



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY  
*St. Cross Building, Oxford*

OXFORD  
UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF  
ENGLISH

F

*E Libris*

*Arturi S. Napier.*

F 765 [Ama]



300078087X

Oxford University **AMADACE**  
**ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY**  
Manor Road  
Oxford OX1 3UQ  
Telephone: (0865) 249631

---

**Opening Hours:**  
Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. in Full Term.  
(9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in Vacations.)  
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. in Full Term only (closed in Vacations).  
The Library is closed for ten days at Christmas and at Easter, on  
Encaenia Day, and for six weeks in August and September.

---

*This book should be returned on or before the latest date  
below:*

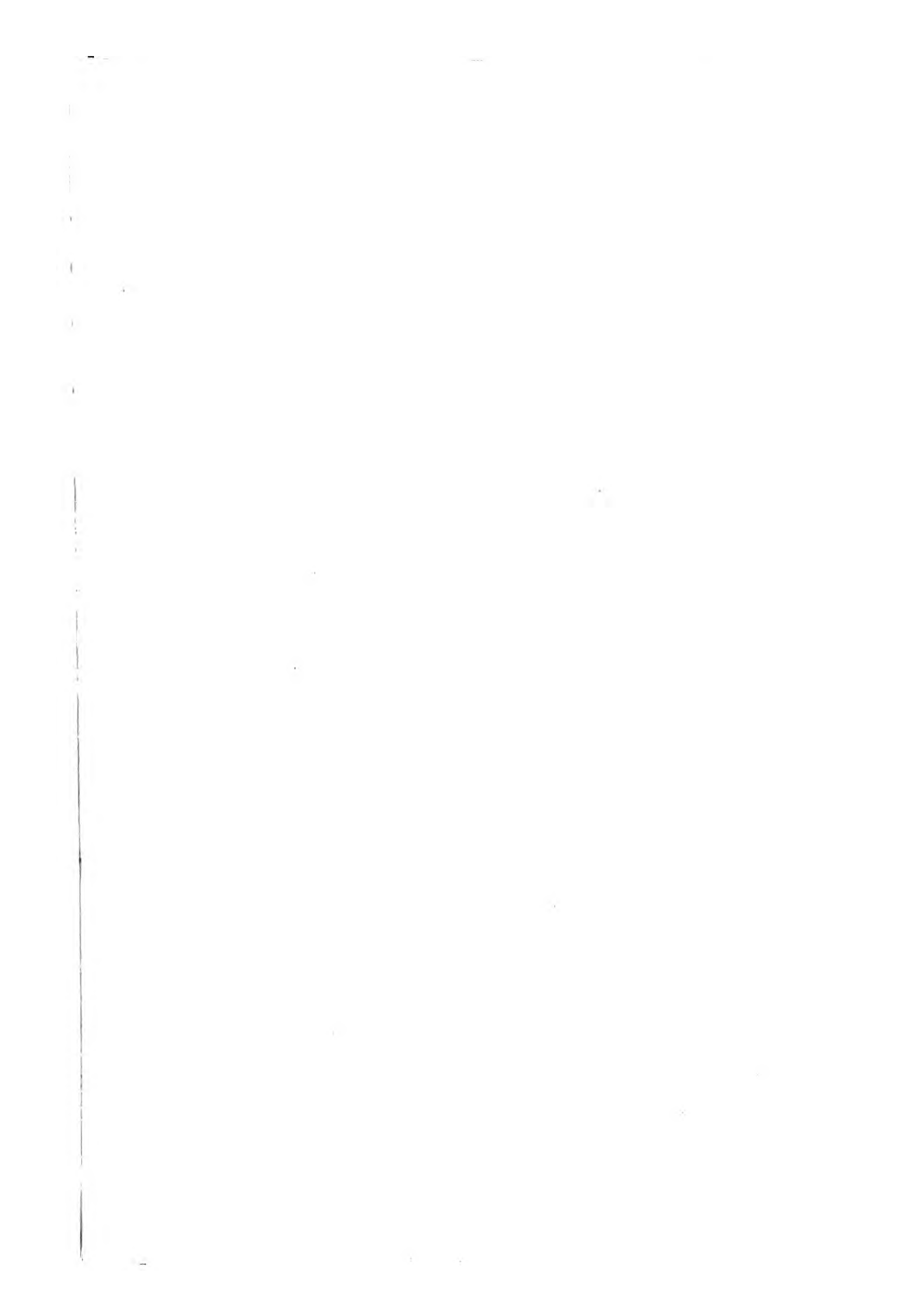
**CANCELLED**  
OCT 1995  
**CANCELLED**  
MAR 2005

---

*Readers are asked to protect Library books from rain, etc.  
Any volumes which are lost, defaced with notes, or otherwise  
damaged, may have to be replaced by the Reader responsible.*

~~4 MAR 1975~~  
120 FU

1000



\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

1  
1  
1

\_\_\_\_\_



# GHOST-THANKS

OR

## THE GRATEFUL UNBURIED,

A MYTHIC TALE IN ITS OLDEST EUROPEAN FORM

## SIR AMADACE,

A MIDDLE-NORTH-ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCE

OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

---

REPRINTED FROM TWO TEXTS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

GEORGE STEPHENS, ESQ.,

*Professor of Old-English, and of the English Language and Literature,  
in the University of Cheapinghaven, Denmark.*

---

CHEAPINGHAVEN:

MICHAELSEN AND TILLGE;

(C. G. Iversens Boghandel.)

1860.



---

PRINTED BY J. H. SCHULTZ.

CHEAPINGHAVEN.

1860.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

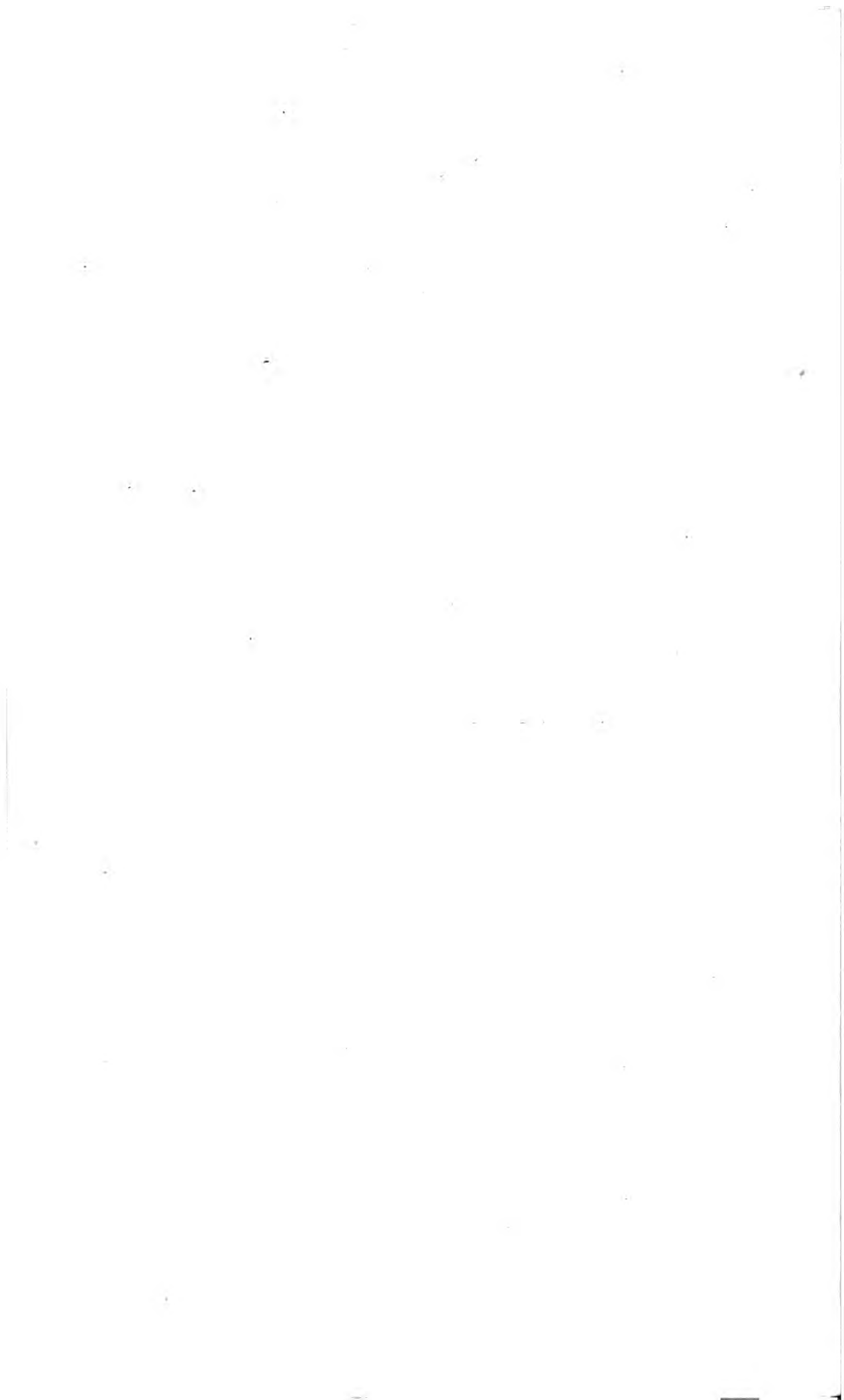
CARL SÄVE,

PROFESSOR OF OLD-NORTHERN LITERATURE

IN THE UNIVERSITY

OF

UPSALA, SWEDEN.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

The Venerable Senate of the University to which I am attached has kindly assisted me, by a pecuniary grant, in carrying out my wish to procure for the Students who may attend my Lectures access, in an easy and cheap form, to a sufficient specimen of that great Middle-North-English dialect from which our present language is so materially descended. This was the more desirable as the study of a connecting link between the Old and the New English cannot but be extremely useful, while the books in which such pieces are contained are both scarce and costly.

I have chosen for this purpose the elegant and highly interesting Metrical Romance of **SIR AMADACE**.

This poem, from internal evidence, from its character and style and form and language, was evidently written by some North-English Minstrel in the 13th century. But it has not come down to us in any Manuscript of so early a date, or in a shape absolutely complete. It commences, singularly enough, brokenly and suddenly almost at the same line in both the known texts; while the absence from the older copy of two essential stanzas found in the later, is an abundant evidence of a still more antique and more perfect text having once existed than any now remaining.

SIR AMADACE is preserved, as far as is known, only in two codices; and, as is usual in Middle-age transcripts, the variations are so many and important, that I have thought it best to print them both, side by side.

The better, older and longer text (here called A) is in the IRELAND MANUSCRIPT, containing three poems, and a number of documents connected with the Magna Curia de Hale, of the 14th and 15th centuries. It was printed as No. 2 in: — „Three Early English Metrical Romances. With an Introduction and Glossary. Edited from a MS. in the possession of J. I. BLACKBURN, Esq. M. P. By JOHN ROBSON, Esq. London. Printed for the Camden Society. 1842.” 4to. After remarking that these poems are all in the Lancashire dialect, and in its North-western form, Mr. ROBSON observes (p. XI) that of the two varieties of this old provincial speech there is „one in the South-eastern district, which is well known by Tim Bobbin’s works: the other is used in the North-western division, and, as far as I am aware, has not hitherto been noticed. It is characterized especially by the termination of the past tenses and participles in *-ud* or *-ut*, and the plural of nouns in *-us*: peculiarities which distinguish the Ireland MS. from Weber’s copy of „Sir Amadas”; and from the two MSS. of „Sir Gawan”, which have been so admirably collated by Sir Frederick Madden.” — The date of that part of the parchment volume which contains the poems, is fixt by the editor at 1413 or a little later.

The second, shorter and more modern copy (here B) is contained, says WEBER (Vol. I, p. lx), „in a small quarto paper MS., lately purchased into the Advocates’ library [Edinburgh], (Jac. V. 7. 27.) ..... The MS. was probably written at the end of the fifteenth century, by some monk, for of thirty-seven articles which it contains, only three can be called romances, viz. Sir Ysenbras, Sir Gowther, and the present poem, which unfortunately wants the beginning. The rest, with the exception of the Hunting of the Hare, are religious and satirical. The

orthography is singularly uncouth, and proves that the transcriber lived in some remote corner of the kingdom, probably the north-west; an aspirate being frequently prefixed to words beginning with a vowel, (such as ha, has etc.).” — This version was printed in Vol. III, pp. 243—275 of: — „Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries: published from Ancient Manuscripts. With an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. By HENRY WEBER, Esq. 3 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1810.”

In this reprint I have carefully followed these texts, adding the Readings and Conjectures given by their several Editors.

Neither of the above accomplished scholars appears to have been aware of the Mythico-legendary importance of this tale, or of its relationship to many other remains of the same ancient tradition in other lands and languages, nor has it been noticed by any of those who have treated this subject. But it is in fact the oldest and most beautiful European form which has been hitherto discovered of that profoundly meditated and primitive Temple-lesson: — *The Sanctity of the Dead, and the Sacro-sanct grace and duty of Charity*, which in this world or in a better, in one way or another, shall assuredly meet its celestial reward. — It is the same divine teaching which fell from the lips of Our Blessed Lord Himself: „*Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven*”, „*Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness.*”

It appears to me that the earliest traces we have of this symbolical legend are Oriental, in the Chaldean apocryphal story of Tobit (Tobias), which had certainly assumed a distinct form a century or two, at least, before the Christian era, and of which the Chaldean (now lost) the Greek and the Latin texts were floating variations. But the idea in this tale has been considerably modified, if we will, Judaized; and, in the taste of the time, an Angel (Raphael) has taken the place of the Spirit of the Departed. — The peculiar feature of the Princess (Maiden) being freed from *demonic* influence by *celestial* aid, is undoubtedly

the original form of the tale; tho it has fallen away in **SIR AMADACE**, it characterizes most of the other versions.

In later times the story, in its normal shape, has been found very widely spread.

In **ENGLAND** it was, as we see, handled by a professional „Maker” (Poet) as early as the 13th century, its hero being there called *Sir Amadace*. — It was known to Massinger previous to 1620, and was employed by him in his noble play *The Fatal Dowry*. — It had also long been a popular tale among old people and children, and was interwoven into the Nursery-cyclus *Jack and the Giants*, the oldest known copy of which is the edition printed at Newcastle-on-tyne, 1711, but which must have existed at least a hundred years earlier. See „Halliwell, Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales”, London 1849, pp. 67—71, and his „Descriptive Notices of Popular English Histories (Chap-books), printed for the Percy Society”, London 1848, pp. 43, 44.

In **SCANDINAVIA** it appears at a later period, as derived from oral tradition. It was first written down near Gothenburg, and was published in „Svenska Folksagor. Samlade och Utgifne af H—d (*Hammar-sköld*) och I—s (*Imnelius*)”. Stockholm 1819. I, 157—189, *Pelle Båtsman*. It has since been reprinted from this work as a popular chap-book in scores of editions. See „Bäckström. Svenska Folkböcker, II, Stockholm 1848,” pp. 144—156. — In Denmark the tale has been made known, from the neighborhood of Rönnebæksholm, by „Svend Grundtvig. Gamle Danske Minder i Folkemunde. I. Kjöbenhavn 1854”, pp. 77—80, *Det fattige Lig*. — We also find a similar story in Norway. It was taken down from the mouth of the people in Aadalen and Aamot by P. Chr. Asbjørnsen, and was printed in „Illustreret Kalender for 1855, Christiania, 8vo,” pp. 32—39, *Følgesvenden*. A second copy, *Hans Snar*, from Thelemarken, is in the MS. Collections of Sophus Bugge.

**GERMANY** presents us with this tale in a variety of forms. They have been carefully collected by „Karl Simrock. Der gute



Gerhard und die dankbaren Todten. Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Mythologie und Sagenkunde. Bonn 1856." This is a curious and interesting work, but, *more Germanico*, sometimes sufficiently fanciful and fantastical. I cannot see that *Der gute Gerhard* has any direct connection with *die dankbaren Todten*, or ought to have been placed first in Simrock's series of parallels. Many other independent Sagas and arbitrary Adventures might have been admitted on grounds equally strong. However this may be, I must exclude it from the following list:

1. *Des Todten Dank*. J. W. Wolfs deutsche Hausmärchen, Göttingen 1851, pp. 243—250. (Simrock, p. 46).
2. *Des Todten Dank*. W. Plönnies, in der Zeitschr. für deutsche Mythologie. II, 374. (Simrock, p. 51).
3. *Der Sohn des Kaufmanns*. Dr. Ernst Meier. Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben. Stuttg. 1852, No. 42. (Simrock, p. 54).
4. *Die rothe Fahne und der Ring der Königstochter*. Kinder- und Volksmärchen gesammelt von Heinrich Pröhle. p. 239. (Simrock, p. 58).
5. *Der todte Schuldner*. Joseph Zingerle. Zeitschr. für deutsche Mythologie, II, 337. (Simrock, p. 62).
6. *Der dankbare Todte* (Simrock, p. 65).
7. The latter part of *Der gläserne Berg*. (Simrock, p. 68).
8. *Der weisse Schwan*. Fr. Woeste. Zeitschr. f. deutsche Myth. III, p. 46. (Simrock, p. 75).
9. A part of *Der blinde König*. (Simrock, p. 80). This is, properly, quite another tale — *The Land of Youth*. See „G. O. H. Cavallius och G. Stephens Svenska Folk-Sagor och Äfventyr.” Vol. I. Stockholm 1844, p. 151, *Ungdomslandet*.
10. *Gedanken errathen*. (Simrock, p. 89).
11. *Rittertreue*, a M. H. German poem from the 14th century, in v. d. Hagens Gesammtabenteuer. I, No. 6. (Simrock, p. 100).

12. *Der Jungherr und der treue Heinrich*. Same work, No. 64. (Simrock, p. 103).

Besides the above, Sophus Bugge has kindly pointed out to me

13. *Die Hälfte von allem*. Schuster. Woden. Hermannstadt 1856, p. 14. (From the Haltrich Collection, No. 9.)

In FRANCE we meet the same story. — 1. *Duke Herpin*, an old French poem, not yet printed. See v. d. Hagens *Gesammtabenteuer*, I, 97, and the later prose paraphrase as given in a German dress in the old „*Buch der Liebe*”. (Simrock, p. 104). — 2. *S. Nicholas*. *Scali celi, s. v. elemosina*. The helper is here a Saint, not a Ghost. (Simrock, p. 106). — 3. *L'heureux Mao*, in „*Le Foyer Breton. Traditions populaires. Par Émile Souvestre.*” 1. Ed. 8vo, Paris (no date) pp. 127—139. [2. Ed. Paris 1853. Vol. 2, pp. 1—21.] (Simrock, p. 94).

It is also found in ITALY. *Strapparola, Notti piacevoli*, Venice 1573, XI, 2, *Tom Thumb*. — See Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* III, 275. [2. Ed. p. 289]. (Simrock, p. 98).

Theodor Benfey, in his „*Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*”, 8vo, Vol. I, Leipzig 1859, pp. 219—221, and Vol. II, p. 332, points out also an ARMENIAN version, as given by Haxthausen (*Transkaukasien*, p. 333), together with

A RUSSIAN, *Sila Zarewitsch und Iwaschka mit den weissen Hemde*, (Dietrich, No. 16);

TWO BOHEMIAN copies, in *Národní* (Prague, V, 27—40, XI, 20—23); and

A WALLACHIAN, as given by A. Schott, in „*Hackländer, Hausblätter, 1857*”, No. 24, p. 470.

But continued researches will doubtless add to the above, already very considerable and striking, list of parallel romantic tales among various peoples.

Lastly, as to the legal idea on which the whole poem is built, I cannot do better than quote the remark of Mr. WEBER, III, 376:

„The law which gives the creditor the barbarous right of denying to the body of his debtor „the decent rites of burial”, of which Massinger has made such an admirable use in *The Fatal Dowry* [written and played previous to 1620, but not printed till 1632], probably originated, as Mr. Gifford remarks, in that of Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, who, according to Herodotus [Book II, Ch. 136], allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents as security for money borrowed.”

---

**MS. A READS:**

**Stanza 28, Line 4: sometour non**

— 36, — 9: this this

— 37, — 2: nomon

— 48, — 10: e nu3he

— 50, — 10: toesomuch

— 55, — 11: be for

---

**CONJECTURAL READINGS IN A.**

**Stanza 3, Line 11: and siluyr.**

— 4, → 7: such men

— 69, — 8: in downe

---

**MS. B. READS:**

**Line 586: of gentyll kyn**

— 678: wlyt

---

GHOST-THANKS,

OR

SIR AMADACE.

SIR AMADACE. — MS. A. *Detmold*

---

„One folio, if not more, appears to be missing,  
and the tale of SIR AMADACE, which begins  
abruptly, extends over 17½ folios.”

*Robson, p. XXXVII.*

---

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

I.

Thenne the knyzt and the stuard fre,  
Thay casten there houe hit best myzte be  
Bothe be ferre and nere;  
The stuard sayd, „Sir, ze awe wele more,  
Thenne ze may of zour londus rere,  
In faythe this seuyn zere:  
Quo so may best, furste ze mun pray,  
A-byde zo tille a-nothir day;  
And parte zour cowrte in sere;  
And putte away fulle mony of zour men,  
And hald butte on, quere ze hald ten,  
Thazghe thay be neuyr so dere.”

SIR AMADAS. — MS. B. *21st leaf*

“[One leaf, on which the beginning of this Romance was written, has been torn away in the MS. The sense is, however, easily discoverable. Sir Amadas, it appears, had been, like Sir Cleges, (see Vol. I. p. 331.) very bounteous, and had, in his liberality, squandered away his possessions to all around him. Some one, probably his Steward, had recommended retrenchment; and, in consequence of this advice, the Knight takes the resolution with which the present copy opens.]”

*Weber, III, p. 243.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Thoffe Y owe syche too.”  
Downe sate Sir Amadas and hee,  
And kast how that best myght bee,  
Both far and nere:  
“My lord, he seyde, ye owe more  
Than ye of yowre londes mey reyr,  
Of all this seyvon yere:  
Who so best mey Y schall hym prey,  
And take of hym a lenger day,  
And leyt your covrte slepe here;  
Putt away mony of yore men,  
Hold not won the ye er held ten,  
Thof thei be neuer so dere.”



## II.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, „I myzte lung spare,  
 Or alle these godus qwitte ware,  
 And haue nozte to spend;  
 Sithun duelle here, quere I was borne,  
 Bothe in hething and in scorne,  
 And I am so wele kennit:  
 And men fulle fast wold warè me,  
 That of thayre godus hade bynne so fre,  
 That I haue hade in honde;  
 Or I schuld hold men in awe or threte,  
 That thay myzte nozte hor awne gud gete,  
 Thenne made I a fulle fowle ende!

20

## III.

“Butte a-nothir rede I wulle me toe,  
 Wurche a-nothir way then soe,  
 Bettur sayd soro thenne sene!  
 Butte, gode stuard, as thou art me lefe,  
 Lette neuyr mon wete my grete mischefe,  
 Butte hele hit vs be-twene.  
 For seuyn zere wedsette my lond,  
 To the godus that I am awand,  
 Be quytte holly bi-dene:  
 For oute of the cuntray I wille weynde,  
 Quil I haue gold, siluyr to spende,  
 And be owte of dette fulle clene.

30

## IV.

“zette wulle I furst, or I fare,  
 Be wele more rialle then I was are,  
 Therefore ordan thou schalle;  
 For I wulle gif fulle ryche giftus,  
 Bothe to squiers and to knyztis;  
 To pore men, dele a dole:

40

“What!” seyde Sir Amadas, “schuld Y spare  
Tyll all my dettes qwyttē ware,

And Y the whyle noght spend;  
And dwell here ther Y was borne,  
Ay in hethyng and in skorn,

So wyle as Y am kende?  
Hartely myght thei warry me, 20  
That of ther gud had ben so fre,  
To gyffe me and to sende;  
And Y schuld them bost and threte,  
And therof myght non geyte:

Be the rode, that wer a badde ende!

“But nay, Y will noght soo,  
Myn owne consell Y wyll do :

Hyd sorro is better than sene!  
Stywarde, as thou art me lefe  
Lat no mon wyttē of my myschefe, 30  
Bot heyle hit hus betwene.

Seyvon yere weddeseytt my londes,  
To the deyttes that ar woonde  
Be qwyttē all bedene;  
And owtte of cuntrè wille Y wende,  
To Y haue gold and syluer to spende,  
And owt of deytte be clene.

“Bot, sartenly, or that Y fare,  
Y wyll be more ryall and grettare:

Porvè therfore Y schall.” — 40  
Ryche gyfftes ther he gafe  
To knyghttes and to sqwyers bathe;  
To pore men dalt his dale. —

Suche mon myzte wete, that I were wo,  
 That fulle fayn, wold hit were suche toe,  
 That myzte notte bete my bale!  
 So curtase a mon was neuyr non borne,  
 That schuld scape with oute a scorne,  
 Be iche mon had told his tale."

## V.

Thanne Sir Amadase, as I 30 say,  
 Hase ordanut him opon [a] day, 50  
 Of the cuntray in a stowunde;  
 3ette he gafe ful riche giftus,  
 Bothe to squiers, and to knyztis,  
 Stedus, haukes and howundes.  
 Sethun afturward, as I 30 say,  
 Hase ordanut him opon [a] day,  
 And furthe thenne conne he founde;  
 Be that he toke his leue to wynde,  
 He lafte no more in his cofurs to spende,  
 But euyx xl. powunde. 60

## VI.

Thenne Sir Amadace, as I 30 say,  
 Rode furthe opon his way,  
 Als fast as euyr he myzte;  
 Thro owte a forest, by one citè,  
 Ther stode a chapelle of stone and tre,  
 And ther-inne se he a lizte.  
 Commawundut his knaue for to fare,  
 To wete quat lizte, that were thare,  
 "And tithing bring me ryzte."  
 The knaue did, as his maister him bade, 70  
 Butte suche a stinke in the chapelle he hade,  
 That dwelle ther he ne myzte.

“Yf men myghtt wytte that me wer woo,  
 Sum wold be feyn that Y wer soo;  
 That myghtt not bete my bale.  
 So curtes a mon was neuer borne,  
 That schuld schape withowt a scorn,  
 Be that yche mon have told is tale.”

Sir Amadas, as Y yow say, 50  
 Buskyd hym apon a day,  
 On his way to fovnde.  
 He gaffe ther ryche gyfftes  
 Bothe to sqwyars and to knyghttes,  
 Stedes, hakes, and howndes:  
 And sythyn, apon a day,  
 He buskyd hym on hys jornay.  
 Hastely in that stonde.  
 When he was redy and schuld furthe wende,  
 He had in cofors no more to spende 60  
 Bot bare forty pownde.

And yette he toke his palfray  
 And rode forthe on is jornay,  
 Als fast as he euer myght.  
 Betwene a forest and a cetè.  
 He fonde a chapell of ston and tre,  
 And saw therin greyt lyghtte.  
 Then commandyd Sir Amadas anon  
 A mon to loke or thei gwon,  
 And boyd-worde bryng hym ryght. 70  
 The mon dyd as his meyster bad,  
 Bot suche a sauer as he ther hade  
 No longer dwell he myghtte.

## VII.

He stopput his nase with his hude,  
 Nerre the chapelle dur he 3ode,  
 Anturs for to lere;  
 And as he loket in atte the glasse,  
 To wete quat meruail that ther wasse,  
 So see he stonde a bere.  
 Candils ther were brennyng toe,  
 A woman sittying, and no moe,  
 Lord! carefulle wasse hur chere;  
 Tithinges there conne he non frayn,  
 Butte to his lord he wente a-gayn,  
 Told him quat he see thare.

80

## VIII.

And sayd, "Sir, atte 3ondur chapelle haue I bene,  
 A selcothe sizte ther haue I sene,  
 My herte is heuy as lede;  
 Ther stondus a bere, and canduls toe,  
 Ther sittus a woman, and no moe,  
 Lord! carefulle is hur rede.  
 Seche a stinke as I had thare,  
 Sertis thenne had I neuyr are,  
 No quere in no stid;  
 For this palfray, that I on ryde,  
 Ther myzte I no lengur abide,  
 I traue I haue kezte my dede."

90

## IX.

Thenne Sir Amace commawundut his squier to fare,  
 To witte quat woman that there ware,  
 "And tithinges bring thou me."  
 As he loket in atte the walle,  
 As the knaue sayd, he fund with-alle,  
 Him tho3te hit grete petè:

100

Over his heyd he drw his hode,  
 And to the chapell dore he yode  
 Mo anters for to here.  
 He loked in at a windo of glas,  
 For to wytte what therin was,  
 And ther he fownde a bere:  
 A bere he saw and candyls too,  
 A womon syttand and no moo,  
 And scho made sympell chere.  
 Ther myght he no lenger dwell,  
 Bot yede is mayster ageyn vntyll,  
 And told what he saw theyr: —

80

“Y saw a bere and candyls too,  
 A womon syttand and no moo,  
 And scho was carefull of redde:  
 Bot seche a savor as Y had ther  
 In gud feythe Y feld ner;  
 Y trow hit wyll be my dedde.”

90

Then commandyd Sir Amadas  
 Hys sqwyar to loke what ther was,  
 “And redy worde bryng thou mee.”  
 He rydes forthe to the chapell-wall,  
 And, as the mon seyde, he saw all,  
 And thocht full grette pytè.

Butte in his nace smote suche a smelle,  
 That there myzte he no lengur duelle,  
 But sone a-gayn gose he;  
 He sayd, "Gud Lord, now with 3our leue,  
 I pray 3o take hit nozte on greue,  
 For 3e may notte wete for me."

## X.

He sayd, "Sir, ther stondus a bere, and candils toe,  
 A woman sittynge, and no moe, 110  
 Lord! carefulle is hur chere;  
 Sore ho sikes, and hondus wringus,  
 And euyr ho crius on heuyn kynges,  
 How lung ho schalle be thare!  
 Ho says, Dere God, quat may that be,  
 The grete soro, that ho opon him se,  
 Stingcand opon his bere!  
 Ho says, ho wille notte leue him alleone,  
 Till ho falle dede downe to the stone,  
 For his life was hur fulle dere." 120

## XI.

Thenne Sir Amadace smote his palfray with his spur,  
 And rode vn-to the chapelle dur,  
 And hastelè doune he lizte;  
 As his mennè sayd, so con him thinke,  
 That he neuyr are hade suche a stynke,  
 And inne thenne wente that knyzte.  
 He sayd, "Dame, God rest with thè!"  
 Ho sayd, "Sir, welcum most 3e be!"  
 A[nd] salit him anon ryzte;  
 He sayd, "Dame, quy sittus thou here, 130  
 Kepand this dede cors opon this bere,  
 Thus onyli vpon a nyzte?"



For to wyn the gold so reyð  
 He myght not abyde in that sted

    Suche a savor had hee.

100

His lorde he yede ageyn vntyll,  
 And seyð, "Sir, yf hit be your wyll,  
 Ye mey [? not] wytte for me."

The knyght smot is palfrey with is spor,  
 And rode to the chapell dor;

    Down theyr he lyght.

As thei seyð sothe hym thoght,  
 Bot therfor leyve wold he noght,

    Bot in went the knyght.

"Gud devon, dame," seyð he.

110

"Sir," sche seyð, "welcum yow be,"

    And salod hym anon ryght.

"Sey," leve dame, "what dos thou here,  
 Kepyng the ded cors on bere,

    Thiselfe thus here on nyghttes?"

## XII.

Ho sayd, "Sir, nedelonges most I sitte him by,  
Hi-fath, ther wille him non mon butte I,

For he wasse my wedutte fere."

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "Me likes full ille,  
3e ar bothe in plyit to spille,

He lise so lung on bere.

Quat a mon in his lyue wasse he?"

"Sir, a marchand of this citè,

140

Hade riche rentus to rere;

And euiryche 3ere thre hundrythe pownde,

Of redy monay and of rowunde,

And for dette 3ette lise he here."

## XIII.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "For the rode,

On quat maner spendutte he his gud,

That thusgate is a-way?"

"Sir, on gentilmen and officers,

On grete lordus, that was his perus,

Wold giffe hom giftus gay;

150

Riche festus wold he make,

And pore men, for Goddus sake,

He fed hom euyriche day:

Quil he hade any gud to take,

He wernut no mon, for Goddus sake,

That wolnotte onus say nay.

## XIV.

"3ette he didde as a fole,

He cladde mo men a-gaynus a 3ole,

Thenne did a nobulle kny3te;

For his mete he wold not spare,

160

Burdes in the halle were neuyr bare,

With clothes richeli dizte,

“Sir, Y schall yow tell for why.

God wot ther wold non bot Y!

He was my weddyt feyr.”

“Petur!” seyde Amadas, “he fares full yll,

Ye ar lyk in poynte to spyll;

120

He lygges or long on bere.

Dame, what maner mon was he?”

“A marchande, sir, of this cuntrè,

And had greyt rentes be yere.

Ylke a yere a honderte pounde

Of money that was gud and sownde,

And yett for deytt he lygges here.”

“Tell me, dame, for the rode,

On what maner spend he is gud,

That it his so away?”

130

“On knyghttes, sqwyers, and offycers;

On greyt maysters that wer is pers,

He gafe tham gyfftes ay:

Ryall festes wold he make,

And pore folke, for Goddes sake,

He wolde fede ylke a day:

Whoso wolde cum to is yate,

And aske owghth for Godes sake,

He cowd not say hom nay.

“And yeit he wroght more lyk a fole:

140

He clad mo men ayeyns the Yole

Then dyd a greyt knyght.

Ther myght no mon is bred sowe,

Nor no draper is clothe drawe,

His meyt was redy to ylka wyghth.

Giffe I sayd he did noȝte wele,  
 He sayd, God send hit eueryche dele,  
 And sette my wurdus atte liȝte;  
 Bi thenne he toke so mycul opon his name,  
 That I dar notte telle ȝo, lord, for schame,  
 The godus now that he aȝte.

## XV.

“And thenne come dethe, wo hym be!  
 And partutt my lord and me, 170  
 Lafte me in alle the care;  
 Quen my neȝteburs herd telle, that he seke lay,  
 Thay come to me, as thay best may,  
 Thair gud aschet thai thare:  
 Alle that euyr was his and myne,  
 Hors and naute, shepe and sqwyne,  
 A-way thay drafe and bare;  
 My dowary to my lyue I sold,  
 And alle the peneyns to hom told,  
 Lord! ȝette aȝte he wele mare. 180

## XVI.

“Quen I hade quytte alle that I myȝte gete,  
 ȝette aȝte he thritte powunde bi grete,  
 Holly tille a stydde;  
 Tille a marchand of this citè,  
 Was fer oute in a-nothir cuntrè,  
 Come home quen he was dede.  
 And quenne he herd telle of my febulle fare,  
 He come to me as breme as bare,  
 This corse the erthe forbede;  
 And sayd, howundus schuld his bodi to-draw, 190  
 Then on the fild his bonus to-gnaue, —  
 Thus carefulle is my rede.



## XVII.

“And this xvi. weke I haue setyn here,  
Kepand this dede cors opon this bere,

With candils brennand bryzte;  
And so schalle I euyr more do,  
Till dethe cum, and take me to,

Bi Mary, most of myzte!”

Thenne Sir Amadace franut hur the marchandes name,  
That hade done hur alle that schame,

200

Ho told him a-non ryzte;  
He sayd, “God, that is bote of alle bale,  
Dame, cumford thè, and so he schale,  
And, Dame, haue thou gud nyzte!”

*A Fitte.*

## XVIII

THENNE Sir Amadace on his palfray lepe,  
Vnnethe he myzte forgoe to wepe,

For his dedus him sore for-thozte;  
Sayd, “zondur mon, that lise zondur chapelle with-inne,  
He myzte fulle wele be of my kynne,

For ryzte so haue I wrozte!”

210

Thenne he told his sometour quat the marchand hezt,  
And sayd, “[I] wille sowpe with him to-nyzte,

Be God, that me dere bozte!  
Go, loke thou dizte oure soper syne,  
Gode ryalle metis and fyne,  
And spicis thenne spare thou nozte.”

## XIX.

And sone quen the sometour herd,  
To the marchandus howse he ferd,

And ordanut for that knyzte;  
Thenne Sir Amadace come riding thoe,  
But in his hert was him fulle woe,  
And hasteli dowun he lizte.

220

“Sextene wekes have Y sytton here,  
 And kept my hosbond on this bere,  
 With candyls dey and nyght.  
 So schall Y do euer and oo,  
 Tyll deyde com and take me to.

180

So helpe me God Almyght!”

“Dame, what is the marchandes name,  
 That hase wrought yow all this blame?”

Sche tolde hym what he hyght.

“Now he that is bot of bale,  
 Helpe yowe well, and so he schall!

My leve dame, have gud nyght!”

Sir Amadas toke his palfrey than:

He was a full sory man;

His deydes he hym forthoght:

190

“This mon Y myght wele be sybbe,  
 That he apon the bere thus lygkes:

For as sche says thus have Y wrought.”

He cald apon his sompter-mon:

“At the marchandes hows owre yn thou tak on;

On hym is all my thoghtt.

Loke thou dyght owre soper be tyme,

Of delycyous meytes gud and fyne,

And that thou spare ryght noght.”

The mon dyd as the lord hym bad;

200

A reydè wey to the town he had.

He spyrd to the marchandes yn;

And when he to his yn come,

His lordes soper he dyght full sone,

Of gud meytes and fyne.



Sithun in-tylle a chambur the knyȝte ȝede,  
 And kest opon him othir wede,  
     With torches brennyng bryȝte;  
 He cummawundutte his squier for to goe,  
 To pray the marchand and his wife allsoe,  
     To soupe with him that nyȝte.

## XX.

Thenne the squier weyndut vpon his way,  
 And to the marchand conne he say, 230  
     His ernde told he thenne;  
 He squire, "Be Jhesu, Marè sone!  
 Thi lordus wille hit schalle be done;"  
     Of cumford was that man.  
 Thenne thayre soper was nere diȝte,  
 Burdes were houyn hee on hiȝte,  
     [The] marchand [the] dees be-gan;  
 Sir Amadace sate, and made gud chere,  
 Butte on the dede cors, that lay on bere,  
     Ful myculle his thoȝte was on! 240

## XXI.

Sir Amadace sayd, "To nyȝte, as I come bi the strete,  
 I see a siȝte I thenke on ȝete,  
     That sittus me nowe fulle sore;  
 In a chapelle, be-side a way,  
 A dede cors opon a bere lay,  
     A womon alle mysfare."  
 "ȝe," the Marchand sayd, "God gif him a sore grace,  
 And alle suche waisters as he wasse,  
     For he sittus me nowe sare;  
 For he lise there with my thritti powunde, 250  
 Of redy monay and of rowunde,  
     Of hitte gete I neuyr more."

Be that the soper was dyght,  
 Sir Amadas was com and don lyght,  
 And hit was soper tyme.  
 He commandyd a sqwyar to goo  
 To byd the marchande and is wyfe also      210  
 That nyght to sope with hym.

The sqwyar dyd as the lord command;  
 The marchande in his halle he fand,  
 And preiyd hym as he con.  
 The marchand seyde full redy sone,  
 "Thi lordes wylle schall be downe;  
 Y wyll com to that mon."  
 The bord was seyt, the cloth was layd,  
 The soper was all redy greythyd.  
 The marchandes wyfe began.      220  
 Sir Amadas made bot lytyll chere,  
 Bot on the deyde cors on the bere,  
 Full mykell his thocht was than.

He seyde, "As Y come be the strette,  
 A syghtte Y saw, Y thynke theron yette;  
 Therefore my hart his sare:  
 In a chapell be the way,  
 A body on a bere lay;  
 A womon ther sate with mykell care."  
 "Yee," seyde the marchand, "God gyff hym yll grace, 230  
 And all suche wastars as he was,  
 That make men wonder bare!  
 Ther lygges he with my XXX<sup>ti</sup> pownde;  
 Ylka a peny, bothe hole and sownde;  
 Therof geyt Y no mare."

## XXII.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "Take thè tille a bettur rede,  
Thenke that Gode for-gaue his dede,

Grette merit thou may haue;

Thenke how God ordant for thè,

Bettur grace then euyr had he;

Lette the cors go inne his graue."

Thenne he squere, "Be Jhesu, Marè sun,

That body schalle neuyr in the erthe come, 260

My siluyr tille that I haue;

Tille ho be dede as wele as he,

That howundus schalle, that I may se,

On filde thayre bonus to-gnaue!"

## XXIII.

Quen Sir Amadace herd that he hade squorne,

He cald his stuard him beforne,

Of kyndenesse that kny3te con kithe;

And bede, "Go foche me thritti powunde,

Of redy monay and of rowunde,

Hastely and be-lyue." 270

The stuard tho3te hit was a-gaynus skille,

Butte he most nede do his maistur wille, —

Now listun and 3e may lithe;

Ther Sir Amadace payd him thritti powund of monay fyne,

And thenne Sir Amadace asket to wyne,

And prayd the Marchand be blythe.

## XXIV.

Then Sir Amadace asket, "Awe he thè any mare?"

"Nay, Sir," he sayd, "wele most 3e fare!

For thus mucche he me a3te."

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "As furthe as x. pounce wille take, 280

I schalle lette do for his sake,

Querthro3e he haue his ri3te.

“Forgyf,” seyð Sir Amadas, “God forgyfes the deyd,  
And turne thè to a better reyð;

Grete mede then schalt thou have.  
Thenke, how God has ordend for thè,  
A better state then euer had hee; 240  
His bwones thou do grave.”

“Nay, sir, be hym that made mon,  
His body schall in no yerthe gon  
. Or Y my catell have!  
And thofe scho dee as wyle as hee,  
Than schall howndes, that men mey see  
Wastars bwones gnave.”

Sir Amadas harde that he had sworne;  
He called his sqwyar hym beforne,  
Hastely and swythe; 250  
“Loke thou drawe forthe, at o worde,  
XXX<sup>ti</sup> pownde on this borde,  
Lette hus see belyfe.”

Tho sqwyar thoght that was no skyll;  
Bot he fullfylld his mayster wyll:  
Of kyndenes mey you lythe.  
The marchand was peyd XXX<sup>ti</sup> pownde fyne,  
And Sir Amadas cummandyd the wyn,  
And bad yik mon be blythe.

Then sey[? d] the knyght: “Is ther any mare?” 260  
“Nai, sir,” he seyð, “wele motte ye fare!  
J have that ye me hyght.” —  
“And, als far as x. pownde wyll take,  
J schall gare do, for that monnes sake,  
Soo that he have ryght.

I schalle for him gere rede and singe,  
 Bringe his bodi to Cristun berunge,  
 That schalle thou see wythe sizte;  
 Go, pray alle the religius of this citè,  
 To morne that thay wold dyne with me,  
 And loke thayre mete be dyzte.”

## XXV.

Howe erly quen the day con spring,  
 Then holli alle the bellus con ring, 290  
 That in the citè was;  
 Religius men euirichon,  
 Toward this dede cors are thay gone,  
 With mony a riche burias.  
 Thritty prustus that day con sing,  
 And thenne Sir Amadace offurt a ring,  
 Atte euyriche mas;  
 Quen the seruise was alle done,  
 He prayd hom to ete with him atte none,  
 Holli more and lasse. 300

## XXVI.

Thenne the marchand wente tille one pillere,  
 Mony a mon drozhe him nere,  
 To wete quat he wold say;  
 He sayd, “Sirs, there hase byn here,  
 A ded cors opon a bere,  
 ze wotte querfore hit lay.  
 And hase comun a fulle rialle knyzte,  
 Of alle the godes the cors me hezte,  
 Hase made me redi pay;  
 Vnto his cofurs he hase sente, 310  
 And geuyn x. powunde to his termente,  
 Wythe riche ringus to day.

J schall gare for hym rede and syng,  
 And worchypfully into the yerthe bryng,  
 In all his neyburs syght.  
 Pray all relygyous men of this ceytè,  
 To-morne that thei dyne with me.  
 And loke hor mete be dyght."

270

At morne when the dey began to spryng,  
 All the belles of that cety he gard to ryng  
 That soole for to plese.  
 All the relegyne of that towne,  
 Ageyn the cors yede with processyon,  
 With mony a ryche burgès.  
 He gard XXX<sup>ti</sup> prestes that day syng;  
 Sir Amadas offerd, withowt lesyng,  
 Truly at ylke a masse;  
 And he preyd hom then also,  
 That thei wold to the innes go,  
 The more and the lasse:

280

## XXVII.

"Hit is on his nome that I say,  
 He prays 30 holly to mete to day,  
 Alle that ther bene here;"  
 Thay did as the marchand bade,  
 Mete and drinke y-nuzhe thay hade,  
 With licius drinke and clere.  
 And Sir Amadace wold no3te sitte downe,  
 Butte to serue the pore folke he was fulle bowne,  
 For thay lay his hert nere;  
 And quen thay hade etun with inne that halle,  
 Thenne Sir Amadace toke leue atte alle,  
 Vn-semand with fulle glad chere.

320

## XXVIII.

Quen Sir Amadace hade etun,  
 To sadulle his horse was no3te for3etun,  
 Thay bro3te hym his palfray;  
 Thenne his sometour-mon before was dy3te,  
 Ther as that lord schuld leng alle ny3te,  
 And hade nothing to pay.  
 Quat wundur were hit, tha3he him were wo,  
 Quen alle his godus were spendutte him fro,  
 The sothe gif I schuld say?  
 Thenne Sir Amadace kidde he was gentilman bornne,  
 He come the grattust maystur be-forne,  
 Toke leue, and wente his way.

330

## XXIX.

Qwen he was gone on this kin wise,  
 Thenne iche mon sayd thayre deuise,  
 Quen he wasse passute the 3ate;  
 Sum sayd, "This gud fulle li3teli he wan,  
 That thusgate spendutte hit on this man,  
 So li3tely lete hit scape."

340

“Hyt is in the deyd name that Y speyke;  
 He preys yow all vnto the meyte  
     The pepull that ar here;”  
 All thei dyd as Sir Amadas bad:  
 Delycyous meytes ther thei had,  
     And drynkes that wer dere.  
 Sir Amadas wold not sytte that day,  
 Bot pore folke he servyd to pay;  
     Thei ley his hart full nere.  
 When thei had eyton and dronkon also,  
 Sir Amadas toke his lefe to goo,  
     Semyng with gud chere.

290

When all the folke hat wele eyton,  
 His palfrey-mon had noght forgeyton  
     He broght forthe his palfrey.  
 Sir Amadas was redy dyght,  
 Bot wher he schuld dwell that nyght  
     He had no mony to pay.  
 No wonder was thoffe hym wer wo,  
 When all his gud was gon hym fro,  
     Sarten, sothe to say.  
 He kyd he was of gentyls borne:  
 The grattes maysters yede hym beforne;  
     He toke his lefe and went is way.

300

He rydes forthe on his jurnay;  
 Than con ylke mon to oder say,  
     Or euer he past the yate,  
 “Lord, wereuer he this gud wan,  
 That thus garres to do for this man,  
     And thus lyghtly lettes hit skappe?”

310



Sum sayd, "In gud tyme were he borne,  
That had a peny him bi-forne,"

That knew fulle litulle his state.

Lo, how thay demun the gentille knyȝte,  
Quen he hade spendut alle that he myȝte!

Butte the traathe fulle litulle thay wote.

### XXX.

Quen he come sex mile the citè fro,

A crosse partut the way a-toe,

350

Thenne speke Sir Amadace:

To his stuard he sayd fulle rathe,

His sometour and his palfray-mon bothe,

And alle ther euyr was,

Sayd, "Gode Sirs, take noȝte on greue,

For ȝe most noue take ȝour leue,

For ȝoure seluun knauyn the cace;

For I may lede no mon in londe,

Butte I hade gold [and] siluyr to spende,

Neuyr no quere in no place."

360

### XXXI.

Now the hardust hertut men that there ware,

For to wepe thai myȝt notte spare,

Quen thay herd him say so;

He sayd, "Gode Sirs, haue ȝe no care,

For ze mone haue maysturs euyrqware,

As wele wurthi ȝe ar soe:

ȝette God may me sende of his sele,

That I may keuyr of this fulle wele,

And cum owte of this wo;

A mery mon ȝette may ȝe se me,

370

And be fulle dere welcum to me,

Bothe ȝe and mony moe!"

Som seyde, "in gud tyme was he borne,  
 That myght have a peny hym before;"  
 Bot thei knew not his astate:  
 Thus mey ylke mon oder deme,  
 Thei know full lytyll what thei mene;  
 Noght all sothe watte.

When thei passyd the cety fro, 320  
 Thei come to the yate thei schulde parte in too;  
 Then seyde Sir Amadas  
 To his sqwyer and to his knafe,  
 And to is somter-mon bathe,  
 The folke that with hym was:  
 "Feylos take hit noght to grefe!  
 Nedes behovis yow to take your leve;  
 Wele yow ken my case.  
 Y wyll no men in londe leyde,  
 Bot Y myght tham clothe and feyde, 330  
 Nor gwo into no plase."

The hardeste hartyd mon that was there,  
 Thei weppyd and made mornyng chere,  
 When thei hard hym speyke soo.  
 "Bys mery," he seyde, "and have no kare;  
 Ye schall have gud maystys euermare,  
 Ye ar wele worthy thertoo.  
 God mey helpe hus full wele at nede,  
 And sende hus grace wele to spede!  
 All care mey yette ouergoo: 340  
 A mery mon ye mey me see,  
 And ye schall be dere welcum to me,  
 For Y schall neuer be your foo."

## XXXII.

[*Sir Amadas seyde in that stonde;*  
*“The warst hors is worthe ten pounde,*  
*Of hom all that here gon;*  
*Sqwyar, yomon, and knave,*  
*Ylke mon his owne shall have*  
*That he syttes apon;*  
*Sadyll, brydyll, and oder geyre,*  
*Fowre so gud thoffe hit were,*  
*J woch hit save, bi Sen Jon!*  
*God mey make yo full gud men!*  
*Cryst of hevon, Y yo beken!”*  
*Thei weped, and partyd ylke on.]*

380

## XXXIII.

Quen alle his men was partutte him fro,  
 The kny3te lafte stille in alle the woe,  
 Bi him seluun allone;  
 Thro3he the forest his way lay ri3te,  
 Of his palfray doune he li3te,  
 Mournand and made grete mone,  
 Quen he tho3te on his londus brode,  
 His castels hee, his townus made,  
 That were a-way euyrichon;  
 That he had sette, and layd to wedde,  
 And was owte of the cuntray for pourte fledde,  
 Thenne the kny3te wexe wille of wone.

390

## XXXIV.

Thenne be-speke Sir Amadace,  
 “A mon that litul gode hase,  
 Men sittus ry3te no3te him bye;  
 For I hade thre hundrythe powunde of rente,  
 I spendut two in that entente,  
 Of suche forloke was I!

400

Sir Amadas seyde in that stonde:  
 "The warst hors is worthe ten pownde  
 Of hom all that here gon:  
 Sqwyar, yomon, and knave,  
 Ylke mon his owne schall have  
 That he syttes apon;  
 Sadyll, brydyll, and oder geyre, 350  
 Fowre so gud thoffe hit were,  
 J woch hit save bi Sen Jon!  
 God mey make yo full gud men!  
 Cryst of hevon Y yo beken!" —  
 Thei weped and partyd ylke on:

And hymselfe turnyd his palfrèy  
 And rode forthe on his jurnèy,  
 Ryght as he has mynt.  
 Vnder a forest ther his way ley,  
 Certenly, as Y yowe sey, 360  
 To wepe he myght nocht stynt,  
 When he thoght on his londes brode,  
 His castels, his towres wher leyd to weyd,  
 How all was gwon and tynt!  
 Mykell sorro he made in that sted,  
 And in pouerte he fro them fled;  
 His dedes he con forthenke.

"Now am he Y that nocht has,  
 As of a mon that sumtyme was  
 Full mykyll seyde by. 370  
 Ther Y had an hondorthe marke of rent;  
 Y spentte hit all in lyghtte atent,  
 Of suche forlok was Y.

Euyr quylle I suche housold hold,  
 For a grete lord was I tellut,  
 Muche holdun vppe thare-by;  
 Nowe may wise men sitte atte home,  
 Quen folus may walke full wille of wone,  
 And, Crist wotte, so may hi!"

## XXXV.

He sayd, "Jhesu, as thou deet on the rode,  
 And for me sched thi precius blode, 410  
 And alle this word thou wanne;  
 Thou lette me neuyr come in that syzte,  
 Ther I haue bene knauen for a knyzte,  
 Butte if I may avoue hit thanne;  
 And gif me grace to somun alle tho,  
 That wilsumly ar wente me fro,  
 And alle that me gode ons hase done;  
 Or ellus, Lord, I aske thè rede,  
 Hastely that I were dede,  
 Lord, wele were me thanne! 420

## XXXVI.

"For alle for wonting of my witte,  
 Fowle of the lond am I putte,  
 Of my frindes I haue made foes;  
 For kyndenes of my gud wille,  
 I am in poynte my selfe to spille;"  
 Thus flote Syr Amadace.  
 He sayd, "Jhesu, as thou deut on tre,  
 Summe of thi sokur send thou me,  
 Spedely in this place!  
 For summe of thi sokur and thou me send, 430  
 And zett I schuld ful gladely spende,  
 On alle that mestur hase."

Ay whylyst Y howsewold helde,  
 For a greytte lorde was Y tyld,  
     And mykell Y was sette by:  
 Now mey whyse men dwell at home,  
 And foles be full whyse of won;  
     God wotte so am Y!

“Alas, for wantyng of wytte, 380  
 As a fole Y am for-flytte,  
     Of my frendys have made my foos;  
 And all for my gud wyll  
 Y am in poynt for to spyll!”  
     Thus chydes Syr Amadas.  
 “Now, God that dyed on rode,  
 And boght me with his precyos blode,  
     Me and all myne,  
 Os [? Or] lette me neuer come in ther syght  
 That hase me kent a gentyll knyght, 390  
     That thei me neuer kenne;  
 And gyffe me grace noght to come tho,  
 At my londes that ar wonde me fro  
     Bot Y myght helpe my men!  
 Or els, Jesu, Y aske thè reyd  
 Astely that Y wer deyd:  
     Therto God helpe me then!”

## XXXVII.

Now thro the forest as he ferd,  
 He wende that no mon hade him herd,  
 For he sezhe non in sizte;  
 So come a mon ryding him bye,  
 And speke on him fulle hastely,  
 Ther-of he was a-fryzte.  
 Milke quyte was his stede,  
 And so was alle his othir wede, 440  
 Hade conciens of a knyzte;  
 Now thoꝝhe Sir Amadace wasse in mournyng brozte,  
 His curtasè forzete he nozte,  
 He saylut him anon ryzte.

## XXXVIII.

Quod the quite knyzte, "Quat mon is this,  
 That alle this mowrnyng makes thus,  
 With so simpulle chere?"  
 Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "Nay!"  
 The quite knyzte bede "do way,  
 For that quile haue I bene here. 450  
 Thowe schild nozte mowrne no suche wise,  
 For God may bothe mon falle and rise,  
 For his helpe is euyr more nere!  
 For gud his butte a lante lone,  
 Sum tyme men [haue] hit, sum tyme none,  
 Thou hast fulle mony a pere!

## XXXIX.

"Now thenke on him, that deut on rode,  
 That for vs sched his precius blode,  
 For thè and monkynd alle!  
 For a mon that geuees him to gode thewis, 460  
 Authir to gentilmen or to schrewis,  
 On summe side wille hit falle.

By the forest as he fard,  
 He wende ther had no man hym hard,  
     For he sa non in syght. 400  
 Ther com rydyng an on hym by,  
 And spake to hym so hastely,  
     That he was afryght,  
 On a mylke whyte stede,  
 The same colour was his wede;  
     He was areyd lyke a knyght.  
 Thoffe Sir Amadas wer in mornyng broght  
 His curtasy forgatte he noght,  
     Bot salud hym full ryght.

He spake to hym of that case; 410  
 "What mon art thou this mornyng mase,  
     With syche sympell chere?  
 Thou schuld not morne on this wyse:  
 A man may falle and yette ryse,  
     Goddess helpe his ay nere!  
 Gud is bot a lant lone  
 Sumtyme hasse a mon oght, sumtyme non,  
     Thou hase many a pere.  
 J trowe thou wolde luffe hym ouer all thyng  
 That thè wolde owt of mornyng bryng, 420  
     And of thi mykell care.



A mon that hase alle way bynne kynde,  
 Sum curtas mon 3ette may he fynde,  
 That mekille may stonde in stalle;  
 Repente thè no3te, that thou hase done,  
 For he that schope bothe sunne and mone,  
 Fulle wele may pay for alle!"

## XL.

Quod the quite kny3te, "Wold thou luffe him aura alle thing,  
 That wold thè owte of thi mournyng bringe, 470  
 And keuyr thè owte of kare?  
 For here be-side duellus a rialle king,  
 And hase a doz3tur fayre and 3inge,  
 He luffis nothing mare.  
 And thou art one of the semelist kny3te,  
 That euyr 3ette I see with sy3te,  
 That any armes bare;  
 That mun no mon hur wedde ne weld,  
 Butte he that furst is inne the fild,  
 And best thenne justus thare. 480

## XLI.

"And thou schalt cum thedur als gay  
 Als any erliche mon may,  
 Of thi sute schalle be non;  
 Thou schalle haue for thi giftus geuand,  
 Grete lordus to thi honde,  
 And loke thou spare ri3te none.  
 Thou say the mennè that come with thè,  
 That thay were drounet on the see,  
 With wild waturs slone;  
 Loke that thou be large of feyce, 490  
 Tille thou haue wonun gode congrece,  
 And I schalle pay ichone."

„Here before ther dwelles a kyng,  
 He has a doghter feyr and yonke;  
     He luffes nothyng mare:  
 And thou art the semelyst knyght,  
 That euer Y saw in my syght,  
     Or ony armer beyre.  
 Ther schall no mon hur wed ne welde,  
 Bot he that beyres hym best in feld;  
     He schall wyn her theyre.

430

„Thou schalt cum theder also gay  
 As any eyrthely mon may;  
     In thi feylschyppe schall be non.  
 Sey the folke that come with thè,  
 That thei be drownyde in the se,  
     Weddurs hase hom slon,  
 Loke that thou be gud and luffand,  
 And drawe gret lordes to thi hand,  
     And that thou spare ryght non.  
 Weyte thou be large of pey and hete,  
 To thou have nobell courte and grete,  
     And Y schall qwyte ylkon.

440

## XLII.

He sayd, "That thou be fre of wage,  
 And I schalle pay for thi costage,  
 x. thowsand gif thou ladde;  
 Ther schalle thou wynne fulle mekille honowre,  
 Fild and frithe, towne and towre,  
 That lady schalle thou wedde!  
 And sithun I schalle come a-3ayne to thè,  
 Qwen thou hase come thi frindus to see, 500  
 In stid quere thou art stadde;  
 Butte a forwart make I with thè or that thou goe,  
 That eyn to part be-twene vs toe,  
 The godus thou hase wonun and spedde."

## XLIII.

Thenne be-speke Sir Amadace,  
 "And thou haue myzte thru3e Goddus grace,  
 So to cumford to me;  
 Thou schalt fynde me true and lele,  
 And eyn, lord, for to dele,  
 Be-twix thè and me!" 510  
 "Fare wele," he sayd, "Sir Amadace!  
 And thou schalle wurche thru3e Goddus grace,  
 And hit schalle be with thè."  
 Sir Amadace sayd, "Haue gode day,  
 And thou schalle fynde me, and I may,  
 Als true as any mon may be!"

*A Fütte.*

## XLIV.

NOW als Sir Amadace welke bi the se sonde,  
 The broken schippus he ther fonde,  
 Hit were meruayl to say;  
 He fond wrekun a-mung the stones, 520  
 Knyztes in meneuere for the nones,  
 Stedes quite, and gray.

“Loke thou be large of pay and wage,  
 And Y schall pay thi costage,  
     Ten thosand thoffe thou leyd.  
 Ther schall thou wyn greyt reynown,  
 Frythe, fyld, towre, and towne,  
     And that ladè weydde.  
 Sython schall Y cum to thè,  
 In what place so euer thou be,  
     Among thi frenchyppes in that steyd.  
 Bot this conand Y make or that we goo,  
 That thou schalt part betwys hus too  
     Of all thyng that thou spede.”

450

Than seyde Sir Amadas:  
 “Yf ye be comm thro Goddes grace,  
     For to comford me,  
 Ye schall fynde me gud and leyll,  
 For to depart gud and catèll,  
     Betwene hus too trolè.” —  
 “Fare now wele, Sir Amadas,  
 Thou schalt wyrke, thro Goddes grace,  
     And he schall be with thè.”  
 Sir Amadas seyde, “Have gud day,  
 And ye schall fynde me, yf Y may,  
     Als trew as mon mey bee.”

460

He wente hym down be the sonde:  
 So mony broken schyppes he fonde,  
     That selcouthe was to see.  
 Folke fordryvon in the schores,  
 Knight, with men of armes and banors,  
     Brone stedes, whyte and gray,

470

With alle kynne maner of richas,  
 That any mon myzte deuse,  
     Castun vppe with waturis lay;  
 Kistes and cofurs bothe ther stode,  
 Was fulle of gold precius and gode,  
 No mon bare nozte a-way!

## XLV.

Thenne Sir Amadace he him cladde,  
 And that was in a gold webbe,  
     A bettur myzte none be;  
 And the stede that he on rode,  
 Wasse the best that euyr mon hade,  
     In iusting for to see.  
 Ther he wanne fulle mecul honoure,  
 Fild and frithe, toune and towre,  
     Castelle and riche citè;  
 Aure that gud he houet fulle ryzte,  
 That see the king and his doztur bryzte,  
     The iusting furthe schild be.

530

540

## XLVI.

The kinge sayd to his doztur bryzte,  
 "Lo, 3ond houes a rialle knyzte!"  
     A messyngere he ches;  
 His aune squier, and knyztes thre,  
 And bede, "Go loke, quat 3one may be,  
     And telle me quo hit is.  
 And his gud hitte schalle be tente,  
 Holly to his cummawundemente,  
     Certan with owtun lesse;  
 Go we to his comyng alle to-gethir,  
 And say that he is welcum hethir,  
     And he be comun o pese!"

550

All maner of ryches,  
 That myght be or his,  
     Wrekkyd with the water lay.  
 Chystes and cofers full thei stode  
 Of tresour that was rych and gud,  
     No mon bare noght away.

The robe that the knight hym in clad,  
 Hyt was of a gold webbe, 480  
     A rycher myght non bee.  
 The stede that he apon rode,  
 A feyrer myght no mon bestrod,  
     In turnament to see:  
 This betyd besyde a towre.  
 After befell hym greyt hondur,  
     Besyde that feyr cetè.  
 The kyng hymselfe saw hym with syght,  
 And his doghtter feyr and bryght  
     The turnament that for schuld be. 490

The kyng saw the knyght,  
 And his doghtter that swete wyght;  
     Messangers then he chase,  
 His one styward, and knyttes thre:  
 "Goo, wytte of hym and tell yo me,  
     What his commyng his.  
 Say, his gud schall be temde,  
 Holy into his one hande,  
     Truly, withowtten lesse.  
 Yff he wyll oughtte that ye kan do, 500  
 Loke ye be redy therto,  
     Yffe he be comyn in peyse."

## XLVII.

As the messingerus welke bi the see sonde,  
 Thay toke Sir Amadace bi the quite honde,  
 And tithinges conne him fraynne;  
 And sayd, "Oure lord, the king, hase send vs hethir,  
 To wete 3oure comyng alle to-gethir,  
 And 3e wold vs sayn.  
 He says, 3ore gud hitte schalle be tente,  
 Holly atte 3aure commawundemente, 560  
 Sertan is no3te to layne;  
 Quat-seuer 3e wille with the kingus men do,  
 3o thar butte commawunde hom ther to,  
 And haue seruandis fulle bayne."

## XLVIII.

And Sir Amadace sayd, "I wasse a prinse of mekil pride,  
 And here I hade tho3te to ryde,  
 For-sothe atte this iournay;  
 I was vetaylet with wyne and flowre,  
 Hors, stedus, and armoure,  
 Kny3tus of gode a-ray. 570  
 Stithe stormes me ore-drose,  
 Mi nobulle schippe hit all to-rofe,  
 Tho sothe 3oure seluun may say;  
 To spend, I haue enu3he plentè,  
 Butte alle the men that come with me,  
 For-sothe, thai bynne away."

## XLIX.

Then Sir Amadace, that wasse so stithe on stede,  
 To the castelle 3ates thay conne him lede,  
 And told the king alle the cace;  
 The king sayd, "Thou are welcum here, 580  
 I rede thè be of fulle gud chere,  
 Thonke Jhesu of his grace!

Thei wente down be the sond  
 And toke the knyght be the hond,  
 And sowne thei con hym sayn :  
 "Owre lord the kyng send hus heder,  
 To wytte your comeyng all togeyder;  
 The sothe at yow to frayn.  
 He seys, your godes schall be temd  
 Holy into yowr owne hende,  
 Sertan, withowten leyn.  
 Yff ye wyll oghtte that we kanne doo,  
 Ye thar bot commande hus thertoo,  
 And haffe your servandes beyn."

510

Thei toke the knyght be the honde,  
 And to the castell con thei gange,  
 And tolde the kyng the case.  
 The kyng mayd hym noble chere,  
 And seyde, "Welcum, my frynd, so dere,"  
 And thankyd God of his grace.

520



Seche a storme as thou was inne,  
 That thou myzte any socur wyne,  
 A fulle fayre happe hit wase!  
 I see neuyr man that sete in sete,  
 So mucche of my lufue myzte gete  
 As thou thi seluun hase."

## L.

Thenne the king for Sir Amadace sake,  
 A rialle cri thenne gerutte he make, 590  
 Thro-oute in that citè;  
 To alle that ther wold seruyse haue,  
 Knyzte, squiere, zoman and knaue,  
 Iche mon in thayre degre,  
 That wold duelle with Sir Amadace,  
 Hade lost his men in a cace,  
 And drownet hom on the se;  
 He wold gif hom toe so mucche, or ellus more  
 As any lord wold euyr or qware,  
 And thay wold with him be. 600

## LI.

Quen gentilmen herd that cry,  
 Thay come to him full hastely,  
 With him for to be;  
 Be then the iusting wase alle cryed,  
 There was no lord ther be-syde,  
 Had halfe as mony men os he.  
 Ther he wanne so myculle honoure,  
 Fild and frithe, towne and toure,  
 Castelle and riche citè;  
 A hundrithe stedis he wan and moe, 610  
 And gaued the king the ton halue of thoe,  
 Butte ther othir til his felo keput he.

“For syche a storme as ye wer yn,  
 That euer ye meyght to lond wyn  
 A full feyr happe hit wasse.  
 Yette harde Yneuer no mon speyke,  
 That so mykyll of my luffe myght geyt,  
 J n’ot what hit wasse.”

The kyng dyd a cry make,  
 For Sir Amadas sake,  
 In the myddes of that cetè.  
 “Knyght, sqwyar, yomon, and knafe, 530  
 All that wold any meyster have,  
 Ylke mon in his degrè,  
 That wyll cum to Sir Amadas,  
 That hase lost is men in this case  
 In stormes of the see,  
 Thei schall have wage to soo mykyll more  
 Than any lord that euer thei with wore,  
 That with hym wyll be.”

Gentyllmen that hard this cry,  
 Theder con thei fast hy, 540  
 Ylke mon in his degrè;  
 And when thei had this cryed,  
 Ther was no lord ther besyde  
 Had halfe so mony as hee.  
 Then wan he greyt renown,  
 Frythe, fyld, towre, and towne,  
 Castyll, and nobell cetè;  
 An hondorthe stedes he wan and moo,  
 Halfe to his feylow kept he of tho,  
 The toder away gaffe hee. 550

## LII.

Quen the iusting was alle done,  
 To vnarme hom they wente a-none,  
     Hastely and be-lyue;  
 Then sayd the king a-non ryzte,  
 And bede, "Gromersy, gentulle knyzte!"  
     Ofte and fele sithe.  
 Then the kingus doztur that wasse gente,  
 Vnlasutte the knyzte, to mete thay wente,  
     Alle were thay gladde and blithe;  
 Quen aythir of othir hade a sizte,  
 Suche a lufue be-tuene hom liste,  
     That partut neuyr thayre lyue.

620

## LIII.

Quen thay hade etun, I vndurstonde,  
 The king toke Sir Amadace bi the quite honde,  
     And to him conne he say;  
 "Sir," he sayd "with-outun lesse,  
 I haue a doztur, that my nayre ho isse,  
     And ho be to zaure pay.  
 And ze be a mon that wille wedde a wife,  
 I vouche hur safe, be my life,  
     On zo that fayre may;  
 Here a gifte schalle I zo gife,  
 Halfe my kyndome, quiles I life,  
     Take alle aftur my daye."

630

## LIV.

[*Gramarcy,*] seyde Sir Amadas,  
 And thonkyd the kyng of that grace,  
     Of his gyfftes gudde;  
 Sone after, as Y yow sey,  
 To the kyrke yode thei,  
     To wedde that frely fode.

640

To the kynges palys then con thei fare,  
 Theder thei went and wold not spare,  
     All so fast as thei myght dryfe.  
 The kyng made hym full nobell chere,  
 And seyde, "Welcum my frynde so dere."  
     To the chamber yede thei swyght.  
 He sent after his doghter gent;  
 In hast thei wesche and to meyt went,  
     Ylke mon glad and blythe.  
 Then mey ye wytte, withowtyn wene,  
 When eyder of them had oder sene  
     Ther luffe began to kyghthe.

560

The kyng tok Sir Amadas,  
 And ladde hym forthe into is plase,  
     And thus to hym con sey:  
 "Sir knyght," he seyde, "withowtyn lesse,  
 Y have a doghtter, myn eyre sche is;  
     In halle scho eytte to dey;  
 And, yffe thou be a mon to wedde a wyfe,  
 Y voche hyr save, so mot Y tryfe,  
     On thè, that fayr may;  
 Halfe my kyngdam whylyst Y lyffe,  
 Wyt my doghtter Y wyll thè gyffe,  
     And be eyr after my day."

570

"Gramarcy," seyde Sir Amadas,  
 And thonkyd the kyng of that grace,  
     Of his gyfftes gudde.  
 Sone after, as Y yow sey,  
 To the kyrke yode thei,  
     To wedde that frely fode.

580

*Ther was gold gyffon in that stonde,  
 And plenty of syluer, mony a ponde,  
 Be the way as thei yode;  
 And after in hall thei satte all,  
 The lordes and the ladès small  
 That comon wer of gentyll blode.]*

## LV.

Thus is Sir Amadace keuyrt of his wo,  
 That God lene grace, that we were so! 650  
 A rialle fest gerut he make;  
 Ther weddut he that lady brizte,  
 The maungery last a faurtenyzte,  
 With schaftes for to schake.  
 Othir halfe zere thay lifd in gomun,  
 A fayre knaue child hade thay somun,  
 Grete myrthes con thay make.  
 Listuns now, lordinges, of anters grete,  
 Quylle on a day before the mete,  
 This felau come to the zate. 660

## LVI.

He come in als gay gere,  
 Ryzte as he an angelle were,  
 Cladde he was in quite;  
 Vn-to the porter speke he thoe,  
 Sayd, "To thi lord myn ernde thou go,  
 Hasteli and alstite.  
 And if he frayne ozte aftur me,  
 For quethun I come, or quat cuntre,  
 Say him my sute is quite;  
 And say we haue to-gethir bene, 670  
 I hope fulle wele he haue me sene,  
 He wille hitte neuyr denyte."

Ther was gold gyffon in that stonde,  
 And plenty of syluer, mony a ponde,  
     Be the way as thei yode:  
 And after in hall thei satte all,  
 The lordes and the ladès small  
     That comon wer of gentyll blode.

Thus come his weyle after his wo:  
 God gyffe hus grace that owres mey so!  
     A greyte fest garde he make:  
 The revell last a full synyght,      590  
 With meyttes and drynkes wyll dyght,  
     And ylke day schaftes schake.  
 Thre yer thei dwellyd togeyder than;  
 A feyr son on hur he wan,  
     Of no kynnes wo thei watte. —  
 Now of anoder thyng wylle we speyke:  
 Apon a day, before the meyte,  
     His feylo·cum to the yatte.

He come in als gey geyre,  
 Ryght as he an angell weyre,      600  
     And all that was in whytte.  
 To the porter he seyde anon,  
 “To thi lorde, sir, that thou gwon,  
     And telle hym bod-word tyte:  
 Yf he aske owght of me,  
 Whens Y am or who Y be,  
     Sey Y am in whyte;  
 And yf thou speyke no more of me,  
 Y tro thi lorde have me see:  
     Y hope he wyll terry bot lyte.”      610

## LVII.

Thenne the porter wente in-to the halle,  
 Alsone his lord he metes with-alle,  
 He sailles him as he conne;  
 Sayd, "Lord, here is comun the fayrist kny3te,  
 That euyr 3ette I see with sy3te,  
 Sethen I was market mon.  
 Milke quite is his stede,  
 And so is alle his other wede,  
 That he hase opon:  
 He says 3e haue to-gethir bene,  
 I hope fulle welle 3e haue him sene,  
 Butte with him is comun no mon."

680

## LVIII.

"Is he comun," he sayd, "my nowun true fere?  
 To me is he bothe lefe and dere,  
 So aghet him wele to be!  
 Butte, alle my men, I 3o cummawunde,  
 To serue him wele to fote and honde,  
 Ry3te as 3e wold do me."  
 Then Sir Amadace a-3aynus him wente,  
 And allso did that ladi gente,  
 That was so bry3te of ble;  
 And did wele that hur aghte to do,  
 Alle that hur lord lufd wurschipput ho,  
 Alle suche wemen wele my3te be.

690

## LIX.

Quo schuld his stede to stabulle haue?  
 Kny3te, squier, 3oman, ne knaue,  
 Nauthir with him he bro3te;  
 Thenne Sir Amadace wold haue takyun his stede,  
 And to the halle him seluun lede,  
 Butte so wold he no3te.

700

The porter wold no longer dwell;  
 Befor his lord on knes he fell,  
 And seyð, "Sir," to hym full sone:  
 "Sir, at the yate ther is a knyght,  
 The feyryst that euer Y sey in syght,  
 Markyd vnder mone;  
 Sir, on a mylke whyte stede,  
 The same color his is wede;  
 That he hase a bone,  
 Y tro full wele ye have hym sene,  
 Hit semes as ye had feylosse bene;  
 Now mey ye ken hym sone."

620

"His he theyr, my trv fere?  
 His comyng is to me full dere  
 So oght it wyll to bee."  
 He commandyd his men, Y vnderstonde,  
 For to serve hym at fote and honde, —  
 "Evon as ye wolde do mee."  
 Sir Amadas ageyn hym con go,  
 And so dyd his lady also,  
 That semely was to see.  
 Sche dyd as sche oght to do,  
 That her lord lovyd to worchyp so:  
 Blessed mot suche wemen bee;

630

Who myght his hors to stabell have,  
 Knyght, sqwyar, yomon, or knave,  
 Non with hym he broght.  
 Gentylnen wold have taken his stede,  
 Knyghttes wold hym to the chamber lede,  
 Bot nay, that wolde he nocht.

640



He sayd, "Sertan, the sothe to telle,  
 I wille nauthir ete, drinke, ne duelle,  
 Be God, that me dere bozte!  
 Butte take and dele hit euun in toe,  
 Gif me my parte, and lette me goe,  
 Gif I be wurthi ozte!"

## LX.

Thenne speke Sir Amadace so fre,  
 "For Goddus luffe, lette suche wurdus be! 710  
 Thay greuun my herte fulle sore;  
 For we myzte nozte this faurtenyzte,  
 Owre riche londus dele and dizte,  
 Thay liun so wide quare.  
 Butte lette vs leng to-gethir here,  
 Rizte as we brethir were,  
 As alle thi none hit ware;  
 And othir gates nozte part wille wee,  
 Butte att thi wille, Sir, alle schalle bee,  
 Goddes forbote, Sir, thou hit spare!" 720

## LXI.

He sayd, "Broke wele thi londus brode,  
 Thi castels hee, thi townus made,  
 Of hom kepe I rizte none;  
 Allso thi wuddus, thi waturs clere,  
 Thi frithis, thi forestus, fer and nere,  
 Thi ringus with riche stone,  
 Allso thi siluyr, thi gold rede,  
 For hit may stonde me in no stidde,  
 I squire, bi Sayn John!  
 But, be my faythe, with-outun stryue, 730  
 Half thi child, and halfe thi wyue,  
 And thay schalle with me gone."

Cartenly, as Y yow tell,  
 To eytte ne drynke he wolde not dwell,  
 “Be Jesu that me dere boght!  
 Bot skyfte me evon,” he con say,  
 “Gyffe me my parte, Y wyll away,  
 Yf Y had servyd hit oght.”

Sir Amadas seyde, “Benedecitè!  
 Sir, leyt such wordes bee;  
 Thei greve my hart full sore.  
 We schuld not this fortnyght  
 Owre londes deyle and dyght  
 Thei lyg so far here and thore.  
 Ye schall dwell with yor broder here,  
 And soiorne with yor trew fere,  
 All his yores thoff hit wer more;  
 Oderwyse skyft wyll not wee,  
 Bot at yor wyll schall hit bee:  
 God forbede ye spare!”

650

“Broke wyll thi londes wyde,  
 Thei lyg so far on ylke a syde,  
 Broke hem wyll ylkon;  
 Thi woddes, thi waters, thi wylde dere,  
 Thi frutes, thi forestes, far and nere,  
 And all thi welthes, with rych ston,  
 Thi sylvér and thi gold so reyd,  
 Thei mey stonde me in no steyd;  
 Kepe all wele in won:  
 Bot certainly, withowtyn stryfe,  
 Halfe thi chylde and halfe thi wyfe  
 With me then schall thei gwon.”

660

670

## LXII.

“Alas!” sayd Sir Amadace than,  
 “That euyr I this woman wan,  
 Or any wordes gode!  
 For his lufe, that deet on tre,  
 Quat-seuer 3e wille, do with me,  
 For him that deet on rode!  
 3e, take alle that euyr I haue,  
 Wythe thi, that 3e hur life saue!”

740

Thenne the kny3te wele vndurstode,  
 And squire, “Be God, that me dere bo3te,  
 Othir of thi thinge then kepe I no3te,  
 Of alle thi wordes gode!”

## LXIII.

“Butte thenke on thi couenand, that thou made,  
 In the wode, quen thou mestur hade,  
 How fayre thou hettus me thare!”  
 Sir Amadace sayd, “I wotte, hit was soe,  
 But my lady for to sloe,  
 Methinke grete synne hit ware.”  
 Then the lady vndurstode a-non,  
 The wurd that was be-twene hom,  
 And greuyt hur neuyr the more;  
 Then ladi sayd, “For his luffe thet deut on tre,  
 Loke 3ore couandus holdun be,  
 Goddes forbotte 3e me spare!”

750

## LXIV.

Thenne be-speke that ladi bri3te,  
 Sayd, “Ye schalle him hold that 3e haue hi3te,  
 Be God, and Sayn Dri3tine!  
 For his lufe that deet on tre,  
 Loke 3aure couandus holdun be,  
 3ore forward was fulle fyne.

760

“Alas,” seyde Sir Amadas then,  
 “That euer Y this lady wan,  
 Or any oder gud!  
 Do with meselfe what ye wyll,  
 Wheder ye wyll me save or spyll,  
 For hym that dyed on the rode!  
 Take all the gud that Y have  
 So that thou wylt my ladè save!”

The knyght wele vnderstode:  
 “Sir, he seyde, be sent Albon,  
 Oder gud wyll Y non,  
 Bot the chylde then parte thou bode.

680

“Thenke what forward that thou made,  
 When thou full greyt myster hade;  
 Wele thou hetttest me thare!”  
 Sir Amadas seyde, “Yett wyll Y so.  
 Bot suche a feyre ladè to slo,  
 Gret ruthe me thenke hit ware.”

The wordes that thei spake than,  
 Full wele the ladè dyd vnderstande,  
 And grevyd her neuer the mare:  
 “Syr, kythe that ye ar a knyght,  
 And ye schall hold that ye have hyght;  
 Goddes forbot ye spare!

690

“Sir, this semys a full trwe knyght,  
 Ye schall holde that ye have hyght  
 Only vnto hym.  
 The forward that ye made thare,  
 God forbede that ye schuld spare!  
 The conande was gud and fynne.

700

Sithun Crist wille that hit be so,  
 Take and parte me euun in toe,  
 Thou wan me and I am thine!  
 Goddus forbotte that 3e hade wyuut,  
 That I schuld 3o a lure makette,  
 3ore wurschip in londe to tyne!"

## LXV.

Still ho stode, with-outun lette,  
 Nawthir changet chere, ne grette, 770  
 That lady myld and dere!  
 Bede, "Foche me my 3ung sun me be-forne,  
 For he was of my bodi borne,  
 And lay my herte fulle nere."  
 "Now," quod the quite kny3te thare,  
 "Quethur of hom luffus thou mare?"  
 He sayd, "My wife, so dere!"  
 "Sithun thou luffus hur the more,  
 Thou schalt parte hur eyn before,  
 Hur quite sidus in sere." 780

## LXVI.

Thenne quen Sir Amadace see,  
 That no bettur hitte my3te bee,  
 He ferd as he were wode;  
 Thenne all the mené in that halle,  
 Doune on squonyng ther con thay falle,  
 Be-fore thayre lord thay stode.  
 The burd was bro3te, that schuld hur on dele,  
 Ho kissute hur lord sithis fele,  
 And sithun therto ho 3ode;  
 Ho layd hur downe mekely enu3he, 790  
 A clothe then aure hur enyn thay dro3he,  
 That lady was myld of mode!

Yf God wyll that hit be soo,  
 Take and parte hus bothe in too;  
 J am yores and ye ar myn.  
 God forbede that ye lette for my sake,  
 That Y schuld yow a fals mon make,  
 Yowre worschyppe for to tyne!"

Styll scho stode, withowttyn lette;  
 Scho changyd no chere nor grette;  
 Lyston and ye mey here!  
 Scho seyde, "Bryng my yong son me beforne, 710  
 That was of my body borne,  
 And ley my hart full nere."  
 The knyght seyde to his feloo tho:  
 "Wheder lovyst thou better of the too?"  
 He seyde "My wyfe so dere."  
 "Sython thou lovyst her the more,  
 Thou schalt se her partyd or  
 Her whytes sydes sere."

Whan Sir Amadas that con see  
 That hit myght no better bee, 720  
 For wo he went nere wode.  
 All that wer in that hall  
 In deyde swonyng con thei fall,  
 Those that by her stode:  
 Ther scho schuld be slen the tabell was leyde;  
 Scho kyssyd her lorde with mony a breyd,  
 Mecly therto scho yode.  
 Scho leyde herselfe don mekely ynowe;  
 Her kerchofes ouer her ene scho drowe,  
 That ladè mylde of mode. 730

## LXVII.

Thenne the quite knyȝte, "I wille do thè no vnskille,  
Thou schalt dele hit atte thi wille,

The godus that here now is."

Thenne speke Sir Amadace so fre,  
Sayd, "Atte ȝour wille, lord, alle schalle be,  
And so I hope hit is."

Then Sir Amadace a sward vppe-hente,  
To strike the ladi was his entente,

800

And thenne the quite knyȝte be[de] "sese!"  
He toke vppe the ladi, and the litulle knaue,  
And to Sir Amadace ther he hom gaue,  
And sayd, "Now is tyme of pees!"

## LXVIII.

He sayd, "I con notte wite thè, gif thou were woe,  
Suche a ladi for to slo,

Thi wurschip thus wold saue;  
ȝette I was largely as gladde,  
Quen thou gafe alle that euыр thou hade,

My bones for to graue.  
In a chapelle quere I lay to howundus mete,  
Thou payut furst thritty powund by grete,

810

Sethun alle that thou myȝtus haue;  
Ther I be-soȝte God, schuld keуr thè of thi care,  
That for me hade made thè so bare,  
Mi wurschip in lond to saue."

## LXIX.

"Fare-wele now," he sayd, "mynne awne true fere!  
For my lenging is no lengur her,

With tunge sum I thè telle;  
Butte loke thou lufe this lady as thi lyue,  
That thus mekely, with-ouen strуe,

820

Thi forwardus wold fulfille!"

All that wer aboute hyr ryght  
 Wer full sory of that syght,  
 And fast to her con pres.  
 Sir Amadas seyð, "Jesu in trinitè,  
 At thi wyll all schall bee;  
 So hope Y, lord, hit his."  
 Vp he lyft his sword on hyght,  
 To smytte that ladè had he tyght.  
 The toder knyght seyð: "Seys!  
 Take vp thi ladè and thi chylde,  
 And loke Sir Amadas that thou be mylde,  
 And be now in pes.

740

"J wyte thè noght thoffe thou wer wo,  
 When thou thi fayr lady schuld slo;  
 Thi worchyppe is wele safe.  
 Yette was Y ten so glad  
 When that thou gaffe all that thou had,  
 My bwones for to grave;  
 Ther Y lay to howndes meyt,  
 Thou gavyst forty ponde in greyt:  
 Loke ageyn that thou hit have.  
 Then preyd Y God couer hym of care,  
 That wolde make hymselfe so bare,  
 My body for to grave.

750

"Fare now wele, my frende so dere,  
 My dwellyng his no lenger here  
 For sothe as Y thè tell.  
 Luffe wele thi chylde and thi wyfe,  
 That thus wolde, withowton stryfe,  
 Thi forwarde halde and fullfyll."

760



Thenne he wente oute of that tounne,  
 He glode a-way as dew in towne,  
 And thay a-bode ther stille;  
 Thay knelutte downe opon thayre kne,  
 And thonket God and Mary fre,  
 And so thay hade gud skille!

## LXX.

Thenne Sir Amadace and his wiue,  
 With joy and blis thay ladde thayre liue, 830  
 Vnto thayre ending daye;  
 Ther is ladis now in lond fulle foe,  
 That wold haue seruut hor lord soe,  
 Butte sum wold haue sayd nay.  
 Botte quo-so serues God truly,  
 And his modur, Mary fre,  
 This dar I sauely say;  
 Gif hom sumtyme like fulle ille,  
 3ette God will graunte hom alle hor wille,  
 Tille heuyn the redy waye, 840

## LXXI.

Then Sir Amadace send his messingerus,  
 Alle the londus ferre and nere,  
 Vnto his awne cuntre;  
 Till all that euyr his lond with-held,  
 Frithe or forest, towne or filde,  
 With tresur owte bozte he.  
 His stuard and othir, that with him were,  
 He send aftur hom, as ze may here,  
 And gafe hom gold and fee;  
 And thay ther with him for to leng, 850  
 Euyrmore tille thayre lyuus ende,  
 With myrthe and solempnite!

He glod away as dew in son;  
 Ther west no mon wher he become;  
     Sir Amadas dwellyd theyr styll;  
 And thonkyd God with all his myght,  
 And his moder Marè bryght;  
     Therto he hade grete skyll.

Ther Sir Amadas and is wyfe,  
 With ioy and blys thei lade their lyfe,  
     To ther endyng day.  
 Full few ladès ar of tho,  
 That wolde serve ther lorde so,  
     Bot sum wolde sey nay.  
 Who so loffes God with all his myght,  
 And his moder that virgyn bryght,  
     Y dare hardly wele sey,  
 Thoffe thei haue not als tyte her wyll,  
 Yette shall they cum sumtyme thertyll  
     And passe full wele away.

770

AMEN.

## LXXII.

Thenne sone aftur the kinge deet, at Goddus wille,  
And they a-bode thare stille,  
As 3e schalle vndurstonde;  
Thenne was he lord of toure and towne,  
And alle thay comun to his somoune,  
Alle the grete lordus of the londe.  
Thenne Sir Amadace, as I 30 say,  
Was crownette kinge opon a day,  
Wyth gold so clure schinand; —  
Jhesu Criste in Trinite,  
Blesse and glade this cumpany,  
And ore vs halde his hande!

860

FINIS DE SIR AMADACE.  

---

## AFTERWORD.

Having accidentally omitted in the list p. 10, FRANCE, the version in the Old-Swedish Legendarium\*, written between 1265 and 1270, and as this is not only the oldest hint of the tale in Scandinavia but one of the very oldest known in Europe, altho very few persons have seen it, — I add it here *in extenso*:

OM PIPPINUS FRANKA KONUNG, ELLER SAGAN OM DET JORDADE LIKET.	OF PIPPIN KING OF THE FRANKS, OR THE TALE OF THE BURIED CORPSE.
--	---

Større [Ms. C. Førre] PIPPINUS\*\* war hertoghe aff lorin ogipter man ok giæfmilder fc guz hedher. wm thæn thima war konnungs dotter aff franz engha barn rikis arue § Førsto rikis herra lagdo henna giptamala forskæl. at wælia sik husbonda aff allom frankarikis hærrum ok jonkarum ogiptum ok han skulde wara franka rikis konunger. Hon anzswara-dhe ok bødth warda eet torney a nemdom stad ok sik sidhan wilia wælia: § PIPPINUS redh heman til thet torney ok fan ther han gieste første naat. hustruna grata mykit sarlika sin bonda. a liikbaar/døande swa fatøkan. at hon gat han ey swa wæl fordat til graff som han wilde ok hafdhe tho warit rikir ok gudhleker. ok thærd sit gooz for gudhz skuld PIPPINUS læt kœpa peld ok waldakin [Ms. C. ballakind] ifuir hans baar ok

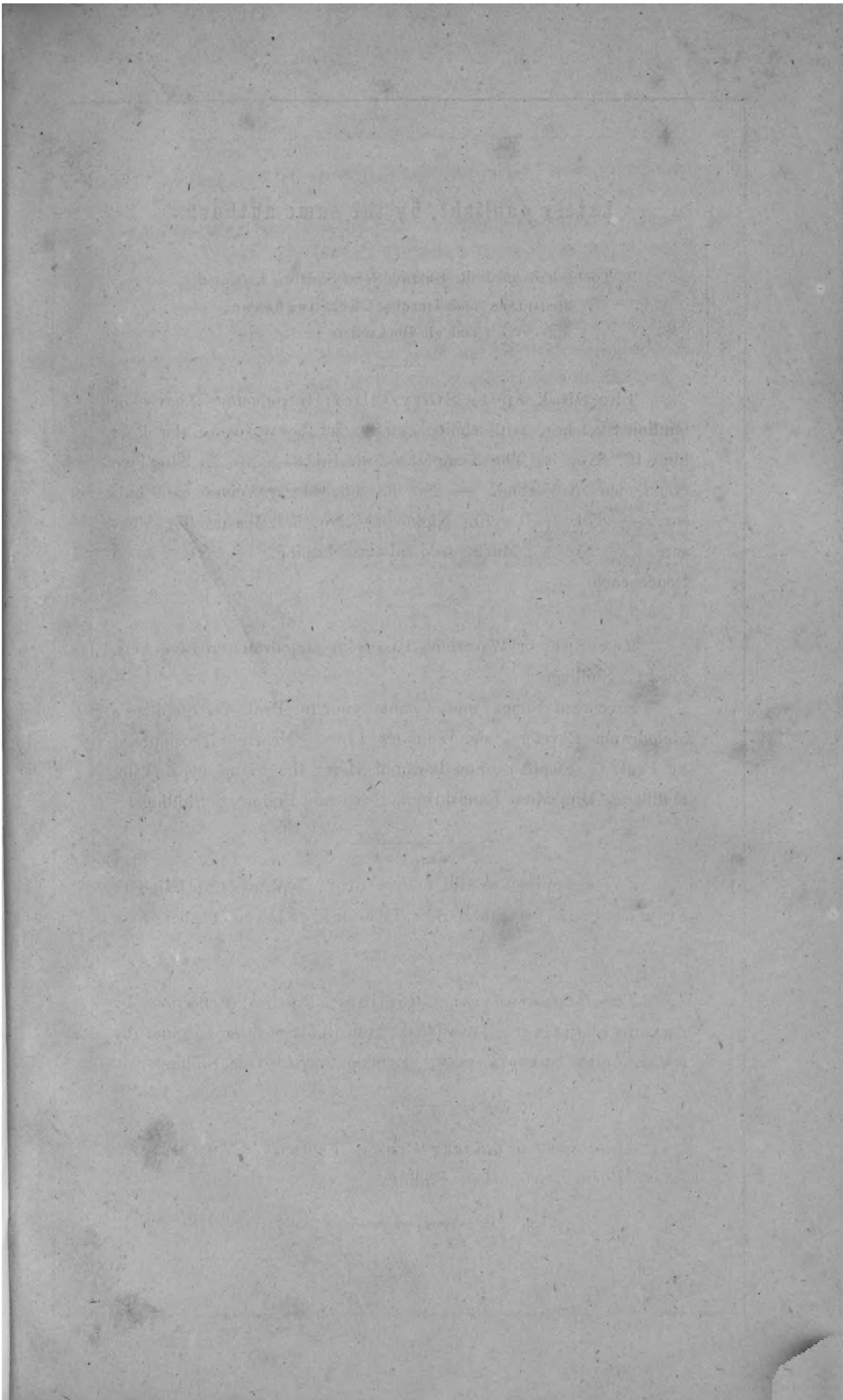
The former PIPPIN was Duke of Lorraine, a man unmarried, and rich in alms for God's honor. At that time was the King's daughter of France, an only child, heiress to the kingdom. The chief lords of the realm laid on her conditions of marriage, bidding her choose a husband from among all the unwedded gentlemen and youngers of France, and he should be the King of the Franks. She answered and bade make a tournay at a place named, and that she would then choose. PIPPIN rode from his home to that tournay, and found, where he sheltered the first night, the good-wife sorely weeping her husband, who lay on his bier, having died so poor that she could not bury him as he would, and yet had he been a man both powerful and pious; but his goods he had lavisht for the sake of God.

\*) „Ett Forn-Svenskt Legendarium, innehållande Medeltids Kloster-sagor om Helgon, Påfvar och Kejsare ifrån det 1sta till det 13de århundradet. Efter Gamla Handskrifter af GEORGE STEPHENS, Esq. 8vo.” Vol. 2, Stockholm 1858, p. 731.

\*\*\*) PIPINUS BREVIS, son of KARL MARTEL † 768.

samna preste ok jordha then dødha med myklom hedher then sama daghin a wæghenom mätte hanum man a mykit hoghom hæste ok bødth hanum hæsta skipte ok skipte tho med tilgafwm ok lofuadhe sin hæst gæuan for thry godh kynne § Eet war thet at han munde aldre sielfuir falla. Annat at enghin mathe falla af hans baki: Thridhia at ænghin gathe j sadle sithit then hanum mätte § PIPPINUS kopthe gerna med til gafwm som mannin beddis haluan priis ok pæninga som han kunde winna § Hanum sannadhiss alla hæstins dygdhe ok fæste konugs dotter. § Han redh sidhan med mero fylghe ok mätte sama manne ok bødth hanum først halft rike / Mannin sadhe konungx dotter wara jægoda som alt rikit PIPPINUS wilde engha lund sin ordh matta ok bødth hanom rikit Mannin gik widh sanno sik wara J manz hami thes bondans siæl som han læt swa sœmelika til graf fœra ok J hæstins hami vara gudz ænghil ok gudh hafua them sœnt. at frœmia PIPPINUM til thæssa hems æro. thy at hans almosor ok offer fremdo hins siæl til himerikis æro.”

PIPPIN let buy pall and baudekin [*cloth of silk and gold*] to cover his bier, and gathered priests, and buried the dead with much worship. That same day as he journeyed met him a man on a very high horse, and offered to change horses with him, and bartered so on certain conditions; but his horse he praised as excellent for three good qualities. One was, that the horse would never fall; another, that no one could fall from his back; the third, that no one could keep his saddle who rode against him. PIPPIN gladly bought him, on the conditions he had said — the half of every prize and of all the money that he might win. But the virtues of the steed he found to be true, and gat he so the daughter of the king. Afterward, as he rode with a great meiny, he met that same man, and first bid him take half the kingdom. The stranger said, that the king's daughter was even-good with all the realm. PIPPIN would by no means break his word, and offered him the whole kingdom. Then the man confest the truth, that he was, in man's hame (shape), the Soul of the Yeoman whom he had interred so honorably, and that in the horse's hame was an Augel of God; and that God had sent them to help PIPPIN to this world's glory — for that his charity and offerings had holpen this Yeoman's soul to the joys of Heaven!





**Lately publisht, by the same author:**

---

To be had of J. R. SMITH, Soho Square, London;  
MICHAELSEN and TILLGE, Cheapinghaven;  
and all Booksellers.

---

The Shakespear Story-teller; Introductory Leaves or Outline Sketches, with choice extracts in the words of the Poet himself. No. 1. The Tempest. 3rd. Ed. — No. 2. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. — No. 3. The Merry Wives of Windsor. — No. 4. Twelfth Night. — No. 5. Measure for Measure. — No. 6. Much Ado about Nothing. — 8vo. At 6 Pence each.

---

Revenge, or Woman's Love. A Melodrama in Five Acts. 8vo. 3 Shillings.

Seventeen Songs and Chants etc. to Prof. G. Stephens's Melodrama Revenge, or Woman's Love. Nearly all composed by Prof. G. Stephens, and harmonised for the Piano by B. Villh. Hallberg, Dir. Mus. Landskrona, Sweden. Folio. 8 Shillings.

---

A few copies are still left of Prof. Stephens' translation of Frithiof's Saga, from the Original Swedish of Esaias Tegnér. 8vo.

---

The Scandinavian Question. . Practical Reflections by ARNLIOT GELLINA. Translated from the Swedish Original by AN ENGLISH SCANDINAVIAN. London. 8vo. One Shilling.

---

The Rescue of ROBERT BURNS, February 1759. A Centenary Poem. 8vo. One Shilling.

---

---

