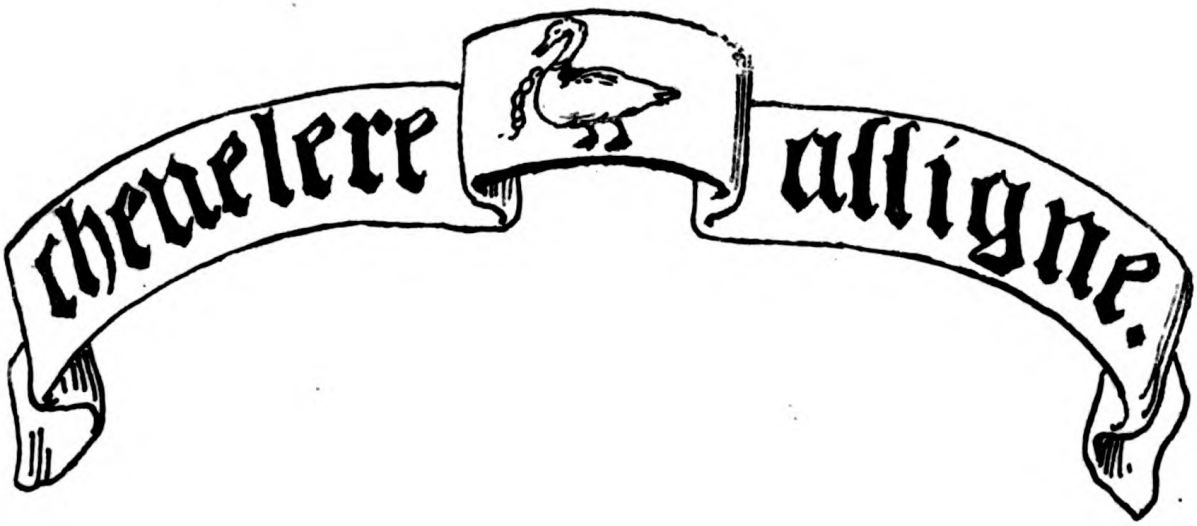
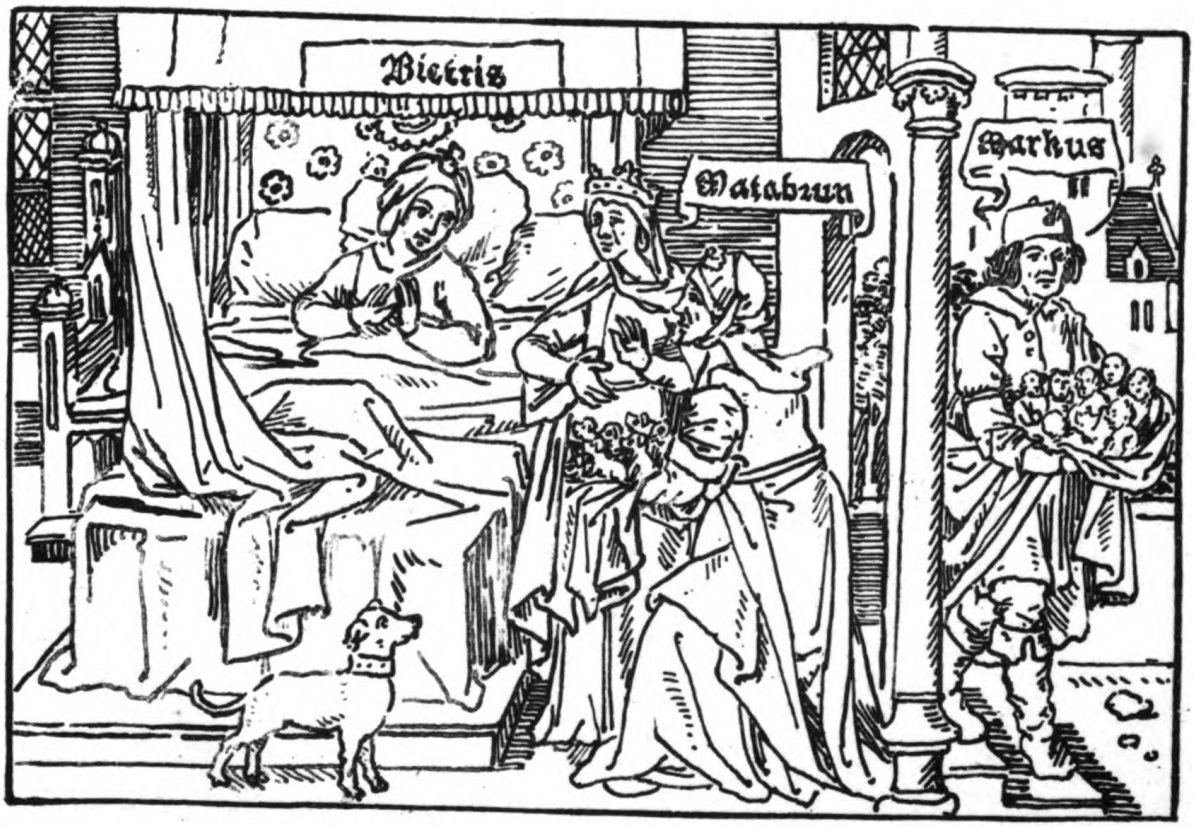
Cheuelere Assigne.

27.





TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

THE ROXBURGHE CLUB,

THIS ROMANCE

OF

Cheuelere Assigne,

(NOW FIRST PRINTED)

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

EDW. V. UTTERSON.

JUNE 17, 1820.

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INTRODUCTION.

Among the Cotton MSS. in that magazine of literary treasures, the British Museum, is to be found the curious little Poem, now, for the first time, committed to the Press; it is contained in a small, but thick, folio volume of paper, numbered in the Catalogue, Caligula. A. 2., comprising several other interesting specimens of early English Poetry. Although there may be some difference in the respective periods, when these Poems were transcribed, we may, without hesitation, give a date to "*Chevalier Assigne*," at least as early as the reign of Henry Sixth, and perhaps, in attributing it to a still more remote æra, we might be nearer to the truth. It is, professedly, a translation from a French original, and, fortunately in this instance, the same Library is furnished with a beautiful MS. of the more ancient French poetical Romance, which forms a portion of a very splendid folio volume in the Royal Collection of MSS., marked 15. E. 6. According to Montfaucon, there is also another copy in MS. of the same Poem, in the Royal Library at Paris. This English translation, or, speaking more correctly, imitation, is little more than a meagre epitome of a portion of the French original, which continues the story of the Knight of the Swan and his descendants, through a strange tissue of romance and historical truth, down to the capture of Jerusalem, in the eleventh century, by the Christians under the guidance of Godfrey of Bouillon. It is singular enough that the translator should give the French title of "Chevalier Assigne," (or au Cygne,) to a work altogether English. A more complete version of the ancient Romance is to be found in a prose volume printed by Copland, and of which the only copy known to exist, is among the collection of old plays bequeathed to the British Museum, by Mr. Garrick, and

marked K. Vol. 10. Herbert speaks of an edition printed by W. de Worde, in 1512. These appear to have been translated from the French prose story, of which I have a copy in folio, printed at Paris in 1504, and which is entitled "**La genealogie avecques les gestes & nobles faitz darmes du trespreux et renomme prince Godeffroy de Boulion et de ses chevalereux freres Baudouin et Eustace yssus & descēdus de la tres noble & illustre lignee du vertueux chevalier au cyne,**" &c.

My friend Mr. F. Cohen, whose communications are always entitled to attention, conceives that the most *ancient* form in which the story exists, is in the 'Chronicle of Tongres' by the 'Maitre de Guise,' much of which was afterwards incorporated into the 'Mer des Hystoires.' There is also an Icelandic Saga of Helis, the Knight of the Swan, who is there represented as a son of Julius Cæsar; and a similar legend is introduced into the German Romance of Lohengrin, of which an edition so late as 1813, was printed at Heidelberg. From these concurrent sources it seems probable, that the original fable was fabricated in Belgium, or at least on the borders of the Rhine; and as further evidence of such a supposition, the same valuable authority informs me that there is at the present day, a chap-book in Flanders of frequent occurrence, entitled "**de Ridder met de Zwaen.**"

The little Poem here given, has been noticed both by Dr. Percy and Mr. T. Warton amongst the early specimens of alliterative versification: a style which obtained numerous partisans at a remote period of our poetical History, and of which the fashion retained some admirers even so low as the sixteenth century, although perhaps no poem, thus constructed, obtained such general celebrity as Pierce Plowman's Vision. There is however a peculiarity in the present tale not usually found in *ancient* poems of this description; which is, that notwithstanding the measure is uniformly alliterative, and although it contains much Saxon idiom and character, yet it is occasionally accompanied with rhyme; the

Poet thus mingling, what he might consider an agreeable variation, with the more popular, but stricter rules of alliteration deduced from the Anglo-Saxon Bards. Dr. Percy, although he has noticed the Poem, has not adverted to this singularity, but seems to think that rhyme was not introduced into alliterative verse until a much later period, and when the public taste required some such addition to recommend the uncouth measure of the ancient Poets.

In the limited publication of this little Romance, it has been my first endeavour to give a faithful imitation of the original; for which reason the orthography, I hope always, and abbreviations generally, have been preserved. In the parent MS. the transcriber has commonly employed a letter formed like a Z, but imitative of, and corresponding in power with the Anglo-Saxon ȝ: this has been in the present impression converted into a Z, and when used in the beginning of a word, has the effect of y: but when employed in the middle, has generally the power of gh. The Anglo-Saxon þ is continually used also as an abbreviation for th; but uniformly in its more degenerate and modern form of y.

I have endeavoured to give an interpretation of several unusual words which occur, but which I fear will be considered very imperfect; in fact it has been suggested to me by an intelligent friend, that our early alliterative Poets not unfrequently coined words to suit their measure; an opinion which derives weight from the difficulty to which the alliterative verse must have subjected them, of meeting with phrases to suit their purpose; at all events there can be no doubt that many new-fangled and unmeaning words were introduced by the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers.

I have ventured to use punctuation, instead of introducing the point, which divides each line into a distich, a division in truth sufficiently marked to the ear by the sound.

E. V. U.

Cheuelere Assigne.

ALL weldynge god, whenne it is his wylle,
Wele he wereth his werke wth his owne honde:
For ofte harmes were hente yt helpe we ne mȝhte,
Nere the hȝnes of hym yt lengeth in heuene.
For this I saye by a lorde was lente in an yle
That was called Lyor, a londe by hym selfe;
This kynge hette Orpens, as ye book telleth,
And his qwene Bewtrys yt brȝt was & shene:
His moder hȝte Matabryne, yt made moche sorow,
10 For she sette her affye in Sathanas of helle;
This was chefe of ye kynde of cheualere assygne.
And whenne yey sholde in to a place, it seyth full well where
Sythen after his lykynge dwellede he yere,
With his owne qwene yt he loue mȝte:
But all in langor he laye for lofe of here one,
That he hadde no chylde to cheuene his londis,
But to be lordeles of his whene he ye lyf lafte,
And yt honged in his herte—I heete ye for sothe,

Cheuelere Assigne.

As ye wente vp on a walle pleynge hem one
20 Bothe ye kynge & ye qwene hem selfen to gedere:
The kynge loked a downe, & vp helde vnder
And seyȝ a pore wōman at the gate sytte
With two chylderen her vp fore, were borne at a byrthe;
And he tned hym pēne, & teres lette he falle;
Sythen sykede he on hyȝe & to ye qwene sayde
Se ȝe ye ȝonder pore woman, how yt she is pyned
With twynlenges two, & yt dare I my hedde wedde.
The qwene nykked hym wt nay, & seyde it is not to lene
Oon mān for oon chylde, & two wymen for tweyne;
30 Or ellis hit were vnsemelye thynge as me wolde thinke,
But eche chylde hadde a fader, how manye so ther were.
The kynge rebukede here for her worthes ryȝte there:
And whenne it drowȝ towarde ye nyȝte they wēten to bedde;
He gotte on here yt same nyȝte resonabullye manye.
The kynge was witty whenne he wysste her wth chylde,
And thankede lowely our lorde of his loue & his sonde.
But whenne it drowȝe to ye tyme she shulde be delyuered,
Ther moste ne wōman come her nere but she yt was cursed
His moder Matabryne, yt cawsed moche sorowe,
40 For she thowȝte to do yt byrthe to a fowle ende.
Whenne god wolde yey were borne pēne drowȝte she to honde
Sex semelye sonnes & a dowȝter ye seveneth,

Cheuelere Assigne.

All safe & all sounde, & a seluer cheyne
Eche on of hem hadde abowte his swete swyre:
And she lefte hem out & leyde hem in a cowche,
And y^ene she sente aft^r a man y^t Markus was called,
That hadde serued her seluen skylfully longe:
He was trewe of his feyth & loth for to tryfull,
She knewe hym for swyth, & tristed hym ye better;
50 And seyde, y^u moste kepe counsell & helpe what y^u may;
The fyrste gryme wat^r y^t y^u to comeste,
Looke y^u caste hem ther yn & lete hym forth slyppe:
Sythen seche to ye courte as y^u nowȝte hadde sene,
And y^u shalt lyke full wele yf y^u may lyke aft^r.
Whenne he herde y^t tale hym rewede ye tyme,
But he durste not werne what ye qwene wolde.
The kynge lay in langour sum gladdenes to here,
But ye fyrste tale y^t he herde were tydynges febull,
Whenne his moder Matadryne browȝte hym tydynge.
60 At a chamber dore as she forth sowȝte
Seuene whelpes she sawe sowkynge ye dāme,
And she cawȝte out a knyfe & kylled ye byche:
She caste her ȳene in a pytte & taketh ye welpes,
And sythen come byfore ye kynge & vp on hyȝe she seyde;
Sone, paye ye wth ye qwene, & se of her berthe;
Thenne syketh ye kynge, & gynnyth to morne,

Cheuelere Assigne.

And wente wele it were sothe all yt she seyde.
Thenne she seyde lette brēne her anone, for yt is ye deste.
Dame, she is my wedded wyfe, full trewe as I wene,
70 As I haue holde her er yis, our lorde so me helpe!
A, kowarde of kynde, qd she, & comdred wreche!
Wolt yu werne wrake to hem yt hit deserueth?
Dame, yāne take here yōself, & sette her wher ye lyketh,
So yt I se hit nozte; what may I seye elles?
Thenne she wente her forth yt god shall confounde,
To yt febull yr she laye, & felly she bygynneth,
And seyde, a ryse wreached qwene & reste ye her no longer;
Thow hast bygyleth my sone, it shall ye werke sorowe:
Bothe howndes & men haue hadde ye a wylle;
80 Thow shalt to prisonn fyrste & be brente aftr.
Thenne shrykede ye zonge qwene, & vp on hyz cryeth:
A lady! she seyde, where ar my lefe chylderen?
Whenne she myssede hem yēr grete mone she made.
By yt come tytlye tyrauntes tweyne,
And by ye byddynge of matabryne a non yeyl her hente,
And in a dyme prysonn yeyl flongen here deepe,
And leyde a lokke on yē dore, & leuen here yēre;
Mete yeyl caste here adowne, & more god sendeth.
And yūs yē lady lyuede yere elleuen zere,
90 And mony a fayre orysoñ vnto yē fader made

That saued Susanne fro sorowefull dom, us to saue als.
Now leue we ȳis lady in langor & pyne,
And turne ageyne to our tale, towarde ȳese chylderen,
And to yē man Markus yt murther hem sholde;
How he wente thorow a foreste fowre longe myle,
Thyll he come to a watr yēr he hem shulde in drowne;
And yēr he keste vp yē cloth to knowe hem bettr,
And yēy ley & lowȝe on hym lovelye all at ones;
Ye yt lendeth wth, qd, he leyue me wyth sorowe,
100 Jf J drowne ȝou to day thowgh my deth be nyȝe.
Thenne he leyde hem adowne lappedde in yē mantele
And lappede hem, & hylyde hem, & hadde moche rewthte
That swythe a barmeteme as yt shulde so betyde.
Thenne he taketh hem to criste, & ageyne turneth:
But sone ye mantell was vndo wth mengynge of her legges,
They cryedde vp on hyȝe wth a dolefull steuene,
They chyuered for colde as cheverynge chyldren,
They ȝoskened, & cryde out, & yt a man herde,
An holy hermyte was by & towarde hem cometh:
110 Whenne he come by fore hem on knees ȳene he fell,
And cryede ofte vpon cryste for some sokr hym to sende,
Jf any lyfe were hem lente in ȳis worlde lengr.
Thenne an hynde kome fro ye woode rennȳge full swyfte
And fell before hem a downne: ȳey drowȝe to ȳe pappes;

Cheuelere Assigne.

The heremyte prowde was therof & putte hem to sowke.
Sethen taketh he hem up & ye hynde foloweth,
And she kepte hem yēre whyll our lorde wolde.
Thus he norysheth hem vp, & criste hem helpe sendeth:
Of sadde leues of ye wode wrowzte he hem wedes.
120 Malkedras ye fostere, ye fende mote hym haue!
That cursedde man for his feyth, he come yēr yēy were
And was ware in his syzte syker of ye chyldren;
He turnede azeyn to ye courte, and tolde of ye chaunce,
And movede byfore matabryne how mony there were,
And more merveyle yene y^t dame, a selvere cheyne
Eche on of hem hath abowte here swyre.
She seyde holde y^u wordes in chaste y^t none skape ferther:
I wyll soone aske hym y^t hath me betrayed.
Thenne she sente aft^r Markus y^t murther hem sholde,
130 And askede hym in good feyth what fell of ye chyldren;
Whenne she hym asked hadde, he seyde, here ye sothe
Dame, on a ryueres banke lapped in my mantell
I lefte hem lyynge there, lene y^u for sothe,
I myzte not drowne hem for dole, do what ye lykes.
Thenne she made here all preste & out bothe hys yen:
Moche mone was therfore, but no man wyte moste;
Wende y^u azene Malkedras, & gete me ye cheynes,
And with ye dynte of ye swerde do hem to deth,

Cheuelere Assigne.

And I shall do ye swych a turne & yu ye tyte hyze,
140 That ye shall lyke ryzte wele ye terme of yy lyue.
Thenne ye hatefull thefe hyed hym full faste,
The cursede man in his feyth come yer yey were.
By yene was ye hermyte go in to ye wode, & on of ye children
For to seke mete for ye other sex,
Whyles ye cursed man asseylde ye other:
And he out with his swerde & smote of ye cheynes,
They stoden all stylle, for stere yey ne durste;
And whenne ye cheynes fell hem fro yey flowen up swanes
To ye ryuere bysyde with a rewfull stevene.
150 And he taketh up ye cheynes & to ye courte tneth,
And come byfore ye qwene & here hem bytaketh:
Thenne she toke hem in honde & heelde ham full stylle,
She sente aftr a golde smyzte to forge here a cowpe:
And whenne ye man was comen yene was ye qwene blythe,
And delyured hym his weyztes, & he from courte wendes;
She bade ye wessell were made upon all wyse.
The goldesmyzth gooth & beetheth hym a fyre, & breketh a cheyne,
And it wexeth in hys honde & multyplyeth swyde;
He toke the other fyue & fro ye fyer hem leyde,
160 And made hollye ye cuppe of halvendell ye sixte.
And whenne it drowze to ye nyzte he wendeth to bedde,
And thus he seyth to his wyfe in sawe as I telle,

Cheuelere Assigne.

The olde qwene at ye courte hath me bytaken
Sixe cheynes in honde, & wolde haue a cowpe,
And I breke me a cheyne & halfe leyde in ye fyer,
And it wexedde in my honde, & wellede so faste,
That I toke ye other fyue, & fro the fyer caste,
And haue made hollye ye cuppe of halvendell ye sixte.
I rede the, quod his wyfe, to holden hem stylle
170 Hit is yōwe ye werke of god or y^p be wronge wōnerd:
For whenne her mesure is made what may she aske more?
And he dedde as she badde, & buskede hym at morowe,
He come byfore ye qwene & bytaketh here ye cowpe,
And she toke it in honde & kepte hit full clene.
Nowe lefte ther ony over unwerketh, by ye better trowthe?
And he recketh her ferth halvēndele a cheyne;
And she rawxte hit hym axene, & seyde she ne rowxte,
But delyvred hym his servyse & he out of courte wendes.
The curteynesse of criste, q^d she, be wth yese other cheynes!
180 They be delyuered out of y^is worlde; were ye moder eke
Thenne hadde I yīs londe hollye to myne wylle;
Now all wyles shall fayle but I here deth werke.
At morn she come byfore the kynge & bygāne full keene:
Moche of y^is worlde wōne, wondreth on ye allone,
That thy qwene is unbrente so mervelows longe,
That hath dyserued ye deth, if y^u here dome wyste;

Cheuelere Assigne.

Lette somone yᵉ folke upon eche a syde,
That ȝey bene at yᵉ syȝte yᵉ xi day assygned.
And he here graunted yᵗ with a grȳme herte,
190 And she wendeth here a doune, & lette hem a none warne.
The nyȝte byfore yᵉ day yᵗ yᵉ lady shulde breñe,
An angell come to yᵉ hermyte, & askede if he slepte?
The angell seyde, criste sendeth yᵉ worde of yēse six chyldren,
And for yᵉ savynge of hem thanke yᵘ haste serveth:
They wer yᵉ kynges Oryens, wytte yᵘ for sothe,
By his wyfe Betryce; She bere hem at ones,
For a worde on yᵉ wall yᵗ she wronge seyde:
And ȝonder in yᵉ ryuer swymen they swañes,
Sythen Malkedras, yᵉ forsworn theſe, byrafte hem her cheynes,
200 And criste hath formeth yⁱᵍ chylde to fyȝte for his moder.
To lybynge God, yᵗ dwellest in heuene, qᵘ yᵉ hermyte yāne,
How sholde he serve for such a ȝnge yᵗ neuer none syȝe?
Go brynge hym to his fader courte, & loke yᵗ he be cristened,
And kalle hym Æneyas to name, for awȝte yᵗ may be falle,
Ryȝte by yᵉ mydday to redresse his moder,
For goddes wyll moste be fulfylde, & yᵘ most forth wende.
The hermyte wakynge lay, & thowȝte on his wordes:
Soon whenne yᵉ day come to yᵉ chylde he seyde,
Christe hath formeth yᵉ sone to fyȝte for yᵘ moder.
210 He askede hym thane what was a moder?

Cheuelere Assigne.

A woman yt bare ye to man sone, & of her reredde,
Ze kanste yu fader enforme me hou yt I shall fyzte?
Upon a hors, seyde ye heremyte, as I haue herde saye.
What beste is yt, quod ye chylde, lyonys wylde,
Or elles wode, or water? quod ye chylde yane;
I seyzte neuer none, qd ye hermyte, but by ye mater of bokes,
They seyn he hath a feyre hedde, & fowre lymes hye,
And also he is a frely beeste for thy he man serueth.
Go we forth fader, qd ye childe, upon gods halfe!
220 The grypte eyther a stafke in here honde, & on here wey strawghte;
Whenne ye heremyte hym lafte, an angell hym seemethe,
Ever to ride ye chylde upon his ryzte sholder;
Thenne he seeth in a felde folke gaderynge faste,
And a hyz fyre was yer bette, yt ye qwene sholde in bren,
And noyse was in ye cyte felly lowde,
With trumpes, & tabors, whenne yey here up token
The olde qwene at her bakke betynge full faste,
The kynge come rydynge a fore a forlenge & more.
The chylde stryketh hym to, & toke hym by ye brydell:
230 What man arte yu, qd ye chylde, & who is yt ye sueth?
I am ye kynge of yis londe, & Oryens am kalled,
And ye zondr is my qwene,—Betryce she hette,
In ye zonders balowe fyre is buskedde to brene;
She was slawndered on hyze yt she hadde taken howndes,

Cheuelere Assigne.

And ȝyt she shadde so don here harm were not to charge.
Thenne were yⁿ noȝt ryȝlye sworne, qᵈ yᵉ chylde, upon ryȝte juge
Whenne you tokest ye yᵘ croune, kynge when yⁿ made were
To done after matabryne, for yeñe yⁿ shalt mysfare,
For she is fowle, fell, & fals, & so she shall be fownden,
240 And by lefte wᵗʰ yᵉ fend at here last ende,
That styked styffe in here brestes, yᵗ wolde yᵉ qwene breñe;
I am but lytull & ȝonge, qᵈ yᵉ chylde, leeue yⁿ forsothe,
Not but twelfe ȝere olde euen at yˢ tyme,
And I woll putte my body to better, & to worse,
To fyȝte for yᵉ qwene, wᵗʰ whome yᵗ wronge seyth.
Thenne granted yᵉ kynge, & joye he bygyneth,
If any helpe were yer inne yᵗ here clensen myȝte.
By yᵗ come yᵉ old qwene, & badde hym com yēne,
To speke wᵗʰ suche on as he yⁿ mayste ryȝthe loth thenke.
250 A dame! qᵈ yᵉ kynge, thoȝte ye none synne,
Thow haste forsette yᵉ ȝonge qwene, yⁿ knoweste well yᵉ sothe,
This chylde yᵗ I here speke with, seyth yᵗ he wole preue
That yⁿ nother yᵘ sawes certeyne be neyther.
And yēne she lepte to hym, & kawȝte hym by yᵉ lokke,
That yēr leved in here honde heres an hondredde:
A by lyvynge god, qᵈ yᵉ childe, yᵗ bydeste in hevene,
Thy hedde shall lye on yᵘ lappe for yᵘ false turnes;
I aske a felawe anone, a fresh knyȝte after

Cheuelere Assigne.

For to fyȝte wth me to drynne owte ye ryȝte.
260 A boy! q^{d} she, wylt y^{u} so? y^{u} shalt sone myskarrye,
I wyll gete me a man y^{t} shall ye sone marye—
She turneth her yenc̄e to Malkedras, & byddeth hym take armes,
And badde hym bathe his spere in ye boyes herte;
And he of suche one gret skorne he thowgte.
An holy abbot was ȳby, & he hym theder doweth,
For to cristen ye chylde, frely & feyre:
The abbot maketh hym a fonte, & was his godfader,
The erle of Aūntheus he was another:
The coūtes of Salamere was his godmoder;
270 They callede hym Æneas to name, as ye book telleth,
Mony was ye ryche ȝyste y^{t} y^{ey} ȝafe hym after;
Alle the bellys of ye close rōngen at ones,
Withoute ony manēs helpe, whyle ye fyȝte lasted,
Wherefore ye wyste welt y^{t} criste was plesed wth here dede.
Whenne he was cristened frely & feyre
Aft^{r} ye kynge dubbed hym knyȝte as his kynde wolde;
Thenne prestly he prayeth ye kynge y^{t} he hym lene wolde
An hors, wth his harnes; & blethely he hym graunteth.
Thenne was Feraunce fette forth, ye kynges price stede,
280 And out of an hyȝe toure arm^{r} y^{ey} halenē,
And a whyte Shelde, wth a crosse, upon ye poste honged,
And hit was wryten therupon, y^{t} to Enyas hit sholde.

And whenne he was armed to all his ryȝhtes,
Thenne prayde he ye kynge y^t he hym lene wolde
Oon of his beste mēne, y^t he moste truste,
To speke wth hym but a speche whyle.
A knygte kawȝte hym by ye honde, & ladde hym of ye rowte.
What beeste is y^is, q^d ye chylde, y^t I shall on hone?
Hit is called an hors, q^d ye knyȝte, a good & an abull.
290 Why eteth he yren, q^d ye chylde, wyll he ete noȝth elles?
And what is y^t on his bakke, of byrthe, or on bounden?
Nay y^t in his mowth men kallen a brydell,
And that a sadell on his bakke, y^t y^u shalt in sytte.
And what heuy Kyrtell is y^is with holes so thykke,
And this holowe on my hede, I may noȝt here?
An helme men kallen y^t on, & an hawberke ye other.
But what brood on is y^is on my breste? hit bereth adown my nekke;
A bryȝte shelde, & a sheene, to shylde ye fro strokes.
And what longe on is y^is that I shall up lykte?
300 Take y^t launce up in thyn honde, & loke y^u hym hytte,
And whenne y^t shakte is schyuered, take sharpelye another,
Se what yt grace be we to grownde wenden,
A ryse up lyȝtht on ye fete, & reste ye no lenger,
And yēne plukke out y^y swerde, & pele on hym faste,
All wey eggelynges down on all y^t y^u fyndes;
His ryche helm, nor his swerde, rekke y^u of neyther:

Cheuelere Assigne.

Lete ye sharpe of ye swerde schreden hym small.
But woll not he smyte azeyne whenne he feleth smerte?
Zys, I knowe hym full wele, both kenely, & faste:
310 Ever folowe y^u on ye flesh, tyll y^u haste hym falleth,
And sythen smyte of his heede, I kan sey no furre.
Now y^u haste tawzte me, q^d ye childe, god I ye be teche,
For now I kan of ye crafte more yēne I kowthe.
Thenne y^ey maden raunges, & ronnen togeder,
That ye speres in here hondes shyvereden to peces:
And for rennēne azeyn, men rawzten hem other,
Of balowe tymbere, & bygge y^t wolde not breste.
And eyther of hem so smerlye smote other,
That all fleye in ye felde y^t on hem was fastened,
320 And eyther of hem topseyle tumbledde to ye erthe;
Thenne here horses renēn forth afī ye raunges,
Ever Feraunce byforne, & y^t other aft^r:
Feraunce launces up his fete, & lasscheth out his yerd,
The fyrste happe other fele was q^t y^t ye chylde hadde;
Whenne y^t ye chylde y^t hym bare blente hadde his fere,
Thenne ether styrte up on hy wth staloworth shankes,
Pulledde out here swerdes, & smoten togeder;
Kepe ye swerde fro my croyse, q^d cheuelere assygne,
I charde not ye croyse, q^d malkedras, ye balewe of a cherye,
330 For I shall choppe it full small ere yēne y^is werke ende.

Cheuelere Assigne.

An edder sprouge out of his shelde, & in his body spynneth
A fyre fruscheth out of his croys, & rapte out his yen
Whenne he stryketh a stroke; chevalere assygne
Even his sholder in twoo, & down into ye herte,
And he boweth hym down & zeldeth up ye lyfe.
I shall ye zelde, q^d^ ye chylde, ryzte as ye knyzte me tawzte.
He trusseth his harneys fro ye nekke, & ye hede wynēth;
Sythen he toke hit by ye lokkes, & in ye helm leyde:
Thoo thanked he our lorde lowely, y^t^ lente hym y^t^ grace.
340 Thenne sawe ye qwene Matabryne her man so murdered,
Turned her brydell, & towards ye towne rydeth;
The chylde foloweth here after, fersly & faste,
Sythen browzte here azeyne wo for to drye,
And brente here in ye balowe fyer all to browne ashes.
The zonge qweue at ye fyre by y^t^ was unbounden,
The childe kome byfore ye kynge, & on hyze he seyde,
And tolde hym how he was his sone, & other sex childeren
By ye qwene Betryce, she bare hem at ones,
For a werde on ye walle y^t^ she wronge seyde;
350 And zonder in a ryuer swymen y^ey^ swanes,
Sythen ye forsworne thefe Malkedras byrafte hem her cheynes.
By God! q^d^ ye goldsmythe, I know y^t^ ryzth well;
Fyve cheynes I have & y^ey^ ben fysh hole.
Nowe with ye goldsmyth gon all yēse knyzhtes,

Cheuelere Assigne.

Toke yey ye cheynes, & to ye water turnen,
And stroken up ye cheynes; yer sterten up ye swannes,
Eche on chese to his, & turneden to her kynde:
But on was always a swanne for losse of his cheyne.
Hit was doole for to see ye sorowe yt he made,
360 He bote hym self wth his byll, yt all his breste bledde,
And all his feyre federes fomede upon blode,
And all for merknes ye water; yer ye swanne swymeth:
There was ryche, ne pore, yt myzte for rewthe,
Longer loke on hym, but to ye courte wenden.
Thenne they formed a fonte, & cristene ye children,
And called Uryens yt on, & Oryens another,
Assakarye ye thrydde, & Gadyfere ye fourthe,
The fyfte hette Rose for she was a mayden,
The sixte was fulwedde cheuelere assygne,
370 And yus ye botennynge of God browzte hem to honde.

Explicit.

GLOSSARY.

Affye,	trust.
Barmetene,	brood.
Beetheth,	prepares.
Blente,	started aside.
Busked,	made ready.
Botennynge,	help.
Charde,	care for.
Chevene,	govern.
Fulwedde,	baptised.
Halene,	hawl up.
Halvendell,	half.
Heete,	promise or assure.
Hente,	received.
Hette,	named.
Hone,	Sax. to hang.
Hylyde,	hid.
Kowthe,	knew.
Lene,	lend, grant.
Lengeth,	remains.
l. 214. "Lyonys wylde, or elles wode or water?" this means, "Is it game?" alluding to the art of venery, or hunting sometimes called the "mestere of wode and of ryvere." Geste of Kyng Horn. l. 235.	
Lowze,	laughed.
Mened,	bemoaned.
Mengynge,	mixing.
Paye,	pleased.
Pyned,	pained.
Rede,	advise.
Rewede,	pitied.
Sithen,	since, afterwards.
Suwethe,	followeth.
Smerlye,	smartly.
Sonde,	gift.
Stiven,	noise.
Swyre,	Sax. neck.
Sykede,	sighed.
Swyth,	quickly.
Tytlye,	quickly.
Wedde,	pledge.
Weldynge,	governing.
Welled,	worked.
Wente,	thought.
Wereth,	defends, protects.
Werne,	prevent.
Worthes,	words.
Wrake,	vengeance.
Wysshte,	knew.
Zoskened,	hiccuped.