, keep me wel pat maide, 644  
For sope ich nelc hire neuere wedde,  
No neuere wip hire go to bedde,  
Er pi were to pe ende be browʒt,  
& sum what of pi wille wonʒt, 648  
Whan king garsie is slave or take,  
ßanne is time mairiage to make." 660

Quaʒ king charles to otuwel; 70  
"Nous i se pou louest me wel, 652  
& zef i leue, so mote I þe,  
Pou ne sschalt nouʒt lese þi lone on me."

Po leet pe king asembleñ a non, 71  
Alle hise duuze peres echon. 656  
"Lordinges," he seide, "what is youre red, 663  
King garsie seip, i sshal be ded,  
& as ze habbeþ iherd segge,  
He þenkeþ cristendam to legge, 660  
Wheþer wolent we wenden oppon him anon,  
Oper abide til winter be gon?"  
Þe duuze peres acentenden þer to,  
To bide til winter were i-do, 664  
& alle winter þe king of Fraunce,  
Lette maken his puruçiänse.  
Al þat winter at hom he bod, 685  
& in somer to werre he rod. 668
CHARLES STARTS ON HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST GARSIE.

Now I will tell you of the war with Garsie.

L
Ordinges, bope zinge & olde, Her[k]hep as we formest tolde, Hou pe werre was fol hyze, Bitwene king charles & king garsie. 672
Anon as winter was ygon, pe king a semblede his host a non, & mochel peple cam to his hond [697]
Out of mani dinese lond.
Aueril was comen an winter gon, [721] In the following April Charles sets out on his campaign towards Lombardy.
& charles tok pe weie a non, & droug him to ward hambardie, To werren oppon king garsie. 680
peere was set wi3 outen faille Certain day of bataille.

72 ¶ Anoon as charles was icome, Nij honde par pe bataille was nome, 684
In a mede a non ri3t
pe kings pauleons were ipi3t,
Vnder an hul besides a riuerc, & bi-fel as pe moun her.
Fol ni3 pe water pe king lay,
Of bataille for to a-bide his day, & vppon pat oter side,
He mi3te seen his enemis ride, 692
& peere nas brugge ne forde non, pat man mi3te oter riden ne gon. over which was neither bridge nor ford.

73 ¶ King charles pat gode kni3t, Tok carpenters a non ri3t, 696 Then Charles causes a bridge to be made.
& lette make a brugge a non, pat men mi3ten ouer gon,
[755]

74 ¶ po pe brugge was al 3are, pat men mi3ten ouer fare. 700 One day early
Hit bitidde vppon a day,
Wil charles in his bed lay,
Roland, Oliver, and Ogier cross the river in search of adventures.

The same day four kings of Garsie's army,

Turabeles,

Balsamun,

Astaward, and

Clarel,

were out riding, hoping to meet with some of the French knights,

but especially with Roland.

86

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<td>86.1</td>
<td>pat roulond an[al] oliuer, &amp; pe gode kniȝt oger, Ouer pe brugge pei wenten ifece, Auntres for to sen &amp; here. [763] &amp; po pei over passed were, Such auntres pei funden pere, For al pe good vnder sonne, pei nolde habben pe gameu bi-gonne.</td>
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<td>708</td>
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<td>The same day four kings of Garsie's army, Of garsies oft foure heþene kinges, Wenten for to here tidinges, For alle cas pat miȝte bitide, Wel i-armed bataille to bide. Here foure names pei moun wite, As we vinden in romanuse write,</td>
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<td>Of garsies oft foure heþene kinges, Wenten for to here tidinges, For alle cas pat miȝte bitide, Wel i-armed bataille to bide. Here foure names pei moun wite, As we vinden in romanuse write,</td>
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<td>Turabeles hatte pe to king, A stout sarazin, wiþ-onten lesing ;</td>
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<td>Turabeles hadde pe to king, A stout sarazin, wiþ-onten lesing ;</td>
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<td>Astaward was þe priddes name, He louede werre &amp; hattede game ;</td>
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<td>Astaward was þe priddes name, He louede werre &amp; hattede game ;</td>
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<td>þe ferpe king hiȝte Clarel,2 bat neuere ȝite ne dede wel.</td>
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<td>þe ferpe king hiȝte Clarel,2 bat neuere ȝite ne dede wel.</td>
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<td>740</td>
<td>86.10</td>
<td>þe ferpe king hiȝte Clarel,2 bat neuere ȝite ne dede wel.</td>
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1 MS. te. 2 MS. Clar, the rest of the word being erased.
ROLAND, OLIVER, AND OGER ARE ATTACKED BY FOUR KINGS. 87

& pratten roulond to die ; 736
& roulond was so ny3,
pat alle foure kinges he sy3.

81 ¶ "Felawes," quaþ rouland a non,
"Ich am war of oure fou,
bei beþ foure, And we bote þre,
Daþeit habbe þat hem fle ;
Non we haber founden game,
Gawe to hem a godesname !"

82 ¶ Anon as clarel ham sy3,
He seide, "oure enemys beþ ny3,
Ich se bi here cuntenaunse,
bei beþ cristene men of fraunce.
Charles ost liþ here bi-side,
In pauilons bataille to bide,
& þese beþ of hise men, i-wis,
þerfore mi reed is þis,!
þat we hasteliche to ham ride,
& loke wheþer þei wole abide."

83 ¶ Wip þat word þe kinges a non,
Touchede here stedes & made hem gon,
& toward þe cristene kniþtes þei riden,
& þei douþtiliche a-biden.

84 ¶ Astaward wip roulond mette,
Nouþt he ne spak, ne him ne grette, [811] 760
Bot smot him wip his speere anon,
þorou þe sscheld he made hit gon.
& roulondes speere, y-wis,
Was wel betere than was his,
To astawardes herte hit þede,
& caste him don of his stede,
"Aris," quaþ roulond, "& tak þe bet,
At this time þou art i-let." 768

Roland sees them, and points them out to his companions.

Clarel espies the French knights, and proposes to attack them, which they do.

Astaward engages Roland, but is slain by him.
Ogier charges at Curabeles, and bears him down.

[fol. 272, back, col. 1.]

Oliver and Balsamum engage, and Oliver cuts the Saracen’s neck across.

Clarel charges at Roland, and unhorses him, and disables his horse.

[823]

Ogger saug fol wel po, pat roulondes hors was a-go, Ogger pat was dou3ti of dede, Smot down clarel of his stede. Oliver tok pe stede a non,
& to roulond he gan gon.
“Rouland, haue pis,” quap oliuer,
“pis pe sente good ogger,
& clarel he hauep to grounde irowe,
For he brouyte pe so lowe.”
89 Rouland paṭ hadde his stede ilore,
ponked hem bope pe fer fer,
& was pe gladdeste man vnder sonne,
pat he hadde an hors i-wonne.
804 whose horse Oliver seizes and brings to Roland.
898 Roland thanks them both.
812 Clarel will not fly, but stands his ground against all three.
816
820 He soon surrenders,
824 and gives up his sword to Roland.
828 Ogier bids Clarel get up behind him:
832 he does so, and they start homewards,
1 MS. vt
836
but find the way beset by Saracens.

Ogier suggests to slay Clarel, as they cannot escape with him,

but Roland and Oliver will not agree,

and Oliver then suggests to let him go,

which they do.

but "Felawes," quaph ogger po,
To roulond & oliner bo,
"Ich wene er we hom come,
Clarel ons worph bynome ;
Lordinges, what is nou 3ourre red,
Wole we smitten of his hed ?"

"Quaph roulond, "so mote ich pe,
At fat red nel ich nouzt be."
"No ich noper," quat oliner,
"Bi pe louerd sein Richer,
On liue i rede we leten him go,
& ne doi we him nammore wo.
Such cas may fallen in sum neede,
He mai quiten vs 3oure mede."

"Bi god," quaph ogger, "fat is sop,
& where he do, or he ne dop,
Hit where sschame to ous, iwis,
To sslen a man fat 3olden him is :
I rede we leten him gon his wey,
For we moten tenden to a noper pley."

Alle pei were at on,
& leten clarel on liue gon.
Clarel nolde no lengere a-bide,
He ne askede non hors onne to ride,
Bote on fote dede him go,
& leuede hem pei in muchel wo.

"Non, lordinges," quaph ogger
To Roulond & to oliner,
ROLAND AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE ATTACKED BY SARACENS. 91

"Ich wole triste to my sword,
& fonde forto passe pis herc.
Ich hope, poru help of godes miȝt,
To se mi lord Charles pis miȝt.
3ef ani sarazin wiȝ eie,
Comeȝ to lette me of mi weie,
Selp me god & pis day,
He ssehal abugge, 3ef ich may."

98 ¶ "Now," quap roulond, pat douȝti kniȝt,
"& ich wille helpe þe bi mi miȝt;
I nele to day bi sein martyn,
3ile me to no sarazyn."

99 ¶ Quap oliuer, "so mote ich þe,
In mani peril ich habbe ibe,
& yef ich faille at þis nede,
God ne lete me neuere eft spede;
I nele, 3ef god halt me sound,
To day 3elde me to non hound."

100 ¶ þei markeden hem alle þre,
To him þat polede dep on tre,
& no lengere þei ne abiden,
Anou in to þe ferde þei riden.

101 ¶ A sarazin wiȝ roulond mette,
& of his weie roulond lette;
He cam out of al þe here,
& bar to roulond a grete spere:
A bold kniȝt þat hatte byoun,
An[d] roulond bar him a-doun.

102 ¶ Oliuer, þat was his brother,
He mette wiȝ a noper,
A douȝti kniȝt, an heȝene man,
A strong þef þat heȝt bassan.
Oliuer was horsed wel,
& bare a spere kene & fel,
92

[fol. 273, col. 2.]

and rides him down;

while Ogier cuts down another named Moter.

Thus the French knights exert themselves, and make great slaughter amongst the Saracens.

Then Karmel of Tabarie rallies his men.

and charges at Oger,

whom he wounds and unhorses,

OTUEL.

&& smot him rïst under þe sscheld,
þat þere he lay amidde þe feld. 908

103 ¶ œ & þe gode kniȝt ogger,
Mette wip on, þat heet moter, & wolde him habbe doun i-bore, & ogger was wroþ par-fore, & smot þe sarazin so sore, þat he ne spak neuere more.

104 ¶ Oliuer, ogger, & Roulond, Among þe sarazins stureden here hond, þoru help of god þat is a-boue, þat ham hadde þat grace i-þoue. þorou þe ferd as þei Riden, Alle þat here strokes a-biden, þei were maimed, for euere more. þe douȝti kniȝtes þei smiten so sore, þat wip-inne a litel stounde, þei felden mani on to grounde. 924

105 ¶ þo cam a soudan, stout & firs, On of garsies duzze peers, þat hatte karmel of tabarie; [895]

Oppon þe Saraisins he gan erie, "Recrœide kniȝtes, whi nele þe fîȝte, Traiþours, þeues, where [is] þoure miȝte? It is sœchame bi god mahon, þat oure folk goon þus a doun." 932

106 ¶ Wip þis word, carmel a non Pingde his stede & made him gon, & rood to ogger in þat hete, & poute he sschold þis lif for-lete; & was strong, & ful of tene, & smot sore, & þat was sene. He smot ogger in þe sscheld, þat ogger lay amidde þe feld, 940
OGIER IS UNHORSED AND WOUNDED.

Sore he fel oppon þe grounde,
& hadde a fol luþer wonde.

107 Þ þe duk roulond þat seyʒ, 944
For wrappe þe he was wod wel nyʒ,
& for wrappe smot him so sore, 948
þat he ne spak neeure eft more.

108 Þ þo cam anwe of nubie, 948
On of kinges kniȝtis garsie, 952
& feld olieuer to grounde,
Bote he ne ʒaf him neeure a wounde.

109 Þ Roulond was fol wroʒ wiþ alle, 956
þo he sauʒ olieuer falle, 960
& anaw þe of nubie he smot, 964
þat neeure eft crouste he ne bot.

110 Þ Olieuer ros ap fram þe grounde, 968
Al hol wiþ-outen wonde, 972
& a non his stede he nam, 976
& to roulond sone he cam.

111 Þ þo was roulond fol fawe, 980
þat olieuer was nouʒt isslauwe, 984
þo þei were to-gidle þe immet. 988
þo were þei harde biset, 992
Amanþ sarazins þat were kene, 996
& þei smiten sore for tene.

112 Þ Whil roulond fæust & olieuer, 998
Heure stode þe gode ogger, 1002
& hadde lorn his gode stede, 1006
& his wounde gan faste blede ; 1010
& þit he fæust þere he stod, 1014
& leide on as he were wod.

113 Þ Whil ogger, þat douʒtī kniȝt, 1018
Aþenes sarazins stod in ðįt, 1022
Oppon a stede Clarel come drive, 1026
þat ogger halp to sauæn o liue,
recognizes Ogier, and advises him to surrender to him, ["MS. come"

114 Û Ogger sauʒ wel wiþ his Eye
that he was in point to deye,
& to clarel he gan gon,
& tok him his swerd a non. 984

115 Û Clarel nas no wedded man,
Clarel hadde a fair lemmen,
that was hoten anfanye,
& was born in Ermenie. 988

Clarel sends Ogier in charge of two knights to his mistress.

116 Û Clarel, anon riʒtes,
Clepede to him two kniȝtes,
& seide to hem anon;
"To mi lemmen þe schulle gon, [956] 992
& segge þat ich sente hire þis kniȝt,
& þat his wounde be heled ariȝt;
& god hede to him nome,
To sauen him til mi to-come.” 996

They do so.

117 Û þe kniȝtes deden as he hem bad,
To his lemmen he was lad,
þat was hoten anfanye, [962] 1000
þat was kinges douȝter garsie,
& þo was glad of þat present,
To do clareles comaundement.
Rolond & oliuer fouȝten,
þat of here liues nouȝt ne rouȝten. 1004
þei hadden fouȝten ouer myȝte,
þei ne miȝte no lengere dure to fiȝte,
An[d] a non turnden here steeden,
& flowen for þei ne myȝte nouȝt speden. 1008

Roland and Oliver at last have to fly.
OTUEL DECLARES HE WILL GO IN SEARCH OF ROLAND AND OTHERS. 95

118 Ṣ To otuwel it was told,
    Ṣat roulond Ṣat was bold,
Oliuer & ogger bo,
Were ouer Ṣe water go. 1012

119 Ṣ Otuwel a non riȝtes,
Leet armen him, & alle hise kniȝtes; [1024]
bo he was armed & wel i-diȝt,
He wente to Ṣe king a non riȝt,
& seide, "sire, i dwelle to longe,
Rouland, oliuer, an ogger Ṣe stronge,
Oue[r] Ṣe water alle Ṣe,
Be Ṣ went for envie of me,
To loke wher Ṣei miȝten spede,
To don any douȝti deede,
Among Ṣe sarazins bolde:
& i sscholde be couward hoolde,
Be for i nele no lengere abide;
To sechen hem ich Wolfe ride.
Faȝi Ṣei habben envie to me,
Ich wille for Ṣe loue of Ṣe,
Fonden whoþer i miȝte comen,
'To helpen hem ar Ṣei weren inomen.
& zif hem any harm bytit,
Let ham witen hare oune wit." 1028

120 Ṣ Quaþ Ṣe king, "par charite,
Otuwel, ich biseche Ṣe,
For godes loue hiȝe Ṣe bliue,
& fonde to sauen hem o liue,
Er Ṣei be slawe or nome,
& Ṣe sscchal sone socour come." 1036

121 Ṣ Otuwel no lengere ne aboord,
Anon his stede he bi-strood,
& alle hise kniȝtes bi his side,
& toward Ṣe ferd he gan to ride. [1029]
and Charles orders his men to arm.

Otuel sees Roland and Oliver flying:

he rides to them, and bids them turn back on the Saracens,

which they do.

Otuel asks after Ogier:

they tell him he is a prisoner.

Otuel calls on them to go with him to rescue Ogier

They all ride back.

122 ¶ A non as otuwel was goon, 
be king loet di3te his host a non, 1044
After otuwel to wende,
As a god king & hende.

123 ¶ As otuwel bi-gun to ride,
He lokede a-bouten in eche side, 1048
& he sau3 ate laste,
Where Roulond sle3, & oliuer faste.
Otuwel touchede his stedes side, 1052
& a3ein hem he gan ride, & seide, “turne a3ein a non, & helpe to wreke 3ou on 3oure fon; 
pei sschulle abugge, so mote ich pe, 
pat make3 3ou so faste fle.” 1056

124 ¶ po pei herden otuwel speken, 1060
pat pei sscholden ben a-wreken, 
op were pei fereches to fis3te, & tournden a3ein & were fol lis3te.

125 ¶ “Lordinges,” qua3 otuwel po, 1064
“Whuder is god ogger go?” 
& pei answereden, sikinge sore,
“For sope, we ne sien him nou3t 3ore, 
We ne witen where he is by-come, Wefer he is islawe ope3 nomen.”

126 ¶ “Allas! allas!” qua3 otuwel, 1068
“pis tiding likep me nost wel ; 
Sire charles, my lord pe king, Wole be sori for pis tiding.
For godes loue, hie we bluie, & loke we whopeger ogger be a line.” 1072
Otuwel & oliuer,
& Roulond pa3 dou3ti bacheler, 
Wip a feir campaignye, pei bigunnen for to hie,
THE SARACENS FLY, BUT ARE RALLIED BY CLAREL.

Toward king garsies host,
For to a-baten of hare bost.

127 If there was a sarazin strong,
pat bar a brod sword & a long, 1080
& was hoten encumber,
& bigan to neiçen hem ner,
Oppon a muche blak stede ;
& otuwel took of him hede,
& of his armes hadde a si3t,
& knu3 him a non ri3t :
& no lengere he ne abod,
Otuwel to him rood,
& bar him doun hors & man,
hus otuwel gamen bi-gan.

128 If Estu3t of legers, a noble kniçt, 1092
pat wip otuwel cam to fi3t,
Bar a spere of tre, fol sin,
& smot a bold sarazin,
In to þe bodi þoru þe sscheld,
& þere he lay det in þe feld.
Oliner ho slou3 a nofer,
& þe ferþe roulond his broþer.

129 If þo þe freinche kniçtes seien, 1100
þe sarasins fallen wip hare eien,
þei nolden þo no lengere abide,
þei smiten to in Eche side,
& felden sarazins faste,
& þei flowen ate laste.

130 If King clarel made hem torne aȝein, 1104
Oppon eristene men to lein, [1124]
& he leide on faste,
& þe þef ate laste,
Slou dromer of alemaine ;
þat rue fol sore þe king charlemaine
Clarel rallies them,
and slays Dromer.

CHARL. ROM. VII.
Erpater, king of India,

smites Otuel;

but Otuel cleaves him in two.

The French press on,

and at last the Saracens fly.

Night comes on;

they leave off fighting,

and in the morning Clarel comes with a flag of truce,

Erpater king of ynde was,
He cam wip a mase of bras,
& otuel on þe helm he reiȝte,
So harde þat al þe heued to-queiȝte.

Quap otuel, "so mote y þe,
Ich ne þoute nauȝt buorwe þat strok of þe;
Bi min heued vnder myn hat,
I nele nauȝt longe ouwe þe þat.'
Otuwel, wip a fauchoun,
Cleef him al þe heued a-doun,
& he fil vnder his horse feet.
Quad otuel, "þat Ich þe bi-hecet."

[fol. 274, back, col. 1.]

and at last the Saracens fly.

Night comes on;

they leave off fighting,

and in the morning Clarel comes with a flag of truce,

Anne seide king clarel,
To þe douȝti otuel,
"Kniȝt," he seide, "so mote þou þe,
Tel me what þi name be,
þou art so douȝti man of dede,
& mani a kniȝt hauest maked blede,
Ich wolde fol fain bi myn Eye,
Bringe þi name to þe king garsie."

136 ¶ "Bi god, felawe," quaþ otuwel,
"Er þis þou kneuwe my name fol wel,
So god sschilde me fram sschame,
Otuwel is my cristine name:
Mahun ich habbe for sake,
& to ih'û ich habbe me take." [1143] 1156

137 ¶ "Allas!" quaþ clarel, "whi destou so?
So wreccheliche hauestou do.
þit i rede 1 þou turne þi mood,
& leef on mahoun, ore þou art wod,
& ich wole pese, þef þou wílt,
þat þou hauest garsie a-gult."
"Fiȝ," quaþ otuel þo,
"On mahoun & on garsie bo.
Bi him þat maude adam & eue,
Y nele neuere oppon ȝou leue.
Bi ih'û, þat is fol of miȝt,
& ich may mete him ariȝt,
þere sschal no sarazin skape oluie,
þat ich may hente, so mote ich pruie."

138 ¶ "Otuwel," quaþ clarel þo,
"Were we sumware, bitwene vs two,
Bi mahoun, þat ich onme bileue,
Oppon þi bodi ich wolde preue,
þat mahoun may mo miracles make,
þan he þat þou art to itake:
He nis nouȝt half, be mi croun,
So miȝty, as is sire mahoun."
Otuel readily accepts.

Clarel proposes to fight the next morning, if he can trust to have fair play.

Otuel promises none shall touch him save himself.

on which Clarel agrees.

Early next morning Clarel comes to the fight ready armed.

Charles and his knights come out to see him.

which Otuel

\[139\] Quæp otuwel, "bi godes miʒte,
Clarel, mi truþe ich þe pliʒte, 1180
Whan euere þou wolt, hit schal be,
Euele mote he þrine þat fle."

Clarel promises none shall touch him save himself,

on which Clarel agrees.

\[141\] Quæp otuwel, "ne doute þe nouʒt.
Bi god, þat al þe world haneþ wurʒt, 1192
& þe deþ þat ischal deie,
þou ne sschalt hente no vileinie,
Of no man of king charles lond,
Bote riʒt of myn oune hond:
Bi him, þat made leef & bouʒ,
þer offe þe sscshall þïken ynoʊʒ."
Quañ clarel, "þo do þi best,
To-morwe þou sschalt finde me prest."

\[142\] þus þe were þere boþe at on,[1164]
Er þei wolden o twinne gon.
Eyper oþer his treweþe pliʒte
Oppon Morwen for to fïʒte.

\[143\] On moruwen þo þe day sprong,
Clarel þe king þouʒte long
To þe pauliloun til he cam,
To holde þe day, þat he nam:
Oppon a stede wel idïʒt
He cam fol redi to bide fïʒt.[1212]

\[144\] King charles wiþ hise kniʒtes bolde,
Comen out clarel to bi-holde,
CLAREL MOCKS CHARLES, WHO WANTS TO FIGHT WITH HIM. 101

Hou he com al redi diȝt,
Boldeliche to bide fiȝt.

145 ¶ Clarel was bold on his bond,
For [O]tuwel sikerede him on hond,
Dat no man of flecheis & blood,
Ne sscholde doon him nouȝt bote good,
Bot hem selne tweien fiȝte,
& habbe þe maistrie who so miȝte.
þo was clarel fol trist,
For to segge what him lust.

146 ¶ King charles was an old man,
& clarel hede þer offe nam,
& seide, "charles, þou art old,
Who made þe nou so bold,
To werren oppon king garsie,
Dat is cheef of al painie?
Al paynime he hauced in wold,
þou doste, for þou art so hold." [1252]

147 ¶ King charles waryþede anon ríȝt,
Dat clarel tolde of him so liȝt,
& hadde iment po fol wel,
To habben ifouȝten wip clarel :
& bad fetten his armure brijȝt,
& wolde armen him a non ríȝt ;
& seide in wrappe, "by godes miȝte,
Ich mi self wolde wip him fiȝte."

148 ¶ Roulond bi þe king stood,
& bi-gan to meuen his mood,
& sede to þe king a non,
"þou hauest, sire king, mani on,
Gode douȝti kniȝtes of deede,
To fiȝte þi self þou ne hauest no nedë."

149 ¶ "God sschilde, sire," quap oluer,
"Hit sscholde springe fer or ner,
but Charles is obstinate, until Otuel says he has challenged Clarel.

because on the previous day he had denied God, because on the previous day he had denied God.

Charles gives way and Otuel arms, and rides out to meet Clarel.

102

King Charles swor his op, & bi-gan to wexe wrof, & seide, "for ouxh pat man may speke, Misel, ich wile ben on him wreke." [1260] 1252

"A! sire," quap otuwel po, "For godes lone sei nouxt so, Ich & he bep trupe plizte, Jat we sschole to-gidere fijtē, [1263] 1256

"For godes lone sei nouxt so, Ich & he bep trupe plizte, Jat we sschole to-gidere fijtē, Where fore we habbe taken bataille.

because on the previous day he had denied God.

To putte πi n oune bodi to fijt, & hanest so mani a dou脚下 knizt." 1248

King Charles swor his op, & bi-gan to wexe wrof, & seide, "for ouxh pat man may speke, Misel, ich wile ben on him wreke." [1260] 1252

Charles gives way 153 "Quap po king charles po, "Otuwel, whan it is so, Tak πe bataille a godes name, & ih'u schilde πe fram sschame!" Otuwel, πat noble knizt, Lette armen him a non rijt, & his gode stede bistrod, & no lengere he ne abood, Bote to πe stede he rood fol rijt, Jere clarel houede to bide fijt: 1280

To habbe renieed my lay, & seide, πat ich was ilore & god nas nouxt of marie bore: & seide, algate he wolde preune, Jat ich am in mis beleue, Jerefore he profreπ him to fijt, To wite whefer is more of mijt, Ih'π, πat is lonerd min, Or mahoun & apolyn. πons we habbeπ pe bataille inome, & boπe we bep iswore to come."
CLAREL AND OTUEL ENGAGE IN SINGLE COMBAT.

154 Anon as otuwel was icome
Here conseil was a non inome,
No lengere þei ne abiden,
Anon riʒt togidere þei riden,
Noon óper nas ham bitwene,
Bote gode stronge speres & kene.
Nas neuer óper of óper agast,
& eijer sat in his sadel fast,
þat boþe stedes ʒedon to grounde,
& þe kniȝte weren al sounde;
& boþe stedes wenten forþ,
þat on souþ, þat óper norþ;
þe kniȝte on fote to-gidere ʒede,
An drowen hare sweres gode at nede,
Ne sparede þei nouȝt þe sweres egge;
Eyþer on óper bi-gan to legge.

155 þe were boþe swiþe stronge,
& fouȝten to-gidere swiþe longe.
King clarel was wel neʒ wood,
 þat otuwel so longe stood:
In gret wrapȝe otuwel he smot,
& his swerd felliche bot,
& þau þe swerd [nere] neuere so good,
þe gode helm it wip-stood.
Bote otuwel astoneied was,
þere he stood vp on þe gras.

156 Quap otuwel, "so mote ich go,
He ne lounede me nouȝt, þat smot me so,
Ich warne þe wel, so mote ich þe,
þou sschalt habbe as good of me."

157 Otuwel, for wrapȝe, a non
Areiȝte him on þe cheke bon;
Al þe fel of þat was þare,
& made his tep al bare.
and mocks him for showing his teeth.

158 *po otuwel sauʒ is cheke bon,*  
He ʒaʃ clarel a skorn a non,  
& seide, “clarel, so mote ʒou ʒe,  
Whi scheuwestou ʒe tɛp to me,  
I nam no toϕ drawere,  
ʒou ne sest me no cheine bere.”

159 *Clarel felede him wounded sore,*  
& was maimed for enere more,  
An smot to otuwel wiʃ al his miʒt;  
& otuwel, ʃat douʒi kniʒt,  
Wip his sword kepte ʃe dent,  
ʃat clarel him hadde iment,  
& ʃit ʃe dent good adoun,  
& smot otuwel oppon ʃe croun.

Clarel smites him on the crown,

160 *Quaʃ otuwel, “bi godes ore,*  
Sarazin ʃou smitest fol sore,  
Suʃen ʃi berd was ischaue  
ʃou art woxen a strong knaue.”

but with one stroke Otuel kills him.

161 *Otuwel smot clarel ʃo,*  
O strok & nammo,  
ʃat neuer eft word he ne spak,  
& so otuwel his tene wrak. [1339] 1336

Charles is delighted,  
and makes Otuel an earl,

162 *ʃo was charles glad ynouʒ,*  
ʃat otuwel king clarel slouʒ,  
& ʃaʃ otuwel, ʃat douʒi kniʒt,  
A god Erldam ʃat selue niʒt.

and there is great rejoicing throughout the army.

163 *ʃer cam a messager & browʃte tiding,*  
To garsie ʃat riche king,  
[fol. 275, baek, col. 2.]

1316
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GARSIE VOWS VENGEANCE FOR THE DEATH OF CLAREL.

The news is told to Garsie.

164 ¶ bo garsie it vnder-fat,
He was swiþe sori for þat.
& for wrappe þere he stood,
Corsede hise godes, as he were wood,
& seide, “allas & walowo!
Non is gode clarel go.
Certes myn herte it wile to-breke,
Bote iche nowe clarel a-wreke.”

165 ¶ bo lette garsie asemlen a non,
Alle hise sarazins echon,
& þouȝte þoru out alle þing
To ben a-wreken on charles king,
& on his cosin otuwel;
& on him self þe wreche fen.

166 ¶ King charles herde be a spyve,
þat garsie þatte him to die,
& he a-semblede hise kniȝtes echon,
& seide to hem alle a non,
“Lordinges, garsie þinke þe to ride,
For soþe iche nele no lengere a bide.”
þe king armede him a non,
& alle hise kniȝtes echon,
þe king gurde him wip his swerd,
& wente him self wip his fend.

167 ¶ þe king cam stilliche wip his ost,
& garsie cam wip gret bost,
þe þe ostes neþeden niȝt,
þat eþer ost oþer siȝt,
Out of garsies ost cam ride,
A turkein þat was ful of prude;

168 ¶ Roulond was good & hende,
& aȝenes him gan wende,
and charges Roland, who loses one stirrup.

169 If Roland was a-schamed parfore, 
that he hadde his stirop lore, 
& wip dorendal, that was good, 
He smot þe tourkein oppon þe hood, 
& he sey doun of his stede; 
So rowlond quitte him his mede. 
Quap rolund, "þat ich þe biheet, 
þou nult na more stenden on þi feet; 
Min o stirop þou madest me tine, 
Nou hanestou lose boþe þine."  

170 If þer cam a noþer stout sarazin, 
þat was armed wel a fin, 
þat hiȝte myafle of bagounde, 
& wip a litel stounde 
He made his stede swiþe to goon, 
& smot oliuer a noon 
þorou out al his armure briȝt, 
He woundede sore þat gode kniȝt.

171 If Roulond sauȝ be contenaunse, 
His broþer was hurt wip þe launce; 
His wardecors a non he fonde, 
& tok a speræ out of his hond, 
& made his hors make a sturt, 
To him þat hadde his broþer hurt; 
& toucheþe him wip þe speræs ord, 
þat neuere eft he ne spak word; 
& tok myafles stede a non, 
& sette oliuer þer on.
172 ¶ There was a noble Saracen,  
A king that he set Galatyn,  
& cam with a company,  
& began fast to sake.  
Othuel was war of that,  
Oppon his stede there he sat,  
Hon king Galatin cam with willing,  
Cristene men for to spille.  
Wiþ the spores he stede he nam,  
To Galatyn he king he kam.  
Jorou he bodi he him bar,  
& bad he scholde eft be war  
Of such a strok, whan it kam.  
Non oter hede of him he ne nam,  
Bote rood for oppon his stede,  
& leed he Sarazin ligge & blode.  

173 ¶ So smitten he ostes to-gidere a non,  
& fouzten faste & good won:  
& to-daschsten many a scheld,  
Mani a bodi lay in þe feld.  

174 ¶ So cam over þe doune ride,  
An he þene king, fol of prude,  
& browste wiþ him al ferche þo,  
A þousende Sarazins & mo,  
& fouzten faste a good stounde,  
& felden Cristene men to grounde.  

175 ¶ A douzti bachelor cam ride,  
Oppon king Charles side,  
[1429]  
A þong kniþt, þat spronge furst berd,  
Of no man he nas aferd;  
Fîue hundred men wiþ him he brouzþe,  
þat of hare lif litel þei rondþe:  
Nas non twenti winter old,  
& echon was douzti man & bold.
He hadde ichosen hem fol wide,
Bolde men bataille to bide.
\textcolor{red}{\text{bei foußten faste wip inne a stounde,}}
& broußten sarazins to grounde :
\textcolor{red}{\text{bei were bolde & foußten faste,}}
\textcolor{red}{\text{pe sarazins flouwen ate laste.}}
Roulond & oliner hulpem wel,
& pe doußty otuwel.

Coursebex meets them flying,
\textcolor{red}{\text{| Coursabex, pe king, cam þo,}}
& mette fleinde a þousend & mo,
"Traitours," quaþ coursabex, pe king, [1450]
"Certes þis is a foul ping,
þat þe schule fle for ferd :"
traytours, tourneþ aþein þe herd,\textcolor{red}{\text{1}}
tourneþ aþein alle wip me,
& we wolde make þe þreinche fle."
þous coursabex him self allone,
Made tourne hem aþein echone.

\textcolor{red}{\text{but a young French knight}}
\textcolor{red}{\text{176 | þe þinge knijþ þat was so bold,}}
Riþt nou þat ich ofte habbe told,
Wip coursabex wel sone he mette,
& wip his swerd a non he sette
Such a strok oppon his croun,
þat of his stede he fel a doun.
þe þinge knijþ to him cam,
& coursabex o liue nam,
& sente him charleþ þe king.\textcolor{red}{\text{[1489]}}
þo was he glad of þat tiding.

\textcolor{red}{\text{umhorses Coursabex}}
\textcolor{red}{\text{177 | þe þinge knijþ þat was so bold,}}
Riþt nou þat ich ofte habbe told,
Wip coursabex wel sone he mette,
& wip his swerd a non he sette
Such a strok oppon his croun,
þat of his stede he fel a doun.
þe þinge knijþ to him cam,
& coursabex o liue nam,
& sente him charleþ þe king.\textcolor{red}{\text{[1489]}}
þo was he glad of þat tiding.

\textcolor{red}{\text{and takes him prisoner.}}
\textcolor{red}{\text{177 | þe þinge knijþ þat was so bold,}}
Riþt nou þat ich ofte habbe told,
Wip coursabex wel sone he mette,
& wip his swerd a non he sette
Such a strok oppon his croun,
þat of his stede he fel a doun.
þe þinge knijþ to him cam,
& coursabex o liue nam,
& sente him charleþ þe king.\textcolor{red}{\text{[1489]}}
þo was he glad of þat tiding.

\textcolor{red}{\text{Then all the Saracens again begin to fly.}}
\textcolor{red}{\text{178 | þo þe tourkeins seien alle,}}
THE SARACENS ARE UTTERLY ROUTED.

179 "he kam poidras of barbarin, & wiþ him mani a sarazin. Poidras oppon the ʒinge kniȝt Leid on wiþ al his miȝt, & here men to-gidere huwen, & heþene hornes feste blewen; Poidras & þe ʒinge kniȝt, Bitwene hem was strong fiȝt, Poidras hadde þe more mayn, & hadde wel neiʒ þe kniȝt slain.

180 "Otuel, þat douȝti kniȝt, Was war of þat a non riȝt. Otuel no lengere nabood, To poidras a noon he rood, & smot poidras of barbarin, þat þere he lay as a stiked swin.

181 "Otuel rood in to þe feerd, & leide on faste mid his swerð. Roulond & oliner, Ne[þ]þe þe þeouel ney, & þe beurtles kniȝt, & slowen sarazins a-doun riȝt.

182 "King garsie herde wiþ inne a stounde, Hou hise men þeþ en to grounde: King garsie hadde a conseiler, & a non he took him neer, & seide to him, "þiere arperaunt, Aȝenes otuvel myn herte stant, þat þous hauep reneid his lay, & sleþ mine men miȝt & day. Sire arperaunt, what is þi reed [þei þe þe traitour nere ded?"
Arperaunt says it can never be done while Roland is alive.

[fol. 276, back, col. 2.] 183 ¶ "King garsie," quap arperaunt, "Bi mahoun þat þonder stant, Al þe while þat rouloud Mai bere durendal in his hond, & oliuer rit by his side, For no þing þat may betide, þou ne schalt neuere otuwel winne, For nouȝ þat euere þou kans biginne."

Garsie tells Baldolf to attack the French.

Baldolf says he is ready if Garsie will support him. 184 ¶ þere was an affrikan gent, þat hatte baldoif of aquilent, King garsie seide to him anoon; "Certes, Baldolf, þou most goon, & take wip þe kniȝt & swein, & tourne þe cristene men aȝein; & ich mi self wolde after come, & helpe þat otuwel were nome."

Baldolf took his compainie, & to þe bataille he gan heyde, & wip inne a litel stounde, Hard bataille þei habben i-founde.

Otuwel, douȝti of dede, Where þei comen he took hede,
& no lengere he ne bood,  
Bote hasteliche to ham he rood.  
Roulond & oliuer,  
Neizeden otuwel ner,  
& þe gode tíngte kniȝt,  
þat was so douȝti man in fýt.  
þo þei foure weren ifere,  
þo miȝte men seen & here  
Harde strokes dele & diȝte,  
& wip sarazins boldeliche fíȝte.  

188  
Þ þer cam out of garsies ost,  
A man þat made muche bost,  
A king þat hatte karnifees,  
& muchel onour þere he les.  

189  
Þ þer kam a kniȝt of agineis,  
A bold man, & a courteis,  
& wip karnifees he mette,  
& wende Carnifees to lette:  
King karnifees him hauȝp istunt,  
& sloȝ him ate forme dunt.  
þo karnifees hadde þous do,  
He wende to serven ham alle so;  

190  
Þ Otuwel no lengere na-bood,  
To karnifees a non he rood;  
Karnifees knuȝt otuwel,  
By hise armes swiȝe wel,  
& seide to þe gode gome,  
"For-sworne þef, artou come?"  
"Bi mahoun," quap karnifees,  
"þou schalt hoppen heuedles."  

191  
Þ Otuwel, wip oute targing,  
Answerede karnifees þe king,  
"Bi sein geme, ich ne habbe nouȝt munt,  
þa þou schalt zine me þat dunt."
The Saracens are panic-stricken, and flee.

Pursued by Otuel and Roland.

Many of them are drowned.

Til Rouloud & oliguer pe gode, [1543]

In manie 2 harde stoures stode. 1620
Godde ogger in prisoun lay,
Bope bi niêt, & eke be day,
Herknef, what bede good to him nam,
& hou he out of prisoun kam.

Meanwhile Ogger lies in prison.

196 ¶ Seuene hepene kniȝtes bolde,
Ogger was bi-taken to holde,
& pe foure ogger slouȝ,
& ziȝ he skapede wel inouȝ.

1624
guarded by seven knights,
of whom he slays four.

197 ¶ þere was a noble skuier,
þat wiȝ queintize halp ogger.
Swipe priveliche & stille
He brouȝte ogger, to his wille,
His swerd & his armure briȝt,
& ogger armede him a non riȝt.
þoȝ he hadde on his gode wede,
þe squier brouȝte him a good stede.
Ogger no lengere ne abood,
þe goodde stede he bistrood,
[1551]
þe squier was armed, & wel idȝȝt,
& hadde a good hors & a liȝt;
& also stille as a ston
þe squier lep to horse a non,
& to þe porteres windou he kam,
& in his hond his mase he nam,
& oppon þe windou he schof,
þat þe windou al to-drof.

1632 A squire brings him his arms,
½ MS. þe

1636 and a horse.

1640 They ride off secretly.

1644 The squire breaks the porter’s window.

198 ¶ Hit was abouten mid niȝt,
& the porter was a-friȝt,
& asked a non, who was þare,
& who makede al þat fare.

1648 The porter demands who is there.

199 ¶ “Porter,” quap þe squier þo,
‘Vndo þe gate & let us go.
We here tellen, bi sire mahoun,
þat cristene men goon alle a doun,

CHRL. ROM. VII.
The squire says they are going to help their companions against the French.

The porter opens the gate,

and they ride all that night till

and they find Roland and Oliver.

Then all fight the Saracens,

and kill nearly all of them.

King Garsie flees.

\[\begin{align*}
& \text{The squire says they are going to help their companions against the French.} \\
& \text{The porter opens the gate,} \\
& \text{and they ride all that night till} \\
& \text{and they find Roland and Oliver.} \\
& \text{Then all fight the Saracens,} \\
& \text{and kill nearly all of them.} \\
& \text{King Garsie flees.} \\
\end{align*}\]
GARSIE IS TAKEN PRISONER AND BEGS FOR MERCY.

205 ¶ & otuwel a noon by-held, Otuel sees him, pere he rod in pe feld, and tells the & warende fore a non þo others. Roulond & oliuer bo, 1692 & ogger þat douȝtȝ kniȝt, & pe gode kniȝt ogger, þat king garsie was tornd to flīȝt. Sien where king garsie rood, þer nas non þat lengere a-bood, Hasteliche þe wey þei nomen, & to king garsie þei comen. 1700

206 ¶ King garsie was a-fered to deye, Garsie cries for & bi-gan mersi to crie, mercy, & seide, for soþe þat he wolde Of king charles, his lond holde, 1704 & ben at eche parlement, & don him omage wip myn hon[d], Redi at his comaulement. To holden of him al mi lond.”

207 ¶ King garsie seide pis, “For his loun þat þoure good is, 1708 Takeþ me on line, & sle me nonȝt. Leet mi liȝ be for-bouȝt, & let me as a prisoun goon Bi-fore king charles a noon, 1573 1712 & don him omage wip myn hon[d], and offers to do To holden of him al mi lond.” homage to Charles.

208 ¶ þanne seide otuwel, At Otuel’s þat was douȝtȝ kniȝt & snel, suggestion they To roulond & to oliuer, spare his life, & to þe gode kniȝt ogger, 1716 “Non he haueþ þis zift iȝine, I rede þat we laten him liue. Bi-fore þe king he schall be brouȝt, 1720 For gode, we nulle slen him nonȝt ;”
and lead him before Charles.

Otuel presents him to the king.

An þei acenteden þerto,
& seiden, “it wile be wel ido.”
& wip outen any targing,
þei ladden him bi-fore þe king.

** 209 1724
If þanne seide otuwel, þat gode kniȝt,
To king charles a non riȝt,
“Sire,” he seide, “her is garsie,
þat sumtime þratte þe to die,
He wile nou, þif þi wille be,
Do þe omage & feaute,
& ben at þi comauindent;
& at eche parlement,
Al redi at þin hond,
& holden of þe al his lond,
& for his lond rente 3iue,
Wip þe none he mote liue.”

* * * * * * *

[End of MS.]
NOTES TO pp. 3—9, ll. 23—209. 117

p. 3, l. 23. "be" : by the time that: so in l. 38.
p. 4, l. 45. "for the Rude lufe" : for the love of the cross.
p. 4, l. 46. "Rauf Coylear" : that is Ralph the charcoal-burner.
p. 4, l. 50. "Coillis" : charcoal.
p. 5, l. 63. St. Julian was the patron of travellers. Thus in the Ancren Riwle, p. 350: "Heo iuinedd, iwis, sein Julianes in, jet weinerinde men yeorne seched." Chaucer says of the Franklin that, "Seynt Julian he was in his contre." Prol. 340. See Mr. Furnivall’s note in his edition of Avdeley and Harmon, p. xxix; Dr. Morris’ note on the passage quoted above from Chaucer, Chambers’ Book of Days, II. 388; Brande, Popular Antiquities, ed. Hazlitt, I. 303, &c., and compare l. 973 below. In "John de Reeue," l. 170, the Reeve promises to give the king and his two companions lodging for the night, and adds

"soo that yee take itt thankefulllye in gods name and S'. Jollye, I aske noe other pay."

And again, l. 572, the guests when leaving on the following morning "thanked god & S'. Jollye."
p. 5, l. 86. "Pryse at the parting": that is, don’t praise too soon or till the entertainment is over. The same expression occurs in the Gesta Romanorum, ch. xii. p. 39, l. 20, where the original Latin is a fine laudatur opus. See further in my note to the passage.
p. 6, l. 96. I do not understand the word chin.
p. 7, l. 147. "begin the buird": take the chief seat at the table. Compare Chaucer C. T., Prol. 52. In "John de Reeue" the Reeve bids the king "begin the dish (dais)," and again, John when told to "begin the bord," "att the bords end he sate him downe," l. 824.
p. 9, l. 209. Compare the supper provided by John de Reeue for his guests:

"By then came in red wine & ale the bores head into the hall, then sheld with sauces seere; Capons both baked and rosted, woodcockes, venison, without host & dish meate dight full deere. Swannes they had piping hott, Conesys, curleys, well I wott, the crane, the hearne, in ffere, pigeons, partrid[g]es, with spicerye, Elkes, filoresses, with ffrotrerye."
p. 11, l. 262. "the ane" : thee alone.
p. 12, l. 290. He will, without doubt, be found to blame who is absent.
p. 12, l. 306. "Peter!" A common exclamation. See Prof. Skeat's note to P. Plowman, C. viii. 182.
p. 14, l. 369. "but toone man that zœ knew," &c., unless you know that man; to put yourself at his disposal or mercy.
p. 15, l. 379: "The fate will be mine alone."
p. 16, l. 436. "Do way!" So in Guy of Warwick, ed. Turnbull, 9844: "Do way, leue sir, seyd Gij."
p. 18, l. 499. "It might be set down to your harm."
p. 20, l. 537. "me tharth" : I need, þar = O.E. þearf, Ger. darf, was in Mid-English used both as a personal and impersonal verb. Comp. "the þar not drede." Guy of Warwick, l. 6770, and "Of no wepon he þar not dowte," ibid. l. 6830.
p. 20, l. 540. I do not understand this line.
p. 23, l. 664. "They thought the charcoal-burner hardly worth looking at."
p. 24, l. 681. "bestiall" : one of the few words which appear to bear out the theory of a French origin of the poem.
p. 24, l. 693. Read "Fra thir wyis, I-wis, to went on my way."
p. 26, l. 745. "He has deserved that, in our opinion."
p. 27, l. 768. "thy schone that thou wan." See Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick, l. 436.
p. 30, l. 888. "that maist of michtis may" : a common expression in the old romances.
p. 32, l. 941. "Angeris" : See the Catholicon, s. v.
p. 53, l. 973. "sanct July" : see note to l. 63 above.
p. 39, l. 98, 99. Probably these lines should be transposed: the meaning being, he besought him for the crown and the cross, on which Christ suffered death.
p. 40, l. 106. To feel was used of any of the senses not necessarily of touch. Thus in Gesta Romanorum, p. 313, we read of hounds feeling a smell, as here. See note to Fele in Cathol. Anglicum.
Notes to pp. 40—44, II. 130—278.

p. 40, l. 130. "longys": Longinus: see Prof. Skeat’s note to P. Plowman, C. xxi. 82.

p. 41, l. 137. "at": of. Compare "he nom reed at his monnen." Lazamoun, 1648, and "mai he no leue at here taken." Genesis and Exodus, 2697.

p. 41, l. 140. "he": that is Charles.

p. 41, l. 141. "here begins the life of Charles, written by the Pseudo-Turpin": opus a nijt: Lat. per singular notae sepe perspicaret.

p. 41, l. 154. For the construction, see Prof. Skeat’s notes to P. Plowman, C. ix. 16, xvi. 131, and Prof. Zupitza’s note to Guy of Warwick, l. 503, and Sir Ferumbras, l. 753, and note. Compare p. 93, l. 948 below.

p. 41, l. 155. "on be se": Lat. super mare Galileae.


p. 42, l. 188. "sex": Lat. tribus.


p. 44, l. 264. "front": an evident mistake for fruit: see above, and compare Caxton: "whyche dyd bere rype fruyt."


p. 44, l. 274. "Moys & naners": Lat. tellus Maurorum, tellus Navanorum.

p. 44, l. 278. "tvelmonep": Lat. trium mensium spatio. Caxton: "four monethes." Probably for & we should read an.
p. 45, l. 290. Lat. *est inhabitata usque in hodieernm diem*. In the Latin the names appear as *Lacena, Ventosa, Canina, Adania*.

p. 45, l. 294. "ganbern": the scribe appears to have mistaken these two words for one, as though there was another town "ganbern"; the meaning of course is that Charles at the same time burnt the town of Lucerne.

p. 45, ll. 296-301. The Latin only says: *quidam est gurges, qui a tribus annis in medio ejus [Lucerne] surrexit, in quo magni piscis et nigri habentur*. Compare Caxton.

p. 45, l. 306. "A fair miracle": there is no reference to this in the *Pseudo-Turpin*.

p. 45, l. 314. "And because they called so for baskets these men still call the city Paners, and will to the world's end."


p. 46, ll. 320-322. Lat. *partim Hispanicum acquisierant, partim diminuerant; sed hic Carolus totam Hispanicum suis temporibus subjugarit*.

p. 46, l. 328. See Introduction: and compare l. 429.

p. 46, l. 331. "pe gilder lond": Lat. *in terra Alandaluf*, and so Caxton.


p. 47, l. 356. Lat. *antistitem et canonicos secundum beati Isidori episcopi et confessoris regulam instituit*.


p. 47, l. 366. "pre mones & fourten niët": Caxton: "thre yere."


p. 47, l. 380. "on heizeinge": see note to l. 79.

p. 47, l. 387. "to hundred schillinges": Lat. *centum solidis*.

p. 47, l. 388. The subject (the false executor) is omitted.

p. 48, l. 389. "pe nende": == at then ende or atten ende, the end: compare *atte nale* == at the ale-house (*P. Plowman*, c. viii. 19).

See Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, c. i. 43.

p. 48, l. 396. "in pin ëat wel strong were": Lat. *in tartaricis penis*.


p. 49, l. 425. ll. 425-461 are not in the *Pseudo-Turpin*: their place being taken by a long account of the struggle between Charles and Aigoland, which is given by Caxton in his lyf of Charles the Grete, Bk. III., pt. i. ll. 5—10 inclusive, pp. 208-220, ed. 1880-1881

p. 49, l. 431. "Caxton, Bk. I., pt. ii. c. 3 (pp. 267, ed. 1880-1881) is rather vague, as he says "the lengthe of hys persone conteyneyd eyght feet after the mesure of his feet, which were merueyllously long"—and so the Latin.

p. 50, l. 464. "nasers": Lat. *Nugaram*. 
Notes to p. 50—61, II. 466—874.

p. 50, l. 466. "Vernague": Lat. Ferracutas. Caxton: Ferago; one of "the generation of goliasts."

p. 50, ll. 473, 474. The scribe has reversed the numbers, for in l. 473, for "venti": Caxton reads, "forty," and so the Latin; and in l. 474 the Lat. has viginti, and Caxton, "twelve cubytes."

p. 50, l. 476. Caxton says, "a cubyte brode," and so the Latin.


p. 51, l. 509. "Reynald de aubepine": Lat. Rainadas de albo spino: Caxton, "Raynold daulbepyn."

p. 51, l. 518. According to the Latin it was Constantinus, rex romanus et Oliverius comes that were next sent out to oppose Vernagu: Caxton gives the names as "Constayn of Rome & therte Noel."

p. 51, l. 525. A common expression: compare "al so stille als a ston." Harclok, 928. See also Owel, I. 1641.


p. 51, l. 560. See note to Sir Ferumbras, I. 988, and Dr. Hausknecht's note to the Sowdone of Babylone, I. 875.

p. 51, l. 564. He knew of no better help or resource.

p. 53, l. 581. "to be nene": to the evening: Lat. usque ad nonam. See note to I. 389 above.

p. 53, l. 585. There is no mention in either the original Latin or Caxton of an agreement that Roland was to be armed with a staff instead of a sword.

p. 53, l. 588. The pronoun when the subject is frequently omitted: see Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick, I. 10.

p. 53, l. 593. "a staf": &c., Lat. baculum quendam retortum et lignum (read longum) secum detulit.

p. 54, l. 612. "asleped": compare Sir Beys, 1697:

"He wex asleped wonder sore.
He mighte ride no further more:
He reynede his hors to a chesteine,
And felle aslepe vpon the pleine."

p. 54, l. 684. "To redeem that which was lost."

p. 54, l. 685. A common simile in mediaeval theological writers.

p. 57, l. 738. See note to I. 154 above.

p. 59, l. 795. "foot hot": on the spot, instantly, lastily. Compare Chaucer, Min of Laurels Tale, 438: "Custance han thy take anon, foot-hot." The form hot-fot, with the same meaning, occurs in the DMBate of the Body and Soul, I. 481, and full-hote in Guy of Warwick, 5063, 6498, 6656, &c.

p. 60, l. 826. See note to I. 795.

p. 60, l. 855. "me": no doubt a mistake for "be."

p. 61, l. 861. "brust": apparently the only instance of this form.

p. 61, l. 872. "a": on, in.

p. 61, l. 874. Perhaps we should insert & before miri: "with salve! and merry song."
p. 61, l. 878. See Introduction.
p. 68, l. 103. "Hit": so in Sir Ferumbras, ll. 1981, 3114, 3183, it is used referring to males, even in the plural.
p. 68, l. 109. "hou art a-boute": thou art trying. See the Catholicon Anglicum, s. v. to Beabowteward, and additional note, p. xxviii.
p. 68, l. 120. "te": the same form occurs again, l. 302.
p. 69, l. 135. "kypte": seized, caught up. Icel. kippa.
p. 69, l. 136. Probably we should read either "a mucho gret fir brond," or "a gret muchel fir brond."
p. 70, l. 176. "it him bar": I do not exactly understand these words.
p. 70, l. 182. See Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick, 6579.
p. 70, l. 184. The meaning is that he would give him the tonsure with his sword in such a manner that he would never be able to receive it from any bishop.
p. 72, l. 231. "all & some": fully, completely.
p. 72, l. 239. Compare Sir Ferumbras, l. 1808, and note.
p. 72, l. 251. The sone of the king of Armenia: see note to p. 41, l. 154.
p. 72, l. 280. "Thought so little of them."
p. 73, l. 290. "zef ich may": as far as lies in my power. The phrase occurs frequently in Guy of Warwick: see the editor's note to l. 983.
p. 74, l. 308. There is evidently some corruption here, though the meaning is plain enough.
p. 74, l. 319. The forms ich and the are used indiscriminately in this poem.
p. 76, l. 325. "Cristes cors" comes strangely from the lips of a Saracen.
p. 76, l. 340. See note to p. 41, l. 151; and note to Roland and Otuell, l. 313.
p. 76, l. 348. See note to l. 290, above.
p. 77, l. 377. "slep": this strong form of the verb is not unusual; see instances in Stratmann.
p. 77, l. 384. See note to l. 103.
p. 78, l. 394. "For": in order that.
p. 78, l. 400. "houinge": see Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick 6338.
p. 78, l. 437. "nekest": nearest, shortest.
p. 78, l. 447. "stene": strong, stiff. The word is not common.
NOTES TO p. 79—91, ll. 466—904.

p. 79, l. 466. See note to l. 400.
p. 79, l. 476. Evidently there is a corruption here.
p. 79, l. 485. See Prof. Zapitza’s note to Guy of Warwick, l. 6579.
p. 79, l. 491. See note to p. 51, l. 525.
p. 79, l. 495. “so mote ich þe”: as I may thrive. An expression of very frequent occurrence. See Prof. Zapitza’s note to Guy of Warwick, l. 615.
p. 80, l. 517. “nese”: here, equal to cousin: nephew and niece were used, like cousin, vaguely for different degrees of relationship. See Catholicum Anglicum, s. vv. Nese and Nervee.
p. 80, ll. 523, 530. See note to Sir Ferumbras, l. 408.
p. 80, l. 529. “beie”: both. So in Robert of Gloucester, 47. “fat . . . ȝonȝe were beie.”
p. 80, ll. 595, 596. That word pleased Roland well, and he answered Otinel: on the omission of the subject pronoun compare p. 51, l. 588, above, and Sege of Melayne, l. 27.
p. 83, l. 603. “lo þ”: here seems to mean enmity, but the general meaning is hurt, injury.
p. 83, l. 605. They embraced and kissed each other, as if each had been the other’s brother.
p. 83, l. 612. What has happened to you and this man?
p. 83, l. 631. The subject pronoun þei is omitted.
p. 84, l. 638. “nammo” == no more, no others. Cf. l. 1334.
p. 84, l. 640. And had become reconciled to the king.
p. 84, l. 661. Compare the corresponding passage in Roland and Otuel, l. 671.
p. 85, l. 677. “Averil was comen & winter gon”: In Roland and Otuel, “one þe forthismeste daye of aucrille,” l. 721.
p. 86, l. 717. “Turabeles”: called in l. 769, below, Curabiles, and in Roland and Otuel, l. 785, Corsabill, and in l. 817, Corsaboly.
p. 87, l. 742. “Daþcit”: an interjection or imprecation with the meaning of curses on! cursed! ill betide! It occurs frequently in Mid. English romances, &c. See for instance Sir Tristram, pp. 111, 191; Hureloch, 296, 300, 926, &c.; Horn Childe, p. 290; Seven Sages, 2395; Owl and Nightingale, l. 99, &c. With the line compare Macbeth, v. 7: “Damned be him that first cries, hold, enough!” and l. 1182, below.
p. 87, l. 752. Perhaps we should read “it is.”
p. 88, l. 792. “&”: this is frequently used throughout the poem, in the sense of but: compare l. 837.
p. 89, l. 828. Compare the Sowdome of Babylone, l. 1163: “Thai worthed yp on here stedes.”
p. 90, l. 867. “were at on”: agreed; were of one mind.
p. 91, l. 891. “markeden”: signed with the cross.
p. 91, l. 904. “þef”: commonly used as a title of opprobrium or contempt.
p. 92, l. 926. "du33e peers:" See note to Sir Ferumbras, l. 197. Here the meaning appears simply to be a chosen knight.

p. 93, l. 948. "On of kinges kni^tes garsie": one of the knights of King Garsie. See note to p. 41, l. 154. Compare l. 1000.

p. 93, l. 980. See note to l. 290, above.

p. 94, l. 1000. See note to l. 948.

p. 94, l. 1001. "30": the same form occurs in the Ormulum, 115; Polit. Religious and Love Songs, iii. 79 and 84.

p. 95, l. 1032. Compare Sir Ferumbras, 5127, "wyt pat þe selne, syr Amyrant": and the Siege of Melayne, ll. 555 and 698, and Song of Roland, l. 638.

p. 96, l. 1065. We know not what has become of him. See Prof. Skeat's note to P. Plouman, B. v. 651.

p. 99, l. 1161. "I will make peace or reconciliation for that in which you have offended against Garsie."

p. 100, l. 1182. Compare l. 742, and note.

p. 100, l. 1201. For "þe" read "þe[i]." "at on": agreed, of one mind. See Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick, l. 5308.

p. 103, l. 1307. "so note ich go": a phrase of frequent occurrence in the old romances. See numerous instances in Prof. Zupitza's note to Guy of Warwick, l. 2572.

p. 104, l. 1320. as a sign of business or profession of a barber-surgeon.

p. 106, l. 1408. "le": apparently inserted by the translator inadvertently.

p. 109, ll. 1505-1508. Compare ll. 1555-1558.

p. 112, l. 1588. "gunde": a curious form, being really a double preterite.

p. 112, l. 1619. "Til": while.

p. 113, l. 1645. "And he pushed the window open, so that it flew all to pieces."

p. 114, l. 1673. "Fous": probably we should read fresch or frechs. Cf. ll. 1059 & 1439.

p. 114, l. 1680. I do not quite understand this line.

p. 114, l. 1710. So in Ayenbite, p. 78: "hi couf hen hire zennen vorbeyge."
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Abaisit, 6/101, pp. afraid, terrified. O.Fr. esbailir = to frighten, from baer = to open the mouth, to cry baa or bo
A-bougt, 65/24, v. pt. s. redeemed
Abufe, 4/43, adv. on top, above
Abugge, 91/880, v. suffer, pay for
Aduentance, 19/537, sb. retinue, attendants
Agramed, 70/169, pp. annoyed, enraged
Agrise, 58/762, v. to fear, to be afraid
Agult, 72/246, pp. offended, committed against
Air, 8/160, adv. before, ere this
Airar, 20/548, adv. earlier, sooner
Airlie, 5/79, adv. early, soon. A.S. earlie
Airt, 7/139, sb. quarter, or point of the compass. Gaelic aird = a quarter of the compass, ard, high
Alder, Aldre, 56/687, a. of all: our alder = of all of us
A-legge, 72/249, v. lay down, lay aside
A-list, 58/777, v. pt. s. came down, descended
Anamalit, 24/687, adj. enamelled
Anent, 11/280, adv. opposite
Anerly, 21/592, adv. only
Aneuch, 8/162, adv. enough, sufficiently

Angeris, 32/941, sb. pl. trouble, misery, suffering
Anis, 7/126, one's
Anour, 38/56, s. honour, reverence
Anournit, 24/691, pp. adorned, decorated
Aplit, 41/140, adv. indeed, certainly
Appeirandair, 32/935, sb. heiress-apparent
Apperrellit, 24/666, pp. decorated, furnished
Aqueld, 60/835, v. pt. s. killed
Are, 40/106, adv. before
Areishte, 103/1312, v. pt. s. reached to, struck
Asleped, 54/602, adj. sleepy, drowsy
Assay, 15/394, sb. trial, attempt. Fr. essai
Atanis 18/475, adv. at once
Ather, 12/291, adj. either, each
Atour, 15/393, adv. over, above
Attour, 17/469, adv. around
Awin, 4/33, adj. own. A.S. ágen from agan = to possess

Bacheleiris, 3/11, sb. pl. young warriors who had not yet received knighthood
Baid, 18/488, sb. delay; 28/801, vb. pt. t. waited; 4/28. vb. pt. t. stayed, were
Bair, 28/801, adj. open; 17/457, vb. pt. t. wore, bare; 9/187, sb. wild boar
Bakheir, 29/848, sb. supporter, backer, second
Bald, 15/409, sb. bold, daring man
Bancouris, 24/685, sb. pl. coverings for benches
Band, 28/800, vb. pt. s. bound, tied
Bandis, 23/631, sh. pi. bolts, fastenings
Bane, 16/422, adj. ready
Banis, 17/474, sb. pl. bones
Basnet, 17/484, sb. small helmet, O.Fr. bassinet, dimin. of bassin = a helmet in the shape of a basin
Batteris, 30/886, vh. imper. figlit, strike
Bayne, 22/608, adv. readily, actively
Be, 15/385, adv. before, by the time that
Beecum, 31/893, vb. imper. become
Beed, 84/641, v. pt. s. offered
Beget, 22/607, vb. deceive
Begouth, 6/120, vb. pt. t. began, was about to
Begylit, 25/713, pp. deceived, tricked
Belhufe, 4/41, sb. advantage, benefit
Beie, 80/529, a. both
Beir, 12/289, vb. hold
Beird, 8/177, vb. pt. t. roared, shouted. A.S. (ge)-bær
Beirnis, 9/189, sb. pl. people, lit. children. Sc. bairns
Beliue, 6/94, adv. quickly, at once. O.E. bi life = with life
Bellisand, 18/478, adj. elegant. Fr. belle, used adverbially, and sembl = becoming
Bennysorn, 9/214, sb. blessing, benison
Bent, 26/733, sb. moor, heath. Ger. bins = rush, bent grass
Benwart, 7/131, adv. inwards, towards the interior of the house
Beriall, 17/465, sb. beryl
Bestiall, 24/681, sb. animals, cattle. Fr. bestial
Bet, 7/144, pp. made better, made up. A.S. bétun
Betakin, 15/405, vb. mean, betoken
Betaucht, 27/775, sb. committed, given in charge. A.S. bitecta
Betuix, 14/344, prep. between. A.S. betwend
Bid, 13/315, vb. pr. t. desire, wish
Biddeth, 82/568, imp. pl. pray, beg
Bigge, 56/684, v. to buy, redeem
Bigging, 9/190, sb. house, building
Bileue, 91/1132, v. leave off
Birny, 27/767, sb. corslet
Blan, 28/825, vb. pt. t. ceased, stopped. A.S. blinu
Bland, 20/565, sb. engagement; probably an error for band
Blandit, 17/475, pp. blended, mixed
Blenkit, 29/854, vb. pt. t. glanced, looked
Blenkt, 78/460, v. pt. s. gave away
Blene, 74/320, v. remain, abide
Blin, 6/92, vb. stop, rest
Bline, 95/1035, adv. quickly
Blonk, 28/800, sb. steed. Plan-chaz, equus pallidus hodie blank. Schilte. Thus blonk may have originally meant merely a white horse. Fr. blanc cheval.—Jamieson.
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Blyth, 5/75, adj. pleased, glad
Bocht, 8/182, vb. pt. t. bought, redeemed
Bode, 38/52, s. message
Boedworth, 31/905, sb. warning
Boist, 14/371, sb. threatening, abuse; 30/885, sb. boasting, boasts
Boistit, 27/84, vb. pt. t. boasted
Bone, 59/807, s. a prayer, a petition
Bordourit, 17/464, pp. bordered, encircled
Boisr, 3I/905, sb. warning
Boistit, 27/784, vh. pt. t.
Boisted, 28/885, vb. imperative
Bord, 30/861, sb. stroke; 28/810, adj. broad; 4/34, around, about
Braud, 30/867, vb. pt. t. drew
Braust, 61/861, s. a bristle
Brust, 61/861, s.
Braissiros, 17/473, sb. pl. vambraces. In ancient armour pieces between the elbow and the top of the shoulder, fastened together by straps inside the arms. Fr. brassard, brassart
Braissit, 20/553, pp. enveloped, covered. Fr. brasard
Brathilie 8/177, adv. violently, loudly
Brand, 19/520, sb. sword. A.S. brand, brand
Brandis, 7/131, sb. pl. brands, logs of wood
Braun, 9/187, sb. brawn
Bred, 8/154, sb. breadth, width; 9/187, sb. bread
Brent, 28/800, adj. steep
Brief, 30/885, vb. imperative
Broun, 28/800, sb. pl. rising ground, hill
Browtin, 24/685, pp. embroidered
Brown, 30/862, sb. pl. brows.
A.S. bráé, pl. of brá
Brust, 61/861, s. a bristle
Bairn, 7/147, sb. the board or table, hence = meal. A.S. bord
Buklar, 19/519, sb. buckler
Burelie, 9/190, adj. rough, rustic
Burneis, 17/464, pp. burnished, polished. Fr. bruni
Busk, 28/800, sb. bush, small tree
Busked, 39/83; Buskit, 15/409, vb. pt. t. got ready, prepared. Icel. bnask = to prepare oneself, from bua = to prepare
Busteosus, 26/733, adj. rough, burly. Welsh beyst
Bustously, 21/596, adv. roughly
Byde, 27/834, vb. meet, await
Bynome, 90/848, pp. taken away from
Byrd, 8/162, impers. vb. it behooved, it became
Byrdis, 19/536, sb. pl. ladies; 9/211, sb. pl. birds, fowls
Byre, 6/111, sb. cowhouse
Byrmand, 7/132, pr. p. burning. A.S. brennan
Cachit, 4/33, vb. pt. t. wandered, went astray. O.Fr. cachier
Call, 23/640, vb. drive away
Can, 22/624, vb. pr. t. knows; 25/703, vb. pt. t. began
Cant, 4/42, adj. lively, active
Cantlie, 15/388, adv. actively, briskly
Capill, 4/43, sb. horse. Lat. caballus
Carill, 4/42, sb. churl, countryman. A.S. ceort
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


Carpit, 24/683, pp. carpeted

Cassin, 22/616, pr. p. cast off, broken

Cast, 4/33, sb. lot, chance

Catchit, 15/384, vb. pt. t. started, hastened

Caucht, 15/384, vb. pt. t. threw up, placed; 29/841, tried, wished

Chachand, 4/42, pr. p. chachand the gait = pursuing his course. O.Fr. *chachier*

Chailp, 20/561, vb. escape. Fr. *eschapper*

Chalmer, 27/774, sb. chamber

Chaussfray, 13/323, sb. merchandise

Cheifytyme, 3/1, sb. reign

Cheire, 8/150, sb. welcome; 29/843, mien

Chenalrous, 29/843, adj. chivalrous, knightly

Cheueris, 5/96, vb. pr. t. shiver

Childermasse day, 66/55, sb. the Holy Innocents' Day

Chin, 5/96, sb. [?]

Circulit, 18/477, pp. encircled, set round

Clais, 16/434, sb. pl. clothes, dress

Cled, 24/683, pp. covered

Cleikit, 28/823, vb. pt. t. snatched. A.S. *gelaccean*; cf. Eng. *clutch*

Cleir, 18/497, adj. pure, spotless

Clene, 7/125, adv. completely, quite

Clippe, 83/605, vb. embrace

Clois, 27/776, adj. close-fitting

Closand, 24/684, pr. p. closing in, fitting

Coft, 6/105, pp. bought. Ger. *kaufen* = to buy

Coillis, 4/50, sb. pl. coals, that is, charcoal

Columbyn, 24/674, sb. columbine

Conmounis, 16/431, sb. pl. common people

Conpeir, 9/200, vb. appear

Conseruit, 32/946, vb. pt. t. established

Connert, 31/894, vb. be converted

Cop, 9/214, sb. cup, glass

Cornellis, 24/684, sb. pl. corners

Counsingis, 31/900, sb. pl. relations

Counteris, 30/875, vb. pr. t. encounter, contend

Courson, 6/115, sb. steed

Courtes, 25/719, adj. courteous

Courtingis, 11/267, sb. pl. curtains. O.Fr. *curtaine, cortine*

Couth, 7/125, vb. pt. t. didst know, understood. A.S. *cunnan*, pt. t. ic. *cune*

Crabites, 19/528, sb. quarrelling, ill-temper

Craue, 18/498, vb. ask. Be to crane = be a question of asking

Creillis, 4/43, sb. pl. panniers, baskets, creels

Cristallis, 17/475, sb. pl. crystals

Crouste, 93/954, sb. crust

Cule, 29/841, vb. cool

Cumlie, 9/196, adv. courteously

Cunnand, 8/165, adj. sensible; 13/321, sb. covenant, promise

Cunning, 6/93, sb. knowledge

Cunningis, 9/209, sb. pl. rabbits

Cuplit, 4/43, pp. coupled, tied together

Cusingis, 31/916, sb. pl. friends. See Counsingis

Cussanis, 17/472, sb. pl. armour for the thighs
Daillis, 15/385, sb. pl. dales
Dantely, 24/667, adv. daintily
Dantit, 16/435, pp. frightened, daunted. O.Fr. dauter. Lat. domitare
Dawn, 15/385, pr. p. dawning, breaking
Daynteis, 9/191, sb. pl. dainties, delicacies
Debait, 4/44, sb. hesitation, delay
Defend, 5/60, vb. pr. t. forbid, object
Deill, 19/514, vb. deal, give
Deip, 3/17, sb. [?]
Deir, 11/254, adv. dearly; 19/515, adj. wild
Deis, 9/191, sb. table. Fr. daie
Deme, 24/677, vb. examine
Dentit, 24/667, pp. set, inlaid
Derf, 15/385, adj. bold, hardy
Derfly, 28/798, adv. boldly
Denise, 22/614, vb. pr. t. say, tell
Dew, 14/365, vb. pt. t. dawed. A.S. dagian
Dicht, 7/133, vb. prepare, get ready
Digne, 14/354, adj. worthy, noble
Ding, 31/918, vb. strike, smite
Discoverand, 28/798, pr. p. exploring
Dispair, 32/933, adj. unequal, unsuitable
Dispittously, 31/904, adv. despitefully
Dissooer, 19/527, vb. separate, part
Docht, 27/792, vb. pt. t. could, was able
Dois, 5/86, vb. pr. t. farest
Dosouris, 24/676, sb. pl. canopies
Douchereis, 32/926, sb. pl. duchies

Douchie, 21/590, adj. valiant, doughty man. A.S. dohtig
Dourly, 31/918, adv. hardly, sternly
Drail, 3/17, vb. pt. t. drove
Drichlie, 10/217, adv. slowly, as denoting long continuance (Jamiesson)
Drest, 9/201, pp. treated
Drichtine, 29/856, sb. Our Lord. A.S. driften
Drupe, 78/444, a. dry. Probably we should read druce or drupe
Dubbit, 26/755, vb. pt. t. dubbed, created
Duchepeiris, 3/10, sb. pl. the douzers, or twelve Peers of Charlemagne
Dule, 9/201, sb. sorrow, mourning
Durandlie, 3/17, adv. continually, without intermission
Duris, 24/677, sb. pl. doors
Dwelling, 10/239, sb. absence, delay
Dyamountis, 17/460, sb. pl. diamonds
Dyntis, 13/514, sb. pl. blows

E, 24/695, sb. eye, attention
Eem, 75/341, s. uncle
Eie, 69/124, v. fear, dread, awe
Eir, 7/152, sb. ear
Eird, 8/156, sb. ground, floor
Eis, 16/222, sb. case, comfort
Eismenitis, 5/82, sb. pl. comforts
Ellis, 7/127, adv. otherwise, else
Enbraissit, 23/631, vb. pt. t. opened, undid
Enchaip, 13/318, vb. See note.
Encheef, 13/308, vb. achieve, accomplish, succeed
Engreif, 22/619, vb. be displeasing, annoy
| Glossarial Index | | |
| --- | --- | |
| Engreit, 22/603, pp. vexed, annoyed | Fellis, 3/2, sb. wild and rocky hills |
| Erd, 43/215, s. a country, district | Fellonar, 28/813, adj. fiercer |
| Errore, 79/489, a. former, previous | Fellonnie, 3/18, adv. fiercely, wildly |
| Eye, 68/101, s. fear, dread, awe | Fensabill, 13/329, adj. fighting, sufficient for defence |
| Fail3e, 29/835, vb. pt. t. fell, fainted | Ferche, 96/105, a.; 107/1439, fresh. A.S. férse |
| Faind, 8/155, 'fell, fainted | Ferd, 91/874, 105/1374, a company, a troop |
| Faindes, 31/902, vb. pr. t. pretend, feigned | Ferd, 108/1463, s. fear; 95/1042, s. ford |
| Fair, 6/112, sb. fare, food; 12/286, vb. to travel, journey; 16/419, sb. accompaniments, baggage | Ferly, 15/404, sb. wonder, astonishment |
| Fairand, 17/445, pr. p. travelling | Ferlyfull, 3/2, adj. wonderful, fearful |
| Fairlie, 8/176, adj. wonderfully | Fet, 17/445, vb. fetch, procure |
| Fais, 26/754, sb. faith, truth | Fewaill, 10/244, sb. fuel |
| Fallow, 5/72, sb. fellow, companion | Fewtir, 28/812, sb. a rest for a spear |
| Fail, 5/72, vb. pt. t. found, met | Fischis, 24/682, sb. pl. fishes |
| Fane, 9/207, adj. glad | Flamand, 24/671, adj. sparkling |
| Earne, 6/108, pp. fared | Flan, 3/2, sb. storm, tempest. Icl. flana |
| Fay, 5/88, sb. faith, truth | Fleichingis, 31/902, sb. pl. flattering promises |
| Fechand, 19/508, pr. p. fetching, carrying | Flem, 38/33, v. t. to banish, to drive out |
| Fechtine, 5/61, sb. quarrelling | Flourdelycis, 24/670, sb. pl. fleur-de-lis |
| Fechtung, 17/463, sb. battles, fighting | Flure, 24/683, sb. floor |
| Fee, 27/777, sb. property. Lat. pecus | Follant, 74/316, s.; follau3, 81/639, Baptism |
| Feerd, 90/839, s. company, troop | Follede, 84/638, v. pt. s. baptised |
| Feid, 33/969, sb. anger, enmity. Eng. feud | Forbot, 26/746, vb. impr. forbid |
| Feildis, 3/8, sb. pl. fields | For-bou3t, 115/1710, pa. par. ransomed, redeemed |
| Feir, 8/176, sb. fear | Forcenes, 28/814, sb. ; forcynes, 28/820. fierceness |
| Feir, 10/220, in feir or into feir = together, in company | Ford, 26/734, sb. way, road |
| Feirslie, 3/18, adv. fiercely | Forestaris, 9/197, sb. pl. foresters, keepers |
Glossarial Index.

Forfaitour, 26/763, s. b. a forfeit
Forlete, 92/936, v. take away, destroy
Forrest, 12/288, adj. first, chief
Foroulin, 11/290, prep. without
Forrow, 20/539, vb. repent
Forwrocht, 22/838, pp. tired out with working, or fighting with their weapons
Forseild, 5/78, vb. imp. reward, repay
Forget, 7/125, pp. forgotten
Foulis, 19/525, sb. jil-words
Foundis, 8/176, vb. goes, walks
Frane, 10/227, vb. enquire, ask
Freik, 22/618, vb. man, fellow
French, 19/525, adj. frail, weak
Fule, 19/509, sb. fool
Fundin, 12/294, pp. found, met with
Fure, 3/8, vb. pt. t. went, rode
Fusoun, 9/212, sb. abundance
Fute, 3/19, sb. foot, foothold
Fylit, 17/446, vb. pt. t. have dirtied, defiled
Fyrth, 24/682, sb. an enclosure
Fynce, 23/657, num. five
Ga, 6/119, vb. imp. go
Gaif, 18/500, vb. give, grant
Gaist, 10/221, vb. pr. t. go, proceed
Gaid, 6/96, sb. guest; 29/839, sb. the ghost, life
Gait, 4/42, sb. course, way
Galdart, 27/785, adj. sprightly, active
Ganaudest, 27/786, adj. nearest, shortest
Gane, 10/249, pp. gone, departed; 22/612, adv. quickly, hastily
Gangand, 17/447, pr. p. going, travelling
Gar, 5/215, vb. impr. cause, make
Gart, 21/585, vb. pt. t. caused, ordered
 Gawin, 15/383, sb. gain, advantage
Gay, 27/786, sb. observation, attention (Jameison)
Gedling, 22/612, sb. perhaps = gadding = a lazy fellow
Geir, 18/484, sb. gear, dress
Gestning, 33/975, sb. hospitality
Gif, 15/397; gyf, 15/399, conj. if
Gift, 22/613, sb. message
Ginges, 38/49, sb. pl. people
Ginne, 48/286, sb. a contrivance, a stratagem, a plan
Girth, 29/839, sb. safety, refuge
Glaid, 15/397, adj. glad, joyful; 22/603, adv. quickly, quietly; 18/484, vb. pt. t. walked, moved
Glaive, 46/334, sb. a weapon consisting of a long cutting blade at the end of a lance
Gle, 6/98, sb. work
Glemis, 17/458, sb. pl. gleams, sun-rays
Gome, 111/1579, sb. man
Gomfaynoun, 61/873, sb. a banner, a standard. See note to Sir Ferumbras, l. 774
Gouerning, 17/447, sb. livelihood, support
Gowlis, 17/457, sb. gules, in heraldry red
Graid, 7/143, pp. getting ready, being prepared
Graipis, 17/471, sb. pl. lumps
Gralth, 15/391, adj. earnest
Grant, 15/391, sb. promise, bargain
Grantit, 13/319, pp. promised, engaged
Grassum, 32/939, sb. compensation, reward: lit. "the sum paid to a landlord by a tenant, at the entry of a lease, or by a new heir to a lease or feu" (Jamieson).

A.S. *gørsuma* = compensation

Granit, 17/457, adj. carved

Gre, 18/485, sb. prize, superiority

Greis, 17/471, sb. greaves

Grief, 13/314, vb. trouble, vex

Gromis, 27/787, sb. pl. men

Guillie, 6/118, adj. kindly

Gyde, 25/720, sb. attire, dress

Gye, 66/40, vb. rule, govern

Gyges, 66/52, sb. pl. peoples

Gyrd, 7/151, sb. a stroke, blow

Haiket, 23/644, vb. pt. t. walked slowly, sauntered

Haillsum, 24/675, adj. becoming, noble

Hair, 16/421, adj. cold, keen

Haist, 20/550, vb. haste, hurry

Haistely, 28/826, adv. hastily

Hald, 3/19, vb. hold, keep

Hale, 4/52, adj. whole, entire

Halely, 31/896, adv. wholly, entirely

Hamelie, 6/111, adj. homely, poor

Happin, 13/332, vb. happen upon, fall in with

Harberie, 4/41; harbery, 5/64, sb. refuge

Harbreit, 25/710, sb. pt. t. lodged

Hard, 12/282, vb. pt. t. heard

Harnes, 15/395, sb. arms, accouterments

Harneest, 29/833, adj. armed, in armour

Hartrfully, 30/891, adv. heartily, with the whole heart

Hecht, 15/382, pp. promised

Hechtitis, 15/411, sb. pl. orders, engagements

Heet, 91/904, v. pt. s. was named

Heich, 3/19, adv. high, steep

Heid, 20/834, sb. heat: heavy with heid = oppressed with the heat

Heill, 20/567, sb. health: held in heill = in possession of good health

Heip, 5/83 [?]

Heir, 5/72, adv. here

Heiæing, 39/79, sb. hurrying, haste: an heiæing = at once, in haste, without delay

Helf, 12/304, sb. assist, help

Hende, 33/970, adj. noble, gentle, kind

Here, 91/897, sb. company, troop

Hes, 5/81, vb. pr. t. hast

Het, 6/109, adj. hot

Heterliche, 81/559, adv. fiercely

Hew, 20/553, sb. colour

Hicht, 4/37, sb. on hicht = on high, lofty; 18/496, height: the day may have the hicht = may reach its turning point, i.e. noon

Hie mes, 21/575, High mass

Hine, 29/857, adv. hence: "sall neuer hine" is equivalent to "shall never leave, or depart"

Holtis, 16/421, sb. pl. high, barren ground

Houe, 21/577, sb. delay

Houerit, 16/417, vb. pt. t. waited about

Huifis, 18/495, vb. pr. t. tarry, delay

Huit, 16/417, sb. pt. t. paused, stopped: the same as hored

Husband, 21/595, adj.; 22/599, sb. farmer's, country
III3, 78/456, vb. pt. s. hewed, cut
Ily, 13/322, sb. haste, speed
IIynt, 21/577, vb. pt. t. took: of
he hynt = he took off; 25/698, hit, struck

Ifeere, 75/351, adv. together
Iloren, 73/274, pp. lost
Inwart, 10/238, adj. intimate
Ipixt, 85/686, pp. pitched
Ischar, 22/646, sb. usher, door-keeper
Ithand, 4/27, adj. constant, un-ceasing
I-wis, 4/35, adv. in truth, certainly

Iornay, 21/590, sb. combat, a day of battle
Iorningay, 18/485, sb. combat, contest
Jurnays, 41/160, sb. pl. a day's journey

Keip, 23/640, sb. attention, care: take keip = look after
Keipeir, 27/775, sb. keeper, superintendent
Kend, 23/653, vb. pt. t. knew
Kendill, 6/107, vb. imp. kindle, light
Kene, 30/863, adj. daring
Kerne, 45/312, vb. to cut
Kest, 14/367, vb. pt. t. threw, placed: 15/404, revolved, wondered, meditated
Knaisis, 6/113, sb. pl. knaves, servants
Knap, 6/111, vb. imp. knock down
Kyith, 6/107, vb. imp. know
Kypte, 69/135, vb. pt. s. caught up, seized
Kythland, 25/703, pr. v. appearing, in sight

Laid, 7/139, vb. pt. t. laid on, blew; 10/247, sb. load
Laiser, 21/568, sb. leisure, time
Laith, 12/287, adj. loth, unwilling
Laithly, 1/139, adv. vilely, disagreeably
Lak, 5/87, vb. depreciate, find fault
Lane, 13/315, vb. hide, conceal
Lap, 11/279, vb. pt. t. leaped, mounted
Las, 106/1388, sb. pl. s. lost
Lattin, 21/615, pp. allowed, let
Laubour, 19/511, sb. toil, hard work
Lauch, 27/787, vb. laugh
Lauch-full, 19/510, adj. loyal
Lawtie, 19/511, sb. loyalty, fidelity
Leid, 15/397, sb. person
Leidis, 4/30, vb. pr. t. draw, carry
Leif, 12/281, sb. leave, farewell
Leifis, 10/511, vb. pr. t. lives
Leif of, 8/174, vb. leave off, cease
Leip, 5/85, vb. mount
Leird, 8/171, pp. taught
Leis, 23/643, vb. lose
Lelely, 32/944, adv. loyally, faithfully
Lely, 24/674, sb. lilies
Leunit, 13/326, vb. pt. t. lightened, brightened
Len, 13/333, vb. give, grant
Lende, 81/540, sb. the loin
Lent, 15/397, adj. slow, slowly travelling
Lesing, 12/312, sb. a lie
Let, 20/542, sb. hindrance
Leuch, 19/531, sb. pt. t. laughed
Leuand, 27/788, pr. p. living
Leuelp, 55/671, vb. pr. t. believe
Liddernes, 27/788, sb. cowardice

K 2
Ling, 16/428, sb. line: in aec
ling = in one line, that is, straight
on without stopping; 15/397,
heath, moor
Lofe, 4/45, sb. love; 5/87, vb.
praise
Lois, 23/642, vb. lose
Loug, 74/291, vb. pt. s. laughed
Ludgeit, 26/743, pp. haggled,
dragged
Lufesunly, 20/589, adv. plea-
santly
Luper, 93/942, adv. bad, danger-
ous
Lyft, 13/326, sb. firmament, sky
Lykand, 4/40, adj. pleased, satis-
fied
Lykis, 32/943, vb. pr. t. pleases
Lykit, 4/39, vb. pt. t. pleased
Lystinit, 26/742, vb. pt. t. lis-
tened

Magre, 18/487, sb. difficulty
Maid, 6/121, vb. pt. t. caused
Maisterfull, 17/444, adj. power-
ful
Mait, 22/835, adj. fatigued. See
Glossary to Sir Perceval, s. v. Mat
Mantene, 29/853, vb. maintain,
support
Marschellit, 5/186, pp. arranged
Mat, 19/513, vb. annoy, interfere
with
Matchit, 9/186, pp. paired
Maumetes, 46/323, sb. pt. idols
Maumetric, 65/25, sb. idolatry
May, 82/591, sb. a maid; 30/
888, vb. pr. t. can do, is powerful
Meiknes, 26/655, sb. modesty
Meit, 5/81, sb. food, meat
Meitis, 15/397, vb. pr. t. meet
Mend, 32/957, vb. increase, aug-
ment

Mene, 6/121, vb. to complain
Mer, 3/22, vb. pt. t. put them
into confusion
Mettaill, 29/830, sb. mettle, ex-
cellence
Midmorne, 4/29, sb. the middle
of the morning
Mirrie, 7/137, adj. merry, pleasant
Mocht, 18/492, aux. vb. might
Mon, 16/427, vb. pr. t. must
Mote, 4/53, aux. vb. may
Mounde, 60/853, sb. power, lit.
protection. "A knight of mochel
mounde." — Lawful, 597. A.S.
mund
Mure, 3/14, sb. moor, health
Myrk, 3/22, adj. dark, murky
Myster, 26/751, sb. desire, need;
17/444, science, craft, art

Nait, 5/61, sb. need
Namit, 18/503, vb. pt. t. named,
mentioned by name
Nanis, 17/471, adv. for the nanis
= for the occasion, for the nonce
Neidlingis, 15/407, adv. needs, of
necessity
Nende, 48/389, sb. end. be
nende = ben ende = the end
Neue, 53/581, sb. eve. be neue
= ben eue = the eve. Compare
Nende
New, 20/547, vb. renew
Newlingis, 33/965, adv. recently,
lately
Nichtit, 4/40, vb. pt. t. became
night, or dark
Non, 53/602, adj. none; 14/344,
sb. noon
Noy, 20/538, sb. annoyance, hin-
drance
Nurtour, 8/162, sb. education,
manners
Nyse, 16/430, adj. foolish, silly
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<td>adj.</td>
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<td>Ocht</td>
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<td>anything, aught</td>
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<td>Officiaris</td>
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<td>sb. pl. officers, attendants</td>
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<td>Onwart</td>
<td>10/246</td>
<td>adv. onward, in addition to</td>
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<td>Ord</td>
<td>106/1413</td>
<td>sb. end, point</td>
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<td>Ordanit</td>
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<td>sb. pt. t. got ready, prepared</td>
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<td>Oþont</td>
<td>51/507</td>
<td>vb. pt. s. it repeated</td>
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<td>O-twinne</td>
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<td>adv. apart</td>
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<td>Outray</td>
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<td>sb. indignity, insult, ill-treatment. Fr. outrage</td>
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<td>adv. outwards, forward</td>
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<td>Outwith</td>
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<td>prep. outwards from, beyond</td>
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<td>Pane</td>
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<td>sb. pagandom, heathendom</td>
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<td>Pardie</td>
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<td>ejac. Pardieu, by God</td>
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<td>Parische</td>
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<td>vb. perish</td>
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<td>Pas</td>
<td>5/71</td>
<td>vb. go, travel</td>
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<td>Pauyot</td>
<td>11/278</td>
<td>sb. The meaning is not clear, but it seems to mean &quot;a little page,&quot; from Ital. paggetto (Jamieson).</td>
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<td>Payit</td>
<td>5/70</td>
<td>adj. pleased, satisfied</td>
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<td>Peir</td>
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<td>sb. an equal, a match</td>
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<td>Picht</td>
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<td>pp. studded</td>
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<td>Pingde</td>
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<td>vb. pt. t. spurred</td>
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<td>Pithis</td>
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<td>sb. pt. strengths</td>
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<td>Plaitis</td>
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<td>sb. pt. plate- armour</td>
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<td>adv. plainly, clearly</td>
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<td>sb. joking</td>
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<td>vb. plight, pledge</td>
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<td>Point</td>
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<td>sb. in point = on the point of</td>
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<td>pr. p. telling, preaching</td>
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<td>Preif</td>
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<td>vb. prove, try</td>
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<td>Preikit</td>
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<td>vb. pt. t. rode</td>
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<td>Preisit</td>
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<td>pp. considered, reckoned</td>
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<td>vb. pt. t. presses, insists</td>
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<td>Presoun</td>
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<td>Prest</td>
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<td>adv. readily, quickly</td>
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<td>Preue</td>
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<td>adj. private, separate</td>
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<td>Price</td>
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<td>sb.</td>
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<td>Principall</td>
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<td>adj. the greatest, the finest</td>
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<td>Pryme</td>
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<td>sb. six o'clock in the morning</td>
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<td>Pulenis</td>
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<td>sb. pt. greaves</td>
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<td>adv. bad, wicked</td>
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<td>Queintize</td>
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<td>sb. cunning</td>
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<td>Quemely</td>
<td>24/684</td>
<td>adv. closely</td>
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<td>Quhair</td>
<td>3/3</td>
<td>adv. where, when</td>
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<td>Quhat</td>
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<td>pr. p. which, what</td>
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<td>what kind of</td>
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<td>of what kind soever</td>
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<td>vb. pt. t. rode</td>
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<td>adj. raving, foolish</td>
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<td>Raik</td>
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<td>vb. pass round</td>
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<td>Rais</td>
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<td>vb. pt. t. arose</td>
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Raith, 20/551, adv. quickly, soon
Rauvingis, 31,898, sb. pl. ravings, foolish words
Red, 12/286, vb. pr. t. advise, recommend
Red, 11/261, sb. advice
Reddyit, 27/781, vb. pt. t. prepared, made ready
Regaird, 23/654, sb. notice, attention: count it at regard = thought worth notice
Rek, 31/898, vb. pr. t. reckon, think, value
Remeid, 19/512, sb. remedy, satisfaction
Remufe, 20/864, sb. move, give away
Renk, 10/551, sb. way, course
Renkus, 28/822, sb. pl. strong men
Repref, 29/846, vb. pr. t. reprove, blame
Restles, 28/822, adj. eager
Renest, 14/346, pp. clothed, arrayed
Reulit, 17/468, pp. arranged; 24/672, pp. painted, marked
Rew, 14/353, sb. street; 23/551, vb. rue, repent
Reward, 23/652, sb. regard, attention
Rid, 38/891, vb. pr t. advise, counsel
Rob, 21/578, sb. robe
Rois, 24/673, sb. roses
Ronsy, 18/481, sb. a hack, riding horse
Rot, 55/652, vb. pt. t. snored
Roustie, 19/520, adj. rusty
Rout, 51/629, vb. pt. t. snored.
A.S. kratan
Routen, 14/1004, vb. pt. pl. recked, cared
Rowme, 28/812, sb. a spot, or place
Rubeis, 17/467, sb. pl. rubies
Rude, 4/45, sb. the cross
Rufe, 5/80, sb. rest, case; 6/109, adj. rough; 24/672, roof, ceiling
Runtsy, 28/794, sb. a hack, riding horse. See Ronsy
Rusit, 18/483, vb. pt. t. wondered, admired
Ryall, 3/14, adj. royal person, i.e. king
Ryally, 24/673, adv. royally
Ryfe, 8/172, adj. plentiful
Sa, 3/8, adv. so
Sadly, 23/658, adv. firmly, steadily
Saill, 10/245, sb. sale, market; 25/716, sb. hall, saloon
Saivd, 23/658, vb. pt. t. hurt
Salbe, 4/56, shall be
Salust, 16/424, vb. pt. t. saluted
Sapheir, 17/466, sb. sapphires
Sayand, 5/77, pr. p. saying
Scant, 11/275, sb. lack, need
Schapin, 17/461, pp. shaped
Scheild, 17/461, sb. shield
Schenec, 17/461, adj. shining, glittering
Schill, 5/59, adj. chill, cold
Schir, 4/44, sb. sir
Schone, 27/768, sb. pl. lit. shoes, here = spurs
Schord, 26/736, vb. pt. t. threatened, scolded, abused
Schow, 25/700, sb. shove, push
Schroud, 17/461, pp. covered, protected
Seigis, 25/716, sb. pl. seats
Seigtnesse, 82/570, sb. reconciliation
Selk, 22/628, vb. seek, look for
Seimit, 28/813, vb. pt. t. seemed
Seir, 3/25, adj. different
Selcouthly, 24/680, adv. curiously, strangely
Semblay, 14/359, sb. assembly, meeting
Semelie, 17/461, adv. becomingly
Sen, 4/51, conj. since, as
Sengoornbill, 25/417, adj. lordly, seignorial
Scriannce, 48/413, sb. pl. soldiers: those who served. Lat. sercientem, acc. of serviens, pr. p. of servio = to serve
Seruit, 9/183, pp. served
Sesit, Z/58, pp. invested with
Set, 23/637, vb. pr. t. reckon, consider
Sey, 106/1393, vb. pt. t. tell
Sib, 31/901, adj. related
Sic, 4/33, adv. so, such
Sikinge, 96/1063, pr. p. sighing
Sindre, 4/29, adv. in different directions; 10/223, adj. sundry, various
Sir, 9/202, adv. frequent, many
Sit, 6/99, vb. disregard, disobey
Skaith, 28/824, sb. hurt, injury
Skill, 4/57, sb. reason, sense
Slane, 31/900, pp. stain
Sobernes, 19/527, sb. quietness, peace
Solempnit, 15/406, adj. solemn, sacred
Soudanis, 31/901, sb. pl. sultans
Souerance, 30/883, sb. mercy, sufferance
Spaird, 23/656, vb. pt. t. questioned, enquired of
Sped, 16/428, vb. speed, hasten
Speir, 4/53, vb. pr. t. ask, enquire
Speris, 4/51, vb. pr. t. askest
Sperpellit, 3/26, vb. pt. t. were dispersed
Splenders, 28/814, sb. pl. splinters
Sprent, 28/815, vb. pt. t. sprang, leaped
Springis, 31/904, sb. spring
Spuils, 31/904, vb. spoil, ruin
Squechonis, 24/686, sb. pl. escluteons
Squary, 11/275, sb. attendants
Stal, 22/605, pp. bested, pressed
Stakkerit, 8/153, vb. pt. t. staggered
Staluartlie, 4/32, adv. bravely, courageously
Start, 31/895, sb. a moment, a brief space
Stede, 102/1279, sb. place
Steck, 114/1661, vb. pt. t. barred
Steill, 17/474, sb. steel; 22/606, vb. steal
Steir, 16/413, sb. stir: on steir = astir, moving
Steird, 8/175, pp. stirred, aroused
Steiris, 3/12, vb. pr. t. hastens, starts
Steuen, 59/815, sb. a voice
Stonischtit, 8/175, pp. astounded, astonished
Stound, 22/622, sb. moment, minute
Stour, 30/868, sb. fight, contest
Straid, 4/32, vb. pt. t. moved, struggled
Straik, 8/175, sb. blow, stroke; 28/815, vb. pt. t. struck, smote
Strait, 26/734, adj. narrow
Stray, 18/479: ? on stray = astride
Stubbill, 19/522, adj. little, sturdy
Stude, 17/456, vb. pt. t. stood
Sture, 3/10, adj. rough, strong
Stynt, 25/702, vb. stop
Succederus, 31/912, adj. arrogant, presumptuous
Succeduously, 30/859, *adv*. arrogantly, haughtily
Suddand, 20/542, *adj*. unexpected, unforeseen
Saith, 4/52, *sb*. truth, sooth
Summonandis, 6/99, *sb*. pl. orders
Swayne, 22/609, *sb*. man
Swere, 52/549, *sb*. the neck
Swoir, 32/945, *vb*. *pt*. *t*. swore, took an oath
Swyth, 6/116, *adv*. quickly, at once
Syne, 6/185, *adv*. then, afterwards
Ta, 21/568, *sb*. take
Taillis, 10/223, *sb*. pl. tales, stories
Tak, 32/941, *vb*. surrender, give up
Takin, 17/459, *sb*. token, sign
Tane, 30/889, the tane = one: for that aene = that one; 8/158, *pp*. received
Targying, 89/833, *sb*. tarrying, delay
Teind, 18/476, *sb*. tithe, tenth part
Teir, 18/476, *adj*. tiresome
Tene, 7/123, *sb*. anger
Tenefull, 17/460, *adj*. awful
Tent, 13/316, *sb*. notice, attention
Teuch, 19/523, *adj*. tough, strong
Thairin, 4/28, *adv*. therein, in it
Thairun, 14/376, *adv*. thereon, on that
Tharth, 20/538, *vb*. *impers*. ought, it behoves
Thay, 3/2, *art*. those
Thocht, 8/166, though, although; 8/178, *vb*. *pt*. *t*. seemed, appeared good to him
Thopas, 18/470, *sh*. topaz stones
Thourtour, 21/569, *adj*. cross, transverse
Thra, 28/804, *sb*. eagerness, speed in thra = eagerly, speedily
Thraly, 23/659, *adv*. eagerly
Thrawin, 7/129, *adv*. out of temper
Threttce, 14/345, *num*. *adj*. thirty
Threttis, 23/659, *sb*. threats
Thrif, 4/53, *vb*. thrive, prosper
Thring, 9/199, *vb*. thrust, shoot
Throw, 25/699, *adv*. eagerly
Thus-gait, 8/171, *adv*. thus, in this manner
Ticht, 17/459, *pp*. tied
Til, 112/1619, *conj*. while
Tine, 106/1397, *vb*. lose
Tit, 16/434, *vb*. drag
Tite, 45/294, *adv*. soon: also *tite* = at once
To-come, 94/996, *sb*. coming, arrival
To-drof, 113/1646, *v*. *pt*. *s*. hew in pieces
To-morne, 5/85, *adv*. to-morrow
To-queijte, 98/1114, *v*. *pt*. *s*. shook
To-worne, 20/562, *pp*. worn to pieces
Towsill, 16/434, *vb*. use or handle roughly
Trauale, 4/48, *sb*. work, labour
Travellouris, 5/82, sb. pl. travellers
Trew lufe, 18/475, ? true-love knots
Trimland, 17/460, pr. p. trembling
Trist, 101/1221, adj. confident, bold
Tuggill, 19/523, vb. struggle, strive
Tuik, 3/25, vb. pt. took, followed
Turnit, 3/4, vb. pt. returned, started back from
Trow, 30/880, vb. believe
Tyne, 4/58, vb. to be lost, to perish; 28/827, to lose
Tything, 21/584, adj. tidings, report
Unbekest, 16/412, vb. pt. t. looked round, cast his eyes round
Unburely, 19/524, adj. rough
Vnceortes, 7/122, adj. uncourteous
Undeif, 29/858, adj. alive, unskilled
Vnderfenge, 39/87, v. pl. s. received
Vnderla, 10/243, vb. pr. t. engage, promise
Vnder-scatt, 105/1351, v. pl. s. understood
Vneciis, 8/157, adv. scarcely
Vngane, 23/663, pp. not yet gone
Vnkend, 11/249, adj. unknown
Vnknowne, 7/127, adj. ignorant
Vnrufe, 4/47, sb. trouble, toil
Vnsemand, 7/148, adj. improper, unseemly
Vther, 3/3, adj. other
Venov, 60/845, sb. an encounter
Veseir, 29/842, sb. vizor
Vincussing, 29/828, vb. vanishing, conquering

Wa, 11/249, adj. unwilling, sorry
Waelis, 11/276, sb. pl. watchmen, guards
Waird, 27/763, sb. fate, destiny, chance
Wait, 4/46, vb. pr. t. know
Wald, 15/407, sb. moor, downs, wolds
Walkand, 5/73, pr. p. travelling, walking
Walkin, 11/277, vb. awake
Walkinnit, 12/282, vb. pt. t. woke up, awoke
Wan, 17/462, vb. pt. t. won, gained
Wandit, 14/360, vb. pt. t. wound round, 'tied
Wane, 3/7, sb. palace, dwelling
Wantoun, 6/100, adj. free, quick.
O.E. wantoun = ill-educated, from wan—prefix, signifying want, and A.S. tugen, educated, pp. of teban
Wapnis, 29/838, wappinis, 19/517, sb. pl. weapons, arms
Wardecors, 106/1409, sb. a bodyguard: hence, an attendant, a squire
Wardroparis, 11/276, sb. pl. keepers of the wardrobe
Warysoun, 31/919, sb. reward
Warypede, 101/1231, v. pl. s. ? cursed or was annoyed
Wassalage, 30/890, vb. action becoming a knight, a great achievement
Wayndit, 10/230, vb. pt. t. cared, liked
Wedderis, 3/21, sb. pl. weather, storm
Weidis, 20/562, sb. pl. clothes
Weild, 32/926, sb. enjoy, possess
Weildit, 21/580, vb. pt. t. ruled, was master of
Weill, 4/46, adv. well
Weir, 12/290, 25/706, sb. doubt; 10/230, hesitation
Weird, 15/379, sb. fate, destiny
Welt, 6/106, adj. wet
Wen, 57/745, sb. a stain. Compare Sir Perceval, l. 5725
Weryouris, 27/769, sb. pl. warriors, fighting men
Weschin, 7/145, pp. washed
Wicht, 4/36, adj. rough, boisterous; 27/792, valiant, doughty
Wickit, 3/20, adj. boisterous, tempestuous
Widdeis, 14/368, sb. pl. ropes made of twigs of willow
Will, 4/35, adj. lost, astray
Willar, 7/140, adj. more lost, astray
Win, 6/110, vb. succeed; 22/627, vb. find out, seek; 32/928, sb. pleasure, enjoyment
Winnis, 19/529, vb. pr. t. dwells, lives
Wirk, 32/932, vb. work, act
Wise, 16/436, adj. in one’s senses, sane
Wist, 3/21, vb. pt. t. knew
Wit, 95/1032, sb. blame; 10/228, vb. know, be informed
With thy, 5/70, provided, if
Witten, 22/606, pp. known
Wold, 101/1228, sb. power, rule. So in Sir Perceval, l. 334; and Percival, 2006:
“That had those loudis in colde.”
Wond, 46/340, vb. turn, move
Worship, 28/827, sb. prize, glory
Worthis, 24/694, vb. pr. t. has become, there is
Worthyest, 9/188, adj. finest, best
Wosche, 10/217, vb. pt. t. washed
Wox, 4/35, vb. pr. t. became, was
Wraith, 6/100, adj. angry, wrath
Wraike, 38/40, sb. destruction

Wreck, 105/1364, sb. ruin, calamity
Wrochet, 11/266, pp. made, prepared
Wroperhele, 51/532, sb. an ill fate, ruin
Wy, 21/580, sb. men, nobles
Wylit, 25/712, pp. beguiled, seduced
Wy, 31/921, p. pleasant
Wyning, 10/229, sb. dwelling, residence: thy moist wyning = thy usual residence
Wytest, 27/769, adj. most valiant, mightiest

Yare, 39/83, adv. ready
Y-corn, 49/448, pp. chosen
Y-schent, 51/508, pp. disgraced

3af, 71/192, pt. s. gave (a thought)
3al, 22/630, adj. crafty, cunning
3air, 22/643, adv. earnestly, carefully
3ald, 10/226, vb. pt. t. gave, returned
3arne, 29/840, vb. imper. think, consider
3ed, 20/547; 3eid, 7/131, vb. pt. t. went, proceeded
3eir, 9/202, vb. year
3eman, 22/630, sb. servant, attendant
3ern, 22/630, sb. servant, attendant
3eir, 22/630, sb. servant, attendant
3eir, 9/202, vb. year
3eman, 22/630, sb. servant, attendant
3ern, 22/630, sb. servant, attendant
3eir, 9/202, vb. year