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The Romance of

Guy of Warwick.

The second or 15th-century Version.

EDITED FROM THE PAPER MS. F. 2. 38.

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PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, LATE PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA.

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MDCCCLXXV-VII.
§ 1. All the M.E. versions of the Romance of Guy of Warwick are translations from the French. Unfortunately the French original has not yet been entirely edited. It occurs perhaps in more MSS. than I have become aware of. I know of the existence of eight, three of which are in London (Reg. MS. 8 F ix, Harley MS. 3775, and one in the College of Arms), the rest at Oxford (Rawlinson MS. Misc. 137), at Cambridge (Corpus Christi College, L), at Cheltenham, at Wolfenbüttel (Cod. Aug. 87, 4), and in Paris (1669). Mr G. A. Herbing has edited the beginning of the work from the Wolfenbüttel MS. in the Programm der grossen Stadtschule zu Wismar als Einladung zur Michaelisprüfung 1872, for a copy of which I am indebted to the editor's kindness. Prof. Stengel of Marburg was good enough to lend me a copy of the Rawlinson Fragment, made by Mr Parker, and collated with, and, in part, supplied from, the Reg. MS. by himself. The Harley and the Cambridge MSS. have been for many passages consulted by myself. In the notes, unless a particular MS. or Mr Herbing's publication be mentioned, always the Cambridge MS. is meant.

§ 2. The French Romance was done into English several times. We possess the whole, or considerable fragments, of, at least, four different M.E. versions. Cf. my paper Zur Litteraturgeschichte des Guy von Warwick in the Sitzungsberichte der phil.-hist. Classe der kais. Academia der Wissenschaften, vol. lxxiv, pp. 623-45.

I., in short couplets, incompletely preserved in three MSS.:

a, in the Auchinleck MS., foll. 108-146, edited by Turnbull for the Abbotsford Club, 1840 (II. 1-6898). The beginning (about 60
lines) is wanting in consequence of a leaf torn out. Another leaf is
missing after l. 2336 (where Turnbull is wrong in indicating a gap of
only four lines), and the larger part of a third after l. 1936 (where
Turnbull is alike inaccurate, at the same time disregarding the ends
of some 30 lines). In this MS. the story stops short after Guy's
fight with the Dragon, the last line corresponding to l. 6966 of our
text. The rest is replaced by II.; see below.

b, in the Caius MS., Cambridge, 107. As far as a goes, b has,
though with considerable omissions, the same version, but, after a
has stopped, b, in two pretty long passages (cf. § 4), follows the same
version as our text. The story is not continued after the death of
Guy and Felice.

c, in the Sloane MS. 1044. It is only one leaf (fol. 345, nr.
625), written in a hand of the 14th century, containing 216 lines,
which I have printed in my paper cited above, pp. 624-9. This
fragment begins after the end of a. On comparing it with the
French original and b, we find it to have the same version as b, but
with considerable interpolations. Cf. my paper, p. 634.

II., in twelve line stanzas, in the Auchinleck MS. It is the
continuation of Guy's story from his marriage (foll. 146-167, ll.
6899-10479 in Turnbull's edition), and the story of Reinsbrun, Gy
sons of Warwike (foll. 167-175, ll. 1-1521 in Turnbull's edition).
Of the latter the end is missing.

III., in short couplets;

a, some fragments in the Add. MS. 14408 of the British
Museum, written in a hand of the 14th century. They have been
privately printed by Sir Thomas Philipps (Middle Hill, 1838), and
reprinted by Turnbull in the preface to his edition of Guy from the
Auchinleck MS. They are in part very difficult to read, so that
we must not wonder that the editions of them are very incomplete
and abound in mistakes. Cf. my paper, p. 638.

b, in the Bodleian Library (Douce Fragments, 20), one leaf in
black-letter. 'The same type as that used in the fragments of Bevis
of Hampton and Robyn Hode, and several other books . . . , all of
which were certainly printed by Wynkyn de Worde.' It agrees very
closely with c.
c, the Book of the most victorious Prynce, Guy of Warwick. Imprinted at London in Lothbury, ouer agaynst saynt Margarite Church by wylliam Copland. I do not know where a complete copy of this work is to be found. The British Museum one wants the first twenty leaves. That c has the same version as a, only modernized, is shown in my paper, p. 640.

IV., in short couplets;

a, in the MS. of the University Library, Cambridge, Ff. 2, 38, printed here for the first time.

b, in the Caius MS. 107, in the passages pointed out below (§ 4). I do not know anything about Cawood’s Guy, nor about a fragment of 36 leaves ‘printed in a thinner letter than W. de Worde’s’ (cf. Warton, ed. Hazlitt, II, 162). I should be greatly obliged for any information about these editions, as well as about a complete copy of Copland’s.

§ 3. Our text is taken from the Paper MS. Ff. 2, 38, in the Library of the University of Cambridge. Its old number was 690. In this MS., though it is written in the same hand of the 15th century, yet two originally distinct volumes are united, the Romance of Guy heading the second. It occupies foll. 121-239 according to the new pagination of Mr Bradshaw, or foll. 107-225 according to the old one. As I follow the former, and Mr Halliwell in his Dictionary, in which Guy from this MS. is pretty often cited, follows the latter, whosoever will verify Halliwell’s quotations must add 14 to his number in order to get mine. Halliwell, e.g., quotes fol. 182, a.v. Turne. Adding 14, we get fol. 196; cf. ll. 5521-2 and the note. Our poem is written in two columns, each generally containing about 40 lines. The catchwords, and perhaps what is mentioned in the foot-note to l. 7455, we owe to another hand, to which I think we must attribute also per me Robertum in the left margin of fol. 163b. We find besides some scribblings in the margins of foll. 167a (ll. 942-945 repeated), 1706 (Liber iste constat mihi), 179b, 180a, and 200b. The poem is divided into parts, marked by large initials, originally red, but now generally black. I thought it, however, necessary to make besides shorter divisions, which are indicated by ¶. This sign occurs in the MS. itself only in three places, viz. before ll. 7487, 11267, and 11337.
§ 4. Part of the same version is preserved also in MS. 107 of Caius College, Cambridge. It is a parchment MS. written about the beginning of the 15th century by two scribes, one of whom wrote pp. 1-2, and 150-371 (the end), and the other the rest. The lines of our text that occur also in this MS. are

7261 — 8024 = pp. 149, l. 25 — 175, l. 20, and
8541 — 9874 = pp. 195, l. 4 — 242, l. 20.

This MS. will be printed at full length in another volume, but I have used it in correcting or, at least, pointing out obvious faults of the University MS. I will give here as a specimen twenty lines from p. 175, which correspond to ll. 8015-8036 of our text.

But vp he stert withowte dwellyng:
Therof pleyed he nothyng.
He smote to Gye with all hys myst
And he hym, as a noble knyght.

5 Tho they fowghten ryght faste there:
Nother of hem wold other spare.
They fowght with so grete ire,
Oute of ther helmis sprange the fyre.
They brake hawberbercis (sic /) and shyl dys:

10 The pecis flew into the fyldys.
They fough hath faste with her brondys,
They corue their armour with strenght of handys.
Betwene them was bateyle stronge
And hyt lastyd swyth longe.

15 Tho thought Ameraunt, tho (sic /) knyght,
That he had be in many a fyght.
Vp he lyfte hys arme on hye
And thought to smyte sore sir Gye.
On the helme he hym smote:

20 The serole of gold of hys swerd bote.

A comparison with our text shows that ll. 1-10 are all but identical with ll. 8015-8024, whereas ll. 11-20 are quite different from ll. 8025-8036.

§ 5. In those passages which are preserved also in the Caius MS., our text is sometimes so corrupt that it would be impossible to correct it by mere conjecture with any probability of restoring the original reading. Sometimes, though it is apparently correct, yet a comparison with the Caius MS. and the French original shows it to have deviated from the author’s translation. We may, therefore, be sure that in those lines in which we want the help of a second MS. have taken place a great many corruptions which we either do not
perceive at all, or, if we do, must despair of healing. Hence I was,
upon the whole, content to correct obvious faults of the last scribe.
But, of course, every such deviation from the MS. is mentioned
in the foot-notes and, generally, justified in the notes. Only in a
few trifles I do not follow the MS. without mentioning it.

a. I have regulated the use of capital letters, whereas in our MS.
(as in others) we find now Erle, now erle; now Gye, now gye, and
often do not know whether the scribe meant Harrawde or harrawde.
Thinking (with Skeat) ff to mean F, I have never kept it. By a
mistake, the first sheet has a few inconsistent capitals.

b. The MS. makes no difference between i and j, I and J.

c. Compound pronouns and adverbs I have printed as single
words, e.g. hymself, perwyth. The MS. has hymself and hym self, etc.

d. The punctuation is mine, the MS. disregarding it entirely;
except that a few times a stop is found in such cases as of. of in l.
2906. It will be kindly excused, I hope, that my punctuation
follows the German method.

My foot-note to l. 8402 shows that I think w to mean no more
than n. It is often difficult, and sometimes impossible to decide
whether the MS. has w or n. My copy of the MS., therefore, disre-
garded the flourish after n. It was, however, on Mr Furnivall’s
desire, added, while the text was passing through the press, on sheets
2-10 by me, on the others by Mr Miller, of the University Library,
Cambridge, who was good enough to read part of the proofs with
the MS.

§ 6. As the last volume of the M.E. Guy Romances will be
accompanied by a general introduction,1 literary as well as philo-
logical, I will avail myself of the present occasion only to treat of the
rhymes of our text.

a. A great many rhymes seem only imperfect in consequence of
the scribe’s orthography or dialect differing from the author’s.

a. Often one rhyme word only has a final e added: e.g., l. 47,
Bokyngham: name; l. 69, pryse: wyse. But the final unaccented e,
except when standing for y (cf. note to l. 132), is silent through the
whole poem.

1 In the mean time cf. The Percy Folio MS., ed. Hales and Furnivall, II.
5. The scribe often writes a silent \( a \) before terminations; cf. l. 31, \textit{othyes}: clothys; l. 869, \textit{loweyng}: hymge; l. 3037, \textit{thynge}: loweyng; l. 3819, \textit{thynge}: wepeynge; l. 4083, \textit{mornyng}: loweyng; l. 4213, \textit{stedys}: medeyes; l. 9547, \textit{kepeynge}: hymge; l. 10071, \textit{nothynge}: slepeynge.

γ. Some terminations may be differently spelled; cf. l. 1467, \textit{tozedur}: tosychyer; l. 2011, \textit{seldes}: feldus; l. 3033, \textit{cytees}: feys; l. 8833, \textit{dyng}: hymge; l. 10067, \textit{wakyde}: made; l. 10919, \textit{schene}: zedyn; l. 11105, \textit{enclosed}: ymaylydse; l. 11289, \textit{sheldys}: toldes.

δ. Terminations beginning with \( \eta \) or \( \upsilon \) may drop their vowels; cf. l. 160, \textit{clothe}: goyth (cf. l. 11061, \textit{hore}: goys); l. 1697, \textit{aryes}: emnyes; l. 3737, \textit{syde}: betrayed; l. 6013, \textit{tyde}: hyedde; ll. 8545 and 9921, barleyes: turnes; l. 9943, cunrayese: abbayes; l. 10161, assayed: payde; l. 10303, \textit{yvbrayde}: dysmayede; l. 11671, \textit{pyres}: wyse.

ε. In words of Teutonic origin \( o \) may be used instead of a short \( a \) before \( n \); cf. l. 109, \textit{man}: sone; l. 1577, \textit{man}: zone; ll. 2763 and 4227, \textit{lende}: honde; ll. 3065 and 5115, \textit{fonde}: tythanke; l. 3562, \textit{lende}: fonde; l. 4079, \textit{fonde}: eplende; l. 4371, \textit{sonde}: tythanke; l. 7273, \textit{londe}: lygande; l. 7453, \textit{londe}: folowande; l. 9125, \textit{hande}: fonde; l. 10069, \textit{man}: on; l. 10185, \textit{upon}: man; l. 10229, \textit{Collebrande}: stronge; l. 10833, \textit{londe}: hende; l. 11859, \textit{prekonde}: fonde; l. 11873, \textit{londe}: werrande; l. 11887, \textit{stande}: londe.

ζ. We find apparently \( \Delta \): \( o \) before \( rd \) in l. 1015, \textit{Toralde}: bolde, and l. 4229, \textit{calde}: wolda. The poet, no doubt, pronounced \textit{bald} and \textit{valde}.

η. A similar case occurs before \( sh \); l. 285, \textit{nosht}: betaghth; l. 10045, \textit{betaghth}: roght; l. 10929, \textit{raght}: noght. In the poet's pronunciation evidently O.E. -\textit{tht}- and -\textit{htt}- sounded alike, whereas the scribe kept them asunder.

θ. In the note to l. 3108 I have pointed out that the dialect of the author was more northern than that of the scribe. This is further proved by the rhymes \textit{sub}: ζ and by our often finding \( \delta \) (\( = \) O.E. \( d \) or \( \Delta \)) written by the scribe where the rhyme requires \( \Delta \); cf. l. 1475, \textit{gloe}: haddes; l. 1443, \textit{gone}: mane; ll. 1764 and 2807, \textit{tane}:
gone; l. 2531, gone: tane; ll. 3015 and 7939, sowdan: anon; l. 3345, oon: tane; l. 3591, fare: thore; l. 3693, Coldran: allone; l. 3701, tane: allone; l. 3815, sowdan: allone; l. 4611, woman: mona; l. 5741, echon: tane; l. 6347, everyhones: tane; l. 7447, oon: man; l. 7673, gons: Johan; l. 8369, man: everychone; l. 9997, Johan: Adelston.

Quite similar is aw: ow; cf. l. 7757, sawe: knows; l. 11533, thors: lawe.

In words of French origin a before w followed by a consonant may be kept or changed to au (aw): cf. l. 7987, Amerawnt: sayleant; l. 8045, hand: Amerawnde.

The Latin termination -onem, French -on, appears prominently as -on and -own. Cf. l. 355, rexon: downe; l. 485, benecon: towns; l. 973, treson: crowne; l. 1135, Hewchon: crowne; l. 2129, baron: prysons; ll. 2281, 6729, 7787, 9261, Gwynes: resone; l. 2783, remouene: resone; l. 3603, baron: passioun; ll. 3875, 8295, Gwynes: lyone; l. 3993, lyon: Gwynes; ll. 4561 and 5109, crowne: Oton, etc., etc.

Similarly we find -om: -own. Cf. ll. 7455 and 7489, Triamore: honoure; l. 7475, socoure: Triamore; l. 3649, valoure: pore; l. 5213, socoure: worre.

Some words have two forms, one with the diphthong ey, and the other with the monophthong y. See Ellis, On Early E. Pronunciation, 284. Cf. l. 589, hye (= high): eye; l. 971, neye: hye; l. 4095, eye: dye; ll. 7387 and 11591, sekerlye: eye; l. 8493, bye (= buy): affraye; l. 10415, bewyre (= bewny): tweye (= twain); l. 10563, seye: dye; l. 10797, dye: weye. Can the two rhymes, l. 5603, palfrey: Payuye, and l. 8517, esweye: seye, be explained in the same manner? Cf. the spelling Payuye in l. 1804, but also the note to ll. 1800-10.

Sometimes the scribe writes herke, herte, etc., the author appears to have pronounced herke, harte. Cf. l. 209, serue: carve; l. 975, start: harte; l. 1951, start: smerte; l. 5053, scharpe: hawberke; l. 6905, hawberke: starke; l. 7901, hawberke: marks; l. 8147, herke: marks; l. 10295, harde: afterde.

In ll. 6675, 9987, 10485, the rhymes become perfect when
we read chyrche (for churche): wyrcbe (or kyrke: wyrke l); stud(d)e: stud(d)e (cf. ll. 10545 and 10683).

π. There seem to occur a few rhymes of voice-consonants with breath-consonants; cf. l. 2061, hande: warnante; l. 3781, Harrawde: asawte; l. 4991, partes: Lumbardes; l. 19727, wyfe: on lyue. But considering such rhymes and spellings as l. 7987, Amrawnt: sayleant (assailing); l. 5057, Lumbarte: part; l. 9493, Barrart: part; l. 8193, smarte: cowarte; ll. 641, 1011, 1827, 5013, Harrawnt(e): as(e)awte(s) (awte, 2315); ll. 2251, 5661, 7629, 8535, 9977, Harrawte: defawte; ll. 847, 1181, 4005, Rohawnt(e): defawte; l. 5869, costye: on lyfe; and, on the other hand, ll. 1929 and 1933, couenande: stande; l. 4173, servande: varande; l. 7477, couenande: hande; ll. 7563 and 11565, couenande: lande; l. 7847, hande: couenande; l. 819, on lyne: wyue (cf. note to l. 820), we can scarcely help concluding that the poet as well as the scribe were apt to pronounce final voice-consonants (for the final e is silent) as breath-consonants (cf. Sanskrit, M.H.G., and N.H.G. dialects). In ll. 4991-2, partes: Lumbarte must be read.

b. But there occur many really imperfect rhymes.

aa. Rhymes imperfect as to the consonants.

a. Labials: dentsals: gutturals, especially very often m: n.
Cf. blanne: came, ll. 3637 and 11949; came: man, ll. 215, 1799, 10483; man: came, l. 6257; them: men, l. 9; Barrardyne: pyl-ygne, l. 9529; brymne: berymne, l. 8277; cosyn: grymne, l. 4146; hym: kyne, l. 8089; slaunyn, l. 10379; therynne, l. 3006; pyl-ygne: Barrardyne, l. 9595; kyne, l. 9747; Martynne, ll. 1403, 9541; myn, 9719; slaunyn, ll. 10507, 10609; wyne, 10585; tyne: myne, l. 691; Segwynne, l. 2599; anon: whom, l. 9899; Argone: Rome, l. 1527; some: anon, ll. 2539, 9159, 10185; some, ll. 10453, 11279; done: dome, l. 11757; gone: home, l. 9145; Kyngdome, l. 8533; goon: nome, l. 901; grome: Gywynn, l. 7103; sone, 8415; home: everychome, ll. 3457, 6375; prysyn: rawsome, ll. 957, 1745, 5261; rawsome: prysyn, l. 7479; some: come, ll. 6557, 10895; ycome, 10439; some, l. 9981; overcome, l. 10389; sonnes: gromes, l. 2017.—Cf. besides t: k; smate: brake, l. 5083; stroke: smote, l. 10285; laste: aska, l. 9997. —d: g (only after n); londe: stronge,
Preface.

1. 8211; fynde: prayinge, l. 9675; tythyngne, l. 11889; Collebrande: stronge, l. 10229; bronde: stronge, l. 10325.—p: x; scapyd: makyd, l. 10903; echarpe: hawberke, l. 5053.—th: u or v; swythe: of lyne, l. 2239; wyfe, l. 4377. Cf. note to l. 1468. But the rhymes P: t, and PT: tt in our poem are certainly owing only to the scribe. Cf. notes to ll. 2534 and 10347.

β. A consonant wanting in one rhyme-word (cf. also the note to l. 5527).

αa. gh; cf. l. 3219, ryght: zyt; l. 9505, hyst: nyght; l. 10859, ynogh: too (cf. l. 8953, ynowe: also).

ββ. s; l. 11061, hore: goys (better goos; cf. α, δ). Cf. also the notes to ll. 6682, 8930 and 10031, and the foot-note to l. 8412.

γ. Miscellaneous irregularities.

αa. s: sych; l. 11, sothfastenes: angwasche; l. 2817, wyse: englyseche; l. 7727, fleuche: wyldernesse; l. 3959, ravyicht: beste. But there is a mistake in l. 11315, elysche: ys (cf. the note).

ββ. l: m, l. 8153, scheldus: swyrðus.

γγ. l: n, l. 8159, schoulde: sonder.

δδ. m: u, l. 10791, besemedde: belesedde.

bb. Rhymes imperfect as to the quality of the vowels (difference in their quantity does not seem to have been much objected to).

α. A: Z. The only certain instance occurs in l. 6543, haste: beste; for we might read leste in l. 1495 (laxe: beste); /este in l. 1969 (laxe: preste); /ast in l. 10639 or /este in l. 10640 (mest: haste); dale in l. 10868 (admerall: dell). Cf. besides notes to ll. 1363, 3332, 3351, 3988, 4037, 6737, 8391, 8916, 10581, and § 6 α, δ.

β. A: T; l. 8351, haste: Criste.

γ. A: U; l. 1923, part: hurte. Or does hurte stand for harte, heart, courage?

δ. A: AT (AY); l. 2357, man: Almayn; l. 2729, Synane: payne (but see the note); l. 2993, swordan: layne; l. 4995, Jurdan: Melam (?); l. 6529, passe: dowe; l. 6571, was: dayse; l. 8071, made: sayde. Cf. the note to l. 1126.

ε. A: OR; l. 6549, was: royse.
7. N : W, l. 889, heyre : dere; l. 10227, leyde : nede. But in l. 11049, ageyme : grene the author may have written agen. Cf. also the notes to II. 9031-2 and 10175.


L. O : OU (ow) monophthongal, l. 201, wounds : stonde; l. 217, adowne : soone; l. 1353, stonde : grounde; l. 3729, groundes : stonde; l. 3827, bronde : grounde; l. 8159, schoulder : sonder; l. 8337, towne : gone; l. 8343, Symonde : stownde; l. 8411, stone : Reynbourn (i.e. Reynbroune); l. 9713, fownde : londe; l. 10024, downe:
gone; l. 10259, gold: schoulda. But such rhymes as l. 2855, Rayndown: none; l. 3745, sweon: Gyoune; l. 8241, lemmen: Mahoune; l. 9927, everychone: relygion; l. 3649, valoure: jore; l. 5213, socoure: worre belong to α, λ and μ.

κ. o: ow diphthongal, l. 8953, ynowe: also (cf. l. 10860, ynoth: too).
λ. et: oy, l. 11223, yoys: they; cf. note to l. 2727.
μ. ou monophthongal: French u (l), l. 10075, thou: Jesus.
But cf. l. 987, vs: Jesus.
ν. ow monophthongal: ow diphthongal, l. 9555, knowe: prove.

My warmest thanks are due to all my Cambridge friends, especially to Mr Bradshaw, Mr Bensly, Prof. Mayor, and the Rev. S. S. Lewis, for the kindness shown to me while I was copying the MS.; to Mr Furnivall for his friendly advice and help, and to Mr Miller for reading part of the proofs with the MS.

J. Z.

Berlin, October, 1876.
Guy of Warwick.

[Cambridge University MS, Ff 2. 38.]

Syth the pe tyme, pat god was borne
And Crystendome was set and aworne,
Mane aventewres hathe befallen,
Thatt 3yt be not knownen alle;
Therfore schulde men mekely herke
And thinke godes allwaye to wyrke
And take ensawmpull be wyse men,
That haue before thys tyme ben:
Well sayre aventurs befallen them
(And sythen scheweyd to mony men),
For pat they leuyd1 in sothefastenes,
In grete trauell and in angwysche.
Of gode menys lynyss men schulde here
And of per gode dedys sythen lere:
He, that myght lerne and holde faste,
He schulde wexe wyse at the laste.
Hyt ys holdyn grete maystry
To holde wysdome and leue folye.

¶ Of an Erle y wyll yow telle
(Of a better may no man spele)
And of hys stewarde bright of hewe,
That was bothe gode and trewe,
And of hys sone, that good squyere,
Whyll he was hole and ferre,
And howe he louyd a may synge,
The Erlys doghtur, a swete thyngye.
¶ The Erle was of Ynglondes
And helde Warwyk in hyss honde:

1 MS. originally leuyd, is added over the line.

WARWICK.

[leaf 161 a, col. 1]

Many old
adventures,

4 unknown as yet,

3
are worth knowing.

12

16

20

24

28

I will tell of an Earl
and his Steward,
and bow the Steward’s son
loved
the Earl’s daughter.
The Earl
owned Warwick.
SIR ROHOLDE AND HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER.

Ryche he was and of grete myght,
Also curtes and a gentyll knyght.

He was ryche, wythowten otheys,
Of golde and syluyr and many clothys,
Of stronge castels and cyteys ryche:
In all that londe was none hym lyche,
Knyght nor swayne, in no wyse,
That dureste a gensthe hym ryse,

But pat he toke pom, as thys felon,
And caste them in hys pryson.
Well he louyd feyre stedys
And gane gyftys and grete medys;
Therfore all men hym dradde
And to hym grete louse hadde.

Èrle he was of grete poste
And lorde ouyr that cuntre:

Of Oxonford all the blys,
Every daye hyt was hys;
Of the Erledame of Bokyngham
Lorde he was and bare the name.

Syr Roholde, for sothe, he hyght:
He was a nobull man and a wyght.

A doghtur he had be hys cowntes,
Ther myght no man telle hur feyrenes.

Lysten to me: telle y wyll
Of hur bewte; for that ys skylle.
Whyte sache was, as felde flower;
Hur vysage was of feyre colorwe,
Longe, small and well farynge;
Feyre mowthe and nose syttyng,
Feyre forthede and feyre here.
Soche a mayde was neuer zere,
So feyre schapyn and wele dyght:
Ioye hyt was to see that syght.

Wyse sache was and curtes of mowthe,

and accomplished.

[Leaf 181a, col. 3]

1 MS. Bokyngham
All the vii arse sche cowthe.
Sche had maysture at hur honde,
The wyset men of that londe,
And tght hur astronome,
Arstemyck and gemserye.
That mayde was of grete pryse,
For sche was bothe warre and wyse.

† Dewkys, erlys of grete kynne
Of mony a londe come hur to wynne:
Of them all wolde sche none
For the godenes, that was hur on.
Wele feyre was that damycell
Hur name was Felys la Belle.¹

Of all maydenys sche bare þe² floure:
That tyme was none of³ hur honoure.
Ýf men soght all mankynde,
A feyre maye schall no man fynde.
Who so schulde the fayrenes telle,
All to longe schulle he dwelle.

† Now of þe stewartes spoke we then,
For he was comyn of ryche kynne.
A man he was of grete myght:
In hys tyme ther was no knyght,
Of armes, of strenkwyth of honde
That bare soche pryse in all þat londe.
In Wallyngford he was borne:
All that londe to hym was sworne.
He was a man of grete poste:
Ther was none bether on þat halfe þe see.

He cowde ynoch of nobull seryse,
Therfore he was of nobull pryce.
Ther was noon in all that londe,
That durste aynste hys lordes stonde,
But he batyd anon hys boote.

Wyth the strenkwyth of hys booste

¹ MS. felysbelle. ² MS. l² ³ of over the line.
And toke hym wyth folke ynowe,
Yf they into Scothonde flowe.
He helde all hys lordys londe
Wyth grete honowre vndur hys honde.
He made pees, as he wolde:

Yf a man were chargyd wyth golde,
He schulde fynde no robber hym to reeve,
That wolde take oght agete hys leese.

† Segwarde was the stewardys name,
A trewe man, wythowten fame:
A bettir stewarde had no man.
That ylke stewarde had a sone,
A feyrer may no man knowe
Nodur of hys nor of lowe.
Curtys he was and wyse of lore
And wel belouyd wyth lesse and more.

The Erle Roholde he servyd than:
He was desyrd of many a man.
The Erle louryd that squyere,
Before all odur he louryd hym dere.
Of hys cowpe he servyd hym on a day,
In pe knyghtys chaumber he laye.
Goode he was and bryst of hewe:
He wolde not hym chawnge for no newe.

Gye he hyght of Warwykk:
In all pe londe was now hym lyke.
Ther was nodur squyer nor knyt,
But pey hym louryd wyth all pe myst,
And he pem gafe gyftys wythall,
So pat he was louryd of all.

Thorow feyrenes and strenkyp allone
They honowred hym euerchone.
Feyre he was and bryght of face:
He schone as bryst, as ane glace.
Hys kynne was wondur yoftyll pry,
That he waxe so feyre a man.
Hende he was and mylde of mode:
All men speke of hym grete gode.
Wyth a swyrde he crowde well pleye
And pryck a stede in a weye.
Gye had to maystyr a knyght
(Syr Harrawde of Ardurne he hyȝt),
A nobull knyght and an hardye
Full well he taught aye Gye.

At Whitsontyde felle a dayes,
As y yow telle may,
The Erle made a grete feste
Of lordys of pat londe honeste:
Knyghtys, erlys and barons
Come thedur fro many townes;
Ladyes and maydenys free
Come þedur fro mony a cuntre.
Knyghtys sate in the halle,
Ladyes in the chaunbur alle.
When þey were to mete sett,
Gye came and þe Erle grett.
The Erle clepyd Gye anon
(A sylke gowne he had ypom) :
He badde hym go to chaunbur stylls
And serve his doghtur at hur wylle.
Wel he besemed that ylke clothes :
To chaunbur forthe anon he goyth.
Gye on his kneys sone hym sett
And that maydyȝ feyre he grett.
'Madame,' he seyde, 'goder the see.
Thy lordes the greyth well be me
And comawndyd, þy schulde, pur ma faye,
Before the serve thys same dayes.'
Felys akyd at that case,
Who that Gyes fadur was.
'My fadur,' he seyde, 'hyght Seuwardes,
That ys thy lordys stewartes.'
praised Seqwards and his race.
The mayde seyde: 'Seqwards ys gode,
And so be all, pat be of hys blode.'

At table
Than can pe maydyn vp stande
And askyd watur to hur hande.
The maydenys wysche wythowten lett
And to jper mete they bow sett.

Guy acquitted himself
Gye entendyd all that daye
To serue that lady to hur paye.

so well
Well hur servuyd yonge syr Gye:

that thirty maidens
There were maydenys thretty,
That for hys servuye in the halle

fell in love with him.
Therof roght Gye noght:

But he cared
An other loun was in hys thought.

only for Felice,
Gye ouyr all louydde Felyce,
The Erlys doghtur wyth pe feyre vyce.

whom he loved
A fyr pe mete (hyt waxyd nere eve)
above all things.

Towards evening,
Gye at pe mayde toke hys leue:
To hys inne jede Gye,

having taken
A carefull man and a sorye.
leave of her,

a sorry man.
Guy was
Nowe sorowede Gye nyght and daye,
That he ne wyste, what he do may.

love-sick.
He ys full of sorowe and care:
Full longe ne may he wele fare.
Ofte he began to syke and wepe.

He wakenyd ofte, when he schulde slepe:
On nyght, when odur men had reste,
Then was hys sorowe all prest.

When odur lye, jen wyll he stonde:
For sorowe jen wryngy jhe hys honde.
Loue hath geuyn hym soche a wounde,
That he may not wele stonde.

Ofte seyde Gye: 'allas, allas,'

He often wished
That he never had been born.

His illness lasted
Hys sorowe hym lastyd day and nyght
for a whole fortnight.
All that ylke fowrtyght.
Gye ys moche bemoonyd of all
In pe Eryls cowre and in pe Kyngys halle;
For he was wonte thare to serve
Before the Erle hys mete to carve.
All, pat peere were, bope moost and leeste
Of Gye they had a grete breste.

When pe feste was broght to ende
And lordynys can home wende,
Gye then to cowrte came,
A carefull and a sory man.

Before the mayde felle Gye adowne
And seyde: 'for py loue y muste dye soone.'
The mayde lokyd on Gye full grymme
And wele wrothely answeryd hym:
'Art thou not Seqwardes some Gye?'

Who made the so folshardy,
For to assaye me of loue?
Be Ieu, that syttyth aboue,
And y pys my fadur telle vnto,
For yps worde he wyll the aloo,
Soone that pou schalt be drawe,
On galowse hangyd, and pat ys lawe.
On grete folye pou the bethoght,
When pou me of loue besought.
Neuer dud man me that vlyenye
To assaye me of folye.

Wende hens owt of my syght,
Or pou schalt dye, my trwpe y plyt.'

When Gye these wordys harde,
To hys inne soone he farde.
Now begynnyth hys sorowe newe:
Ther louyd neuer man yst so trewe.
Nyght and day he ys in sorowe,
Late on euyn, jarly on morowe.
For loue now may he hane no rest:
Ofte he deseryd, hys hert schulde breste.
Felion's refusal makes Guy very ill.

Into a chaumbur he ys gone:
Ther wyste¹ no man, but he allone.
There he felle in swownynng downe:
The chaumbur was hys grete prisowne.

When pe Erle wyste of pe state of Gye,
For hym he was sorye:
He sende to hym lechys fele
Of hys sekenes hym to hele.
Out of pem all wyste per none,
What sekenes was hym vppon.
The leche was wyse and ware
And askyd hym of hys fare.

Guy misled them
as to his com-
plaint.

Not as the sothe was:
‘In my hed comyth a colde blode,
That makyb me to qwake, as y were woda.
Aftur comyth a stronge hete,
That makyth my body for to swote:
All y brene boone and hyde
Also hote, as any glede.
Thys ys my lyfe nyght and daye:
For payne reste y me maye.’

They were unable to
cure him.

To Isu they haue hym betagh.
Gye leuyd style there
In sorowe and care, as he was ere.

Hyt beffalle vppon a daye,
Gye to the castell toke pe way.
As he romeyd all abowte,

Looking on the
tower in which
Felio lived,

He lokyd on a towre wythowte:
Therynne was pe maydyn hende,
That Gye louyd wythowten mynde.
‘Therinne,’ he sayde, ‘ys pat maye,
For whom y moorne bopys nyzt and day.’
Wyth pat wordes hys body can bowe.

¹ Qu. was
Downe he faile þere in a sowwe.
He rent hys cloþe, he drewe hys here,
Ofte he felle in sowntynge there,
For loue he waxyd almooste wode:
For wo he swett and caste blode.
If of sowntynge he rose vp than:
For sorowe he waxe pale and wand
And sayde: 'ȝyt schall y oonyys prove
For to wynne þat maydenys loue.
Schæ may do me no more wo,
Then telle hur lorde and do me alow.
Then schall me falle grete honour to,
That y for hur to deþe was do.
Yf y thersore schall dye to dayes,
Y wyll hur of loue praye.'
Sore he wept and sore he syght:
To the castell he hym dyght.
If As he in the garden wonde,
Felyse, þat lady, there he fonde:
There schæ was almoost allone,
Ther was wyþ hur maydynes but oon.
When Gye Felyse there sye,
To hur he ranne all in hye.
He folle before hur downe on hys kne
And sayde: 'Felyse, haue merce on me.
I am to blame now wyþ skyll:
I am come heder agenste þy wylle.
I may not slepe nyght nor day:
So thy loue byndyth me sye.
On nyghtys, when odur men slepe,
Thou makyst me full sore to wepe.
When þy lorde wottyth every dell,
That y loue the so well,
Therfore he wyll do me alse:
That schall to me grete worschyp be,
Yf any man may synge or rede,
That y was for þe done to dede,
That men may say be many a day,
That y was slayne for soche a maye.' 316

¶ When Gye had these wordys seyde,
To the grounde he hym leyde.
Sche rewyd then on Gyse payne:
When sche sawe hym in swownyng layne,
Sche bad hur maydyn in þat stownde
Arere vp Gye fro the grounde.

The maydyn ȝede to Gye tho
And toke hym in hur armes two.
To Felyce than sche broght Gye.
Felyce seyde to hym: 'þou doyst folyo.
Who gaue the thyss ylke redde,
þat þou for my loue woldest be dedde?
Soone schalt þou to dath be doo.'
'God grawnt,' quod Gye, 'þat hyt be soo,
That men myȝt saye be ony way,
That y was slayne for soche a maye.' 328

Then seyde þe maye, þat toke vp Gye,
To Felyce, hur ladye:
'Yf my fadur were kyng or kynght,
Erle or emperowre of myght,
And he were man poieste
And y maydyn feyroste,
And he lousyd me so dorne,
Y myght not hym lone werne.' 332

¶ Felyce spake to Gye anone:
'For thy lone y wyll now done,
Ther ys no maydyn in þys londe
Nor no lady, y vndurstonde,
That þou wyll haue to thy wyse,
But þou schalt haue hur, wyþhowyn Gryse.'

But he did not
Gye answeryd Felyce there:
'Ye hyt no better, þen hyt was eere.
340

But her attendant
Erle or emperowre of myght,
And he were man poieste
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Ther ys no maydyn in þys londe
Nor no lady, y vndurstonde,
That þou wyll haue to thy wyse,
But þou schalt haue hur, wyþhowyn Gryse.'

But he did not
Gye answeryd Felyce there:
'Ye hyt no better, þen hyt was eere.
340
BUT SHE'LL LOVE HIM WHEN HE'S A PROVED KNIGHT.

For the y wyll my lyfe forgoom.'

("When Gye had seyde thyse reson,

The wythall he felle downe,

Felyce on Gye began to loke

And in hur armes hym vp toke.

've, sche seyde, 'be nowe stille.

Here me, yf hyt be yowre wylle.

Knyghtys and erlys y haue forsake,

That wolde me to wyfe take.

And y loued now a yong knynge,

How schulde y my worschyp say?

When phen art dubbe a knyght

And proued well in every fyght,

Then, for sothe, hyght y the,

That phen schalt haue phen loue of me.'

When thys harde Gyeowne,

For yoye in swonyng he felle adowne.

Felyce spake to hym wyth mowthe

And comefortyd hym, as sche well cowthe.

He rose vp fro swonyng

And toke leue at phen maydynamyng.

Owt of phen yarde he went aryght,

To hys inne he well some hym dyght.

There he was to phen secunde days,

That hys sekenes went awaye.

("When Gye had couyrde hys estate,

To phen erlys court he toke phen gate.

Wyll feyre Gye the Erle grett,

Before hym on hys kneys he hym sett.

'Syr,' he seyde, 'y prey tho,

That phen knyght dubbe me.

Yf phen wylt me phen ordur yeus,

I wyll the aernes, whyll pat y leue.'

The Erle grauntyd hym hys boone

And seyde: 'phen schalt be dubbe soone.'

352 Fallynge down again,

he was taken up by Felice.

356 She declared

360 she could not grant hym her love

364 before he was a probed knyght.

368 On this Gye fainted away with joy.

372 He went home,

[leaf 188 b, col. 1] after two days

he was quite restored to health.

376 Going to the Earl's court,

he begged the Earl
to dub him a

380 knight,

384 and the Earl promised he

would.
Guy chose twenty  
other young men.

\[\text{For the then yede hym Guy} \]

\[\text{And chase to hym squyers twenty.} \]

\[\text{Into a chaumbur pey be goo,} \]

\[\text{There pey schulde be dubbed ychone.} \]

\[Kyrtys} \text{ they had oon of sylke} \]

\[\text{Also whyte, as any mylke.} \]

\[\text{Of gode sylke and of purpul pall} \]

\[\text{Mantels above they caste all.} \]

\[\text{Hoys pey had vppon, but no schnce;} \]

\[\text{Barefote they were eveyrychone.} \]

\[\text{But garlandys pey had of precyous stones} \]

\[\text{And perlys ryche for the noones.} \]

\[\text{When pey were pus yclede,} \]

\[\text{To a chaumbur the Erle hym yede.} \]

\[\text{A squyer broght newe brondys:} \]

\[\text{They toke pe poynys in pe hondys.} \]

\[\text{They hangyd on everry swyrde hylte} \]

\[\text{A peyre of sporys newe gyte.} \]

\[\text{Before pe aswer pey knelyd ychone,} \]

\[\text{Vnto mydnyght were all goone.} \]

\[\text{The Erle come anon ryghtys} \]

\[\text{And wyth hym two odur knyghtys:} \]

\[\text{The Erle seyde: 'lordyngys dore,} \]

\[\text{At thys nede helpe vs here.'} \]

\[\text{The knyghtys, fat were hende,} \]

\[\text{Knelyd to the awters ende.} \]

\[\text{The Erle, that was the thrydde,} \]

\[\text{Began all in the mydde.} \]

\[\text{At the furste to Gye he come,} \]

\[\text{Of the swyrde pe spurrese he nome.} \]

\[\text{He set the spurrese on hys fote} \]

\[\text{And knelyd before hym, y wote,} \]

\[\text{And wyth the swyrde he hym gyte} \]

\[\text{Ryght abowte at hys herte} \]

\[\text{And smote hym on pe neck a lytull weytt} \]

\[\text{And bad hym become a good knyght.} \]
There were hys felowes everychon
Dubbed knyghtys be com and con.

The Earl at morn a feste made:
There were feele lordyngys glade.

When pe knyghtys had etyn
And at pe borde longe setyn,

Up they rose everychone:
To pe chambur be pey goone.

Guy hym went anuy ryght
To Felyce, that swele wyght.

He sayde: 'lemman, for thy sake
Knyghtys ordur haue y take:
For pe y am dubbd knyght.
Do nowe, as pou me hyght.'

'Gye,' scha sayde, 'what wylt pou done?
3yt haste pou not wonnes py schone.

Of a gode knyghtys mystere
Hyt ys the furst manere
Wyth some ordur gode knyght
Odur to juste or to fyght.

Goo and do thy cheualrye
And ben pou schalt lye me bye:
Then pou shalt haue pe loye of me
And at py wylle my body shall be.'

'Gye toke hys leue of pat maye
And to pe halle he toke pe waye.

The Earl he fonde in the halle
And on hys kneys he can downe falla.

'Syr, he sayde, 'gyf me leue
For to go myselfe to pruene.
I wyll fare to odur1 londe
Dedes of armes for to fonde.'

The Earl spake to Gye stylle:
'Gye,' he sayde, 'take all py wylle.'

Guy toke hys leue peere in pe halle

The other 20 were knighted too.
The ceremony was followed by a festival.

Guy presented himself to Felice.

But she told him

He must prove his valour

before she could be his.
And went owt fro þem all. 456

† He wente to hys ymne warde:
There was hys fadur Semyward.
Well some he set hym on hys kne
And seyde: 'fadur, lystow to mee,
For sothe, fadur, y yow telle,
Noo lengur wyll y here dwelle.
Fadur, yf thy wylle bee,
Y wylle wende ouyr the see:
I wylle preue, sauns fayle,
Of turnement and batayle.'

'Sone,' he seyde, 'þou art full þynges
For to preue of soche thynge.
Yt haste thou no myght
To turnement nor to fyght.
Lenge at home, pur charyte,
Leve soon, y prey the,
Tyll þou can more skylle.'

'Syr,' he seyde, 'that y do nylle.'
'Sone,' seyde he, 'sythe þou wylt soo,
Thou schalt not alone goo.
Of my tresure take thy fylle;
For hyt ys þyn all at þy wylle.'

He gane hym tresure gret plente
And betoke hym knyghtys three,
Harrawde, Toralde and Vryye,
And betoke þem hys sone Gye,
That they schulde hym kepe wylth þer myght;
For þey were bothe hardy and wyght.

† Gye toke hys fadurs beneson
And went forth of the towne.
They harde of a gode schyppye:
All iiiith theryn they lepe.
They drewe sayle, þe wynde was gode,
Thay yede into the salte fiode.
They sayled forthe wysewhaten are:
The syght of Ynglonde loste pey pore.

No pyng sawe pey pem abowte,
But salte watur and wawes stowte.

For the pey went be day lyght,
Tyll hyt drewe to the nyght.
Londe they sye at the laste:
Thedurwardes pey drewe faste.

They came to londe wyth grete hye
And ryden into Normandye.
To a cyte they come wyth lyght,
There they schulde be all nyght.
At a burges hows of the towne,
That was a man of grete renown.
As they at the soper sete
(Some dranke and some este),
Gye cowde speke of many a fynge
And asyd the gode man tythynges,
Yf he harde anythynges
Of turnament or of justynges.

"Tisys, for sothe, seyde pe gode man,
Of a turnament telle y cam.
Of Almayn the Emperowre
Hath a doghtur of gret valowre,
That hath a turnament let crye,
The moste, pet ever man sye,
Ther ys no knyght in pet cuntre,
That ys of grete degree,
That of armes anythynges cam,
But he schall be there than.
Ne schall be knytyt in all Spayne,
From hens to pe see of Bretayne,
That had lousyd any maye synges,
But he schall be at that justynges
For to do hys provys
And to schewe hys hardyne.
Thedur schall come knytsy of many londys
GUY RESOLVES TO GO TO THE TOURNAMENT.

Wyth grete pryde and spere in þer hondys. 528
Othyr thynge y schall the talle,
That y haue herde spelle.

The winner of the tournament was to have
He, that ys of grete valowre,
Wynne he may grete honowre.
That mayde, that y spoke of here,
Sche ys the Emperowres doghtere.
That turnement sche schall see :
Who may hur wynne, wele schall he be. 536

A white falcon,
A gerfawcon whyte, as mylke (In all þys worlde ys non swylk),
And thre feyre stedys grete and hys (Feyrer eye neyr man wyth eye :
All be as whyte, as any snowe :
Feyrer may no man knowe);
Two feyre greyhowndys, þat be lyght (Bettur had neuer kyng nor knyght)—
He, þat hath þe gre of turnement,
All thys þyng schall be hym sent

2 faire greyhoundes, and the Emperors daughter's love.
And þe loute of þat feyre wyght,
But he haue a lemmyn bryght.' 548

Guy determined
‘When he harde thys tythyngue,
He was gladd, wythowt leynge,
And seyde to hys companye :

‘Make we vs gladdes and yolye.
Wyth goddys grace, when hyt ys day,
We wyll wende on owre way.’

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and presented
his host with a palfrey for his news.
Next morning
Guy went
to be present at it,

He gafe hys oost a gode palfrey
For hys wordys, þat he dud say.
‘Gye rose in the mornynge
And went forthe, wythowt leynge,
And hys odur men ychone,
Knyghtys, squyres, oon and oon,
That were bolde men in fyght
to the place of the tournament.
[Tale 164 b, col. 2] Tyll þey were como to justynge

To defende them and wyght,
Amonge pe knyghtys in pat mornynge.

† Now ys Gye come to game,
There felle knyghtys be gedurtd same.

Owt of the lystys rode a knyght,

That was fyer, gent and wyght.

Gye sakyd oon, pat by hym stode,

What was pat knyzt, pat owt pes rode,
And he answeryd yr Gye than:

‘I schall the telle, as y can.

3ondyr ys Gayere, an harde swayn,
The emperowne some of Almayn,

That ys redy for to play,

Yf any knyght come hym to say.’

† When Gye eyse hyt was Gayere,

Armed he rode hym nere.

Owt of pe lyste he can some ryde
In the place to abide.

Be pat pe knyghtys came same.

Now begynneth a newe game:

Gayere smote Gye in the fulde

Wyth hys spere thorny pe-eskeheide,

That hys spere brake in two:

Gyes hawberk dud not-soo.

Gye smot Gayer wyth myght,

To be erthe he feele down ryght.

Gayere hore he lepe vpon

And let hys owne away goom.

Tho began Gaye to play:

He fallyd all, pat stode in hys way.

He dud well, wythowten fayle:

He toke knyghtys in pat batayle;

He brake so many sperys asonder,

That ech man of hym had wonder.

Was noon so strong a knyzt, pat he smote,

But pat he fell down to hys fote.

† The falle dewke Oton of Payuye

WARWICK.
To Gye had grete envye.
Wyth pryde he wolde juste wyth Gye:
The worse parte come hym bye.
Gye smote hym bower hys shoulder bone:
The dewke felle of hys hors anon.
¶ There come prykyng dewke Rayneres,
A bolde knyght wythowtene feere,
Pressyng on a stede faste:
Of Gye was he not agaste.
'Traytur,' he seyde, 'pou schalt abyse:
Why smote pou Oton of Payyse!
In euyll tyme pou dedyst hym wronge.
He ys my neme, y schall the honge.
Here y am, the dewke Rayneres:
I wyll my neeme awrake here.'
'I wyll,' seyde Gye, 'so mote y the,
Furste turne ageyn and juste wyth the.'
Gye turned hym and smote faste:
Bope per sperys all tobstrate.
Gye smot Rayner on the schelde,
That hyt flewe into the falde,
And smote hym downe of hys stede.
To hys hors sone he yede:
'Syr dewke, hanc here ageyn y stede.
When pou seyst tyme, qwyte me my mede.'
And sythen he qwyt hym full well;
For he was a knyght gentyll.
The dewke vp start all in hys
And ranne to Gye smertlye.
'Syr knyght, telle me beforne:
What ys pys name? where were pou bornes?'
'Gye of Warwyk, for sothe, y hyght:
In Ynglond was y borne aryght.'
¶ Tho came the dewke Louayne,
Wyth Gye he wolde juste fayne.

1 e in sperys effaced. 2 MS. Lloys.
GUY WINS THE PRIZE.

Wyth a scharpe growndyn¹ spare
He rode to Gye faste there.
Gye turned ageyn and of hym had wondur,
But some per sperys brake in sondur.
Faste pey drewe ther bryght brondys
And fght togodur wyth bope pey hondys.

Tho come prekyng Harrawt
And to dewke Myranda he made asawte.
Of hys hore he hym caste:
Hys strunkyp myght no longer laste;
And sythen he smot Waldynere:
To pe grownde he fallyd hym there.
He bare hym well, as knyght hardy:
So dud Torald and Vry.

Nowe ys pe turnament well stronge:
Wyth grete strokys euer amonge
Many sperys brake in twoo
And many to the erthe can goo.

No clarke can on boke rede
To telle pe doghtynes of pe dede,
But all the men wyth hartyes free
Hame genyn Gye the maystree.
Gye had the pryce and no nodur
That day and ylke the todur.

When hyt come to the prydde day,
That all knyghtys went away,
Then came the dewke Raynere,
An hardy knyght and a stero,²
And seyde: 'herkyn ech man to me
And, yt ye amys seye, amende me.
Gev me the stedys and the fawcon
And pe greyhowndys: wyth gret reson
He shall ym hame, pat ym wanne,
Of Warwykk Gye, pat doghty man.
He, that seyth, hyt ys any odur,
THE PRIZE IS BROUGHT TO GUY.

I wyll hyt preue, boghe we re were my brodur.
And all pe ey seyde wyth oon assente:
"We grunted wele to yowre yugement."

Thorow pe place pey dud crie
To yilde that present to syr Guy.
"Now ys departhyd that turnement,
And Guy ys to hyse yyne went.

He dud of hyse armowre:
He was full wary in pat stowre.

Than came a syquer prekynde
Hende and wyse and wele spekynde.
To Gyes chaumbur he ys gone
And gest hym wele fayre anone.
"God pe save," he seyde, "syr Guy,
Of all pe worlde pe moost worthy.
Thou hast pe pryce of pey tournameht:
Thys present ys to the sente
On pe maydenys halfe Blanchfowre,
Kyngys doghtur and emperowre,
And pe loun of pat maydyw zynge,
So pou hauo no nodur darlynge.'

"Gye awerde at pat tym:"  
"Hau pe goddyz thanks and myne.
I wyll hyt resseyue wyth wyll gode
And hur loun wyth wyll gladder¹ mode:
I wyll hur servy wyth all my myght
Euyr, as hur owne trewe knyght.
Felow, seyde Gye, 'herkyn to me:
Knyght wyll y dubbe the,'²

The, and thy serusawntys thre
Schall hauo rychy gyfts of me,
For ye wolde do thyse message:
Y schall qwyte yow wele yowre wage.'

Than pey seyde all togedur:
"Therfore came we not hedur;".

¹ gladde?  ² moe before the blotted out in MS.
GUY SENDS THE PRIZE TO EARL ROHOLDE.

But god the ylde, pat beste may.  
We wyll not dwelle, haue gode day  
We wyll tale Blanchesfloure  
Of thy gyfts and thyng honowre.'  
† The messengere home ys went  
And lefte there stylle pat presente.

Two servauntys Gye can calle  
And bad þem hye swythe the all  
And take þat presente so hende  
Into Ynglond for to wende.  
To þe erle Roholde they schall fare  
And delayyr to hym þat presente þare  
And sey, þat Gye hym þat hath sente.  
When þey harde hye comawndement,  
Wythowct more for the they rode,  
Tyll þey were passyd þe see brode.  
When þey came to Ynglond,  
At Warwyk þe erle þey fonde  
And gane hym þere þat presente  
And seyde, þat Gye hyt had hym sent,  
The gerfawcon and þe stedy thre  
And the greyhowndys feyre and free:  
As Gye þem wanne, þere þey tolde  
And how he was bope wyght and bolde  
And how Blanchesfloure, þat swete þyng,  
Let crye and make a grete justynge,  
That sche myght see in the felde,  
Who cowde beste welde sperre and schyld  
And whych was the feyrest knyght  
And in batell beste cowde fyght:  
He schulde haue thys presente  
And þe lune of þat maydyn gente.  
When þe erle harde þys tythyng,  
He was glasde, wythowct leseyng,¹  
That Gye was of so grete pryse

¹ The first o in leseyng is not quite clear.
And so ware a man and wys.
Hys sadur and hys modur for hys sake
Grete yoye du they make.

¶ Nowe wendyth Gye to justynge
For to wynne hym preysynge.
In Almayn and in Lymbardye,
Yn Frawnce and in Normandye—
Ther was no justynge in pat londe,
But Gye had the bettur honoure.
Nowe ys he come wyth grete honowre
To Rome to hys harbenyowre.

Harrawde advised him
Now spake Harawde, that knyght,
Gyes maystyr day and nyght:
'Now wyll we wende to owre contre.
We may wele, so mote y the.
Into Ynglond wyll we fare
And gete vs loue of kyng Edgare
And of all the baronage,
That be men of grete parage.'
'Syr,' he sayde, 'y grawnt wele,
That ye say, every dele.
We wyll to morowe, when hyt ys day,
Hye vs taste on owre way.'

¶ A gode schypp there pey fonde
And sayled ouer boye wawe and sonde.
Now be pey come to Ynglond:
The kyng porc soone they fonde.
The kyng of hym was full glades
And all pe men, that he hadde.

Sythen to Warwyk can pey goon:
The erle Roholde they fonde anon,
That of hym was full blythe
And thankyd god fele sythe.
Golde and sylyyr he wolde hym take,
A rych man he wolde hym make.
Hys sadur and modur for hys sake
FELICE REFUSES AS YET TO MARRY GUY. 23

Grete yoye can they make.

† Nowe ys Gye to Felyce wynt.

On whome all hys loue was lent.

He gret hur on hys manere

And seyde: 'god loke þe, my lemmyn dere.'

I haue for the turned my rodde:

Yf þou were not, y were but dedde.

Ordyr of knyght þou dud me take,

And passyd the see for thy sake.

Then þou seyde to me wele ryght,

When y were a doghty knyght

And went far into straunge loude

Dodes of armes for to fonde,

Then schulde y haue þo loue of the:

Therof well gladde wyll y bee.

Now am y come to wytt thy wylle,

What þou wylt seye lowde or stylle.'

† Felyce seyde full wysely:

'Haue therof no haste, sýr Gye.

3yt art þou not of soche poste,

But ther be bettur in thyscontre.

Thou art well stronge and wyght,

Bolde also in every fyght:

Yf y the graunt ouyr all thynge

My lune and to be thy derlygne,

Thou woldest be so yeelowse

And of me so amerowse,

That þou woldest not þy narmes take:

Then wolde þy luse moche alake.

That were a grete schame for the

To luse þy pryce for þe lune of me.

All my þoght y wyll the schowe,¹

For y wyll, that þou hyt knowe.

My love y wyll not the hyght,

Or thou be the boldyst knyght,

MS. schowe.

††
That may be fownd in any londe
Of doghtynes and strencykth of hondes,
Of every justyng and strange stoure
Of all the worldes to bare the flowers;
And, when pou haste borne ye so eyns,
That yer ye no bettur vnur hevyns,
All my lone thou schalt haue
And persfur no lenger crave:
All the whyle ye am on lyue,
Wyll y be thy weddyd wyue.'

¶ When Gye harde Felyce speke,
Hym pought, hys hert wolde breke.
'Now wot y wele, pou seydyst not ryght,
When pou me furste of love behyght.'
The beste schall y neyur bee,
That ys in all crystynyte.
I schall wende to far londe,
More of justyng wyll y fonde.
From the dethe y schall not flie:
If ye dye, hyt ys for thee.'
¶ All wepelyn he went awey
And toke hys leue at pat may.
He ys went to hys coostell,
There wyll he no lenger dwalle:
To the erle he toke hys way.
'Syr, he seyde, 'hawe gode day.'
I wyll wende on the stronde
Ferr into a nodur londe.
I wyll put me forse, as y can,
To be knowen a doghty man
And be preysed for my prowe,
And y wyster, what wey and howe.
And ye haue men of grete valoure,
Moche hyt ys for yowre honoure:
Ye schulde be holde the more dere

1 MS. council.
2 MS. mee.
GUY IS BENT ON LEAVING ENGLAND AGAIN.

In every londe botho ferre and nere.'

† Than he spake, the erle Rohawt:

'Syr Gye, hasto pou any desawte

Of golde, of syluyr or of ryche clothe;

Or any man halp made pe wrothe;

Syr Gye, leue pat fowle wylle

And leue at home here wyth me styyle.

Thou schalt haue, what pou wylt crave:

Hawkes, howndys, what pou wylt haue.

Wyth howndys we wyll chace dere

And wyth hawkes to the ryuere.

To dwelle at home ys my cowncelle:

That may the gretly awyde.

In tyme pen may pou passe pe see,

Aftarwarde, when bettur may bee.'

‘Syr,’ he sayde, ‘at thys tyde

For nothynge wyll y here abyde.

God yow 3ylde, haue gode day.’

He toke hys loue and went away.

† To hys fadar he went full sare.

‘Syr,’ he sayde, ‘y wyll fare

To the londe, there y was ere,

A whyle for to dwelle there

For to wynne me loueyng

Bothe of emperowre and of kynge.

He, dat may do gode dede,

He schulde hym force in yowthebede,

So pat he may, when he ys oolde,

For a doghthy man be tolde.

The whyle y am a yonge man,

I wyll travell, as y can,

That men may holde me doghthy in elde,

When y may not myselfe welde.

† ‘Swete sone, let be thy fare:

Thou makest me to haue sorowe and care.

or added over the line. MS. cowncell.
GUY'S EXPLOITS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Where these schulde yow passe the see?  
Hyt ys bettur at home to bee.'  

Then spake his modur dare:  
'Leaf soone, dwelle thou here.  
Do aftur thy fadurs rede:  
Hyt wyll the helpe from the dedds.  
All thys yere thou wyth vs bee  
And afturward you passe the see.  

Thou wottyst, we haue no nodur heyre,  
But thou, my swete sone dare.  
Yf yow were deed thare,  
Heyre schulde we haue no more.  
Who schulde yen aftur owre day  
Hauue owre londys, yf yow ne may?  
'Fadur,' he sayde, 'god the kepe,'  
And therwyth he can wepe;  
'And my modur dare alsoo:  
Hauue gode day, for y wyll goo.'  

'W Now ys Gye goon fro hys kynne,  
God hym sende agayne wyth wynne.  
To the see he ys goon,'  
A gode schype there he nome.  
He passyd the see in hye,  
Comen he ys to Normandy.  

Thorowe the londe viturly  
He dud grete cheualry.  

Forthe he went to Bretayne,  
There were justyngys in Spayne,  
That he went to turnaye,  
Whyll he was there, euer day.  
Now wyndyth he fro Spayne,  
Comen he ys to Almayne.  

Fro yenys he went to Lombardy,  
There was grete cheualrye.  

Thorow hys strenkyth yere he wanne  
Grete loueseyng of many a man.'
He was large of spendyng:
They honowred hym, as a kyng.
As he came fro a turnement,
That was besyde Bonement,
He was greynyd swythe the sore
Of a wounde, pat he had thore.
Then bethoghth hym the dewke Oton,
A grete traytur and a folow,
He lounyd syr Gye nothyng:
He sye hym woundyd at pat justynge.
When Oton the sothe harde,
That syr Gye not wele farde,
He clepyd to hym erle Lambart,
A herde knyght and of gode harte,
And wyth hym knyghtys fyftene,
All bolde men and keene.
To the pase he bad them ryde,
Theré syr Gye schulde wende besyde.
‘Lordychys,’ seyde the dewke Oton,
‘Herkyn all to my reson.
3e be my men to me plyght,
Ye be holdyn to do my ryght,
And to do my comawndement,
In what stede ye be sente.
Goyth belyue and venge mee
Of Gye and hys felowe three,
That ys senturd into my londe:
He wyll me brynge warre on honde.
He ys woundyd swythe the sore,
Loke, that he dedde wore.
Ye schall be sworne on bokeyys gode,
That ye schall wende to the wode
And kepe that passe ferre and nore,
That he passe not on no manere.
Ye schall brynge hys owne corse
And slop hys men all wyth force.

and liberality
he was much praised and
honoured.
At a tournament
near Benevento,
Guy was
wounded.
Duke Oton,
who hated him,
hearing this,
ordered Earl
Lambard
and other knights
to lie in ambrush
for him.

[leaf 187 a, col. 8]
Guy Suspecting Treachery.

And sees Guy himself. I shall hym caste in my pryson:
For hym shall go no rawsome.
Wyth paynes stronge he shall be dedde:
Ther shall be no nodur redda.'
¶ 'Syr,' they seyde, 'wyth gode wylle
Yowre comawndement we shall fulfylle.'
Then they armed them wele
Bothe in yrow and in steele.
To the pase they conne ryde
And hyt besett on every syde.
Gye ne wyste of that skatha,
That schulde come to hym so rathe.
¶ Now Gye came faste rydyng
On a mewle wele awmbelyng.
He had gret angwysche of hys wounde:
Alas, pat he was not hole and sownde.
To pase pse watur he went full rathe,
But furste he had gret skatha.
Then he harde horses neye,
Helmes he sawe bryght on hye.
'Harrawde,' he seyde, 'here ys treson.'
We be all dedde, be my crowne.'
Of the mewle he downe starte
And toke hys stede wyth gode herte.
All hys harnes he toke well ryght
And arrayed hym, as a doghty\(^1\) knyght,
And seyde to hys felows all:
'Fyght faste, or we downe falle.
Every man, that ys of myght,
Dyght hys body for to fyght.
And, yf y may, so mote y the,
He schall forypynk, pat comyth to me.'
¶ Then seyde Harrawde, pat gode knyght:
'Wende hens: ye may not fyght.
He schall forypynk, pat comyth to vs,
\(^{*}\) MS. a doghty a.
SEVERAL LOMBARDS KILLED.

I swere be sweete Ihesus;
For we schall kepe thy's passage,
Thogh we be take wyth Gret owtrage.
Bettur hyt yr, yet we dyed all,
Than ym amonge yr schulde mysfalla.'
Gye answeryd anow ryght,
As a bolde man and a wyght:
‘And all ye dyed, yf hyt so bee,
For all jys worlde wolde y not flee.’
Q Wyth that starte vp a Lumbarde:
I wott, he was a cowarde.
‘Gye,’ he sayde, ‘zylde the to me:
Be my hedde, hyt schall so bee.
I have sworne to dewke Oton
To brynge the to hys prysion,
Or thou the water passed wore.’
Gye hym hytt and smote sore
Thorowe the body wyth the spere,
That hys fete myght not hym bere.
Another he mett all in hye
And he hym smote, wytturly.
The hedde wythowe leetynge
Flewe of wyth that strykynge.
Q Forthe then came syr Haryawt,
To the thrillde he made asawte.
He smote hym porow wyth hys bronde:
The herte blode ranne on honde.
Then came prekyng syr Torald,
An hardy knyght and a bolde.
A Lumbarde there he mett,
That the wyh hym had besett,
Or he ouyr the watur went.
A grete stroke he had hym lente,
That the crowne wyth the heuydde,1
Upyn the sondre pere was leuydde.

1 MS. hedde.
For the then come sry Vrry:
Ther was fewe there so hardy.
Slayne he hath a doghty knyght,
For he wolde mayntene vnyght.

Nowe begynneth newe batayle:
Echon odur faste can assayle
Wyth grete strokys vpon scheldys,
That þe pocsys flewe in the feldys.
Of the helmes feyre and bryght
There was a rawfull sght,
Forthe came the erle Lambarde,
An hardy knyght and an harde.

Vrry the gode he hath alone
And let hym lye and forthe ys gone.
When Harrawde sawe þat ylke dede,
He ranne to Lambarde a gode speade.

He smote hym þorow wyth hys sperre:
Vrryes dethe he venged there.
Then came forthe Hewchon,
That was cosyn to dewke Oton.
He was an hardy knyght
And in evere place stronge and wyght,
Toralde now hath he slayne,
Therof was not Harrawde fayne.
He sawe Toralde falle to grounde:
He poghth to venge hym in a stownde.
Hym to venge he poghth wele hate:
Hewchon on þe crowne he smate.
To the gyrdull stede hyt wode,
That dud Harrawde moche gode.

Gayer
When syr Gayer sawe that dede,
That was an hardy knyght at nede,
Harrawde he mett and hym dud Smyte
Wyth a swerde, þat wolde wele byte,
Thorow þe body in a stownde,

1 MS. late.
HARRAWDE APPARENTLY LIFELESS.

That syr Harrawde felle to grownda.
When Gye sawe them dedde all,
From hys stede he had nere falle.
For sorowe he waxe nere wode:
He was so wrothe in hys mode.
Gye smote oon of Lumbardye,
He rose no more, wytturiye:
He clase hys body in towro:
The tow syde from pe todur can goo.

7 Gye ys now euyl behalle:
Lorne he hath hys felows all.
He can syke and sore grone:
He wyste not, to whom to make hys moone.
All were slayne of þem, but two,
And they abowte syr Gye can goo.
Gye smote oon of tho
Hys rygge bone euyn in towro.
Tho start forthe Segwarde,
A full felle Lumbarde.
‘Gye,’ he seyde, ‘zylde the;
For hyt so full wele may be.
I see, pou mayst no lenger stonde
For to fyght wyth thyn honde.
I see now thy gode schelde:
The pocys lye in the falde,
Thy helme on that odur syde.
Blody be þy wowndys wyde.
I may see well be thy chere,
Fyght mayste thou no lengere.
I shalle þe brynge to dewke Oton:
He shall þe caste in hys pryson.’
‘Nay,’ seyde Gye, ‘so mote y thryue,
Neeuer, whyll y am on lyue.
Ne shalle y wyth the dewke carpe,
The whylle y haue sper so scharpe
And whyll y haue so moche force
In my hondys and my corse.
The whyle y may defende me,
Schall y neuyr 3ylde me to the.'

" Segwardes smote then Gye,
As knyght bolde and hardye.
On the helme he smote syr Gye:"

"In fourre pocsy hyt went, wytturly.
Wyth the grace of heuyn kyng
Hymselfe had no hurtynge.
When Gye hym falyd smetaw sore,
To 3ylde hyt hym he was yore.
He start to hym wyth gret force
And hyt hym egurly on the corse.

"The schoulder fro the body well
He smote of every dull.
Segwardes fledde faste awyey
From syr Gye wyth gret drewey.
Gye hym soone turned ageyne
To hys felowe, yet were slayne.
Segwardes prekyth to Payuye
All wounydyd and bolyy.

"As the dewke came from huntyngge
And othur men oolde and synge,
He sees a knyght rydynghe:
Hys ryght arme was mysfarynge.
The dewke stode styyle and hym bejoyght
To here, what tydyngys he had broght:
' Hyt semeth well a wounydyd man.'
Segwardes hym hyed faste than.
'Sey,' quod the dewke, 'art pou wraeth?'
Who hath done the that skathe?"

"Where ys Gye? ys he tane?"
And hys men, be they slane?

" Segwardes seyde: 'y wyll the say
Also moche of Gye, as y may."

1 MS. slayne.
At the ryver we hym mett  
And we hym all abowte sett.  
We slewe all of hys men,  
But hymselfe skapyd them.  
My felows be alayme to grownde  
And y myselfe bere dedly wounde.'  
'Where ys he, syr Hewchowt?'  
'Dedde,' seyde Segward, 'be my crowne.'  
'And the erle Lambarde the goode?'  
'I lefte hym sprawlyng in hym blode.'  
When pe dewke harde hym so sey,  
'Allas,' he seyde, 'and wele away  
For my men, that be spylte:  
All hyt ys my nowne spylte.'  

'Now ys Gye comen there,  
As hys men alayne were.  
'Allas,' seyde Gye, 'pat y was borre,  
My gode men pat þus be lorne.'  
In the stedd, þere Gye stode,  
He sawe the bodyes1 lye in blode.  
When he sawe þe bodyes colde  
Of pe knyghtys, þat were so bolde,  
'Allas,' he seyde, 'and wele away,  
That ener y wakenyd on þys day.  
Jes Criste, what ys my rede?  
For my louse þese men be dedde.  
Sory wordys were me lente.  
To serve Felyce, when y was sente.  
Felyce,' he seyde, 'for thy sake  
To vs ys comen moche wrake,  
And all for the lorn of the  
Dedde be-here knyghtys thre.  
They were þo beste in evry londe,  
That myght boste2 spore on honde.

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1 Something blotted out before bodyes in MS.
2 s blotted out before here in MS.

WARWICK.
GUY'S LAMENT.

Me jynkyth, he sayde, 'y am a sole,
When y to a woman make socia deie.
I am not ye furste nodur be laste,
That porowe a woman downe ye caste;
Nothur be two, nothur be three,
All wyse men be ware be me.
Here hane y loste Harrowde, a nobull knynt,
That was bold of the day and nyght.
Who schall me helpe, when y hane dere?
Thou were redy in all my mede.
I may not on no manere
Parte fro the, thou art my farre.

Y wolde, y were dedde and leyde on beer;
Alas,' he sayde, 'pat hyt an were!
Hangyd be the Lumberdees,
That be so fowl cowardes,
That y ne were wyth the alone!
Why hau ye left me aloni?
"A,' he sayde, 'erle Rohawte,
Of thy counsell y haue defawte,
Had y restyd a whyle wyth the
And aftur that passyd the see,
Soche sorowe vndur a wode syde
For nopyng schulde hau me betyde.

He, pat wyll not hyt sadur heres
Nodur ye counsell of hyt modur dere,
Hyt schall hyt nothyng seawyle;
I hau hyt preuyd, wythowten layle,
For ye sorowe and for the care
Of my felowes, pat now dedde ane,
And for my woundes, pat ye se wynde,
Well depe on every syde.'

Guy fainted awaie
for woe.

To ye erthe he falle downe
And amete in a grete swowne.
When he rose of swowne,
He began hyt bondys to wryne.
Of hys felowe, swat were dedde,
Then cowde he mo nodur reede,
But toke hys hors some smoow
And to an hermytage he can goon.
'Ermyte,' he sayde, 'come wyth me
(Thys horse of pryce y gene the)
And take vp bodyes twayne,
That in pe wode lye slayne,
And bery hem wyth mode honowre;
For pey were of gret walowre.'
'Syr,' he sayde, 'y come ryght nowe.
Go before, y wyll sawe yow.'
Gye hath hym pe bodyes tane
Of Toralde and of Vrry tham.
Sythen he ys lopes on hys stede:
He wyth hym Harrawde ded lede.
W Gye wendyn now from pe st place,
There he had a febull grace.
The body of Harrawde wyth hym he bare
And lefte the odor corsys there.
He went to an abbey,
That was a lytull besyde pe wey.
The abbot sone he fonde there
And spakes to hym on hys manere:
'God, swat dyed on a tree,
Syr,' he sayde, 'sate the.
I the bydde pur charyte
In the name of the trynyte,
That pou take thys body here
And bery hyt on all manere.
He was to day a doghte knyght
And ryght now was slayne in fght.
God wyll sylyde the thy mede
And y schall, when y may speada.'
'Syr,' he sayde, 'wyth full gode chere
Schall y bery thys body here.
Syr,' he sayde, 'what ys By name?
Telle pwe me and, fro whens pwe came.'
'I am a knyght of straunge lande.'
To day, as y come rydamle,
There theuys come yrxtene,
Bolde men and also kene.
Lefte y am myselfe allone:
All my felows hane pey alone.
I myselfe hane woundys wyde,
Well depe in the ryght syde.'
Gye turned fro the abbey
And hyed faste on hys way.
To an ermyte\(^2\) he can wende,
That perebefore had be hys frende.
There he had helyd hys wounde
Well sone in a lyttull stounde.
The dewe Otow was full woo,
That syr Gye was passyd soo.
\(^*\) The abbot had grete pyte
Of pat knyght feyre and free.
He let bere hym yn sone:
In a chaumbur was he done.
Whyll he in the chaumbur laye,
Ther come oon of that abbaye,
A man, pat was gode and trewe:
Of all woundys, for sope, he knewe.
There he knelyd, wyttruly,
And lokyd hys woundys and see \(\_\)em bye,
That he had no dedly wounde.
He sayde: 'y schall in a lyttull stounde
Make thys knyght hole and fare.'
Therto he dud hys powere
And, as he sayde, so dud he,
As ye schall here aftur of me.
\(^{\dagger}\) Now ys Gye hole of hys sake
\(^{1}\) MS. to me, \(^{2}\) MS. ermytage.
And aftur broght owt of hys care.
The ermyte he yauz gode day
And to Pole he toke the way. 1272 passed into Apulias, whose king wel-
There he went to the kyng, comed him heartily.
That had grote yoye of hys comyng.
Sylyur and golde he had hym sente: 1276
Thereof had Gye no talente.
So had Gye taryed thore,
That all hym lounyd, pat pere wore,
And of every justynge
Wyth hym ys left the prysynge. 1280 From thence he went into Saxony,
† Leue of pe kyng Gye toke anow
And to Sesoyne † ys he gone
To the nobull dewke Raynere,
† † And he welcomyd hym wyth gode chere. 1284 and was well
So longe he hath hawntyd borys,
That of armes he bare the pryse.
He hym bethoght on a daye,
That he wolde wende away: 1288
To hys contre wolde he fare.
He wolde not longe dwolle thare.
† Now ys he went fro ‡ Sesoyne, 1292 Afterwards he visited Mylon, duke of Bur-
Comen he ys to Burgoyne
To dewke Mylon, that was † pyn: duke of Burg-
Of Gye he was a joyfull man.
All hys castels and all the lande
He dud take Gye in hys hannde. 1296
Thorow the londe he wan pe prys
Of justynge and of borys,
Now ys Gye louned well
Thorow all pe londe every dale. 1300 There he was
Wass per nodur lordé nor knyght
Nor squyer, that had any myght: 1304 for his liberality.
He gane per armes to be knyght
Thorow per strenkyp and per myght.

† † MS. Sesoyne.  ‡ MS. to.  ‡ † MS. Sesoyne.
So well he had there hym apocde,  
That ladees wolde be to hym wedde;  
But none of all wedde he have  
For noght, but ey myght crese.  
For all pe sorowe, was hym beseale,  
3yt louyd he Felyce moste of alle.  
What for gyftys, what for larges,  
What for bewte, what for prove,  
Ther was no knygth beyonde pe see,  
That was so moche preyse, as hee.  

On huntyng Gye went on a day,  
He met a palmer be the way.  
He clepyd to hym the palmerce  
And speke to hym on hys manere:  
"Gods man," sayde Gye, "telle pou me,  
Fro whens pou came and fre what cautre."  

Fro Lumbardy comyn y ane.  
There haue y tholed moche schame:  
There loste y my lorde dere,  
That was a knyght of gret powere.  

Desseyuyd vs thorow trechery.  
God, that dyed on a tre,  
Let hym neuer forgyuen bee.  
On pys manere wylle y wende  
Allwey to my lyeues ende.  
I wylle bydde for hym wolde faste,  
All pe whyle my lyfe may laste."  

"If 'Who was thy lorde,' sayde Gye,  
That pou lounyst so trewlye?"  

'Gye he hyght of Warwyke:  
In all pys worlde ys none hym lyke.'  
Gye began to syke sore.  
When pe palmer had seyde thore,  
"Gods man," he seyde, "what ys hy name?  
So god pe schylde fro synne and schame."
"Harrawde," he sayde, "mett clepe me
Of Ardurne in that citty."  
He himself was Harrawde
of Ardurne.

When Gye harde that, also smerte
Downe of hys stede sore he stertes.
He toke hym in hys armes twoo,
Owt of the stedde wolde he not goo.
He kysyd hym an hundarde sythe:
[leaf 180 b, col. 1]
Neur before was he so hlythe,
Wyth hys eyen he wepyd sore
For yoye, that he stode thore,
And sayde, "syr Harrowde, pou seye me, why
That pou knowyst not syr Gye."  
He asked why Harravde
did not know him, Guy.
Then he myght no lenger stonde,
But in sworne he felle to grownde.
Ther was yoye wythout swer care:
[leaf 180 b, col. 2]
Ayther askyd other of hys fare.
There was now joy without care.

Nowe be they bothe two sett:
They have grete yoye, pat fay be mett.
Than Gye al hath to hym seyde,
How he hym on hys hore leyde;
[leaf 180 b, col. 3]
Vnto an abbey how he hym bare,
For pat he schulde be betyed thare.
For nothyng wolde he late,
But ylke tolde odur of jer state.
Now begynneth Harrowde to spelle
And of hys sorowe he can hym telle,
How he was balyd of hys wownde
And made bothe hole and sownde
[leaf 180 b, col. 4]
Be a monke of that abbey,
As ye haue herde me before say,
And how he went to many a londe
Gye to seke, ye he myght be2 fonde.
Now be they horsyd bothe thare
And to the cyte dud they fare.

1 MS. lett.  9 be omitted in MS.
Gye dud hym bathe full well
And clothyd hym newe every dale
Wyth rychs robyys of grete pryss
Furryd wele wyth veirs and grys.
When he was so well cladde,
To dewke Myllon he hym laddde
And he hym tölde eury delle,
How ther wo was turned to wele.

Guy took
Harrawe to Duke Myllon.

A t pe dewke pëy toke looke:
pe was noëyng, myȝt hym more greue.
pëy poght to wende ouer pëy sonde,
Tyll pëy came to Ynglonde.
The dewke wolde hau had pëm stylle,
But pët was not at ther wylle,
That pëy schulde dwelle pere longe.
They wente pere forthe wyth songe:
Ryght to Flawndura be pëy goon.
Ther inne there was takyn anone:
To the see they wolde wyth ryght
On pë morne, when day was lyght.

But in Flandra, before goe to see,
Gye to a wyndowe yode
To loke, how the wynde stode.
In the way he eye come there
A pylgryme sekeyng hys sopere.
Gye askyd on feyre manere:
‘Pylgryme, wylt þou be herberde here?
Nȝght hyt ys, þou mayste not wende.
Goode hyt ys, þat thou here lende.’
Than spake the pylgryme:
‘God the ȝylde and seynt Martyne.’
‘Than askyd Gye full yare,
In what cuntre he had fare
And yf he herde in any londe,
Where ony warre were on honde.
‘Syr,’ he sayde, ‘y schall yow telle
Of a warre strenghe and felle.’
Guye seyde: 'seye me belyue.'
'Syr,' he seyde, 'so muste y thryue,
The ryche empereoure Raynere,
That all Almayne hap in hys powere,
Hath besegyd dewke Segwyns,
And dothe hym there moche pyne
(Hys men be alone and hys towres brenn
And hys castels be brokyn and schente:
Therfore ye he nothynges fayne)
For hys cozyn, pat he hath slayn
Hym defendawnt, sawns fayle,
For he dud hym furste assayle,
Before at a turnement,
That was made for entysement.

There was ye nobull dewke Segwyns,
To whom longyd all Lowyne,¹
And of Lorayne² dewke Loyere:
He was a bolde man and a fere.
Knyghtys came of the londe
Dedes of armes for to fode.
The dewke Segwyn dud owt wende,
When ye game was broght to ende:
There hath he slayn a gode knyght,
That was a bolde man and a wyght.

Than came Saddok prykande
The dewke Segwyns saylande:
Of hym Saddok had grete envye
For hys grett cheualrye.
He was ye emprowers cozyn,
Hys systurs sone, a bolde hyne.
Of justynge he was werye,
Hys hawberke hap he caste bye:
In playne armes was he gone:
For sothe, he was a prowde mane.

¹ MS. Lowyne.
² MS. Burgayns.
³ originally mons in MS.
Eugwin has slain the emperor's nephew.

'Syr dewke,' he seyde, 'tume the
And oon tyme juste wyth me.
Thou art a bolde knyght and a kene:
For sothe, nowe hyt schall be sene.'

'Saddok,' he seyde, 'let be thy stryfe.
I wolde not do pat for my lyfe.
I loun the firste in my herte: 1
To juste wyth the hyt wolde me smerte.
Thou art my lordys cosyn:
To do pe harme pe shame were myn,
When y the vnarmedde see.
Soche a coward wyll y not bee.'

† Then seyde Saddok: 'you art a coward
And a man of feyne harte.
So god me helpe in trynyte,'

But you ones juste wyth me,
I schall the hurt thys ylke day
And wrath pe, yt that y may,
And kepe pe, well wytterly,
As for my dedly enyme.'

† He ranne to hym wyth grete yre
And the dewke turnyd hym pere.
Feste pey smote pen togedur,
That per speryys can toschydez.
Saddok smote hym furste theare
Owt of pe schelde a quartera.
He smote hym porow pe arme also,
That the spere braste in twoo.

Than beganne the dewke to smyte,
For he thoght grete dyspyte.
Thorow pe body pe spere glode:
Of that dynye pe dyde he hadde.
He toke pe body, pere hyt laye,
And bare hyt to an abbay
And beryed hyt sone anon

1.†† MS. in my dure herte.
Feyre in a marbull stone.

\( The \) dewke ys went and odur thre

To Argone, hys cyte.

The walles \( e \)re he ded \( m \)ande:

He joght hyn \( e \)re to defende.

All \( je \) castels of that castrate

Full sekyr sone then made he.

Sythen messengerys he sente,

That all \( jat \) londe porowe wents.

Swythe sende he hys sonda

To all men of hys londe

And badde, \( je \)y schulde be hym more

Hym to helpes in hym mysteres;

For stronge men, harde he say,

Thorow hys londe \( wold \)e \( hse \) \( je \) way.

He thoght, whyll hys lyfe \( wold \)e lase,

To defende the cyte \( wy \)th \( je \) basse.

\( je \) When the e\( m \)pero\( w \)re \( h \)arde telle

\( jat \) \( p \)ase, how hyt felle,

That Saddok was so slayne,

Therof was he nothyng sayse.

He sende hys sonda thorow A\( m \)mayze

Knyghtys and dewlye into S\( p \)ayse,

E\( r \)lys, barona, lorde and swayne,

That \( je \)y schulde come \( wy \)th all \( jat \) mayze

To their lorde, the e\( m \)perowre,

To whom \( je \)y owe gret hemowre.

\( je \) When \( je \)y were gedur \( t \)ogedur,

That they were comen the\( d \)er;

\( \text{"God\r\rmen," sayde the e\( m \)pero\( w \)re,} \n
\( \text{"Ye harde spak of the to\( m \)ytowre,} \n
Howe the dewke of Lowyre

S\( l \)we Saddok, my cosyn,\n
Therefore \( y \) bydd \( y \)ow all in forse,

That \( ye \) me helpe \( wy \)th \( y \)owre power.\n
\(^1\) a blotted out before \( wy \)th in MS.
Guy purposes to help Ieowin

Agyne the dewke for to fyght:
He hath done agyne the ryght.'
'Syr,' they sayde wyth oon assent,
'We schall do thy comawndement.'
'We schall neuer thens goo,
Or we haue done hym moche wo.'

Now wendyth the grete ooste
Wyth grete pryde and mekyll boste.
There they wente, brode and wyde
They destroyed on every syde.
There ys lefte but oon cyte
Far and nere in that contre;
That ys the cyte of Argone,
That ys formed aftur Rome.
Hyt ys closed wyth lyme and stone:
In all yer worlde ys bettur none.'

When pe pylgryme had all seyde,
Mete and drynke to hym was leyde.
Gye herkenyd every dele
And vndurstode hyt full wele.
Then boght Gye, there he stode,
To helpe pe dewke pe hit were goda.
He seyde: 'Harrawde, what redyst jou?'

If me counsell, for thy prowse.
Wyll we helpe the dewke hende,
Or we wyll to Inglande wende?
What ys thy wyllse? sayse nowe;
For thy counsell wele y trowe.'

Syr Harrawde spake than:
'Syr,' he seyde, 'y am thy man.
I schall pe yene gode cownsayle,
That schall the full wele avayle.
I rede the, harnes the ryght wele
Bothe in yron and in steele
And wyth pe v hundurd men on ende:
To the dewke wyll we wende.
GUY ARRIVES AT ARGONNE WITH 500 KNIGHTS.

We schall hym help wyth gode chere:
Of socowre he hath grete mysterre.
Ye may so do in that stowre,
That sayr ye may gote honowre.'
'Gramercy, syr,' seyde Gye;
'I the thanke, wyturlye.'
Now y knowe, jou louyste me,
When y soche cowncell hane of the.


To pe cyte wyll we hye  
Wyth moche haste and cheualrye.'

† Fyve hundrands knyghtys yare,
That were redy wyth hym to fare,
Of al Frawnce pey were the beste,
Armed well on hors' preste.
To Argone they be comen,
Into the cyte pe way pey nomen.
They toke ther ynnes in the cyte:
Gladde may the dewke be.

† On the morne Gye rose
And to churche soone he gose:
Masse and matens per he harde
And sythen to hys ynnes farde.
He saue men renne same:
He poight be þem, hyt was no game.
Scheldys and sperys he saue þem bere,
Ryght as hyt were to the were.
Gye sone clepyd a man:
'What men,' he seyde, 'be zone!'
Telle me, pur charyte,
Why ys thys haste in thys cyte?'

'Jyr,' he seyde, 'be thys day,
Y schall the the sothe say.
Thys ys the steward to the emperoure,
That ys a man of grete valoure:
He ys holden of grete pryce

† o in hors not quite clear in MS.
GUY FIGHTS WITH THE EMPEROR'S STEWARD.

And of batell bothe war and wyse;
And other knyght ys wysh hym grete plente:
But ther ys none so gode in ys contra.
Yf any knyght so hardy bee,
That ys in all thys grete cyte,
That wyth hym ones dar fyght,
For ys pen come odur anon ryght:
Be he neuyr so bolde nor so stowte.
Cometh he neuer owt of pat rowte:
Other he schall be slayne wyth wronge
Or ellys taken to prysom stronge.'

Gye askyd hys armowre than
And armyd hym, as a doghty man.

All hys knyghtys dud also:
Forthe in fere can they goo.
As he went from the cyte,
The steward myght he all see.
Gye thedurwards dud ryde,
There the steward dud abyde.

When the steward sawe Gye,
Stowtly he can hym hya.
He began to make deray
And to hys felowys dud he say:
"Yondur cometh shedur a knyght,
That ys redy for to fyght.
He hath an hors of grete pryce:
He schall not longe, y trowe, be hya.
God deuyr me neuyr of synne,
But y that horse soone wynne.'

He prekyd to juste wyth Gye,
As a bolde man and an hardye.

Bothe they strekyn faste:
They mett togedur at the laste.
Now they smeten faste on schelde:
The pecys flywe in the feld.
Gye hath hym a stroke reght
Wyth his fawcon at a draght:
To the erthe he falle downe
Euyll at ese, be my crowne.
Then dud Gye, as felle to ware:
In batell he toke hym theare.
He drewe his swordes of stele:\nOn his hedde he hyt hym wele.
He hym toke, as in batayle:
That was honowre, wythowten saule.

When the Almayne seye pat dede,
That were hardy men at nede,
How ther lorde takyn was,
They came to hym in that case.
Or they were fro pe felde ladde,
Many of them pe dethe had.
Now came Gye ageyn wyth game
And all his felows hym wyth same.
He smyttith pe Almayne sare:
For nothyng wolde he spare.

All the men of that cyte
That batell myght beholde and see.
They went and armed them stykke
Bothe in yron and in stele.
Owt of the cyte can they wende
Gye to helpe, as men bende.
There men myght see strokys vnryde\nAnd knyghtys jyste on euer syde:
Bothe wyth swyryde and wyth spere
Echoow odur sore dud dare.
There men myght see knyghtys crye
And falle downe fro pe horays on hye,
That were woundyd swyte the sore.
Ther dyed many men there.
There was dedde in a throwe
Fyve hundurde on a rowe.

1624
1628 and made him a prisoner.
1632
1636 Many of the Germans were killed.
1640 The inhabitants of the town
1644 came to Guy’s assistance.
1648 An obstinate battle ceased.
1652
1656

MS. of his stele.  MS. strokys ryde.
Duke Beawin is glad of the victory.

By the valour of Guy and Harrawde.

Faste poyned hym syr Gye:
So dud Harrawde, wyterlye.
The Almayns were ouyrcome,
Some slyne and some nome.
Wele had Gye spedd that day:
So may all that eyte say.

The Almayns be scowrmfett
Wythowte any more lett.

† Now ys Gye turned ageyne:
Of hys dedo he was fayne.
He and hys felows redde,
Ryche prysoners wyth þem ledda.
To hys ynne ys he gone,
He and hys felows euerly oon.
Bolde þey were, sawns fayle;
For þey had wonne the batayle.
Gye restyd hym a thrawe:
All hys armvr he dud of drawe.

† When þe dewke herde tythyng,
He was then a yolye thynge.
When he wyste, þat Gye was come,
The men slayne and þe steward nome,
He lepe on a palfraye,
To Gyes chaumbur he toke þe way.
He gret hym on feyre manere,
For hys comyng he made gode chere.

‘Welcome,’ he seyde, ‘syr Gye,
And þy felows, sekyrlye.
Now y wene to vengyd be
On myn emmyes, þat hate me.
They ware on me day and nyght:
That ys all wythowte ryght.

Syr Gye, y geue þe all myn honowre
Of my castell and my towre
And also of all my londe,
My men to serue the to þy honde.
From now forwarde, y bydde the,
That pou bothe lorde and syre bee.
All shall be as I by comawndemente,
Into what stedde that they be sente.
I wyll do aftur yowre avyse
And venge me on myn enmyes.'
'Thou art a curtes man,' quod Gye;
'Syr dewke,' he seyde, 'gramercy.
Y schall yow helpe wyth all my myght
Wyth gode cowncel to venge the ryght.'

† He hath yeuyn hym hys powere
Of all, that he hath far and nere,
He hath geuyn Gye into hys honde
And made hym lorde ouyr hys londe.
He wenyth be hys cownceyle1
To acorde wyth þe emperouwre, sawns fayle.
There they spake togedur stylle,
How þey myght gete ther wylls.
† Gye sendyth now a messengere,
That was queynt on hys manere:
He sent into many a dyuers londe,
There he had bee before honde:
Knyghtys v hundurd, y vndurstonde,
There come to hym fro many a londe.
Wolde he nodur stynte nor blyonne,
Or he pat londe wyth force mysþ2 wynne.
Thorow Gye and hys cownceyle3
All he venged, wythowte fayle.
† When þe emperouwre all had harde
How Gye wyth þe dewke farde,
Hys steward to hys pryson tane,4
And how he had hys men alane,5
He had grete sorowe and care

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1 MS. cownceil.
2 w blotted out before mysþ in MS.
3 MS. cownceil.
4 Lines 1723 and 1724 must exchange places, I suppose.
5 MS. slayne.

WARWICK.
THE BIDGE OF ARGONE IS TO BE RENUEWED.

For his men, that dedde ware.
'Lordyngys, what ys youre redde
Of owre knyghtys, that be dedde?
I schall be neuyr glad nor blythe,
Or y be vengyd on hym swythe.'
1728

'Of Sesoyne' the dewke Raynere
And the constable Waldynere
And y schall come to yow in hys
And brynge grete cheualrye.
1740
To the cyte wyll we fare.
Yf Gye and pe dewke be thare,
But yf y take the traytowre
And brynge hym vnto yowre towre
And put hym in yowre depe pryson
(For hym þer schall goo no rawnsome),
Broke y neuyr ellys my lyfe
Nodur my chyldyr nor my wyfe.'
1748

Than hym spake the emperowre:
'Thou art a man of grete valowre.
Thou haste me gene cownceyle,
I wene, hyt schall me avylye.
Syr,' he seyde, 'make the jare
To the constable to fare
And to the dewke of Payyue
Wyth hys grete cheualrye:
To Argone ye schall in hye
And take the dewke and Gye.
Yf ye may do that ylke dede,
I schall the helpe at all nede.'
1760

1 MS. Sesoyne.
2 MS. cownceyll.
‘Syr,’ he seyde, ‘wyth gode entente
We schall do thy comawndement.’

Now haue þey ther lene tane,
To ther inne be they gone.
On the morne, when hyt was day,
Vp þey rose and went ther way,
All the captens wyth moche ooste.
All they wente: they made boste.
To the cyte they came bolde,
Twenty hundrde scheldys tolde.
When they sye in that cyte
Men wythowtes gretete plantes,
The bellus faste dud they rynge.
I wote, they made no dwellnyng:
They armed them, as Gye badde,
Euerie man, that harnes hadde.
When þey were come to syr Gye,
To fyght they were redy.
The dewke clepyd Gye there
And bed, ye hys wylle were,
That Harrowde schulde haue wyth hym eche dell
Eyve hundrde knyghtys armed well
And wende forthe, wythowtes fayle,
Boldely them for to assayle,
And ye, syr Gye, a thousandde
Boldes men and weale bydande:
And, ye he haue mystere.
Helpe hym wyth gode chere.
And y wyll come wyth my mayne
Faste prekyng after the.
We¹ schall so wyth them fyght
Wyth goddys grace and owre myght,
That we schall haue the maystrynge.’
‘Thou seyest wele,’ seyde Gye.²
‘Wendyth forthe for to fonde:

¹ MS. Ye. ² 1793 after 1794 in MS.
HARRAWDE FIGHTS WITH OTOUN AND HIS MEN.

For nothynge wyll we wonde 1796
To helpe the in thys stowre
For to holde vp thyng honoure.'
¶ When he to the churche came,
Oton was the furste man
That he sawe in batayle,
For sothe wythowten fayle.

Harrowde, he jognht furste to assay
The felle dewke Oton of Payuaye.1
'Thynkyst thou not of thy velonye,
That pou duddyst my lorde and me
In Lumbardy, thy nowne contray?
We schall be venged wale to day
Wyth godys grace : yf þat y² may,
Wyth my handys y schall assay.'

¶ Now they amyte faste in same:
I wot, ther was but lytull game.
Betwene þem was lytull play:
They drewe swerdys, as y say.
Grete batayl þere men myght see:
Nother wolde fro odur flee.

He smote dewke Oton þere so faste,
That he felle downe at þe laste.
Soone he had hym slayne thare,
But hys men came full yare
And socowrde hym, wytterlye,
Or ellys he hadde dedde bee.
Then came hys men wyth myzt and mayn
And set the dewke on hors agayn.

¶ Then began a grete batayle:
Echon odur faste can assayle.

He peyned hym faste, spr Harrawt:
To the dewke he made assawt.

An hundurd he slewe, sawne fayle,
That belefte dedde in þat batayle.

1 1804—1810, see the note. * y omitted in MS.
GUY COMES TO HARRAWDE'S HELP.

The dewkes herte was full sore,  
When he sawe hys men lye thore:  
He began faste to crye  
And seyde: ye do velanye.  
Lordyngys, he seyde, what do ye nowe?  
Styr ye nowe for yowre provre.  
Se ye not thys traytowre,  
That doyth me thys dyshonowre?  
He hath slayne my men goode:  
They lye sprawlands in per blode.  
But y be venged on that thefe,  
Schall ye neuer be to me lefe;'  
¶ Then þey gedurde on a hepe  
And abowte they dudde lepe.  

Grete angwysche ys Harrawde beforne,  
Now he hap of hys felowe lorne.  
But he gate helpe, y vndurstande,  
For grete socowre came hym on hande.  
All þey chacyd hym at the laste:  
Then came Gye rydyngye faste.  
He mett hym faste fleande:  
Hys spare was brokyn in hys hande  
And hys hors woundyd on the knee,  
That vnneneth goo myght hee.  
Then seyde Gye: turne ageyne.  
Where be þy men? be þey slayne?'  
'Nay,' seyde he, 'y vndurstande:  
I lefte them faste fyghtando.'  
Gye beganne on hym to crye:  
'Harrawde, come on smertiye.'  
¶ When Gye aye dewke Otoyn,  
Soone he schewyd hys reson:  
'Dewke,' he seyde, 'þynkyst þou noght  
Of þe reson, that þou me wroght?'  
At the pase of thy foreste

1 MS. þe.
GUY FIGHTS WITH OTOUN AND HIS MEN.

In Lumbardy, þere þou myght beste,
Thou slewe my men wyth sorowe and care,
And þy myselfe was woundyd thare.
So god me helpe, þys same day
I schall the þylde, þif þat þy may.
I þe warne, wyth all my myght
Here þy wyll wyth the fyght.
I schall neuer be gladde nor blythe,
Or þy be vengyd on the swythe,  
"Gye turned the hedde of hys stede.
They faghed togedur gode spede.
They smeten so faste on þer sheldes,
That þe pecys flewe in þe feldes.
The dewke smote so sur Gye
On the scheide smertlye,
That hys spere flewe in thre.
"For god," seyde he, "þou hytteth me
All wyth myght and wyth mayne."
Gye turned hym agayne.
There he wolde haue had hys heuydde,  
But sone he was fro hym reeuyd
Wyth an hundurde knyghtys tolde,
That were hardy men and bolde.
All þey went abowte Gyone,
But he defendyd hym, as a lymn.
"Gye cowmyfortyd hys felawe
To do wele a lyttull thrawe.
Now þey smyten faste samen:
I wot, ther was lyttull gamen;
Many knyghtys þere dyed þat day
And in þat place full lowe lay.
Gye hym payned that day soo
To take Lumbardes and to sloo;
For he wolde vengyd bee

1 As and þow omitted in MS.
2 MS. hedde.
RAYNERE AND WALDYNERE JOIN THE FIGHT.

On the dewke and hys mayne. 1900
Gye dud wele that ylke day
And all hys men wythowte delay
And slewe þe Lumbardes on euery syde
Wyth swerdys and wyth sperys vnryde.
Thorow Gye they be ouercome,
Many slayne and many nomne.
They flewe away, Gye dud þem chace;
Of dedde men was full the place.
† Then came the dewke Raynere
And the constabull Waldynere
And wyth them grete company.
In a vale they sawe syr Gye
And faste to hym can they hye
Wyth full grete envye.
Gye drewe to an hylle
And all hys men wyþa gode wylle.
Lordyngys,' seyde Gye, 'herkenyþ me,
The ylke men, þat ye 1 yonder see,
Ys the dewke of Cesoyne 2
And the erle of Coloyne.
We may not passe, wytterlyye:
Wyth them ys grete cheualrye.
They haue vs closed on euery parte:
We may not passe wythowten hurte.
We muste nece oon of the two
Othyr to defende vs or to dethe go
Better hyt ys in honowre to dye,
Than to be takyn and hangyd hye.
Therfore euery man be gode couenande
Defende vs, whyll we may stande.
Hyt schall turne to grete honowre
Afturwarde in yche a stowre.'
All þey seyde wyth oon couenande:

1 MS. y. 2 MS. Cesoyne.
'Defende vs, whyll we may stande.
Helpe hym euyr god, that ys bolde,
Whyll he may stonde and wepon holda.'

Now they wente in hye,
Gye and hys companye.
There beganne a grete batayle:
Euer y man odor faste can assayle.
Or the battell endyd were,
Many a stronge knyght dyed there.

Gye smote the dewke Raynere:
Of hys stede he dud hym bere.
He hyt a nodur in a stownde,
That he felle to the grownde:
Thorow je body he hym smote,
He rose no more, wele y wote.

Than he smote Waldynere
Owt of hys schelde a quarters.
From hys sadull downe he starte:
I wot, Waldynere hyt dud smerte.
Another knyght he aloo tyte
Wyth hys swyrde, pat wolde byte.
Then forthe carne Gylmyne,
The dewke Segwyns cosyn.
The erle smote abowte faste,
But Gye of hys hors hym caste.
Gye peyned hym wele to do
And all hys men dud also.

Of je Almaynys pey hane tane,
Many woundyd and many slane.
When he swe dewke Raynere
And the constabull Waldynere,
How pey men were broght to grownde
Wyth grete yre yn a stownde,
Gye beganne to crye in hye:
'Jelde yowreselfe or ye dye.'

Then he hyed full faste:
DUKE SEGWIN ARRIVES.

Them to sloo he was full preste.
For noptyng þey wolde flee,
And Gye fighth full boldele.
Of þer men he slewe many:
To grounde þey wente sodenly.

† Then came dewke Raynere
To mete wyth Gylmyne, þat was full fere.
He hath hym smetem þorow þe syde.
And gauue hym a wounde longe and wyde.
Gylmyne flewe at the laste
On hys stede swythe faste.
To dewke Segwynne he ys gone:
The dewke hym knewe and þat anon.
Hys herte was full sere,
When he sye Gylmyne so fare.

‘Syr,’ he seyde, ‘ye do grete wronge,
That ye dwelle here so longe.
Go and helpe thy men tyte:
They be in poynyt to be scowmfyte.’

† When the dewke harde þe tythyng,
That ayr Gylmyne dud bryngye,
He smote þe stede wyth þe sporys
And spared nother dyke nor forys
And seyde: ‘lordyngye, haue in youres þost,
That owre men þus dye noght.
Yf þey þus be slayne and tane,
We bene decide every man.’

Then þey wendyd in þat case
To helpe Gye a grete pase.

† Nowe came the dewke faste rydyng
And the Almayns feste smytynge.
He smote a knyght in that tyde:
Into the body hyt can glyde.
Or he to Gye wannye,

1 MS. formes.
2 be omitted in MS.
3 MS. wendyd a grete in þat case.
He hedyd many a doghty man.
Now þey be mette there,
To fyght þey were full þare
Wyth the Almayns anon ryght
Wyth scheldys, sperys and myght.
They schett bothe sperys and dartos:
Faste þey faghht on bothe partes.
Hawberkys þey brake and styffle scheldes
And made to flye into þe feldus:
Hondes and armes þey leyed þere,
Fete, schankys, schelde and spere.
Wele gode knyghtys many oon,
In the felde þey were sole.
They were ryche menys sonnes,
All they were fyrre gromes,
That þedur came lose to wynne.
Hyt was bothe grete shame and synne:
There fadurs be not well lykyngè,
When þey harde of þat tythynge.
¶ F orphan þen came dewke Raynere.
Slayne he hath Gawtere,
That was to Gye a trewe frendè
Owtetakyn Harrawde þe hendè.
Gye hyt sawe and was woo:
The dewke to smyte he can goo.
He smote hym hye wppon þe crowne,
That he felle fro hys hore downe.
Gye dud, as an hardy knyght,
And toke hym þere wyth strenkyþe of fyþt.
Than hys swyrde he owte hynte
And gane many an euyll dynte.
Gye toke in that stowre
An hundred men of grete valowre.
¶ The dewke Segwyne þo stert owte
On a gode stede and a stowte.
Syr Waldynere þere he dud smyte,
That he fell from hys horse tyte.
He hath hym take wyth myght:
Bothe were woundyd in pat fyght.
Now be þe Lumbardes take be tale
And þe Almayns slayne alle.
The dewke and Gye dud þem chace:
Of dedde men was full þe place.
† Tho came Tyrrye of Gormoyse
Wyth grete pryde and moche noyse
Wyth an hundruðe of gode knyghtys,
That were armed at all rychtyes.
They were comyn wyth lawnce and spere
For to helpe the Almayns there.
As þe Almayns swey rode,
Tyrrye þem mett, and þey abode.
'Lordyngys,' he seyde, 'wyll ye fleþt
Turne aseyne and stonde be me.
Fyght aseyne yowre enmyse
And let be yowre cowardys,
Or y schall telle the emperowre,
That ye do hym þat dyshonowre.
Yf ye haue be ferde afore hande,
Turne aseyne: y wyll be yowre warante.'
He made þem to turne aseyne þan:
Nowe batell they beganne.
† The dewke Segwyn came full faste:
For noþynge wolde he be laste.
To an Almayne tho he starte
And smote hym streygght to þe harte.
When Tyrrye sawe hym dedde,
He cowde than no bettur redd,
But to dewke Segwyn he caste
A grete strook at the laste.
The dewke hym turned on hys manere
And faghth aseyne wyth gode chere.
They two faghth togedur wele
Wyth gode swerdys, were made of stele.
Tho came Harrowde on hys stede,
That was a gode knyght at euery node.
Wyth a swyrdhe oon he smote
That he folle downe at hys fote.

† That sawe the erle Tyrrye,
A gode knyght and an hardye.

Harrawde to snyte sone he yede:
He made hym to falle downe in pat stede.
Aftur hys folke he dud crye:
The Almayns come hastlyye.
The dewke Segwyne pey sorowe wroght
And hys men to dethe broght.

Wyth strenkyth pey were dreyyn ageyne,
Many woundyd and many slayne.
† When he sawe the dewke Segwyne,
He was wrothe, be seynt Martyne,
And all in hys wrape seyde to Gye:
‘Thys ys grete schame, wyutterlye,
When jus allone pat oon knyght
Schulde vs do that onryght.’
Gye hym answeryd, sawnce sayle:
‘Turne ageyne, yf hym batayle.
Hyt ys better slayne to be,
Then cowardely ayew to fée.’

† They leyde pe Almayns so vpon,
That they gaf back euerychon.
Ageynste pey rydyth Tyrrye
And makyth many a man blody.

Now Tyrrye and Guy
When Tyrrye sawe syr Gye,
He rode to hym, as knyght hardye.
He wende Gye to haue slayne,
But he was turned soone agayne.

‡‡ Betwene pey two was grete fyght:
Gye hym turned, as an hardy knyght.
They smote togedur so faste,
SEGWYN'S MEN ARE VICTORIOUS.

That there sparys all tobraste.

Than þey toke þer broght brendys
And faght togedur wyth þer hondys.

Gye claue hys helme and hys schelde,

That þe pecys lay in the felda.

Tyrreys smote to Gye a stroke:

As gud wold, hys swyrdge broke.

Sone Tyrreys turned hys stede

And fledde faste, as he had nede:

Full dere had that stroke be boght,

Had he there dwellyd oght.

The Almayns flewe wyth þer brendys

Bryght drawn in ther hondys.

† The dewke Segwyne, for sothe y say,

To þe cyte he toke þe waye.

Syr Gye of Warwyk wyth hym ys gone

And hys men eryychone.

Dewkys, erlys and barons

They broght wyth þem to þer prysouns.

All, that in the cyte were,

Thankyd god wyth gode chere.

† Now be þey to þer ynnes wente

Eury man wyth gode entente

And thankyd god in þat place,

That had sente þem soche grace.

The dewke ys went vnto hys towre:

The prysoners he lokyd wyth moche honowre,

The dewke Raynere of Sesoyne

And the erle Wadyneres of Coloyne

And Gawter, the stewarde,

That was a nobull man and a harde:

He let serve them full tyte,

Or he wolde any mossel byte.

† The dewke to hys systur can say,

That was gent ye and a feyre maye:

† MS. Sesoyne.  ‡ MS. Coloyne.
and committed them to the care of his sister.

'The ryche prysoners thou here take,
Well at ese thou pem make:
Of all fyng the dewke Rayneres;
For he ys me bothe lene and dere.'
'Syr,' sche seyde theo full ryght,
'I schall hym servy whole all my myght.'

The Emperor

† The ryche emperowre Rayneres

Wottyth not of thy se comberere.
He ne wiste of thyse thythynge:

was just playing at chess, when Tyrry

He playd at pe chesse wyth a kyng.
The same Tyrrye feste prekande
And hys swerde brokyn in hys hande:
Hys schede was brokyn, y wene,
In the fyght, there he had bene.
The bryght helme was croked downe
Vnto pe mydward of hys crowne.
The blode ranne downe fro hys syde:
He had grete woundys and wyde.

brought the bad news that his men were routed,

† 'Syr emperowre, vndurstande pys fryngens:
I schall pe telle newe tythynges.
Thy barons, that were so wyght,
Thou schalt pem neuer see wyth syght.
Some be in the falde slane
And some vnto pryson wynde.

Rayners and Waldyners taken prisoner and Oton

Takyn ys the dewke Rayneres
And of Colynes the erle Waldynere.
The dewke Oton hape a wounde wyde
Wyth a spere thorow the syde:

severely wounded.

Of hys dethe he hath drede,
He wenyth neuer to ryde on stode,'

The Emperor

† The emperowre harde full well,
That Tyrrye seyde, euery dell.
He ys so sory for that dede,
That for sorowe hys herte dul blade.
He hape holdyn vp hys hande

1 MS. slayne. 2 MS. Colynes.
And sworne be god all weldande,
That he schall neuer joyfull bee,
Or he haue that cyte
And also the traytowres tane
And wyth jugement þem alane.¹
¶ He let the comyn belle rynge:
Hys men came wythowte dwellynges.
Sythen he partyd hys grete ooste:
To fyght made þey grete boote.
The yournspradde all þe feldys
Wyth sperre, hawberk and wyth scheldeys.
To the cyte they be wente.
Yonge Gayer þey haue sente
Wyth fyve hundrude knyghtys wyght:
They were redy for to fyght.
Than the men of that cyte
All the Almayns dud see.
The cuntre of þem was made lyght
Wyth scheldeys and wyth helmes bryght.
¶ Then came the dewke Segwyne ryght²
Armed on a rabet wyght³
And seyde: 'Gye, gyf me þy counceyle:
Wyll we the yonder men assayle!
Or we wyll the walles kepe:
The sekyryyar may we slepe.'
'Syr,' seyde Gye, 'y schall the says
Gode counceell, yt y maye:
An hundrude knyghtys we schall take
And a sawte we schall þem make.
Yonder y see stonde nere
The emperowres sone Gayere
And wyth hym grete companys of knyghtys
Armed wele at all ryghtys.
They be wente before the ooste

¹ MS. slain.
² þ blotted out before ryght in MS.
³ bryght blotted out before ryght in MS.
All for pryde and for boste.
Yf we haue the wars eyde,
Into the cyte wyll we ryde.'

which was done.

† Nowe be þey an hundrede bolde
Wyght men and wele of tolde.
They wente, wythowten fayle,
Syr Gayre to assayle.
Of all þe Almayns þey wyll be wreke:
Of no corde wyll they speke.
To fyght they begynne faste:
Some were of þer horsys caste.

Gayre

was taken
prisoner, his men
fled back to the
main body of the
[leaf 178 b, col. 1]
army.

Gye smote Gayre there:
Of hys hore he dud hym bere.
There he was take wyth myght and mayne.
Hys men flewe to the ooste agayne:
So were they chaced at the laste,
That ther hertys almoste braste.
Some were woundyd and some tane
And some scaped and some alane.†

† When the ooste eye þer men)

So feste toward them renne
And wysste also, that Gayre
Was takyn, wyth eyyll chere
They hastyd them swythe
The dewke to brynge owt of lyne.
Than begunne a grete fyght:
Knyghtys many dyed ryght.
Grete lore was thore,

killed many of
Segwin's men.

But the dewke had the more.
He hath lorne many of hys men;
They were awey ladde then).
The dewke passed myles thre
From hys men and hys cyte,
But neuer the lees þey dud well,
And so dud Gye, as hawe y hele.

† MS. slayne.
And wyth hym was Harrawte, 
In batell dud neyre desawe. 
† Then came prekynghe Teyrye, 
A bolde knyght and an hardye. 
He hath smetyn pe dewke Segwynne: 
Hys hors he made hym for to tyne. 
The dewke sterte on fote: 
He sawe no nodur bote. 
He drewe hys swerde wyth myght 
And defendyd hym, as a knyght. 
Ther was no man, he myght come to, 
But full sone he wolde hym sloo. 
Tyrreys assayed the dewke than: 
He hym defendyd, as a man. 
The Almaynes come on euery syde 
Wyth scheldys and spereys vnyrde. 
He ys woundyd ylde and sore: 
Men wende, he schulde lyue1 no more. 
†† When Gye sye hym haue care, 
Ther was none, pat he wold spare, 
Nor none, that he myght reche, 
That had neede of odur leche. 
Than he smote a doghty knyght: 
Of hys hors he made hym to lyght. 
He had hym smetyn swythe sore, 
That he rose vp no more. 
Hys gode swerde he drewe owte 
And smote all, that stode abowte, 
To helpe pe dewke fro them away: 
Many a man he alewe that day. 
†† Than spake syr Gyowne: 
'Dewke, herkyn to my reasone. 
To the cyte wyll we fare: 
We may defende vs no maro. 
Fyve hundurd knyghtys be redy 

1 Ms. lyve.

WARWICK.
THE TOWN IS IN VAIN ASSAULTED.

To fyght wyth vs hero in hye.
To the cyte be they gone,
Gye and hys men euerychone.
The knyghtys were boldes and hende:

The wallys can they wende.
There pe wyll pe meselffe defende,
Tyll Jesu Criste them helpe sende.

When pe emperowre of peys hardes,
How hys sonc syr Gaye farde,

To hys men can he say:
Assembull yow thys ylke day.
Wende yow forthe to pat cyte:
All suausyd schall ye bee.'

Now pey can forthe fare,
To the cyte they come yare.
They schette dartes and spere s amonge
Wyth abblasters, that were stronge.
So pey schett wyth harowes small
And sett ladders to the walles.

Wyth ingynes pey caste stones
And brake the walles for pe nones.
They defayndy pe towne wythynne:
A stronge batayle they begynne.

[leaf 178 a, col. 1]
Of the Almayns there that day
Many bare the dethe away.

The emperowre had sorowe and syght,
That he ne may be vengyd ryght.

Every day, wythowten fayle,
He made hys men pe cyte to assayle,
But the dewke, Gye and Harrawte
Made mony a grete sawte,
That ther envyes had grete skathe.

The wyth pe emperowre was wraehe.

One day
Hyt was on a somer day,
As y the sothe talle may:

1 MS. ryght.
When the emperowre had este
And hyis grete care forgete,
He clepyd hyis hunte to hym there
And sayde, he wolde chace pe dere
Early in the morowtyde
In the forest, pe was so wyde,
Both at harty and at hyndys
And wyld bestys of odur kyndys,
'Preuely that hyt be wroght,
That pe dewke wytt hyt noght.'

† All harde thys a spye,
That was nye, wyterlyye.
Owte of the courte ys he gone
And to pe dewke went sone anone.
He came rennyng all in hye
To the dewke preuelye.
'Syr dewke,' he sayde, 'vndurstande;
For y schall talls the tythande.
The ryche emperowre Raynere
Schall to morowe chace pe dere
In the forest preuelye
Wyth a lyttull companye.
Syr,' he sayde, 'y lye pe noght.
Be hym, pe all hy is worlde hape wroght,
Ye may to morne there, wyterlyye,
Take peam everychone, sakuriye.'

† When he had hyis errande sayde,
The dewke on hym hye hande layde.
'Yf hyt be sothe, that thou seyste here,
Thou schalt haue for thy labere
An hundurd besawntys of golde
To chere the wyth (for poe art coles),
And to dubbe the a knyght
Ryght wythynne hyys fowrtynght.

† Gye and Harrowde, wyll ye here?
Come to me everychone here
and others. And Rosaran' (that was an hardy man):
Ther was none wysear in Almayn,
Certenly, as y yow talle,
For to gene gode counsell.
'Lordyngys, what ys yowre redde,
All, pat be gedur in yys stedde,
Of owre lorde the emperowre,
To whom we owe grete honowre,
He schall in the mornynge
Wende owte an huntyngue
But wyth a small companie:
Thus hyt was tolde me.
Nowe may we wylhowte care
Venge vs on hym thare.'

Guy offered to wait for the emperor in the forest with a hundred knights,
and, asking him to dine with the Duke,
bring him, by any means, into the town.

Y wyll hym prey on feyre manere
To come and dyne wyth yow here,
He and all hyss companye:
We schall hem servse rychelye.
Y rede, ye dwelle here at hame:
To take yowre lorde hyt were schame.
Dyght thy pales nobullye:
Loke, the mete be all redye.
Yf he wyth loun wyll not bowe,
He schall wyth awe, as y trowe.
What wyth strenckyth and wyth game,
Y schall hem bryng all same.'

Then seyde the dewke: 'ye sey wels.
Ye schall wende, so haus ye hele.
An hundurd knyghtys bolde and kene
THE EMPEROR HUNTING.

Schall wende wyth yow, ye mystur bene. 2392
Ye schall wende to that forest
And kepe hym, þere ye may beste.
I prey yow, let for nothyng,
But that ye hys body brynges.' 2396
Gye hym armad swythe well
Bothe in yron and in stele.
He hyd on hys erande faste:
Hys felowe folowed hym at þe laste. 2400

The emperowre rose þerlye
And so duk Gye, wytterlye.
The emperowre and hys barons
Wente þe forest of Lyons.
When þat þey come thore,
The hunters fonde a wyld boore,
That was bothe wyldde and kene:
He slewe þe bowndys all bedene.
The hunters faste duk hym chace:
The emperowre folowed wyth hys mace.
They had redyn but a whyle,
Vnnen the mowntaunces of a myle:
They sye neerehande them a lyght,
As hyt were of helmes bryght.
All full were the fieldus
Bothe of hawberrys and of scheldus. 2416
‘We be take,’ they seyde, ‘allas,
Confowndyd and alone in thys place.
Tyrrye, my frende so lefe and dere,
Come and see, that þe see here.’ 2420
He behelde on the hylle: 2
‘Thou mayste þem see, and þou wylle:
They hawe vs beset on euery syde,
That we may nodur go nor ryde. 2424

1 bene is evidently wrong, and therefore besæ in the preceding line is probably wrong. Qy. froze: be? 2
2 This line appears to be corrupt. See note.
They will vs take thys ylke day
Qwyck or dedde, yf they maye.

They be the dewkys men Segwyne:
God gyf them schame and pyne.
Gye ys formeate in that dede
And armed on a gode stede.'

*Tyrre advised
him to retreast,
while he with-
stood the enemy,

'If Than seyde Tyrre to the emperowre:
'Wende yow hens wyth honowre;
For y wyll fyght, whyll y may stande
Wyth thys swyrde in my handa.
Yf y may mete wyth Gye,
He schall hauce scathe, wyterlye.
All, pat come to my honde,
Schall hauce skathe wyth my brende.
Wyll that y be take or alone,
$yt ye schall be hens gone.'

*but the Emperor
refused.

'Nay certys,' seyde the emperowre,
'Ther schall me neuer falle pat dyshonowre.'
He armed hym wele, as a man,
And on hys stede lepe he than.

*Guy, approaching
with an olive-
branch in his
hand,

'Wyth that come Gye prekyng there:
A branche of olys in hys hande he bere.
That was a ferye tokenynge
Of pees and of looseyng.
Syr Gye dud of hys hode
And gret pe emperowre wyth goode:
'He the saue, syr emperowre,
That made pyys worlde, and pyyn honowre
And thy barons, that be wyth the
Gode cowncell for to geue tho.
The dewke yow sendyth tythyng
Be me in thys morowynge
And preysth the, yf py wylls bee,
To come and dwelle in hys cyte,
Ye and all yowre companye:
Ye schall be seruyd rychelye.
THE EMPEROR GOES WITH GUY INTO THE TOWN.

He wyll the yelde castell and towre
And the cyte wyth grete honoure.
Yf pat he haue oght myadoone,
Hyt schall be amendyd soon.'

† When pat pe emperowre pys harde,
That Gye wyth no tresow ferde,
He clepyd the kynge of Hungarye
And the erle syr Tyrbye
And the erle of Wexelwolde
And a knyght, syr Grumholde.
'Lordynyys, he syde, 'what say ye?
Wyll we wende to that cyte?'

'Ye,' syde Tyrbye, 'for sothenes,
Hyt ys a grete makenes,
When the dewke in hyys poste
Wyll ylde yow hyys gode cyte
And hyys londe euery dele:
Ye oght to loue hyym wele.
We schall jugge at yowre wyll.
I rede yow, wende: that ys skylle.
Yf hyt be sothe and no lesynge,
He may do to yow no more thynge.'
The emperowre syde: 'ye sey wele.
So wyll y do, so haue y hele.
Yf y do that, wythowten fayle,
I sewe my barons cownceyle.
Y wyll wende wyth yowre redde,
Whethur hyt stonde to lyfe or to dedde.'
To the cyte all they went:
They speke of acordement.
† Now be they come to pat cyte
All wyth game and wyth glée.
Gye broght them to pe ryche pales:
I wott, he made hym wele at ese;
So they dyd hyys meyne
Wyth pyment and wyth sotelle,
Wyth swannes and wyth herons,¹
Wyth hertys and wyth brawnes.
Gye hym payned on hys manere
Hym to serue and make goode chere.
Ther was none so lytull a knaue
In jat cowte, jat mete wolde haue,
But to hym was sente plente
Of pe beste in jat cuntre.

The dewke Segwyne helde hym behynde:
He drad, pe emperowre wolde hym schende.

He was servyd wyth the prysoners;²
And wyth hym were grete barons.

And the emperowre erly arose
And to holy churche sone he gose,
Wyth hym hys grete baronage,
That were of dyuers langage.

The dewke rose erly on the morowe
And to pe prysoners made he sorowe:

'Lordyngys, y byddes yow alle,
That ye for me downe falle
Before my lorde the emperowre,
That ys a man of grete valowre,
And prey hym, pur charyte,
That he wyll forges me
Hys yre and hys malecloye,
That y neuer servyd, wytterlye.'³

All they seyde wyth gode wyllie:
'We schall the halpe lowde and styylle.
We schall anon wyth hym wende
And pray hym to be thy frende.'

He made hym nakyd, for he was meke,
Sauz hys schurte and hys breke.

All, that eyyr dud hym see,

¹ The rhyme was, no doubt, originally *herouns: braouns.*
See the note.
² MS. *prysoners.*
³ First *y* in *wytterlye* altered from *e* in MS.
For hym had grete pyte.
To the emperowre he ys gone:
A branche of olyfe hath he tane.
Barefote he went porow pe strete:
Many a man for hym dud grete.¹
Dewkys, erles and barons
Went wyth hym, pat were prysons.²
They went to the churchewarde:
God þem spede and seynt Rycharde!
When they were to churche come,
The emperowre they fonde anon:
'Syr emperowre,' seythe Segwyne,
'Ye haue had for me grete pyne.
Syr,' he seythe, 'y wyll be dedde
Rght in þys same stedd
Or be drawe wyth horsys stronge
Or ellys on galows hye to honge.
Haus here thisy swyrde bryght
And smyte of my hed ryght.
Take my londys and my fees,
My castels and my cytees.
I ther the graunte vittery;
For y dud that folye,
When y slewe thy cosyn dere,
Me defendawnt on all manere.
The dewke of Coloyne³ was þer ryght
And many an nodur doghty knyght:
Yf any be, that sey therageyne,
That he wyth felonye was slayne,
Yf y may not defende me,
Hangyd be y on a tree.'³
'Leue sadur,' seythe Gayer,
'Haue mercy on the dewke here.
He may yow helpe in yowre mystere
In evere londe farre and nere.

¹ MS. mepe.     ² MS. prysonere.     ³ MS. Coloyne.
Forgueue hym, pur charyte,
Or ye schall never hau yeoye of me.'

"Thane spake the dewke Raynere:
'Ye oght to loue hym dere
(When he ys put in yowre mercy,
To leue or dye he ys redye),
When he yowre systur sone aloo
Hym defendawnt, so mote y goo:
Yf ther be any knyght,
That wyl preue, y sey not ryght,
For hym wyll y her fygght
And defende hym wyth my myght.
But yf ye the dewke foryeue,
Y schall warre on yow, whyll y leue.'

"Frope pen came erle Waldynere:
'Syr emperowre, y say here,
I loue the dewke ouyr all thynge.
He hath hyt seruyd, wythowte lesynges.
We felowe ben togedur plyght.
Yf ye do hym any vnyght,
I schall wende to my cuntre
An oost to gedur and wende wyth the.'

"The stewards spake anon ryght:
'The dewke ys a doghty knyght.
He hath done grete honowre:
Wyll ye be in hys owne towre,
He puttyth hym in ym owne wylle
To leue or dye; and yat ys akylle.
Ye oght to grawnt at hys askynge,
Yf hyt were a gretter thynge.
Forgueue hym, lorde, py euyll wylle:
To do hym harme hyt were no akylle.'

"Gye spake to the emperowre:
'Lorde, for yowre grete honowre
Here my prayer at thys tyme.
Hau ye mercye on dewke Segwyne"
THE EMPEROR FORGIVES SEGWIN, TO OTOUN'S VEXATION.

And wyth couenande y schall bee
Yowre man in every cuntre
Yow to helpe in yowre myster.
In every cuntrey ferre and nere
I schall the serue lowde and stylle.
Forgeue the dewke ym euyll wylle.

¶ 'Lorde,' sayde erle Tyrre,  
'Of the dewke thou haue mercy.
Yf ye thorow Segwyne
Hauue lorne Saddok, yowre cosyns,
In stede of yowre cosyn schall he be
And yow to serue wyth lewte.'  
¶ When he had sayde on hys manere,
'Lordyngys,' he sayde, 'that be here,
Ye haue me bydden lowde and stylle
To foryeue je dewke myn euyll wylle,
For he slewe Saddok the gode,
My systures sone, myn owne blode.
He was a dohty knyght:
I louyd hym moste of any wyght.
I forgene hym at thys tyde
(Y see hym meke wythowten pryde)
All my wrath and my euyll chere:
He schall be to me bopte lese and dere.'
Dewkys, erlys and all dud crye:
'Syr emperowre, grameroy !'
All pey folle downe ywysse
Wopynge for yoye and blys.
Now haue pey kyste and be gode fremdys,
And many to ther ynyne wendys.
¶ Than come forthe dewke Otou:
In all pat londe pe was not a more felow,
'Syr emperowre, what haue ye wroght?
Ye be all to grownde broght.
Ye haue forguye here
The dethe of yowre cosyn dere.
RANYERE MARRIES SGEWIN'S SISTER.

What man schulde hane of the drede,
Yf ye be quytt of ther myadede?
And ye them drawe and hongyd hye,
All wolde yow drede, pat hyt had sye,
Bothe Gye and Segwyne,
That yow neuer dud but sorowe and pyne.
Now schall ye pem lose dere,
More, then any odur fore.'

"Whan Gye harde the dewke speke
(He thocht longe to be awake):"
"Then lyest pou, dewke Oton,
When pou spekyst of soche falow"
Ageyne the dewke or ellys me:
Ryght y wyll, hyt prouydd be.
Thou art a these and theffes fore:
That ys sothe (y proye hyt here),
When pou laste betrayed me
And slewe my men in thy cuntre.
Yf pou wyll saye ageyne ryght,
Defende the nowe wyth me to fyght.
The grace of god fro me be reuycd,
But y smyte of thy heuydd.'
"Ther he can hyx gloue wage
Ryght before the baronage.
They were departyd all to rathe,
That neypr odur dud no skatha.
The emperowre swere hyx othe:
Whedur of them dud odur lothe,
He schulde be drawe and hanyyd tyte
Wythowt any more reauyte.
Pese ys cryed amonge every man:
Ther was none, that spake than.
"Ther come forthe dewke Ranyere
To Segwyne wyth gode chere
And askyd hym hyxyster dere

1 MS. hodd. 2 MS. dechter.
BROWNE MARRIES THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER.

Hur to haue vnto hys fere. 2672
He grauntyd anon wyth honowre
That mayde, that was bryght in bowre,
And he hur weddyd wyth moche game,
And to hys cuntre they went same.

† The emperowre on the morne
The dewke Segwyno calde hym beforne:
'Syr,' he seyde, 'stondyth here.
Thou schalt haue my doghtur dere.'
'Syr,' he seyde, 'god of heyno
3ylde yow for hys nameys seyno'.
The brydale was makyd than:
Feyrer sawe ther neuer man).

† Gye to Segwynke toke hys way
To take hys leues wale awaye.
'Syr dewke,' seyde Gye full yare,
'I may here dwelle no mare.

Y haue seruyd the in thy were:
Yf any man wyll more the dere,
Sende aftur me, hardilye,
And y wyll come, sekerlye.'

'Syr,' seyde the dewke, 'gramercy:
Hyt ys1 vndeservued, verylye,
But ye schall dwelle here wyth me:
Of my castels and my cyte,
Of my goodeys the more dele
Y schall the ges, so haue y hele.'

He toke hys leue and went hys way:
The dewke wepte, y dare well say.

† The emperowre can thenes wende
And wyth hym Gye and Harrowde hende.
He bad hym castels and ryche cyteys,
Grete honowres and large feys.

On ryches thoght he noght,

1 * blotted out before ys in MS.
2 Gye blotted out before Ays in MS.
JUY STAYS WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

On odur thyngys was hyys thoght.
Now ys the emperowre and Gye
To Almayne gone, wyttorlye.
All the men of that cunte
Presed Gye for hyys bewys.
He went to pe wode to chace pe dere
And after wyth hawkys to the ryuere.
On a day, as Gye dud ryde
On huntyng be the see syde,
He saw a dromande to londe dryue:
Faste he hyed hym thedur belyue
And askyd, what that they dud pere
And of what cunte pat pey were,
Fro whens pey came and what pey soght
And what maner merchandyse pey brught.
'Hyt semeth to me be yowre chere,
That ye haue grete ryches here.'
Up than starte a maryner
(Of langage pere was none hyys pere)
And seyde: 'we came hedur on pe stronde
Fro Constantynue, the nobull londe.
We be merchandyse of that cyte,
That fro that cunte chaced bee.
The ryche sowdan of Sysane
(To honowre god wyll he not payne),
XV kynys of hethynesse
And syxty ameralys more and lesse,
That haue beseged the emperowre
Wyth mony knyghtys and grete socowre.
Ther ys not lefte in that cunte
Castell, towre nor cyte,
But hyt ys brente and stroyed all;
And the emperowre and hyys men all,
To Constantynue he ys wende.

1 Sysane is probably corrupt. See note.
2 MS. Saracyns.
3 d in wende altered from t in MS.
Hym and hys men to defende, 2740
That faught wyth sarazyns kene,
That every day doyth them tene.
An hundred myle may men wende,
Or they any crysten man fynde. 2744
We be passyd wyth grete payne,
That we ne were take or slayne.
We be comen to thys cuntre:
Veire and gryce we haue plente, 2748
Golde and sylver and ryche stones
Of grete vertue for the nones,
Clothys of golde of grete pryce
And many odur marchandyse.'

† When pe marchandys had all sayde,
Gye hys hande on hym layde
And betaght hym gode day:
To hys men he toke the way 2756
And sayde: ‘Harrowde, what redyset pou?
Yf me thy cowncell nowe.
I wyll take lene at pe emperowre.
Hyt wyll be mochte for owre honowre:
To Constantyne wyll we fare 2760
determined to help the Greek Emperor,
The emperowre to helpe thare.
Marchandyse me tolde of that lande,
That he ys beegeyd strongly on every honde. 2764
The hethyns dystroye castell and cyte,
And mekyll anoyen crystyanete.'
‘Syr,’ sayde Harrowde, ‘y rede wele
To wende thedur, so haue y hele.’

† They yede to the emperowre
And toke peir leue wyth grete honowre.
He was sory of ther partynge
And offerd peir golde and ryche rynge. 2772
Therof had they no thoght;
For, where pey come, pey wantyd noght.
† He toke an hundurde knyghtes wyght:

[Leaf 179 b, col. 2]
GUY ARRIVES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

To the emperour they went ryght.
They had gode wynde and passyd pe see:
Thodor they come wyth harte free.
The emperourre harde says than,
Gye was comyn to be hys man.
Of hys comyng was he blythe
And sende afrur hym swythe
Wyth an erle of grete renowne.
The emperourre seyde hys resome:

'Welcome, Gye of Warwyck,
In all the worlde ys none pe lyke.
I have harder the preyseed be
Yn many a dyuers cuntre.
Y trowe, pat ye schall me avyde
Wyth yowre helpe and counsayle.
The saraysne haue beseet me
And lefte me nothur towne nor cyte,
But only thys, pat we are yyne.
Some pey stroye and some pey brenne.
They slewe my men on a day
Thretty thousande, for sope to say.
Now y prey the for Mary sone
And for the rode he was on done,
That thou helpe to venge me
And make my londe reconuerd to bee.

I schall pe gene my daughter dere
And all my londys bope far and nere.

'Ysir,' seyde Gye, 'gramercy!
I wyll dwelle here, wyttverlye.
Y schall the seve day and nyght,
As y am a trewe knyght.'
Nowe he hath hys leue tane
And to hys yyne ys he gone.

H e hap hym restyd but a whyle,
But the mountance of a myle.
He sawe many armed men

with a hundred knights
at Constantinople

was heartily welcomed by
Emperor Alexius,
who offered Guy
the hand of his daughter.

Guy very soon
Faste in the strete renne.
‘What,’ he seyde, ‘ys all thys fare,
That y see in the strete thare?
I see knyghtys armed wele
Bothe in yron and in stele.’
Than bespake a man wyse
Of Ynglonde and Englyshe:
‘Hyt ys the admyrall Coldran,
A cosyn of the ryche sowdan.
He ys grete, hys and longe:
In all ys worlde ys none so stronge.
Hys wepon ys smered wythall
Wyth venome bytterer þen he galle.
Ther ys no man in jorthe, y wote,
But he schulde dye, and he hym smote.
He sleywe my lordys sone þe emperowre
Thys endurs day in a stowre.
Moché shame he hath ys wroght
And ofte on ys warre broght.
Ther ys no knyght in londe so wyght,
That durste ones wyth hym fyght.
Wyth hym ys the kyng of Turrye,
That ledyth all that chenuarye.’
¶ Gys seyde to hys companye:
‘Arme we vs all in hys.
The saraysys wyll we aseyle:
To smyte hys we wyll not aleye.’
They be armed every man:
On ther horsys they lepe than.
They went forthe to fyghtynge:
I wot, ther was no lettynge.
Gys can the admerall aseyle:
Hawberke nor schelde myght not aveyle.
The hedde fro the body he schare:
To the emperowre a man hyt bare.
When þe emperowre hys hedde had,
WARWICK.
He was both joyfull and glad.  

Syr Gylwyn he brought to grownde.  

And howe fight beginde and longe.  

He smote there a scourgy.  

That dide he fail to hym a wounde.  

That wroth he hath for to bryng.  

Then came forth the monsayer.  

AndSynthyn he hath Bayrnwode.  

He paynyd hym faste for to fight.
That sawe Harrawde the gode:
He was sory, be my hoda.
Aulart he hyt wyth gode harte:
The hedde fro the body starte.
When Astadart sawe pat dede,
For sorowe he wolde nere wede.
He smote Harrowde anon ryght
And he defendyd hym, as a doghyt kny3t.
They two smeten togedur faste,
That of þer horesa downe were þey caste.
There þey wyth ther brondys bryght
Faste togedur they dud fyght.
They brake schaldes and speres longe:
They were knyghtys stiffe and stronge.
On þer halmes þey smete wyth soche dynte,
That þe fyre flyewe owt, as hyt dope of flynte.
Then Harrowde hym folowde faste,
But to hym come helpe at the laste.
Ther came an hundurde sarasyns then,
That dud hym moche stronge pyne.
Ther þey hæd-hym almoste alone,
But syr Gye come anone.
Hys swyrde hande dud he grype:
The hed of of oon he can wype,
Another he slowe wythowtes lettynges,
The thrydde also, wythowtes leasynges.
He hym helpyd at that ynde
And set hym vpon hys stede.
There he slowe and bryght to grownde
Many sarasyns in that stownde.
On bothe partes were slayne vnryde,
But moo on the sarasyns syde.
Gye and hys mayne
Hame slayne of them plente.
The sarasyns fleye home ageyne.
Gye them chasyd wyth myst and mayne.
GUY WOUNDS ASTADART.

Or they were of of the felde wente,
Many were slayne and all toschenta.
3yt was Astadart behynde,
That the crysten men schende;
But he flewe at the laste
On a rabbet swyfte andost.
Hys gode schelde was fro hym reuych,
His helme was broke to hys heuyd.
Gye hym sawe and was dreyse,
That he schulde passe so lyghtlye.
Gye faste after hym dud ryde:
For nothyng he wolde abyde.

' Astadart,' seyde Gye, 'toure the
And oon tyms juste wyth me.
Be the trowthe, pate y leue on,
Here ys no man, but y alone.'

He answered

' Then seyde Astadart to syr Gye:
'I the swiere, wyterylye,
Be thys day and be my browe
And be Mahownde, pate y in trowe,
I schall neuer be glad nor blythe,
Or y haue thy hedd swythe.
Y haue behet hyt to my lemman,
That ys the doghter of the sowdan.'

He turned hym and fagh te faste:
Ther was mother of other agaste.
Astandart smote Gyone
Thorow hawberke and hakatone
Ynto the body wyth a sperre:
Soche a dynte had he neuer er.
Wyth yre Gye smote hym in felde:
Ther sauyd hym nodur hawberk nor sheld.
He smote hym wyth grete envye
Wyth a sperre thorow the bodye.

1 Before to the abbreviation of and is blotted out.
2 Ms. hadde.
Astarte flewe away:
Gye hym folowed, per ma fay.
The lyght rabat bare hym awy:
Gye was sory, the sothe to say.
¶ Now ys Gye to hys felows went:
To the cyte they be lente.
In the cyte ys game and glee,
That the sarayns scowmset bee.

The emerowre sende aftur Gye
And hym honowred: he was worthy.
The emerowre sayde: 'be seynt Rogere,
I wyll the gene my doghter dere.
Thou art a man of grete valowre.
Ryght wolde, pou schuldest be emerowre.
All, that euyr be my mayne,'

¶ The steward sate at the borde
And was sory of that worde.

To Gye he had grete envye
And thought to do hym trechery.

Astarte rode towards the ooste:
Moche was fallyn of hys boste.
In hys body he had a tronchon:
He helde hys honde on hys arson.
Bothe beynde and before
The blode ranne downe of hys gore.
Hys helme was leyde on the syde:
Hys schelde was smeten in pecys wyde.
Of the dethe he had grete care
And vnto the sowdan can he fare.

The sowdan Astarte can sec
And hys woundys, bat blody bec.
Quod the sowdan: 'what syleth the?'
Telle me, who hath woundyd the?'
Quod Astarte: 'y schal yow saye
Wyckyd tythyngys, be my fay.
The admiral Cordran ye dedde,
And the kynge of Turrye stypp never bredd.
An hundred men and 3yt moo
Before Gye to dethe can goo.'

¶ Than bespake the sowdan:
'Ys thys trewe, wythowten layne?
How schulde me falle yys auentowre?
Is ther any socowre comen to ye emperowre?
'Ye, for sothe,' quod Astadart,
'A schrewde knyght and of wyckyd harte.
Ther ys none so stronge in all yys lande,
That schulde stonde a stroke of yhs hande.
In all thys worlde ys none hym lyke:
Men calle hym Gye of Warwyke.
Ther may no man stonde hys stroke,
Thogh he were as stronge as an noke.
He hath an hundred knyghtys wyth hym,
Of Almayne the beste therynne.
He hath me porow the body smytte:
Hyt ys my dethe, ye may wele wytt.'

¶ The sowdan saclare be hys crowne,
Be Apolyn and be Mahowne,
That he schall neuyn wele be,
Or he haue tane that cyte.
And all herde a queynyt spy.
And cam anon vnto syr Gye
And tolde hym, how ye sowdan
Wolde besiege the cyte anon.

The emperowre wyste nothynge
Of the spyes smert tythynge.
When he wyste hyt, he was full yare;
For to hys herte hyt dud grete care.

¶ The emperowre was full fayne,
When the sarsyns were so slayne.
He calde forthe hys fawkenere

1 sare.
GUY IN THE PRINCESS'S CHAMBER.

And seyde, he wolde to the ryuere
Wyth hys hawkys hym to playe:
Hys men went wyth hym pat daye.
Afterwarde a lytull whyle,
When he was passyd but a myle,
Then came forthe Mordagowre:
Iwyse, he was a traytowre.
'Syr Gye,' he seyde, 'so hawe y hale,
In my herte y louse the wele.
I hawe castels and ryche cytees,
Brode londys and ryche feys:
All, y wyll, that they be yowre;
For ye be of grete valowre.
Y desyre ouyr all thynges
Yowre worschyp and yowre looneyng.
Go we now to chaumbur same
On some maner to make vs game,
To the chasses or to the tabels
Or elys to speke of fables;
Before the bedde of pat feyre maye;
For sche the louyth bope nyght and day.'
Into hur chaumbur to pe yode:
Before hys bedde the mayde stode.
'Syr Gye,' sche seyde, 'welcome ye be:
Ys hyt yowre wylle to kysse me?'
Gye hur kysyd curteslye
And sythen they spake prencelye.
Then downe was the chekur leyde
And before pe maydenys bedde dysplayde.
Gye was quynte of hys playe
And wanne pe furste game, wythowten nay,
And the tother wyth the beste
And the thrydde, or he wolde reste.
If vp starte the steward than
(He was an envyous man)
And seyde: 'Gye, dwelle here styyle
And solace pe mayde at hur wylle.
I schall wende to the cyte
And come aseyne sone to the.'
Forthwente Morgadowre
And lefte Gye in pe maydens bowre.
The emperorowe sone he fonde.
'Steward,' he seyde, 'what tythande?
Telle me sone and lye noght :
Of the sareyns harde thou ought'

in order to accuse
'Syr,' he seyde, 'wythowte blame,
For nothyng wyll y heyle schame.
Ye hane a knyght at yowre wage :
For yow he ys an euell page.
To day yowre chaumbur he hab brokyd
And wyll thy doghtur he hath spokyn:
All wyth myght and wyth mayne

Guy of having

There he hath by hur layne.
And yf ye leue not me,
Hye yow home and ys may see,
In the chaumbur where he ys
The maydyn for to clyppe and kysse.
Therfore y come to telle hyt yow :
For sothe, hyt ys agayne hy provye.
Yf ye hym take and bynde faste
And in yowre pryson hym lowe caste
And aftur be yowre mayne
Jugge hym for to hange hye,
Then schall men yow sore drede
And do to yow no wyckyd dede:
Hyt schall be moche for your honowre
To alee soche a traytwore;
And to Almayne wyll y fare
For to loke, what they do thare.
And y schall brynge yow companye
Thorowe the londe sone in hye

1 MS. them. 2 MS. pem. 3 MS. them.
THE STEWARD'S SECOND INTRIGUE.

To venge vs on owre enmyse,
That haue vs stroyed in all wyse.'

"Do way," sayde the emperowre,
"For all my cyte wyth the honowre
Wolde not Gye do me that skathe,\(^1\)
That thou hast seyde here full rathe;
For he ys a full trewe knyght
Bothe be day and be nyght.
Y haue hym behet my doghtur dare:
I wyll not breake my couenande here.'

"When Morgadoure sawe hyt wele,
That he hym louny every dele,
Of hyss wordys he can forthenke;
But 3yt he thought anodur wrenke.\(^2\)
To the chaumbur he ys gone,
Ther Gye was wyth ye maydyn alone.
When he was comen nere Gye,
He seyde: 'herkyn\textsuperscript{yd} preuelye.'
Gye,' he seyde, 'be seynt Mychall,
Y los the in my herte well.
Therfore ye warne je of ye skathe:
I rede, that thou fis he nys rate.
Hyt ys tolde the emperowre,
That thou wyth strencky\textsuperscript{p} haste brokyn hyss bowre
And hyss doghtur thou haste by layne:
Therof ys he nothynge sayne.
He swere be hyss ryght hande,
Yf thou be fowndyn in hyss lande,
Thou scholt be drawe and hongyd hyse:
No nodur dethe schalt thou dye.
Hye the hens for anythynge:
Loke, thou make no dwellynge.
Yf ye be fowndes in thys cyte,
Thou muste be slayne and hy meyne.'

---

\(^1\) After this line the catchword, That thou haste, by another hand.

\(^2\) MS. \\
\textit{wrenche}.

---

But the Emperor disbelieved the accusation.

3100 [leaf 181 a, col. 1]

3104 The Steward having failed in this intrigue

3108 contributed another.

Returning to Guy,
Guy, filled with indignation,

"'Alas,' he sayde, 'that ys wronge.
Nowe haue y dwellyd here to longe,
When y schall for my mede
Suffur dethe for my gode dede."

For anythyng, pat euers y wroght,
Wythowe gyte hit ys on me broght.
To day at morne, so haue y hele,
Be hys worde he houyd me wele.

Who may lese anythyng
In feyre wordys or feyre behetynges?

To day, when he to rever yede,
He hyght me londe and moche mede.
Wyth wronge he wyll sicy me here
For the wordys of a loeningere.'

"Owt of je chaumber Gye ys went
All drery wyth hevy entent.
To hys ymne he ys gone
And calde hys felows euerychone.

Lordyngye,' he sayde, 'arme yow all sone.
Here ys no dwellyng for vs to wonne.
We ben bewryed to the emperowre,
That we schulde do hym dyshonowre.
Be hym, that made sonne and moone
And for vs was on rode done,
Or we be tane and alayne wyth wronge,
Many of them schall dye amonge.
Than schall they wytt, wytterlye,
That we be flamed falselye.'

"They armed themselues,
And left the city
With the intention of going over to
The Soudan.

But on their way

Wyth wrath fro that cyte.
Toward the soudan can pey .fara.
To some hym and dwelle thare.

Tho came home the emperowre

1 fj blotted out before wrath in MS.
GUY MEETS WITH THE EMPEROR.

Fro huntynge wyth moche honowre.
The wedur was clere and day lyght:
He sawe helmes many and bryght.
The emperowre asked thon,
What were all tho armed men.
Oon seyde, hyt was syr Gyowne,
‘All in wrath goyth fro pe towne
In odur stedd to do hys beste
Wyth scheide and sperre to fyght prestes.
He went in wrath, so hau ye hele,
Armed on stede welle.’

¶ When the emperowre harde so saye,
He toke hys hors and rode hys way.
He stroke the stede wyth the sporys:¹
He spared nother rugge nor forys.²
‘Syr Gye,’ he seyde, ‘stonde stede
And telle me now, what ys þy wylle:\nAnd who hath trespaste so to the,
That þou wylt now wende fro me!
My dere frende, seye me some:
What thynge ys the mysdone?
Hau ye trespast anythyng?
Telle me now wythowte leysyng;
For, what thynge some euyr hyt be,
That hath þe greuyd in crystyante,
Hyt schall be dressyd thys ylke day,
How some euyr ye wyl say.

I wndurstande, that ye wyll fare
To the sowdan and dwelle thare.
I schall neyer hauye þen yoye nor blyse,
Whyll y in thys worlde ys.
Golde and syluyr he may þe take
And a ryche man he may þe make;
Therfore þou wylt goo dwelle þere
And fyght sore agenste vs here.’

¹ MS. sparys. ² MS. formae.
Guy answered:

"Syr," quod Gye to the emperowre,
'Schall y neuyr be traytowre.
Hyt was me tolde in the cyte,
That nede had ye none of me
Nor no wylle of my seruyse,
For y serued yow wyfh fantyse.¹
Therfore thedur wyll y fare
And my seruyse schall be thare,
Or elys y wolde not agenste yow be
For all the golde in crystyante.'²

The Emperor prayed him to return:

"The emperowre anon ryght
Askyd hym and seyde 3yt:
'My dere frende, turne aseyne:
Therof wolde y be full fayne.
And all schall be at thy wylle,
What pou wylt haue lowde or stylle.
For nopnyng, fat men may say,
Wyll y be wrothe, be my fay.'³

Now Guy knew that the Steward had deceived him.

"Syr emperowre," sayde syr Gye,
'S yr korys and cordy wall
And all forgenyn every dell.
There at the furste Gye perseyued,
That pe steward hym dysseyued.²
Gye hyyt on hys harte layde
And wolde hym not perof vpbrayde.

Of the new assaunt intended by the Sarazens.

We schall be beseged wyth oost vnryde
Abowte pe cyte on euer syde,
Wyth sarayns bothe black and kene
Wyth full grete force, as y wene:
To the cyte wyll they fare
Wyth grete ooste and meyyll mare.
Hynselfe sowdan wyll come hedur
And all the sarayns wyth hym hedur.⁴

¹ MS. fantasies.
² MS. betrayed.
³ MS. betrayed.
⁴ togedur? The whole line written in the margin by the same hand.
He hath sworne be Apolyne,
That all schall dye, 
*pat* be jerynne.'
The emperowre seyde to Gye sone :
'As ye wyll, hyt schall be done.
Y haue geue yow my powere
And therto gode auenteres.1
Yf they wyll vs assayle,
We schall vs defende, sawns fayle.'

If Gye calde forth pe constabull,
A nobull man *and* of cowncell stabull :
Crystofor was hys ryght name,
So god schylde hys body fro schame.
'Syr,' he seyde, 'herkyn hedur :
Take we owre cowncell now togedur.
To morn schall we assayled bee :
Wyll we holde the cyte
Or ellys *hem* kepe in the felde
To fyght wyth *hem* wyth spere *and* schelde!
Or they be passyd the hyllys lye,
We schall *hem* wrath, be my nye.'

If Gye seyde to the constabull :
'Thy thy cowncell schall be holde, wythowt fabull.
Do crys2 anon thorow the cyte,
That all the men, that there bee . . . . .
Helpe hym neuyr god at nede,
That leyth behynde for any drede.'
If On *pe* morn were gedur'd in *pe* feldys
Twenty thousande whyte scheldys.

'Lordynge,' sey e Gye, 'herkenyth me,
All, that belene on the trynyte.
The sarsyns schall we assayle :
For nothyng wyll we not fayle.
Thynke on god in trynyte
And to holde vp crystyannte

1 MS. *auenteres.* 2 *a* blotted out before *crye* in MS.
3 After this some (probably two) lines are wanting. See the note.
And *wyth* strenckyþ of owre hondys
Defende owre goodys *and* owre londys.
They haue slayne owre frendys dere:
Loke, that we bo vengy here.
Yf we anynthyng flee,
Slayne schall we sone bee.
Then schall pys londe, *wythowte* feyne,
Be in angur and yn peyne.
Therefore wende we boldelye
And fyght *wyth* them manvely:
*Y* wyll *wyth* yow thedur fare:
Yf *y* yow fayle, god *gyf* me care.'
All they seyde: 'gramecye!
Wele haue ye spokyn now, *syr* Gye.'
To the hyllle be they gone:
The saryns there pey fownde anon.
All the cunte thereabowte
Was full of saryns gryme *and* stowte.

The Sondan first sent the King of Tyre

*¶* The sowdan calde a man *wyth* yre:
He was ryche and a grete syre:
Kynge he was wyse and bolde,
The beste in all pat londe tolde.

*Kynge,* seyde pe sowdan, ' *y commawnde* pe,
Take twenty thousande men *wyth* pe:
Go to the hyllle swythe anone
And sloc the theuys everychone.
They haue me greuyd swythe sore:
Loke, that *y* see them no more.'

[leaf 182 a, col. 2]

¶ The kynges went forthe *wyth* his coste
(And made moche noyse and beste)
Wyth pryde for take the hyllle,
But *y* wene, that they spedde ylle.
Ryght at the entre of the hyllle
Gye cryed lowde and schrylle:

'Lordyngys, do youre helpe now:
Hyt wyll be mckull for youre prove.

3268
3272
3276
3280
3284
3288
3292
3296
3300
THE KING AND MOST OF HIS MEN KILLED.

Yf pey may gete the mowntayne,
We schall be takyn all or slayne.
Yf we haue the hylle and pey pe dale,
We schall pem worche moche bala.
¶ They caste stones and schott darters
And scharpe spere on all partes.
They schett arows heded wyth stels;
They fagh wyth scharpe swyrdsy wele.
Gye, y wott, was well bolde:
He gedurd them, as schyp in folde.
When Gye was vppon the hylle,
He made them sone to fare full ylle,
That in ther downe fallynge
Echow slewe odur, wythowt lesynge;
So that in a lyttull stownde
Tenne thousande were broght to grownde.
¶ When he hym sawe, pe kynge of Tyre,
Forte he start wyth mekyll yre.
He bare a swyrde longe and scharpe:
He thoght to crysten men to carpe.
He smote a knyght on the heuyddde.¹
Hys lyfe peere was hym bereenydde.
When Gye sawe that owtrage,
He thoght to quyte hym hys wage.
He smote the kynge wondur sore:
He clesyd hys crowne, he speke no more.
He slewe paynynms thyckfolde,
That on the hylle lay full colde.
¶ When the sowdan see hys men,
How they in the folde ranne,²
He clopyd the kynge of Numbye:
He was of grete felonye.
‘Kynge, he seyde, ‘sayst pou noght,
How owre men be downe broght’ ³

¹ MS. added. ² Perhaps originally reru? ³ dene blotced out before downe in MS.
The bodyes of them on the hylle lyse.
The kyng ys slayne, pat was full wyse.
So ouyr me helpe goddysea mine,
Termagawnt and Apolyn,
But ye vengyd on hym sone,
I schall neyry abbye tyl none:
Y schall take the hylle wyth force
And allo eche oon, be my corse.

We haue an hundurd agenste oon,
And therafore sone schall pey be tan.

"They toke pe hylle s wyth faste
And many a stone downe caste.
The Greges defenyd peyn well
Azenste the sarynys, pat were trebell.
They smote of wyth per gysarmes
Feste and honde, schouldur and armes.
That ylke batell was full stronge:
There dyed many a man amonge.
"So wele dud Gye that day,
That he was preysef for nobull ay.
In a stedde styllle he stode
And faghf wyth an harte gode.
The payynys faste hym assayle:
He them hyt, wythowten rayle,
Bothe before and behynde.
He smote downe, pat he myght fynde,
That wythyne a luyllt stownde
There lay abowte hym on pe grownde
An hundurd slayne and wele moo,
That hym had þernyd for to alo.
To hys brestes laye the hope,
That he myght not sawe lepe.
Also dud Harrowde sore:
He faghf, as a wylde boro.
He had a swyrde, that was gode:

1 MS. god.  2 MS. gesarmes.
THE SARRACENS ROUTED.

Many a hebbe wyth that of yode.
Of the sarays he smote þat day
Two hundred, or he went away.
Hys hawberke was brokyn wyde
Wyth many hoolys on every syde.
Payynys assaylyd hym at þat case,
That hys hawberke brokyn was.
He defendyd hym, as a lyowne,
And all, þat was wyth\(^1\) Gyonwne;
And also dud the Grecyse
Defende them wele in all wyse.
¶ The kyng of Charturs was tane
And other sarays many ane.
Gye þere made a grete wondur;
For some of þem he smote in sondur.
Gye and hys ferys were armed wele
Bothe in yron and in stale.
In þat brunte many they hente
And many slewe and all torente.
They were so amert and so kene:
They made the sarays all to flene
On every syde therwythall.
They of þe hylle downe let falling
Many and ryck of grete stones,
That were ordeyned for þe nones,
As gret, as any man may bere,
The sarays wyth for to dere.
They let the stones downe glynde
And slewe many on every syde.
Tenne thousands in a stownde
There were slayne and brot to grownde.
Hyt felle so that ylke day,
That fewe of þem went away.
¶ The nyght ys comen, þe day ys gone:
The sarays bene all alone.

\(^1\) MS. wyth hym Gyonwne.

WARWICK.
So many sarsyns þore were alone,
That ix furlonge men myght gone,
þyt schulde þey set no fote on grownde
For dedde bodyes in þat stownde.

Forthe went in yre Abelle the wyght:
He was newe dubbed knyght.
To the sowdan he come thore:
He was woundyd passyng sore.

Sowdan,' he seyde, 'flee or be dedde:
Seyst thou not thy men redde!
Thy goddys þe had not in þer thoght,
Therfore haue we speeded noght.
We wyll þem brenne in þyrm bryght:
They dud vs neuer gode in fyght.

Wende now on yowre stede browne
Whome vnto yowre pavelowne.
Brynge home þe men, þat woundyd are:
þyt some of þem may wele fare.'

Now be the sarsyns come aseyn:
Wyth grett schame and many slayne.

The sowdan dud before hym brynge
All hys goddys in a thrynge.
A, goddys,' he seyde, 'ye are false:
The deyyll yow honge be the hals.
I hane done yow many a gode dede:
Eyll ye haua qwytt me my mede.
Ye wolde me serue, ye myght stonde,
As ye hane done before honde.'

He toke a staffe of appulle tre
And bete hys goddys all thre.
He brake of þem boþe legge and arms:
'Ye dud me neuer gode, but harme.
Gode may ye do me none
More, than the harde stone.'

He toke þem be the fete faste
And dud þem sone owte caste.
Sythen he lepe on hys rabyte\(^1\)
And sende a messengere full tyte
To all men in hys poste
Fro thens vnto the roide see
And bad hem come for hir honowre
Hym to helpe and to socowre.

Gye clepyd to hym hys mayne:
'Lordynge,' he sayde, 'god thanked be.'
We haue done a fayre chace:
Lorde be thankyd of hys grace.
Owre enmyes be all tane,
Ouyrcomen and many slane.
To the cyte wyll we gone
Wyth owre felows euerychone.'
All wyth yoye jey went home,
But jey were woundyd euerychone.

Now ys Gye of grote poste:
All hym loueyd in that cyte.
The emperowre, so haue y hele,
Loueyd Gye swythe wele.
Thorowe hys helpe he wende full well
To wynne hys londe euery dael.
Gye doyth all, that euyr he wyll,
In the courte bothe lowde and styll.

Then spake syr Morgadoure,
That ylke false traytowre.
He began to thynk a wyle,
How he myght Gye begyle.
He hath thoght a felony
(Soche oon harde y neuer, wyterlye)
For to make Gye to do message
To the sowdan, that ys so rage.
He thought, 'If Gye thedur wante,
He schulde neuer after more be sente.
Gone he ys the emperowre nere

\(^{1}\) MS. rabett.

After this revenge he sent a messenger for reinforcements.

[leaf 188 a, col. 1]
Guy with his host returned into the city.

He was very powerful now and loved by all.

Only Morgadoure plotted his ruin.

He advised the Emperor
And sayde to hym on thys manere:
"Yf ye wyll leue my counseyle,"
Hyt schall pe well gretily avayle
In all thynge, that y may do;
For y am moost holdyn therto.
But y telle yow gode rede,
I wyll, ye do me vnto dedde.
The sowdan hath sende hys messengere
Thorow all hys londe ferre and nere,
To hym schulde come more and leste
All men, that in hys lande ys,
That may bere schylde or spere
Or hys owne hedde bere,
Yow to sege in yowre cyte
And yow to take and yowre meyne.
"I Now have ye here a knyght:
In all pe worlde ys none so wyght.
That ys Gye of moche pryse
And wyth hym Harrowde pe a marchyse.
In hym ye may yow wele affye;
He wyll yow helpe, securlye.
Sende a knyght pe sowdan to say
And byd pe hym sygne a certeyn day.
Whyll he wyll algate have yw yer lande
And all wyth strenckyth of mannys hande,
Ryd hym sende a gode knyght
Wyth oon of yowres for to fyght.
Yf hyt may so betyde,
That yowrya han a bettur syde,
He let yow han all yowre lande
Wyth pees in yowre owne hande.
And, yf hys knyght haue pe maystry
And oynrome yowres wyth felonye,
For yowre lande ye schall do homage
And ever yeere selde hym trewage."

1 MS. <i>conned</i>, 2 MS. <i>ef</i>, 3 MS. <i>bad</i>. 
A MESSENGER TO BE SENT TO THE SOUDAN.

1 Than spake ye emperowre Ernys: the Emperor answered,

'Syr steward, at thyne avyce
I schall wytt at my baronage,
Who wyll do thyse message;
And, yt any wyll thedure fare,
He schall be preyseyd for enermare.
He, bat wendith abowte that thyng,
Drede hyt ys of hys home comyng.'

F He let calle hys baronage
And all men, bat he gaue wage.

'I say for yowre honowre,
All, that eyr be gedurd here,
Erle, baron, knyght and squyere:
I wyll sende a messengere
To the sowdan on all manere.
I wolde not warre, yt y myght,
But holde my londe wyth lawe and ryght.
Let hym fynde a sarson
And y to fynde a knyght of myn.
The batell vpon them schall goo:
Let hyt be done betwyx pem twoo.
Yf my man overcome bee,
I schall hym selde my londe free.
Yf he falle on ye warre styde,
As god graunte, hyt so betyde,
He schall fro my londe ryde
And make here no lenger abye.
Nor no nodur of hys lynage
Do me no wronge nor no owtrage.
And, who dar do my servyng
And fro me bere thyse thyngynge,
I schall hym loue ouer all odur
And holde hym, as myn owne brodur.'

When ye emperowre had al sayde

1 MS. in Ernys.
And all hys speche downe layde,  
Ther was none of all, pat pare\(^1\) ware,  
That wolde speke, lesse nor mare.  
Then vp starte a nobull knyght:  
The constabull Crystofor he hyght.  
To hys gyrdull hys berde was longe:  
Wyll he was yonge, he was stronge.  
\(^{1}\)Syr emperowre, be thys day,  
As me thynkyth, y schall say.  
I oght to gene yow gode crownesyle\(^2\)  
And to do yow honowre, wydcowte sayle.  
To sende yowre men for to be dedde,  
Me thynkyth, hyt ys a sympull redde.  
Thou myghtyst as wele wyth byn hande  
Slee by men wele wyttande.  
I wene, ye schall fynde none in hys lande,  
That wyll on that arrande fonde.  

\(^{1}\)Leaf 292 a, col. 1

For cowardyse sey y hyt wight;  
For wyth my wylle and my thoght,  
Yf y now also nobull were here,  
As y was wythynne thys ix yere,  
I wolde do that ylke sonde:  
For he dethe schulde y not wonde.  
Y am olde \(\text{and}\) haue whyte hare  
And of my strenckyth am made bare.  
Hyt ys an hundurd wyntur rught,  
Sythe y was made a knyght.  
Wyll y was a yonge man,  
Grete messages dud y than.  
Now am y olde \(\text{and}\) may not vayle,  
But yf hyt be to gene crownesyle.'  
\(^{3}\)Harrawde lokyd on syr Gye  
And thoght, what he wolde sey, veryly.  
He wolde haue askyd \(\text{pat}\) vyng,  
Yf Gye had not take \(\text{pat}\) owtrage.

\(^{1}\)were blotted out before here in MS.  
\(^{2}\)MS. cornwal.
When Gye harde the worde to ende,
That no man proffyrde hym to wende
(He stode stylle, as a stone,
To wytt the wyll of every mone,
Yf any were so bolde and wyght,
That durste do pat errande ryght):
Gye vp starte swythe wyght.

'Syr,' he seyde, 'y am yowre knyght:
Y schall to the sowdan fare
And telle hym yowre errande thore.
To do yowre errande y schall fondre:
For the dethe y wyll not wonde.
There schall be none so lytull a page,
But he schall here my message.' . . . .

'If Gye ȝyt answeryd wyth grete yre:
'I schall not leue, be my swyre,5
But y wyll wende in thys case
To dye therfore in the place.'

'Now wendyth Gye owt of þe press
Vnto the cost of the Gregeye.
Gye ys a bolde barow:
God, that suffurd hys pascions,
Yene hym grace wele to fare
And to come ageyne wythowe ten care!
He came to hys herbergye
And fonde hys felowe heuselys.
They wolde wende wyth hym echone,
But he wolde suffer of þem neuer cound.
Quod Harrowde: 'let me wyth the fare:
To dye wyth the y am full yare.'

'Harrowde,' seyde Gye, 'be here stylle:
Thou schalt not wende wyth my wylle.'

'If Gye hym armed on all wyse
Welse and on a queynye gyse.

1 After this some lines are wanting. See note.
2 w in swyrw in part illegible because of a spot.
GUY IN THE SOODAN'S PAVILION.

On he caste an hawberke bryght:
Whyll he had 
On hys hedde hys helme he caste
And lasyd hynm swythe faste:
A serkyll of golde, pat wolde noght ¹
Wyth an o pownde of golde be boght.
Hyt was full of precyous stones
And rycher perles for the nones.
Sythen he guarde hym wyth hys bronde:
Hyt was worthe moche loade.
Hys schylde he caste abowte hys halse
And a spere he toke alsa.
Hys gode stode he bestrode:
Forthe of the cyte sone he rode.
Al men of that grete cyte,
Of 
All pey wespdy swythe sore:
They wenyd to see hym no more.
N
ow hath Gye, as y say,
Toward the sowdan take pe way.
He ne stynte nor he ne blanne,
Or he to the sowdan came.
As he rode vp and downe,
He knewe pe sowdans pavelowne.
An egull of golde peoron was bryght
And a stone, that gawe grete lyght,
That men myght see all the nyght,
As hyt had be the nonne² bryght.
When he came to the pavelowne,
In he wente, be my crowne.
He fonde the sowdan at hys mete
And wyth hym xv kyngys grete
And odur men of grete valuowre,
And all pey servyd the sowdan pore.
Forthe than starte syr Gyowno

¹ Perhaps corrupt. See note. ² MS. sonner
GUY DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE.

And schw Yad sone hys resowne:

'That ylk kynge, fat sytyq in heyn, (3652
That made pe erthe and pe planessey semy
And in the see the sturgone,
Yeue the, syn sowdan, hys malyson.
And all, that y heresynne see,
That belue in Mahowndys poste.

If Thys worde sendyth pe the emperowre, (3660
That ys a man of grete valowre,
Thorow whom the sarsysns were tane,
Many woundyd and many slane.
He bad, pou schuldest not dwelle longe
In hys londe to do hym wronge.
Yf ye chalenge oght wyth ryght,
He hyddyth the sende forthe a knyght,
That wyll sone for the fyght;
And, yf owres be slayne wyth force and myzt,
He wyll the gene trewage be yere
And serue the, as hys lorde dere;
And, yf hys knyght thorow grace
Onwerome yowrys in the place,
Thon schalt delyyr hys londe rathe
And restore hym aseynh hys skathe.
Wyth the emperowre, y the say,
Of thys thynge thou take a day.

And, yf that pou wyllte not thys,
Telle me, whyt thy talente ys.
Here y am for my lordys sake:
Yf ony wyll the batoll take,
I wyll defende my lordys londe, 1
Whyll y lue, wyth myn honde.' (3680

When seyde pe sowdan: 'what art pou,
That comes into my courte nowe? (3684
Ther was neuer kyght nor squyere,

1 he blotted out before londe in MS.
2 & blotted out before neuer in MS.
That durste speke so to me ere.'
Gye sayde: 'y schall the saye
My name, or y wende awaye.
I wyll þe nor no nodur beswyke:
Y am Gye of Warwyke.'

'Art thou,' he seyde, 'þat ylke page,
That hast done me all þe owtrage?
Thou slewe my cosyn Coldrane:
Hys hedde thou smote of allone.
I schall neyrr ete breddde
To day, or þat þou be dedde.

Thy lorde the louyd nothyngge,
When he comawndyd þe püs message to brynge.
Now y schall vengyd bee:
Thou schalt be hongyd on a tree.'

He comawndyd, he schulde be tane
And in a pytte caste allone.
When he had ðyn and made hym at ese,
He thought Gye for to sese.
Abowte Gye was grete thronge.
'God wott,' quod he, 'y stonde to longe.'
There he faryd, as he wolde wede:
Wyth hys spurreys he stroke hys steda.

'Sowdan,' he seyde, 'pou schalt abye
Furste of all thys companye.'
He smote the sowdan wyth hys swordes,
That the hedde trendyld on þe borde.
The hedde he toke in hys honde:
Owte of þe palce dud he wonde.
He smote of many a hevydde²
Of þem, þat wolde haue hyt fro hym revydd.

The hedde wyth strenckyd awaye he bare
And knytt hyt in hys lappe thare.
'Faste he prickyd þorowe þe coste
On hys stede, þat moche coste.

¹ g in vengyd has not quite its regular form. ² MS. hedde.
The sarays hyed þem full faste
Aftur Gye, when he was past.
Gye to takke they were prestes:
Many a man dud hys beste.
Gye rode to a roche of stone:
The paynyme folowe hym everychone.
Ofte he turned them aseyne:
Many of them hath he alayne.
Ther was neuer ȝyt man on grounde,
That durste agenste so many stonde.

Now of Harrowde wyll we speke:
For sorowe, he þost, hys herte dud breke.
He hawe so moche sorowe and woo,
That he may not oon fote goo.
For Gye all þat sorowe hath he:
He wende, he schulde hym neuer see.
'Alas, Gye,' syr Harrowde seyde,
'That þou were so fowle betrayed.
Now wott y wele, wyþhowten drede,
I schall hym neuer see on stede.

Then were y schante: what shal y doo?
I haue no man to moone me too.'

¶ As he was in sorowe and dud wepe,
Vpon hys bedd he falle on slepe.
He can mete a straunge sweyond:
He thought, he sawe syr Gywne
On a stede faste syttende
And a scharpe spere in hys hande.
Lyons and lebards assaylde hym faste,
That had made hym sore agaste.
Hys schylde was brokyne cuyn in two,
And hys hawberke was reuyn also.
Wyþh moche pyne he holde hys lyfe:
He was in so moche stryfe.
¶ When Harrowde of hys slepe dud wake,
For drede faste can he quake.
On his felows dud he calle:
'Lordyngye,' he seyde, 'arme yow all.
To helpe Gye, loke, no man fayle;
For he ys in moche batyle.'
Hastyly were they dyght

On ther horsys redy to fyght.

They redyn forthe in hys

For drede of ther maystyr Gye,
That he schulde be woundyd or slane
Or ellys wyth þem to preson tane.

At last they sawe the ooste

Of the sarsyns, that made boste.

Of armed men were full þe feldes,

Some wyth hawberkys and some wyth scheldes.

All they chaasyd there syr Gye;
Hym to aloo they were redye.

They hym assayled on euer syde,
And he gauze þem strokys vnyde.

So nerehonde þe paynmys yede,
They had þe brydull of his steðe.

Then was Gye in sorowe and woo,
That he myght not passe þem froo.
All tho, that wolde hym take,
He made þe rugges for to crake.

Then came syr Harrawde:
To a paynym he made asawte.

He hyt hym hye vppon þe crowne:
There halpe hym not syr Mahowne.
To þe breste þe swyrdes went ynnce:
Therof thoght he no synne.

Echeoon of the companyes
Slawe twy paynmys or thre.
Than þere was a batell stronge,
And many sarsyns dyed amonge.

Now hath Harrawde yoye and game,
That he and Gye were mett same.
For yoye, that they were mette,
Wyth ther eyen bothe ey grete.\textsuperscript{1}
Then kysyd Gye every man,
When he was fro thronge tane.
The sarayns be aseyne wente
All wyth sorowe and beschente.
Gye wyth yoye and hys meyne
Turned aseyne to the cyte
All wyth pryde and yolytee,
\textit{Wyth} moche game and more glee.
Then beganne pe bellus to rynge,
\textit{Prestys and} clerkys merely to synga.
When pey sawe pe hed than,
Moche yoye made many a man.
All they sayde: 'wythhowte lese,
Of the sowdane schall we\textsuperscript{2} haue pese.
Thankyd be god all welynyng,
That he vs hath sende that tythyng.'
\textit{If} Gye ys gone vnto the towre
And presentyd the hedde to the emperowre.
'Syr,' he sayde, 'vndurstande:
The hedde, that y bere in\textsuperscript{3} hande,
Ys the hedde of the grete sowdan):
I hym slewe myselfe allone.
Y yow make thys present:
Take hyt wyth gode entent.'
When pe emperowre sawe \textit{put} thynge,
He myyt hym not holde fro wepeynge.
An hunerd sythe he hym kyste:
What yoye he made, no man wysta.
All they thankyd heuyn kynge,
That pe warre was broght to endynge.
\textit{If} Gye made or the thrydde day

\textit{MS. weypte.} \textsuperscript{*} 4 blotted out before \textit{we} in \textit{MS.}
\textsuperscript{*} is altered from \textit{em} in \textit{MS.}

\textsuperscript{1} The Saracens turned back.
\textsuperscript{2} where bells were rung, and priests and clerks sung merrily.
\textsuperscript{3} All were glad to see the Sowdan's head.
Guy caused a marble piller to be erected with a crowned head of brass on it, containing the Soudan's head, as a warning to any other enemy.

The Emperor again offered Guy his daughter's hand.

He also sent messengers through his realm to restore what had been lost. One day the Emperor went hunting, accompanied by Guy and others.

Guy saw a lion coming wearily towards him, pursued by a hideous dragon.

A pyller of marbull grett and graye:
Aboue he set a hedde of brasse,
In that the sowdans hed was.
Aboue all he set a crowne;
Ryght in mydware of the towne,
That all odur warned myght bee,
That wolde do harme to the cyte.

"Than spake the emperowre Ernye:"
"Gye, herkyn to myn avyse.
I thynke to do the gret honowre:
Take pou my doghtur in hur bowre."
"Syr," he sayde, "gramercy:
That ys vn undeserved, sekerlye."

"The emperowre comawndyd hys men:
To make pyn redy be ix and tenne,
And thorowowt my londe fare
And store aseyne, pat lorne was are."

"The emperowre rose erlye:
Matens and messe he harde in hys
And sythen he lepe on a mewle browne
And toke wyth hym syr Gyowne,
Dewkys and erlye, that there were,
That had hym serued far and nere:
To hunte they went that day.
The wedur was hote in pe waye.
Gye sawe, as he dud ryde,
As he blychyd hym besyde,
A lyon come towarde hym werelye,
But vnnethe he myght drye.
He brayed faste and gaping wyde:
He wyste not, where he myst hym hyde.

After hym come a dragon,
That folowde faste the lyon.
Hys hed was gret and grennyng
And hys eyen, as fyre, breynnynng.

\[MS. in eryny.\]
Hys sethe scharpe, hys mowte wyde:
Hys body was grett and vnyrde.
He was grymage and he was selle:
He went, hyt had be þe deuyll of helte.
¶ Then seyde Gye to hys meyne:
‘I wyll go forthe sekerlye.
Y wyll preue wyth all my myght,
Whedur y dare wyth þe sondur dragon fyot.
Loke, ye store not of þat stedde,
Whedur y be quyck or dedde.’
¶ Gye a spere toke in hys honde:
Pre hys falowe he hym wonde.
He went forthe a gode spede
To helpe the lyon at that nede.
When þe dragon sawe Gyowne,
He came to hym and lefte þe lyone.
Gye sawe hym come flande:
He toke hys spere in hys hande.
He lokyd, where he myst do hym skathe,
And he aspyed hyt sone full rathe.
Undur the wynghe he schett þe spere:
Thorow þe body he dud hym hare.
Then the dragon felle to grouwnde
And dyed in a lytull stownde.
He drewe hys swerde made of stole
And smote of hys hedde every dele.
He behelde the body on grouwnde:
Hyt stanke, as a pylylyd hownde.
¶ Gye rode to hys men warde:
The lyon folowed hym full hard.
He went before Gye playing
And wyth hys tayle hym paynyinge.
He lykkyd Gybes fete alse
And lepe abowte hys stede halse.
Gye had wondur of that dode
And lepe downe of hys stede.
He strokyd hym on pe rygge ofte
And leyde hys hande hys hedde on lofta.
The lyon walowed on the grownde
Before Gye, as dothe an hownde.
Sythen he playde wyth hym faste:
Of hym Gye was not agasta.
Gye lepe on hys stede than:
The lyon before hym faste ranne.
He folowed Gye est and weste:
Gye hym louydde at the beste.
Gye to the emperowre dud ryde:
The lyon yede be hys syde.
Gye hym tolde every dele,
How that he had spedd wele.
All pey wondurde on the lyon,
That he louyd so syr Gyone.
If The emperowre and hys meyne:
Went vnto the cyte.
Bothe Gye and the emperowre
Togedur pey went to the towre.
Gye into hys chaumbur ys gone
And wyth hym went hys gode lyone.

Into what stede pat Gye wente,
The lyon folowed hym, verament.
Before Gyse bedde he laye:
Ther my3t no man brynge hym awaye.
Of hym was Gye full fayne,
For he was hys chaumburleyne.

When pey had the londe rede thorowe,
Castels, cytes, towne and borowe,
To Constantyne pey came in hys.
The emperowre callyd to hym syr Gye.

'Gye,' he seyde, 'grathe the therforene:
My doghtur pou schalt wedde to morne.
Tyme ys comen, and y am payde:
Hyt schall no lenger be delayde.'
Gye answeryd, as a knyght:
‘Yow therfore yele pe kyng of myght.’

† On pe morne Gye dyd hym nobullys
And went to the churche merealye,
And hys felows euerchone
Wyth hym full feyre they gone.
Ther was none so lytull of all,
But they were clads in palle.
All men, that eyr Gye,
Of hys degree they had ferle
Gye came to churche thean

And there he sawe many a man,
Kynge, dewke and barowe,
The beste of all that regowne.
There were ryche byschoppes for hys sake,
That the marriage schulde make.

† ‘Gye,’ syde Ernysa, ‘come to me:
My doghtur here gene y the
And, whyll y lene, halfe my londe
And, when y am deynte, all in y honde.
Thou shalt be emperorsz aftar me:
Before my baronage y grawnate pe.’
All men, pat pere dud stande,
Were fayne of that thyhande.
Gye hym thankyd² nobullys
Of hys honowre and hys curtseye.

† Then came the byschoppe revysch
And broght ryngys of the beste.
When he sawe pe ryngys § broght,
On feyre Eleyse was hys poghft.
‘A, Eleyse,’ he syde, ‘pat feyre wyght,
I hawe pe lound wyth all my myght.
Schall y for ryches forsake now pe?’

1 Ms. Ermysa.
2 answeryd originally in Ms., but the scribe has blotted it out, adding thankyd in the margin.
3 Ms. ryngys.

WARWICK.
Hyt schall neuyr for me so bee,
Thy bare body ys darre to me,
Then all the gode in crystyante.'

Wythowte ony more he fell to grownde:
Soche an euyll toke hym in pat stownde.

' Syr emperowre,' sayde Gye,
'For the lous of owre lady,
Do thys spowsage in respyte
(Ye may me nothynge wyte),
Tyll that y amendyd bee
Of stronge peyne, pat greuyp me.'

'Me forthynkyth,' quod pe emperowre, 'sore,
That hyt schulde be delayed more.'
The emperowre made euyll chere
And all, pat euor abowte hym were.

Now be they partyd aweye
Wyth moche sorowe, be thys daye.

The mayde for Gye sorowed faste:
Sche pogh, hur herte wolde tobraste.

Ther myȝt no man brynge hur away:
Sche swowynyd soo that ylke day.

Gye leyde hym on hys bedde:
Ther wyster no man, what euyll he hedde.²
Thre dayes he heide hym stiffe
In hys chaumbur at hys wylle.

Ther wyster no man, pat was wroght,
Of hys fantsye and hys thoght.

So grete dole hath the lyon
For hys lorde syr Gyowne:
Thre dayes owte and owte
Ete he no mete, wythowte dowte.

'Gye calde Harrowde to hym pat day:
'What ys the beste? thou me saye.
Harrowde,' he sayde, 'what ys thy redde?'

For sorowe y am nere dedde.

1 soo added over the line in the same hand. ² MS, hadde.
Redyst thou, that y weddyd bee,
Or to wende to my cuntre?
In Ynglond ther ys a maye
(Now to the y dare well saye),
The erlys doghtur Rohawte:
Sche hath my loue, wythowe defawte.
Men calle hur feyre Felyce:
In all thys londe ys none so wyse.
Sche ys feyre and bryght of heawe:
In all pys worlde ys none so trewe.'

"Syr,' seyde Harrowde, 'y schall pe say
The beste cowncill, pat y mayo.
The emperowrs doghtur, loke, pou take
(A ryche man sche may pe make)
Aftur hym to be emperowre.

God hap genyn yow grete honowre:
In all pys worlde schall none bee
Of yowre ryches and yowre poste.
Soche twenty schulde be at:ty hande
Of ryche erledams wyth wode and lande,
Than ys erle Roholde the gode.
He, pat forsakyth worschyp, ys wode.'

"Let he Harrowde: pou louyst me noight,
When pou me seyst cowncill brought.
When pou me seyst forsake pat maye,
I schall be dedde that ylke day.'

"Syr,' he seyde, 'holde yow styll;
For now y wott, what ys your wylle.
That ye hur so lounyd, wyste y noyt.
When ye of cowncill me besost,
Wyth all my myght, be thys day,
Gode cowncill y wyll gena yow, yf y maye:
Wyll ye so loun Felyce,
Forsake hur not, yf ye be wyse.'

G yor rose vp at the laste:
To course went he full-faste.
All had yoye, pat pere ware, 1
pat he was couyrd of hys care.
Wyth hym came hys lyone,
Thorow whome felle treson:
The bad the emperowre grete,
That Gye schulde dwelle at mete,
To do hym some solace;
For jorow hym he delaund was.
The lyon went thorow pe pales
And of hym spake all the Gregyes
And of the boldenes of Gyowne,
How he slewe the dragone.
The steward had grete envye:
He poght, pe lyon schulde abye.
¶ Aftur mete a longe owre
Gye went wyth the emperowre:
The lyon went in that pales
Meryly and in feyre pese.
In the garden ageyne pe sonne
He laye to slepe, as he was wonne.
Gye went and laye to slepe:
Of the lyon toke he no kepe.
In a soler 2 stode the stewarte
At a wyndowe to loke owtwarde.
He poght to sloo hym wyth hys hande,
As that he laye alepande.
He wolde venge hym 3 on sir Gye:
He was a traytowre, verelye.
In hys honde he toke a spere:
Thorow the lyon he can hyt bere.
The lyon vp starte wythowten more,
But he was woundyd passynge sore.
That swae a maydyn in hur bowre
And cryed on Morgadowre

1 MS. were.
2 MS. soler.
3 on blotted out before hym in MS.
And seyde: 'pou haste done grete wronge.
Thou schalt hyt fynde, or hyt be longe.
When Gye wottyth, pat he ys slayne,
He wyll hym venge wyth grete mayn.'

'The lyon ranne forpe into pe strete:
Hys bowels trayled at hym fete.
Also feste, as he myght renne,
He came home to Gyes ynne.
In hym chaumbur he hym fonde
On hym bedds alepanda.
He came before Gyowne:
At hym fete he felle downe.
Hys fete he lykkyd wyth mornyng:
Hyt was a tokyn of loueyngne.

'The lion ran home, trailing his gates.
When Gye hym sawe woundyd pore,
For hym lyon he wepyd sore.
'God,' he seyde, 'of mekyll myght,
Who hath do me pys vnryght?
Now he hath my lyon slane,
All my yoye ys fro me tane.
Be god, that dyed on a tre,
I wolde not for thys feyre cyte,
What some suyr that he bee,
That hath thus betrayed me.'

'Wyth that he sawe before hym eye
Hys lyon gode there dye.
He seyde: 'now haue y care:
Ther was noptyng, y louyd mare.
Thou art dedde in thys place:
To venge me gode geue me grace.
Yf y wyste, who had the slane,
Sone schulde y be hys bane.
In all pys lande ys none so wyght,
Dewke, erle, barow nor knyght,
But my lorde the emperowre,
But y schall alee that traytowre.'

Gay was very sorry and angry.
Guy was very sorry and angry.
GUY IN SEARCH OF THE CULPRIT.

1 He toke his swyrds abowte his swyre:
To the cyte he came wyth yre. 4108
A knyght sawe, pat he was wrothe,
And seyde: 'who dud yow lothe?'
He askyd thorow the halie:
'Lordyngys, y prey yow all,' 4112
Yf any wote, he wyll me saye,
Who slewe my gode lyon pys day.
Y schall hym gene ryche mede
And be his man in euery stede.
Thys pysnge schall be his' medys:
xv hawkys and xv stedys
And an hundurd besawntys of golde:
Therfore he schall to me be beholde.' 4120
They seyde all, sekerlye:
'We can not telle yow, eyr Gye.'

2 Sythen he went fro the halie:
Knyghtys and squyers he askyd all.
Fro chaumber to chaumber Gye went:
At the laste he mett þe maydyn gente.
Sche askyd tho Gyone,
Who had slayne his lyon. 4128
Sche was not fayne, wytterlye:
'I sye hym smestyn þorow þe body.'
'Now,' quod Gye, 'my dere lemmyn,
Telle me sone: spare for no man.
I schall gene the golde schynande
And servy from fote to hande.'
The maydyn seyde: 'Morgadowre
Hath the done thys dyshonowre.
I sye hym smyte hym sore:
I wote, he myght leue no more.'

That the Steward was the culprit.

‡ When Gye herde speke of þat felow,
That had slayne his lyon, 4140
Owt of þe chaumbur hyed Gye.

1 MS. þr. 2 Apparently corrupt. See the note.
The Steward Killed. Guy Bent on Leaving.

To seke þe steward he was besye. 4144
Into a chaumber can he gone:
He fonde the steward þere anon. 4144
He pleyde at chesses wyth hys cosyn,
When he sye Gye loke so grymme.
Then seyde Gye: 'traytowre, þou be drawe.
Why haste þou my lyone' slawe?' 4148
Thou haste wyth the no resoyn
For to do me thyse treson.
Defende þe now, as a knyght:
I wyll þe smyte wyth all my myght.' 4152
He drewe hys swyrde: or he stynte,
Hys hedde he smote of at a dynte.
† When hys cosyn eye that dede,
For we, he joght, hys herte wolde blede,
He starte on a nodur parte
And in hys honde he hent a darte. 4156
[leaf 167 b, col. 2]
Gye hym kept and dud hym harme:
He smote of hys ryght arme.
Tho he cyryd: 'Gye, gramercye,' 4160
And he went fro hym in hye.
† Comen he ys to the emperowre:
'Syr,' he seyde, 'for yowre honowre
I haue the servyd wyth my powere:
Hyt ys me quytt on euyll manere,
Whyll y haue lorne be treson:
In yowre court my gode lyon). 4164
Yowre steward slewe hym in grete yre:
I haue quyt hym wele hys hyre.
For euer he hath hys waryson:
Schall he neuer more do treson.
Who wyll be yowre servaunande,
When ye may hym not warande,
Nor a straunge man yn yowre cyte,
But he haue harme and vylene? 4176
† MS. tenant.
THE EMPEROR'S VAIN EFFORTS TO KEEP GUY BACK.

I wyll wende to my cuntre:
Y desyre there for to bee.
To see my frendys y wolde be blype:
I wyll haste me thedur swythe.
Yf any man wyll yow dere
Odur in peas or in were,
Do me to wyt anon ryght:
I schall yow helpe wyth all my myjt.'
¶ When the emperowre sye Gye,
That he was wrothe and drerye:
'Syr Gye,' he seyde, 'for goddyse mercy,
Yf any man haue done yow velany,
Take thyselfe vengeawnce:
I hyt grawnte, so haue y chawnce.
Let be youre frendys in your cuntre:
To morowe schall yow weddyd bee.'
¶ Gye seyde: 'syr, y thynke, noght.
Wyfe to take ys not my thought.
Yf y had weddyd py doghtur dere
And ye had made me lorde here,
Yowre men wolde among pem seye
And oftesythe make deraye,
That ye had made the emperowre
But of a paire bachelowre,
And that hyt were a grete dysperage
To the and all thy baronage.
Bettur hyt ys to wende wyth honowre,
Then to dwelle here wyth grete dolowre.
Therefore y sey yow, syr emperere:¹
I wyll wende on all manere.
Haue gode day, now wyll y fare:
God yow schelde fro sorowe and care.'
¶ When the emperowre harde hys wylle,
That he wolde not dwelle styile,
Wyth hys eyen he wepyd sore

¹ MS. Empere.
And all þe men, that þere wore.
Fyfte somere and fyfte stedys
He badde Gye to hys medeys,
But he had wonne before ynowe
Of þe sarsons, that he had slowe.

4212
The Emperor offered him much wealth,
but Guy had won enough of the Saracens.

4216
So Ernis gave Guy's men as much as they wished.

† The emperor we duh, as a lord hende,
To Gyes men, when þey schulde wende:
He gane them goide for Gyes sake
As moche, as they wolde take.

4220
All they seyde, the emperowre
Was a man of grete valowre.

† Knyghtys and squyers, þat þere ware,
All dud wepe, when Gye dud fare.

Wyneys, maydenys and chylder also
All þey weped, when he schulde goo:
Whyll he was in that lande,

Ther wolde no man brynge warre on honde.

4228
All were sorry for Guy's departure.

† The emperowre syr Harrowde calde
And askyd hym, yf he dwelle wolde
Wyþ hym in that cyte,

And a ryche man schulde he bee:
He schulde hym geue, sekurlye,
Of all þat lande þe feyrlest lady.

‘Syn,’ seyde Harrowde, ‘gramercy.
Wytt ye wele, y am wyth Gye:
Hym schall y neyrer sayle
For no ryche, þat may avayle.’

4232
The Emperor asked Harrowde to stay with him.

4236
But Harrowde would not part from Guy.

[leaf 188 a, col. 2]

Now ys Gye in the see:
God saue hym for hys pyte
And all hys feyre companye.

Faste they sayled, wytherlyo.
So longe þe wynde hap þem dreyn:
At Almayne they be vp reyn.

4240
Guy,

To the emperowre þey come sywyn.
For Gyes comynge he was blythe.
The emperowre honowred Gyo

4244
having stayed with the German Emperor for some time,
And all hys feyre companye.
When Gye a stownde had dwallyd þare,
To hys cuntre wolde he fare.
They hyed on ther way faste:
They come to Loren at the laste.
They were resseyued nobullye
For ther grete chesalrye.

One day in spring;
† Hyt was in may on a dayes,
When eyry fowle makeyth hys laye:
Thorow a forest as þey dud ryde
(Wyth grete loun Gye badde hys men)
Wende vnto the styte then
To take þer innes, þere þey dud knowe;
For þere he wolde be a throwe
To here fowles merelie synge.
And see feyre flores' sprynge.

† Hys men hauq the wy tane:
In the forest Gye ys allane.
As he lay myrthe to here,
Hys pognht chaungyd and hys chere.
Forth he went in that foreste:
There was many a wylde bestie.
As he wente in that solace,
He harde besyde at a place
A grete mornynge of a man:
Thedurwarde he drew hym than.

Vndur an² hawpporne tre he fande
A man lyeng sore bledande.
He thought, he was a gentylly knyght,
That had be woundyd at some fyght.
He behelde hym, wyterlye:
He had of hym grete farya.
Feyre and grete and moche he was:

¹ MS. fowles.
² hande, as it seems, blotted out after an in MS.
GUY INQUIRES HIS NAME.

Gye had wondur of that case
And seyde, be Mary of heuyn quene,
A fayrer man had he not sene.
Hys berde was longe, as a spanne:
Hys vysage was bope pale and wann
For the blode, that he had blode,
And for pe woundys, that he hedde.¹
Hys eyen were black, hys vysage brade,
Longe forbede and wele made.
Feyre and longe was he thore:
A godelyar man was none bore.
In a robe of scarlet was he cladde.
Thorow pe body a wunde he hadde.
Hoeyd and schode he was ryght:
He semyd wele to be a knyght.
Hys neck was feyre, whyte and longe.
Hys fyngers were bope grete and stronge.
Hys schoulders thycck, hys breste brade.
On ery syde he was wele made
And gyrde wyth a swyrd of stele.
Hys schylde laye at hys hedde wele.

⁴ Gye beheldde and had pyte
And askyd hym: 'pyn charyte,
Knyght,' he seyde, 'what ys ye name?
Where were pou borne? who dud ye shame?
Say to me anon ryght.

Wyth pat couenande y schall pe plyght,
Of me schalt thou hauve no skathe,
But y schall helpe the as rathe.'

"'Syr knyght,' he seyde, 'aske me no mare;
For y hauve so mochre care.
I may not telle, be my crowne,
To no wyght my chesowne.
Yf y reheysyd now my care,
Thou schulde y hauve moche mare.

¹ MS. hadde.
TYRRY OF GORMOYSKE TELLING HIS STORY.

Wende ye hons, syr, y the pray;
For wyt ye not of me to day,
But yf ye wyll groant me a byng,
That y schall say, wythowte leasynge,
And yowre trouth to me plyght
To day me to helpe wyth all your myst;
And y schall telle pe all my case,
Fro whens y came and what y was
And who me hawe woundyd sore
Thorowe chawnce and wyckyd lore:
Ellys y schall yow neuer saye,
Thowe ye wolde helpe me yys day.'
"Yf Gye thought in bys herte ryght,
Whedur he wolde be trowpeplyght.
But he was in soche styre,
That for to wyt he had desyre.

"Syr knyght," he seyde, "in by ryght
The to helpe my trowpe y plyst,
So pat pou wylte the sothe saye,
Who hath done pe all yys deraye.'

Then seyde to hym pe woundyd man:
"I schall pe telle, syr, as y can.
I was the erlys sone Awbrye
Of Gormoyse, syr, sekurye.
Wyth pe dewke Lorayne ¹ y was:
I secuyd hym in many a case.
He had a doghtur, a feyre wyght:
In all pe worlde ys none so bryst.
Y louyd hur wythowte fazntyse:
So dud she me on all kyna wyse.
Sche behett to loun me than
Before ony odur erthely man.
For hur loue y made me knyght:
Owt of my cuntre y me dyght
Farre into vncowthe londe

¹ MS. Iowyn.
Dedes of armes for to fonde
In Frawnce and in Burgoyne,
In Almayne and in Sesoyne.¹
Ther was no justes nor turnament
In all the lande, where y wente,
But y had the beste of all.
On me soche pryse þe dud fallæ.

¶ Sythen harde þe spoke beyonde þe see
Of warre in a farre cuntre.
The sarsyns, þat were so many and stronge,
In Rome had bene and warryd longe.
They had dysstroyed þat ² cuntre
And moche of all crystyanter.
Thedur y went lœse to wynne
And slewe many a sarsyne.
I was preyed for doghty of hande,
As for the best in all þat lande.
There y ³ slewe a paynym kynge
And broght the warre to endynge.

¶ Then came swythe to me a sonde,
That broght me wyckyd tythande,
How the dewke Oton of Payyne
Wolde do me grete vylenye.
He schulde on the syxte dæye
Wedde Ozelde, that fœyre maye,
And bad, þat y schulde come swythe
To þele þat maye, or sheche were wyfe,
And at þat tymæ redy be thare
To feche hur or neyr mare.

¶ Thedur y toke the wey than
And wyth me went many a man.
Nyght nor day restyd we noght,
Tyll we were to þe cyte broght.
There was wyth the dewke Oton

¹ MS. synynge.
² In blotted out before that in MS.
³ MS. he.
TYRRY CARRYING OFF OZELLE.

Many a knyght and many a gode baron.
They were redy at that wedyngne
Wythowe any more dwellynge
Toward the churche for to be wedde:
Betwene two lordys sche was ledde.
Faste y prekyd in that thronge,
Tyll y myght that lady fongs.

Wyth hur sone there y mette:
I toke hur wythowten lett.

Y sett hur on hors myn me behynde:
L. rode away, as dothe pe wynde.
¶ Thorow the cyte rose grete crye,
That Ozelde wente wyth Tyrrye.
Than armed was many a knyght
And on hors full sone dyght.

He was pursued,
All they chacyd me at the laste
And my dethe they sworn faste.
I kepte them full hardythe:
So dud many of my compaynye.
Then was there a grete fght:
Many of myn pey dud vnyght.

At the laste y was lefte allone,
And all my men fro me were alone.
When y eye my men so dedde,
Full of sorowe was my reddy.
Y was nys owte of my wytte.
Many of them sore y hytt
And slewe peere in a lytull stownde
Twenty men upon the grounde.
In pe worlde, y went, per was no knyght,
But syr Gye, that ys so wyght,
That schulde haue done so wolde allone,
But yf that he had be alone.

¶ Then sye y come many and thycke

1 y blotted out before mye in MS.
TYBBI WOUNDED BY ROBBERS.

Of 1 Lorens and of Lumberdes wycke.
All þey sayled me, every man:
I myght not defende me than.
Y toke my lemman me behynnde
And rode forthe, as the wynde.
They chasyd me that ylke day:
Fro the steddʒ y wanna away.
Tyll hyt came to darke nyght,
Eyn they folowed me ryght.

All þat londe thorowe y rode,
Tyll y came to a watur brode.
Schyppe myght y there fynde none.
They chasyd me þedur everychone.

Brode and depe the watur was,
And odur wey myght y not passe.
I hastyd me vpon my stede,
That was gode at evry rede:
The watur y toke and passyd wale
Wyth goddys grace evry dele.
Forthe y wente a gode passe:

Ther durste no man come, þere y was.

W Pedur y came to thys foreste
Wyth my lemman, y louyd beste.
I wente, none had be in þys wode,
That wolde haue done me, but gode.
What for wakyng and for fastynge,
What for travell and for fyghtynge,
I restyd me on thys grownde
And 2 falls salepe in a stownde
And tyed my hors tyll a tre:
My lemman eate before me.
Then came theuys fyftene,
Boldr man and eke kene.
All slepynge þey wounded me:

1 Of before Lorens omitted in MS.

MS. A.
I am dedde, as thou mayste see.
Sythen pey toke Ozelle, pat maye,
And my stede and wente awaye.

If I hau e tolde now all my lyfe,
How y hau e bene in mekyll stryfe.
Of the dethe geue y noght:
On pat maye ys all my thoght.
Of pe peysa she getyp grete shame.
God venge me for hys holy name.
Thou haste harde now my care:
I wot, ye may leue no mare.

He conjured Guy
Yn goddys name y conyure the,
That by trowpe you plyght to me:
As soone, as pat y am dedde,
Thou bere me to some gode stedd,
To churche or to abbaye,
Or y be any wylye bestus praye.
To pe sondre hylle, loke, pat you fare,
And pe theuys you schalt fynde pare.
Yf you myght pem confownde
And pe theuys bryng to grownde,
Thou mayste wynne to yyn honde
The fayrest maydyne in yps londe
And also the beste stede,
That euery knyght rode on at nede:
Y want hym in paynym londe
Owt of a scarsyns honde.
For hym men bydd me at a tyme
Fyftene castels of stone and lyme
And xv cytees, pe beste on molde,
And also many horsys chargyd wyth golde:
All pat me badde a sarsyn kynge.
He was tryste in all fowndynge.
My schyldo and spere here thou take
And helpe pe maydyne for my sake.
Thynke on py trowthe and do py myght:

by some robbers
who also carri
cott Ozelle and
Tyrre’s stedd.

bure him as
soon as he was
dedd,

and to rescue
Ozelle from the
robbers,

getting at the
same time the
best horse in the
world.
God the helpe in my ryght.'

When Gye sate, hyt was Tyrrye,
That was bolde and hardy,
Faste he moonyd hym, wele y wate,
Set he was in so eyuell estate,
And post, he shulde never be glade nor blype,
Or he had vengyd Tyrrye swythe.
He toke hys schylde and hys spere
And hys swyrde wyth hym dud he bere.
To pe mowstayne can he faire:
A grete logge fonde he thare.
Before pat dore he fonde pe stelc.
He fardre than, as he wolde wode:
Downe he lepe and drewe hys bronde,
In he bare hyt in hys honde.

When he sate the theuyys prowde,
He began to crye lowde:
'Trayturs, peuys, pe denyll yow honge.
Why haue ye do soche a wronge?
Ye haue slayne a doghty knyght:
Ye schall hyt bye, my trowpe y plyght.'
He, pat furste cownturd peere wyth Gye,
Hys hedde loste he smertlye:
The seconde and pe thrydde also,
The fowrthe, pe v. and also moo.
Nychande he slewe peem wythynne,
Or pey myst per wepons wynne.
Ther was lefte there but oon,
But pey were woundyd or ellys alone.
He ys past, as y yow say,
But degyeys wounde he bare away.
Gye starst to pat maydyng yngne
And seyde: 'make no dole, my swete yngne.
Ryse vp and come wyth me:
To Tyrrye y wyll lede the.'
On a mewe he sett pat maye

WARWICK.
And to þe wode he toke þe way.
When he came to þe hawethorn tree,
Awey was syr Tyrre.
Therefore he made grete deraye,
For he was so gone away.
Sory was the syr Gye;
For he wende full sekurlye,
That wylde bestys of þat foreste
Wyth hym had made ther caste.

He lokyd hym a lytull besyde
And he sye feste of horsys vnryde.
He set þe mayde on þe gronnde
And rode hymselfe forþe in þat stownde.
He folowed the trace swythe feste
And he sye knyghtys at the lasyte.
Syr Tyryre wyth þem þey dud lede
And he hyed hym aftur a gode speade.
Full sone þen came he þem nere:
He bad þem on feyre manere
To delyne to hym þat woundyd knyght.

‘I haue to hym my trowthe plyght
(Y wylle hyt holde, yf þat y myght.
Ye do hym, me þynkyþ, no ryght),
That y schulde, when he wore deede,
Bery hym in some gode stedde;
And y bydde yow now pur charyte,
That body ye deluyr to mee.’

There turned ageynse a Lumbarde,
That was Otos stowarde.
In a bote he passed owre
Aftur Tyryre and odur fowre.
To Gye he seyde: ‘what art thou?
Thou louesest full lytull þyn owyn prowé,
When thou came on thyss manere.

MS. omr. After this line In a bote and odur fowre struck out.
Thys body for to chalenge here. 4560
Thou art hys felowe: be my crowne,
Thou schalt be laddes to dewke Otone.
There schall yow bothe hangyd bee
Hye vpon a galowe tree." 4564
Ψ 'Syr,' quod Gye, 'pou seyste not ryght:
3yt bad y leuyr wyth yow all fyght.'
He gane oon a stroke on the houydde,1
That hys boste soone pere was leuydde.
To þe gyrdull came the dynte:
3er wolde not þe awyrde stynte.
Another he smote also thare,
For nothyng wolde he spare:
Of hys hedde he smote clene,
That hyt flewe on the grene.
Than cam syr Hewchowrne,
That was coysyn to dewke Otone:
He can Gye faste assayle,
That þe steroppe he made hym to fayle.
So nye Gye dud he goo,
That Gye smote hys body in twoo.
The fouthe feldde at the laste:
I trowe, he were somewhat agase.
Gye tokes vp syr Tyrbye
And set hym on hys hors hym byc. 4584
Gye hym to þat thorne brought,
But þat maye fonde þey noght.
Ψ Now wyll we leue of syr Gye
And of the maydyn speke in hye,
On what maner she was gane
And owt of the forste tane.
Of Gyes felowes wyll we telle
In the forste, as we spele.
In the cyte, there þey ware,
They dy3t hys mete and made hyt yare
1 MS. kedde.
GUY CARRIES TYRRY INTO THE TOWN.

Of hym they all had menuell grete,
Why he came not to hys mete.
Harrawde then, the gode knyght,
To the foreste wente full ryght.
Thorow all pe wode pey haue hym sopt,
But, for sothe, they fonde hym noght.
¶ Then they harde a playnte mylde,
Os a woman were wyth chylde.
Ofte sche moonyd hure of care.
Harrawde, nerre hure can be fare:
Vndur a thorne they hure fande,
Hurselfe allone sore wepande.
Harrawde askyd hure of hur name
And what she soght and fro whens she came
And why she made so1 grete mornado.
Sche wolde þem seye no nodur thynge,
But þat sche was a wrecchyd woman
And for hur lorde sche made that mone.
Sche bad, no man schulde hur see,
But kepe hur feyre in pryuet.
To the cyte they went in hye,
For they myght not mete wyth Gye.

Now go we to a nodur matere
And speke we, þere as we were ere,
How þat Gye wyth syr Tyrre
to the hawthorne faste dud hye.
When Gye come þedur, he fonde noght.
Vy and dowe there he soght.
When he ne myght fynde that maye,
To hys ynte he toke the waye.

'Syrs,' they seyde, 'make gode chere,'
When they sey Gye hole and² fere.
Then soyde Gye: 'esyrs, take þys knyght
And loke, that he be wele ydyght.'

Gye sende after the lechys in hye
so over the line by the same hand. *

MS. Gye all in.
OZELLE TURNS UP AGAIN. HER LAMENTS.

For to helpe syr Tyrre.
As he stode and he hym bye, 4632
He thought, he harde a rowfull crye.
He callyd to hym his chamberleyne.
And soone he can to hym sayne:

'What was pat noyce and pat dynne?'
And he seyde, per was a maye wythynne,
'That Harrowde fonde in pe zondur foreste:
Of all, pat euer y sye, she ys pe feyrest.'
'A,' seyde Gye, 'for god allmyght,
Sende2 aftar hur yn anon ryght.'

The chaumberleyne went in hye
And broght pat maye vnto syr Gye.

'Welcome,' he seyde, 'my swete wyjt:
Y am bothe gladde and lyght.'

When sche eye Tyrre lye thare,
Sche felle in swowne for sorow and care.
Gye hur in hyes armes plyght
And seyde: 'be stytle, my swete wyjt.
Make no more none euyll chere:
Thy lemmman shall be hole and fare.'
Sche eye pe body lye on pe gownde
And peron many a bytter wounde.
Sche seyde: 'Tyrre, my dere lemmman,
Thou art now boje pale and wan,
Some tyme pou were of grete honowre,
And rode, as rose, was py coloure.
In wyckyd tyme pou trowest my redd,
When pou for my lour shall be dedde.
I shal be dedde also wyth the:
God gyf me grace, pat hyt so bee.
Yf ye dye, y shal me sloo:
Schall y neuer fro hens goo.'
On hye bodye, pe re hyt laye,

1 Line 4631 seems corrupt. See note.
2 The first s in Sende looks a little irregular.
Sche felle downe þere þat daye.
Sche kysyd hys mowpe and hys face.
And ofte sche cryed: 'allas, allas!'
Sche waxed bloo, as any ledde,
And felle downe, as she were dedde.

"Gye toke that swete wyght
In hys armes vp wyth myght
And seyde: 'my dere lemmen, let be þy fare,
For thy lorde schall welfare.'"

The leche seyde at that stownde,
He shulde be bothe hole and sownde,
Gye hur cowmfortyd wyth gode wyllle.
He seyde: 'feyre lady, be style.'

N ow dud Gye hele Tyrrye
And kept hym wele and tendurlye.
But Gye wolde telle no wyght,
Fro whens he came nor what he hyst.
Gye hym purreyde lechys gode
And for hys love chaungyd hys mode.
In the cyte þey dwellyd longe,
Tyll that Tyrrye was styffæ and stronge
And myght vpyn an hore ryde:
Howndys they had on every syde.
When he was hole, þere was game
Bettene Gye and hym in same.
They went to þe wode and to þe ryure
And louyd togedur on all manere.

"Fro huntyng as þey came vpon a day,
Gye dud to Tyrrye saye:
'Y haue the done curtesye,
Whyll y haue dwellyd þus longe þe bye
In thyson londe and thyson cuntre:
All was for the loun of the.
Whyll we nose trowthe plyght
And be folows day and nyght
And, whyll þat we be leuande,
GUY AND TERRY'S 'FELLOWSHIP.'

Nodur sayle odur in no lande? 4700

¶ Then bispake the erle Tyrrye:
'Syr,' he seye, 'gramercye.
Thys ys a grete speycyalte,
That ye wyll my folowe bee.
God of heuyn gene me grace
Yow to quyte in some place.
3yt jou art the trewest knyght,
That euuer slepyd in wynture nyght.
Ye had a wyckyddes redds
For to saue me fro the dedde,
But y yow lousyd on all manere
And serayd yow, as my lorde dere:
Y were ellys gretly to blame,
As god schylde me fro schame.'
¶ Than the toon kyssed the todur
And eythyr dyd, as othyr brodur
To the cyt e can they fare,
As yoyfull men wythowten care.
They be comen to ther yyne
Wyth grete yoye and mekyld wynne.
¶ Gye dyd make hys thynge yare:
Into Ynglonde wolde he fare.
Terrye he wolde wyth hym take
And many odur for hys sake.
To the kynge wolde he fare
And entundyd to leue per full yare
He poght of hym to haue honowre
And ryche castels wyth many a towre.
¶ Gye in a wyndowe stode
And spake to syr Tyrrye the gode
Of hys passage onyr the see
And how he wolde wende to hys cuntre.
Than came oon prekande ryght:
He semyl full wele to be a knyght,

1 MS. servce.

and Tyrry gladly accepted him.

[leaf 192 a, col. 3]
That had had grete trauasle.
Gye hym akyd, wythowe fayle,
Of whoms he was and what tythande,
What he hyght and of what lande
And what he soght in that cunte:
' Lye thou not, but telle me.'

This knight was in search of Tyrrye,

He answeryd hym sone full wele:
'I schall the telle enery delo.
Y wynde to seke syr Tyrrye,
Of Gormoyse the erlys sone, sekurye.
I haue hym soght in many a cunte.
Also god haue parte of mee,
I schall yow the sothe saye:
Of grete dole here ye may.
Tyrrye seruyd dewke Loyere,
And hym louyd and helde hym dere
And dud hym grete honowre:
He was a man of grete valowre.
The dewke had a doghtur in bowre:
Whyte sche was, as lylly flowere.
The dewke Otow vpon a day
Came for to wedde that maya.
Than came Tyrrye, y yow say,
And wyth strenkyth had hur away.
They chasyd there Tyrrye longe
And gan hym there batell stronge.
Many of them he broght to grownde
Wyth yre in a lytull stownde.
Whedur he be dedde, y wote noght:
In many londys y haue hym soght.

Then hym thoght the dewke Loyere
Of Tyrryes fadur to venge hym pere.
Grete oost he thedur broght:
The dewke Otow forgate noght,
He broght wyth hym a companye,
Many oon of Lumbardye.
At Gormoyse y thern lefte.
The lande ys stroyed and all toreste:
But y hawe grace to fynde Tyrrye,
That londe ys lorne, sekuriye.
Hys fadur ys olde and whytehore:
Hys strenkyth lassylth more and more.'
¶ 'Syr,' quod Gye, 'be god almyght,
Thou schalt lenge wyth me alnyght.
All, that y may, y schall pe wyyse,
Where that Tyrrye of Gormoyse ya.'

Gye comawndyd hys meyne
To resseyne the knygth so free.

'Leue syr,' quod Tyrrye to Gye,
'Of my fadur hawe merceye.'
As we be felows plyght,
Helpe my fadur wyth fy myght;
For he hath grete mystere
Of vs now, that be here.
Yf he be tane or eyyll fare,
I am dystroyd for euyr mare.
Hyt were grete,' he syyde, 'for me
And schame also, me thynkyt, to the.'

¶ Quod Gye: 'Tyrrye, pous spekyst yn wanye.'
Thou woldyst neuer halfe so sayne
Helpe thy fadur in hys mystere,
As y wolde wyth my powere.
I schall the neuyr sayle at nede,
Whyll y may ryde on any stede.'

'Syr,' quod Tyrrye, 'gramercye.
Now pous wylt go, y am merye.'

¶ Then sende Gye a messegere
To Almaynt to the emperere.²
He sende hym knylyng bolde and wyght
Fyve hundurd wele ydyght.

1 *he syyde* seems to be miswritten for some substantive.
² MS. Emperorere.
GUY AND TYRRE ARRIVE AT GORMOYSE.

'Tyrre,' he sayde, 'make the redye
For to helpe thy fadur in hys.'
Than belyue ye were dyght:
They reden bothe day and nyght.

'When they come to Gormoyse,'
There they harde moche noyse.
They enturred in sone in haste,
For they were nothyng agaste.
Grete yuye had erle Awbrye
Of hys sone, syr Tyrre,
And also of syr Gyowne,
That was a nobull barowne.
There he kyssyd erle Awbrye:
For yoye he wepte, wytterlye.
'Dere fadur,' quod Tyrre,
'On all thynge honowre Gye.
Y wyll, that ye wete hyt ryght,
That we be trouthepleght.
He sayyd me fro ye depe,' quod Tyrre.
'God hym yylde,' quod erle Awbrye.
'All, that ys in my lande,
Schall be redy to hys hande,

Cyte, castels, towne and towre:
I make hym maistyr wyth honowre.
Y am now waxyn olde
And vmyghty and vmbolde:
I wyll, he haue the maistry
Of all thys lande, verylye.'

'Nowe be they in myddes ye cyte
All wyth pryde and yolyte.
They rose vp in the mornyng
And made grete gederynge
Before the erle Awbrye:
There ye made a grete crye.
Gye aakyd oon in preuyte,

1 MS. Gorgomoyse.
What was the noyce in pat eyte 4840
And wherefore yey made pat crye,
That he harde, wyutterlye.
He sayde, hyt was dewke Loyere, 4844
That oftetyme had he here.
'Of chesalre he hath the flourre
And therto gret socowre.'
¶ Then sayde anon syr Gye
To hys foyre companyes:
'Lordyngye, ye prey yow, arme yow sone
Ajenste pe yeundur men we wyll gome.'
'Syr,' sayde, 'we be redye
Ajenste pem for to fyght in hys.'
4852
To hys yennes dud he fare
And armyd hym soone thare.
¶ When they were all rody dyght
In a stedde togedur wyth holmes bryght,
Quod Gye to Tyrre: 'herkyn me,
Two hundurd knyghtys take the
The Lorens boldely to asayle.
Loke, yowre hertys not afayle.'
4860
Tyrre toke the knyghtys wyght
Armed on ther stedys ryght.
Forth of the cyte dud he fare:
To the ooste he came full yare.
4864 [leaf 109 a, col. 2]
There cam pe prokynges before pe ooste
A knyght wyth makull boste.
Tyrre hyt hym wyth hys spre,
That hys hores fete myght hym not bera.
4868
A nother þere he woundedy depe:
Schylde nor hawberk myght hym not kepe.
Wyth streynkyth he smote hym thare,
That on hys fete he yede no more.
4872
¶ When Tyrre sey hys men fyght,
He slowe many a doghty knyght.
1 MS. that.
There lay in the feld alone
In a whyle many oon. 4876

Boldelys fagh syn Tyrre
And all hys feyr companye.
Tyrre smote the constabull
Of hys stede, wythowte fabulls. 4880
He had hym wonne in that fyght,
But þat þere came soone many a knyght:
Ichoon soone vpon an hepe
Abowte Tyrre dud they lepe. 4884
He defendyd hym, as a nobull knyght:
Many a hedde he smote of ryght.
All he slewe, that were hym abowte,
Were they neuer so bold nor stowte. 4888
Gret angwysche to hym came þen;
For soone he had lorne all hys men
Thowre the Lorens, þat abowte þen wende:
There were slayne many an hende. 4892
What tane and what alone,
Hys felows were away suerychone.
Tyrre defensyd hym, as a lyon:
Many an hedde he smote of, be my crowne; 4896
For lothe he was for to fée:
He had wele leyr slayne bee.

¶ Then sayde Harrowde to Gye:
'Se ye not syn Tyrre? 4900

He ys a nobull knyght:
But yowreselwe, þer ys none so wyght.
Helpe hym,' he sayde, 'pur charyte:
Hyt ys tyme, so mote y thee.' 4904
Then hyed he forth a gode spee
To helpe Tyrre in hys nede.

¶ Now comyth Gye to that batayle:
The Lorens sone dud hym essayle. 4908

He took Gayere
Sone Gye smote Gayere,
The dewkys cosyn Loycro.
LOYERS'S MEN ROUTED.

He smote hym downe wyth hys sperre
And he hym toke, as falleth to were.
Gye to a nodur rode:
Hys sperre porow the body glode.
He smote a nodur, so dud he moo:
Many he made to dethe goo.
Then jey smote togedur thare:
Ther wolde none of them odur spare.
There dyed many a knyght,
That were bolda, hardy and wyght.
Who so had sene Gye
And wyth hym Harrowde and Tyrrye,
There they dud that ylke day,
That hyt ys wondur for to say.
Of Lorens grete plente
Dyed that day ryght in hye.
Why Gye the constabull hyt thare,
That of hys hors he hym bare.
He toke hym than in jat batayle.
The Lorens flewe, wythowten fayle:
Gye and Tyrrye chasyd faste.
All the Lorens at the late
Were woundyd and slone that day:
Vnnethe xxxiv passyd away.
Gye wente home and Tyrrye
Wyth ther gode companye.
Why Then þer came a messengers
Faste to dewko Loyeres.
'Syr,' he seyde, 'herkyn to mee.
Loke, þou thynke vengyd to bee.
In the mornyng to day
To the cyte we toke þe way
Wyth fvyse hundurd knyghtys wyght,
And wythall chawnce came to vs ryght.
All we be takyn and slayne:
Ther be not xxx comen agayne.
There ys comen syr Tyrrye
And wyth hym pe doghty Gye
And a knyght of grete pryce;

Harrowde of Ardyne hys name ys.
All they be wyght and bolde:
Thorow hem owre knyghtys are colde.

¶ Then seyde the dewke: 'ys pe not no lye,
That to hem ys comen Tyrrye and Gye
And Harrowde, that ys so wyght,
Then we go to schame anon ryght.'

The dewke rose 3erlye
And vnto Gormoyse tod he hye.
He tork in hye companye

A thowsande knyghtys hardye.
He manaste Gye and Tyrrye:
Yf he hem fonde, pey shoulde abye.

¶ As Gye come porow a churche jarde,
He lokyd to the folde warde.

He sawe, the ooste of dewke Oton
Be an hylle came passande downe
He callyd to hym Tyrrye
And schewyd hym, that he sye.

Gye seyde: 'what wyll we doo?
The ooste of Lorens cometh vs too.
The dewke Oton of Peyuye,
He ys myn olde enemye.
Y knowe hym wele redlye.

Wyth hym to fyght y am redye.
Let we arme vs sonde wele
Bothe in yron and in stole
And an hundurd knyghtys wyth vs take
And moche shame we shal hym make.

We schall be vengyd thowro pe grace
Of hym to day in the place.'

¶ When pey were armed all prestes,

1 w in thousands is gone in consequence of a worm-hole.
They range pe bellus: pey wolde not reste.
Now they be gedurde same:
They poght for to worche no game.
Owte of the cyte dud they fare:
They fonde pe Lomme redy thare.
They smeten togedur faste:
The spere sone in sonder braste.
Then pey drewe swyrdeas bryght
And fagh togedur wyth per myght.
There were many alayne on hopre partes:
The warese had the Lombarde:
Of ther men be many alane
And many vnto pracock tane.
Gye smote the erle Jordan,
That was lord of Melayn,
A grete stroke in the schylde,
That he felle downe in pe falde.

¶ Then came prekynges' syr Tyrrye:
Wyth force he smote Amerys:
He was pe dewkes steward Oton.
Of hys hors he felle downe.
He drewe there hys sawchone
And alewe Amery there anew.
Wyth hys swyrde, that was of stede.
That sawe the dewke Oton wele.
There they alewe the Lombarde:
They felle downe, as cowardes.
Grete was that dyscowmfyte:
To a Lombarde came dole tythe.

¶ On a syde faste prekande
Came dewke Oton faste fleande.
No man hym aye, but Harrawe:
To hym he thocht to make assawe.
He flewe faste and can nye wende,
And Harrowde aftur, that was hende.

5000 Oton's steward Amerys,
5004 Oton's steward Amerys,
5008 and many other Lombards, were slain.
5012 Oton fled, pursued by Harrawe.
5016

¹ a in prekynges gone (cf. 4960).
HARRAWDE ALL BUT KILLS OTOUN.

'Turne þe,' he seyde, 'so muste þou thryue:
Here ys no man, but y, on lyua.
Defende here that felonye,
That þou duxddyst in Lumbardye.'
¶ The dewke turned hym to ageyne,
And therof was Harrowde fayne.
Faste they smote on helme and shylde,
Tho two knyghtys, in the felde.
The fyre flewe owte at euery dynte:
Nodyr wolde for odur stynte.
They brake helmes and hawberkys gode:
The blode be þe bodys downe yode.
Beweene þem two was stronge batayle:
Eyther can odur feste assayle.
Thoght Harrowde: 'y schall vengyd bee
Or ellys be dedde, so mote ye then.'
He hyt the dewke Otoni sare:
A pece owt of the helme he schare.
The swyrde in the schouldur wode
Halfe a fot, or hyt stode.
Downe felle that nobull syre:
Harrawde hym hyt wyth grete yre.
He wolde haue smetyn of hys heuydde, ¹
But wyth strenkyth he was hym reuydde:
An hundurd knyghtys came wele dyght
Abowte Harrowde annoys ryght.
To alo Harrawde þey dud þer myght
And he defendyd hym, as a nobull knyght. ²
¶ Then he hyt a Lumberde wele:
The hedde yede of everey dele.
He fayght wyth hys swyrde of stel:
At the laste he fayld hym euyll.
He wolde haue to the cyte fare,
But hys hors was woundyd sare.
Tho þey all on Harrowde thronge
¹ MS. schylde.
² MS. hedde.
And wroght hym moche wronge:
Wyth thar spere, hat were scharpe,
They brake helme and hawberke.
He was there nere dedde:
Hys body ranne on blode redde.

¶ Then owte starte a Lumbarte:
Felle he was, as a lybarte.
Barant was hys ryght name.
He jeght to do Harrowde shame:
He gaue Harrowde a wyde wounde
Thorowe the body in a stownde.
He vengyd hym sone full hote:
Hys hedde of there he smote.
Anodur he jeght to smyte ryght:
Hys hedde jere on the 3orthe lyght.
But hys swerde glasedde lowe
And stroke vpon the sadull bowe:
So faste hys swerde he dud owt take,
That in hys hinde hyt all tobrake.

'Allas,' seyde Harrowde, 'now haue y care:
I may defende me now no mare.
Allas, swerde, who made the,
Hongyd be he on a treo.
Why haste jou fayled me so sone?
My lyne dayes be now done.
Me had leuer here haue be slane,
Then jus amonge jese men tane.'
¶ Then starte vp a Lumbarde:
For sothe, he was a cowarde.

'Theso,' he seyde, 'thou schalt abye:
Thou haste done vs moche vylenye.'
Harrowde wyth hys fyste hym smate,
That hys neck in two brake.
Tho seyde Harrowde: 'so mote y the,
Harme schall y none haue of ple.'

1 MS. Holme.
2 MS. Mayne.

Warwick.
HARRAWDE FORCED TO SURRENDER.

If there came forthe a doghty knyght:
Of Frawnce he was, Josep he hyght.
He was þe dewkys sowdyere:
He seruyd hym for mystere.
'Harrawde,' he seyde, 'þylde þe to ma.'

[Leaf 138 b, col. 3]
 Ther schall no skaþe be done to the
Of the dewke and hys meyne,
Also muste y thryue or the.'

'Syr,' seyde Harrawde, 'be seynt Mychall,
To þat couensawnde y grant well,
So þat ye me alo in the felde,
Or ye me to the dewke þelds.'
They sett Harrawde on a stede,
Towarde þe ooste þey dud hym lede:
They were gladde everychane,
When they had Harrawde tane.

Now turne we agrayne to syr Gye
And to the bolde erle Tyrrye.
Pe Lumbardes þey had ouercomen echon,
Some fledde, some taken and alone.

When Guy missed Harrawde,
'Where ys Harrawde?' seyde syr Gye,
'þe have wondour and ferlye.'
Then seyde oon: 'be my crowne,
I sye hym chase dewke Otoni.
He hym folowed\(^1\) owte of þe fyght
Prekynga on a stede wyght.'

'Allas,' seyde Gye, 'þat y was borne,
Now y hae Harrawde forlorne.
Forthe a whyle y wyll fonde,
If y may of hym here tythande.
Lordyngye,' he seyde, 'þur charyte,
Wendyth home to the cyte;
For y wyll wende nyght and day,
Harrwde yf y fynde may.
schall neuer ete bredda,

\(^1\) e in folowed gone (cf. 4900).
HARRAWDE RESCUED BY GUY AND TYRRE.

Or y fynde hym quyck or dedde.
Tyrre, he seyde, 'come wyth me
To seke Harrowde, pur charyte.'

¶ They toke per stedys wyth per sporys:
They prekyd ower rugges and forys.
To the ooste can they fare
To loke, yf Harrowde were thare.

Gye lokydde, wytterlye:
He sawe dewke Ontow of Payuye
And wyth hym Harrowde, pat nobull knyght,
Enyll woundyd and eyyll dyght.

'Allas,' seyde Gye, 'Harrowde ys tane:
Amonge hys enemyes he ys alane.
Tyrre, he seyde, 'my dery felowe,
Helpe me now a lytull throwe.'

'Ys,' seyde Tyrre, 'so mote y the,
Whyll that y lynande bee.'

¶ Gye a Lumberde smote faste:
Hys hors and hym downe he caste.
Tyrre hyt a nodur sole
The hed wente of every dale.
There pey drewe per swyrdys bryght
And aleye manye a doghty knyght.

To Harrowde Gye sone wanne,
A gode swyrd he toke hym than
And bad hym to defende hym, as an hardy knyght.
There pey were in a grete fyght.

The tre knyghtys faghth so faste,
That pe Lumberdes were scoomset at pe laste.
¶ To the ooste flewe dewke Ontow:

Gye hym chacyd vp and downe.
Wythynne the oost a bowes draught
Gye wyth hys swyrdge hym raggth.
He thoght for to smyte sore
And for to be avengyd thore:

and went in quest of him, accompanied only by Tyrre.
They saw Harrawde, severely wounded, with Duke Oton.
[leaf 154 a, col. 1]
They saw Harrawde, severely wounded, with Duke Oton.
[leaf 154 a, col. 1]
After a valiant attack on the Lombards,
Guy rescued Harrawde, and supplied him with a good sword.
By these three knights the Lombards were vanquished.
Guy almost as far as the camp, and all but killed.
1 MS. spurtos. 
2 MS. forestes.
Betwene the body and the arse
Felle hys dynte there adowne.
The sadull of golde and pat stede
He smote a too in that nede.

There they prakyd abowte syr Gye,
But he defendyd hym manlye.
Gye prakyd thorow the ooste :
They hym folowed wyth grete boste.

He mette Harrowde and Tyrre :  
Of hym they had ferlye,
On what maner he passyd away.
They thankyd god pat same day,
That pey had so mette the Lumbardes,
They schulde not sey, pey were cowardes.
They gauze them strokys vnryde
And woundyd them on every syde.

¶ Then seyde Gye to hys felows tho:
‘Hyt ys tymes, that we goo.’
To the cyte can they fare
And carefull lefte pe Lumbardes pare.
Gye and Tyrre se hole and sownde,
Harrowde hath an euyll wounds.
Forte they wente all thre
Wyth yoye vnto the cyte.
All the men of that cuntrie
Looseyd god in trynyte,
That syr Harrowde had hys lyfe;
For he had be in so moche stryfe.
Gye made to come to hys honde
The beste lechys of that londe.
Harrowdes wonde pey helyd wele
In a whyle, so hau ye hele.
They were then full blythe
And thankyd god fele sythe,
That pey had ouercome per enemys
Thorow god dys helpe and syr Gyes.
OTOUN'S ADVICE

Now þey drad þem no mare,
For they were brought out of care.

† The dewke Otoun ys comen hame:
Of þys dede he had grete schame.
Lechys he had thare gode:
They helyd hym sone, be my hode.
When þys woundys were whayle,
Ho wente to the dowke, sawns sayle,
And tolde hym of þys wykkyd care,
Ho w he had be in sorowe sere.

† To dewke Loyer seyde Otoun:
"Harkyn! to my reson."
But ye have þe better cownsayle,
Ye lose yvore londe, wythowte sayle,
Thorowe þe men Harrowde and Gye
And wyth þem þe erle Tyrrye.
All yowre knyghtys þey haue tane
And yowre frendys many alane.
The stronge cyte may no man wynne
Nodur wyth force nor wyth gynne.
They haue of many a londe socowre:
Yf we fyght, we ges the worre.
Yf ye wyll my cowneell trowe,
Wyth some wyle we wyll yenge yow.
Men schulde preue in all wyse
To yenge þem on þer enmyse.

† Sende ye wyth loun vnto Tyrrye
And to þys fadur, erle Awbrye,
And sey, þou wylt þene þy doghtur dere
To sry Tyrrye wyth full gode chere,
And bydde hym come to thyss cyte
(And sey, ye wyll soordyd bee
All seker and not dreandan
Wyth all the knyghtys of þe londe:
All wyth loun and charyte

Duke Otoun was also cured.

5196

5200

5204

5208 [leaf 194 b, col. 1]

5212

as Gormoyse was impregnable.

to have resourse to some articles.

5216

5220

He should send word that he was willing to bestow his daughter's hand on Tyrry in his capital,

5224

whither Tyrry was to repair with his men.

1 Ms. convnsel.
Here shall they weddyd bee.
When they be fro ye cyte gone
But ye mountenans of a rone,¹
Ye shall take the traytura all
And euyl schall them befalla.
Echoed of them shall daumped bee
In yowre courte to hynge on a tre.
Y prey yow, syr, hertely,
Gone me Harrowde, Tyrre and Gye.
They be my dedly enmyse:
Y shall them payne in all wyse.
They shall be brought into Payuye
And in pryson dope they shall dye.
And dampne hym to dethe, Tyrre:²
So shall hyt be, sekurlye.
Then shall y haue hy doghtur dere
In Payuye for to wedde hur there.'³

⁰ Tho hym spake the dewke Loyere:
‘Let be, Oton, thy wyckyd manere.
For all the gode in thyys towne
Y wolde not do Tyrreye prytesown.
I wolde not Tyrreye so begyle
Nor qwyte hym not so hyys wylle
For hyys gode dede and hyys serues
Nodur Gye nor Harrowde pe marches.
Yf syr Tyrreye hame done any skathe,
Sone he may amende hyt rathe.
Gye and Harrowde, be thyys day,
Hyt were pyte so hem to betraye.'³

⁰ Then spake the dewke Oton:
‘Me thynkyth, ye speke no resoun,
When ye loue the thesuys so well,
That ye wyll do be no cowncell
Nor put them in yowre pryson

¹ Lines 5229-30 very probably corrupt. See note.
² MS. syr Gye.
³
A BISHOP SENT TO AUBRY.

To yelde to yow rawnsome
Odur do þem 1 gode costage
To ammonde þer 2 owtrage.
Y schall hau 3 Harrowde and Gye
Tyll þey be swagyd a gode partye
And chastysed thorow þer owtrage.
Then schall ye þorow your baronage
Wyth them sone accordyd-bee
To wyane þer loue to be and me."
If he thought a nodre trecherye:
Yf he myst gete þem to hys baylye,
He wolde not for all Lumbardye,
But þey were dedde full hastelye.
He besought dewke Loyere
Wyth soche wordys and preyere,
That he grauntyd for hys sake
A messengere for to make.
They toke þe byschopp of þat lande
And tolde hym all that tythande,
How þey wolde make acordynge,
Wythowte any lesyngne.
Forthe he wente that ylke day
Wyth grete fare and nobelaye.
Or hyt were dayes thre,
Comyn he was to that cyte.
There he fonde the erle Awbrye
And hym kysed curtesylye.
"He grett yow wele, þe dewke Loyere,
And byddyth yow on feyre manere
Come to hys cyte, verament:
And, yf ye wyll to hym assent,
He wyll gene thy sone Tyrrye
Hys doghtur to wyfe, securlye,
And in that same feyre cyte

1 MS. Hysm.
2 MS. hys.
3 Us in Hase partly gone (worm-hole).
Schall the brydale holdyn bee.
Yowre baronage schall come peadar
To make yoye all togedur,
And also all yowre cheualrye
Muste be there wyth yow redye.
Of bothe halues many schall bee
In pavalons before that cyte.
There schall ye acordyd bee,
Y tryste, in grete speycialte.

"All peye seyde in foyre manere:
Blesyd be god and seynt Rogers.
Wyth owre lordes, dewke Loyere,
We wyll be attone on p's manere.
We wyll come at hys comawndement,
When he aftur vs thus hap sente.
We have done agenste hys wyll:
We schall amende hyt, and p'at ys skylle."

"Gye seyde: 'dowte ye nought,
Leste p'at peye have tresow wroght?"
The dewke Oton of Payuye
Hatyyth vs full dedlye:
He may gene an euell redde,
Thorow whych we myght be dedde.
I wott, the dewke Loyere
Wolde do but gode to hys powere."

The byschopp seyde: 'dree ye nought:
In hym ys no wyckyd thoght.
He wolde not for all thys towne
Do yow any tresowne."

"Now wendyth pe byschopp to Loreyme."
The erle Tyrre ys full fayne.
When the tyme was nys tolde,
All the knyghtys yonge and olde
Dyghtyd them, as men hende,
And to the parlament dud peye wende:

1 so in acordyd in part gone (worm-hele).  2 MS. Loren'.
The erle Awbrye and Tyrrye,
Harrowde and gode Byr Gye;
Wyth hem v hundurde knyghtye wyght,
Echow on\(^1\) stodeys feyre and lyght.
They were all clothed well
In scarlet and in ryche sendell.
They had wyth hem ye maydyn yngye.
Of treseon wyste they nothyngye.

\(\text{\(\sla{}\)}\) They came to the parlement:
They thought to make aorderement.
There were straungers of many a cuntre,
That came the wedyng for to see:
Of Lorayne\(^2\) the dewke Loyere
And wyth hym mony a bachelere
And of hys baronage grete plente,
That came the marage for to see;
The dewke Otow of Puyye
And fele erlys of Lumbardye.

\(\text{\(\sla{}\)}\) "Lordyngys, seyde dewke Otow,
'Herkenyth to my reson."
Well ye wott, that Tyrrye,
Of Gormoyse the erlys some Awbrye,
Trespassyd agente dewke Loyere,
Whyll he was to hym lefe and dere.
In hys courte was he longe,
Tyll he was waxyn stronge:
He made hym knyght rychelye,
And he qwytt hym swyll, wyterlyye,
When he soche ynge toke on hande,
To lede hys doghtur owt of hys lande.
To Costantyne he hur broght,
There as the dewke ys\(^3\) lousyd noght.
And hys knyghtye he hath slayne
And hys londe dystroied wyth mayne.

---

\(^1\) MS. of.
\(^2\) MS. Loyere.
\(^3\) ye omitted in MS. See note.
3yt he hath done more, be wys day,
But y wyll not all say.

he advised Loyere
I besuche hym pur charyte
And all thys baronage, sekerlye,
That the dewke in hys parlement
Hym forgene hys maleentente
And gene Tyrrye wyth honowre
Hys doghtur bryght in bowre
Wyth hym to the cyte for to fare
A ryche brydale to make thare.
For syr Tyrrye there schall bee
Grett myrthe and yolyte.
Then schull we eyur frendys bee,
And pew wyll y wende to my cuntre.'
Thus the dewke Oton can say:
"For goddys louse, graunte vs pat to dayse."

Than seyde dewke Loyere:
"As ye haue seyde, y graunt hyt here.
I forgeue hym myn eyull wylle:
I schall hym louse lowde and stylle.'

Then spake dewke Oton:
"I pray yow all, besche Gyowne,
Yf y haue oght ageyne hym done,
That y muste amende hyt sone.
Wyth pat conemande kysse me here
Euyr to be my frende dere.'

"Syr dewke,' seyde Gye, 'holde pe styllle:
To kysse the y haue no wylle.
Thou me betrayed in by cuntre
And slewe my nobull knyghtys thre.
That ys not to reherce here:
Spake we of a nodur matere.
Go and do, what thy wylle ys,
The erle Awbryo for to kysse.
Acorde wyth hys sone Tyrrye:
" MS. bescholyed."
TYRBY, GUY, AND HARRAWDE GO WITH LOYERE. 155

To the hyt ys no vylenye,
Then þey kyste all same
Bothe wyth yoye and wyth game.
Gye hym drewe bakwarde:
He wolde kysse no Lumbarde.
They kyssed then every man:
At the dewke Gye began.

Ælcer Dewke Loyere, seyde Awbrye,
Here y take the my sone Tyrrye:
Here y the take a gode knyght:
My blesyne he day and nyght.
The erle hym turned sone anon:
The way to Gormoyse\(^1\) ys he gon.
The dewke Loyere went hys way
And all hys baronage wyth hym pat day.
Harrowde lodde pat maye bryght:
Sche was bothe feyre and wyght.
Sche had hur sadurs wylle
For to be wyth Harrowde stydde.
Gye, Harrowde\(^2\) and Tyrrye
Rode syngyng merevely.
Grete game was in þer thoght:
For of treson\(^3\) wyste þey noght.
Or hyt were none of the day,
They schulde syngle: 'wele away.'

That ylke day þey rode faste.
Sone they eye at þe laste
Besyde þem a\(^4\) feyre playne:
Therof was þe dewke fayne.
He bad them all downe lyght
To reste þer horsys a lytull wyght.
Hyt was hote that ylke day,
As they had redyn aftur þe way.
Sone, when þey lyght downe,

\(^1\) MS. Gorgomoyse. \(^2\) d in Harrowde gone (worm-hole).
\(^3\) a added over the line.
Up rose dewke Otownd.

Herkyun,' he sayde, 'owre companye
Of Loren and of Paynys:
All, pat euer now be here
On ye dewkys halfe Loyere,
To serve and bind
What he styled
the traitors.

I commawnde yow, wythowte more
Take the trayture, that be pore,
And loke, that ye them bynde
All ther handys þem behynye.
We schall them to Loreyn brynge
And dampne þem on galowse to hyrge.
He, that spareth any of alle,
In the same jugement he schall fallae.'

The Lumbardes starte up full bolde
As thycke, as schepe do in folde,
And wyth them knytgyhtys of Loreyn
That of the dede were fayne.
Tyrre was besett abowte:
They helde hym in, he myst not owte.
They toke Tyrre at that fyght
And also syr Harrowde the wyght.

'Why have ye do thys treson?'
I held ye for a gode knyght,
Tyll hyt was nowe ryght.
Were we not kyste and made at oon
Before the barons everychone!
Ye have trowed dewke Otownd,
That euer was lefe to doo treson.
Had ye neuer thyngs thynges wroght,
But be Otos avyse and thoght.'

Grete dole had dewke Loyere:
He myght not speke a worde thare.
He rode owte at the oon syde:
For dole he myght no lenger abyde.

1 s in kyste and w in barons gone (worm-hole).
Than starteth forth a gode knyght,
A bolde man and a wyght.
Be the mantell toke he Gye
Wyth grete yre, wytterlye,
That the lace brake in thre:
Many a man hyt can see.
Gye hym turned some hote
And wyth hys fyste he hym smote.
He roose no more for to fyght,
For sothe, as y the behyght.
They assayed faste sryr Gye,
The Lombarde, wyth grete trecherye,
That hys robe of sendell
Was resewn in peys every dolla.
Euer yman a peco hente:
All the robe was torted.
Gye wyth strenkyth dud vp lepe
And seilyd mony on a hepe.
Hys stede sone he bestrode
And lepe on hym, as he were wode.
He smote the stede in the syde:
Forthe of the place dud he ryde.
When he hym sye, the dewke Oton,
That sryr Gye was so gone,
Lowde he cryed to hys meyne:
‘Lepe on yowre stedys: what do ye!’
And faste ye haste after Gye.
For goddyse loue, be redye:
Yf he passe, y am schente.
Hym to take do yowre entente.
Be god, pat made bope nyght and day,
Yf he fro yow passe away,
I schall yow aloo wyth mysyn hande
All, that be of my lande;
And he, pat bryngythe hym quyck or dedde,

\footnote{part of A blotted out before ye in MS.}
He schall haue golde redde 5504
And odur ryche, y yow say,
All my lande aftur my day.'

Aftur Gye rode many a knygght, 5508
Two hundurde wele ydyght.
They chasyd Gye, he flewe allone:
Wepon had he neuer oone.
Hym to slee or to take
All abowte hym dud they schake.
Forthe starte oon of that lande
Wyth helme on hedde and spere in hande.
To Gye he rode wyth dyspyte:
Thorow pe body he wolde hym smyte,
But god wolde not, bat he had skathe.
Gye bare hys spere downe rathe:

Betwene hys arme and hys syde
The spere awey fayre dud glyde.
Hyt carue hys skynne in manere:
He thoght, hyt came a lyltull to nere.
Gye hym turned, as he had nede:
He smote hym downe of hys sted.
Fro hym passyd tho syr Gye:
A nodur came full hastelye.
He bare a swerde 1 wele growne:
Be Gyes syde pe stroke felle downe
Into the sadull a large fote.
Gye flewe faste: god hyt wote.

They hym folowed swythe faste.

Gye lokyd besyde hym at pe laste:
A polle he sawe a man bere.
He rode to hym in fayre manere:
'Geue me that powle, dere frende,
And, as y am a knygght hende,
I schall the quyte thyse ylke day
Also sone as suyr y maye

1 MS. spere.
And he answeryd: 'hende knyght,  
Ye schall byt haue anow ryght.  
'Well y see thy trauyle:  
God the helpe, pat wyll not sayle.'  
In hye hande he toke the polle  
And hym defendyd, be my nolle.  
The furste man, he mete pere,  
Wyth the polle he stroke sore:  
He smote hye necke enyn in two  
And toke þe stede and can goo,  
Tyll he came to that man:  
'Haue thy stede,' quod Gye than;  
'Take thy for thy gode dede:  
God quyte the thy mede.'  
'Knyght,' he seye, 'gramercye!'  
 vp he lepe and went in hys,  
And forthe wente syr Gyowe:  
He spared nodur felds nor towne.  
Ther was neuer syn no knyght,  
That defendyd hym so in fyght.  
When he had mede in the fyght,  
He hym defendyd, as a knyght,  
Tyl he came to a wastur brode:  
In he wente and ouyr he rode.  
Ther durste none after hym þere passe,  
For the wastur so stronge was.  
Ageyne they turned everychone  
Unto the dewke Oton.  
That Gye was passyd so allone,  
He blamed hym men everychone.  
† 'Syr dewke Loyere,' seye Oton,  
'He ye paste, that false felon.  
To Payue now let vs dyght
OTOUN TAKES WITH HIM TYRRE AND OZELLE.

To wedde Ozelde, pat maye bryght.
Tyrre and Harrowde schall wende wyth me:
In my pryson schall they bee
(Thay schall haue no harme for me,
But as ye thinke, so mote y the),
Tyll that ye wyll do yowre wylle
Of hem bothe, as hyt ys skyll.
The todur knyghtys take wyth yow
And kepe hem for yowre ownd prawe.'

"If 'Dewke Oton', quod Loyere,
'h Hyt schall not be so, be saynt Rogere.'
Take the erle Tyrre wyth the
And, yf you wylt haue pe louse of me,
Kepe hym to hyss honowre.
For he ys a knyght of grete valowre.
Kepe hym wale, for hyt ys skyll,
Tyll y wytt, what y do wylle.
Harrowde, wende wyth me to towne:
I schall the put in my pryson.
That ye kepe hym, wyll y noght:
Thou woldyst hym aloo, hyt ys py poght.'

There pye kyssed and toke ther leue:
Ther was none of hem, pat wolde odur greue.

[Leaf 197 a, col. 1]
They parted,

And wyth hym Harrowde wyth eyll chere.
The dewke Oton to Payuye wente:
He toke wyth hym that maydyn gente,
So he dud the erle Tyrre,
That was a man full sorys.

Wyth a thonge pe dewke dud hym bynde
Bothe hyss handes hym behynde.
He set hym on a bare palfrey
And led hym vnto Payuye.

When Ozelde sye hym so dyght,
Of hur hors sche felle downe ryght.

1 so of schall and so of haue gone (worm-hole).
OZELLE'S ONLY HOPE IS GUY.

Sche sownyd then ofte for woo:
Sche posht, hur herte wolde broke in two.

† When the dewke lokyd on that maye,
He can to hur sone sayes:

'Woman,' quod he, 'art thou madde,
When thou for an harlot laddde
Makyte dole in soche manere?
I the swere be syent Rogere:
Make pou dole, that y may see,
And y schall hym sée before by nya.
Dere lemmun, be gladde and blythe.
We schall come to Payuyse swythe:
There schall pou weddlyd bee
And weles at ese pou schalt hym see.
I schall hym sereus on all manere,
Yf thou wylt make gode chere.'

† 'God yow yelde,' quod that maye;

'But of oon thynge y wolde yow pray:
That xi dayes ye wolde hyt respyta.
Ye may me not moche wyte:
Be that y schall be redy in bowre,
That ye may me wedde wyth honoure.'

'I graunte the pat, my swete maye.'

Wyth pou to Payue he toke þe waye,
But sche thoght a nodur þyng:
Or he schulde abowe þe spowseg bryng,
Sche wolde in hur bowre allone
Wyth a knyfe hurselfe alone.
Sche had cowmforte of a thyng,
That Gye was past wythowte hurtynge.
Sche hopyd thorow Gyes cowncell
To haue helpe be some wyle
And, that Tyrrre hur lemmun:
Thorow hym fro prison schuld be tane.

† Wyth that to Payuys were peny brought.
The dewke Oton forgate noght,

WARWICK. 11
Guy's Grief for the Loss of His Fellows.

He dud Tyrrye in his pryson
In a pytt depe there downe.
Wyll pat he in pryson laye,
He myst not wytt, when hyt was daye.
Mete nor drynke had he nane.

Gye sone bethoght hym than:
He made 1 sorewe nyght and day
For Tyrrye, that in pryson laye.

Of Gye to speke ys my redde,
That god had sauyd fro the dedde.
When he was paste pe watwr vnryde,
He lokyd abowte on every syde.
He sawe, he was there alione:

Felowe had he there none.

He poghnt on hys felows gode
And for sorewe he waxe nere wode.

Lorde,' he seyde, 'how schall y fare?
Y am full of sorewe and care.
I haue lorne gode Harrawte
And syr Tyrrye, wythewte defawte.

Wely wot, pey schall be alane,
Wythewte othe, now pey be tane.

Alas,' he seyde, 'dewke Loyere,
How myystys pou do on yys manere?
As for the dewke Otow,

He hast done euyr tresow:
But for cause of hys fawwre
Thou schalt be holde a traytowre.

Lorde, how schall y wyth pe emperowre fare?

Amonge jem may y come no mare.

When y came to thys cuntre,
He sende me knystys gode and free
To helpe me, when mystere ware,
And pey be now in grete care.

Now haue y not so lytull a grothe

\[1\] e written over the line.
To holde my hors, where pat y come.
Allas,' he seyde, 'for Tyrbye!
We be departyd, sakerlye.
I trowe, y schall the neuer see:
My lyfe y schall lose for the.
And Oton schall haue Ozell,
Yf sche hur kepe neuer so well.
Fro the dethe schall y not flee,
Tyll that y avengyd bee.'
¶ All that day Gye dud ryde
Thow the lande, pat was vnryde.
At the laste he sene merchande
A castell be a watyr stande.
There he pognht to dwelle all nyght,
For no forther he ne myght.
At the gate he fonde a knyght:
He was curtes and wele dyght.
Be hym stode knyghtys thre:
He hym bopght, whych lords schulde be.
'Knyght,' quod Gye, 'god the see,
That for vs dyed vpon a tree.
I am a knyght of farre cuntre:
I aske harboure for charyte.'
The lorda answeryd on feyre manere:
'Syr, ye schall be welecome here.'
He made oon hys hors to stabull lede,
'And keppe hym, as myn owne stede.'
¶ The lorda was curtes perwythall
And ledde Gye to the halle.
He toke a mantell of ryche coloure
And caste on Gye for hys honowre.
Then seyde the lorda vnto syr Gye:
'Syr, y the besche speckallye,
Telle me, what ys thy name,
Who pou art and fro whens pou came.'

' o added over the line.
Then seyde Gye: 'y schall þe say,
Syth that ye me so feyre pray.
Gye of Warwyk men clepe me:
I am knowyn in many a cuntre.'  
'I kenne þe wele for a knyght hende:
Some tymes þou were my frende.
Y was then þoure squyere:
Ye louyd me wyth yowre powere.
Ye made me kynght wyth yowre hande
And lede me sythen to many a lande
To justes and to bordys: ¹
Then was y of grete pryce.
Sythen toke y wyfe, as ye may see,
Ames de la Mowntayn, so mote y thee.' ²
Also some as Gye hyt wyste,
Well hartely he hym kyste.
Then seyde Ames: 'where haue ye gone
In thys londe ³ thus allone ⁴
Me pynkyth, þat ye haue had tene,
As ye had yn grete batayle bene.
Where be all yowre mayne,
And syr Harrawde, where ye hee ⁵
Then seyde Gye: 'y schall the tale
All my case, how hyt felle.'  
There he tolde lesse and more,
How he fonde Tyrre se</a>  
And how þat he brought hym home
To halpe hym sadur fro scome
And how þat þey were beterieddes echeon
At a parlement, that they had tane,
And how he was past away
Wyth angwsche that ylke day
And how Harrowde and Tyrre
Were takyn to pryson, sekerlye,

¹ MS. to my.  "MS. bordes.
² e in londe gone (worm-hole).
‘And wyth þem fyue hundred knyghtys bolde:
All, y wote, they be in holde,
I wot not, wheder quyck or dedde:
Therefore sory ys my rede.’
¶ When Gye had tolde evrey dele
Of hys wo and of hys wele,
Then seyde Ames: ‘syr, a whyle be stylle
And here me, yf hyt be thy wylle.
I haue nodur castell nor towre
In thys londe wyth honowre,
But they schall be at thy wylle
And my men lowde and stylle.
Fyue hundurd knyghtys may y brynge
To helpe yow in all thynge.
Wyth my strenkyth and my meyne,
That be in thys cuntre,
We schall wrath þe dewke Oton)
And stroye hys castels and hys towne.
Wyth schall ye vengyd bee
On the dewke and hys meyne.
We schall neuer fro hys lande gone,
Or that he be takyn and alone.’
¶ ‘Syr,’ seyde Gye, ‘gramercye!
Hyt were to longe, wyterlye,
For to gedur ooste so stronge:
The vengeawnce wolde dwelle to longe.
I schall sone vengyd bee:
Fro the dethe y wyll not flee.’
Gye syxse dayes was thare:
Enyr he had sorowe and care.
Ames cowmfortyd hym well þam,
For hym he was a sory man.
Ames wolde wyth hym wende:
‘Do wey,’ seyde Gye, ‘my dare frende.’
Ames ys stytle, Gye toke the waye:
For hym bad Ames ofte that day,
That god, for hys grete grace,
Schylde hym fro schame in pat place.

Ye Now ys Gye to Payye towne:
He pught to do schame to Otown.
He smeryd hym, or he came there,

Hys vysage and hys yelowe here
Wyth a black eyntmente,
That he was blak and beschente.

Ther was none so wyse a man,
That cowde Gye knowe then.

At Payyue he fond dewke Oton:
Herke, how he shewyd hys resoun.

"Syr dewke," he sayde, "god the see:
A ryche man thou art of poste.
Comyn y am fro ferre cuntry
Day and nyght to seke the.

I haue pe broght pe beste stede,
That ever knyght rode on at nade.

Furste hym wannne a sarlyne,
Sythen y had hym of my cosyn.

Ther ys none in pys worlde so wyght
Lyon nor swalowe nor fowle in flyght:

Yf a dromande were seylande,
He wolde passe hym be the lande.

In the see the grete brymme
He wyll sone ouyr swymme.

Yf ye leue not, that y say,
I wyll hyt preue thys ylke day.

He hath an eyyll manere:

Ther ys no man, pat comep hym nere,
He wyll hym alae day or nyght,

But yf that y kepe hym nyght.'

"Then sayde Oton: 'gramercye!'

Hyt ys a foyre gyfte, wytterlye.
Thou schalt dwalle wyth thy stede:

' g blotted out before god in MS.
Golde and syluysr ashall be þy mede.
I haue myster of soche a stede
For to ryde on at my mede.
Of myn enmyse y haue tane
A grete parte, but oon þy gane.
God, that dyed on a tre,
Gene, he were in my poste:
Hys lyfe dayes were awaye;
He schulde be hongyd ynt to day.'
¶ 'Syr,' quod Gye, 'for the trynyte,
What traytur may that bee?'
'My frende,' he seyde, 'be thyg day,
Gye he hyght, wythowte delaye,
Of Warwyk, that thefe stronge:
He wyll do me mekyll wronge.'
'Syr, full wele know y Gye:
God wolde, that he stode me bys.
He slew my brodur ones in fyght:
I wolde be vengyd, yf y myght.
Knowe ye not oon Tyrrye?
That ys my dedlye enmye:
He slew my brodur, þat was me dere,
Hyty not gone ynt halfe a yere.
God let me neuyr dye in lande,
Or y may venge me wyth my hande.'
¶ 'My frende,' seyde dewke Otom,
'I haue hym in my pryson.'
Y wyll, that þou kepe Tyrrye
And do hym schame and vylanys.'
'Syr,' he seyde, 'gramercye!
I schall yow sey, wyttelrye:
Y schall hym kepe þerlye and late.
I trowe sone to chauenge hym state.'
He gave hym the keyes there
And made hym hys geylere.
The dewke askyd, what he hyght,
And he sayde
The dewke comawndyd, he shuld haue
A feyre chambre and a knaue.

© For seyn Toma lous of Cawnterbery,
Fylle the cuppe and make vs mery.

Now hab Gye all hys wylle
In the courte bope lowde and stille.

To the court Gye ys gone:
He fonde a pryson of lyme and stone.
xl fadoms hyt was depe:
Thereynne he harde oon sore wepe.

Gye askyd hastelye,
Who hyt was, pat made that crye.

'I am a wrecche, a caytyfe:
Me forthynkyth, y am on lyse.
Erle Tyrrye was my name:
Ther was neuer man, pat had more shame.
I am in a dongsounwe
And myssayde of dewke Oton.
I bore on me yron more
Then euyr man dud before:
All my body wyeth, as ledde,
Lorde, pat y wolde fayne be dedde.
I was felowe wyth a knyght:
In all yss worlde ys none so wyght.
For pe dewke myght not hym sloe,
On me pe vengeawnce wyll he doo.
Thys thre dayes ete y no mete:
I muste dye for hungur grete.'

tif 'Be stille,' sayde Gye, 'herkyn a prowe;'
For y am Gye, þyn owne felowe:
I schall deluyyr the of pryson.'

1 So in MS.: a name, but not the right, or something to the same effect, is missing. See the note.
GU Y K I I L S  A  L O M B A R D .

Then sayde Tyrre to Gyowne:
'For goddyse lone and seynt Mary,
Wende awaye faste in hye.
How came pou heder? telle pou me.
Skaathe schall y haue for the:
Yf Oton wytt, that pou be here,
He wyll pe aloc on all manere.
Hyt ys better to dye myselfe allone,
Then we togedur schulde be alone.
For the lone of heyn kynge,
Wende hens wythouhte lettyng.'

'If all pat harde a Lumbarde,
Of ther speche how hyt farde.
He beganne for to crye:
'Gye, y schall the sone bewrye.
Ye schall bothes hangyd bee
On the galowe, so mote y the.'

'For god, that dyed on a tree,
Haue mercy of Tyrre and of me.
Well y wote, that thou may
Make vs to haue grete harme to day.
What schall thou therof wynne,
Yf we be slayne wyth schame and synne?'

I schall become thy man here
And serve the, as my lorde dere.
Thou schalt be a nobull knyght;
And perto, my trowthe y plught,
We schall see to into thyn hande
Halfe dede of all owre lande.'

'Do wey,' sayde the Lumbart,
'Of heyn hane y neyur part,
But y telle dewke Oton:
Y wolde not ellys for all pys towne.'

'To the courte sone he ranne
And Gye hym folowed than.
He hyt pe Lumbarde on pe crowne,

Tyrre bade hym
See hastily,

lest Oton shoule sbay hym.

Their convers-

ated was over-

head by a

Lombard,

who threatened to
tell Oton.

Guy, after a vain
attempt to silence
him,

[leaf 190 a, col. 1]

killed him before
Oton's eyes.
That to be grounde he felle downe.
He rose no more tales to telle:
For sepe, hyt was done full wele.
Then sayde Oton: 'what haste pow done?'
Thou schalt be hangyd longe or none.
How durste thou be so hardy
To slee my man before my nye?'

'My lorde,' sayde Gye, 'here, how hyt was:
I schall telle yow all the case.
Y went in pys courte abowte
Bothe wythynne and wythewte:
Then y fonde thys traytwoure
Wyth Tyrrye spekyng in pe towre.
He broght hym mete at hys wylle:
Of wyne and ale he had hys fylle.
Me forthogh that full sore,
And he manaste me to allo there.
Y sayde to hym redelye,
I wolde yow telle, sakerlye;
And wyth hys fyste he smote me sore:
Sythen he flewe away full sere.
Wyth wrath perfore y smote hym here.
Y pray yow perfore, my lorde dere,
Forugeus now thyg trespas:
For yowre prowe done hyt was.
All schall be chastysed in pys towne
Thorow hym to kepe yowre prysowne,'
'The dewke swere: 'be heuyn kynge,
Was hyt done for no nodur thyng?'
'No,' he sayde, 'be gooddy grace.
I had leuyr be hongyd for pe trespas
Or somede dothe dye,
Then he schulde scape so, sykerlye.'

'Y forugeus the then in pys place,'
And Gye hym thankyd of hys grace.
'The Gye went into that cyte
And bough mete grete plante.
He bough hyt yn preuelye
And gane hyt to ayr Tyrrye.
Thus dud Gye many a day,
Tyll Tyrryes sorowe was away.
Awey he toke every dale
All the bondys of yron and steale.

\[5960\] Guy now carried
provisions to
Tyrry,

\[5964\] and took off his
iron.

\[5968\] One day he went
to see Ozelle.

\[5972\] who, learning
who he was,

\[5976\] \[leaf 199 b, col. 1\]

\[5980\] fainted away.

\[5984\]

\[5988\] Being told that
the marriage was
to take place three
days after,

\[5992\] he promised

\[5996\] MS. to.

\[5996\] MS. Aywe.

\[6000\]
GUY LIBERATES TYRBY.

Of hys errande he schall mye,
Or he come to pe churche, ywys.
I schall hym sloo, or he come þare,
And then schalt þou wyth me farne.'
'He wente to the pryson þare
And the maydun lefte he þare.
'Tyrrye,' sayde Gye, 'for þyn honowre,
Hye the faste fro thyse towre.
Loke, þou stynte not nyght nor day,
But wende faste on thy way,
Tyll þou come to Ames de la Mowntayne
In a castell vp in Spayne.
Grete hym wele, as he ys hende.
Dwelle wyth hym : he ys þy frenda.
Tyll þe come on my sonde sende,
Loke, þat þou not fro hym wende.'
'I graunte,' quod Tyrrye than ;
'Y wyll sone thedur ganne.'
Gye hym kyste in that tyde :
Fro þe towre faste he hyedde.
He broght hym to þe hye waye
And betaghþ hym there gode day.
Tyrrye went, Gye was lefte þare :
He came to þe towre full þare.
He sawe the mayde at the laste
And þeðurwarde he hyed faste.
He cowmforyd hur all, þat he myȝt,
Bothe be day and be nyght.

TYRBY found

'As Tyrrye wente fro þat cyte,
Longe and brode was þat cuntre :
Hyllys, wodes and faldes wyde
Was in that cuntre on every syde.
So longe Tyrrye trauelde ywys,
To Ames castell comen he ys.
Ames in the halle he fande

1 part of a blotted out before or in MS.
TYRRE RECEIVED BY AMYS.

Feyre at the chesses pleyande;
Wyth hym xxxd of bolde knyghtys,
That serued hym on dayes and nyghtes.
They were wyth hym dwellande
For warre, pat had be in pat lande.
'Syr,' seyde Tyrre, 'god the see.
I prey þe, a worde þou speke wyth me
Be yowreselde preuelye,
Nor man bye, but ye and y.'
'Syr,' seyde Ames, 'at þy wylle
I schall speke wyth the stylle.'
Vp rose Ames and pat anone:
To a wyndowe ys he gone.
'If 'Ames,' seyde Tyrre,
'Be me well gretyþ yow syr Gye.
He sende me hedur at yowre wylle
To be her wyth yow stylle,
Yyll he come or sende sonde.
To speke wyth Oton he wyll fonde.'
'Syr,' seyde Ames, 'sekerlye,
Thys ys a grete curtesye,
That he wolde þe hedur sende.
What ys þy name, dere frende?'
'Syr, y hyght Tyrre,
Of Germoyse þe erles sone Awbrye.'
'Syr,' seyde Ames, 'so mote y the,
Thou art full welcome vnto me.'
He hym kyste than full swete
And wyth hys eyen dud he grete,1
That he was so foule ydyght:
To amende hyt he dud hys myght.
He made hym full wele at ese
And made hys men hym to plese.
He hym clads in a wede nobull,
In rych spyle and purpulle:

1 MS. were.
The ryche of all that lande
He made to be broght to his hande.
Feyre he preyed hym there to lyngye,
Tyll he of Gye harde tythyngye.

Sope we now of dewke Oton
And of pe knyzt, syr Gyowde.

The dewke let make pen a crye,
Pat all men to pe brydale be redye,
All, that were in Lumbardye
And in the cyte of Payuye.

The dewke was a joyful man,
That pe terme was comyn than.
Comen he ys to that maye
Wyth grete game pat ylke day.

‘Lemman dere, dyght pe:
To day schalt pou weddyd bee.’
‘Syr,’ sche seyde, wyth glade chere,
‘All thy wylle y wyll do here.’

Sche greythed hur nobull well
To plese pe dewke pat day, as y yow telle.
Sche lepe on a palfray,
To the churche sche toke pe way
Thorow pe cyte and the towne:
Wyth hur wente dewke Oton.

He wened to hau wedde wyth yoye pat maye:
Sorowe to hym came pat ylke day.

† Gye hym armed tho in stcle:
He had armer at hys wylle.
Forthe he wente, pe dewke Oton:
That mayde pey had in fer bandown. ①

Gye hys stede sone bestrode
And owte of pe castell faste he rode.
Faste he prekyd porow pe towne
And ouyrtoke pe dewke Oton.

‘Dowke, stonde pou style thare:

① of glade gone (worm-hole).
② See the note.
Y comawnde þe, þou store no more.
Thynkyst þou not of that treason,
That thou dydst to syn Gyon
At the pase, there we went?
At pat tyme my men were schente.
Therwyste woldyst þou not holde the,
But wythynne these monythes thre
Thou dydst me a vylanye,
When þou betraydest syn Tyrrye.
Thys ys Gye, that thou seyst here:
Thou sacht abyse, be seynt Rogers.'
¶ He breyde owt hys gode bronde
And helde hyt nakyd in hys honde.
The dewke he smote vpon the hode,
That to the gyrystede hyp wode.
'Syrs,' quod Gye, 'be my lawte,
Yf any starte owte after me,
Sone schall he lese hys hedde;'
And wyth pat mayde away he yede.
He set hur on hys hore hym bye
And rode away full hastelye.
¶ All they folowed the syn Gye
And porow þe cyte rose grete crys.
Fro þem all he pastro away:
Ther came none hym neare pat ylke day,
But a man of grete renowne,
That was cosyn to dewke Oton.
He was bolde, Barrarde he hyght:
He rode on a stede lyght.
He folowde Gye thorow þe londe
Wyth a spere in hys honde.
When he had folowed hym v myle,
'Gye,' he seyde, 'abyde a whyle.
For hys lome, that dyed on tre,
Oon tyme thou juste wyth me.'
¶ Gye hym turned pat ylke stownde

[Leaf 300 a, col. 2]
He charged him with his many
treacheries.

and discovered himself.

Killing Otona,

Guy carried away Oselle.

He was pursued by many.

But only a cousin of Oton's,

named Barrarde, came near him.

Barrarde called upon Guy
to jouste with him, Guy compiled.
And set pe mayde to pe grownde.
He toke hys spere and hys schelde
And he hyt brake : Gye hyt feld. 1
Gye had wondyr of that dynte
And turned ageyne, or he wolde stynye,
And wynth hys spere he smote Barrarde
On hys schelde, pat was so harde,
Thörow all hys armour a wyde wounde,
That hys stode and he felle to grounde.
Barrarde starte vp full tyte
And drewe hys swyrde wynth dyspyte
And smote pe stedys rugge in two
And bad, pe deuell schoulde hym aloo,
When he myȝt not on fote stonde
For a dynte of a knyghtys honde.
He seyde : 'Gye, adowne lyght
A whyle wynth me for to fght.
Hyt schall be seyne þys ylke day,
Who schall bere the pryece away.
The grace of god be me reuypd,
But y Smyte of thy heuydd.' 2

'Ye frende,' seyde Gye, 'let be þy fare :
I wyll fyght wynth the no mare.
We may come, wythowte fayle,
In better tympe to batayle.'
† On hys hors Gye toke pe way
And passyd forþe that ylke day.
Barrarde wente to hys cuntre
Ageyne vnto that feyre cyte.
They broȝt pe dewke to chyrche in hye
And beryd hym wyth rychelye.
Barrarde to þe emperowre ys gone
And tolde, how þe dewke was slone.
He gane to hym all hys senyorye :
That was the dewche of Payuye.

1 MS. feledde. 2 MS. hedde.
GUY AND OZELLE ARRIVE AT AMYS CASTLE.

He gau hym armes at hys wyll. 6172
And all, pat he wolde aske wyth skylle. and made him steward of Germany.
He made hym steward of Almayne: Therof was many a man fayne.
And Gye went wyth that mayde trewe: 6176
Then beganne hur sorowe to newe.
'Syr Gye,' sche seyde, 'how schall y fare?'
Schall y neuyr see Tyrre yanre?
Wale y wot, he schall be dedde,
Yf he be lefte wythynnne pat stedde. 6180
I wolde be there aseyn full 3are:
Then had y yoses wythowten care.'
'Be stylle,' quod Gye, 'for, be my hode,
Tyrre schall eyle noyng, but gode. 6184
Guy conforted Ozelle, who was anxious about Tyrre.
Y spake wyth the seylerre,
That he schulde hym kepe on feyrent maner.'
'So longe had they rebyn on faste,
They came to pe cyte at pe laste, 6188
On the molntayn pere hyt stode,
The dur he sende Tyrre the gode.
To the cyte when pey came,
To pe halle pe wey pey name. 6192
Arriving at Amyes castle,
Ames sawe Gye and knewe hym wel.
'Welcome,' he seyde, 'be seynt Mychal.'
When Tyrre sawe Gye pe wyght
And wyth hym 1 pat mayde so bryght, 6196
To the mayde can Tyrre goo
And toke hur in hys armes tway
And kynte hur there anon.
'Welcome,' he seyde, 'my dere lemmon.'
Aftur he went vnto syr Gye
And kynte hym there, sekurlye.
'Welcome,' he seyde, 'for soth, ye bee
And wyth yow my lemmon free.
That ye be comyn to thys place,

1 e in Tyrre and å in Amye gone (worm-hole).
WARWICK. 19
Thankyd be god of hys grace.
I prey to god in trynyte,
Let vs never esye departyd bee.’
¶ Now be pey all comen same:
There was moche yoye and game.
When pat mayde sawe Tyrrye,
That sche louyd speyallyys,
For grete yoye amonge jm all
In a swowne schu dud downe falle.
Sche had not wente to haue fondes hym jare.1

Tyrrye toke hur vp full jare
And seyde: ‘lady, let be thy fare.
To game and yoye ys turned owre care.
I am,’ he seyde, ‘bothe hole and fere,’
And so art thou, y see well here.’
There pey dwellyd all longe:
Yoye and game was jem amonge.

¶ Gye hym pogh vpon a day
Of gode Harrowde, pat was away,
And callyd Tyrrye and Amya
And seyde: ‘lordynys, here myn avyoys.
Wyll we to Gormoyse wende
To the erle, that ys so hende?1
For vs, y wote, he ys sorye.
Vs to venge he wyl helpe in hye
And brynyge my men owt of pryson,
That Loyere holdyth wyth gret treson.’2
Then bespake Tyrrye anow:
‘Full glad wyll he be wyth yow to gone
And allys y wolde, pat he were colde;
For he ys pertost moste beholde.’3
¶ Then bespake Ames the hende:
‘Y wyll also wyth yow wende
To helpe yow in all thynge.

1 After this line the catch-word Tyrrye toke hure in another hand.
2 MS. clerce.
AUDRY IS GLAD OF THEIR COMING.

Fyue hundred knyghts wyll y brynge
And of squyers a thousande:
They schall be redy to yowre hande.'
'Syr,' sayde Gye, 'gramercye;
For in yowre helpe y me asfye.'
Amen sende aftur hys knyghts all:
They came sone to hys calle;
So dud hys squyers euerychone:
They sayled hym neuer com.

† When they were redy dyght,
Forpe þey went on stedys lyght.
To Gormoyse they toke the way:
Loreyn þey stroyed that same day.
As þey went in þat londe,
They slewe all, that they fonde.
They come to Gormoyse in hye:
Joyfull was the erle Aubrye.
He was so hoyfull a man,
That he swownyd, when þey came.
He wende full sekuriye
Neuer to haue sene Tyrrye nor Gye.
All the men of that eyte
Of þer comyng made game and glea.
† Tyrrye tolde hys fadur than,
How Gye was a nobull man)
And toke hym fro the pryson
And wyth hys hande slewe dewke Oton;
'Amonge þem all he forgate noght,
But my lady wey he broght.
Now he þynkyþ bothe day and nyght
Dewke Loyres for to stroye wyth myght.
He wyll not wyth grete yre
To be vengyd on that syre.'

But, when þe dewke harde tythande,
Hat Gye was comyn to hys lande,
† but seems to be omitted after not.

Duke Loyres too
was glad of the
news.
DUKE LOYERE WANTS TO BE RECONCILED TO TYRRE.

Wyth hym Ozelde, hys doghtur dere:
He was gladde and made gode chere. 6276
He calde Harrowde to hym in hys
And tolde hym, how pat Tyrrye and Gye
Were comyn and gretre power broght
And in hys londe gretre harme had wrogt 6280
And Ames de la Mowntayne
And wyth hym all the men of Spayne.
When he harde tythyngys of Gye,
That he was comyn wyth Tyrrye,
He was neuer so gladde nor blythe:
He thankyd god fulde sythe.

If 'Harrowde,' seyde the dewke Loyere,
'Y wyll, pou be my messengere. 6288
To erlie Awbrye pou schalt gone,
To Gye and Tyrrye and pat anon
And prey them pur charyte
For to be at con wyth mee;
And y wyll amende at per wylle
And all per harmes to fulfylle
And all, pat euer pat pey wyll craue;
And my doghtur Tyrrye schall hanu 6296
And, whyll ye leue, halfe my londe
And, when ye am dedde, all in hys honde.
I prey the, bere wytnesse
Of all these wordys more and lesse.' 6300
'Syr,' seyde Harrowde, 'wyth gode chere
Wyll y be youres messengere.
I wyll do myn entente
Faste abowte that cordement.' 6304

¶ The dewke let the constabull calle
And bad hym brynge owt pe prisoners all
And deluyyrde them full yare
And all per harnes lesse and mare: 6308
Ther was none, pat fayled onyfynge
The mowntance of a farthyng.
HARRAWE SENT TO GORMOYSE.

He seyde, þey schulde all wyth Harrowde fare
To spake abowte the cordesment þere.
† Now ys Harrowde redy dyght
And wyth hym many a doghty knyþ:
They were felows everychone,
To Gormoyse they be gone.
Gye and Ames went þat day
Wyth Tyrre into þe felde to play.
They lokeyd besyde þem on þe playne:
Ther came knyghtys þem agayne.
They were agaste of treason.
Ames seyde to syr Gyon:
‘Yonder comeþ a mayne,
But y wot not, what þey bee.
Hedur, me þynkyþ, þey take þe way.
I schall wytt, yf þat y may,
Whedur hyt be in pece or in werre.’
In hys honde he toke a sperre:
Forthe he rode prekande,
Tyll he came nerehande.
He stode and avysyd them everychone:
Harrowde hym knewe and þat anon.
‘Ames,’ he seyde, ‘where ys Gye
And whedur wyndyst þou þus hastelye?’
‘Harrowde,’ quod Ames, ‘y schall þe saye,
Thou schalt see Gye thys ylke day.
I lefte hym on the jondur hylle
And hys meyne hove stytle.’
Then seyde Harrowde: ‘go we thedur,
Everychone and all togodur.’
† There they redyn a gode pase,
All the knyghtys, þat þere wase.
Gye honyd there stytle,
Tyll þey were vpon the hylle.
‘Lorde,’ seyde Gye, ‘god almyght,
* a blotted out before þus in MS.
HARRAWDE DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE.

They all kissed one another.
Harrawde delivered his message.

Jondur y see Harrwde the wyght
And my felows everychone:
Y wene, they be owt of pryson tane.' 6348
When Gye and Tyrrie¹ and Harrwde were mett,
They kyste eyder oder¹ wythowten lett.
'Syre,' quod Harrwde, 'y prey yow here,
A ² gode counsell þat yow lere.
For y am comen, as a messeengere,
From the dewke syr Loyer.
Y ought to loue hym, as my brodur:
He honowred me afore all odur.
Y sey yow for yowre prowe:
He wyll be at one wyth yow.
He wyll geue Tyrrye hys догhtur dere
(And be at con on all manere) 6360
And all hys londe more and lesse
And therto fynde sekereness.
Wyth þys message he hath me sente
To yow, syr Gye, and Tyrrye presente.
He wyll amende in all thynge,
That he hæ trespaste, at yowre askynge.
I wyll, þe pæll be on me leyde,
That he wyll do, as y haue ³ seyde.' 6368

¹ There þey preyed all syr Gye
And wyth hym erle Tyrrye,
That þey schulde graunt for to bee
Wyth hym in loue and charyte. 6372
To the cyte wente syr Gye
And tolde hyt to erle Awbrye,
How þat Harrwde was come home
And wyth hym hys felows everychond
And how he wolde acordyd bee
And gene to Tyrrye hys догhtur free

¹ The second r of Tyrrye and o of odor gone (worm-hole).
² MS. And.
³ y haue is written by the same hand over he hath struck out.
And make amendys for hys trespas
' And put hym in owre owne grace.'
'Thereto my gode wylle y graunt here,' And so dud all, pat þere were.
' On þe morowe þey made þem all þare Vnto Lorens for to fare,
The erle Awbye and syr Gye,
Amea, Harrowde and Tyrrye,
And wente vnto þe dewke Loreyne,¹
And he of þem was ² full fayne.
They were made at oon thore And lonyd togedur for evermore.
There was forgeyyn every trespas And grete yoye in that cyte was,
That Tyrrye was on feyre manere Acoydyd wyth the dewke Loyere.
The dewke hys doghtur gane to Tyrrye And of hys londe the more partye
Before all hys baronage,
That were of dyuers langage.
The brydale was ordeyned than : A feyrrr sawe neyur no man Of kyng nor of emperowre.
Hyt was made wyth grete honowre.
' At the partynge of the feste,
That was made so honeste,
They toke þer leue, knyghtys free : Home þey wente to þer cuntre.
The erle Amea hys leue hath tane And to hys castell he ys gane.
There was Gye a whylle stylle And had ynogh of hys wylle ;
Tyll he wente vpon a day Wyth howndys hym for to play,
And also the dewke Loyere

¹ MS. [royren]. ² a of was gone (worm-hole).
GUY CHASING A BOAR.

Wente for to chace the dere:

Wyth hym he toke pe erle Tyrtye

And many a nodur knyght\(^1\) hardy.

¶ They enture into a wylye foreste

And þere þey fonde a boere wylde and preste.

All þe howndys, they had, than

Aftur the boere faste they ranne.

The boere awaye faste yᵉ gone

And many of þe howndys he happe alone:

Moo, þen twenty, in a stownde

Had he brothet vnto the grownde.

He passyd the foreste hastelye:

They folowed hym wyth grete crye.

Faste he passyd thorow þe londe:

Thor durste no hownde come nerehonde.

The knyghtys prekyd aftur faste,

Tyll þer horaynys myght not laste.

The howndys, that folowed þat day,

Were slayne all be the way:

Thes odur were werye,

They went home, þey \(^2\) myȝt not drye,

All, but thre, that were wyght,

That folowed alwey wyth ther myght,

Tyll theye come to Bretayne.

Thor folowed þem nodur knyȝt nor swayne:

Of them all was no huntere,

That wyste, where the borre were,

But syr Gye hymeselfe allone,

That folowed faste wyth grete randone

On hyȝ stede faste prekynges

And wyth hys horne faste blowynge.

¶ Gye chasyd the bore so faste,

He came to Bretayne at the laste.

Be þen was þe boore full hote:

\(^1\) by blotted out before knyght in MS.

\(^2\) Another went blotted out after þey in MS.
He found a dyke and yn he smote.
There he wandyrde fastes showe
And wrotyd fastes wyth hys snowte.
Gye sawe the bore well
And, what he dud, every delle.¹
Downe he lyght of² hys stode
And to the bore soon he yede.
He toke hys swyrde in hys hande:
The boore hym eye and came rennande.
Gye on þe rygge smote hym soo,
That hys body felle in twoo.
The boore felle downe at þe laste,
And Gye wyth hys horne blewe a blaste.
He wende to haue had some felowe,
But ther was none, þat dud hym knowe.
He was in a farre cuntre
All aloone fro hys meyne,
And, as he openyd there the boore,
Eyr he blewe more and more.

⁷ Then bespake erle Florentyne:
‘What may thys be, for seynt Martyne,
Thate þere blowe in my foreste? 
Takyn they haue some wylye besto.’
Forthe he clepyd there a knyght,
Hys owne sone, that was wyght.
‘My dere sone,’ he seyde, ‘hys the,
That he were broght anow to mo.
Whedur he be knyght or huntore,
Brynghe hym hedur on all manere.’
‘Syr,’ he seyde, ‘hys schall be done.’
He lepe on a stode sone.
To the foreste he came in hys
And sone he mett wyth syr Gye.
He bare a staffe and that a longe:
Therwyth he pogh to do Gye wronge.

¹ d erased before écile in MS. ² MS. ex.
GUY KILLS EARL FLORENTINE’S SON.

‘Harlot,’ he sayde, ‘what art thou,
That comen art into þys foreste nowe
Wythowe þe leue of my fader.’

In wyckyd tyme come thou here.
How durste þou take þys wylde beste
Wythowe leue in þys foreste !

Geue me thy horne : be thy swyre,
I schall þe brynge vnto my ayre.’

If ‘Syr,’ sayde Gye, ‘wyth gode chere,
Yf ye hyt aske in fere manere.’

‘Nay, traytour, y the say,
Thou schalt not passe fro me away.’

Be the brydull he toke þe stede :
He had hym leynr, þen any mede.

Wyth hys staffe Gye he smote,
That he feylyd hyt full hote.

After a short alteration,
he struck Gye
with a staff;
for which offences
Gye sayde: ‘þou doyst vncurtesalye
For to amyte me wrongealye.’

Wyth hys horne Gye brake þan:
Hys hedde vnto þe brayne panne.

‘Folowe, take þou that thersore.
Looke, þou smyte no knyght no more.’

If Forthe he rode a gode spede,
When he was lopyn on hys stede.
He went the foreste nye abowte,
Or he myght wende owte.

He lokyd abowte hym on every hande,
But he kneue no pynge of þat lande :
He sawe a town be the way.
He fasted all that same day.

He had not redyn, but a whyle,
Vnethe þe mownte wnce of a myle :
He sawe a castell neerehande
Feyre on an hylle stande.

He hyed hym thedur faste ry:lande :

* MS. fadur.  he b blotted out before Gye in MS.
He met wyth oon of that lande.

'Syr,' he seyde, 'for thy love,
Who owyth the zondur cyte?'

'Syr,' he seyde, 'ythall the day.
A bettur lorde lewth not to day:
Men calle hym Florentyne.

A better man drinke neuer wyne.'

¶ Gye rode to the castall gate:
Porter fonde he none therate.
He went to the halle bare
And of hys stede he lyght there.

In he wente a gode pase:
He fonde syttyng at the dayse
An olde man, an hore knyght.
He senyd of moche myght.
To hym came syr Gye
And gret hym full curteslye.

'Syr,' he seyde, 'herkynd to me:
I am a knynt of strange cuntre.
Yf hyt yowre wylle bee,
I ake mete for charyte
But for oon meel of thys day,
And sythen y wyll wende away.'

He seyde: 'syr, so mote y the,
Thou art welcome vnto me.'

¶ He bad hys men and pat in haste
Go feche forthe of the beste.

Gye ste faste on feyre manere
Of hys mete wyth gode chere.
He harde bellys faste rynge
In the cyte wythowte cessynge.

All, pat þere were, aferde was,
For they harde soche noysa.

'Lady,' pey seyde, 'heuyn quene,
What may all thys sorowe bemeene?'

¶ Wyth pat they cume wyth sory chere
the young dead knight was brought in on a bier.

And brought his son to a bere
And leyde hym there in the halle.

‘Lorde,’ sayde he, ‘pat boght vs all,
Ys thys,’ he sayde, ‘my dere sone,
That on bere ys thus come?’
He drewe his cloys and his hare:

He poght, his herte most brake for care.

‘Alas,’ he sayde, ‘my dere chylde,
Who hath pe alone in the felde? God, that dyed on a tree,
Leve, he stode here be me:
Y wolde no leue for all pys lande,
But y wolde sle hym wyth myn hande.’

¶ Then bespake a squiere:

‘He syllyth now before yow here.
I knowe hym ryght wele:
Y sawe that dode every dele.’

¶ When pe erle harde, pat hyt so was,
He starte hym vp fro the dayse.
A speare he toke in his hande
And came to Gye rennande

And sayde: ‘traytour, pou schalt dye here,
For pou slawe my sone dere.’
Vp he drewe then his arme:
He poght to do Gye grete harme.

Wyth grete wrath he can mynte,
But he layled of his dynte.
Halfe a fote the speare stode
And into the borde wode.

Guy protested he had killed the youth in his defence.

‘Syr,’ quod Gye, ‘for godlys mercy,
Smyto not, but ye wott, why.
If y haue slayne thy dere sone,
Me defendawnt hyt was done.’
¶ Tho they lept Gye abowte,
Knyghtys, pat were stiffe and stowe.

Getting his shield
Gye wanne his schelde, pere hyt stode,
And in hys hande an axe gode. 
He turndde hys rygge to a wall 
6592 
And hym defendyd for them all. 
Theo starte forthe the steward: 
Hyt semyd, he was no cowarde. 
Wyth a swyrde he smote Gye 
On the schelde hardelye. 
6596 
Wyth hys axe Gye to hym mynte: 
He sayled not of hys dynte. 
[leaf 503 b, col. 1] 
He clawe hys hedde euyn in twayse: 
Hys lyfe he loste that ylke day. 
6600 
Gye wyth hys owne hande 
Defendyd hym wyth hys axe bytande. 
There he slewe knyghtys thre. 
The strengyst of all pat cuntrace. 
6604 
7 'Erle Florentyne,' seyde Gye, 
'For the holy crosse loue, mercye! 
Thou art holdyn a doghty knyght, 
A wyse man of werre and fyght: 
Yf thou sle me in thys halle, 
All men wyll the traytour calla. 
6608 
Hyt were a 1 grete schaume vnto the, 
When pou harbarowste me for charyte. 
6612 
Were hyt wyth ryght or wyth wronge, 
Hyt wolde he turne to schaume stronge 
And moost of all in that case, 
When y at the mete was. 
6616 
Therfore do wythowte blame, 
That hyt turne not to no schaume. 
Do me now to haue my stede 
And owte of the 3ate me lede. 
6620 
Hyt were to the more honowre, 
Then y were slayne in thyn towre.' 
7 The erle wythdrewe hym than. 
He was a sory man, 
6624

1 a over the line in MS.

and an axe, 
he killed several 
of his assailants.

Guy urged
When he sye þem þere lye dedde.
What he myȝt dø, he cowde no redde.
'Alass,' he seyde, 'and wele away!'
My se ne dedde thys ylke day.
Now schall y euyr mare
Loue in sorowe and in care.'
He swynned soone vpon the beere.
Ther was no man in þat place þere,
But of hym they had pyte.
He comawndyd myne meyne,
That none were so hardye
To assayle hym before hys yee.

He dud deluyer to hym hys stede
And also all hys odur wede.
When he were owt of the towre,
He schulde be slayne wyth dyshonoure.

Gye toke hys gode stede
And on hym lepe, as he hadde nede.
Hys swyrde he forgate noght,
And hys speere was to hym broght.
Owte of the castell ys he gane:
The way he hath soone tane.
Be þat the erle was armyd wele
Bothe in yron and in stele.
Faste he sewyd thare syr Gye
Wyth hys grete companye.
Gye turned the hed of hys stede
And færde, as þat he wolde wede.

He mett a knyght and smote hym sore,
That he rose neyur more.
A nother there soone he smote.
The erle came then full hote
(To alye Gye he dud fonde)
Wyth a speere in hys honde.

1 þem is very probably miswritten for hym or for hys sone.
2 pyte blotted out after hys in MS.
Gye hym turned and dud hym see:
To fyght wyth hym wolde he not flee.
They faght togedur þere full faste,
Whyll þere spere myght laste.
The erle smote tho syr Gye
Thorow the schelde hardelys.

Gye smote at hym a nodur dynte:
Hys hors and hym dowe he tynte.
¶ Gye had pyte of that knyght,
When he sawe, he had be of myght,1
And þat he had hys sone alone.

Twenty wyntyr hyt was gone,
Sythen he myght armes bere,
Or helpe hymselfe in any were.

Gye seyde: 'haue here thy stede
And hye þe whome a gode speda.
Hyt were better for þe to be in churche
And holy werkys for to wyroche.

Then to welde schelde or sperre
Or any odur armes to bere.
I haue yllyd the thy mede:
For þy mete haue here thy stede.
I wolde haue askyd þe none, yf y had wyste,
Thogh y schulde haue dyed for hungur and pryste.2
I schall neyvr more come to the
To aske mete for charyte.

God let me euyr wele fare,
At þy courte or y come mare.'
¶ Also so god geue yow reste,
Fylle the cuppe of the beste.

N ow wendyp Gye faste away:
He wolde not selde hym þat day.
þer came knyztys on euery syde
Yonge and of moche pryde.

---

1 in myght uncertain in M S: on might be read as well.
2 armes blotted out after any.
3 MS. þearete.
GUY ESCAPES FROM HIS PURSUERS.

Wyth the helpe of fat cuntre
They chasyd Gye grete plente.
Gye rode faste thorow fat londe:
A grete foreste there he fonde.

Ofte he turned them hys\(^1\) vysage
And dud them grete owtrage.
Many a wonde awaye the more
And many slayne eke in fere.

\(^1\) Gye on hys stede rode faste:
Fro \(\text{\^{e}}\)m all soon he paste.
The erle and hys companye,
Ageyne they went hastelye.

He toke hys sone, that was dedde,
And beryed hym in a holy stedde.
All that day Gye dud ryde
(He wolde not there abyde),

Tyll hyt were on a nodur morne:
He sawe Loreyn hym beforne.
He knewe that cuntre:
He wente to that cyte.

All hys men \(\text{\^{e}}\)re he fonde,
That were for hym sore dredeande.
All they made gode chere,
When \(\text{\^{e}}\)y sawe Gye hole and fere.

He tolde \(\text{\^{e}}\)m all, or he wolde blynne,
What parell that he was ynne.
Then they \(\text{\^{e}}\)ankyd seynt Mychell,
That he was deluyrd so well.

\(^{1} \)When he had a stownde dwellyd \(\text{\^{e}}\)are,
Into Ynglonde wolde he fare.
He toke leue of dewke Loyere
And he hym bad on feyre manere
Of hys tresure for to take
And \(\text{\^{e}}\)at he schulde hyt not forsake.
Of the tresure kepte he noght:

\(^1\) Arts omitted in MS.
GUY TAKES LEAVE OF TYRRE.

On odur thynge was hys boght. 6728
To Tyrre went Gyoun. And schewyd hym hys reson.
‘Tyrre,’ he seyde, ‘y wyl fare:
Into Ynglonde y wyll 3are 6732
For to see there my kynne.
To wyt, what state pat fey be ynne.
I wot not, whethur fey be leueande,
And therfore y wyll passe fe sande. 6736
Thys vii yere y sawe not thame: 1
For sothe, therfore y am to blame.
Yf anythyng come to thys,
What some enyr that hyt bee, 6740
Sende to me for anythyng,
And y wyll come wythowte lestynge.
Now fou haste fe wyfe hende
And all fe warre broght to an ende:
Thyn enmyse, they be alone,
For sope, that y knowe, euerychone.
In pese now ys all thy londe:
Ther dar no man bryngle fe warre on honde. 6748
Thou art holdyn of pryce, 9
Therfore the wyll drede thyn enmyse.
I schall the sende my messengere:
Thou do also, my brodur dere. 6752
Myselfe wyll come to fe some day,
And pat schall be, when pat y may.’
¶ ‘Syr,’ seyde Tyrrre, ‘gramercye! I am sprowfull, sckerlye.
Thou haste me sauyd fro fe dedde
In mopy a dyners stedde.
Yf pos wylye now wende fro me
Y not, whethur euer y schall fe see. 6760

1 MS. them.
9 y in pryce altered from some other letter in MS.

WARWICK.
Then schall myn enmyse wyth ful wel ty
How we be dery by euer dye:
The Almayns wyll gene me were,
Wyth pe myght pey me wyll dere.
They be of Otoms kynne,
And many a lande ys therynne.
I schall be in grete stryfe
Euyr, whyll that y haue lyfe.
Yf we be togedur here,
Me par not dreyd on no manere.

Yf ye wyll dwelle wyth me,
Castals and cyttes y schall gene pe
(The beste, that in thys londe be,
Schall be thyne, so mot ye the)
And dwelle wyth pe dewke Loyere:
All Gormoyse ye schall haue here.
I se wyth my herte, god hyt wote,
Schall ye neyr chalenge fote
Of all Gormoyse eche a thynge,
Not so moche, as a farthyng."'

'Tyrrye, bydde me no more:
Hyt ys no saluyng for my sore.
I desyre that londe fayne
And for hy lone y wolde turne agayn.
Yf hyt ne were for my lemmen dere,
I wolde not go fro the here.
Togedur we wolde be, wythowte othynge,
Tyll we came to endynge.
Dere brodur, let be thy care:
Y wyll come ageyne full 3are.'
They kyste togedur ryght thare
And wepte wyth ther eyen sore.

Ther was none, when Gye dud goo,
But he wepte wyth his eyen twoo.
Gye lepe on a softe palfray

' Perhaps we ought to read When myn enmyse schall.
And he wente forthes on hys way.
The erle lette styyle thare:
For Gyse he made moche care.
Gye, forthes eyr dud he ryde,
Tyll he came to the see syde.
A schyppes he fonde and gode fare:
Into Ynglonde he came 3are.
To Wynchestur he came ryght:
The kynge was þere wyþ myght.
When he came to that cyte,
Agenste hym came þe kynge free.
All the men of that cuntre
Preysed Gyse for hys bewte.
The kynge hym nome abowte þe halse
And wyþ yoyes he kyste hym also.
All men of hym had ferlye,
That he had passed so, syr Gyse.
† At the chasses vpon a day
Gye wyþ the kynge dud play.
Then came knyghtys prekande:
‘Syr,’ they seyde, ‘here tythande.
A beste ys comen to the lande:
Ther may no man agenste hym stande.
He ys comyn fro Yrelande:
Moche care he bryngyþ on hande.
He almyth bothe beste and man
And all, that eyuer he fynde can.
He ys a dredesfull beste:
Hys hedde ys blake and wyþ þe meste;
Hys wombe ys blake, hys rygg donne,
Hys body ys greter þen a tonne.
Wynges he hath on easy syde:
Hys body ys longe and yrynde
(SKales he hath all abowte:
Of no wepon he þar not dowte),
Hys breste brode and black akynne.
At hys mowthe a stede myght ynne.
Powes he hath, as a lyon.
He ys an vygle, fowle dragon.
Hys tyle ys grete and perto longe.
Ther ys no knyght halfe so stronge,
Were he armed neuer so weale,
But, and þe dragon hyt hym wele
Wyth hys tyle a lytull mynte,
But he schulde dye of that dynne.'

When the kynge harde well,
What they seyde, euerie dell,
He was in sorowe stronge:
He myght not speke after longe.

'Syr,' seyde Gye, 'let be thy thought:
Of þat beste drede the noght.
I schall wende to that cuntre
And, yt that beste fowndyn bee,
I schall hym also wyth force and myght
And come aseyne anon ryght.'

'Nay,' seyde the kynge to Gyown,
'Ye schall not wende owt of hys towne,
But wyth yow an hundred knystys or two:
All the sykerer may ye goo.'

Gye hym answeryd hastelye:
'God forbye and seynt Marye,
That for a beste all oonlye
Men schulde bryng e soche compenye.'

'Gye toke hys leue wythowten more,
And to hys yyne he went thore.
He hym dyght soothe that day:
To that beste he toke þe way.

Hys felowe wolde wyth hym wende:
He wolde not let þem, so god me mende.
Wolde he none let wyth hym goo,
But syr Harrowde and odur twoo.
GUY ASSAILS THE DRAGON.

When he pedur came, syr Gye, There he sawe the beste lye, Gye hym armed soone then: Sythen he comawndyd all hys men, That none were so hardye To come to hym, poch he schulde dye. Vndur an hylle went syr Gye, There as, he sawe, pe beste dud lye. Gye sate vpon hys stede: Of hym he had grote drede. He smote hym wyth hys spere faste: Hyt brake in pecys at the laste. So thyck was hys skynne, That he myst not thorow wynnc.

When the beste feled the dynte, Wyth hys hedde he dud mynte. To Gye he starte, as he wolde wede, And smote hym downe and hys stede. There was Gye stonyd sore: Soche a dynte had he neuer ore. Gye starte vp and lay not longe. 'God,' he seyde, 'of myght so stronge, That madyst bothe day and nyght And dyed on tre for synfull wyght And sauyd Sampson fro the lyon, Kepe me to day fro thys dragon.'

Hys swyrde anow he drewe owte: To jat beste he starte full stowte. Before the hedde dud he smyte, But the swyrde wolde not byte. So grete wondur had Gye there, That no wepons myght hym dere. He was now in betell stronge: The dragon fagh t agenste hym longe. As Gye assayled hym in the place, Hym befelle auenturs case:
GUY WOUNDS THE DRAGON.

So nye Gye the beste wente,
That wyth hys pawes he hym rente
The pecys of hys hawberke,
That was bope stalworth the and starkes.
In aventure was Gye than:

To a tre faste he ranne
To loke, yf he myght better fare,
And for to defende hym there.
He on Gye faste dud bete
And wyth hys tayle faste he dud hym smote

Thorow þe schelde in a stownde,
That Gye falle flat to þe grownde.

† Than there a lyttull whyle
Gye was in grete paryle:
He foldyd hys tayle hym abowte,
That he myght not on no syde owte.

Hys tayle was gret and vnryde:
He brak two rybbes in Gyes syde.
Gye syde: 'y am but dedde,
But god sende me þe bettur redde.'
He smote hym þere wyth all hys myght

Aboue þe tayle in two full ryght.
Wyth grete angwysche and wyth woo
At þat tyme he wanne hym fro.
Then perseyyd Gye full wele,
That no wepon made of stele
Fro the tayle to the heuydde'd
Myght hym not þe lyfe haue reuydde.
† The beste hym felyd smetyn sorre:
He caste a crye and a rore.

Thorow þat cuntre was the dynne:
All myght here, þat was þerynne.
Ther was no man, þat herde þat crye,
But that they wente for to dye.
3yt ranne Gye abowte the tre:

† MS. aedde.
GUY KILTS THE DRAGON.

He poghth, fro hym he wolde not fle.  
Hys hawberke the was all torent."  
Hys body was full nere schente.  

At the laste Gye hym bethoght,  
To smyte before hyt helpyn noght.  
As the dragon was turnande,  

Gye had hys swyrde in hys hande:  
Enyn betwene the wyngys twoo  
He smote the body almoaste a too.  
He falle dawnne and myght no more,  
But beganne to crye and rore.  

Gye wythdrew hym sone than:  
For grete styynke he was yne slane.  
He restyd hym vpon the playne:  
Of hys dode he was full fayne.  

\footnote{When Gye had rested hym well,  
He rose and mett hym every delle:  
Syxty fote was he longe.  
Therof men had wondur stronge:  
All, that came be the way,  
Wondurd on hym, yere he lay.  
The hedde of soone he schare.  

To the kynge a man hyt bare:  
To *yorke the hed dud he brynghe  
And presentyd hyt to the kynge,  
And wyth a grete precessyowne  
They brught Gye to the towne.  

At *yorke the hed was hangyd þan:  
Theron lokyd many a man.  

\footnote{He toke leue at þe kynge thare  
And to Walingford dud he fere.  
The kynge was then full blythe  
And thankyd god fele sythe.  
Longe was past, wythowte leaynge,}

\footnote{As written twice, but the first time blotted out.}  
\footnote{MS. thon.}  
\footnote{MS. slayne.}
Or he of hym harde more tythynge.
Hys sadur was dedde lone geone:
Odur heyre, bote he, was ther none.
¶ Gye callyd Harrowde on a day,
That hym had seruyd aye:
He gane hym pe castell and pe towre
And all hys londe wyth honoure.
To every knyght ferre and nere,
**Lease and more, that wyth hym were,**
That had bene wyth hym in fydght,
He gane hym warson full ryght.
¶ To Warwyk dud he wendre
And pere he fonde pe erle so hende,
That honowred hym wyth hys myght:
So dud all the londe, barow and knyght.
The erle dud hym honowre aye
And wolde not leue hym an owre of a day:
They went to pe wode and to pe rryvere
To solace them on all manere.

¶ He tolde Felyce all hys wylle and lyfe,
And, how he was bedyn ryche wyfe,
Kyngeys doghtur and emperowre,
And wyth hur moche honowre:
'Of them all wolde y noght,
For on yow was all my thoght.'
¶ 'Syr,' sche sayde, 'gramercye!
I yow say, sekerlye:
For me fyr hathy be preyere
Of kynge and dewke ferre and nere.
Of them all wolde y nane:
Ye had my loute wyth yow tane.
I am yowryys (hty ye skyle)
To do wyth me at yowre wylle.'
¶ Gye hur kyste wyth yoye than:
He was neuer so gladde a man.

*keyre and he omitted in MS.*
He toke hys leue and home wente:
Of myrthe and yoye was hys entente.
He made yoye nyght and day,
When he was seker of jat maye.

Hyt happenyd, ye erle calde hys doghtere
And resonyd hur on hys manere
And seyde: ‘doghtur, odur heyre haue y noon
Nor neuer schall haue, but ye allone.
Hyt were tyme, jou toke an husbande
Aftur my day to kepe my londe.

Dewkys dyuers of farre cuntre
Hane comes for to aske the:
Of jem all wolde jou none.
How longe schalt jou maydeyn gone1?

‘Syr, y schall yow the sothe say
Be the space of the thrydde day.’

When the pryde day was gone,
The erle came ageyne anone.

‘Doghtur, now wyll y wytt,
Haste jou takyn by cowncell 3yt?’

‘Syr, sche seyde, ‘blame me noght,
Yf that y telle yow now my thoght.

Hyt ys Gye, the nobull knyght,
That y haue lounyd wyth all my myght:
Sertys, but yf he haue me,

Weddyd schall y neyr bee.’

‘Doghtur,’ he seyde, ‘for thy resoun
Haue jou goddyes benysyon,
When jou desyrrest soche a knyght,
That may mayntene1 my londe wyth ry3t.
I had leuyr, then thys cyte,
That Gye wolde haue the.
He hath forsakyn, be thys day,
The loun of many a ryche maye,

Dewkys doghtur and emperowre,

1 MS. maytene.
MARL ROHOLDE OFFERS GUY FELICHE'S HAND.

That were and are of grete valowre.
Y schall wytt, so mote y the,
Of hym wythynne pese dayes thre,
What he wyll sey, trewlye,
Whyll pou louest hym so speccallye.'

Gye and he wente on a day
To the wode them to play :
Venyson they had plente.
The erle callyd Gye in preuyte :
' Gye,' he seyde, ' y pry the herc,
Tell me pyt wyll on all manere.
What tyme wyll yow weddyd bee ?
I prey yow, leyne hyt not fro me.'

'Syr,' quod Gye, ' y schall the say,
In all the worlde ye no maye,
But oon, that euer y wyll wedde,
And bryege hur vnto my bedde.'

' Gye,' he seyde, 'loke in a throwe :
I haue a doghtur, bat ye well knowe.
I haue no heyre, but hur, lyueande :
Sche wyll be yowrys, y vndurstande.

I gene hur the wyth herte free,
And lorde of my londe schalt pou bea.'

To pe erle tho speake Gye
And seyde : ' syr, for yowre profur gramecye !
I had leuyr the body all bare
Of yowre doghtur wythowten mare,
Then pe doghtur of pe emperowre
Wyth all hys londe and hys honowre.'

The erle anone kyssed Gye
And thankyd hym full curtseye :
'Now wote y,' quod he, 'full well,
That ye loue me, be saynt Mychell,
That ye wyll my doghtur take
And doche ladys for to forsake.
From hens be the seuynth day
Guy and Felice are married.

Schall be the weddyng, ye may:
At Warwyk, myn owne cyte,
There schall that ryche brydale bee.
All the lordys of thy cunte,
At that brydale schall they be.'
'Syr,' quod Gye, 'y wyll fulfylle
Yowre ordynaunce at yowre wylle.'

"Syr Gye tolde Harrowde every daile,
How the erle seyde, full wele.
'Harrowde, now may y synge,
That y haue wonne that swetyngye,
That y traveilde fore day and nyght,
And ouer hur louyd wyght all my myght.'

"Now ys the weddyng ordeyned soone:
There the brydale schulde be done,
There same grete mayne,
Lordys of many a cunte,
Dewkys, erlys and baronage,
Knyghtys, squyers of grete lynage.
The mayde was rychelys dyght
And weddyd to Gye, pat nobull knyght.
A ryche brydale was ordeyned thare:
Hyt stode foutrteyn nyghtys and mare.
There were mynstrels on all manere:
Moche yoye there men myght here.
Ther was none so lytull a grome,
But pey had gyftys of syr Ghowne.
He gaue them robes many oon:
Goldre nor syluer he wantyd none.
"They partyd on the fytenyth day:
Every man wente hys owne waye.
Gye had of yoye hys fylle,
When he had of Felyce hys wylle.
Fifty dayes and no mare
Lasted hur\textsuperscript{1} yowre wythowten care.
\textsuperscript{1} þer?
¶ Hyt felle on the furste nyght,
When Gye laye wyth that wyght,
He gate of hur a man chylde,
That afturwarde was full mylde.
¶ For the gode, that god made,
Fylle the cuppe and make vs glade.

Hyt was in a somers tyde,
That Gye had moche pryde:
He came fro huntyng on a day
Wyth grete solace and mekyll play.
¶ey toke plente of veneson
And broght hyt vnto the towne.

One evening Guy
ascended a towre,
and enjoyed the
prospect.

There he was
struck with the
thought that he
had been so
highly honoured
by God,

The wedur was clere and sternes bryt.
Gye beganne to thynke ryght,
How god, that sato in trynyte,
Had made hym a man of grete poste,
And how he was preyse in every lande
Thorow dedys of hys hande,
And how he had many slane
And castels and towres many tane
And how in many londys longe
He had bene in parell stronge
And all for pe loue of pat maye,
That he1 trauelde fore nyght and day,
And not for god, hys creatowre,
That had done hym that honowre.
¶ He thought peere wyth all hys myyth
To serue hym bothe day and nyght.
Gye beganne to syke sore.
In hys herte he thought more:
He thought for to chaungo hys lyfe

1 MS. y.
GUY RESOLVES TO LIVE IN Penance.

And to leue thys worldys stryfe
And ordeyne hym in all wyse
To leue and dye in goddys seruyse.

Wyth that Felyce thedur soght:
Sche fonde hur lorde in a thoght.

'Syr,' sche seyde, 'what thinke ye?
Telle me, for seynt Charyte.'

' Lemman,' he seyde, 'stande stille,
And y schall telle pe all my wylle.
Sythe pe tyme, peat y pe knewe,
For pe my sorrowe was euyr newe.

I wene, ther was neyvr knyght,
That had so moche sorrowe in fyght
For none, as y haue had for the.
Farre in many a dyuere cuntre
I haue many a man slane,

Abbes brente and cytees tane:
All peat euyr y haue wroght,
Syth furste peat y on pe thoght,
And all y dud, my lemmman free,

For to wynne the louve of thee.

And all, peat euyr y wanne þere,
I haue genyn hyt knyzt and aqyure.

Had y bene warre and wyse
And spendyd hyt in goddys seruyse,
Halsen dele my trausylye,

Of heuyn schulde we neuer haue fayl.¹
I haue done for hym nothyngye,

Therfore y may in sorrowe synge.
I haue done mekyll schame:
God hath leyde on me þe blame.

All thys worlde y wyll forsake
And penaunce for my synnes take.
Wende y wyll yn goddys seruyse,
Ellys were y nothyngye wyse.

¹ MS. fayled.
6. Felice tries to persuade Guy out of his intention.

Half the merit of his future life was to be here.

Felice, who feared lest he had a leman somewhere for whom he wished to quit her,

fell into a swoon.

He tried to comfort her,

and bade her educate their expected child with all care.

She proposed to him, instead of going away, to build
[leaf 307 b, col. 1] abbeys.

in which holy men might pray for their salvation.

1 MS. parcile.
GUY ADHERES TO HIS PURPOSE. 207

Why wyll yow wende in exsyple?™
¶ ‘Lemman,’ he seyde, ‘let be thy fare:
Spake thou therof no mare.
Thou louyste lytull þyn own prow,®
Yf þou make me to breke my vowe:
That þy haue wyth my body wroght,
And wyth my body hyt shall be boght.’
¶ When sche sawe, for lese nor lothe
That he wolde not chaunge hys othe,
Sche clepyd hurselwe caytyfe:
‘Alas,’ quod sche, ‘that þy haue lyfe.’
Downe sche fella vnto þe grownde:
Ofte sche swnoned in þat stownde.
¶ Then seyde Gye: ‘y wyll fare,
But, dere lemman, take no care;
For y schall come ageyne soone,
When þy haue my penasunce done.
Also oon thyng þy bydde the:
Yf thou wyll love me,
Do so moche for my sake,
That no man see þe sorowe make,
As þou dereelys loueste me here.
Gretwe wolfe ofte thy fadur dere
And Harrowde, þe knyght so fre,
And all myn odur meyne.
Loke, þat þou be mak þe mylde.
Fro þe tyme, þat þou haue chylde,
Kepe hyt, till hyt can goo,
And aftur to Harrowde þou hym doo.
He wyll hym kepe wyth gode chere
And norysche hym on all manere.
Ther was neuer þyt a trewer knyght
Leuung in þorthe day nor nyght,
Then he hath be vnto me:
Therfore þe loun hym wyth herte fre.
Take here my swynde of stele
And kepe hyt to thy sone wele:
In 30rth the yr ys none better nowe.
Therwyth may he wynne prowe.'

"Tho he kyssyd Felyce swete:
He my3t not speke, for he dud grete."
There was dole in pat stownde:

They swownyed bope on pe grownde.
Gye rose fro swownynge
And went forthe in mornyngue.

'Syr,' sche sayde, 'pur charyte,
Abyde and take pys rynge of me.'
Gye toke at hur fayre pat rynge.
Dole was at ther partynge.

"Then went hym forpe syr Gyowne
Hys wey soone owte of pe towne.
Gye wolde speke wyth no wyght
Nor wyth Harrowde, pat trewe knyght.
Forthe he wente to the see:
At Jerusalem wolde he bee
And in many an odur londe,
There holy men were lygande.

"In pe towre Felyce he lefte para.
Sche was in grete sorowe and care:
'Lorde,' quod sche, 'what may y say?'
How schall y leue pys wofull day?'
Hur handys sore dud sche wryng.
Sche felle downe in swownynge.
Hur clopy schel drewe and hur hare:
Ther was nover woman, dud so fare.
On hur handys brake the rynge:
Sche was tho a sory thynge.
At hur mayles pe blode braste owte.
Thys lyfe sche ladde pe nyght owte.
Ofte sche cryed there: 'allas,'

[Leaf 508 a, col. 1] That cuyr sche borne was.

1 MS. repa.
ROHOLDS LEARNS GUY'S DEPARTURE.

Owte sche toke þe swyrde bryght
And set hyt to hur harte ryght
And thoght to seche\textsuperscript{1} þe harte blode,
For sche had lorne hur lorde goodes.
Then sche bethoght hur full wyselye,
That sche was tempted wyth grete folye
And þat sche had a chylde hur wythynne:
Hyt to aloo hyt were grete synne;
And þat sche myst not hurselfe aloo,
But yf sche slewe bothe twoo.
Sche þoght also anodur manere:
When he hyt wyste, hur fadur dere,
Hur fadur and hur frendys all
Wolde in grete sorowe falle:
They wolde sey, that spr Gyowne
Had slayne hur, or he went fro towne.
Therfore folye sche thoght than:
Ellys sche had hurselfe slane.\textsuperscript{2}
\[ Of all þe nyght sche had no reste \]
More, then had a wysde beste.
In the mornynge vp sche rose
And to hur fadur soone sche gose.

'Fadur, sche seyde, 'wot ye noght!'
Wyckyd tyþynge y haue yow brgot:
My lorde ys wente fro thyss cuntre.
I trowe, y schall hym neuyr see.
Yn exyyle he ys gone:
For sorowe y may myselfe alone.'
Wyth þat sche falle to þe grounde
And swowned soone in þat stounde.

\[ 'Doghtur,' he seyde, 'let be þy mornynge. \]
I may not leue hyt for nothyng,
That he wolde wende in exyyle

\[ \text{1 seche seems miswritten for schede. The Caius MS., p.} \]
\[ 150, gives the line: And thought to schede her herto blode.} \]
\[ \text{2 MS. slayne.} \]

WARWICK.
Guy had left her only in order to test her love.

But Guy could nowhere be found.

All were sorry.

Harrowde

advised the Earl to send a messenger in quest of Guy all over England.

But the search

was sucession.

Harrowde then sent two messengers into foreign countries.

And put hym in soche paryle.
He hath done hyt to proue pe now,
How he may thy louse trowe.'

‘Nay,’ sche seyde, ‘so mote y the,
He wyll neuyr come to me.’

ነ Vp he rose and dwellyd noght,
And thorow al pe cyte he soght.
When he myght not fynde Gye,
Aftur hys men he sente in hye
And tolde, how that syr Gye
Was went, and no man wyste, whye.
When pey wyste that tythynge,
All they made moche mornynge.

 QDom syr Harrowde herde sey,
That hys lorde was gone awey,
He me blanne nyght nor day,
But he sorowed for hym ay.
To the erle he toke the way.

‘Syr,’ quod he, ‘what may y say,
When y harne lorne my lorde so free?
I wene, y schall hym neuer see.

Y rede yow, sende yowre messengere
Thorow al pys londe bope farre and nere.
Yf he be not fowndyn here,
He ys in Loreyn, be seynt Rychere,
Wyth gode erle Tyrrye,
That he louyth speyciallys.’

ʺ A messengere was forpe sente
And all the londe porow wente.
He myght not fynde hym thare:
Whome ageyne he can fare
And seyde, all Ynglonde he had soght,
But Gye he cowde fynde noght.

ʺ There poght Harrowde, he wolde fonde
to seke hym in odur londe.
He toke two messengerys ryght,
Bothe a squyer and a knyght.
He gaue them tresoure grete plente
And bad hem wende bejonde the see
To seke every londe and gode towne
To speke tythyngys of syr Gyowne.
Harrowde hymselfe forthye ye gone:
Wede of palmer hath he tone.
The erle of Warwyk soone he fonde
And betoke hym all hye londe
And seyde: 'in wede of palmer
I shal seke Gye bope farre and nere
Yn every stedde, in every londe,
There he hath bene beforehonde.'
When he sse Harrowde so dyght,
He seyde: 'you art a full trewe knyght.'
¶ Harrowde went forpe fro ye erle yare.
To the see he came full yare:
Schyppe he fonde and passed in hye.
Comen he ys to Normandy,
Sythen to Frawne and Burgoyne,
To Almayne and to Cesoyne:
He harde no man speke wyth mowthe,
That of Gye telle cowtha,
Then he was schent,
And into Ynglondse soone he went.
All that londe was sorye,
That no man myght fynde Gye:
Kynge, erle and baron,
All made dole for Gyownd;
For ye wenyd full sekerlye
Neyyr to hane seyne hym wyth eye.
¶ God, pat dyed on a tower,
Sane Gye fro schame and yleane!

Now turne we ageyne and speke of Gye,
As we fynde in owre storie.

*MS. Cesowne. The Calus MS., p. 163, has ersonec.*
All that yere Gye can gone
\[\text{borow kyngys landys many oon}\]
All he wente thorow and thorow
\[\text{Ryght vnto Jerusalem, as borowe.}\]
Longe wolde he not dwelle thare.

Furthermore wolde he fare
Into hethen cuntre:
To Anteoge, that cyte,
Thedurwarde thoght he.
Hyt was a grete journe.

Vndur an hawthorne \[\text{bere}^1\] he fonde
A pore pylgryme there stonde.
Hyt semyd wele a sarynye,
That had moche pyne.

He semyd\(^2\) comen of hye lynage.
He had grete eyw and stronge vysage,
Hys hed whyte, hys berde\(^3\) longe.
He semyd a bolde man\(^4\) and a stronge.
He made grete mornyng:
Gye had pyte of that tythyng.
He drewe hys berde and hys hare:
He swownyd anon\(^5\) \[\text{bere for care}\]
And seyde: 'allas,' pat he was borne;
‘Harde wordys ys me beforne.’

¶ Then seyde Gye: ‘what art thou,
That makyst all \[\text{ys}^6\] dole now?\]
I see well be thy chere,
That pou art noyed on some maners:
Therfore, syr, telle thou me,
In the name of the trynyte.’

'Syr,' seyde the pylgryme,
‘Thou haste me congurde at \[\text{ys}^7\] tyme:
Sone y schall telle the, why
That y am so sorye.

\[1\] \text{tree}? See the note. \[2\] MS. \text{semyth. Calus MS. somed.}\]
\[3\] MS. \text{borough. Calus MS. boro.}\]
\[4\] MS. \text{berd. Calus MS. berd.}\]
I trowe, you wylt haue pyte,
When pat you tolde hyt the.
If I was some tyme doghthy of hande,
And to me felle moche lande.
I was a bolde man and a wyght:

Erle Joonas so y hyght.  
7432 His name was Earl Jonas.  
7433 He had fiftene  
sons, all of them bold men.

I had sonses fyftene,
Boldes men and therto kene.
I wene, ther was neuer man lyusande,
Syth crystendome was brost to lande,
That had so many sonses wyght
Echeoon in hyt owne ryght,
As y had onys be the way
(Alas, that suyr y abode þys day)

At a batayle certayne
Of sarayns, that haue done trayne.
To Jerusalem comen they were
And dystroyed farre and nere:
We gedurde ooste, as men wyght,
And gane þem batayle anon ryght.
A grete batayle was there oon,
For there dyed many a man.
I and my sonses fyftene
Made the sarayns for to flene.

At þat tyme wyth strenkyth toke we
Seuyn aemerallys and kyngeis thre.

We chasyd them þorow þat londe,
I and my sonses, a kynge folowande:
Hys name was Triamore: ¹
He ys a man of grete honowre.
To Alysansdurer he fledes ryght,
There he was kynge of myght.
We dud there a folys stronge,
That we folowde hym so longe.
There was redy in a wode
Two hundurde knygtye, that were gode.
Owte of the wode they came anon
And belapped vs euerychon.
Many of them we smetyn sare:
For nothynge we wolde spare.
Owre stedye Perry soone they alowe
And many oon abowte vs drowe.
On fote we fught faste than
And slew ther mony a man:
Or we wolde zylyde vs or be tane,
Many of hem porow vs was slane.
Tyll owre swyryds were brokyn of stole,
We defendyd vs full wele.
We sawe there no socowre:
We zylydyd vs to kyng Eriamore.
We made soche couenande,
Therto he helde vp hys hande,
That we schulde for owne rawnsome.
Be deluyrde fro prysone.
† To Awfryke he led vs thare
And put vs in a pryson pare:
Mete and drynke we had smale
And euyll lyfe led wythall.
Hyt ys xi wynter and more,
Synth we were put in pryson pare;
Tyll hyt befelle soon in a tyde,
That the sowdan wyth grete pryde,
That was po kyngys lorde Triamore,
He made a feste wyth honoure:
Thretty kyngys pare were ryte,
That were vnto the sowdan plegt,
And amerallys pare were fourtye,
That were vndurnethe hys crie.
Theader wente kyng Triamore
And wyth hym hys sone Fabore. 7496 to which Triamour and 7497 his son Fabour 7498 had repaired.

He was yonge and also wyght 7499 one day

And therto newe made knyght.

At the thryd day of the feste, 7500 Fabour and the

That was ryche and honeste, 7501 Soudan's son, named 'Sowdan' of Perce,

The sowden sone rose vp full ryght 7502 named 'Sowdan' of Perce,

(Syr Sowdan) of Perce he hyght: 7503 'Faber,' quod Sowdan, 'y bydde the

'Faber,' quod Sowdan, 'y bydde the

To playe at pe chesses wyth me.'

'Syr,' quod he, 'wyth myn entente

I schall do yowre comawndement.'

To Faber chaumber þere þey wente 7508 played at chess.

And after the chesses soon þey sente.

They sate downe frendys in all wyse,

But þey were wroþe, or þey dud ryse.

Syr Faber at þe chesses a worde seyde: 7512 Sowdan, getting

Sowdan was wroþe and owte brayde angry, called

And clepyd hym horeson thore 7513 Fabour names, and broke his

And wyth a roke he smote hym sore:

On the hedde he brake the crowne,

That þe blode faste ranne downe.

'Syr, thou doyst me dyshonowre,'

To Sowdan seyde Fabowre,

'When thou haste brokyn my heuedde,'

The grace of god be fro me reuedde,

Yf thou were not my lordys sone,

Thou schuldyst abyse, þat þou haste done.'

Then seyde Sowdan: 'what seyste thou?

Haste thou me manest nowe?'

In euyll tyme þou hyt thought:

Thyn owyn deþe þou haste wroght.'

And wyth hys fyste he wolde hym smyte,

was threatened

who saven aymed

by Sowdan,

with his fist.

1 The spelling of the MS. Sowdan, though evidently wrong for Sedoune, yet has been left unaltered.

2 Corrupt without doubt. The Calvus MS., p. 158, has At a
cheke, that Fabour seyde.

3 MS. The Sowdan. 4 MS. To the Sowdan. 5 MS. hedde.
THE Soudan's son killed by Fabour.

But Faber thought byt dyspyte:
On hys fete dud he stonde
And toke the chekur in hys honde.
He smote Sowdan vendur the ere:
He fell to grounde and dyed þere.

When Faber seye, that he was dedde,
For þere he flewe fro that stedde.
He yede as faste, as he myȝt renne,
Towarde hys sadur yyne then,
And tolde hys sadur there anon,
How the sowdans some was alone.

The kynge dowtyd hym thare:
For þe deþe he had grete care.
On hys hore lepe he swythe:
For þo þey rode in hye vnblythe
Faste fleande to Alyssawndur,
Or þer were resyn more sclaundur.
Owte of the londe soone þey went,
Or any wyste, þat Sowdan was schent.
When he came to that cyte,
A sore man, for sothe, was hee.

But therof be, as be may,
Let vs be mary, y yow pray.

The Soudan

But, when byt wyste þe sowdan,
þat hys sone so was slane,
He was, y trowe, a sore syre,
Full of tene and of yre
And beryed hys sone rychelye,
And þought to venge hym hastelye.
He sente hys sones to the kynge,
As man, þat louyd hym nothyngye,
And bad hym come hastelye
And defende hym of felonye
And brynge hys sone wylþ hym, Fabowre,
That slywe Sowdan, as a traytoure.

MS. slwyn.
TRIAMOUR AND FABOUR BEFORE THE SOUDAN'S COURT. 217

'Yf he wyll not do that couenande,
Bydde hym fée forpe of hys lande,
Or allys soche jugement suffour þere,
As in courte ordeygned were.'

† The kynge dyght hym full 3are:
To the sowdan dud he fare,
And wyth hym Faber, þe bende knyght,
Before the sowdan came ryght.
He askyd hym and þat anow,
How he had hys sone alone:

Yf he myght hyt not defende,
That dede he schulde derely amendad.
He broght forthe a sarsyne:
A Fowler drank he neyur wyne.

Comyn he ys fro the lande of Ynde,
A stronger man may no man fynda.

He ys black, as any pyck,
And also felle, as a lyon in his swyck;
Hys breste brode, hys body grete:
He ys more, then a nete.
Ther were not þre in all þat lande,
That durste stende a stroke of hys hande.

He ys two fote and more
Hyer, then any, that was þore.
Yf þe kynge durste wyth hym fyght
And hym defende wyth all hys myght,
That Sowdan¹ was never dedde
Thorow hym nor hys sonnes redde,
And hym vnto dethe brynge,
He schulde passe quyte² in all thynge.

† Triamore³ had drede stronge
Of that sarsyn, þat was so longe.
Neuer þe lesse before them all

¹ MS. the Sowdan.
² quyte omitted in MS., but cf. l. 7600, and the Calis MS., p. 160, He shold þe quyte of all thynge.
³ MS. Tamore.

7564 upon pain of banishment.
7568 When they came thither,
7572
7576 Triamour learnt that he could escape himself only by fighting, either in person or by deputy, a gigantic Saracen.
7580
7584
7588
7592

Afraid as Triamour was of the Giant, he yet accepted the combat,
The sarsyn there he dud bescalle                      7596
And seyde, that Sowdan was neuer dedde
Thorow hym nor hys sonnes redde,
And, yf he myght hym to depe brynge,
That he schulde pase quyte in all yngge.
A xii monyth pe trewe was tane                     7600
And thretty dayes, tyll he was gane.
Soche a man in hys cuntre
Neuyr was nor neuyr schall bee.
Yf he durste not hymselfe fyght,
He schulde fynde anodur knyght.
† To Alyaswnder the kynge ys went
And to hys barons he hath sente                     7608
And made crye thorow the lande,
Yf they had ony man fande,²
That durste for hym pat batell craue;
And halfe hys londe he schulde haue.
He myzt neuer fynde none so wyght,
That durste agenste pat gyawnt fyght.
† He toke me owte of hys pryson
And askyd me thys reson),                          7616
Yf y knewe any knyght,
That durste agenste pe gyawnt fyght.
A ryche man he wolde hym make
And do hym honour for hys sake
And geue hym golde grete plante
And halfe hys londe euyrmore free.
I knewe none, y seyde to thame
(For to lye me poghht hyt schame),                 7624
In no cuntre nor in no lande,
That durste pat batell take on hande,

2 MS. the; but the Calus MS., p. 161, has that.
² Perhaps corrupt. See the note.
They wolde do hyt, wythowte defaute:
Then myght pou be seker, sawns sayle,
To haue the vctorye of that batayle.'

When the kyng stode me bye
And herde me speke of syr Gye,
Hys hande he layde vpon me.

'But y haue helpe,' he seyde, 'of the,
I schall neuer of man leueande
Hauing helpe, y vndurstande.'

Yf y myght haue Gye,

That ys knyght so hardye!

Into Ynglonde schalt pou fare
For to loke, yf Gye be theare.

Yf he may not fowndyn bee,

Loke, Harrowde thou brynge wyth pe;
And y schall deluyer pe owt of pryson
And all thy sones wythowte rawnsome.

Thou schalt haue for thy sernyse,

Yf thou wylt be ware and wyse
And of tongue be trewe and holde,

Fyftene somere chargeyd wyth golde.'

Sythen y sware on all manere

For to be trewe messengere;

And, yf pat y of pem fonde none,
I schulde come aseyne allone:

Y schall be hangyd on a galowe tre,

Wyt ye wele, y am sore.

I went into Almayne
Fro Fraunce vnto Hyespayne,¹
Sythen to Pole and Burgoyne,
Into Syayl and Cesoyne²

And sythen into Ynglonde
(And askyd eyery man, pat y fonde)
To Warwyk, lys cyte,
There he was wonte lorde for to bee.

¹ MS. hye spayne. ² MS. Cesoyne.
I harde neuer man speke wyth mowthe,
That anythyng telle cowythe
Of Harrowde odur of syr Gye:
Therfore a sory man am y.
Gyes men tolde me on a day,
For sothe, syr, as y the say,
That Gye was in exycle wente:
In holy weyes was hys entente.
And Harrowde aftar hym ys gone
For to seke hym, be seynt Iohan.
Longe dwellyd y there noght
And many landys syth haue y soght.
I myght neuer fynde no wyght
That cowde telle me of that knyght.

More than a year
had now passed
since he had left
the King.

Now come y hedur thys ylke day
And restyd me be the way.

Hyt ys xii monythys and mo,¹
Syth y the kynge wente fro.²
And now y wende to hym agayne,
Well y wote, for to be slayne:
For the dethe wyll y not flee
(I haue the tolde, how hyt wyll be);
For y haue my trowthe plyght,
That y schall come agayne ryght.
Then, y wott, y schall be alone
And my sonnes everychone.
Of my lyfe yeue y noght,
But for my sonnes ys all my thoght.
They were knyghtys bolde and wyght
And well defensyd þem in evry fyght.
Yf they³ myght leue and olde⁴ bee,
They⁵ myght moche helpe crystyanne.

¹ MS. more.
² MS. fere.
³ MS. Y.
⁴ MS. bolde.
⁵ MS. L. Cf. Calus MS. p. 164:
Yf they myght leue and old men bee,
They myght much helpe crystyanne.
Now to hym wyll y fare
And take my dethe ryght thare.'
Wyth that he swownyed before Gye,
And therefore he was sorye.
Gye had sorow and moche care,
For he sawe the erle so fare.
' Leue pylgryme,' sayde Gye,
'That for thy sones art sorye
And Gye and Harrowde bope haste soght
In far londys and fonde þem noght,
Yf thou hawe dole, hyt ys no ferlye,
When þou mayste þem nowhere aspye:
Thorow þem þou wenyst delyuert to be
Owte of pryson and thy sones fre.
Some tyme y was in my lande
Holdyn doghty of my hande.
For the loue of god allmyght,
That he me gaue soche myght,
And for syr Gye and Harrowdes sake
That batell for þy loue wyll y take,
And þorow þe grace of heuyn kyng
The and þy sones owt of prison bryng.'
When erle Joonas sawe Gye,
That he was bolde and hardye
To do that batell, yf he myght,
And wyth þe gyawnte for to fyght,
He avysed hym full wele
Fro þe hedde downeswarde every dole.
Hys body, he poght, was feyre and longe
And wele ymade to be stronge:
Hys bones were bare of fleshe.
He semyd all of wyldurnesse:
Hys berde was longe,' fowle farande.
He lokyd vp steype starunde.
'Syr,' he sayde, 'for thy reson

1 Perhaps we ought to add and after longe.
Hau the thou goddy's beneson.
Thou knowest not that sarayne,
That ye so wyckyd and so kene:
Had he ones lokyd upon the
Wyth yse eyen, wytterlye,
He wolde the agaste make,
That pou schuldyst the batayle' forsake.'

Then seyde Gye: 'Perof drede pe noght.
God ys myystfull, pat ys my thoght.
Many hau prouyde to do skathe
And wyth per eyen lokyd wraethe:²
Pro peem flewe y neuer in no batayle.
My harte schall not therfore sayle.

If pou thinke, y febull bee,
God ys soche of poste,
That he may gene me grace and myght
To alue pe grawnt in pe fyght.'

'Syr,' seyde pe pylgryme, 'gramercye!
God, that borne was of Marye,
Ylde hyt the, or pou be dedde.'

For yoyes he sewownyd in pat stedde.

Tho seyde Gye: 'as hau pe hele,
Let us go forthe, we schall Fare wele.'

To Alyswander pey can peum dyght:
Before pe kynge pey came full ryght.
When the kynge Joonas sawe,
Full soone peere he dud hym knowe.

'Joonas,' seyde the kynge than,
'Where ys Gye, that nobull man,
And Harrowde, pat pou haste soght?
Haste pou any of them broght?'

¹ MS. hym, but Calus MS., p. 165: That thon shuldyst the batayle forsake.
² MS. rathe; but Calus MS., p. 165:
And wyth yse eyen lokyd wraethe.
³ Gye omitted in MS. Cf. the Calus MS., p. 166:
'My frende,' quod Gye, 'so hau pe hele.'
'Syr,' he seyde, 'y schall the saye:
I wyll not lye, be thys day.
Y haue bene in manie a cuntre:
Harrowde nor Gye y myst not see.
I was farre in manie a londe
And askyd every man, pat y fonde.
They seyde, he was in exsayle wente,
Therfore the londe was nye schente;
And seyde, Harrowde had take ye way
To sake Gye nyght and day.
But y haue broght a nobull knygth,
In armes pat ys bolde and wyght:
For yow he schall do thys batayle
Thorowe helpe of god and not sayle.
He wyll defende ye full ryght
And wyth ye gyawnte wyll he fyght.'

† Tho seyde pe kynge to erle Joonas:
'Loke, pou lyse not in thys case.
Yf y be betrayed thorow the,
Hongyd hys schalt thou bee,
And by somes everychone
Wyth ye the same wy schall gone.'

'I grawnte,' quod Joonas, 'that ye saye.
God vs helpe, that beste maye.'

†† The kynge clepyd soon Gyown)
And tolde hym there all hys reason.
'Pylgryyme,' he seyde, 'what ye by name?'
And he hym tolde, but not ye same.
'Frende,' seyde tho the kynge,
'Telle me wythwto lesynge,
Where haste pou bone and in what lande?'
Was þer þere no corne growande?'
'Syr,' quod he, 'syth y was knyght,'

1 Perhaps corrupt. Cf. Caius MS., p. 167:
Was there no brede no corne growande?

2 Here the MS. is evidently corrupt; giving a single line instead of three. Cf. Caius MS., p. 167:
Hearing he was an Englishman, the King made inquiries about Guy and Harrawde.

Guy, he said, had deserved his hate for saying several relations of his.

But all should be forgiven if he would undertake the combat against the Giant.

Guy answered that, if either Guy or Harrowde would espouse the King's cause, he might be sure of victory. Triamour further observed to Guy, that as he looked so lean, he must have served naked lords.

I have bene in mony a fyght.'

"'Art thou Englyshe,' sayde the kynge, 'Me oght to hate pe ouer all thynge.'

Knewse thou oght syr Gyowne And wyth hym Harrawde, pat bolde baron;

Yf that pey be nowe leueande, They be full bolde and stronge of hande.

I oght to hate Gye wyth yre:

He slewe my fadur, Clynant of Tyre, And my neme wyth his hande

And pe sowdan at mete syttande. I sawe hym snyte of his hedde, And wyth strenkkyth awy hyt leddes.

Awey he pryckyd at the laste, All we chacyd hym full faste.

The deneell hym saued: we slewe hym not pan,

But he slewe of vs many a man.

Lorde geue, that he were here:

Then schulde y make gladde chere.

Yf he wolde fyght for me,

All forgeyn schulde hyt bee.'

"Tho Gye answeryd curtealye:

'Well,' quod he, 'knowe y syr Gye And Harrowde also, so mote y goo :

I knowe pyn wele bothe twoo.

Yf ye had owder Harrowde or Gye, Ye myght be sekur of vyctrye.'

"'Tell me,' sayde the kynge than,

'Why art thou so lene a man';

Vnkynde men thou servest aye,

When pou partyste so pore awaue; Odur hyt ys for thy folye,

That pou fareste so porelye.'

"Sir,' he sayd, 'in Englynde Was i borne and moste dwellande: Sethen that i was dubbyd knyfe, I have bene in mony fyght.'
"Hyt may," quod he, "full wele befall me,
My state knowe ye not of all.
I was some tyme in gode seruyse:
My lorde me louyd in all wyse.
For hym y had grete honoure
Of kyng, prynce and maydys in bowre.
But ones y dud an hastenesse:
Therfore y loste bothe more and lesse.
Sythen y went fro my cuntre."a

† Then to hym spake he kyng free:
'Telle me pe sohe, so mote pou the.
Wylt pou take pe batell for me?
Or ellys y schall gete a nodur.
Telle me pe sothe, lefe brodur.'
And Gye seyde: 'perfore come ye hedur,
Joonas and y now togedur.
Thorow pe helpe of pe trynyte
The batell y schall take for the
And alo pe grawnt wyth my hande,
Yf ye wyll grant me pys couenande,
That Joonas and his sonnes echone
Fro prysom be deluyrde anon.'

† Then seyde the kyng: 'y pe grawnte.
Mahownde pe helpe and Termagawnte.'

'Nay,' seyde Gye, 'but Mary sone,
That for vs on a rode was done:
He may me helpe for his mercye.
Syr kyng, y sey, that ys no lye,
But that Mahownde hap no poste
To helpe nodur the nor me.'

† Then seyde pe kyng: 'my frende dere,
Triamour promised,

1 MS. Goddys. Cf. Caius MS., p. 168:
   "For soth, it was in good seruyse."
2 After this five lines have been omitted in the MS., at the end of the fifth of which there was another oultre. Line 7839 has been added after this omission. See the note.
3 MS. be. Cf. the Caius MS., p. 169:
   'Nay,' quod Gye, 'but Mary is sone.

WARWICK
If Gey should kill the Giant, to honour the Christian God, too.

I shall make þe a couenande here.

Yf pou may the gyawnt sloo
And brynge me owte of thys woo,
Thy god for the loun of the
Schall haue also þe loun of me.
The crysten men, that y haue tane,
Schall be deleyyrde every man.

Ther schall be none in heþynnes,
Man nor woman, more nor lesse,
That ys of crystyannte,
But they schall deleyyrde bee.
For þe and for þy goddy[s] sake
I schall in thys londe make,
That crysten men schall wende
Thorow þys londe feyre and hende,
And, yf any be so hardye
To do þem schame and wylenye,
Be he neuer so grete nor so stowte,
He schall dye, wythowte dowte.'

'Syr,' seyde Gye, 'gramereye!
Thys ys a feyre gyfte for me.'

'The kyng bad, he schulde bapd be,
'And geue hym robes grete plente:
Loke, þat he wante noght.'

But Gye had of þat no thoght.
'Syr kyng,' he seyde, 'of þat be stylye
Hyt ys nothyng[e] at my wylle
Ryche robes for to haue:
I am but a pore kynaue.

Mete and drynke geue me my fylle,
And þen y haue all my wylle.'

The kyng[e] bad, þat he schulde haue,
What some eu[r] he wolde craue.

'Then when þe tyme was comen sone,
That þe batell schulde be done,
The kyng[e] was full ryche[ly] dyght
OUT'S EQUIPMENT DESCRIBED.

And wyth hym all hys baronage wyxt:
7396 to the Soudan's
to the Soudan's
court, court,
followed by his
followed by his
corons corons
and Guy, and Guy,
who was well
who was well
armed. armed.

Swype he wente and came full.3are.
Gye wente armed and wele ydyght,
As felle to a gentyll knyght.
7900 His hauberk was
On hym he had an hawberke:
Hyt was made of rych e warke.
In fare londe hyt was wroght
And to pe kynge in present broght.
7904 When hyt came to Jerusalem,
Hyt was bryght, as sonne beme.
[Leaf 812 a, col. 1]
A thefe hyt stale sythen wyth honde
And broght hyt vnto hethyn londe.
7908 The suocsture of kynge Tryamowre
Boght hyt wyth moche honowre.
Hyt was of grete tresorye
And in pat nede was geuyn to Gye.
7912 Thretty wyntur was gone and more,
That hyt came in no fedle 3ore.
Hyt was so clere and so bryght,
That all pe halle schone of pe lyght.
7916 His helmet

If He had an helme of olde warke
And on every syde stones starke.
He, that on hys hedde hyt bare,
7920 Schulde not be vencowse in no warre.
Hyt was Alysawndurs, pe kyng:
Hyt was Alyswundur, pe kynge:
He wanne hyt in hys fyghtynge.
He wanne hyt in hys fyghtynge.
When he alle wenne kynge Pore,¹
When he alle wenne kynge Pore,
He wanne hyt and moche more.
7924 His sword had
His sword had
been Hektor's.

He bare a swyrde in hys hande:
Ector hyt oght, y vndurstande.
There were Gregyows many a wonne,
Or he hyt gate, that were alone.
7928 His shield could
His shield could
not be hurt by
not be hurt by
anything.

He had also a nobull targe:
Hyt was bothe bryght and large.
¹ MS. favore. See the note.
Ameraunt the giant is brought forth.

Ther was no pyling, hat myst hyt dere,
Knyfe, swyrde, axe nor spere.

* Q When he was dyght, syr Gye,
Of hym all men had farlye.
Echeon askyd, what he myght bee,
Fro whens he came and fro what cuntrre,
That schulde for the kynges fyght.
They sawe newe so semelye a knyght.

* Q Then seyde the kynges to be sowdan:
Heryn me, syr, and that anon.
Now y am comen to the here
To defende me on all manere
Of that wyckyd felonye.

That was put on me vntreweyle,
Thorow pe knyght, hat stondyth here,
That Sowdan, thy some dere,
Thorow my sone was neuer dedde
Nodur porow my owncell nor my redde."

The sowdan seyde: "syn poro hyst hym broght,
Hyt schall sole ye be sene, so ye my thoight.

* Brynge forthe, he seyde, 'the gywnt,'
A paynyn, that hyght Amerawnt.
He was armes nobulye:
Every man of hym had farlye.
Hys body was bope grete and longe:
He semed to be owtrageus stronge.1
But, when Gye seye that sareyn,
That was so myghty and so kene

'Be Cristy, he seyde vnto pe kynges yan,
'Zondur ye pe dewll and no man.
Who schulde hym a stroke stonde?"
He wolde hym felle wyth his hande.

* Forthe hey wente to that batayle
Hastelye, wythoweys fayle,
To an yle besyde the see,

1 A word blotted out before stronge in MS.
AMERAUNT AND GUY BEGIN THEIR FIGHT.

There the batayle schulde bee.
When ye came þere, as ye shulde fyght,
They lepe on þer stedy full ryght.
Soone ye smote togedur faste,
Whyll þer sperys wolde laste.
Soone þer sperys dud glyde.
Abowte þer hedys in pecys wyde.
Soone ye drewe þer swyrdys of stele
And fyght togedur faste and wale.
† Amerawnt drewe hys swyrde owte:
Hytw was scharpe all abowte.
Hytw was Arcules swyrde þe wyght:
He hytw bare in euerfy fyght
And þerwynþ slewe manþy a man.
Amerawnt hytw in warre wannye.
Hytw was put in the watur of helle;
For hytw was boþe scharpe and falle.
God of heynyn thinke on Gye;
For he came to hym full hastelye.
† Togedur soone dud they Smyte
Wyth brondys, þat full wele cowde byte.
Wyth grete wrathyt starthe Amerawnt
Wyth hys strenkyth Gye sayleant.
He smote hym on the helme bryght,
That was made of stele ryght,
That þe flowrys falle all abowte,
And hys schelde he smote þorowowte,
That was neuyr peyred are
In stryfe nor in warre, but thare.
Thorow þe sadull he smote also
The gode stede eynyn in twoo.
The swyrdys falle downe þore
Into þe erthe two fote and more.
Gye was at þe grownde anon;
Hys gode stede þere was alone.
† 'Lorde,' quod Gye, 'god almyght,
That made bothe ye day and nyght,
Schelede me fro schame thys day,
As pat pou of all beste may.
Kepe me, for thy holy grace,
That y be not slayne in thys place.'
On hys fote he starte vp ryght,
As a nobull doghty knyght.
He take hys bronde wyth envye
And smote to pe gyawnte hardelya.
On pe helme the stroke glode:
Besyde pe gyawnte downe hyt rode.
Hys hors neck he smote in two:
The gyawnte to pe grownde falle pe.
Vp he starte wythowte lettynge,
But he playned hym nothyng.
He smote Gye wyth hys myght
And he hym kepte, as a nobull knyght.
Then they faghght faste thare:
Ther wolde nodur odur spare.
They faghght togedur wyth grete yre:
Of þer helmes sprange þe fyre.
Ther strokys brake styffe scheldys,
That þe mayles flewe to þe feldys.
† Amerawnth hap hym bethoght,
That in many a stowre he hed fighth,
But neuer are before that day
Was he so staddes in no burnye.
Therfore hys armes he lyfte vp ryght
And smote Gye wyth all hys myght:
Gye was bothe stronge and lyght
And kepþ hym,1 as a nobull knyght.
Then they faghght so faste thare,
That nodur of þem wolde odur spare.
He smote Gye on the hedde tho,
That the perlys dud downe goo,

1 MS. hft.
At the drawyn of that bronde
That Gye on hyss kynes falle to grousnde.
If vp he starte, as a man,
But hyt greuyc hym sore than.
Greuyd was Gye sore:
'Lorde Cryste,' he sayde, 'thy nore.
Neyr in batayle nor in no fyght
Knelyd y are for dynye of knyght.'
He lyfte vp tho hyss hande
And smote vnto Amerawnde
In the helme, that cler was,
That golde falle downe a gode pase;
The mayles he smote also in twoo.
Then was Amerawnt full woo,
That nothynges helped the mayle,
But all tobrake hyss ventayle.
He hyt hyss flesehe: þe blode downe ranne.
Hys necke he made lyke no man.
Hys targe, þat was golde belokyn,
Hyt was all tofruschyd and brokyn.
To þe bokull, þat was golde begone,
He made hyss bronde to go anon.
Sythen he Brayde aseyne soo,
[Leaf 813 a, col. 1]
To þe grownde þat he dyd goo
On kneys and on handys also,
As he had had no frendys tho.
Amerawnt dud, as a gode knyght:
He lyfte hyss swyrd anony ryght.
Gye sore there he smote:
So eydur odur, wele y wote.
Of ther helmes flewe the fyre:
So faste they fagh wyth grete yre.
Btwene þem was so grete fyght,
That no man þe better knowes myght.
So stronge batayle was neuer made:
'Of þem, þat hyt sye, hyt was so sayde.
The weather was hot.

Hyt was in somer, the wedur was hote:
The story so tellyth, wele y wote.

It being the morning after Midsummer-Day.

On pe morne after mydsomyr day,
As we in boke talle yow may,

Amerant was very thirsty.

Was the batell of the barons,
That frescher were, pen any lyons.

He asked his opponent

Amerant drewe hym ageyne
And helde hys hedde, as men seyne.

If he was Guy of Warwick.

What for blode, pat he had leuyd,
And what for yre, pat he was greuyd,

He should like to kill Guy and Harrawde.

Thurste he had suellye:
But yf he dranke, he muste dye.

If leaf 218 a, col. 2

Telle thou me, syr knygth,' quod he,
"Of whens pou art and of what cunte.

Two the beste then slayne had y:
Then myght y be full yolye.'

Asked, if Guy had ever done him any harm, he answered:

" Now pe deull,' quod Gye, " pe honge:
Dud he the syr any wronge,
That thou wolde hys hed of smyte:
Of synne pou art grely to wyte.'

"Not to me, but to my kyn.'

He seyde: " nay," wyth moche vnwynne,
"But he hath mysdone to my kynne.

He requested Guy

Yf that y had hym ones slayne
And syr Harrowde, pat ys hys swayne,

" Wyth hys dyntes' of hys hande.

Of vs he slewe twenty thousande
Wyth hys dyntes' of hys hande.

Perhaps Wyth the dyntes'
And as he may surge he by synne,
Geue me leue to go style
To drynte of water but my fylle.
Thurste ye haue vnadurde:
My herte wyll breste and that anon
Yf ye for thurste ouyrcomen ware,
Thou schuldyest be preyed neuer the mare,
But schame thereof pou schuldyest haue,
And thou warne me, that y craue.
Ye prey the for god dys sone,
That made bope the sonne and mone
And geue the grace well to spede
In every place and every nede.
And, ye thurste vpon the sall,
Geue ye leue to drynte ye schall.'
Then seyde Gye: 'y grawnt the
To drynte ynoth in safete,
So that espe pou geue me leue
For to drynte, ye thurste me greue.'
But, when pay he the leue hadda,
He was neuer before so gladde.
He ranne to ye watur, whethowe feyle,
And vnlasyd his ventaye,
There as he was moyste hate:
For to drynte ynoth he thraze.
'Knyst,' seyde ye grawnt, 'zeld ye to me:
Thy endynge day thou haste ysee.
Enyll ye haue begyled the,
When pou to drynte leue gane me.
I am freschar, then y was are:
Thou schalt dye, whethowten care.
My custome ys soche, y the say:
Fyght ye neuer so moche on a day,
And ye myght haue ony space
My mouthe to wete wyth ony grasse,

1 s blot out after may in MS.
GUY WANTS TO DRINK IN HIS TURN.

Sythen anon gene y no tale
To fyght, where that ene y schale.'

Then seyde Gye: ‘no wys drede y pe.'
That yung geyst pou not of me.'

† Togedur they streke, as ye may herke,
And on pe helmes strokes they marke:
Nother fiewe a strawe brede:
In pat tyme no dethe they drede.
Togedur pey amsethe to make pey tame:
On ther bodyes pey dud schame.
In pecys schenyrde pey per scheldus:
They schente per vysage wylde per swyrdus.
Amerawnt greynyd the full hote
And on the hodde Gye he smote.
The pomell, pat on pe helme was,
In sonder was smytyn into pe place.
The dynte falle on Gyes schoulder:
Hys hawberke he smote pere in sonder.
Wyth that he brake an hole wyde
And woundyd Gye in the syde.
In the 30rthe a fote he smote:
Of that men spake, wele y wote.
Of that dynte Gye wondur hadde,
That ene he myght set ony so sadde.
Gye hym to yelde had grete desyre
And Amerawnt he smote wyth grete yre:
Wythyme the schelde a fote and more
Hys swyrdde hyt and bote sore.
Sythen ageyn he hyt droghe,
As a man, that was wery ynoth.

†† Then seyde Gye to Amerawnt thore:
‘To the y telle wythowten more:
Soche a thurstye ys me beflle,
But yf y drynke, y dyse wythalle.
Therfore, Amerawnt, y prey to the,

1 Line 8145 after 8146 in MS.
THE GIANT REFUSES TO ALLOW IT. 235

Of me þou woldyst haeve pyte,
Now that boone þou quyte me,
That þou are behyghtest me,
That æ to drynke leeve schulde haue,
At what tyme æ wolde hyt craue.'

Amerawnt seyde: 'was þat þy thought?
Leeve to drynke getyste þou noght.'
To that saryn answeryd Gye:
'Of me þou haeve some mercye.
Yf þy for thurst þedde bee,
For cowardyse men wolde wyte thea.
Wylt þou suffyr, þat æ drynke nowe
(For hþy were gretyly for my prowé).
Then,' seyde Gye, 'we may fyght same,
To wytt, who schall haeve harme or game.'

'þ The gyawnt seyde: 'þhou art smarte:
I wyll not the holde for no cowarte.
Y wolde not for þys cyte wyth þe gylte towre,
But þy myght stroye kynge Tryamowre.
When þy haue thy hedde of schorne
And þe slayne the kynge beforne,
Hys landys þe nede not for to craue;
For the beste of þem þe schall haue.
The sowdan hath a doghtur dere:
In all þys worlde þy knowe not hur pere.
Y loue hur well, so dothe sche me:
The sowdan jynkyth to gene hur me.

3eldhe the,' he seyde, 'vnto me
And of thy harnes vnlace the,
And thy lyfe þe schall saue soo:
And, yf thou wylt not, þe schall þe aloo.'

'þ Gye answeryd then wyth grete yre:
'þ wyll not þyt, leeve syre.
Hyt ys not þe custome of my londe.
Arste wyll þe be drawyn wyth horys stronge,
Then euyr þe schulde in soche a rede.
3elde me vnto soche a quede.'

¶ Then sayde Amerawnt: 'sey me now,
Where were you borne and what hyght you?
To let the drynke haue you thoght;
For why ye name you layne noght.
Thou makest men to clepe the,
I trowe, not so, os hyt schulde bee.
Yf you on ye that name bare,
Thou schuldyst be knowyn wyde whare.

¶ Gye aansweryd: 'thou schalt here;
Loke, thou ley hyt to thyne ere.
Gye of Warwyk clepyd am y,
Borne in Ynglondore, wytyrlye.
I fyght for Tryamowre the kyng
The to take ouer all thynge
And to deleyyur hym of fame stronge,
That ys put on hym wyth wronge.'

¶ But, when Amerawnt vnduryode,
That Gye there before hym stode,
That so moche preysed was,
Of hym had he wonder in pat place.
He sayde: 'Gye, welcome mote you bee.
Ouyr all thynge desyred y the.
Now wot y well, that sothe hyt ys,
That men haue spokyn of ye or yys.
But so, or y go, y schall the dere,
That ye had fro1 ye body y wyll schere,
And present hyt to my lemmon:
Hyt schall be so, be saynt Mahowe.

Now pat y am seker of Gye,
Yf men wolde gene me all Hungyrye,
To drynke y wolde not gene ye leue:
Thou myghtest me sore aftar greue.'

¶ 'Lorde,' quod Gye, 'what schall y done?
Leuse to drynke haue y noone.'

1 fro altered from foo in MS.
GUY DRINKS WITHOUT HIS OPPONENT’S LEAVE.

Syppen he hath beþoght hym there
To lepe into the ryvera.
Theþdurwarde ys he gone:
Drykke he muste or dye anone.
Amerawnt folowed wyþh hys swyrde:
Gye was then sore aferde.
Of the watyr he was fayne.
But god hym helpe, he ys but slayne.
Now ys Gye bestadde sore,
In þe water to þe gyrdull and more.
Into þe watyr hys hedde he threste
To þe schoulders, or he wolde reste,
And Amerawnt smote hym soo,
That in þe water he kneyled thoo:
The colde water abowte hym ranne.
Gye start vp then, as a man.
Then seyde Gye, that all myght here:
‘Thou hast me hyt on ylle manere.
Thou hast me baptysed, hyt ys þy schame.
But ȝyt þou hast not chaunged my name.’
If Forthe of the water he came, y wote,
And Amerawnt full soone he smote.
Eyther hath other bethoght,
How þey myght to grownde be broght.
Of acorde was not speke:
Eyther of odur wolde be awreke.
‘A, felle fende,’ seyde syr Gye,
‘Thankyd be god full hastelye.
Thorow þe water at þe brymme
I was well holpyn soone þerynne.
Yn þe assye y me no more,
Traytoure,’ he seyde, ‘be goddyys ore.’
If Then they togedur rathe
Smote, as men, þat were wratha.
Fro the morne to the nght,
And at euyn were sterryys bryght.
AMBERTON KILLED AND TRIAMOUR ACQUITTED.

So saw ye fayghtyn all that day,
That no man ye better know may.
At a dynte, that Gye caste,

At last, Geyyt out
off the Giant's
right arm,

Amerawnt to smyte he hyed faste.
Of he smote hys ryght arme:
Into ye felde hyt fuye full warma.
When Amerawnt was smeton soo,
He was greuyd, as y troo.
Vp he nome hys grete bronde
And helde hyt faste in hys honde
And assayled Gyowne,
As he were a lyone,
That had fasted xiii nyght.
But Gye defendyd hym, as a knyght:
Fro Amerawnt he noptyng drowe,
And Amerawnt was hote ynowe.
Thorow ye blode, pat fro hym ranne,
The dyntys lesse of that man.
At a dynte, that Gye smote
(Amerawnt felyd hyt full hote),
The lyfte arme wyth ye shouder boon,
Hyte yede of and that anon.
So nye Gye dud he gone,
That almooste he felle hym vpon.
Gye smote to hym faste
And to ye grounde ye gywnt caste.
Hys ventayle ye vnlayd, y wote,
And hys hedde of soone he smote.
Wythe the boot he came passyng
And caste hyt to Tryamowre ye kynge.
The sowdan ye re hym quyte made
And all, that syr ye there hadd.
To Alyswoundyr he went, ye ryche towne,
And wyth hym broght he syr Gyowne
And sythen he sende syr erle Joonas,
And he came to hym a gode pase.
He kyssyd hym there full soone
And hys sonnes everychone
And wythowte any respyte
Of prysom he made þem þere quyte.
'Erle,' seyde tho the kynge,
'Thou schalt be my darlynge.'

The kynge seyde: 'lorde, put þe wroght,
Gene, hyt were in thy thoght
To dwelle stylle here wyth me.
Golde and syluyr y wolde gene the:
I wolde gene parte of my londe
To cese hyt now into þy honde.'

Gye seyde: 'hyt ys not in my thoght:
To dwelle wyth þe kepe y noght.'

The erle at þe kynge toke hys leue
And prayed hym, put he wolde hym not greue.
To Jerusalem, the gode towne,
The erle Jonnas.provider to gone.
But he at Gyes partynge
Wolde wytt of hym some tythyng
And, as they wente on þer waye,
At þer partynge þe erle can say:
'Talle me, syr, for seynt Symonde,
What ys þy name, in þys stownde,
That makyste vs to clepe the
Other weyes, then hyt schulde bee.
I prey the, now we be same,
Talle to me thy ryght name.
I prey þe for þe loue of þe trynyte,
Thy ryght name þou layne not fro me.

Then seyde Gye to hym in haste:
'Erle Jonnas, be þeu Cryste,
Loke, that þou layne hyt wolde.
Yf þou me bewrye, hyt ys dole.
Gye of Warwyk ys my nama.
Yf þou me bewrye, þou mayste me shame.
GUY DECLINES ACCEPTING THE EARLDOM OF DURRAS.

For the toke y the fyght
And alewe þe gyawnt be goddys myght.'

*T But, when he harde verelys,
That hyt was syr Gye,

To Gyes fete dud he falle,
And Gye toke hym vp þerwythall.
'Syr,' seyde þe erle, 'for goddys mercye,
That thou goyst thua, say me, whye,
And þou art so doghyt and stronge:
God made neuer a bettur schorte nor longe.
The erledame of Durras y geue the,
And many a man schall serue the,
And y myselfe become thy man
And my sonnes everychone:
All we schall be trewe to the
And swere on boke to serue the.
We schall noþynge chalenge fro þe
Of honorewe nor of dygnyte.
Thou haste wonne hyt wyth þy hande,
Thogh hyt were bettur, þen any lande;
For, þf thou thyselfe ne were,
We had be dedde and leyde on bere.'

*T 'Erle Joonas,' tho seyde Gye,
'I thanke the moche and gramercyae.
To dere thou haddyst hyred me,
Yf þy thy landys toke fro the.
Wendo whome on þy way nowe:
Goddys blessynge haue thou.
I wyll home to myn owne lande
(Y haue so thoghte, þ1 vndurstande)
And neytr eft see the more.'

Wyth þat they kyssed and leue toke þore.

To Durras þe erle wente agayne,
As man, þat was noþynge fayne.

†Now goyth Gye god thankende*

1 ye shall?  * MS. thankende.
For the hounoure, god had hym sende.
The londe he haje thorow gone
And soght the halouse everychone.
He sorgenede wythynne þat londe nobell
And sythen he went to Constantynye þe nobell.
Of þe lady now wyll y telle,
Of Gyes wyfe, and nothyng dwelle.
Of charyte þer was none hur make,
Sythen hur lorde þe wey dúd take
Halowse to seke mony com:
He neuyr stynte, or he had done.¹
Abbyeȝe, churchys esc e dúd make
At þat tym for Gyes sake
And pore men bothe clothe and fede
Mony, sythe þat Gye frø þe londe yede.
Neuyr for game, that was done,
Loghe esc e, sythe þat Gye was gone.
That lady had a sone free:
A feyryer myght no man see.
They crystenyd hym in a fant stone
And clepym hym Reynbrowne.²
To Harrowde þey dalyurde þe chylde,
As Gye badde the lady mylde.
Harrowde toke the gode grome
And keppe hym, as hys lordys sone.
He betoke hym two knyghtys þore
To kepe hym wall and do no more.
When the chylde was viii yere olde,
Well waxen he was and feyre and bolde.
¶ Many marchandys of wyde wher,
Of Roysse, as ye hede þerre,
Golde and sylyr þey had broght thoo,

¹ done altered from doun, which shows clearly that the flourish did not mean s; and what else could it mean? Cf. 9094.
² Reynolds. "Reynbrowne" is the correct form, but the MS. always has Reynolds. [c].

WARWICK.
Copor and tynne and brasse pertoo,
Veire and gryce and pylches armyn
And clothys of sylke and of satyne.
Ryght at deuer¹ haue þey reuyn
And to kyng Athelston a present genyn;
To þer schyppes be they gone
And soght towns many oon,
So þat þey came to Wallyngforde
x myle toldo fro Oxonforde.
Hyt was a cyte gode wythall
And wele ycloyd wyth stone walle;
And, sypen wyth warre hyt was caste down,
Hyt was neuer syth so gode a town.
The marcchandes lyght not to be schente
And to Harrowde broght a presente,
And Harrowde toke hyt wyth gode wytle
And thanked þem bothe lowde and stylle.

When the marcchandes sye that chylde
Pley in þe halle so wanton and wylde,
Wondur had the marcchandys there:
A fayrer chylde sawe þey neuer ere.
They asked the knyghtys² in that place,
Whose that fayre chylde wase.
They answeryd, eckerlyke:³
"Hyt⁴ ys cyr Gyes sone of Warwyke."
In fayrenes they hym preysed tho
And thoght, that he schulde wyth þem goo;
For þey thoght to selle hym full dere,
In what londe so that they were.

And wyth⁵ the portar they spake tho
And wyth the chylde awey þey dud goo.
To London þey wente soone agane,
But of that chylde wyste no man.⁶

¹ London!  See the note.  ² MS. kynght.
³ ke in eckerlyke altered from s in MS.
⁴ t in Hyt altered from s in MS.
⁵ Part of a letter struck out before wyth in MS.
To Russeye the way they dud take,
And, when poy sawe pe londe, grete yoye poy londone make.
They wende to have reuyn fyer and wele,
But to them befell grete sorowe and dele.
The nyght waxed soon black, as pycke:
Then was the myste bope marke and thycke.
The weder waxe pycke, pe wynde blewse faste:
Almoste the schyppye hyt dud downe caste.
Then were poy tormentyd soo,
That they wyste not, whodur to goo.
The wawes ourycde pe schyppye soo,
That poy were wete fro toppe to too.
Hyt brake per cordys and ake ther mastre:
Then wende poy to dye all at pe laste.
Oyrr all groynd them that turmente:
They preyed to god omnypotent,
That he schulde pat lowe wynde falle
And borowe per soweles owt of helle.
Farre in pe see pe schyppye ys dryuen:
In Awfryke well soone poy be yryuen.

When pe marchandyse can pat see,
That they in Awfryke aryuen bee,
They poyt Reynboune, pat chylde, to take
The kyng wyth hym a present to make,
That poy may frescly and well
Go porow pe londe fyerre and well
For to selle and for to bye,
That no man schulde pem affraye.
Sythen they toke two marchanyse
Wele ydyght of Romans :
To pe kyng pey presentyd pat chylde,
And he hym resseyuyd wyth wordys mylde.
The kyng had a doghtur in pe towne:
Of pe selfe age was Reynboune.
Sche preyed porow hur modur wylle

1 sad over the line in the same hand.  2 MS. marchandyse.
KING AETHELSTAN ASSEMBLES HIS LORDS.

Of her lorde bope lowde and style,
The chylde myzt in hur chaumber be
To noryshe hym wyth hur own mayne,
Yf pat he myght serue hur wele.
The kynge hur granntyd evere dole.

When Harrowde perseyned soo,
pat pe chylde was stolen hym fro,
He made hym to be soeCT porow pe townes
And porow pe custre bo dale and downe.

When he wyste, for sope, pat case,
That pe chylde stolen wast,
The beganne moche of hys woo;
For he had so lorne hys lordys two.
In all Russye he dud hym seke
And in many a straunge lande seke;
And, when he myzt not be fownde,
He swowne, as a man for sore wounde.

Then so beselle, kynge Aethelstow
Let gedur hys barons euerlykon,
Bope hys erlys and hys barons,
The wyset pat were of all resons.
Harrowde of Arderne pedur yede:
The kynge hym louyd for hys gode dede
More, then any of hys lande;
For he was doghtyst of hys hande.

And odur lordys therof had enuye,
And betwene them they can seye,
That the kynge dud grete wronge
To honoure so moche Harrowde pe stronge;
For he was but a pore knyght:
'Hys lorde he hath done moche vnryght.'

'Lordynges,' pen seyde pe kynge,
'Vndurstandyth wele my tythynge.
Y wyll yow now of cowncell praye,
For y wol well, ye han harde saye,
That the kynge Anlase of Denmarke,
That ys full felle, styffe and starke,
Wyl come on vs wyth moche heer
All owre londes for to dere
And þem to haue wyth grete myght,
But we defende vs wyth grete fyght.
Many yerys hyt ys gone,
Syth he claymed thys kyngdome.
¶ Then answeryd syr Harrawte:
' We dowte hym not, wythowte defawte.
Yf þey come in yowre landes,
We schall þem aloc wyth owre handes.
Gode men haue ye ande cytees stronge:
Ye nodde not to dowte none of hys wronge.
In olde dayes, men sayden, aplyght,
That Danes schulde haue þys lande wyth ryght;
But þorow batall þey were alone:
Therfore now ryght haue þey none.
But now comawnde thy barowns,
Tho that haue castels and townes,
Wyth horse and harnes to be made sare
Into batall wyth the to fare
And to yowre knyghtys of armes all,
That þey be redy at yowre calle:
They may yow helpe on all manere,
What tyme ys haue to þem mystere,
Or þey haue yowre londe wythowten ryght,
Yf the Danes wyth yow fyght.
For yowre men þen schall be redy
And fyght wyth þem well manlye.
Thorow helpe of god all weilande
We schall haue the hyer hande.'
¶ 'Syr,' sayde the kynge, 'wythowten fayle,

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1 The first letter in the name of the King of Denmark is in part gone, in consequence of a worm-hole. But if we may conjecture from what remains, it was not A, but E.
Thys ys a nobull cownsayle.
As þou haste sayde, evey dele
Y schall do, also hau eyle.

¶ Vp starte þe dewke Merof in yre:
He was a cunnell lorde and syre.
He was a whytehore knyght
And also he had be bolde and wyght.

'Syr kynge,' he sayde, 'for yowre honowre,
Leue ye no more that losengeowre.
Yowre barons haue well sull wylle
To greue yow odur lowde or stylle,
But well more ye louse hym allone,
Then yowre barons euyrchone;
And we can well bettir geue yovr cownseyle
And in a saye wyll more avaye,
Then that traytoure, that y see thare.

He hape betrayed his lorde well yare,
That made hym knyght of grete renowne
Of a mys prowde garesowne;
And, sythen he hath had grete honowre,
That furste was a pore vauesowre,
He hath quytt hym full euyll hym mede,
When he solde hym soone for nede.
To men of Russye he hym solde
And many a peny for hym he tolde.
He wyll bothe yow and yowre sonne
Begyle, as byt yis hym wonne.'

¶ When he harde that grete syre,
Vnnethe he myght speke for yre.
On hym fete he starte full 3are,
Os man, that was agreuyd sare.

Harrowde, giving him the lie,
'Thou lyest,' sayde Harrowde full egerlye,
'When þou me blameste of felonye.
When þou before my lorde, þe kynge,
Reprenest me of soche a thynge,
Yf thou wylte that thynge avowe,
That you haste seyde here nowe, Loke, you arme the hastelye To preue thy false testomyne. And y not defende me, I wyll, that men do hange me. Thou haste me sclawnduryd of a lezynge Here before my lorde, the kynge, That y solde þe chyldde Reynbourns, My lorys sone, syr Gyowne. Also helpe me god, þat all hath wroght, That þynge came neuer in my thought. The rych marchandys, be god verye, stale þat chyldde be nyght away. Greater sorowe had neyur no man, Then had y, when he was gane, And sythen y wente and odur thre To Russye, that feyre cuntre; But y cowdes not fynde hym in no stedde, Therefore sorowfull ym my redde. Be y false or be y noght, I am for eyr in sclawndur broght. Before þe kyng y schall hym hyght And therto my trawthe hym plyght Owt of thyss londs for to fare And come ageyne neyur mare, Or y myght my lorys sone Fynde, yf he be vndur þe mone.' 'Be style,' seyde the dewke so felle, 'The devell þe honge, þat ys in hell.' Whyll þou art in þys cuntre, Traytour schalt thou holdyn bee.' 'All that harde a nobull knyght, Syr Edgare, for sothe, he hyght. Towe he was and doghty of hande. He was steward of Harrawdes lande. Soche sorowe had þat ylk knyght,
THE KING ALLOWS NO FIGHT.

That he ne wiste, what he do myght. 8632
Before the dewke he starte in hye
And speke to hym wyth grete envye.
'Syr dewke,' he sayde, 'be heyny kynge,
When pou on my lorde seyste soche kynge,
Thou lyest falsely1 of that deede;
The whych y wyll proue vpon my stede
Allone wyth pe for to fyght:
Then men may see, who hath pe ryght.
The helpe of god be fro me reuyd,
But y smyte of thy heuydde.'2

† The kynge somawndyd on pe lyfe,
That pe schulde be no more stryfe.
When pe kynge had all seyde
And hyss charge on them leyde,
That pey schulde kepe weyl hyss londe
And be eyr redy to hyss honde,
Home pey wente the knyghtys fre
Everychone to ther cuntre.

† Home wente also Harrowde pe fre
To Wallyngfore, hyss cyte.
Harrowde had ay grete tene and schame,
That he was brojt in soche false fame;
And all was but a lesyngue,
That pe dewke had tolde pe kynge.
'Edgare,' he sayde, 'dwelle thou here
And kepe my londe wyth thy powere,
Bothe my chyle and my wyfe
And my cyte, wythowten stryfe;
For moost of all men tryste y the.'
† 'Syr,' he sayde, 'gramercye;
But, swete syr, leue thys folys,
And wende wyll y in farre cuntre.
Y schall not blymne day nor nyght,
Or y see that chylde wyth syght.

1 y in falsely altered from e in MS. 8664
* MS. hodd
HARRAWDE GOES IN SEARCH OF REYNBROWN.

I was once seyn yere
Yn the see a marynere:
In crysytante ther yr no lande,
But y haue be thorin dwellande;
And ye be oolde and whytehore:
Ye may, not well trauell no more;
Wherefore y prey yow, leue yowre wylle.'

'Edgare,' he seyde, 'holde the stylle.
For all the gode, that euyr god made,
Y wolde not cese, or y hym hade.
Full well y wott, when y am gone,
Myn enmyes wyll come anone
And sege the wyth grete batayle:
Defende ye then, wythowten fayle.'

'Syr,' he seyde, 'so god me mende,
Yf any come, we schall vs defende.'

Now wendyth Harrowde fro that cyte:
A well scrowfull man was he.
Schyppe he fonde and passed yare
And soght Reybowne wyde whare:
In Denmarke and in Yrelonde,
In Norwey and in Scotlondene,
Yn Almayne and in Sossyryne,
In Casyyne and in Turkye
Euyr hys lordys sone he soght,
But, for sothe, he fonde hym noght.
When he myght nowhere fowndyn bee,
Another tyme he wente to the see.
At Costantyne wolde he bee,
And tho come a tempaste on the see
And chased hem ten belyue:
Ryght at Awwryke peye can ryue.
He sawe besyde hym on the londe

1 or all but completely gone (worm-hole).
2 as omitted in MS. Cf. the Caius MS. p. 200, Yf they come, we will vs defende.
3 MS. Croyne.
A swythe feyre cyte stonde:
But the wallys of that town:
To the serthe were brokyn downe.
"'Lorde,' sayde a marynere,
'Moche sorow schall we hawe here.
We be now faste ryuande
Into the kyng Harkes\(^2\) lande.
He ys a full ryche kyng
Of golde and syluyn and other pynga.
Then sayde Harrowde: 'who owyth pys cuntré,
That ys dystroyed, and thys cyte?'
'Syr,' sayde a schypman,
'Ther ys none so felle to shone Jordan.
Y schall yow telle, as y can.'
Hyt ys admyrals Persane:
He hatyth crysten men echon.
Full welle y yote, he wyll vs alone.
The kyng Harkes hath seged hym here
And stroyed pys londe bothe far and nere.'
'Wyth pat pe paynyms were kene\(^3\)
And armed them all bedene,
And Harrowde and hys companye
They broght pome to per lorde\(^4\) in hys,
And caste them in hys pryson all:
Of mete and drynke they had small.
'When the dewke Merof hyt fonde,
That syr Harrowde was owt of pat londe,
He godurde grote coste of Cornwayle
And pe stewarde faste he can assayle;
But he hym defendyd day and nyght
Full well, as a doghty knyght.

\(^1\) MS. Botie. Cf. the Caius MS. p. 201, *But, for soth, the wallis of that town.*
\(^2\) Corrupt for *Argus*, which the Caius MS. has.
\(^3\) Line 8719 is repeated as the next line in MS. thus, *Wyth that the paynyms were kene.*
\(^4\) MS. to *pat londe*. But cf. the Caius MS. p. 201, *And brouxt hem to her lord in hye.*
GUY MEETS A PILGRIM.

He hyred men of that londe
And full rychely he them fonde.
He gave them golde and rych eseoure
And kepyd pat londe wyth gret honowre.
All that yere owte and owte
He defendyd hym, as a knyght full stowe.
He gau the dewke batayle stronge
And slewe hys men suyr amonge.
A thousand were there slayne
Of the dewkys men, certayne.
The dewke myght spede nothyng
Of that ylke longe segeyng:
To Cornwall he went agayne
And lefte perce hys men wyth schame slayne.
Now wyll we speke of sryr Gye,
As we fynde in storye:
At all seyntes he had bene
In Costantyne porow and bedene.
He thought in hys harte yare
Into Ynglond for to fare:
Hys wey he hath some tane.
So longe on hys wey hath he gane
Bothe wyth trauell and wyth payne,
That comen he was to Almayne.

¶ As he came on a day,
In that wylde countray
cros hys fonde standynghe
And thervdur a pylgryme sytynghe.
He mad sorowe on all thynghe,
And suyr he seyde wyth mornynghe:
'Allas, my sorowe, pat arto so stronge,
And my lyfe, that lastyth so longe.'
¶ When Gye pat saue, he had pyte
And seyde to hym wyth herte fre:

1 MS. treure.
2 The Calus MS. p. 203, has ys, which appears to be right.
THE PILGRIM HAS FORMERLY BEEN A RICH KNIGHT.

who, asked

‘Y bydde the for my lone nowe,
So god the slake of thy sorrow,
Thou me telle wyth gode harte,
Fro whens pous came and what thou art."

He answeryd, as he myght:

‘Yf y tolde the anow ryght,
Thou woldyst of me haue pyte,
And y schulde neyur þe better bee.’

Tho Gye answeryd and seyde: ‘nay,
Y may þe confortte, par ma faye.
Par aventure y myght þe say,
How þy sorowe may passe away.
Hyt beffallyth to transuld me,
Eyther other some gode to kenne.’

Tho seyde þe palmer: ‘soþe seye ys.
Almes hyt were to teche me.
Lese ayr, now wyll y telle
All my sorowe, how that¹ hyt fella.

I was a knyght of ryche lande
And castels and towres in my hande.
Of gode y had grete plente:
All þat londe had drede of me.
In crystendome þer was no lande,
But y was preyed of my hande.
Y was bothe kynde and hende
And also y had mony a frende.
Golde y had grete plente
And helde mony meyne.

Now haue y not an halpenye
My mete nor drynke for to bye.
Y am nowe a pore caytyfe:
Hyt ys wonder, y haue my lyfe.’

For sorowe myght he speke no more,
For sorowe and for wepyng seore.

¹ how that omitted in MS. Cf. the Caius MS. p. 208, All my sorow how that hyt befell.
'Lo here my sorowe, let be þy fare:  
Aske me now of thys no mare,  
What y hyght or fro whens y came;  
For to telle me thynkyth hyt schame.  
Yf y my lyfe to þe schulde telle,  
To longe here schulde y dwelle.  
Whereto ase ye me soche thynge?  
Thou mayste not me fro sorowe brynge.  
I had leyr haue some mete;  
For y haue gret ymyster to ete.'  

'Gye seyde: 'pyylgryme, so mote þou the,  
And for godlys lous in trinyte,  
Telle me þy name, and lye noght,  
And whiþ þou art in soche state broght.  
And Besu, that ys myn ayyawnce,  
May happe to geue þe ryȝt gode chaunce.  
And ovre mete schall y bys:  
3yt y haue lefte a penye.'  

He answeryd: 'y schall the saye.  
I wyll not lye, be my faye.  

M y name ys erle Tyrrye.  
I was ryche, syr, sekerlys:  
Now am y a wreche and a caytyfe,  
Me forthynkyth, þat y haue lyfe.  
All Loren was to me sworne:  
In that londe y was borne.  
I had a felowe, þat hyght Gyounæ:  
Sythen god suffurde hys passions,  
Was neuer, þen he, a trewer borne.  
To be hys fare y haue sworne:  
A trewer man was neuer biforne.  
In Warwyke þere was he borne.  
We were felows trewtheplighte:  
We louyd well, hyt was ryght.  
Twyes he sayyd me fro the dyeng:  
He louyd me ouyr all other þynge;
Tyll hyt befelle, that syr Gye,
That was my fellowe trewlye,
Slove the dewke of Payuye:
He had done hym velenye.
AMONGE HYS KNIGHTYS EYRECHONEx
Gye hym slove and passed anon
And broght my leman wyth hym dere,
That y louyd on all manere.

That dewke had a cosyne,
That ys preuyd a folle hyne:
Barrade ys hys ryght-name.
Lorde god geue hym moche schame.
He wase then but a s quyere
And servyd the emperere.

The emperowre louyd hym wele
And gane hym Payuye euery dele.
Thys ylke Barrarde tho beganne

For to be a prowde man,
So prowde and so felle,
That no man myght be hym dwelle.
In pe worlde ys none hys pere,
None so stalworthe nor none so fera.
Men deme hym more allone,
Then an hundurd knyghtys echone.
Yf any man were armed wele
Odur in yron or in stele,
And he hyt hym in the felde,
But he kepte hym wyth hys schelde,
Wyth pe myght of hys swyrde dynte
The hed schulde of, or hyt stynte.

Thou harde neuer speke of soche a knyght:
In all hys worlde yer ys none so wyght
Nor none so stronge in thys lande,
But, and he hyt hym wyth hys hande,

1 Perhaps we ought to read wyth hym my leman. The
Calde MS. p. 205, has, He brought from hym his leman dere.
BARRARDE THE EMPerOR'S STEWARD.

He wolde breke hys neck in two
Wyth con dynte wythowten moo.
Barrarde ys so felle a page
And so stowte of hys corage,
Ther ys no knyght in all ës londe
Nor none so wyght of hys honde,
And Barrarde were wrope, poogh he were stowte,
When he sawe hym loke abowte,
But for feere he schulde quake
And flee asey for hys sake.
He ys wyght of hys honde
And sore drede þorow þe londe.
Steward hym made þe emperowre
And gawe hym feys to hys honowre.
Men drede hym more allone,
Then hys barons euerychona.
Yf ther be dowke or erle in lande,
But þey be to hym bowseande,
The steward wyll anone ryse
And dystroye hym on all wyse:
He schulde anone wyþt hym be slane
Or elys to pryson sone be tane.
Men drede hym moche þe more;
For, þf a pore man þer wore,
And Barrarde hym louyd wyþt herte fre,
He myght be of moche poste.
Dewke, erle or nobull knyght,
Were he neuyr so ryche a wyght,
Thogh he were prynce or kynge,
And he¹ greuyd hym anythyng,
He wolde hym brynge vnto the grownde
And make hym pore in schortes stownde.

¶ Hyt befelle, that the emperowre
Holde a cowncell of grete valowre
Of erlys, dewkys and barons

¹ MS. þey.
And to me he made somons,
And thedur y wente wyth grete meyne:
An hundred knyghtys came wyth me.
When y came before the kynges,
Barrarde me askyd of soche thynge
And seyde, Otor porow my meyne
Was broght to dethe, sekerlyes.
¶ Forthe y starte full hardelye
To defende me of felonys.

¶¶

TYRRE ACCUSED AND IMPRISONED.

This Barrarde accused Tyrre
of having ceased Otoun’s death.

Tyrr challenged him to combat,
but being unable to find my securities,

[leaf 518 b, col. 3]

he was imprisoned,
and his possessions seized.

Having suffered in prison for some time,

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¶¶

And yauie my glowe before pe kyng
To fyght wythowten dwellynge
Agense hym and all odur men,
That cowde oght sey agenste me pen.¹
The emperowre hyt toke full ryght
And set a day, when we schulde fyght.

At that cowncell fonde y no man,
That durste be my borowe than,
For drede of the dewke Barrarde.
The emperowre pen heide me harde.
I was louny more, then he,
But he was draide yn that cuntre.
All my frendys dyssenyd me:
Ther durste not oon my borowe be.
I was sory at the loste:
All bud me fayle, that y bud aske.

Thorow cowncell of Barrarde
I was then bestadde harde.²
The emperowre put me at hys wyll
In hys pryson to spylle:
He seyd then my londe soone:
He wolde my wyfe pen hawe fordone,
But she hyed away on hur stede,
I wot not, whodur, so god me rede.

¶ When y was in pryson thare,
Nght and day y was in care.

¹ MS. pen. ² MS. harde bestadde. See the note.