



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

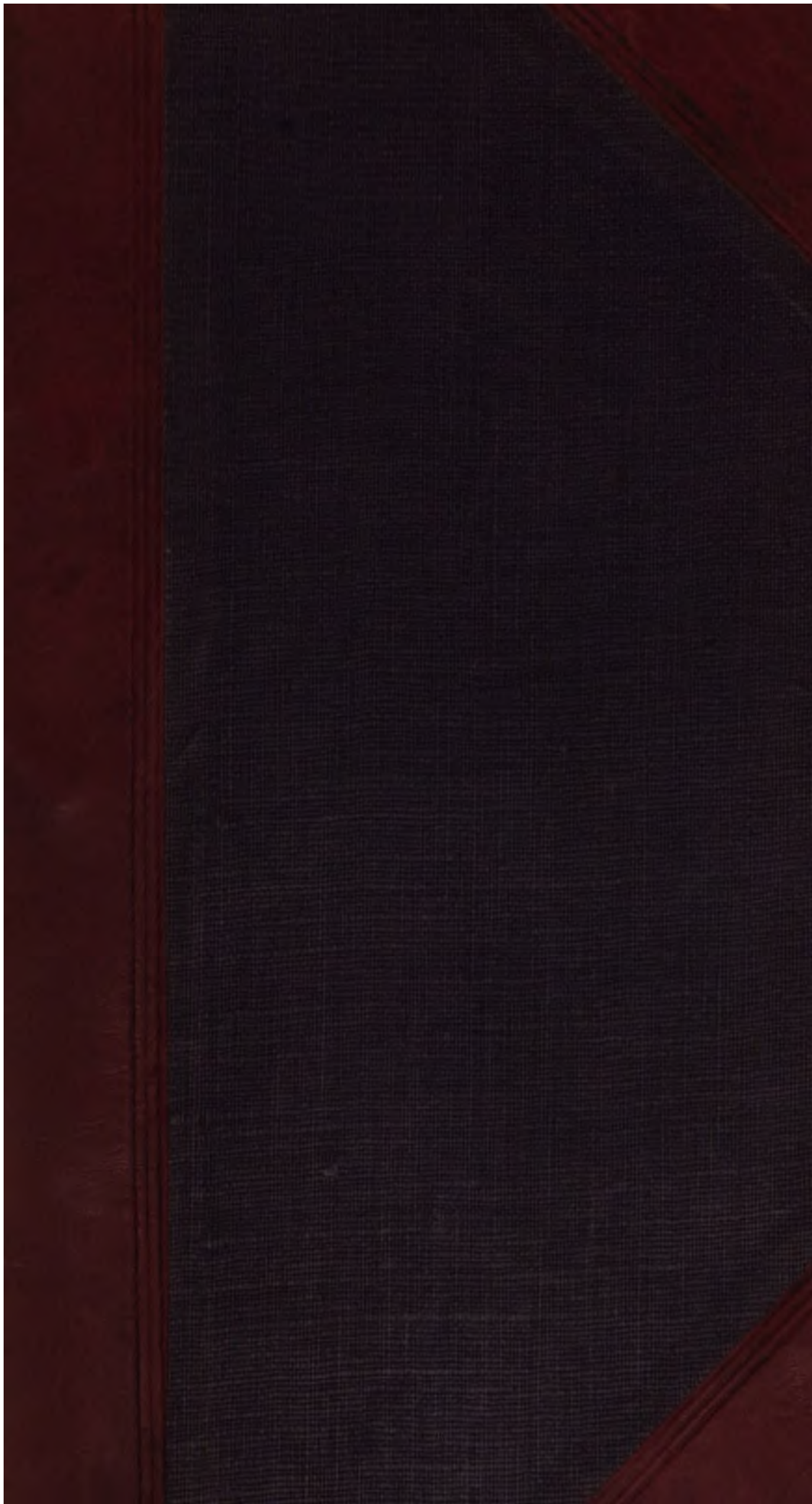
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

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.



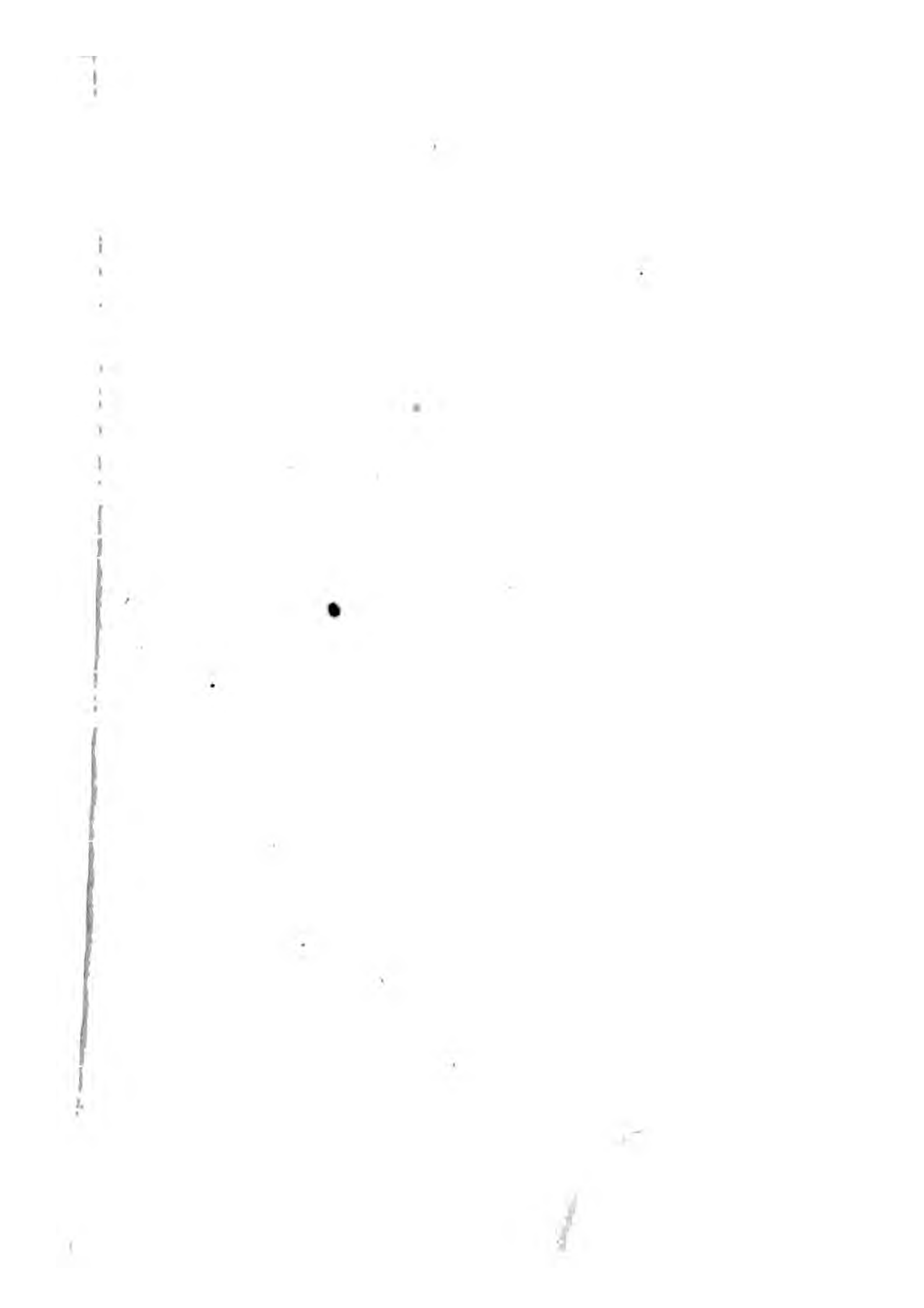


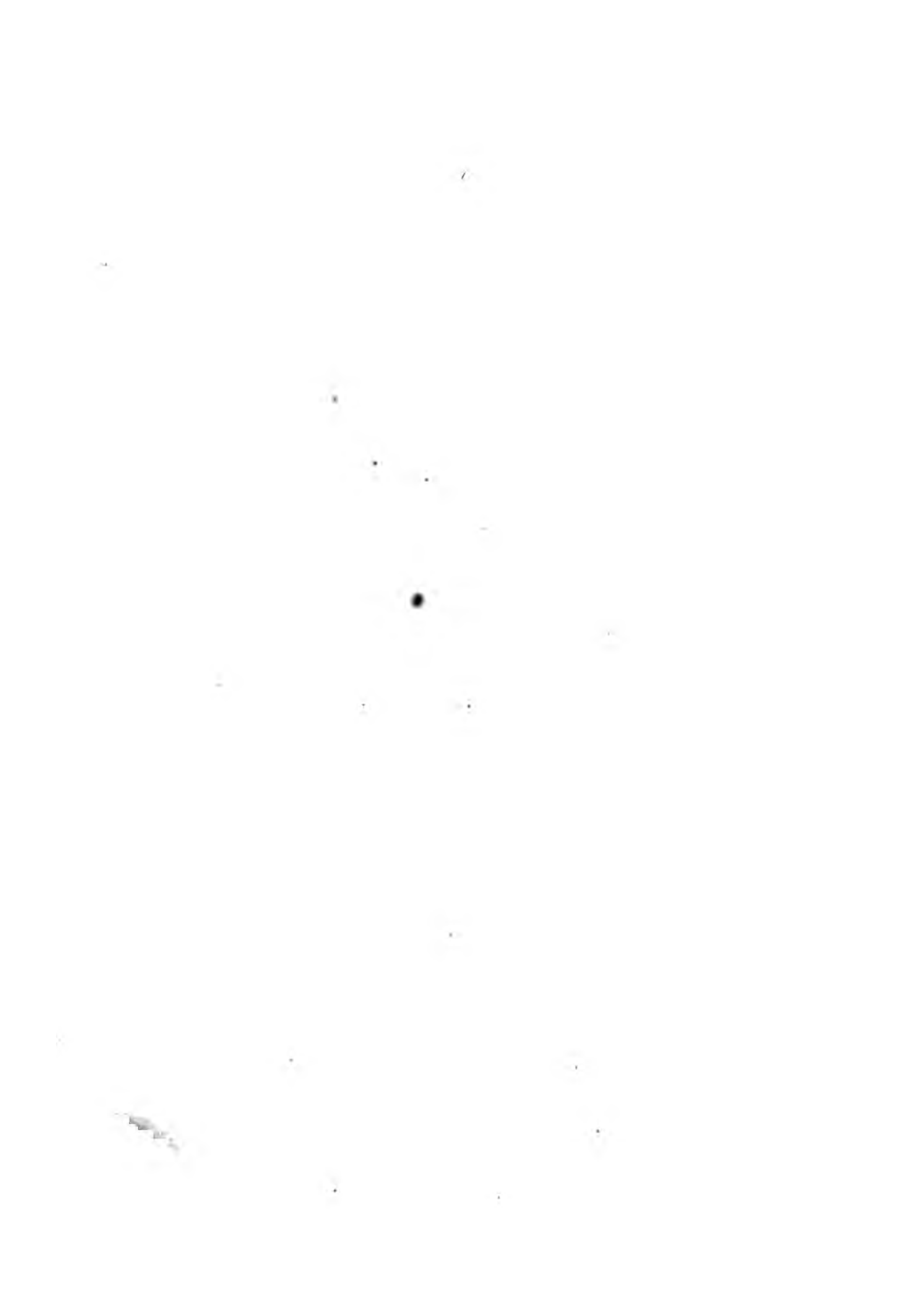
600077446Y











10

280. m. 116.

The Printer to the Reader,



This History of Sir Wilham Wallace, with the other of the valiant King Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it (the former written in Latine by Master John Blair, Chaplain to Wallace, and turned into Scots Meter by one called Blind Mary, in the dayes of King James the fourth: The other written by Ma-

ster John Barber Archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the dayes of King David Bruce, and Robert Stewart) contain the relation of the most famous War that ever fel out in the Isle of Britain, foughten most valiantly for the space of forty years, betwixt the two Realms of Scotland and England, the one univrsally pursuing the other, constantly defending the liberties of this Country: during which broiles, there hapned great alterations, both in the general state of this Kingdome, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their countries freedom and welfare.

That the whole History may be the more clear, we have thought good in a short preface to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year, 1285. Alexander the third King of Scotland, being pitifully taken away by a fall of his horse at Kinghorn, without any issue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, and grand father William the Lyon being extinct, the right of the Crown fell to the heirs of David Earl of Huntingtown, and Garioch youngest brother to William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Alan Lord of Galloway, the second Isobel, to Robert Bruce (surnamed the Noble) Lord of Annandale and Cleveland: The youngest Ada married Henry Hastings an Englishman: who having no just title to the Crown, & contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two elder daughters: For Alan Lord of Galloway leaving no sons by his wife Margaret, his eldest daughter Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol, a man of great power in Scotland, both in Scotland, England, and France, and him John Baliol afterwards King Robert Bruce's daughter's wifer Isobel of Huntingtown had Robert Bruce's daughter's Carrick (marriage of Martha heretrix theret) France, and

contended with John Baliol, and died in the time of Wallace wars, his eldest son Robert Bruce succeeded King of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the Crown as heir to Margaret, eldest daughter to Prince David, Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, albeit son to Isabel the second daughter yet contended that in feodal succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a son excludeth his sister from succession, although she be elder: And therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway, standing in the second degree from Prince David, he ought to be preferred before her: as for her son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like practick had fallen forth some ten years before in Hugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son Hugh (dying before his father) left a daughter Joan Countess of Navers, who claimed to succeed to her grand-father Hugh the fourth; notwithstanding, Robert second son to the same Hugh the 4. was preferred to her, and succeeded Duke of Burgundy, if then the second son in feodal inheritance succeed before the eldest sons daughter; far more ought the Nevy to succeed before the Niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the Kingdom in two equal factions so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversie at home, without running into a most pernicious civil way.

The States of Scotland to prevent this mischief, though it fitted to submit the arbitrement of the plea to Edward the first, surnamed Longshanks King of England, and that upon diverse weighty reasons: For he and his father King Henry the third being joyned by many alliances & bands and friendship to the two last Kings of Scotland had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours & kind duties. The two competitors also Bruce & Baliol had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally the States of Scotland not being able to determine the plea there was no Prince beside more powerful, and (in appearance) more like to compose the controversie without great blood-shed. This motion was (in secret) very readily embraced by King Edward; hoping in so troublesome a time more like water to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the Kingdom of Scotland under his direct subiection, or by embracing it under his homage as Lord Paramount and Superior to find a consideration for the difficulty to determine the Kingdom of Scotland.

The Printer to the Reader

Blon at home, and the interest he had in both the parties being (for a great part of their Estates) his Vassals and subjects, his great power also, having (beside Ireland) a great part of France under his Dominion, and the Latin-countries his assured confederates, gave him great encouragement, neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest Noble men in Scotland Vassals and Feodaries to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border Shires then holden by the Scots in fee of England: partly also by interchange of marriages and successions betwixt the two Nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity as if it had been one Kingdom. And to make the controversie more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors beside Bruce and Baliol, Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada sister to William the Lyon) Patrick Dumbar, Earl of March, Sir Walter Rosse, Sir Nicolas Soules, Sir Roger Mondevile, Sir John Cummine of Badenaeh (these five were descended of younger daughters of Alan Lord of Galloway: Sir William Veselie, begotten upon King Alexander the second his bastard daughter, but pretended to be reable, and John Hastings, Lord Abergeveny descended of Ada youngest daughter to Prince David of Huntingtown.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Barwick, and met with the States of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversie according to equity, which that it might seem more likely, he had brought from France sundry of the most famous Lawyers of that age; he choosed also out of the States of Scotland, assembled twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joyned the like number of English, as assessors to him in this arbitrement. At this meeting by the doubtfull answer of the Lawyers & number of new pretendents, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham in the borders the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the Crown of Scotland by force (which their own Stories affirm to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted some strengths) At the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit Agents with the States of Scotland, for escheating of imminent mischiefs, to become his subject being descended of King Davids sister, and so by grees further from the Crown of Scotland, the Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all,

The P inrer to h Reader.

himself to his other design: And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce promising to decern in his favours, if he would take the Crown of Scotland holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subiect a free Nation to any over-lord, whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol: who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the States of Scotland, easily consented to King Edwards desire: and being by him declared King of Scotland, the States desirous of peace, conveyed him to Seoon, where he was crowned, Anno 1291. and all, except Bruce, swore to him obedience, shortly thereafter Duncan Mackduff Earl of Bufe was killed by the Lord Abernethy (a man of great power in these times allyed both with Cumine and Baliol) the Earls brother finding the King partiall in administration of justice, summoned him to compare before the King of England in Parliament: where he being present, and sitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a Proctor: But he was forced to rise, and stand at the Bar. This indignitie greiving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward sent Ambassadors to the Parliament of Scotland, to send aid to him, as now being their overlord: There came also other Ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient League to be renewed. The King and States of Scotland renewed the League with France, which had remained unviolably kept for the space of five hundred years before. The King of Englands suite was rejected: because he pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately without the consent of y^e Parliament: A marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valoys, brother to the French King Philip. Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce Earl of Carricke, with his friends (enemies to Baliol) and diverse noblemen of Scotland, who held lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist them in y^e French war: But with all taking truce with the French for some moneths, he suddenly turned his forces, destinate against France, toward Scotland. His Navy was beaten at Berwick, and eighteen of his ships taken. he suddenly head by means of the Brusian faction, and came, toward y^e noble men, took the town of Berwick, and els whither, and shortly thereafter, Dumbar, & by means of arrivling. In and about these Castles, noble men, & taken captives the greatest part of the

The Printer to the Reader?

Scots noblemen: so that crossing Forth, the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol rendred himself to King Edward at Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where he remained captive; till such time as by intercession of the Pope he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Secon and took upon him the Crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homage Baliol. He sent for the nobles of Scotland, who remained, that they with such as were his captive, might swear homage to him as to their Liege Lord, and King. These who refused were detained prisoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, left John Planchet (some call him Warran) Earl of Surray, and Sir Hugh Cressingham Treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the Nobilitie of Scotland as he feared, along in his army with their followers. That great men of Scotland being in this manner, either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tyed thereto by reason of their lands holden of the Crown of England, the rest either fled into the Ples and high lands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own while better times.

But while men of power neglected the publicke cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace, a youth of honourable birth (being son to Malsome Wallace of Eldersly) but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the Garrisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged (being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withall very wise and circumspect) that he gathered his freinds and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, diverse times cut off great numbers of the enemies. The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and well-fare of their Countrey, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely, the Earl Malsome Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive at the winning of Berwick, whereof he was Captain, and sent home upon assurance) Sir John Graham, Sir Neill Campbell, Sir Christopher Seton, Sir John Ramsay, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh Hay, Robert Byod, John Johnston, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Reinald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Fraser, James Crawford, Robert Lawder, Scremger, Alexander Finleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Hall

The Printer to the Reader.

Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Iardan Barde, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Master John Blair, Master Thomas Gray, and other gentle men with their friends and servants: who (after some valiant exploits happily achieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster to assist the Earl of Warran, defeat by Wallace at Bigger) holding an assembly at the Forrest Kirk, choosed Wallace to be Warden of Scotland, and Viceroy in Baskols absence. In which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the South parts of Scotland to good quiet.

The English fearing the losse of all, subtilly took truce with Wallace for one year, beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a Justice-Air to be holden at Glasgow and Aire the eighteenth of that month: thinking to entrap Wallace, and all his friends, and under colour of law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men according to the custom assembling to this Court, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently: among the rest Sir Reinald Crawfurd Shyreff of Aire Uncle to Wallace, Sir Bruce Blaik, Sir Neil Montgomery, and many of the Barrons of Kyle, Conygham, Carrick, and Cliddisdail. These that escaped by flight advertised Wallace, who chanced to come later nor the rest. He assembling such of the Country, as detesting so horrible a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entered into Aire, set fire into the place, where the Englishmen after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The Garrison of the Castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entered the house and made it sure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Perce had retired from Aire the day before: whom he expelled thence with great slaughter. This victory he so hotly pursued, that immediatly thereafter he took the Castle of Striviling, recovered Argyle and Lorn with the town of Saint Johnston, and the Country about; whence he travailed through Angus and Merns, taking in the strengths untill he came to Aberdeen, which he forsaken of the English, who had fled by sea, with Bawmoun, an English Lord, who had married Beretrix of the Earldom of Buchan, named Thus all the North Country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the Castle of Dundie. Wallace lay at the siege hereof, news came of the

The Printer to the Reader.

approach of the English Army, led by John Earl of Warren and Surrey, and Sir Hugh Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace (having with him ten thousand men hardened in arms) met them beside Striviling on the North side of Forth, which having no fords at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This Wallace of purpose had caused to be weakned, so that the one half of the host being past (led by Cressingham) the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with their Leader Cressingham: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earl of Warren with these who escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcome Lennox, Captain of Striviling Castle, and being hotly persued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dumbar, a Castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battel foughten the thirteenth of September, 1297. there perished no Scots men of remark, but Andrew Murray of Buchwel: The English Garrisons hearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places, so that before the last of September all the strengths of Scotland was recovered, except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these victories, wallace held a Parliament in Saint Johnston, as Guardian of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the Nobility to swear to be faithful to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should be King, Earl Patrick Dumbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this Parliament, was chased out of Scotland, and because the years by past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threated the land, Wallace assembled a great host and entred in England, where he remained all the winter, & spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his souldiers by their spoil: During which time the English durst never encounter him in open field: only at his first entry King Edward with a great army of raw souldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmoore: But perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of wallace host, before they came nearer then half a myle, drew back his army, and retired, Wallace for fear of ambush kept his souldiers in order, and persued them not, Thus King Edward left his country in mercy of a provoked enemy, and (notwithstanding he promised battel, yet kepted himself close, & was concluded for five years; Berwick and R

The Printer to the Reader.

power, to whom he answered in French tongue, Have we no more ado, but conquer Kingdoms for you? By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger, that within few dayes he departed this life without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce (afterward King) being kept (for assurance of his fathers obedience) in Calice Castle in France.

After this unhappy battel, wallace striving to recover such Castles and strengths, as King Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardnesse, by his envious emulators that he returned to Saint-Johnston, and in an assembly of the States resigned his charge of Warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France according to a promise at his last return therefrom: This fell out in the end of the year, 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, choosed John Commine Governour: the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the Crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to wallace. For after seven moneths truce (obtained by means of the French King) Edward sent Sir Ralph Gonscay with a great army to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war: which they expected should be easie, wallace being now out of the way, John Commine joyning with the Lord Simon Fraser, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the Countrey as far as Rossing, about five myles from Edinburgh expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three battels that they might spoile farther in the Countrey. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battell, and easily discomfited them: the second also, albeit stronger by the joyning of these who had fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battell coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being sore wounded; wearied, and weakned in the two former battels, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm their Baggage-men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was the 24. of March, 1302.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent Robert Bruce younger out of Calice: whom he perswaded that he had for a long time against Wallace defended his right to the Crown of Scotland, that having wallace out of the way, he found the Cumins as

The Printer to the Reader.

great enemies: notwithstanding he intended yet once more to put that enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his Kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers of Scotland to joyn with him, and entering the borders, spoiled the Country, and took divers Castles as far as Dowglas. Some report that the Lady Dowglas, named Ferras an English woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took y^e Lord William Dowglas captive with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, & thereafter in York while he died. Mean time King Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea: with which he entered Scotland, and subdued all before him, while he came to Strivling, kepted then by sir William Oliphant: who after a long sledge, knowing of no relief, yeelded the castle upon condition, that himself and all that were with him should pass with their lives safe: notwithstanding King Edward kepted still all the noblemen, together with the Captain, sir William Oliphant: & such as would not swear homage to him, pretending to be protector of Robert Bruces right, he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted diverse of John Cumines friends, he procured them to draw him to a party with him, in which he so blinded him with hopes of the Kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joyned himself and his friends to the English, who by this accession easily passed forward with the course of victory, as far as the utmost bounds of Rosse: And in this back coming carried away with him into England all Books, Registers, Histories, Lawes, and Monuments of the Kingdom: and amongst other, the fatal Marble Chair, whereupon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at Seoon: on which was engraven a prophesse: bearing that, Wherever this Chair should be transported, the Scots should command there. He carried also with him all the learned men and professors of Scotland, among other the famous subtle Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking hereby so to discourage and effeminat the minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty; the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England he left his Cousin sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke Uiceroy, having fortified all Castles with strong Garrisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of the Country being forsaken by John Cumine, sent earnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then at war upon the English in Guyan. But hearing

The Printer to the Reader.

chiefs of his Country, obtained leave of the French King to return: and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered Divers Castles and Towns in the North, and having greatly increased his Army, besiedged Saint Johnstoun, till it was rendred: But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend Sir John Menteith, to the Lord Aymer Vallence, who sent him into England, where by King Edwards command he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others.

Notwithstanding this cruelty prevailed little for the assuring of King Edwards conquest. New enemies arose whence he least expected: For as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumine and Robert Bruce meeting together, after long conference of the state of their Country, perceived that notwithstanding he had promised to each of them a part his help to attain the Crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquere and assure to himself: as he well declared by spoiling the country of all monuments publick and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumine should quite all his right to the Crown in favor of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This Contract written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned into England, with the host, waiting for a fit time to escape from King Edward, in the mean time Wallace returning, and recovered many places in Scotland, sent privily for Bruce to come home and take the Crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth, who coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandail and Galloway. Cumine who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the Crown, revealed the Contract betwixt him and Bruce to King Edward: who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands. Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomery) his old friend, who had sent him a pair of sharp spurs and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this prophie, caused by night shoe three horse backward, and posted away from the Court with two in his company, and on the fifth day, the way being up in winter, arrived at his own Castle of Lochmarch where he found his brother Edward with Robert Fleming, Lyndesay, Roger Kirkpatrick, and Thomas of ... who told him how Wallace was betrayed by Sir ...

The Printer to the Reader,

John Menteith and the Cumines faction, a few dayes before. Immediately thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumine to King Edward, desiring that Bruce should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a noble man much favoured by the commons) he should raise greater furs. The treachery of John Cumine before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that ryding to Drumfreis, and finding Cumine at the Wells in the Grayfriars, after he had shewn him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger: the other who were about him doing the like, and not only dispatching him, but also his Cousin sir Edward Cumine & others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of February in the beginning of the year, 1306. as we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found great numbers as it were arising out of his ashes, even the whole puissant name of Cumine, with their allyes, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord Abernethy, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Soules. The most part of the North, and all Galloway followed the Cumines, the Lord of Lorn was of great power in the Highlands: The Earl of March and Lord William Soules commanded the Mers, with Berwick and the Borders: All which they yeilded to King Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time his two brethren Thomas and Alexander Bruce with Reinald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncane Mackdugall a great man in Galloway, and sent to King Edward, who caused them all three to be hanged. On the other side assembled to him, besides these above-named, the young Lord James Douglas, who hearing of his fathers death, had returned from France, where he was at Schooles, and stayed a time with his kin-man William Lambert Bishop of saint Andrews, Earl Malcome Lennox, Earl John of Arhole, although of the Cumines blood, yet being father in Law to Edward Bruce, sir Neil Campbell, sir Gilbert Hay, sir Christopher Seton, sir Thomas Randail, sir Hugh Hay, John Somervail, David Barclay, Alexander & Simon Fraser, sir Robert Boyd, sir William Haliburton with sundry who had fled with wallace before. With this company he pass to Scoon, and took upon him the Crown of Scotland in April, 1306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besledge Saint-Johnstoun: but finding his power too weak, he retired to Methven, where he was unexpectedly assailed and discomfited by Sir Aimer de Valance: but with small losse of men, except some who were taken as James Douglas, Barclay, Fraser, Inshmartine, Somervale and others: taken

The Printer to the Reader.

Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King, who had a few company of gentlemen about him: with whom he traveled towards Argyle meaning to lurk for a time with his brother in law Sir Neil Campbel. But he was encountered by the way of Iohn of Lorn, Cousin to Iohn Cumine, & constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folks. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen, being daughter to Garney Earl of Mar, with his brother, Sir Neil Bruce, & Iohn Earl of Arhole to the castle of Kildrimmy in Mar: The King of England sent his son Prince Edward with a mighty host to besiege this Castle. The Queen hearing this, fled to the Girth of Tare in Ross, but the Earl of Ross took her and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The Castle of Kildrimmy was traitterously burnt by one of the Garrison, all that were within it taken and hanged by command of the English King.

King Robert seeing Winter approach, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends to his old friend Angus Lord of the Isles, with whom he stayed a short time in Kintyre, and thereafter sailed over into the Isle of Raughrie where he lurked all the winter, every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of Turnbery, the Lord Perrie flying home out of it into his own Countrey, Sir James Douglas departing thence secretly, came into Dowgiasdale and by means of Thomas Dickson an old servant of his father; he recovered his own Castle of Dowgiasse, and cast it down, once and again: Therefore he returned to King Robert to Cumnocke, shewing him that Aymer de Valance and Iohn of Lorn with an army were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant men kepted themselves in a strong place, awaiting while Sir Aymer should invade: but took no heed to Iohn of Lorn, who fetching a compass set upon his back with eight hundred Highland men: and had well nigh enclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three, and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry wayes. Iohn of Lorn having a slouth-hound pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty evaded the slouth-hound. Sir Aymer disappointed of this chase, shortly thereafter with fifteen hundred cho-
very nigh surpris'd the King in Glentole wood,

The Printer to the Reader.

but the King with his men taken courage so resolutely, defended the place, being very strong, and killed divers of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled back. Thereafter with more courage he went into the fields, and reduced Kyle and Conyghame to his obedience. Sir James Dowglas also with three score men lying in an ambush at a great place in Conyghame called the Netherfoord, where sir Philip Mowbray was passing with one thousand men against the King, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, sir Aymer with three thousand men came against the King, then lying at Gaston in Kyle. King Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not six hundred men, came forth against him at a place under Lowdon hill: which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and fousies, that the enemies could not enclose him on the sides: and so by the stout and resolute valour of so few, sir Aymer was put to flight: which he took so sore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his office of Warden or Viceroy, John of Britain Earl of Richmond being sent in to Scotland in his place.

King Robert after this past into the North, leaving sir James Dowglas on the borders: who taking his own Castle of Dowglas by a stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in few dayes chased all the English out of Dowglassdale, Atrik forrest, and Jedburgh forrest, and took sir Thomas Randal the Kings sisters son, who had followed the English ever since his captivity, and sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle, sir Alexander and Simon Fraser meeting King Robert in the North, shewed him how John Cumine Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brechin, sir John Mowbray, and the rest of the Cuminian faction, were gathering an army against him. Mean while by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden he surpris'd the Castle of Innerness, the fame of which victory caused many other strengths to yeeld, all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning taking sickness at Innerury, Cumine set upon him: The King after his friends had for a time defended him, convalescing somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardly assaulted his enemy at old Meldrom, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took the flight: with the like success he set upon the King in Glenesk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England with sir John Mowbray, and dyed there shortly. Lord David Brechin fortified his own Castle, but David Earl of Arhole forced him to yeeld

The Printer to the Reader.

himself to the King. Mean time Philip Frazer took the Castle of Forfar: And the King pursuing this victory, reduced all the North to his obedience: and joyning with Lord James Dowglas, returning from the South with his two captives, he took Saint-Johnstoun by surprisall: from thence he pass into Lorn, the Lord whereof had embusshed two thousand men on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage: But Sir James Dowglas with Sir Alexander Frazer and Sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled unto England by sea, his father Lord Alexander Mackdugal yielded himself, and the Castle of Dunstaffage to the King.

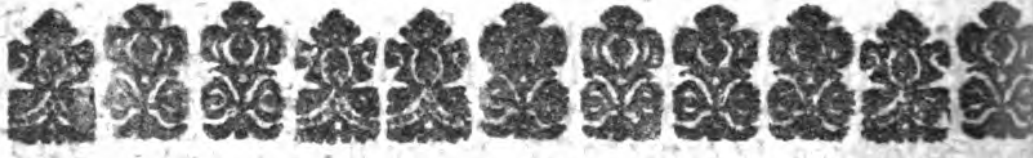
By this means all on the Northside of Forth was reduced to obedience, Sir Edward his brother in the mean time with long and hard fighting had conquered Galloway: James Dowglas by a stratagem surpris'd the strong Castle of Roxburgh on the fastings even, while all the Garrison, after the custome of the time, were feasting and playing the riot: The report whereof sobetted the courage of the valiant Thomas Randall, newly restored to his Uncles favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the Castle of Sainburgh for some moneths, he set himself by all means to carry the same: which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the Rock discovered to him: by which he and sundry stout gentlemen secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves masters of the place. The Garrisons of Rugline, Lanrick, Dumfreis, Aire, Dundie and Boot, hearing this, yielded up these Castles, which were all razed. The Ple of Man also returned to the obedience of the Crown of Scotland, Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Striviling Castle, three moneths agreed with the Captain Sir Philip Moubray, that if the King of England did not rescue him within twelve moneths thereafter, the Castle should be yielded to King Robert. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King Edward the second, who some seven years before had succeeded his father Edward Longshanks, but far degenerated from his valour, having not only England and Ireland and many Englished Scots, with the Dutchie of Guyan, Bourdeaux, and other parts of France subject unto him, but also the Low-countries strictly confederat with him. Yet King Robert prepared himself to encounter him in fields and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, but valiant. The King of England had
above

The Printer to the Reader.

above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude intending to destroy the whole inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannokburn, some two myles beneath Striviling, where on the twenty one of June, 1314. He was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout: himself with a small company fleeing into Dumbar was sent by the Earl into England in a fisher-boat, leaving 200 Noble men & gentle-men killed by the Scots, & as many taken: the number of the commons slain and taken, was incredible: of Scots was slain two gentle men of note, Sir William Wepton, and Sir Walter Rosse, with four thousand common Souldiers.

After this victory, Striviling being yielded, and Dumbar gotten by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cumines allies were reconciled to the King: who pad into the Ples, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who tyed in prison in Logbleven. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick which was recovered four years thereafter, 1318. and the Scots making diverse incursions into England under the leading of Earl Thomas Randal, and James Lord Douglas requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with spoil.

As for the Authority of these two Histories, although they possibly erre in some circumstances of time, place, and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of these times both at greater length, and upon more certain information then these who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God: Farewell.



A Table of the Contents of this Book.

| | Pag. |
|---|------|
| T he Genealogie of Wallace. | 1 |
| Berwick and Dumbar taken. | 2 |
| Baliol disposed. | 4 |
| wallace killeth Selbie. | 5 |
| wallace fisheth in Irwise. | 9 |
| wallace slew the Churle in Aire. | 11 |
| wallace slew Lord Peries Stewart, | 12 |
| Wallace imprisoned in Aire. | 14 |
| Battell of Lowdon hill. | 18 |
| Wallace revengeth the slaughter of his father and bro- ther on Lowdon hill. | 20 |
| Englishmen took peace with Wallace. | 26 |
| Wallace slayeth the Buckler player in Aire. | 28 |
| Wallace wan the Peele of Gargunnocke. | 30 |
| wallace passeth to S. Johnstoun, and slew the Captain and wan Kinclaven. | 73 |
| wallace passeth to Shortwood Shalves. | 14 |
| wallace sold to the Englishmen by his Lemman. | 54 |
| wallace escaped at Elcho-park, and killeth Fawdon. | 47 |
| wallace passeth to Lochmabane. | 62 |
| wallace winneth the Castle of Craufurd. | 79 |
| wallace marrieth, Hestrig slew his wife in Lanerck, wallace slew Hestrig for the same. | 61 |
| The Battell of Bigger. | 79 |
| wallace burnt the barns of Aire, and slew Lord Perie | 91 |
| wallace slayeth Hak-fadran. | 106 |
| wallace winneth S. Johnstoun. | 111 |
| The Battell at Striviling Bridge. | 114 |
| wallace putteth Corspatrick out of Scotland. | 119 |
| wallace gave Corspatrick, Bishop Beike, and Robert Bruce Battell. | 123 |
| wallace abideth three quarters of a year in England, and cometh home without Battell. | 128 |
| The sledge of York. | 134 |
| Peace taken with England. | 131 |
| wallace passeth into France. | 157 |
| wallace fought with the Red-Reaver, and vanquisht him. | 153 |
| ce passeth in Guyan. | 165 |

The Table.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Wallace van S. Johnstoun. | 170 |
| Black Ironside Forrest. | 172 |
| Wallace winneth Lochleven. | 180 |
| The winning of Airth. | 182 |
| Wallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbartane. | 184 |
| Wallace rescueth Sir William Dowglasse in Sanquhar. | 188 |
| The Battell of Fatokirk. | 197 |
| Wallace killeth John of Lyn upon the sea. | 214 |
| King Edward subdueth Scotland. | 218 |
| Wallace conquereth Guyan. | 222 |
| Wallace slayeth two Champions. | 225 |
| Wallace killeth a Lyon in the Barrie. | 262 |
| Wallace returneth from France at the Battell of Elch- ock Park | 229 |
| Wallace besidgeth S. Johnstoun. | 239 |
| Wallace is betrayed by sir John Menteith, and martyred in England. | 242 |

The end of the Table.

Scrim-



Scrimger to *Wallace*, by reason of the false *Menteith* Captive at *London*.

GOD who this world doeth wald at will, hath fatal
decreed,
As in the Scripture ye may see, right wisely verified,
That every humane creature must finally decease,
By sickness some, & some by war, and some by pleasa
peace
And now thy day drawes near the night, chiefest
Chevalry,
Uncertain life be glad to change with Immortality:
Unto thy God give up thy Ghost, and into persons thy
The fathers face by his sons grace, their sprit thy com
fort be.
Then dar to do, now thole to may, despising smert
fear
In Scotlands cause is Wallace made, the worthiest in wea
Can rack, can rewe, that doughty Bear, of Calidon abast
Whose looks surmatching Manlius, doth torturers
maile.
Through all the world, the word of thee shal walk with
great renown,
As Samson savor of thy own, from Christ shal be th
Crown.
The Baliol boasts, and some believes, that he should
our King,
But ye thought ay best of the Bruce, as righteous
sing.
What I should do, let me have home your word fo
warrandise,
Our heart and hand was on one side, so let it be always
This verses writes to Wallace wight, and nobler the
the nyne,
His Banner-man what Scrimger heght, no Schoo
man of Ingene.

Wallace to Scrimger his Banner-man.

Unto thy shield the Lyon shines, betaking courag
clear,
My badget bears an beisting brand, such felness to
it

**The Acts and Deeds of the
most Famous and Valiant Champion,
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE,
Knight of *Ellerslie*.**

The first Book:

CHAP. I.



Our Antecessours whom we should of read,
And hold in mind their fame and worthy
deed:

We let ower-Aide, through very slothful-
ness,

And cast us ever to other busiuelis.

On vain gaming is set our whole intent,
Which hath been seen into these times by went;
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They often-times to Scots wisht little good:
Though now of late God turn'd their mind and will
That great kindness they have show'n us untill.
The hearts of people, the Lord hath in his hand,
He may them rule, and guide at his command:
And though all leids would have this land in thral,
Upon his power, God can against them all:
As we have seen in our forbears before,
But of these parables as now I speak no more.
We read of one right famous of renown,
Of worthy blood, that reigned in this Region:
And henceforth now, I will my purpose hold,
Of William Wallace, as ye heard it told.
His fore-fathers who likes to understand,
Of old linage, and true blood of Scotland:
Sir Rannald Crawford, right Sheriff of Air,
So in his time, he had a daughter fair.
To young Sir Rannald, Sheriff of that town,
Was sister fair, of good fame and renown:
To welcome Wallace her got in marriage,
That *Ellerslie* then had in heritage.

Auchenboothie, and many other place,
 The second Dye he was to good Wallace :
 The which Wallace full hardily had wrought,
 When Walter, heir of Wallace to him sought.
 Who likes to hear more knowledge in that part,
 Go read the line of the first Stewart.

Now Malcom Wallace got with his Lady bright,
 Malcom Wallace, a good and gentle Knight :
 And William too, as Chronicles bears on hand;
 Who after was rescuer of Scotland.
 When it was lost with treason and fallenes,
 Over-set with foes, it freed through Gods grace ;
 Alexander our worthy King forlorne,
 By aventure his life lost at Kinghorn.
 Three years still the Realm stood desolate,
 Wherethrough there rose a full grievous debate :
 Our Prince David, Earl of Huntingtown,
 Three daughters had, of great fame and renown.
 Of the which three came Bruce, Ballioll, and Haiking,
 Two of these three desired to be King :
 The Balliol claimed of the first gree lineally,
 And Bruce the first male of the gree by gree.
 To Edward soon into England they send,
 Of this great strife, they thought he should make end.
 Folly it was (indeed it happened so)
 Succour to seek of their old mortal fo.
 Edward Lang-Shanks had now begun his war,
 Upon Gascoign, into an awful fear :
 The lands which he claimed stood in such ease,
 He thought full soon, to make a whole conquest.
 To No-ham kirk he came withoutten maire,
 The counsel then of Scotland met him there :
 Full subtilly he charged them in hand down,
 As there over-lord, to hold of him the Crown.
 Bishop Robert in his time right worthy,
 Of Glasgow Lord; said, that we do deny :
 Any over-lord, but the great God above,
 The King was wroth, and home he did remove.
 Yet John Balliol followed on him so fast,
 To hold of him he granted at the last ;
 And contrare right, a King he made him there,
 Where through Scotland repented it full saire.
 To the Balliol our Lords would not consent,
 Edward forth-with set down a Parliament :
 He called Balliol to answer for Scotland,
 His wife Lords soon caused him break that band :
 Whot, and gave over his alledgeance,
 Edward then took it in great grevance.

of Sir William Wallace.

His host he rais'd, and came to work on Tweed,
But for to fight, as then he had great need.
To Corspatrick of Dumbar soon he send,
His counsel askt, for he the countrey kend:
Where he was brought in presence of the King,
By subtil hand they pocked up this thing.

CHAP. II.

The battel of Barwick.

Earl Patrick then to Barwick can persue,
Received he was: and trusted very true:
The King followed with his men of renown,
After mid-night at rest wak all the town,
Corspatrick rose, the keyes well he knew,
Let brigges down, and portulizes they drew.
Edward entred, and caus'd stay hastily,
Of men and women, eight thousand and fifty.
And children too, by this false eventure,
Of true Scots escaped no creature.
A captain there this false King hath made,
Toward Dumbar, without resting they red.

CHAP. III.

The Battel of Dumbar.

Where gathered was great power of Scotland
Against Edward, in battel for to stand:
The three Earls was entred in that place,
Of Mar, Menteich, and Athol upon call.
In the Castle the Earl gart hold them in,
That to their men without, they could not win.
Nor yet to them supplying for no mo,
The battels then together fast they go.
And many slain there was, without mercy,
Of true Scots, overset with subtilty.
Earl Patrick then, when the fighting was best,
To our foe turned, and harming did us best.
Is none in world that skaitches may do more,
Then well trusted a boyn familiare.
Our men are slain without redemption,
Throughe these deeds whole, sint was this Region.

CHAP. IV.

How King Edward and Corspatrick came to Scoon, and depos-
sed John Balliol, and had with them the heirs of Scotland.

King Edward pass, and Corspatrick to Scoon,
And there he got the homage of Scotland soon:
For none was left the Realm for to defend,
For John Balliol then to Monro he send:
And him deposed for ev of his Kingrike.
Then Edward himself was call'd a royal rike.

The first Book

The crown he took upon the self same flane,
 That Galethus sent with his son from Spain :
 When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
 That Kenneth king, the second of that name,
 Brought it to soon, and gart it stable chair,
 Where kings were crownd eight hunder years & more
 Before the time, that King Edward it fand
 These jewels he gart tursle into England :
 In London set in witness of that thing,
 By conquest then of Scotland made him King.
 Where that stone stands, Scotland should master be,
 God chose the time, for Margarets heirs to see,
 Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
 All heirs with them, and Bruce out of Scotland :
 That office then he keepest but short time.
 I may not now put all the deeds in Ryme :
 On Chronicles, why should I tarry lang ?
 To Wallace again now briefly will I gang.
 Scotland was lost, when he was but a child,
 All overest with our enemies wild.
 His father Malcom in the Lennox fled,
 His eldest son thither with him he led.
 His mother fled with him from Elle sic,
 To Gowrie pass, and dwelt in Killspindie.
 The knight his father thither hath him sent,
 Unto his Uncle with a great intent,
 In Gowrie dwelt, and had their living thair,
 An aged man, which received them fair :
 Then to Dundee Wallace to school they send,
 While he of wit full worthily was kend :
 Thus he continued in his tender age,
 In arms then did many vassalage
 When Saxon blood in this Region could reign,
 Marking the will of that unrighteous King.
 Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
 Destroy'd our Lords, and brake our buildings down.
 Both wives and widows, they took at their own will,
 Runns and maidens whom they liked to spill :
 King Herods part they play'd here in Scotland,
 Of young children that they before them fand.
 The Bishopricks that was greatest of vail,
 They took in hand of their Archbishops hail :
 Not for the Pope, they would no kirk forbear,
 But gripped all through violence of wear.
 Glasgow they gave, as at their vaile was kend,
 Diocle of Durham to a commend :
 For this thing full many other they flew.

Hanged Barrons, and wrought full meikle care,
 It was well known within the Barne of Aire:
 There eighteen score was put to felon dead,
 But God above hath sent us some remead.
 It is remembred farther in the tale,
 I will follow upon my purpose haile:
 William Wallace ere he was man of arms,
 Great pity thought Scotland, that took such harms:
 Meikell dolour it did him in his minde:
 For he was wise, right worthy, wight, and kinde,
 In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthy man,
 As he increasid and with a bondan than:
 Into his heart he had full meikell care.
 He saw the Sutheron multiply maire and maire,
 And to himself oft would he make his moan,
 Of his good kin they had not fre many one.
 Yet he was then seemly, wey and bold,
 Of he of age was seventeen winters old.
 Weapons he bare, either good sword or knife,
 For he with them hapned full oft to strive.
 Where he found one out of others presence,
 After to Scots they did no more offence:
 To cut his throat, or sick him suddenly,
 He cared not, found he them anerly.
 Sundry wanted, but none knew by what way,
 For as to him there could no man ought say:
 Little of speech, was courteous and benign,
 Sad of countenance, he was both bold and ying.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Constables son of Dundie.

Upon a day to Dundie he was send,
 Of cruelnesse full little he was kend:
 The Constable was a felon man of weay,
 And unto Scots he did full meikell deay.
 Selbie he heght, dispiteous in outrage,
 A son he had near twenty years of age:
 Into the town he used every day,
 Three men or four thereto with him to play.
 An hiely shrew, wanton in his intent,
 Wallace he saw, and toward him he went:
 Seemly he was, right big and well beken,
 Into a weed of goodly gaining green.
 He called on him, and said, thou Scot abide,
 What devill (said he) thee graithed in so good weed:
 An horse mantle it was thy kinde to wear,
 A Scots whittle under thy belt to bear.
 Rough ruzions upon thine harlots feet,
 Give me thy knife, what doth thy gear so meet?

To him he went his knife to take him fra,
Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta:
Under his hand his knife he braided out,
For all his men that sembled him about:
But help himself he knew of no remead,
Without rescue he stiked him to dead.
The Squire fell, of him there was no more,
His men followed on Wallace wonder sore.
The peals was thick, and cummered them full fast,
Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast:
The bloody knife was drawn in his hand,
He spared none that he before him fand.
The house he knew his Gme had lodged in,
Whither he fled, farther he might not win.
The good-wife there with ^{her} close saw he,
And help (he cryed) for ^{his} dyed on tree:
The young Captain hath taken with me at Arise,
In at the dooz he went with this good wife.
A Ruffet gown of her own she him gave,
Above his weed which covered all the labe,
A suddled Couech over head and neck let fall,
A mozn white hat she breasted on withall.
For they should not lang carry at that Junne,
Gave him a Rock, and then late down to spinne,
The sutheron sought where Wallace was but dreadd,
They knew not well at what gate he in peed.
In that same house they sought him buffly,
But he late still and spane right cunningly.
As of his time he had not learned lang,
They left him so, and forth their gates can gang:
With heavy chear, and sorrowfull in thought,
No wit of him, as then get could they nought.
The Englishmen all then in barret bolon,
Wade stre all Scots that were into the Town.
Yet this good-wife held Wallace untill night,
Wade him good chear, and put him out of sight.
Through a dark gate, she guided him full fast,
In covert went, syn by the water pass.
Forbure the gate, for waches that was there,
His mother was into a great dyspare.
When she him saw, she thanked heavens King,
And said, Dear son, so long where hast thou been?
He told his mother of that sudden case,
Then weep she, and said full oft alace:
O that thou cease, thou wilt be slain withall,
Mother, he said, God ruler is of all:
Unlufferable are the people of England,
Part of their eye me thinkes we should gainstand.

His Emme he knew that he the Squyer flew,
 For dread thereof in great langour he drew.
 This passed over, while divers dayes were gane,
 The good man dread that Wallace should be tane.
 The Sutheron are full subtil every man,
 A great ditty for Scots ordain'd they than,
 By the Late-dayes in Dundie set an aire,
 Then Wallace would no longer sojourn there.
 His mother graithed her in a Pilgrims weed,
 Himself disguis'd, syne gladly with her yeed.
 A short sword under his weed bare he,
 In all the land full many foes had he.
 Both on their foot with them more took they nought,
 Who sperd, she said, To S. Margret they sought;
 Who served her, full great friendship they fand,
 With Sutheron folks, for she was of England.
 Beside Ludores the Ferrie over they pass,
 Then through the Ochell sped they wonder fast:
 Into Dumferling they lodged all that night,
 Upon the morn when that the day was light.
 With gentle women hapened them to passe,
 Of England born, in Linlithgow winning was,
 The Captains wife in Pilgrimage had been,
 When she them met, and had good Wallace seen,
 Good chear they made, for he was wonder fair,
 Not large of tongue, well taught and debonair.
 Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
 While south over forth, with her son she him broght.
 In Linlithgow they would not tarry lang,
 What leave they took, to Dunipace they gang:
 There dwelt his Emme, a man of great riches,
 A mighty Parson, height to name Wallace.
 Gave them good chear, and was a full good man,
 Welcommed them fair, and to them told he than:
 Did him to wit, the land was all on stre,
 Treated them well, and said, my son so deare,
 Thy mother and thou, right here with me shall bide,
 While better be by chance what may betide.
 Wallace answered, Westermore we will,
 Our kin is slain, and that me liketh ill:
 And other many worthy in that airt,
 Live I, will God, we shall us weake on part.
 The Parson sighed, and said, My son so free,
 I cannot know how that redresse may be:
 What should I speak of frustrate at this tyme,
 For gift of god he would not with him hide.
 His mother and he, to Ellerslie they went,
 Upon the morn she for her brother sent:

The first Book

In Corbie dwelt, and was Shyreff of Airc,
 His father was dead, that lived long time there.
 Her eldest son that meikel was of main,
 Her husband als at Lochmabane was slain:
 Sir Malcome Wallace his name was but lies,
 His hoch sinews were cutted in that place.
 On knees he fought, feill Englishmen he flets,
 To him then sought more fighters than aneto,
 On either side with spears they bare him down,
 There sticket they that good Knight of renown.
 Unto my tale I left at Ellershe,
 Sir Rannald came unto his sifter free:
 Welcommed them, and asked of their intent,
 She pray'd that he to Lord Perse would went.
 She irked of war, she would do farther flee,
 To purchase peace: in rest that she might be:
 Sir Rannald had the Perse's protection,
 As for all part to take remission:
 Then he caus'd write to his sifter that tyde,
 In that respite Wallace would not abyde.
 His mother he left, she weeped with heart full care,
 His leave he took, then from his Ceme can fare:
 Young he was, and to Sutheron right savage,
 Great room they had, despite and eke out rage.
 Sir Rannald durst not then hold Wallace there,
 For great perill he knew appearing were:
 For they had whole the strengths of this land,
 What they would do, durst none against them stand.
 Shyreff he was, and used them among,
 Full sore he bread, that Wallace should take wrong.
 For he and they could never well accord,
 He got a blow, though he was lad of Lord:
 That proffered him any lightnesse,
 But they repared over meikel to that place.
 Als English Clerks in prophesse it fand,
 How one Wallace should put them from Scotland,
 Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet feed,
 Where William might be better from their feed:
 With his Uncle Wallace of Richartoun,
 Sir Richart heght that good Knight of renown.
 These lands whole then was his heritage,
 But blind he was, so happened through courage,
 By Englishmen that did him meikell dear,
 In his rising, he worthy was in wear.
 Through hurt of veins, and minishing of blood,
 Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good:
 As with Februar Wallace was to him send,
 In March he bowen from him to wend.

But good service he did him with pleasure,
As in that space was worthy to advance.

C H A P. VI.

How Wallace past to the water of Irvin, to take fish.

Son atime he desired to play,
Into April the three and twenty day:
To Irwin water, fish to take he went,
Such fantasie fell into his intent:
To lead his net, a child with him there yeed,
But ere noon, was in a fellon dread:
His sword he left, so did he never again,
It did him good, although he suffered pain.
Of that labour as then he was not sie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Ere of the day ten hours could over-passe,
Riding there came, near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Perce, that was Captain of Air,
From hyne he turned, and could to Glasgow fair,
Part of the Court had Wallace labour seen,
To him they rode five clade in garment green.
Saint Martins fish, said, scoe, now we would have,
Wallace again, then meekly answer gave,
It were reason, me think ye should have part,
Walth should be dealt in all place with free heart,
He bade his boy give them of his weathing,
The sucheron said, As now of thy dealing
We will not take, thou wouldst give us over small,
He lighted down, and from his Boy took all.
Wallace said then, Gentle men if ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity:
An aged knight serves our Lady this day,
Good friend leave part; and take not all away.
Thou shalt have leave to fish; and take thee maire,
All these surety shal in our fitting fare.
We serve a Lord, these fish shal to him gang,
Wallace answering, said, Thou art in the wrang:
Whom thoug thou scoe? in faith thou serv'st a blasw,
To him he ran, and out a sword can drabo:
Wallace was wo, he had no weapons there,
But a paul-staffe, which in his hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
With so good will, while off his feet him shook.
The sword flew from him a foot broad on the land,
Wallace was glad, and caught it soon in hand.
And with the sword, an acward stroke him gave,
Under the head, his craig in sunder drave.
By that the rest lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, but only Gods grace:

Wallace that thing took up into his hand,
 Full suddenly before him could he stand :
 Wallace with that upon the back him gave,
 While his rig-bone all unto sunder drave.
 The Churle was dead, of him I speak na more,
 The English-men assembled on Wallace there.
 Fell on the field of folks fighting fast,
 He unabased, and not greatly agast :
 Upon the head one with the thing hit he,
 While bone and brain he made in pieces flee.
 Another he brook on the vailnet of scile,
 The tree than rave, and frused every deale.
 The tree was lost, the English-man was dead,
 For his craig-bone was broken in that dead.
 He drew a sword, that helped him in need,
 Throughout the thickest of the preasse he yeed :
 And at his horse full fast he would have been,
 Two griev'd him most, that cruel were and keen.
 Wallace returned as man of meikle main,
 And at one brook the foxemost hath he slain :
 A full sore brook the other got that tide,
 With his good sword, he made him there abide.
 In at the Corset brimly he him bare,
 The grounden sword out through his body share :
 Five slew he there, ere he pass from the town,
 He got his horse, to Langlane made him boun :
 And kepted the child, and let him not abide,
 Escaped thus, he can to Langlane ride.
 Some followed him on horse, some upon foot,
 To take Wallace, as then it was no boot.
 The trees were thick, that kepted him full well,
 But there to byde, he could never a deal.
 Good ordinance that effectred for his estate,
 His customs was at all-times ere and late :
 His Squyre Wallace in Ochterhouse that was,
 Both bed and meat, for him they made to passe.
 As for that time that he remained there,
 But sore he longed to see the town of Airc.
 Thither he pass upon a market day,
 Would God as then, that he had bidden away.
 His Comes servant for to buy fish he sent,
 Sir Reynald Crawford the Sheriff then was kent.]

C H A P. I I.

How Wallace slew Lord Percie Stewart, and was prisoned in Airc.

When he had tane such good as he had bought,
 The Percies Stewart right sadly to him soughe
 And

And said, Thou Scot, to whom buys thou this thing?
 To the Sheriff he said: By heavens King,
 My Lord shal have it syne, go fetch thee maire,
 Wallace by chance, was near by going there.
 He went to him, and said, Friend I pray thee,
 The Sheriffs servant that thou would let him be.
 A lordly man the Stewart was of bloud,
 And thought Wallace him charge d in terms rude,
 So hence, thou Scot, the meikle devil thee speed,
 At thy Shiffs use thou weens us for to lead.
 An hunting staff into his hand he bare,
 Therewith he smote on William Wallace there.
 But with his tree-little sunzie he made,
 Fast by the collar him caught withouten bade:
 A full great knife fast to his heart broak he,
 Then from him dead, shot him right suddenly:
 Cater lensyne I trow he was na maire,
 The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.
 Fourscore were set in armour birnest hown,
 On market day for Scots to keep the town.
 Wallace boldly, he drew a sword of war,
 Into the brime the formost couth he bear.
 Out through the body sicked him to the dead
 And sundry mo, ere he pass from that dead.
 An ackward broak another took he there,
 Upon his knee the bone in sunder share.
 The third he broak on a peasant of mailzie,
 His craig in two, no wilds might availzie;
 Thus Wallace fared as wood as a lyon,
 The Englishmen that were on bargane hown.
 They kept the gate with spears rude and lang,
 For dint o' sword might no man to him gang:
 Wallace was harness on his body well,
 At him they sought with sharp swords of steel.
 And from his strength environed him about,
 Out through the prease on a side he brake out:
 Unto a wall that stood by the sea-side,
 For well or two there must he need abide.
 Part of their spears in pieces there the share,
 Then from the Castle, other help came maire:
 Out over the dyke, they glaid on every side,
 Brake down the wall, no succour was that tyde.
 Then Wallace knew of no ween, but to die,
 To win his death amongst them thus went he:
 Ocher part in great pre bewing fast,
 His birnest brand, it bursted, at the last.
 Brake in the hilts, away the blade it flew,
 He wist not ween, but forth his knife he drew:

Complain for him that worthy was and wight :
 Of Saxons sons that suffered meikle deat,
 Complain for him that is in prison dight,
 And for no cause (Scotland) but for thy right,
 Complain also ye worthy men of wear,
 Complain for him who was your Asper spear,
 Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight,
 Complain for him your triumph had to bear.

Cellius his master Jaylor was now,
 In Englishmen, alas, why should we crow :
 Our worthy kin are pyned on this wise,
 Such rule but right, is little till allow,
 We thinks we should in barret make them bow,
 At our power, and so we do feill lye,
 From their danger, God make us for to rise.
 That well hath wrought before these times now,
 For they mark ay to wait us with suppress.

What would I more of Wallace to mens tell,
 The Flyx he took into that prison fell.
 Near to the death, likely he was to draw :
 They charged the Jaylor there he should not dwell,
 But bring him forth soon of that ugly Cell :
 In judgement where that he should thole the Law,
 This man went down and suddenly he saw,
 As to his sight, Death had him snapped well snell,
 Then said to them, We hath payed that he aw.

When they presumed he should be very dead,
 They cause servants withouten longer plead,
 With short advise unto the wall him bare,
 They cast him over out of that bailfull stead :
 Of him they trowed there should be no remead.
 In a draft midding, where he remained there,
 His first Purse of eye new town of Aire,
 To him she came, which was full well of read,
 And purchase leave, away with him to fare.

Into great yre, they granted her to go,
 She took him up withouten words mo :
 And on a Cart, unseemly they him cast,
 Out over the water, they led him with great wo,
 To her own house withouten any ho.
 She warmed water, and als her servants fast,
 His body washt, while filth of him was past :
 His heart was wight, and flightered to and fro,
 And his two eyes at last cast up also.

His Foster-mother him loved attouer the lave,
 Got milk to warm, his life if she might save.
 With all her cure great kindnesse could him kyth,
 Daughter had of twelve weeks a knave,

Of Sir William Wallace.

Her child's papes in Wallace mouth it gabe,
The womans milk comforted him full swyth;
Then in a bed they brought him for to lyth.
And covertly they kept him in that cave,
Him for to save, well secretly they might.
In their chamber they kepted him that tyde,
She causde grath up a buird in the house tyde.
With tapestry cloaths honoured with great sight.
And that the voice on every land should light:
That he were dead, throughtout the Land so wide,
In presence ay she weeped under sight,
But goodly meats she graithed either night.
And so befell into that self same tyde,
Whyle farthermore that Wallace wrought twight.

Thomas Rymer withouten fail was than,
With the Minister, which was a worthy man:
He used oft to that religious place,
The people deemed of meikle wit he can,
And so he did, although they blesse or ban:
Which happened sooth in many diverse place,
I cannot say, by wrong, or righteousnesse:
In rule of war, whether he tint or wan,
It may be deem'd by division of grace.

This man that day at the market had been,
Of Wallace knew this careful eale so keen.
His Father asked, What tydings that he saw?
His man answered, Of litte heard I meen;
The Minister said, That hath been seldome seen:
Where Scots and English assembled on a row,
Was never yet so far as I could know.
But either a scot would do a Sutheron teen,
Or he to him, as adventure might saw.

Wallace ye know, was tane into that dead,
Out over the wall I saw them cast him dead:
Out of ther prison, famisht for want of food,
The Minister said, with heart heavy as lead,
Such deed to them, me think should foster fead:
For he was twight, and come of gentle blood,
Thomas answered, These tydings are not good:
If that be sooth, my self shall never eat bread,
For all my wit here shortly I conclude.

A woman then of the new town of Aire,
To him she went when he was lying there:
And on her knees right lowly them besought,
To purchase leave, she might hence with him fare:
In lightnesse they granted to her there,
And over the water into her house him brought:
To bury him as goodly as she mought.

in fare : :
Tought :

Then Thomas said, Yet shall I live na maire,
If that be true, by God that all hath wrought.

The Minister heard what Thomas said in plain,
He charged his man to speed him fast again :

To see the house, and warily to espy,
What words he heard amongst them busily,

The man went out, at bidding was all bairn,
To the new town to passe, he did his pain :

To that tilk house, and went in suddenly :
About he blinked unto the word him by.

The woman rose, in heart she was not fain,
Witho lyes here, he did demand in plain :

Wallace she said, full worthy that hath been,
Then weeped she, that pity was to seen.

The man thereto great credence gave he nought,
Toward the word he botoned as he best thought.

On knees he fell, and cryed for Jesus sheen,
Let stander be, and from your thought it seem.

The man answered, By him that all hath wrought
I would his wel-fare, and cast into his thought :

Might I on life once see him with mine een,
He should be safe, though England would him seem,

She led him up to Wallace by the grees,
He spake with him, then fast again can please,

With glad bodward their mirthes to amend,
And came again, and told them whole to end.

He told to them, the first tydings was lies,
Then Thomas said, Forsooth ere he deceise :

Many thousand on field shall take an end,
From this Region he shall the Sacheron send :

And Scotland thrice he shall bring to a peace,
Into this Region great God shall send him grace.

All worthy men that have good wit to weall,
Beware that ye do not misdeem my teall.

Perchance ye say, to Bruce was none such like,
He was as good where deeds were to affaite,

As of his hands, and holder of Battell,
But Bruce was known right heir of his Kingrick :

For he had right, we call no man him like,
But Wallace thize this Kingrick conquest hall,

In England far sought battell on that Rike.

C H A P. I V.

The Battell of Lowdown-hill.

I will return to my purpose again,

When Wallace was relieved of his pain.
The Country deem'd all whole that he was dead,

His dearest Kin knew not of his remead :
The whole he was, likely to go and ride,

Into that place he would no longer byde.
 His true keeper he sent to Ellersly,
 After him there he durst not let her be.
 Her daughter als, her servants, and her childre,
 He made them passe unto his mother milde.
 When they were gone, no weapons there he saw,
 To help him with, what aventure might saw:
 A rusty sword in a nook he saw stand,
 Withouthen belt, hose, buckler, or yet brand.
 Long time before it had been in that stead,
 An aged man it left, when he was dead:
 He drew the blade, and found it would well byte,
 Though it was foul, he took it with him tyte,
 God help his man, for thou shalt go with me,
 While better come, will God soon may that be.
 To Sir Rannald as then he would not fare,
 Into that passage, for Sutheron made repare,
 At Richarton full fain he would have been,
 To get him horse, and part of armour sheen.
 Then after ward as he bowed to fare,
 Three Englishmen he met ryding to Aire,
 At their voyage in Glasgow forth had been,
 One Long-calle, that cruell was and keen:
 A bold Squyre, with him good Peomen two,
 Wallace drew by, and would have let them go,
 To him they ride, and laid despitefully,
 Thou Scot abide, I trow thou be a spy:
 Or else a thief, from presence would thee hide,
 Then Wallace said with sober words that tide:
 Sir, I am sick, for Gods love let me go,
 Long-calle said, Forsooth it bees not so:
 A fellow feik thou seemed in thy fare,
 While men thee know, thou shalt with me to Aire.
 Without his sword that was of noble helv,
 Wallace with that at his lighting him threw.
 Upon the crag with his sword hath him cane,
 Through brain and eye, in stunder brake the bane:
 By he was fallen, the two were lighted down,
 To venge his death, on Wallace made them down.
 The one of them upon the head he gave,
 The rusty blade unto the crage him clave:
 The other fled, and durst no longer byd,
 With a rude step Wallace could after glyd.
 Out through the ribs a sickle brook gave he,
 While liver and lungs men might at once see.
 The horse he took, both weapons and armour,
 Then thanked God with glad heart in that hour:
 Silver they had, all with him hath he tane,
 Him to support, for spending had he naue.

Into great haste he rode to Richartoun,
 A glad ssembly was at his fighting down:
 When Wallace met with Sir Richard that Knight
 For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.
 His two sons of Wallace was full fain,
 They had him lost, yet God him saved again.
 His Cme Sir Rannald to Richartoun came fast:
 The woman told, by Crosby as she past.
 How Wallace escaped, then on their way yeed,
 Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.
 While he him saw, in heart he thought full long,
 Then suddenly in arms he him throng.
 He might not speak, but kissed him tenderly,
 His troubled spirit was in an extasie;
 The glad tears brast from his eyes two,
 Ere that he spake, a long time held him so:
 And at the last, right friendly said he,
 Welcome Boy, welcome dear son to me:
 Thanked he he that all the world hath wrought,
 That fairly thee out of prison hath brought.
 His mother came, and other friends anew,
 With full glad well to see these tydings true,
 Good Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight,
 Would not them trow, while he him saw with sight.
 From sundry parts they came to Richartoun,
 Feel worthy folks, that were of great renown:
 Thus leave I them in mirth, gladness, and pleasure:
 Thanking great God of this so happy chance.
 The end of the second Book.



THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace revenged the slaughter of his Father, and of his brother, on Lowdown-hill.

A joyous July, when the flowers are sweet,
 Digestible, engendring with the heat,
 Both floure and fruit, bushes and boughes brast,
 Abundantly in every flonk and flaid,
 All bestial there right course to endure.
 Well helped are by working of Nature.
 On foot ascending to the heavens hight,
 Conserved well by the Maker of might:
 Fish in the flood restoreth really,
 Mans food, the world to occupy.

But Scotland so was wasted many a day
 Through war, such skaitch, that labour was away :
 Victaille grew skant, ere August could appear,
 Through all the land the food happened full dear.
 But Englishmen that riches wanted nane,
 By carriage brought their vittaille in good wane,
 Stuffed houses with wine and good vernage,
 Enjoy'd this land as their own heritage :
 This Kingrick whole they ruled at their will,
 Messengers then such tydings told them till.
 And told the Perie that Wallace living was,
 And from their prison in Aire escaped hes.
 They trow'd it well, that Wallace past that head,
 For Long-castle and his two men were dead :
 They waried the chance that Wallace was so past,
 In every part they were full greatly agast.
 Through prophesse that they had heard before,
 Lord Perie said, what need words more :
 But he be fast, he shall do great marvell :
 It were the best for King Edwards avall.
 Might he him get to be his bedfast man,
 For gold or land, his conquest might stand than.
 We think by force he may not gotten be,
 While men forsooth by his escape may see :
 Thus deem they him in many diverse case,
 We leave them thus, and speak of good Wallace.
 In Richartous he would no longer bide,
 For felends counsel, or ought that might betide.
 And when they saw that it availed nought,
 His purpose was to venge him if he mought :
 On Sutheron blood, that had his elders slau,
 They let him work his own will into plain.
 Sir Richart had three sons, as I you told,
 Adam, Richart, and Simon that were bold.
 Adam eldest, was grown into courage,
 Forward, right fair, and eighteen years of age.
 Large of person, right hardy, wise and wight,
 Good King Robert in his time made him Knight.
 Long time after in Bruces wars abade,
 On Englishmen many good journey made.
 This good Squyer with Wallace bownd to ryde,
 And Robert Boyd, which would no longer byde,
 Under thirlage of sieges of England,
 To the false king he never had made hand.
 Cleland was there, near couling to Wallace,
 Then bode with him in many perflous place.
 And Edward Little his siter son so dear,
 Full well graithed into their armour clear :

With swords share through, halfe and habrick good,
 Upon the fields shot out the Sutheron blood.
 From horse and man, through harnessse birnest been,
 A soze assailzie forsooth there might be seen:
 They trusted no life, but to the latter end,
 Of so few folk, great noblenesse might be kend:
 Together had defending them so fast,
 Durst none dissever, while that the preasse be past:
 The Englishmen, that were right wise in weare,
 By force ordained in sunder them to bear.
 Their chief captain, as fierce as any Bear,
 Through maltalent and very proper care,
 On a great Horse into his glisring gear,
 Out over casts a fellon Asper spear:
 The knight Fenwick, that cruell was and keen,
 Of vVallace father he at the death had been.
 And of his brother that doughty was and deare,
 With vVallace saw that false knight was so neare:
 His courage grew in tre as a Lyon,
 To him he ran, and frieks field bare down.
 As he rode by, an actward stroke him ta,
 Both thigh and arson in sunder made he ga.
 From the Courser he fell on the side:
 With a sharp sword he strake him in that tyde:
 Ere he was dead, a great prease came so fast,
 Over him to ground they bare Boyd at the last.
 vVallace was near, and turned in agast,
 Him to rescue, while he rose off the plain.
 Mightly did him weare while he a sword have tane,
 Throughout the flowre these two in fear are gane:
 The remnant upon them followed fast,
 In their passage fell Sutheron made again,
 Adam vVallace, the heir of Richartoun,
 Strake on Bew mount, a Squyer of renown.
 On the pelant, with his sword birnisch bare,
 The birnisch blade his halfe in sunder share.
 The Englishmen saw their Chifstain was slain,
 Boldly abode, as men of meikel main.
 Rich Horse ramping rushed friekes under feet,
 The soets on foot made many lose the sweet:
 Dought men lighted, themselves for to defend,
 Where vVallace came, their dead was little kend:
 The Sutheron part soze crushed were that tyde,
 That in that flour they might no longer byde.
 vVallace indeed he wrought right worthily,
 The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevalry.
 The Englishmen took plain part for to flee:
 The English and Cekhad made of their enemies die.

Of the third Book

On horse some part to strengths can them bound,
 To succour them with many working wound.
 An hundred dead in field was leaved there,
 And three Peomen of Wallace dead but maire:
 Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunninghame,
 With Robert Boyd to Wallace came from hame.
 Fourescore escaped from field on Sutheron side,
 The Scots in place that boldly could abide:
 Spoiling the field of gold and other gear,
 BARNES and horse, which they needed in wear.
 The English knaves they made the carriage lead,
 To Clyds Forrest, while they were out of dread.
 And band them fast with viddies sad and saire
 On bowing trees, then hanged they them there.
 He spared none that able was for war,
 But women and Priests he made them ay forbeare.
 When thus was done, to Dinner soon they went,
 Of stuff and wine, that God had to them sent.
 Ten-score of horse they wan, that carriage bare,
 With victual & wines as meikle as they might fare
 And other stuff, that they of Carleil led,
 The Sutheron part out of the field they fled:
 With sorrow sought to the Castle of Aire,
 Before the Lord, and told of that care:
 What good they left, and who in field were slain,
 Through wight Wallace, that was of meikle main,
 And how he had made all his servants hang,
 The Perke said, If that Squyer last lang,
 Out of this land he shal exile us clean,
 So despiteful in world was never seen.
 In our prison, here last when that he was,
 Ouer slouthfully our keeper let him passe.
 Then this our hold I And well may not be,
 We must make bring our victual by the sea.
 But losse our men, it helpeth us right nought,
 Our kin may ban that ever we hither sought.
 Leave I them now blaming their soile chance,
 And more to speak of Scots-mens governance.
 When Wallace had well vanquish into plane,
 That false tyrant, that had his father slain:
 His brother als, which was a doughty knight,
 Ocher good-mien before to death had dight:
 He caus'd provide, and parted their victual,
 With stuff and horse, that was of great avall.
 To friends about, right privily they send,
 He remnant full gladly, there they spend.
 In Clyds wood, they sojourned there three dayes,
 So Sutheron was that durst persue those wayes.

But he tholed death that came in their danger,
The word of wallace walked far and near.

wallace was known on life living again,
Though Englishmen thereof had meikle pain,
The Lord Perrie to Glasgow could he fare,
With wise Lords, and held a council there.
When they were met, mo than ten thousand,
No Christian was that time durst take in hand:
To lead a Range on wallace to assail,
Asked about, What was their best counsel?
Sir Aimer Wallange, that false traitor and strong,
In Bothwel dwelt, and then was them among:
He said, My Lords, my counsel will I give,
But do ye not, from skaith ye may not live.
Ye must take peace withoutten tarrying,
As for a time, we must send to the King:
The Perrie said, Of our trewes he will none,
An awful Christian truly he is one.
Ye will do more in faith ere that he blin,
Suchen to slay, he thinks it is no sin:
Sir Aimer said, trews it behoves you take,
While afterward for him provission make:
I know he will do meikle for his kin,
Gentrice and truth ay rests him within.

C H A P. II.

How the Englishmen took peace with wallace:

HIS Uncle Sir Rannald may make the band,
If he will not, recognise all his land.
Unto the time that he the work have wrought,
Sir Rannald was soon to their counsel brought:
They charged him to make wallace at peace,
Or he should passe to London ere he cease
To King Edward, and byde in his prison,
While they ask to have peace for his ransome;
Sir Rannald said, Lords, ye know right well,
At my counsel he will not do a deal:
His worthy kin despitefully ye slew,
In prison then, near to the death him drew:
He is at large, and will not do for me,
Though ye therefore, should now make me to die.
Sir Aimer said, These Lords counsel to send,
Me to the King, to make a final end
Of his conquest, forsooth he will it have,
wallace, nor thou may not this countrey save.
Wight Edward King, get him for gold or land,
To be his man, then might he keep Scotland
Lord have cease, thou failed to that Knight,
Or in truth, then it is any right.

The wrong conquest our King desireth ay,
 Of him and us, it shall be seen one day.
 Wallace hath right, both force, and fair fortune,
 We heard how he escaped our prison.
 Thus said the Lord, and prayed Sir Rannald fast,
 To make this peace, thou Shyeff art of Airc.
 As for a time we may advised be,
 Under my seal I shall be bound to thee.
 The Englishmen, that they shall do him nought,
 Nor to no Scots, but it be on them sought.
 Sir Rannald knew he might not them gainstand,
 Of Lord Perrie he had received that band:
 Perrie was true, and, ay of great avail,
 Sober in peace, and cruel in battell.
 Sir Rannald him holoned on the morn but had,
 Wallace to seek in Clyds forest he had:
 So he him fand bowning to his Dinner,
 When they have seen this good knight coming near
 Well he him knew, and told them what he was,
 Warrell he had, what made him hither passe.
 Made him good chear, of meats good and fine,
 King Edward self could not get better wine:
 Then they had there venage and venison,
 Of beiall into great fusion.
 Then after meat he shewed them of this deed,
 How he had been into so meikell dread:
 Revoy he said, work part of my counsell,
 Take peace a while, and for the more avail:
 But thou do so, forsooth thou hast great sin,
 For they are set to undoe all thy kin.
 Then Wallace said to good men him about,
 I will no peace for all this fellow doubt.
 But if it please better to you than me,
 The Squyer Boyd him answered soberly,
 I give my counsel, ere this good knight be slain,
 Take peace a while, although it do us pain,
 So said Adam, the heir of Richartoun,
 And Cleland als to their opinion.
 With their consent Wallace this peace hath tane,
 As his Cme wrought, while ten moneths were gane.
 Their leave they took with sad comfort in plain,
 Fand God to brogh they should meet whole again.
 Boyd and Cleland pass to their places hame,
 Adam Wallace to Richartoun by name:
 Forth with Sir Rannald, can William Wallace ride
 In his household in Corbie for to hide.
 His peace was cryed in August moneth mylde,
 Hese gods of battell furious and wyld,

The third Book

Mars and Juno ever doth their businesse,
 Causers of war, ay worker of wickednesse.
 And Venus als, which goddesse is of love,
 And old Saturn his course for so approve.
 These four shewes of diverse complexion,
 Battell, Debate, Envy, and Destruction.
 I cannot deem of their melancholy,
 But Wallace could not well in Corsbie ly.
 Him had rather in travell for to be,
 Right soze he longed the town of Aire to see.

CHAP. III.

How Wallace slew the Buckler player in the town of Aire!

SIR Rannald pass from home upon a day,
 Fifteen he took, and to the town went they:
 Covered his face, that no man might him know,
 Nothing he cared how few enemies him saw.
 In sober weed, disguised well were they,
 An English-man on the gate saw he play:
 At the Scrimmage, a Buckler on his hand,
 Wallace near by in fellowship could stand.
 Lightly he said, Scot, darest thou not prieve?
 Wallace said, yea, so thou dare give me lieve.
 Smite on he said, I vesse thy Nation,
 Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crown:
 Through buckler, brand, and through the harns also,
 Unto the shoulder the sharp sword made he go.
 Lightly returned to his own men again,
 The woman cryed, Our Buckler player is slain,
 The man is dead, what needs words maire?
 Fell men of arms about him sembled there.
 Eight score at once upon sixteen they set,
 But Wallace soon with the foremost harn met:
 With yre and will on the head hath him tane,
 Through the bright helm in sunder burst the vane,
 Another breathly on the breast him bare,
 His birnisht blade throughout his body share,
 Great room he made, his men was fighting fast:
 And many a groom they made full sore agast,
 For they were wight, and well used in wear,
 Of Englishmen right boldy down they bear:
 On their enemies, great martyrdome they made,
 Their hardy Chifftain, so well among them gade.
 That Englishmen that vade into his gate,
 Contrare to Scotland made never more debate.
 Englifell frecks on sold were felled under feet,
 are to see Sutheron blood lay stiked on the greet:
 reeks on twower came from the Castle that tide,
 heron blood Wallace led, and drew toward a side.

With right good will he would eschew surpris,
For he in war was worthy, wight, and wise,
Harns and heads in sunder he w'd he fast,
By force out through the thickest prease he pass.
Wallace returned behinde his men again,
At the rescue fell Sutherland hath he slain.
His men all then he out of perill brought,
From their enemies, with all the power he might,
Unto their horse they went but more abode,
For danger then, to Laglane wood they rode.
Twenty and nine they left into that dead,
Of Sutherland men, that byttined were to dead.
The remanent again turned that tide,
For in this wood, they durst not him abide:
Toward the town they drew with all their main,
Cursing the peace they took before in plain.
The Lord Percie in heart was greatly grieved,
His men suppressed again to him relieved.
And fell were dead into their armour clear,
Three of his kin that were to him full dear.
When he heard tell of this their great grievance,
Their self was cause of this mischievous chance,
Mourning he made, though few Scots it kend,
An Herald then to Sir Rannald he send,
And to him told of their full sudden case:
And charged him to take soverance of Wallace:
He should him hold from Market, town and Faire,
Where he might best be, out of their repaire.
The Sutherland knew that it was wight Wallace,
That them overset into that sudden case:
Their tressors for this they would not break a deall,
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well:
Upon a night from Laglane home he rode,
In chamber soon their residence they made.
Upon the morn when that the day was light,
With Wallace forth went Sir Reynald the knight.
Shew him the writ that Lord Percie had sent.
Dear son, he said, this is my whole intent,
That thou would grant while that this tressors were
No skaith to do to any in England born. (woyn
But where I passe dayly thou hide with me.
Wallace answered, God Sir, that may not be.
Right loath I were dear Uncle, you to grieve,
I shall do nought, while time I take my leave.
And warn you als, or that I from you passe,
His Cme and he on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made this continuance,
All wight was blyth for to do him pleasance.

Wallace rode forth with his two Peomen pass,
 The summer-man he followed wonder fast:
 By Cathart he over-hyed them again,
 Then knew they well that it was he in plain.
 By horse and weed had argued them before,
 And then to them returned withoutten more.
 Wallace to ground from his Courser can glyde,
 A birnisht brand he braided out that tyde:
 The master-man with so good will strake he,
 Both hat and head in sunder made he see,
 Another fast upon the face he gabe,
 To dead on ground but mercie soon him drave:
 The third he hit with great yre in that head:
 Fey on the field, he hath him left for dead:
 Wallace slew thre, by that his Peomen wight,
 The other two verily to death had dight:
 Then spulpyed they the harnesse of they wend,
 Of silver and gold they got enough to spend.
 Jewels they took the best were chosen there,
 Good horse and geare, then on their way can fare,
 Then Wallace said, At some strength would I be,
 Over Clyde that time was a good Bidge of tree,
 Thither they pass in all their goodly might,
 The day was gone, and comming was the night,
 They durst not well neare still by Glasgou byde,
 In the Lennox he took purpose to ride,
 And so he did, then lodged there that night,
 As they best might, while that the day was light:
 To an Disillarie he went, and sojourn'd there,
 With true Scots that his neare friends were:
 The counsell met right gladly on the mozne,
 But feill tydings were brought to Perie beforene,
 His men were slaine, his treasure als was rest,
 With feill Scots, and them no Jewels left:
 They deemed about of that derse doubtfull case,
 The Sutherson said, forsooth it is Wallace.
 The Shyreffs Court was comming to the tolon,
 And he was one for Scot of most renown.
 They gart seek Sir Rannald in that rage,
 But he was still then at his Harbarage.
 Some wise-men said, thereof nothing he kend,
 The men were slain here at the tolon's end.
 Sir Rannald came by nine hours of the day,
 Before the Perie, and his men brought were they.
 They followed him of felony that was wrought,
 He aspye to him of this could say right nought.
 Deemed about thereof that felon case,
 Judge there he denyed Wallace:

And so he might, he wist not where he was,
 From this counsell my purpose is to passe.
Of Wallace to speak in wildernesse so wyde,
 The Lord God be his governour and guyde.
 Still at that place foure dayes he sojourn'd hall,
 When tydings came to him from that counsell.
 Then statute they in each stead of the weth,
 In these bounds Wallace should have no rest.
 His dear Uncle a great oath made him sweare,
 That he but leave, no friendship should him beare.
 And many other full woe was that day,
 And Robert Boyd stole off the towne away:
 And Cleland als, before with him had beene,
 They had far rather see him with their eene,
 Living on life, as they knew him before,
 Than of pure gold, a million and more.
 Boyd weeped sore, and said our Lord is gone,
 Amongst his foes is set all him alone.
 Then Cleland said, false fortune changes fast,
 Great God since we with him had ever past.
 Edward Little to Annandaile is went,
 And wist right nought of this new judgement:
 Adam Wallace bode still in Richartoun,
 So fell it thus with Wallace of renowne:
 He with his powder parted marvellously,
 By fortune of chance overturnes doubly,
 Their piteous mone as then could not be bet,
 They wist no whit where that they should him get:
 He left the place where he in lodging lay,
 To Earle Malcome he went upon a day:
 The Lennox whole he held into his hand,
 To king Edward then had not made band:
 The land was strait, and masterfull to win,
 Good men of arms that time was it within,
 The Lord was traist, the men sicker and true,
 With weak power they durst him not persue:
 Right glad he was of Wallace company,
 Welcommed him fair with worship reverently:
 At his own will desired if he would,
 To hyde there still, Master of his household.
 Of all his men he should whole Chifftain be,
 Wallace answered, it were enough for me.
 I can not hyde, my minde is set on plain,
 Wokken to be, or else to die in pain.
 Our west Countrey, their state is so strang,
 Into the North, my purpose is to gang:
 Steven of Ireland into the Lennox was,
 And wight Wallace ordained him to passe:

And others als, that boyn was of Argyle,
 Wallace still there made residence a while.
 While men it wis, and sembled soon him till,
 He charged none, but at their own good will.
 Though they were strangers he could not them dread,
 But received them all in his wars to lead.
 Some part of them was then in Ireland boyn,
 That Makfadzean had exyled out befoyn :
 King Edwards man he was sworn of Ireland,
 Of right low birth, suppose he took in hand.
 To Wallace there came, one that heght Fawdon,
 Of melancholy, and evill of complexion.
 Heavy of stature, and dour countenance,
 Sorowfull was ay, in dread without pleasance.
 Wallace received what men would come him till,
 The bodily oath they made him with good will.
 Before the Earl all in one concord,
 And him received as their Captain and Lord.
 His spectall men that came with him from hame,
 The one heght Gray, the other Kirly by name :
 In his service came first in all their main,
 To Lowdown-hill, where that Fewick was slain,
 He them commanded ay next him to persue.
 For he them kend right hardy, wise, and true.
 His leave he took right on a fair manner,
 The good Earl then he bade him gifes seir :
 Wallace would none, but gave of his feill sylse,
 To poor and rich on a goodly wise.
 Humble he was, hardy, wise, and free,
 And of riches, he held no propertie.
 Of honour and worship, he was a mirour kend,
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend :
 Upon his foes he wan it worthily,
 Thus Wallace pass, and his good Chevalry,
 Sixty he had of likely men at wage,
 Through the Lennox he led them with courage.
 About Lekkie he lodged them in a vaile,
 A strength there was, which they thought to assaile.
 In Garzonnok there bigged was a Well,
 That suffed was with men, and victuall well.
 Within a dyke close chamber, and an hall,
 Captain thereof to name heght Rbirlwall.
 They led Wallace where that this bigged was,
 Thought to assay, further ere he would passe.
 Two wyces he sent to visie all the land,
 To see what loath he was the thing to take in hand,
 Wyces he sent by force that should go him again,
 Loath he was had through adventure be slain :

Their men went forth when it was large mid. night,
 About the house they spied all at right.
 The watch-men heavy were, and fallen on sleep,
 The bridge was drawn, that the entry should keep.
 The labourers late recklessly went in,
 These men returned withoutten noyse or din.
 To their Master and told what they had seen,
 Then gratched he soon these men of arms keen.
 Sadly on foot unto the house they sought,
 And entred in, for letting had they nought.
 Might men essayed with all their busie cure,
 A locked bar was drawn athort the doore.
 But they might not it break out of the wa,
 Wallace was grieved, when he such tarry saw;
 Some part annoyed wrathly to it he went,
 By force of hand it raised out of the spent.
 Three ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
 Then marvelled all his men that were about.
 How he did more than twenty of them might,
 Then with his foot the gate he brake up right.
 While brace and bands he bursted all at ones,
 Frayedly they rose, that were within those wanes:
 A watch-man had a felloe staff of steel,
 At Wallace brake, but he kept him right well,
 Rudely from him he rest it in the thrang
 Dang out his brain, then in the Dyke him flaug.
 The remnant by that were on their self,
 Thus Wallace soon can with the Captain meet;
 The staff he had heavy, and forged new,
 With that Wallace upon the head him drew:
 While bone and brain all in sunder yeed.
 His men entred, that worthy were indeed:
 In hands hint, and steked all the lave,
 Wallace commanded, they should no wear men lave
 Twenty and tuo they steked in that stead.
 Women and Bairns, when that the men were dead
 He caus'd be fane, and kept in close full well,
 That they therout might have thereof no fell.
 The dead boddes they put soon out of sight,
 Took up the bridges ere that the day was light.
 In that place hode four dayes ere he would passe,
 With none therout how that the manner was;
 Spoyled that stead, and took them gaining gear,
 Jewels and gold, away with them they bear.
 When he thought time, they ished in the night,
 To the next wood they went with all their might,
 The Captains wife, women and children thre,
 Had where they would, for Wallace left them fr

In that Forrest he liked not to hide,
 They bound them over Forth for to ride:
 The mosse was strong, to ride it was no boot,
 Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foot.
 Few horse they had, little thereof they rought,
 To save their lives, feil strengths oft they sought,
 Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
 Toward Kinkardin, syne rested there at right,
 In that Forrest which was both long and wide,
 Which from the mosse grew to the water side:
 After the Sun, Wallace walked about,
 Upon Teth side, where he saw many a rout.
 Of wild beasts wavering in wood and plain,
 Soon at a shot a great hart hath he gain.
 Flew fire of flint, and graithed thereat right,
 Suddenly their fresh vennison they dight:
 Victual they had, both bread and wine so clear,
 With other stuff enough at their dennet.
 The staff of steel he gave Keirlic to keep,
 Then past they over the water of Teth so deep.
 Into Strathern they entred suddenly
 In covert pass, or subheron should them spy:
 Whom that they found of Scotland's aduersurs
 Without respect was come their fatal hours.
 Whom ever they met, was at an English fay,
 They slew all down, withoutten more delay.
 They spared none that was of English blood,
 To death he yeed, though he were never so good.
 This was the grace that Wallace to them gave,
 They saved none, Knight, Squyer, nor yet knave.
 But wasted all by worthiness of wear,
 Of that party that might bear bow or spear.
 Some part by flight, some part by force they slew,
 But Wallace thought they wasted never anew.
 Silver they took, and als gold as they fand,
 Other good gear full lightly red from hand.
 Cutted throats, syne in Deit-pots them cast,
 Put out of sight, for that they thought was best.
 At the Black furd as they would then pass over,
 A Squyer came, and with him beirns four:
 To Down should ride, and weind that they had been
 All Englishmen, that he before had seen;
 Tydings to speir, he hoked them among,
 Wallace therewith a good sword out he swong:
 Upon his head he brake with so great yre,
 Through bone and brain in sunder brake the Iyre:
 The other four in hands soon were hinc,
 Whose bone to death sicked or they would sint,
 Er four in
 to death

The horse they took, and what they liked best,
 Spoyled them bare, syn in a bog them kest.
 Of this matter no more tarry they made,
 But forth their way passed without abade.
 Their warlike Scots all with one consent:
 So North over Erne out through the land they went
 In Methwin wood, their lodging took that night,
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,
 Wallace rose up, and went to the Forrest-side,
 Where that he saw some wyld beasts abide.
 Of wyld and tame, walking abundantlie,
 Then Wallace said, this countrey liketh me.
 Weir men may do with food that they should have,
 But want they meat, they rick not for the lave.
 Of dainty fair Wallace could never keep,
 But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep.
 Sometime he had great sufficiencye within,
 Now want, now have, now loss, now sometime win,
 Now light, now sad, now blyth, and now in baile:
 In haste, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile.
 Now waile, and weill, now cold weather, now heit:
 Now moist, now drowth, and wavering wind, now weill
 So fares vwith him for Scotlands right full even,
 In fell debate, seven years and moneths seven,
 When he vvan peace, and left Scotland in plain,
 Then Englishmen made nevv conquest again.
 In frustrat terms I vwill not tarry lang;
 Wallace again unto his men can gang,
 And said, Here is a land of great aboundance,
 Thanked be God of his hie purveyance.
 Seven of you seires, graith soon, and go vwith me;
 Right fore I lang Saint Johnstoun for to see.

C H A P. II.

How wallace past to Saint Johnstoun, and slew the Captain,
 and wan Kinclevin.

STeven of Ireland, as God of heaven thee save,
 Master and leader, I make thee of the lave:
 Keep well my men, let none out of thy sight,
 While I gang hither, and come with all my might.
 Byde we seven dayes into this Forrest strong,
 Ye may gesfood suppose I dwell so long,
 Some part ye have, and God will send you maire.
 Thus turned he, and to the town can fare:
 The Maire kepten the Doxt of the village,
 Wallace knew well, and sent him his message.
 The Maire was brought, saw him a goodly man,
 Right reverently he hath received them than.
 If how ye asked, All Scots if that ye be,

Wallace said, Pea, and it is peace troto me.
 I grant he said, that likes us wonder well,
 True men of peace must ay some friendship sell.
 What is your name, pray you tell me it,
 William Malcome, he said, since ye would wit.
 In Strick Forrest hath my winning been,
 There was I born among the Hawes sheen.
 Now I desire this Northland for to see,
 Where I might find better dwelling for me:
 The Maire said, Sir, I ask it for none ill,
 But feill tydings oft times is brought us till:
 Of one Wallace, that born was in the West,
 Our Kings men he holds at great unrest.
 Martyres them down, great pity is to see,
 Out of the trews forsooth I troto he be:
 Wallace said then, we hear speak of that man,
 Tydings to you of him tell nought I can:
 For him he gart an Iunes well graithed be,
 Where none should come, but his own men and he.
 The Stewart Keir lie brought then in fusion,
 Good thing enough the best was in the town.
 Als Englishmen to drinking would them call,
 And commonly he dealt not therewith all.
 In their presence he spended reasonably,
 Yet for himself he payed abundantly,
 On Scots men he spended mekell good,
 None with his will upon the Sucheron blood:
 Soon he conceived in his wit privily,
 Into that town who was of most party.
 Sir James Butler an aged cruell Knight,
 Keepest Kinelevin, a Castle wonder wight.
 His son Sir John that dwelt into that town,
 Under Captain to Sir Gerrard Heroun:
 The women als he visit at the last,
 And so on one his eyes began to cast:
 In the Southgate a fellow ferlie faire,
 Wallace to her made privatly repaire.
 So fell it thus, from the town ere he past,
 At an accord they happened at the last.
 Wallace with her in secret made him glad,
 Sucheron wist not that he such pleasance had:
 Oft on the night he would say to himself,
 This is far worse than any pain of hell.
 That thus with wrong these devils brook our land,
 And I with force may not against them stand:
 To take this town, my power is too small,
 Great perill als of my life may befall.
 Set it on fire, it will undoe my sell:

Of losse my men, there is no more to tell.
 The gates are closed, the dykes are deep withall,
 Though I would swim, forsooth they cannot all,
 His matter here, therefore I will let slide,
 For at this time I may no longer bide:
 All men him told the Captain was to passe,
 Home to Kinclevin, whereof right glad he was.
 His leave he took at heirs of the toton,
 To Methwin wood, right gladly made them boun.
 His horn he hint, and blythly bownded to blaw,
 His men him heard, and there soon can they draw:
 Right blyth he was, for they were haill and feire,
 Many at him for tythings would not speire,
 He them commanded for to make ready fast,
 In good aray out of the wood they pass.
 Toward Kinclevin they bownded them that tyde,
 Then in the baile that near was them beside:
 Fast upon Tay his bushment can he draw,
 In a den wood he selled them on raw.
 Set Scurrlours out, the Countrey to espy,
 But soon or noon there came fore-riders by.
 The watch turned to see what was his will,
 He them commanded in covert hold them still.
 And we skall forth, the house will knowledge have,
 And that may soon be warning to the leave.
 All force in war doth nought but grievance,
 Wallace was set, but happy was his chance:
 Made him feill syle his adversours to win,
 By that the court of Englishmen came in:
 Fourscore and ten well graithed in their gear,
 Barness on horse, as likely men of wear:
 Wallace saw well that number was na ma,
 He thanked God, and then the field can ta.
 The English marvell greatly what they should be,
 But fra they saw, they made them for mellie:
 In rest they cast sharp spears in that tyde,
 In over they thought, out over the Scots to ride.
 Wallace and his went over them again,
 At the first rush feill Sutheron were slain:
 Wallace strake on with his good spear of steel,
 Throughout the coast that shaft crushed ilk deel.
 A birniskit brand in haste then hint he out,
 Thille upon foot he throng through all the rout:
 Stern horse they kicked, should men of arms bear,
 Fey under foot was foyled men of wear.
 Butler lighted, himself for to defend,
 With men of arms, which were full worthy kend.
 On either side feill freiks were fighting fast,

The Captain bade, though he was sore agast:
 Part of the Scots through worthinesse they flew,
 Wallace was wo, and toward him he drew:
 His men then died, the Butler bold and keen,
 On him he sought, with yre and proper teen:
 Upon the head he brake in matalent,
 The birnisht blade throughout his basnet went.
 Both bone and braine he bursted through his weed,
 Thus Wallace hand delivered them of that deed.
 Yet fell on sold was fighting felony,
 Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalry,
 Into that flour did worthily and well,
 And Keirly als with his good staff of steell.
 The Englishmen fra their Chiftain was slain,
 They left the field, and in all their main:
 Threescore were slain, ere they would leave the dead,
 The fleeand folk they wist of no remead.
 But take the house, they fled in all their might,
 The Scots followed, that worthy were and wight.
 Few men of fence was left that place to keep.
 Women and Priests upon the wall can weep,
 For well they weined the fleears was their Lord,
 To take them in, they made them ready ford:
 Let down the Bridge, cast up the gates wide,
 The frayed folk entered, that burst not byde.
 Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,
 While in the house he entred at the last.
 The gate he wore, while comming was the rout,
 Of English and Scots he held no-man thereout.
 The Englishmen that winned in that dead,
 Withoutten grace they brittined them to dead.
 The Captains wife, women and Priests two,
 And young Children. forsooth they saved no mo.
 Held them in close, after this sudden case,
 Or Sutherland men should sledge them in that place.
 Took up the Bridge, and gates closed fast,
 The dead bodys out of sight they caul'd cast.
 Within the house and outwith that were dead,
 Five of his ston to bury he caul'd lead.
 In that Castle seven dayes still bode he,
 In every night they spoyled busly.
 To Shortwood shaws led wines and victual wight,
 And household gear, both gold and silver bright:
 Women, and they whom to he granted grace,
 When he thought time, they put out of the place.
 When they had tane, what likes them to have,
 He strake down the gate, and set on fire the lave:
 Of the windows the Stanchours all they drew
 f the sc

Full great yron-woork into the water they cast,
 Burdin doores and lockes in their yre,
 All woork of trees they burnt into the fire.
 Spilt what they might, brake big & bulwark Dobbin,
 To shortwood shawes, in haste they made them hobbin.
 Chosed a strength, where they their lodging made,
 In good effeire a while still there he bade.
 Yet in the towyn of this no wit had they,
 The cuntry folk, when it was light of day:
 Great smoak saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought,
 But vials, & stone, more good there found they nought,
 The Captains wife S. Johnston towyn she yeed,
 And to Sir Gerrard told this sellon deed.
 Als to her son what hapned was by case,
 Then deemed they all that it was bright Wallace.
 Before time there he spied had the towyn,
 Then charged they all should be ready hobbin.
 Harness on horse into their armour clear,
 To seek Wallace, they went all forth in fear:
 A thousand men well garnisht for the vbeire,
 Toward the wood, right awfull in effeire.

C H A P. I I I.

Short-wood shawes.

To Short-wood shaw, and set it all about,
 With five hailes, that helwart were and stout.
 The first they made, a felloun range to lead,
 Where Wallace was full woorthy ay indeed.
 The strength they took, and bade them hold it still,
 On every side assallye whoso will.
 Sir John Butler into that Forrest went,
 With two hundred sore moved in his intent,
 His fathers death to venge him, if he mought,
 To Wallace soon with men of arms he sought,
 A Cleugh there was, whereof a strength they made,
 With thortour trees, and holdly there abade:
 From the one-side they might ish to the plain
 Then through the wood to the strength passe again,
 Twenty he had that noble Archers were,
 Against seven score of English-hobv-men faire:
 Threescore of spears near hand them bode full right,
 In Scots issued to help them at their might:
 On Wallace set a bicker bold and keen,
 A bow he bare, was big, and well beseen:
 And arrowes als, both long and sharp with a vy,
 No man there was that Wallace Bowv could draw,
 Right strong he was, and in full sober gear,
 Boldly he shot among those men of vbeare.
 An angle head into the hookes he drew,

Then at one shot, the foremost soon he flew.
 English archers, that hardy were and wight,
 Against the Scots bickered with all their might.
 Their awfull shot was felon fox to hide:
 Of Wallace men they wounded feill that tyde:
 Few of them was sicker of archery,
 Better they were, and they got even party:
 In field to hyde, either with sword or spear,
 Wallace perceived his men took meikell deare:
 He gart them change, and stand not in that dead,
 He cast alwayes to save them from the dead:
 Full great travell upon himself took he,
 Of Surheron archers feill men gart he die.
 Of Long-castle Shyre, bow-men were in that place,
 A soze archer ay waited on Wallace:
 At an open where he used to repaire,
 At him he drewe a sicker shot and saire:
 Under the chin through a Collier of steell,
 On the left side, and hurt his halfe some deall:
 Astonied he was, but not greatly agast,
 Wallace him saw, and followed him full fast.
 And in the turning with good will hath him tane,
 Upon the craig, in sunder broke the bane.
 Then feill of them no friendship with him fand,
 Fifteen that day he shot dead with his hand:
 By that his Arrows wasted were and gone,
 The English Archers forsooth they wanted none:
 Out with they were their power to renew,
 On every side they could to them perlew.
 William Loran came with his boulesous Gaill,
 Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaill.
 Revoy he was as it was known plain,
 To the Butler before that they had slain:
 To venge his Ceme, he came with all his might,
 Three hundred led of men in arms bright.
 To lead the range, on foot he made him foid,
 Wallace to God his confidence counth remoid.
 Then comfort them with manly countenance,
 He see, he said, good sirs, their ordinance:
 Here is no choise, but either do or die,
 We have the right, the happier may it be.
 That we shall scape by grace out of this Land.
 Loran by that was ready at his hand:
 By this it was after noon of the day,
 Feill men of wit, to counsell soon yeed they.
 The Surheron cast sharply on every side,
 He saw the wood was neither long nor wide.
 Lightly they said, We should it hold so lang,

The hundred made on foot through it to gang,
 And men of arms, that eager were of will,
 About the Scots with many shout full still,
 With bow and spear, and swords stiff of steel,
 On either side no friendship could they feel:
 Wallace in yre a burly brand can draw,
 Where fell Sutherland were lembled on a rat;
 To send his men with his dear worthy hand,
 The folk were fey that he before them fand:
 Through the thickest of the great preasse he pass,
 Upon his enemies he went wonder fast:
 Against his dint no weeds might avail,
 Whom so he hit, was dead withoutten fail.
 Of the fiercest full braithly dang he down,
 Before the Scots that were of great renown.
 To hold the strength, they preass with all their might
 Then Englishmen that worthy were and wight:
 Sir John Butler relieved in again,
 Sundered the Scots, and did them metkle pain.
 The Loran als that cruell was and keen,
 Soze essay forsooth there might be seen.
 When at the strength they might no longer byde,
 The range so strong came upon either side.
 In the thickest wood they make their fell defence,
 Against their foes so full of violence:
 Right fell Sutherland there left their life in wood,
 In a new strength Wallace and his men fled:
 In his adversares they made full fell debate,
 To help themselves, none other succour they wate.
 The Sutherland als were sundred then in twain,
 But they again together soon can win.
 All subtilly their ordinance they made,
 The range again they bownd but more abade.
 The Scots were hurt, and part of them were slain,
 When Wallace said, *Woe labour all in vain:*
 May commons it helps us right nought,
 But their Chiftains that have them hither brought:
 Right we work so, that one of them were slain,
 Soze essay they could not get again:
 By this the hoast approaching was full near,
 Thus they them held full manly upon gear.
 When Wallace saw the Sutherland were at hand,
 In thought no time longer for to stand.
 Right manfully he graithed hath his gear,
 And he went against these men of wear:
 Throughout the flour full fast fighting he fought,
 With Gods grace to venge him if he mought:
 Upon the Butler awfully strake he,

Safeguard he got under a hobbing tree.
 The branch in twos he brake above his head,
 Als to the ground he felled him in that dead.
 The vvhole powder upon him came so fast,
 That they by force rescued him at the last.
 Loran vvas vvo, and thither fast can dravy,
 Wallace returned, so suddenly he him saw:
 Out at a side full fast to him he yeed,
 He got no girth for all his burnisht vveed:
 With yis him brake on his gorget of steel,
 The trenching blade it pierced every deal:
 Through plate and stuff might not against it stand.
 Dersly to death he left him on the land:
 Him have they lost though Sutheron had it shovyn:
 For his craig-bone vvas all in sunder thorn.
 The vvhorthy Scots did nobly that day,
 About Wallace vvhile he vvas vvon away.
 He took the strength against their foes vwill,
 Aboundantly in bargan bade them fill.
 The scry soon rose the bold Loran vvas dead,
 Sir Gerard Heron tranoynted to that dead.
 And all the host assembled him about,
 At the north-side then Wallace issued out,
 With his good-men, and hobbyed them to go,
 Thanking great-God that they were parted so:
 Seven of his men that day to death were dight,
 To Gargill vvhod they went that self same night.
 In the field left of the Sutheron six score.
 And Loran als that morning was the more.
 The range in haste they raised soon again,
 But when they saw their travel was in vain.
 When it was past, full meikle moan was made,
 To ryde the wood both vale, flonk, and flaid,
 For Butlers gold, Wallace took care before,
 But they found nought would they seek evermore.
 His horse they got, but nought else of his gear,
 With dolefull moan return'd these men of wear.
 To Saint-Johnstoun. with sorrow and great care,
 Of Wallace forth, no likes to speak no matre.
 The second night the Scots could them dravo.
 Right privatly again to short-wood-shaw.
 Took up their good which was put out of sight,
 Cloathing and stuff, both gold and silber bright.
 Upon their feet, for horse was tane them fra,
 Ere the Sun rose, to Methwen-wood can ga.
 The two dayes over their lodging still they made,
 On the third night they moved but more abade.

C H A P. I V.

Wallace was sold to the Englishmen by his Lemman.

In Blchok Park full suddenly they went,
 There in that strength to hide was his intent :
 Then Wallace said, He would go to the town,
 Crayed him well into a Priest's gown :
 Into Saint Johnstoun disguised can he fare,
 To this woman, the which he spake of airt :
 Of his presence she right reioyced was,
 And ay in dread how he away should passe.
 He sojournd there from noon was of the day,
 While near the night ere that he went his way,
 He crysted her when he should come again,
 On the third day, then was she wonder faine :
 Yet he was seen with enemies as he yeed,
 To Sir Gerrard they told of all his deed :
 And to the Butler that would have wroken heert,
 Then they caus'd take that woman fair and cheert.
 Accused her soze of reset into that place,
 Full oft she swoze, that she knew not Wallace.
 Then Butler said, Wee wot well it was he,
 And but thou tell, in baill fire thou shalt die :
 If thou wilt help to bring yon Rebald down,
 Wee shall thee make a Lady of renown.
 They gave to her both gold and silver bright,
 And said, She should be wedded to a knight :
 Whom she desired that was but marriage,
 Thus tempted they her throghe counsel & great wage
 That she them told, what night he should be there,
 Then they were glad, for they desir'd na maire,
 Of all Scotland but Wallace at their will,
 Thus ordained they that pointment to fulfill :
 Fell men of Arms they graithed hastily,
 To kepe the gates wight wallace to espy,
 At the set tryb, he entred into the town,
 Quiering nothing of all this false treason.
 To her chamber he went but moze abade,
 She welcomed him, and full great pleasance made.
 What that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
 Right imperfect I am of Venos play.
 But hastily he bownd him to gang,
 Then she him took, and askt, If he thought lang ?
 She asked him, that night with her to hyde,
 Soon he said, Nay, for chance that may betide :
 By men are left at mstrule all for me,
 I may not sleep this night while I them see,
 Then weeped she, and said full oft, Alace :
 That I was made, too woorth the cursed case,

Their cruel death right marvellous to ken,
 Where forty marcht against three hundred men :
 Wallace so well upon him took that tyde,
 Through the great preass a way he made full wide,
 Helping the Scots with his dear worthy hand,
 Fell for men he left fey upon the Land,
 Yet Wallace lost fifteen into that dead,
 And forty men of Sutherland there were dead :
 The Butlers folk so crushed were indeed,
 The hardy Scots to the strengths through they need
 Upon Tay side they basted them full fast,
 In till they were the water to have past.
 Better him thought peril for to be.
 Upon the land, then wilfully to see
 His men to down, where rescue might be none,
 Again in yre to the field are they gone.
 Butler by then had put his men in array,
 On them he set with hardy awful essay,
 On either side with weapons stiff of steel,
 Wallace again no friendship let them feel.
 But do or die they with no more succour,
 Thus fend they long into that ballward flour.
 The Scots Chiftain was young and in a rage,
 Used in war, and fights with high courage :
 He saw his men of Sutherland take such wrong,
 Them to revenge all dreadless he did gang :
 For many of them were bleeding wonder rare,
 He could not see none help appearing there.
 But if their Chiftain were put out their gate,
 The bism Butler so boldy made debate :
 Throgh the great preass, right fast to him he sought,
 His awfull deed avenge it if he mought.
 Under an Oak with men about them set,
 Wallace might not a graith stroak on him get,
 Yet shed he them : a full rude step he made,
 The Scots went out, no longer there they bade.
 Steven of Ireland that worthy was and wight,
 To help Wallace he did full please and might :
 With true Keirly, doughty in many deed,
 Upon the ground fell Sutherland they gart bleed,
 Sixty were slain of Englishmen in that place,
 And nine of Scots were tint into that case :
 Butlers men were so destroyed that tyde,
 Into the flour they would no longer bide.
 To get supply, he went into the baill.
 Thus lost he there an hundred of great avall.
 As they were best arraying Butlers rout,
 Betwixt parties then Wallace issued out.

Sixteen with him they graithed them to go,
 Of all his men he had leaved no mo.
 The Englishmen have missed him, in by
 The bound they took and followed hastily,
 At the Gaskwood full fain they would have been,
 But this Sleuth-hound that cruell was and keen,
 On Wallace foot he followed wonder fast,
 While in their sight approached at the last,
 Their horse was wight, and sojourned right lang.
 To the next wood they had two miles to gang,
 Of upward ground they yeed with all their might,
 Good hope they had, for it was near the night.
 Fawdoun he tyred, and said, He might not gang,
 Wallace was wo to leave him in the thrang:
 He bade him go, and said, The strength was near,
 But he therefore would not the faster fear:
 Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta,
 With his good sword, and brake his head in twa:
 Dreadlesse to ground he dushed to the dead,
 From him he lap, and left him in that dead;
 Some deems it to evil, and some to good,
 But I say here into these terms rude:
 Better it was he did, as thinks me,
 First, to the Hound it may great stopping be.
 As Fawdoun was holden of great suspicion,
 For he was holden of bruckle complexion.
 Right strong he was, and had but little gone,
 Thus wallace with, had he been left alone:
 And he were false, to enemies he would ga,
 If he were true, the Sucheron would him sla.
 Right he do nought, but losse him as it was:
 From this question now shortly will I passe.
 Seem as ye list, ye that can best, and may,
 But I rehearse, as mine Authour doth say.
 He stirs as then began for to appear,
 The Englishmen were coming wonder near,
 The hundredeth whole were in their Chivalrie,
 The next strength then wallace can him hie:
 Even of Ireland unwitting of wallace,
 And good Keirly bode still near hand that place,
 At the Dure-side into a scorggie slaid,
 By east Duplin, where they this carry made.
 Fawdoun was left beside them on the land,
 The power came, and suddenly him fand:
 Of their Sleuth-hound the graith way to him yeed,
 For other deed as then she took none heed.
 The Sleuth stopped at Fawdoun still the good,
 No further would, from time she found the blood.

The Englishmen deem'd, for other they could not tell
 But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.
 Right wo they were, for lossed was their sent,
 Wallace two men among the Host he went :
 Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
 Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen.
 Keirly beheld unto the bold Heroun,
 Upon Faw down as he was looking down :
 A subtile froak upward him took that tyde,
 Under the cloak the grounded sword can glyde :
 By the good Walzie, both craig and halfe-bane
 In sunder brake, thus ended that Chiftain,
 To ground he fell, fell folk about him throng,
 Treason they cryed, a traytour us among.
 Keirly with that fled out at the Host-side,
 His fellow Steven thought it no time to hyde :
 The fray was great, and fast away they yeed,
 Both toward Arn : thus scaped they that deed :
 Burler was wo, of weeping might not sint,
 Thus recklesly this good knight have they tint.
 They deemed all that it was Wallace men,
 Delle himself, though they should not him ken.
 He is right near, we shall him have but fall,
 The feeble wood may little him avall.
 Fourty there pass again to Saint Johnstoun,
 With dead corps to burying made them boun,
 Parted these men, and diverse wayes, yeed,
 A geart power at Duplin still there bade ;
 To Dalreach, the Butler pass but let,
 At sundry parts the gate was unbeset :
 To keep the wood while it was day the thought,
 As Wallace thus in the thick Forrest he sought,
 For his two men in minde he had great pain,
 He wis not well if they were tane or slain :
 He scaped whole by any iopardie :
 Thirteen were left, with him no mo had he :
 In Gask hell there their lodging hath they tane :
 Fire they got soon, but meat then had they none,
 Two sheep they took beside them in a fold,
 Ordained their supper into that seemly hold :
 Grathed in haste, some meat to them was dight,
 So heard they blow rude horns upon hight.
 Two sent he forth, to see what it might be,
 They bode right long, but no tydings got he.
 But boudeous noise, so brimly blowing fast,
 So other two into the wood forth pass :
 Done came again, but boudeously can blow,
 He calld to great yre he sent them forth in row :

When that alone Wallace was leaved there,
 The awfull blast abounded meikle mare :
 Then crow'd he well they had his lodging seen,
 His sword he drew of noble mettell keen.
 Then forth he went, where that he heard the horn,
 Without the doore Fawdown was him beforin,
 As to his sight, his head into his hand,
 A crosse he made, when that he saw him stand :
 At Wallace in the head he swakked there.
 And he in haste soon hent it by the haire,
 Then out again at him could it cast,
 Into his heart he was greatly agast,
 Right well he trowed it was no spite of man,
 It was a devil, that such malice began,
 He wist no availle, there longer to abide,
 Up through the hall this wight Wallace can glyde.
 To a close staire, the buirds raise in twinne,
 Fifteen foot long he lay forth of that Junne :
 Up the water then suddenly can he fare,
 Again he blinked what appearance was there :
 Him thought he saw Fawdown that ugly syre,
 Upon the house, and all the rest on fire.
 A great roof tree he had into his hand,
 Wallace as then no longer he would stand.
 Of his good men full great marvell had he,
 How that they were tint through his fantastie.
 Trusting right well all this was sooth indeed,
 Suppose that it be no point of the Creed.
 Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
 That time that he parted from heaven to hell.
 By such mischief if his men might be lost :
 Drowned or slain amongst the English host :
 Or what it was in likenesse of Fawdown,
 Which brought his men to such confusion.
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,
 Some wicked spire again for him were sent.
 I can nought speak of such divinity,
 To Clerks I will let all such matters be.
 But of Wallace on forth I will you tell,
 When he was went, out of this danger fell.
 Yet glad he was that he escaped sa,
 But for his men great mourning can he ma.
 Flait by himself to the maker above,
 Why he suffered his soul such matters prove.
 He wist not well if it were Gods will,
 Right or wrong his Fortun to fulfill :
 Had it pleased God he trowed it might not be,
 He should be set in such perplexitie :

52
But great courage in his minde ever drave,
On Englishmen thinking a mends to have.
As he was thus walking by him alone,
Upon Ech side, making a piteous moane :
Sir John Butler to watch the Furd's righte,
Out from his men of wallace had a fight,
The mist was went, and to the mountains gone,
To him he raid where that he made his moane,
On loud he speired, what art thou walks this gate
A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late :
Grands I passe from Down unto my Lord,
Sir John Stewart the right who will record :
In Down is now, new commed from the King,
Then Butler said, this is a selcouth thing.
Thou leid he said, thou hast been with wallace,
I shall thee know, ere thou come from this place.
To him he start the Curser wonder wight,
Drew out his sword, then made him for to fight.
Above the knee good wallace hath him tane,
Throug the and brain in sunder brake the bane
Derfly to ground the Knight fell on the land.
Wallace the horse soon seased in his hand.
An actward broak then took him in that dead,
His craig in two then was the Butler dead.
An Englishman saw their Chiftain was slain,
A spear in rest he cast with all his main
On Wallace drave from the horse him to bear,
Warily he brought as worthy man of wear.
The spear he wan withoutten more abaid,
On horse he lay, and through a great rout raid.
To Dalreach then he knew the Furd full well.
Before him came fell suffed into fell.
He brake the first but bade in the blasoun,
While horse and man all flet the water down.
Another soon down from the horse he bare,
Stramped to ground and drownd withoutten mare.
The third he hit on the harness of fell,
Througout the coast the spear it rasse ilk deell :
The great power after him then can ride,
He saw do wisdom there longer to abide :
His birnisht brand, braithly in hand he bare,
Whom he hit right, they followed him na mare.
To suff the chase fell creeks followed fast,
But Wallace made the gayest ay agast.
The pure he took, and through their power rade,
The horse was good, but yet he had great dread,
For failling him, ere he wan to a strength,
The challe was great Galles on breadth and length :
Throug

Of Sir *William Wallace.*

33

Through strong danger they had him ay in fight,
At the Black-furd there wallace down can light.
The horse stufed, the way was deep and lang,
A large long while tightly on foot can gang.
Dr he was horsed, ryders about him cast,
He saw full well long time he might not last.
Bad men indeed upon him can renew,
Without recovery twenty that night he flew,
The fiercest ay rudely rebuted he,
Keeped his horse, and right wisely can flee.
While that he came the mirked Mere amang,
His horse gave over, and would no further gang.
Wallace on foot took him with good intent,
The horse he flew, or that he further went.
That Englishmen of him should have no good,
And left on foot, for well he understood:
For Sutheron men on him should have no sight,
In high hather he past with all his might.
Throgh the dark mire then from them hath he sought
But suddenly there came into his thought:
Great power did walk at Scriveling bridge of tree,
Sighing he said, no passage is for me.
For fault of food, and I have fasted lang,
On war-men now me thinks no time to gang.
At Cumbuskenneth I shall the water till,
Let God above do with me what he will.
Into this land I may no longer bide,
Lary he made some part on Forch's side,
Took off his weed, and graithed him but maire,
His sword he bound, that wonder sharply share:
Among his gear, on his shoulders a loft,
Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,
Of his good grace his cause to take in hand,
Over the water he swam to the south land.
Prayed him well, the season was right cold:
Of Pisees was into his dayes old,
Overthart he cast, to the Torwood he yed,
A widow dwelt which helped him in need.
Whether he came or day began to daw,
To a widow and privily can cau:
They spierd his name, but tel them would he nought
While she her self near to his language sought.
From time she knew that it was Wight Wallace,
Rejoyced she was, and thanked God of grace:
She spiered soon, If he was his alone,
Dourning he said, As men now have I none:
She spiered soon, where that his men should be,

Therefore he grieved greatly in that tyde,
 In the Forrest he would no longer hyde.
 The widow gave him part of silver bright,
 Two of her sons that worthy were and wight:
 The third he left, because he lacked age,
 In wear as then might not win vassalage.
 The Parson then got them good horse and gear,
 But too he was, his minde was so in wear:
 Thus took he leave without longer abode,
 To Dundaff Dure the samine night he rode.
 Sir John the Graham, which Lord was of that land,
 An aged Knight, had made none other band:
 But purchas peace, in rest he might hyde still,
 Tribute he payed full sore against his will.
 A son he had, both wise, worthy, and wight,
 King Alexander at Berwick made him Knight.
 Where showing was of battell to have been,
 Betwixt the Scots and the bold Perrie keen.
 This young Sir John, right noble was in wear,
 On a broad sword, his father gart him swear:
 He should be true to Wallace in all thing,
 And he to him while life in them might reign:
 Three nights there Wallace was out of dread,
 Rested him well, so had he metkell-need:
 On the fourth day he would no longer hyde,
 Sir John the Graham bownd with him to ryde,
 And he said nay, as then it should not be,
 A plain part yet I will not take on me.
 I have tint men through mine own reklesse deed,
 A burnt childe als more sore the fire should dread.
 Friends some part I have in Cliddisdale,
 I will go see what they may me availe.
 Sir John answered, I will your counsell do,
 When ye think time, send privatly me to:
 Then I shall come with my power in haste,
 He him betought unto the holy Chaiste.
 S. John to bough they should meet whole and sound,
 Out of Dundaff he and his four couth found:
 In Bothwell Dure that night remained he,
 With one Crawford that lodged him privilie.
 Upon the morn to the Gilbarck he went,
 Received he was of many with glad intent:
 For his dear Cme young Auchinleck dwelt there,
 Brother he was to the Sheriff of Aire.
 When old Sir Rannald to his dead was dight,
 Then Auchinleck wedded that Lady bright:
 And children got, as stories bear record,
 Of Lesmahago, for he held of that Lord,

But he was slain, that pity was the maire,
 With Percie's men into the town of Airc.
 His son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,
 And brooked whole his fathers heritage:
 Tribute he payed for all his lands bread,
 To the Lord Percie, as his brother had made.
 I leave Wallace with his dear Uncle still,
 Of Englishmen yet something speak I will.
 A messenger soon through the Countrey yeed,
 To Lord Percie, and told this felon deed.
 Knelevin was burnt, broken, and casten down,
 The Captain dead of it, and Saint Johnstoun.
 The Loran als in Short-wood shawes sheen,
 Into the land great sorow hath been seen.
 Through wight Wallace that all this deed hath done,
 The town he spyed, and that forethought us soon.
 Aler is slain with doughty men and dear,
 In asper speech the Percie then gan spear,
 What word of him, I pray thee gracshly tell,
 By Lord, he said, Right thus the case befell:
 We know for truth he was left him alone,
 And as he fled, he slew full many one.
 The horse we found, that him that gate could bear,
 But of himself no other word we hear.
 At S'riveling bridge we wot he passed nought,
 To death in Forth he may for us be brought.
 Lord Percie said, Now truly that is sin,
 So good of hand he is this world within.
 Had he tane peace, and been our kings man,
 His whole Empyre he might have conquest than.
 Great harm it is, our knights that are dead,
 We must gar see for others in their stead:
 I trow not yet that Wallace lossed be,
 Our Clerks sayes, He shall gar many die.
 The Messenger sayes, All that forsooth hath been,
 Many hundreth that cruell was and keen,
 Since he began, are lossed without remead,
 The Percie said, Forsooth he is not dead.
 The Crooks of Forth he knowes wonder well:
 He is on live that shall our Nation sell.
 When he is fressed, then can he storn at will,
 Great strength he hath, both list and grace the while,
 A messenger the Lord charged to wend,
 And his command in writ he with him send.
 Sir John Psewart great Shyreff then he made
 Of Saint Johnstoun, and all the lands brade:
 Into Knelevin there dwelt none there again,
 Here was nought else, but broken wals in plain.

Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
And speak I will of Wallace good well fare :
He sent Keirly unto Rannald that night,
To Boyd and Blair, that worthy were and wight :
And Adam als, his Cousen good Wallace,
To them declared he of this painfull case.
Of his escape out of that companie,
Right wonder glad was that good Chevalrie.
From time they knew that Wallace living was,
Good diligence they made to him to pass.
Master John Blair was one of that message,
A worthy Clerk, both wise and als right sage :
Learned he was befoze in Paris towne,
Amongst Masters in Science of good renoun.
Wallace and he at home in School had been,
Soon afterwards as verity was seen :
He was the man that chiefly undertook,
That first comyled to byte the Latine Book.
Of Wallace life, right famous of renoun,
And Tomas Gray Parson of Libbertoun.
With him they were, and put in historiall,
Of one or both meikell of his travell.
And therefore hereof them I make mention,
Master John Baire to Wallace made him bowne.
To see his health, his comfort was the more,
As they full oft together were befoze.
Silver and gold they gave him for to spend,
So did he them freely when God it send.
Of good wel fare as then he wanted none,
Engishmen with he was left him alone :
Wher he should be, was none of them couth say,
Whom or slain, or else escaped away.
Therefore of him they took but little heed,
They knew him not, the lesse he was in dread.
All true Scots great favour to him gave,
That good they had, he needed not to crave.
The peace lasted that Sir Rannald had tane,
Thole three moneths it should not be out gane.
Whole Christmas then Wallace, remained there,
In Lanerk oft to sport he made repare :
When that he went to Kilbark from the town,
If he found men was of that Nation :
In Scotland they did never grievance more,
Some hicked they, some throats in sunder more.
Well were found dead, but none with who it was,
Whom he handled, he let no further pass.
There Heilrig dwelt, that curled Knight to walle,
Smyest he was of all these lands halle :

Of fellon out-rage despitefull in his deed,
Many of him therefore had meikell dread.
Warrell he thought toho durst his people sta,
Without the town he caus'd great numbers ga.
When Wallace saw that they were mo then he,
Then did he nought but saluſt courteouſſie.
Als his four men bure them ſo quietly,
So ſutheren could deem them unhoneſtly ;
In Lanerk, a gentle woman here,
A maiden mylde, as my Book will declare.
Eighteen years old, and little more of age,
Als born ſhe was to part of heritage.
Her father was of worſhip and renown,
And Hew Braidſure he heght of Lammington.
As fell were then into the Countrey calde,
Before-time they Gentle-men were of alde :
But this good man and als his wife was dead,
The Maiden wiſ then of none other remead.
But ſill ſhe dwelt in tribute in the town,
And purchaſt had King Edwards protection
Seruants with her, of friends at her will,
Thus liued ſhe without deſire of ill.
A quiet houſe, as ſhe might hold in weal,
For heſirig had done her meikell dear.
Slain her brother, which eldeſt was and heire,
Ill ſuffered ſhe, and right lowly her bare.
Imitable, ſo benign, ware and wiſe,
Courteous and ſweet, fulfilled of all gentriſe :
Well ruled of tongue, right haile of countenance,
Of vertue ſhe was worthy to aduance :
Humbly her held and purchaſt a good name,
Of every wight ſhe kepted her from blame.
True religious folk a great fauour her lent,
Upon a day to the Kirk as ſhe went ;
Wallace her ſaw as he his eyes can eaſt,
The print of love him prunzied at the laſt,
So aſperly through beauty of that bright,
With great uneaſe in preſence bide he might,
He knew full well the kindred of her blood,
And how ſhe was in honeſt uſe and good :
Whiles would he think to love her over the labe,
And otherwhile he thought on his diſſaue :
Now that his men were brought to confuſion,
Though his laſt love, he had in Sint Johnſtown.
Then would he think to lye and let overſide.
But that thought long in minde could not abide :
He told Keirly of his new luſt and baill,
Then asked he him of his true counſell.

Wasse he said, As far as I can feel,
 Of likli nesse it may be wonder well :
 Since so ye love, take her in Marriage,
 Godly she is, and als of heritage :
 Suppose that ye in loving feel amisse,
 Great God forbid it should be so with this.
 To marry thus I cannot yet attend,
 I would of war first see a small end :
 I will no more alone to my love gang.
 Take heed to me, for dread I suffer wrong.
 To proffer love thus soon I would not brieve,
 Might I leave off, in war I think to live.
 What is this love : Nothing but foolishnesse,
 It may reave me both wit and stedfastnesse.
 Then said he thus, this will not graithly be,
 Armours and wars at once to reign in me.
 Right sooth is it, good I in blisse of love,
 Where deeds were, I should the better prove.
 But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought :
 It letteth war, that in wisemen is wrought.
 Telle it be, but onely till ou deed,
 Then he that thinkes of love for to spead.
 He may do well hath the Fortun and grace,
 But this stands all into another case :
 A great kingdom with feill foes over set.
 Right hard it is any mends for to get.
 Against them, and keep the observance,
 Which belongs to love, and all her feivole chance.
 Example I have, which me forthinketh care,
 I hope in God it shall be soe no mare.
 The truth I know of this, and her linage,
 I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage :
 To Keirly he thus argued in this kinde,
 But great desire remained in his minde :
 For to behold that freely of fassoun,
 A while he left, and came not in the town.
 One other thing did make his wit to bask,
 Proving that he might of that labour stak :
 When Keirly saw he suffered pain for thy,
 Dear sir, he said, We live in fluggary :
 Go see your love, and ye shall get comfort,
 At his counsell he walked for to sport.
 Unto the Kirk, where she made residence,
 She knew him well, but as for Eloquence :
 She durst not well, in presence to him kyth,
 Full soe she dread, that Sucheron should her myth :
 For Heirig had a matter new begun,
 And her desired in marriage to his son :

With her Maiden this wallace she besought,
 To dyn with her : and privatly she him brought :
 Through a Garden, she had gart work aneto,
 So Englishmen nought of their meeting knew :
 He kissed this Maid, with gladnesse and pleasance,
 Soon her besought right hartly acquaintance :
 She answered him, with humble words and wise,
 Where mine acquaintance worthy for to please :
 Ye shall it have, as God me save in saul,
 But Englishmen do gar our power fall :
 Through violence of them, and their bairnage,
 That hath well near destroyed our Linage.
 When Wallace heard her complaint piteously,
 Grieved in heart he was right greatumly.
 Both ye and love him set into a rage,
 But nought for chy he sobered in courage.
 Of this matter he hold as I said airt,
 To that goodly how love constrained him sairt :
 She answered him reasonably again,
 And said, I shall to your service be bane :
 With all pleasance in honest causes haile,
 And I trust nought ye would set to assaile.
 For your worship, to do me dishonour,
 And I a Maid, and stand in many hour.
 From Englishmen to save my woman held,
 And coast have made to keep me from their feild.
 With my good will I will no Lemmen be,
 To no man boyn : therefore I think should ye :
 Desire me not, but into godlinesse,
 Perchance ye think I were too lowly pertase :
 For to pretend to be your righteous wife,
 Into your service I would use all my life.
 Here I beseech for your worship in arms,
 Ye charge me not with no ungodly harms.
 But me defend for worship of your blood,
 When Wallace well her true tale understood.
 As in apart him thought it was reason,
 Of her desire therefore to conclusion :
 He thanked her, and said, If it might be,
 Through Gods will that our kingdom be free,
 I would you wed with all hearty pleasance,
 But at this time I may not take such chance.
 And for this cause none other now I crave,
 A man in war may not all pleasance have.
 Of their talk then, can I tell you na mare,
 To my purpose what band that they made there.
 Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
 The sove grievance remained in his intent.

THE FIRST BOOK

Losse of his men, and lusty pain of love,
His leape he took, at that time to remove.

C H A P. I I.

How Wallace pass to Lochmabane, and how they cutted his
horse taires, and how he shave the blood-letter.

Then to Gibank he passere it was night,
Upon the morn with his four men him dight.
To the Corhead without resting he rade,
Where his Nevy Thom Haliday him abade.
And Edward Little als, his Cousen dear,
Which was so blyth, when he with him so near.
Thanking great God he sent him safe again,
For many dreamed he in Srrathern was slain.
Good chear they made, all out those dayes thre,
Then Wallace said, that he desired to see
Lochmabane tolon, and Englishmen þ were there.
On the fourth day they botoned them to fare,
Sixteen he was of goodly Chevalrie,
In the Knockwood he leaved all but thre:
Thomas Haliday went with them to the tolon,
Edward Little and Keirly made them bowu:
To an Oiler Thomas Haliday led them right,
And gave command their dinner should be dight.
To hear a Masse, in good intent they yeed,
Of Englishmen they thought there was no dread.
One Clifford came, was Em's son to the lord,
And thre with him, the truth for to record:
To their Junes soon, after Wallace was pass,
Who ought these horse? in great hathing he askt,
The Good-wife said for to have pleased him best,
Thre Gentlemen are come out of the west:
Who devill them made so gayly for to ride:
In faith with me a twed there muð abide:
These lewd Scois have learned little good,
Lo, all these horse are shent for fault of blood:
Into great scorn withoutten words more,
The taires all of these thre horse they shore.
The Good-wife cryed, and piteously can greet,
The Good-wife came, and could the Captain meet:
A woman told him, they had his horse shent,
For proper yre he grew in matalent.
He followed fast, and said, Good friends abide,
Service to take for thy craft in this tide.
Marchell thou art without command of me,
Reward again me thinkes I should pay thee:
Since I of late new come out of the west,
In this countrey a Barbour of the best:
To cut and shave, and that one wonder good,
Thou shalt thou see how I use to let blood.

With his good sword the Captain hath he tane,
While horse again he marshalled never ane:
Another soon upon the head brake hee,
While chafts and cheeks upon the gate can flee.
By that his men the other three had slain,
Their horse they took, and graithed them full bane.
Out of the town, for Dinner had they none,
The wife she prayed that made so pittous moane.
Then English men fra their Chiftain was dead,
To Wallace sought from many sundry dead:
From the Castle came cruell men and keen,
When Wallace hath their sudden ssembly seen.
Toward some strength he botoned him to ride,
For then him thought it was no time to bide:
His horse bled fast, that gart him dreading have,
Of his good men, he would have had the lave.
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no sojournning he made:
That wood as then was neither thicke nor strang,
His men he got, then lighted he to gang.
Toward an hight, and led their horse a while,
The englishmen were then within a myle:
On fresh horse riding full hastily,
Seven score as then were in that company.
The Scots lay on, when they that power saw,
Toward the South them thought it best to drave:
When Wallace said, It was no wit in wear,
With our power to hyde them bargan here.
You are men good, therefore I will that we
Innermore seek, while God send us supplie.
Haliday said, We shall do your counsell,
But sore I dread that these hurt horse will fail.
The englishmen in brenisht armour clear,
By then to them approached wonder near.
Poised Archers shot, and would not spare,
Of Wallace men they wounded too full saire.
In yre he grew, when that he saw them bleed,
Himself he turned, and on them soon he yeed:
Sixteen with him that worthy were in wear,
Of the for most right sharply down they bear:
It that return fifteen in field was slain,
The lave they fled unto their power again.
Wallace followed with his good Chevalrie,
Thomas Haliday in wear was full buisie:
A husment saw that cruell was and keen,
Two hundred hatte of well graithed englishmen.
Ankell he said, our power is too smale,
From this plain held I counsell you to drave.

Too few we are against you fellow Gall.
 Wallace returned full soon at his counsell :
 At the Cor-head full fain they would have been,
 But Englishmen have well their purpose seen.
 In plain battell them followed hardily,
 In danger thus they held them awfully :
 Hew of More land on Wallace followed fast,
 He had befoze made many Scots agast.
 Bolden he was of wear the worthiest man,
 In North England was with him living than.
 In his armour well forged of fine steell,
 A noble Cursour bare him both fast and well :
 Wallace returned beside a buirly Oak,
 And on him set a fellow sicker Croak.
 Both collar bone and shoulder blaid in two,
 Through the mid coast, the good sword gart he go :
 Hit spear he wan, and als his Cursour bright,
 Then left his own, for losed was his might.
 For lack of blood he might no further gang,
 Wallace on horse the Sutheron men among.
 His men relieved that daughty were in dead,
 Him to rescue out of that fellow dread :
 Cruell Croaks forsooth there might be seen,
 On either side till blood ran on the green.
 Right perillously the ssembly was to see,
 Hardly and hate, continued the maille.
 Shewing rescue of Scots and English als,
 Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
 Some hurt, some hit, some dung into the dead,
 She hardy Scots so stirred in that head :
 With Haliday on foot that boldly abade,
 Among the Sutheron a full great rovin they made
 Wallace on horse, hit him a noble spear,
 Out through them rade, as good Chistain in wear.
 Three flew he there ere that his spear was gane,
 Thus his good sword in hand then hath he tane :
 Dang on derfly with Croaks sad and sore,
 Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.
 Fra Sutheron men by naturall reason knew,
 How with a Craike a man ay he flew :
 Then marvelled they he was so meikle of main,
 For their best men in that kinde had he slain.
 That his great strength again helped him nought,
 Nor none other in contrare Wallace sought.
 Then said they all, Leave he the strength untane,
 His whole Kingdom he will win him alane :
 Left the field, and to their power fled,
 Their Lord, how evil the formost sped.

Which Graylock heght, was new come in the land
 Therefore he troved none durst against him stand :
 Wonder he thought when as he saw that sight :
 Why his good men for so few took the flight.
 At that return twenty in field where tint,
 And Moreland als therefore he would not sint :
 But followed fast with thre hundred but dread,
 And swore he would be venged on that deed.
 The Scots swan horse because their own did fall :
 In fleeing then choosed the must availl :
 Out of the field this wight Wallace is gone,
 Of his good men he had not losted one :
 Five wounded were, but lightly forth they rode.
 Wallace a space behinde them ay abode.
 And Haliday proved well in many place,
 A fier son he was to good Wallace :
 Starlike they rode, and held their horse on end,
 For they troved well the Sutheron would offend :
 With whole power at once upon them set,
 But Wallace cast their purpose for to let :
 To break their ray, he vilt them full fast,
 The Englishmen so greatly were agast :
 That none of them durst rush out of the baile,
 All in a ray together held them baile.
 The Sutheron saw how that abundantly,
 Wallace abode near hand their Chevalry :
 By Morelands horse they knew him wonder well,
 Fast to their Lord, and told him everilke deall :
 O, Sir, they said, forsooth this same is he,
 That with his hands caused so many die.
 Hath his horse grace upon his feet to bide,
 He doubts not through five thousand for to ride.
 We need you cease, and follow him no more,
 For dread that we repent it syn full sore :
 We blamed them, and said, Men may well see,
 Towards ye are, that for so few would flee :
 For their counsell yet leave would he them nought,
 Into great yre he sadly on them sought :
 Walling a place where he might bargain make,
 Wallace was wo upon him for to take :
 And he so few to hyde them on a plain :
 At Quinsbery he would have been full fain :
 Upon himself he took so great travaill,
 To fend his men, if that might him availl :
 Sword in hand, right manly him to wear,
 By waiting fast, if he might get a spear :
 Now here, now there, befoze them to and fro,
 His horse gave over, and might no further go :

When Wallace with Sir John the Graham had met
 Right goodly he with humbleness him greet :
 Pardon he asked of the reprove before,
 Into the chace, and said he should no more,
 Information make to him that was so good,
 When that Sir John Wallace well understood :
 Do away, he said, thereof as now na mare,
 He did full right, it was for our wel fare :
 Wisser in war ye are all out than I,
 Father in arms ye are to me for thy
 Kirkpatrick then that was his Cousen dear,
 He thanked him right on a good manner.
 Eight score were slain, or they would leave the dead.
 The fleeing folk they knew of no remead,
 Not one was lost of all their Chevalry,
 Sir John the Graham to them came happily.
 The day was done, approaching was the night,
 At Wallace then they asked counsell right :
 He answered thus, I speak but with your lve,
 Right loath I were any goodly men to grieve.
 But this I say in tearms thort for me,
 I would assalle, if ye think it may be :
 Lochmabane house which now is left alone,
 For well I wot that power in it is none.
 Carlaverok als yet Maxwell hath in his hand,
 And we had these, they might be both a wand
 Against Sutheron, that now hath our Countrie,
 Say what ye will, this is the best thinkes me :
 Sir John the Graham gave first his good consent,
 Then all the lave right with a whole intent :
 To Lochmabane right hastily they ride :
 When they came there not half a myle beside :
 The night was dark, to counsell are they gone,
 Of moon, or star appearance was there none :
 Then Wallace said, We think this land at rest,
 Tom Haliday, thou knowest the Countray best,
 I hear no noise of feill folks here about,
 Therefore I trow we are the lesse in doubt :
 Haliday said, I will take one with me,
 And ryde before the Countray for to see :
 Watson he called, with me make thee bolon,
 With them thou wast ay neighbour in this town :
 I grant I was with them against my will,
 And mine intent was ay to do them ill :
 Unto the gate peartly they two forth rade,
 The Porter came withoutten longer abade :
 At John Watson then rydings could he spier,
 When he hade, the Captain cometh near.

The gate but more unwisely up he drew,
 Tom Haliday soon by the craig him threw :
 And with a knife he ticked him in that head,
 In a dark hole down dreadlesse cast him dead,
 John watson hath hint the keyes in his hand,
 The power then with Wallace was command :
 They entred in, before them found no mo,
 Except women, and simple servants two :
 In the Kitching long scudlers had they been,
 Soon they were slain. When the Lady had seen :
 She cryed for grace, for him that died on tree,
 Then Wallace said, Madam your noyse let be :
 To women yet we do but little ill,
 And young children we like not for to spill :
 Would have meat, Haliday what sayes thou ?
 Of fasting folk to dine good time were now :
 Great purveyance was ordained them before,
 Both bread and ale, good wine and other store.
 To meat they bownd, for they had fasted lang,
 Good men of Arms into the Cloffe caus'd gang :
 Part fleeing folk on foot they from them glad,
 In the Knockhead, where great mellie was made :
 As they came, John watson let them in :
 And done to death withoutten noyse or din.
 A man left there that was of England born,
 The Castle well they viewed on the morn :
 Johnstoun sent a man of good degree,
 Second daughter forsooth wedded had hee.
 Of Halidays dear neydy to Wallace,
 Great Captain then they made him of that place.
 They left him there into a good array,
 They ished forth upon the other day :
 Women had leave in England for to fare,
 Good wallace, and Sir John the Graham could care :
 To the Corhead, and lodged there that night,
 On the morn the Sun was at the hight :
 For dinner they would no longer byde,
 Their purpose took in Crawford Dure to ryde.
 Sir John the Graham, with wallace that was wight,
 In Haliday again returned right.
 In the Corhall, and remained but dead,
 Sutheron with principall who did this deed :
 Patrick past to Eskdale woods wide,
 Safety there he thought he should abide.
 Good Wallace and Sir John the Graham in fear,
 With them forty men of Arms clear.
 Though Crawford Dure as they then took their way
 Englishmen their minde remained ay.

How Wallace wan the castle of Crawford, and slew the
Captain thereof.

From Crawford John the water down they ryde
Near hand the night, they lodged upon Clyde:
Their purpose took into a quyet vall,
Then Wallace said, I would we might assail:
Crawford Castle with some good jeopardie,
Sir John the Graham, how say ye best may be?
This good knight said, If the men were without,
To take the house there is but little doubt:
A Squyer then ruled that Lordship halle,
Of Cumberland born, his name was Mortindale.
Then Wallace said, My selfe will pass in fear,
And one with me, of harbery for to speir:
Follow on drigh if that we misser ought,
Edward Little with his master forth sought,
To one Bellary, and with a woman met,
She told to them that surherou there were set.
If ye be scots I counsel you passe by,
For if they may, ye will get evil harbery.
At drink they are, so have they been right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among:
They trow that he hath found his men again,
At Lochmaben fell Englishmen are slain:
The house is lost, that makes them be full wo,
I hope in God, that they shal soon tyme mo:
Wallace speired, of Scotland if that she be?
She said, Yea, and thinks yet to see:
Sorrow on them, through help of Gods grace,
He asked her, Who was unto that place?
No man of fence was left that heuse within,
Twenty are here making great noyse and din:
Allace, she said, If that I might once see
The worthy scots in it must master be.
With this woman he would no longer stand,
A beaken he made, Sir John came at his hand.
Wallace went in, and said Benedicite,
The Captain speired, what bellamy may thou be?
That comes so grim, some tydings to us tell,
Thou art a Scot, the devil thy Nation quell:
Wallace brast out a sword, withoutten more,
Into the brast the byrme Captain he bore:
Throughtout the cost, sicked him to the dead,
Another he hit actward upon the head:
Whom ever he strake, he bursted bone and lyre,
All of them dead fell flatling in the fire.
The payment he made them on the flore,

And Edward Little kepted well the doore,
 Sir John the Graham full fain would have been in,
 Edward him bade at the Castle begin :
 For of those folk we have but little dread,
 Sir John the Graham fast to the Castle yeed :
 Wallace rudely such routs on them gave,
 That twenty men dervly to death he drave :
 Fifteen he brake, and fifteen hath he slain,
 Edward slew five which was of meikle main :
 To the Castle Wallace had great desire,
 By that Sir John had set the house on fire :
 None was there in that great defence could mae,
 But women sore fast weeping into wae.
 Without the place a bold Bulwark was made,
 Wallace went over withoutten longer bade :
 The women soon he saved from the dead,
 Weak folk he put and children from the dead :
 Of purveyance he found little or none,
 Before that time their victual was all gone :
 Yet in that place lodged they all that night,
 From Desclary brought such good as they might :
 Upon the moyn houses they spoiled fast,
 All things they dought, out of that place they cast :
 Tree-wark they burnt, that was within the wanes,
 And wals brake down, that stalwar were of Ganes :
 Spoyld what they might, then would no longer bide,
 Unto Dundaff the same night they did ride,
 And lodged there with all mirth and pleasance,
 Thanking great God, that sent them so good chance.
 The end of the fifth Book.



THE SIXTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spousage of Wallace, & how Hefirig slew Wallace wife
 in the Town of Lanerk, and how Wallace slew Hefirig for
 the same cause, and put the Englishmen out of Lanerk.

Then passed were the Octaves of Februar,
 And part of March by right digestion,
 Appeared then the last moneth of Ver :
 The sign of Summer, with his sweet season.
 By that Wallace from Dundaff made him boun,
 His leave he took, and to Kilbank can fare,
 The rumbrie rose through Scotland up and down,
 With Englishmen that Wallace living were,
 Into April when clothed is but ween,
 The able ground through working of Nature.

And woods have on their worthy weeds green.
 When Nymphs in building of her bower,
 With oyle and balm fulfilled of sweet odour.
 Canettis in trace as they were wont to gang,
 Walking their course in every casual hour,
 To glad the Hunters with their merry sang.

In this same time to him approached new,
 His lusty pain of which I spake of aye :
 By loves case he thought for to persue.

In Lanerk, and hither can he fare :
 At residence a while remained there.

In her presence, as I have said before,
 Though Englishmen grieved at his repaire,
 Yet he delighted the thing that set him sore.

The fire of Love him ruled at such wise,
 He liked well with that goodly to be :
 Whiles he would think of dangers for to rise,
 And other whiles out of her presence flee,
 To cease of war it were the best for me.

Thus win I nought but sadnesse on like side,
 Shall never man this cowardnesse in me see,
 To war I will, for chance that may betide.

What is this Love : It is but great mischance,
 That me would bring from arms verily :

I will not change my worship for pleasure,
 In war I think my time to occupy,

Yet here to love I will not lee for thy,
 More I shall desire my worship to reserve,
 From this day forth, then evermore did I,
 I fear of war whither I live or sterbe.

What shall I say, Wallace was plainly set,
 To love her best in all the world so wide.

Thinking he should of his desire to get,
 And so befell by concord on a tide.

That she was made at his command to bide :
 And this began the flinting of this strife,

The band began with graith witness beside,
 Mine Authour sayes, she was his wedded wife.

Now live in peace, now live in good concord :
 Now live in play, now live in whole pleasure,

For she by chance hath both her love and Loyd :
 He thankes love, that did him so advance,

So evenly held by favour the ballance :

Then he at will may lay her in his arms,
 She thanked God of her high happy chance,

For in his time he was the floure of Arms.
 Untun him she to her double figured face,
 His tyme of then he had been set above :

In prison now, delivered now through grace,
Now at unease, now at unrest, and ruse.
Now well at will, willing is pleasant love,
And thought himself out of adversity,
Desiring ay his man-hood for to prone,
In courage set upon the staiges by.

The very truth I cannot graithly tell,
Into this life how long that they had been:
Through naturall course of generation fell:
A child was cheved these two lovers between,
Which goodly was a Maiden bright and sweet:
So farther forth became time to her age:
A Squyer shaw that then full well hath seen,
This life lair man got her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
Which was well known come in of Balliols blood:
And their heirs by lyne succeeded right:
To Lammington and other lands good,
Of this matter the right who understood,
Hereof as now I will no more proceed,
Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speak na malre,
But Wallace forth into his war can reign,
He might not cease great courage so him bear,
Sutherland to slay, for dread he would not spare:
And they oft tyme seill causes to him wrought,
From that time forth which moved him so sair,
That never in world out of his minde was brought:
Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleasance,
Now leave thy blesse, now leave thy childish age:
Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance,
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage,
Now leave thy Love, or thou shalt tyme a gage,
Which never in earth shall be redeemed again,
Fellon Fortun, and all her fierce outrage,
Go live in war, go live in cruell pain.

Fy on fortun, fy on thy frivole wheele,
Fy on thy trust, for here it hath no lell,
That so transfigured Wallace out of his weele,
When he trusted for to have lived best.
His pleasance here to him is but a reed,
Through thy fers cours that hath none hay to bee,
In thou overhrew out of his liking reed,
From great pleasance, in war, travel and wo.
What is Fortun, who drawes the vait so fast,
Weeet there is both well and wicked chance,

And woods have on their woerthy weeds grein.
Within Sympois in building of her boure,
With oyle and balm fulfilled of sweet odoure.
Caneittis in trace as they were wont to gang,
Walking their courts in every casual hour,
To glad the Hunters with their merry sang.

In this same time to him approached new,
His lady pain of which I spake of airt :
By loves case he thought for to perlit.
In Lanerk, and hither can he fare :
At residence a while remained there.

In her presence, as I have said before,
Though Englishmen grieved at his repaire,
Yet he delighted the thing that set him sore.

The fire of Love him ruled at such will,
He liked well with that goodly to be :
Whiles he would think of dangers for to rise,
And other whiles out of her presence flee,
To cease of war it were the best for me.

Thus with I thought but sadnesse on like side,
Shall never mar this cowardnesse in me see,
In war I will, for chance that may be side.

What is this Love : It is but great mischance,
That me would bring from arms verily :
I will not change my worship for pleasure,
In war I think my time to occupy,
The best for love I will not see for thy,
None I shall desire my worship to reserve,
From this day forth, thus evermore will I,
I fear of war inwarth : I live as herbe.

What shall I say, Wallace was plainly set,
To love her best in all the world so wide.

Thinking he should of his desire to get,
And so befell by concord on a tide.

That he was made at his com

And this began the stint
The band began with gr

Wine Authour says
How live in peace

to live in plan
the by cha

thankes
so event

Then be
She

For

In prison now, delivered now through grace,
Now at unease, now at unrest, and ease.
Now well at will, willing is pleasaunt love,
And thought himself out of adversite,
Desiring ay his man-hood for to prove,
In courage set upon the staiges by.

The very truth I cannot graithly tell,
Into this life how long that they had been:
Through naturall course of generation fell:
A child was cheved these two lovers between,
Which goodly was a Maiden bright and sweet:
So farther forth became time to her age:
A Squyer shaw that then full well hath seen,
This life last man got her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
Which was well known come in of Balliols blood:
And their heirs by lyne succeeded right:
To Lammington and other lands good,
Of this matter the right who understood,
Hereof as now I will no more proceed,
Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of other thing my purpose is to need.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speak na more,
But Wallace forth into his war can reign,
He might not cease great courage to him bear,
Wheron to slay, for dread he would not spare,
And they oft tyme fell causes to him wrought,
From that time forth which moved him to late,
That never in world out of his minde was brought.
Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy wantonnes,
Now leave thy blesse, now leave thy chivalrie,
Now leave thy youth, now follow thy bett' chance,
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage,
Now leave thy Love, or thou shalt never see
Her fierer than I have seen in crull
By Frivoit wordes
It hath no more
allare
have
is
that
don
to follow thy

But this false world with many double cast,
 In it is nought but very variance:
 It is nothing to heavenly governances:
 Then pray we all to the Maker above,
 Which hath in hand of Justice the Ballance,
 That he us grant it of his dear lasting Love:
 Hereof as now further I speak na more,
 But to my purpose shortly will I fare.

Twelve hundred year thereto nintie and seven
 From Christ was born a righteous King of heathen
 William Wallace into good liking goes,
 In Lanerk town among his mortall foes.
 The Englishmen that ever stout hath been,
 With Heskrig that cruell was and keen:
 And Robert Thorn a fellon subtil Knight,
 Hath found the way by what means best he might:
 How that they should make contrare to Wallace,
 By argument, as he came upon case.
 On from the Kirk that was without the town,
 While their power might be in arms down:
 Sir John the Graham that worthy was and true,
 To Lanerk town good Wallace could persue.
 Of his welfare as he full oft hath seen,
 Of men he had in company fifteen:
 And Wallace nine, they had no feirs mo,
 Upon the morn unto the Basse they go:
 They and their men graithed in goodly green,
 For the season such use full long hath been.
 When sadly they had said their devotion,
 One argued them as they went through the town:
 The strongest man that Heskrig then knew,
 And als he had of lightly words a new.
 He salust them as it were but in scorn,
 Delv gaird, good day bone Senzour, and good morn.
 Whom scornst thou (quoth Wallace) who leared the
 Why Sir (quoth he) came ye not over the sea,
 Pardon me then, for I wend you had been,
 An Ambassade to bring an uncouth Queen.
 Wallace answered, Such pardon as we have,
 In us to give, thy part thou shalt not crave:
 Since ye are Scots, yet saluted shall ye be,
 Good evn daucht Lord Ballauch Benochadie:
 More sucher men to them assembled near,
 Wallace was loath as then to make a fear:
 One made a fit, and scrip at his long sword,
 Hold still thine hand (quoth he) and speak the word
 With thy long sword thou makes meikel boast,
 I will th' I see of (quoth he) the Dame made little coast.
 With thy sword

What hast thou to wear that goodly green :
 My most cause is, but for to make thee teen :
 What should a Scot do with so faire a knife :
 He said, the Priest that iangled thy wife,
 That woman long hath called him so faire,
 While that his childer woꝝthed to be thine heire.
 We thinke (quoth he) thou drivest me to scorn,
 Thy Dame was iaped ere ever thou was born.
 The power then assembled on him about,
 Two hundred men that stalwart were and stout :
 The Scottish saw their power was command,
 Sir Robert Thorn and Hefrig at hand,
 Great multitude with weapons brenisht been,
 The woꝝthy Scots that cruell were and keen :
 Among the Sutheron such dines gave that tide,
 While blood on byed bursted from wounds wide :
 Wallace in flour was cruell fightand,
 Of a Sutheron he smote off the right hand,
 And when the Carle of fighting might na maie,
 With his left hand in yre held a Buckler,
 Then from the hump the blood sprang out full fast
 In Wallace face aboundantly can it cast :
 Into great part it marred him of his sight,
 Sir John the Graham a fraik hath tane him right
 With his good sword upon the Sutheron sye,
 Dersly to death drove him into that yre :
 The perill was right awfull, hard and strong,
 The flour endured marvellous and long :
 The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
 The woꝝthy Scots the gate left at the last.
 When they had slain, and wounded many one,
 To Wallace Innes the gainest way are gone.
 Then passed soon, defended them right well,
 He and Sir John with swords of tempered steell :
 Behinde their men, while they the gate had tane,
 The woman then which was full will of wane,
 The perill saw with fellow noyse and din,
 Set up the gate, and let them enter in,
 Throug to a strength, they passed off that dead,
 Fifty Sutheron upon the gate lay dead.
 His faire woman with businesse and might,
 The Englishmen did carry with a flight :
 While that wallace into the wood was past,
 Then Carlane Craigs they persued full fast,
 When Sutheron saw that chaiped was Wallaces
 Again they turned, the woman took on case.
 Out her to death, I cannot tell you how,
 Of such matters I may not carry now :

Where great dule is but redeeming again,
 Renewing of it is but eeking of pain.
 A true woman hath served her full lang,
 Out of the town the gainest way can gang.
 To Wallace told how all the deed was done,
 The painful too sought to his heart full soon:
 Where not for shame he had shot to the ground,
 For bitter baile that in his breast was bound:
 Sir John the Graham both wise, gentle and free,
 Great mourning made, that pity was to see:
 And als the lave that were assembled there,
 For poor sorrovv with heart weeped full saire:
 When Wallace felt their courage was so smal,
 He lenzied him for to comfort them all.
 Cease men he said, this is a bootless bane,
 For we cannot chevis her life againe.
 Unesse a word he might bring out for teen,
 The battful tears burst braithly from his een:
 Sighing he said, shal never man me see,
 Rest into ease vvhile this dead wroken be.
 The sakeless slaughter of her, both blith and bright,
 That I avow to the Maker of might:
 Of all that Nation I shal never forbear,
 Young nor old that able is to wear.
 Priests nor women I think not for to slay,
 In my default, but if they causing may:
 Sir John he said, let all this mourning be,
 And for her sake there shal ten thousand die:
 Where men may weep, their courage is the less,
 It flukes the yre of wrong they should redress:
 Of their complaints as now I speak na matre,
 Of Auchenleck in Kilbank dwelling there.
 When he heard tell of Wallace vexation,
 To Carrland wood with ten men made him bowen:
 Wallace he fand some part within the night,
 To Lanerk town in the haste they them dight.
 The watch as then of them had little dread:
 Parted their men, then diverse ways peed.
 Sir John the Graham and his good company,
 Unto Sir Robert Thorn full fast they by:
 Wallace and his to Hefrig they pass,
 In an high house where he was sleeping fast:
 Strake at the dooz with his foot hardily,
 Where barr and brates into the flooz gart he ly.
 The Sheriff cryed, who makes this great deray:
 Wallace he said, which thou hast sought this day.
 Sheriff's womans death, will God, thou shalt dear by,
 Late he said, thought it was no time to ly.

Out of the house full fain he would have been,
 This night was mirk, yet Wallace hath him seen:
 Fiercely him strake as he came in great yre,
 Upon the head brist through bone and yre.
 The shearing sword, glaid to the shoulder bone,
 Out over the saire among them he is gone.
 Good Auchinlek trowed not that he was dead,
 Thise with a knife he strake him in that head:
 The scry about rose rudely in that street,
 All of the lave were fulzet under feet:
 Young Hefrig and wight Wallace is met,
 Sicker strake Wallace hath on him set:
 Her fly to death over the sair dang him down,
 Dany that night he flew in Lanerk town,
 Some grieffes lap, and some sicked within,
 Effered they were with hideous noise and din.
 Sir John the Graham had set the house on fire,
 Where Robert Thorn was brunt up bone and yre,
 Twelve scoze they flew that were of England born,
 Women they lived, and Priests on the moyn.
 To pass their way of blis, and goods bare,
 And swoze that they again should come no mare:
 When Scots heard these fine tydings of new,
 Out of all parts to Wallace fast they drew:
 Menisht the town, which was their heritage,
 Thus Wallace strake against that great barnage,
 By he began with Giff and Galwart hand,
 To cheveis again, some rotoms in Scotland.
 He worthy Scots that sembled to him there,
 Schooled him for chief, their Captain and leader.
 Ymer Wallange a felloon tyrant Knight,
 In Bothwel dwelt, King Edwards man full right.
 Murray was out, though he was righteous Lord,
 Fall that land as true men will record:
 Into Arrane he was dwelling that tyde,
 And other men in this land durst not hyde.
 Out this false knight in Bothwel winning vvas,
 Man he gart soon to King Edward pass:
 And told him whole of Wallace ordinance.
 How he had put his people to mischance:
 And plainly was rising again to reign,
 Heved thereat right greatly was the King:
 Through all England he gart his doers cry,
 Hower to get, and said he would plainly
 In Scotland pass, that Realm to statute new:
 All men of war to him right fast they drew,
 The Queen felt well how that his purpose was,
 Him she went, on knees then can she pass.

He would best and not to Scotland gang,
 He should have deid to work a fellow wrang;
 Christned they are, you is their heritage,
 To reave their Crown, it is a great outrage:
 For her counsel at home he would not hyde,
 His Lords him feil in Scotland for to ryde.
 The Scots man that dwelt with King Edward,
 When he heard tell that Wallace took such part:
 He folt from them as privily as he may,
 In Scotland then he came upon a day,
 Seeking Wallace he made him ready down,
 This Scot was born in Kyle at Richartoun.
 All England coast he knew it wonder well,
 From Hull about to Bristow every deal:
 From Carlisle through Sandwich that royal Dead,
 From Dover over unto Saint Baves head:
 In Pickardy and Flanders both had been,
 All Normandie and France hath he seen.
 A pursevant to King Edward in wear,
 But he could never gar him arms bear:
 Of great stature, and some part gray was he,
 The Englishmen called him but Grymbie.
 To Wallace came, and into Kyle him fand.
 He told him whole the tydings of England:
 They turned his name from time they him knew,
 And called him Jop, of Ingine he was true.
 In all his time good service in him fand,
 Gave him to bear the Arms of Scotland,
 Wallace again in Chiddisdail soon he rade,
 And his power sembled withoutten bade.
 He gart command who would his peace take,
 A free remit he should gar to him make:
 For all kin deed that they had done befor,
 The Perkes peace, and Sir Rannalds was worn.
 Feil to him drew that boldly durst abide,
 Of Wallace kin of many diverse side.
 Sir Rannald then sent him his power hail,
 Himself durst not be known unto battail,
 Against Sutheron: for he had made a band,
 Long time before, to hold of them his land:
 Adam Wallace past out of Richartoun,
 And Robert Boyd, with good men of renown:
 Of Cunninghame and Kyle came men of vaile,
 To Lanerk fought on horse a thousand haile.
 Sir John the Graham, and his good Chevalry,
 Sir John of Tinto with men that he might by:
 Tinto omi fhen'ek, that Wallace Uncle was,
 en'ek, do'nen Scots with their Chiftain could pass,

Of Sir *William Wallace.*

With the great Seal, and voice of his Parliament,
That I bind here, our Barnage shal consent.
Wallace answered, Over little mends we have,
Then of our right ye occupy the lave :
Quite claime our Land, and we shal not deny.
The Chantellar said, of no such charge have I. |
We will give gold, ere our purpose should fail,
Then Wallace said, in waste is that travel :
We ask no gold by favour of your kin,
In war of you we take what we may win.
I bated he was to make answer again,
Wallace said, Sir, we jangle all in vain ;
By counsel gives, I will no fable make,
As for an final peace now to take.
Not for myself, that I bind your seal,
I cannot trove that ever you be leal.
But poor folk that greatly have been suppressed,
I will take peace, while further ye be advised.
Then bound they thus, there should be no debate,
Castles and towns should stand in their ilk state :
From that day forth, while a year was at end,
Sealed this peace, and took their leave to wend,
Wallace from them passed into the west,
Gave plain repaire where that him liked best,
Yet soe he dread that they should him deceibe,
The Indentour to Sir Rannald he gave.
His dear Uncle, where it might keep be,
At Cumnoke then to his dwelling went he.

The end of the sixth Book.



THE SEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Now Wallace burnt the Barns of Aire, and put Bishop Beike
out of Glasgow, and New Lord Percie.

In Februar befel the samine case
That Englishmen took trewys with Wallace
This passeth over, till March away was sought,
The Englishmen call all þ wayes they mought.
With subtile and wicked conclusion,
The worthy Scots to put to confusion.
Into April the King of England came,
In Cumberland, to rumsire from his hame :

Into Carlyle to a counsell he peed,
Wherof the Scots might have full meikell bread,
Many Captains that were of England born,
Thither they pass; sembled the King befor.
No Scots man to counsell was there cald,
But Sir Aymer that traitour was of ald:
At him they spiered, How they should take in hand,
The righteous blood to broy out of Scotland;
Sir Aymer said, their Chifftain can well do,
Right wise in war, and hath great power too:
And now this trews giveth them such hardement,
That to your faith they well not all consent:
But would ye do right as I can you lear,
This peace to them it should be sold full dear.
Then deemed he the fierce Sutheron among,
How they best might the Scots Barons hang:
Four great Barons at that time stood in Airc,
Wrought for the King, when his bigging was there,
Bigged about that no man enter might,
But one at once nor have of other sight:
A Justice made which was of meikell main,
There ordained they these Lords should be slain:
The Lord Perrie of this matter they laid,
With sad advise again to them he said,
These men with me have keeped truth so long,
Deceitfully I may not see them hang:
I am their foe, and wairn will I them nought,
So I be quite, I care not what be wrought:
From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to hear of his new law,
Then choosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arnulfe heght, as mine Authour will tell:
Of South-Hampton he heght both heir and Lord,
He undertook to pine them with a cord:
An other Airc in Glasgow ordained they,
For Cliddisdale men to stand the self-same day.
Then charged them in all wayes earnestly,
By no kin mean Wallace should scape them by:
For well they wish, and these men were overthrown,
They might at will brok Scotland as their own.
This Band they closed under their Seals full fast,
They sought over mure again King Edward past.
The new Justice received was in Airc,
The Lord Perrie can unto Glasgow fare:
This Airc was set in June the eighteen day,
And plainly cryed no free men were away.
The Scots marvelled, and peace tane in the land,
Only Englishmen such mastery took in hand:
Englishmen

Sir Rannald set a day before this Aire,
 At Monkton Kirk, his friends to meet him there :
 William Wallace unto the cryft can pass,
 For he as then Warden of Scotland was,
 Thus Waffer John a worthy Clerk was there,
 His kin he charged to hyde from that Aire.
 Right well he wist, fra Perrie left that land,
 Great perill was to Scots appearand.
 Wallace, from them into the Kirk he yeed,
 Pater-noster he said, and als a Creed :
 Then to the Grace leaned him soberly,
 Upon a sleep he fell full suddenly.
 Cleland followed, and saw him fall on sleep,
 He made no noyse, but wisely couth him keep :
 In that slumber coming he thought he saw,
 A halward man that toward him couth draw :
 Soon by the hand he hint him hastily,
 I am he said in voyage charged to thee :
 A sword him gave, of burely burnisht steell,
 God son, he said, this sword thou shalt brook well.
 Of Topasion he thought the Plummatt was,
 Both hilt and all, glittering as the glasse :
 Dear son, he said, we tarry here too long,
 Thou shalt go see where wrought is meikell wrong :
 Then he him led to a mountain on hight,
 The world he thought he might see at one sight :
 He left him there, and then from him he went,
 Thereof Wallace studied in his intent.
 To see him there he had full great desire,
 Therewith he saw begin a fellon fire,
 Which braithly burnt broadly out through the land,
 Scotland all over, from Ross to Sulwaysland.
 Then soon to him descended there a Queen,
 Illuminate, light, shining full bright and cheen.
 In her presence appeared so meikell light,
 That all the fire she put out of his sight :
 Gave him a wand of colour red and green,
 With a Saphyre sayned his face and een.
 Welcome, she said, I chouse thee to my love,
 Thou art granted, by the great God above,
 To help people that suffer meikell wrong :
 With thee as now I may not tarry long.
 Thou shalt return to thine own Hoast again,
 Thy dearest kin are here in meikell pain.
 This right Region thou must redeem it all,
 Thy last reward on earth shall be but small.
 Let not therefore, take redreffe of this misse,
 To thy reward thou shalt have heavens blisse.

Of her right hand she betought him a book,
 Humbly thus her leave then she took.
 Unto the clouds ascended out of sight,
 Wallace took up the book in all his might.
 In three parts the Book well written was,
 The first letters were grosse letters of Brasse:
 The second Gold; the third fine Silver sheen,
 Wallace marvelled what this writing should mean.
 To read the Book he busied him so fast,
 His spirit again to weakening minde it past.
 And up he rose, then suddenly forth went,
 This Clerk he found, and told him his intent:
 Of his vision, as I have said before,
 Compleatly forth, what needs words more.
 Dear son, he said, my wit unable is,
 To ratifie such, for dread I say amiss:
 Yet I will deem, though my cunning be small,
 God grant that no charge after my words fall.
 That Galward man gave thee that sword in hand,
 Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland.
 That mountain is where he thee had on sight,
 Knowledge to have of wrong which thou must right.
 That fire shall be feill tydings ere ye part,
 Which will be told in many sundry part.
 I cannot wot what Queen that, that will be,
 But it be Fortun, a Lady whiles right free.
 The pretty wand, I trow by mine intent,
 Betokens rule, and cruell Chastisement.
 The red colour who graithly understood,
 Betokens all to great Battell and blood.
 The green, Courage, that thou art now among,
 In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.
 The Saphyre stone, she blessed thee withall,
 Is happy chance, will God shall to thee fall.
 The threes-fold Book is but this broken land,
 Thou must redeem, by worthinesse of hand.
 The brasse letters betoken but to this,
 The great oppresse of war, and meikell miss:
 The which thou shalt bring to the right again,
 But thou therefore must suffer meikell pain.
 The gold betokens honour and worthinesse,
 Victorie in arms, manhood and noblenesse.
 The silver shows clean life, and heavens blisse
 To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not misse.
 Dread not therefore, be out of all despaire,
 Further as now hereof I can no maire:
 I thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane,
 I not that orsbie then with his Uncle rade hame.
 I thanked him,

With mirths thus all night sojourned there,
Upon the moor they graithed them to the Airc.
And forth they rode, till they came to Kincair,
With dreadfull heart thus speired good Wallace,
At Sir Rannald for their Charter of peace,
Rebov, he said, these words are no lies.
It is leaved at Corsbie in the kist,
Where thou it laid, thereof none other wist:
Wallace answered, Had we it here to shaw,
And they be false, we shall not enter aw:
Dear son, he said, I pray thee passe again,
Though thou would send, thy travell were in vaine:
But thou or I, none can it bring this ryde,
Great grace it was made him again to ryde.
Wallace returned, took none with him but three,
None of them knew of this Indentour but he:
Unhap him led, forbid him could he nought
Of false deceit this good Knight had no thought.
Sir Rannald rode but resting to the town,
Witting nothing of all this false treason:
That wicked Sign so ruled that Planet,
Saturn as then was in his highest state.
Above Juno in his melancholy,
Jupiter and Mars ay cruell of enby:
Saturn as then advanced his nature,
Of tyranny he power had and cure:
Rebels rules in many free Nation,
Troublous weather makes many ships to drowne.
His drenching was with Pluto in the sea,
As of the land full of iniquity.
He wakens war full of Pestilence,
Filling of walls with cruell violence:
Poysen is rife amongst these other things,
Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings.
When Sampson pulled to the ground the pillar,
Saturn was then into his highest Sphear.
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
Amphiaras sank through the earth to hell:
Of the Trojan he had full mekell cure,
When Achilles at Troy slew good Hector,
Burdeous spent, and many cities mo,
His power yet hath no hay to ho:
In broad Britane scill vengeance hath been seen,
Of this, and more, ye wot well what I mean.
But to this house that stal wart was and strong,
Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long.
A balk was knit all full of ropes keen,
Such a Tol-booth since then was never seen.

Strong men were set the entry for to hold,
 None might win in, but one as they were call'd:
 Sir Rannald first, to make fevty for his land,
 The knight went in, and would no longer stand.
 A running cord they slipped over his head,
 Hard to the balk, and hanged him to the dead,
 Sir Brice the Blaite next after in he past,
 Unto the death they hanged him full fast:
 By he had entred, his head was in the snare,
 Knit to the balk, hanged to death right there.
 The thirde entred, great pity was for thy,
 A gentle knight, Sir Neil Montgomery:
 And other fell of landed men about,
 Many went in, but no Scots man came out.
 Of Wallace part they put to that verie dead:
 Many Crawfords so ended in that dead:
 Of Carrick men Kennedies slew they als,
 And kind Campbells, that never had been false.
 They rebelled not against their righteous Crown,
 Sutheron for they put them to confusion.
 Barklyes Boydes, and stewards of good kin,
 No Scot escaped that time that entred in:
 Upon the balk they hanged many paire,
 Beside them dead, in a nook cullid them there.
 Since the first time that any war was wrought,
 To such a death so many yeed there nought.
 Upon one day through cursed Saxons seed,
 Vengeance of this out through the kindred yeed:
 Granted it was from the great God of heaven,
 So ordained that law should be their steven,
 To the false Saxons, for their false judgement,
 Their wickedness over all the world is went,
 Of noble men that are of Scottish kind.
 Their pittreous death ye keep it in your mind:
 And us revenge, when we are set in throng,
 Dolour it is hereon to tarry long.
 Thus eighteen score verily to death they dight,
 Of Barrons bold, and many worthy knight:
 When they had slain the worthiest was there,
 For weak people no longer they would spare,
 Into the gairth cullid them out of that dead,
 As they were born, spoiled bare and dead,
 Good Robert Boyd into the Tavern yeed,
 With twenty men that doughty were indeed,
 Of Wallace house, full cruel of intent,
 Governed them, when Wallace was absent:
 When he returned with his Master again,
 Wallace he had and Boyd that meikle was of main.
 Governed t
 ROBERT B
 A S C O R E

reuen of Ireland went forth into the street,
 A true woman full soon with him could meet ;
 He speired at her, what happened in Aire,
 sorrow, she said, is nothing else there.
 fearedly she said, Alace, where is Wallace,
 from us again he passed at Kincaze.
 To warn his folk, and charge him off the towir,
 To keep himself I shal be ready bowir.
 With her as then no more tarry he made,
 To his fellows he went withoutten bade :
 And to them told of all this great misfate,
 In Laglane wood they boluned withoutten maice.
 By this Wallace was coming wonder fast,
 Of his friends he was full loze agast ;
 Into the barn sadly he could perlewe,
 Enter in, for he no perill knew :
 His true woman upon him lowd can call,
 Feirs Wallace, fell tempest is befall.
 Our best men slain, great pity is to see,
 As beasial hounds hanged over a tree :
 Our true Barrons by two and two past in,
 Wallace weeped for great losse of his kin :
 That with unease upon his horse he bade,
 Loze for to speir to this woman he rade :
 Fair Alice, he said, If thou the truth can tell,
 Mine Erme dead, or how the case befell :
 At of yon barn forsooth I saw him born,
 Naked laid, low, and cold earth him befor :
 As frosty mouth I kissed in that dead,
 Right now manlike, now bare and brought to dead :
 And with a cloath I covered his Lichame,
 As in his life he did never woman shame.
 As sifter son thou art, worthy and wight,
 Venge his death, for Gods sake at thy might :
 I shal help, as I am woman true,
 As wight he said, great God if that thou knew,
 And Robert Boyd, where ever thou can him see,
 I am Crawford also if he living be :
 I pray Wallace would help me in this strife,
 I pray to God to send them all on life.
 Gods sake bid them soon come to me,
 Justice Innes thou spy for charity :
 I in what feir that they their lodging make,
 In after that we shal our purpose take :
 In Laglane which hath their succour been,
 In Market, and welcome woods green :
 As of as then, to her he spake na mare,
 Bytyle turned, and from her can he fare.

Such mourning made for his dear worthy King,
 He thought for baile, his breast near burst in twine,
 As he thus rade in great anger and teen,
 Of Englishmen there followed him fifteen:
 Waight wailed men, that toward him could draw,
 With a Wacer to reach him to the Law:
 Wallace returned in grief and matalent,
 With his sword drawn, among them soon he went:
 The middle of one he manked soon in twa,
 The other thereupon the head can ta.
 The thirde he strake, and throghe the coast him clabe,
 The fourth to ground right verfly down he drave:
 The fift he hit in great yre in that stead,
 Without rescue dreadlesse he left them dead.
 Then his thre men had slain the other five,
 From them the save escaped with their life.
 Fled to their Lord, and told him of this case,
 To Laglanc wood then rode wight Wallace:
 The Sutheron said, what one he hit right,
 Without merrey dreadlesse to death was dight.
 Warbell they had such strength in one should be,
 One of their men at each strake he gart die.
 Then deemed they it should be Wallace wight,
 To their language then answered an old Knight:
 Forsooth he said, be he escaped this Aire,
 All your new deed, is eeking of your care:
 The Justice said, when there such rumours rose,
 We would be feared, and there came many foes,
 That for one man, me think ye like to flee,
 And wots not yet indeed if it be hee:
 And tho it were I count him but full light,
 Who bides here, each gentle man shall be Knight.
 I think to deal their lands whole the moorn,
 To you about that are of England born.
 The Sutheron drew to their lodging but mare,
 Four thousand whole that night was into Aire.
 In great Barns bigged without the town,
 The Justice lay with many bold Barron.
 Then he gart cry about these wains wide,
 No Scots Barn among them there should bide.
 To the Table he would not passe for ease,
 But sojourned there with things þ might him please
 Great purveyance by sea was to them brought,
 With wine and Ale, the best that could be bought.
 No watch was set because they had no doubt,
 Scots men that living was without.
 ed in minde they had been all that day,
 and wine enough chosen had they.

Of Sir William Wallace.

As headlike folk took of themselves no keep,
In their veins soon staid the sloathfull sleep.
Through foul gluttony in swaie swapped like swine
Their Chiftain was great Bacchus god of wine.
This wise woman long time among them was,
Fell men she warned, and gart to Laglane pass,
Her self for most: when they with Wallace met,
Some comfort then into his heart was set.
When he them saw he thanked God of might,
Tydings he asked, the woman told him right,
Sleeping as swine are all you fierce meinie,
No Scots man is in you companie.
Then Wallace said, If they all drunken be,
I call it best with fire them for to see.
Of good men thre hundreth to him sought,
The woman told thre true Burgeses that brought:
Out of the town both noble Aile and Bread,
And other stuff as meikell as they might lead.
They eat and drank, the Scots men that mought,
The Nobles then, Jop hath to Wallace brought:
Sadly he said, Dear friends now ye see,
Our Kin are slain, therefore is greae pittie.
Through foul murther, the great despit is more,
Now some remead I would we set therefore:
Suppose that I was made Warden to be,
Dart are away, such charge is put to me.
And ye are here come in of als good blood,
And righteous born by adventure als good.
As forward fair, als likely in person,
As ever I was, then for conclusion:
Let us choole five of this good companie,
Then cavelis cast, who shall our master be.
Wallace and Boyd, and Crawford of renown,
And Adam als then Lord of Richartown.
His father then was visied with sicknesse,
God hath him tane into his lasting grace.
The fifth Auchinleck, in war a noble man,
Cavelis to cast, about the five began.
Would on him, for ought they would devill
continually, while they had casten thise:
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
Said, I vow to the Maker of aw:
And to Mary his Mother Virgin clear,
His Uncles death now shall be sold full dear.
With many mo of our dear worthy Kin,
Ere I eat or drink, I shall begin:
If sleuth or sleep shall never remain with me,
In this tempest while I am enged be:

Then all inclined right humble of one accord,
 And him receiv'd as their Chieftain and Lord.
 Wallace a Lord he may be taken well,
 Though rurall folk therof have little feel.
 They deem no Lord, but lands be their part,
 Had he the world, and he wretched in heart,
 He is no Lord, but to the worthinesse,
 It cannot be but freedom, Lordlinesse.
 At the Rods they make full many one,
 Which worthy are, yet lands they have none.
 This discussing we leave Heraulds to end,
 Unto my matter briefly I will wend.
 Wallace commanded a Burgesse for to get,
 Fine Talk enough, that his dear Rice might set,
 At ilk gate where Sutheron were on a row,
 And twenty men he gart soon widdies throw.
 Each man upon his arms a paire he threw,
 Unto the town full fast they can persue.
 The woman past before him subtilly,
 Talked each gate, they needed not go by.
 Then fastned they the dooys with widdies fast,
 To stapill and helpe with many sicker cast.
 Wallace gart Boyd near hand the Castle ga,
 With fifty men a jeopardy to ma:
 If any escape the fire when that they saw,
 All fast the gate he ordained them to draw:
 The rest with him about the Barns yeed,
 This true woman him served well indeed:
 With Lint and Fire that hastily kendle would,
 In every nook they fastned bleases bold:
 Wallace commanded to all his men about,
 No Sutheron men that they should let break out.
 What ever he be, rescues of their Kin,
 From the red fire, himself shall passe therein.
 The lemand low soon lanch'd upon hight,
 Forsooth he said, this is a pleasant sight:
 To our hearts it shall be some redressse,
 Were these away, their power were the lesse.
 Unto the Justice himself on lowd can call,
 Let us to brough our men from your false lall.
 What living are, and scaped from your Aire,
 Deal not their land, the unlaw is over saire:
 Thou had no right, it shall on thee be seen:
 The rumour rose with carefull cry and keen:
 The bailefire burne right brimly upon loft,
 To sleeping men their wakning was unsoft.
 The sight without was awfull for to see,
 The world no greater pain might be,

Than they within suffered for to dwell,
That ever was wrought, or Purgatory but hell:
A pain of hell, well near it may be cald,
Made folk in fire hampered manyfold.
Fell biggings burnt that worthy were and wight,
Got none away, Knave, Captain, nor Knight.
When brands fell of roof-trees them among,
Some rudly rose in bitter pains strong.
Some naked burnt, with belches all away,
Some never rose, but smoozed where they lay.
Some rushed fast to Aire, if they might win,
Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.
The reek filled with filth of carion,
Among the fire right foul of infection:
The people betred like wood beasts in that tyde,
Within the wall ramping on either side:
Lumisht with rueth, and many grievly groane,
Some grimly grat, while their life dayes were gone.
Some doozs sought the entry for to get,
But Scots men so wisely them beset.
F any brake by adventure of that stead,
With swords soon byrmed they were to dead.
Else again by force driven in the fire,
Here scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre:
The sink skailed of dead bodys so wide,
The Scots abhorred near hand them for to bide.
Led to the winde, and let them even alone,
While the red fire had not fierce blood over gone,
Frier, Drumlaw was Dyer then of Aire,
Even scope with him that night took harbory there.
To his Junes, for he might not them let,
While near mid-night a watch on them he set.
Himself woke well, while he the fire saw rise,
He mends he thought to take of that surpryse.
His brethren seven soon to harnesse they yeed,
Himself Chistain, the remanent to lead.
The best they waille of armour and good gear,
In weapons took right awfull in effear.
These eight Friers in thre parts they go,
With swords drawn, in every house yeed two.
In entred in where sucheron sleeping were,
In them set, with straks sad and sare:
In shrieks there the Friers dang to dead,
The naked fled, and got out of that stead.
The water sought, abased out of sleep,
The Friers well that was both long and deep:
Half of them fell, that brake out of that place,
Landed to ground, and dead withouten grace.

Slain and drowned, was all that harbored there;
 Men call it yet, The Friars blessing of Aire.
 Few folk of vaille was liued upon case,
 In the Castle, Lord Perse from that place:
 Before the Air from thence to Glasgow drew,
 Of wine and stuff, it was to purvey new.
 Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,
 With short advise ished, and made no doubt.
 The bushment then, as warriors wise and wight,
 Let them alone, and to the house past right.
 Boyd wan the Port, entred with all his men,
 Keepers in it were left but nine or ten.
 The formost soon himself sealed in hand,
 Made quite of him, then flew all that he fand:
 Of purveyance in the Castle was none,
 Short time before from it Perse was gone.
 The Earl Arnulff had perceivd that hold,
 With in the town was burnt to powder cold.
 Boyd gart remain of his men twenty still,
 Himself past forth to wit of Wallace will.
 Keeping the town while nought was leaved there,
 But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full bare,
 Of likely men that were born of England,
 By sword and fire, that night died five thousand.
 When Wallace men were well together met,
 Good friends, he said, ye know that there was set:
 Such law as this now into Glasgow town,
 The Bishop Beike, and Perse of renoun.
 Therefore I will in haste ye thither fare,
 Of our good King some part is loled there.
 He gart soon the Burgesles to him call,
 And gave command in generall to them all:
 In keeping they should take the house of Aire,
 And hold it whole, while time that we hear make.
 To hyde our King, Castles I would we had,
 Cast we down all, we may be deemed too bad.
 They gart meat come, for he had fasted lang,
 Little he took, then botoned him to gang:
 Horse they choose that Sutherland had brought there,
 Anew at will, and off the town can fare.
 Right wonder fast rode this good Chevalry,
 Three hundred whole was in that company.
 To Glasgow bridge, that bigged was of tree,
 Soon passed over, ere Sutherland might them see.
 Lord Perse wight, that busse was in wear,
 Sembled his men right awfull in effear.
 He deemed they all that it was wight Wallace,
 And his men before escaped through many case:
 Med their
 before esold

The Bishop Beike, and Perie that was wight,
 A thousand led, of men in Arms bright.
 Wallace saw well what number sembled there,
 He made his men in two parts for to fare:
 Draughted them well without the towns end,
 He called Auchinleck, for he the passage kend:
 Anle, he said, he busy in the wear,
 Whether will ye the Bishops taile up bear,
 Or passe before, and take his Bennison,
 He answered him with right short provision:
 Inbishopsed yet forsooth I trow ye be,
 Your self shall first his blessing take for me:
 For sickerly ye served it best to night,
 To bear his taile we shall with all our might.
 Wallace answered, since we must sundry gang,
 Perill it is if ye byde from us lang:
 For you are men will not be soon agast,
 From time we meet, for Gods sake by you fast.
 Our sundring I would no Sutheron saw,
 Behinde them come in thro the North-east rath.
 Good men of war are in Northumberland,
 They parted thus, took other by the hand:
 Auchinleck said, we shall do as we may,
 We would like evil to hide ought long away:
 A houseous stalle, betwixt us soon must be,
 But to the right Almighty God have eye.
 Adam Wallace, and Auchinleck was bolon,
 Seven scoze with them on back side of the tolow.
 Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight,
 The other part arrayed them full right.
 Wallace and Boyd the plain street up can go,
 The Sutheron marvelled because they saw no mo:
 Their Censenzie cryed on the Perie side,
 With Bishop Beik, that boldly could abide.
 A fore semibly was at their meeting seen,
 As fire from flint it fared them between.
 The hardy Scots right awfully them abade,
 Broght feil to ground throggh weed y was wel made.
 Pierced plats with points stiff of steel,
 By force of hand gart many cruell kneel.
 The strong flour rose, as smoak about them fast,
 Or mist through Sun, up to the clouds past.
 To help himself, each one had meikell need,
 The worthy Scots stood in a fellon dread.
 Yet for ward fast they pleased for to be,
 And they on them, great wonder was to see:
 The Peries men in war were used wel,
 Right fiercely fought, and sonzet not a deal.

Adam Wallace, and Auchinleck came in,
 A part of Surberon right cruelly they twin.
 Returned to them as noble men of wear,
 The Scots got rotom, and many down they bear.
 The new Counter assailed them so fast,
 Through Englishmen made stops at the last :
 Then Wallace self into the fellow throng,
 With his good sword, that heavy was and long :
 At Perries face with a good will he bare,
 Both bone and brain the crushed steel through bare :
 Three hundred men when Lord Perrie was dead,
 Out of the gate the Bishop Beik they lead.
 For then them thought it was no time to bide,
 By the Frier Kirk, to a wood there beside :
 In the Forrest forsooth they carryed nought,
 On fresh horse to Bothwell soon they sought.
 Wallace followed with worthy men and might,
 Forsoughten they were, and travelled all the night.
 Yet fell they flew into that chase that day,
 The Bishop self and good men got away :
 Aymer Wallange rescued them in that place,
 That Knight fall out did great harm to Wallace,
 Wallace began that night at ten hours in Aire :
 On day by nine in Glasgow sembled there :
 By one after-noon at Bothwell yet he was,
 Reproved Wallange, ere he would further pass :
 Then turned again as witnesses well the book,
 To Dundaff rose, and there resting he took.
 Told good Sir John of their tydings in Aire,
 Great moan he made, he was not with them there :
 Wallace solourned in Dundaff at his will.
 Five dayes out, till tydings came him till.
 Out of the hight where good men were forloyn,
 For Buchan rose, Arhole, Menelch, and Lorn.
 Upon Argyle a fellow war they make,
 For Edwards sake this they can undertake :
 The Knight Campbell in Argyle then was fill,
 With his good men against King Edwards will :
 And kepted free Loehow his heritage,
 But Makfadyean did him great outrage :
 This Makfadyean to Englishmen had sworn,
 Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorn.
 False John of Lorn to that gift can accord,
 In England then he was new made a Lord.
 Thus fallsely he gave over his heritage,
 Took at London of Edward a great wage.
 Lorn yet for the land grave,
 Kfadyean over set him with the lave :

Put him on force to good Campbel the Knight,
 Which into war was wise, worthy, and wight.
 This Makfadyean was entred into Scotland,
 And marvellously that tyrant took in hand :
 With his power, the which I spake of aite,
 These three Lordships assembled to him there.
 Fifteen thousand of cursed folk indeed,
 Of all gathering, the Hoast he had to lead.
 And many of them was out of Ireland brought,
 Bairns nor wives, that people spared nought.
 Wastes the land as far as they might go,
 These beastly folk could not but burn and sla :
 Into Lochow he entred suddenly,
 The good knight Campbel sa to good defence for the :
 To Craighnyre with three hundred he yed,
 That strength they held, for all their cruell feed.
 Then brake the bridge that they might over passe,
 But through a foord, where narrow passage was,
 Abandonly Campbel against them bade,
 Fast upon a we, that was both deep and brad :
 Makfadyean was upon the other side,
 And there on force behoved him to bide.
 For at the foord he durst not enter out,
 For good Campbel might set him then in doubt.
 Makfadyean sought, and a small passage fand,
 Had he leisure, he might pass off the land :
 Betwixt a Rock and a great water lide :
 But four in front there might none go nor ride.
 Into Lochow was bestiall great plentie,
 Where that he thought with all his hoast to be.
 And other stuff, that they had with them brought,
 But all his hoast avatted him right nought.
 Duncan of Lorn hath seen this sudden case,
 From good Campbel he went to seek Wallace :
 Some help to get of their torment and teen,
 Together befoze in Dundie they had been.
 Learning at Schoole, into their tender age.
 He thought to slak Makfadyean's he courage :
 Gilmiel then, with Duncan forth had dight,
 A guide he was, a footman wonder wight.
 Soon got they wit where Wallace lodged was,
 With their complaint to his presence they pass :
 Earl Malcolm als the Lennox held at peace,
 With his good men to Wallace can he please :
 To him there came good Richard of Lundie,
 Into Dundaff he would no longer lye :
 Sir John the Graham, als bownded him to ride,
 Makfadyean's war so griev'd him that tide.

How Wallace slew Makfadyean.

Then wallace thought his great power to see,
In what array he ruled that countrey :
The Ruikby then kepted with great wrong,
Scriviling Castle, that stalwart was and strong :
When Wallace came by South it in a vaile,
To Carl Malcome he said he would it saile :
In diverse parts he gart dissever his men,
Of their power the Sutheron should not ken.
Carl Malcome bade in bushment out of sight,
Wallace with him took good Sir John the Knight.
And an hundreth of wise war men about.
Throug Siriviling rade, if any would iss out.
Toward the bridge the gainest way they pass,
When Ruikbie saw where that their power was :
He took seven score of Archers that was there,
Upon Wallace they followed wonder rare :
That fell hicker did them meikell dear,
Wallace in hand gripped a noble spear :
Again returned, and hath the formost slain,
Sir John the Graham, that meikell was of main :
Among them rade with a good Spear in hand,
The first he slew that he before him fand :
Upon another his spear in sunder yeed,
A sword he drew, which helped him in need.
English Archers upon them can renew,
That his good Horse with Arrows soon they flew :
On foot he was when wallace hath it seen,
He lighted soon with men of Arms full keen :
Among the rout fighting full wonder fast,
Then Englishmen returned at the last :
At the Castle they would have been full fain,
But Carl Malcome with men of meikell main :
Betwixt the Sutheron and the gates yeed,
Many they flew that doughty were indeed :
In the great prease wallace add Ruikbie met,
With his good sword a strake upon him set :
Dersly to death the old Ruikbie he drave,
His two sons escaped among the lave :
In the Castle, by adventure they yeed,
With thirty men, more escaped that yeed.
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,
From the Castle they said, they would npt pass :
For well they wist it might not holden be,
For no long time, for they this ordained he :
Carl Malcome took the house to keep that tide,
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide :
In stance he made to this good Lord and wile,

While that he had Striviling, the Castle strong,
True men him told, they might not hold it long:
Then wallace thought most on Makfadyean,
Of scottishmen he had slain many an.
wallace avowed, that he should broken be.
On that Rebel, or else therefore to die.
Of tyranny King Edward thought him good,
Low boyn he was, and als of simple blood:
Thus wallace was soze grieved in his intent,
To this journey right earnestly he went.
At Striviling brydge assembled to him right,
Two thousand men that worthy were and wight:
Toward Argyle he botoned him to ride,
Duncan of Lorn was their true sicker guide.
Of old Ruikbie the which I spake of aye,
Two sons on live in Striviling lived there:
When those brethren conceived all at right,
This house to hold, that they no longer might.
For cause why they wanted men and meat,
With Earl Malcome they made them for to treat.
Grace of their lives, and they that with them was,
Gave over the house, then could to England pass:
On the third day that wallace from them rade,
With King Edward full many years they bad.
In Bruces wars again came in Scotland,
Striviling to keep, one of them took in hand.
Mention of Bruce is oft in wallace Book,
To fend his right full meikell pain he took:
Therefore should I here tarry any ma,
To wallace forth now shortly will I ga:
Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichil from him send,
A spy to be, for he the Countrey kend.
By our party was pass by Strachillan,
The small foot folk began to irk ilk an:
And horse also on force behaved to fall,
Then wallace thought that company to weall.
Good men he said, This is not meet for us,
In broken aray if we come to them thus:
We may take skalth, and harm our foes but small,
To them in like we may not semble all.
Tarry we long in plain field while they get,
Upon them soon so well we may not set.
Part we must leave us following to be,
With me shall passe our power into thre.
Five hundred first to himself hath he tane,
Of walesland men, were worthy known ilk an.
To Sir John the Graham as many ordained he,

And five hundred to Richard of Lundie.
In that part was Wallace of Richartown,
In all good deed he was ay ready bolw.
Five hundred left, and might not with them go,
Suppose that they to bild was wonder tw.
Thus Wallace Hoast began to take hight,
Over a mountain, then passed out of sight:
In Glendocher their spy met them again,
With Lord Campel, then was our folk right fain:
At their meeting great blythness might be seen,
Three hundred led that cruell wer and keen:
He comfort them, and bade them have no dread,
Von beastly folk, they want weapons and weed.
Soon will they flee, and we shortly persue,
To Loch Duchan, full suddenly they drew.
Then Wallace said, And life we shall all ta,
For here is none will from his fellow ga:
Upon the Bosse a Scurrtour soon found he:
The spy they send, the Country for to see.
To scoure the land Makfadyean had him send,
Out of Craigmare that day he thought to wend.
Gilmichil fast followed upon him there,
With a good sword that well and sharpely share:
Made quite of him, that tydings told he nane,
The out spy thus was losed fram Makfadyeane.
Then Wallace Hoast upon their foot can light,
Their horse they left, thogh they were never so wight.
For Bosse and Craig they might no longer dree,
Then Wallace said, who goes best, let see:
Out through the Bosse deliberedly they yeed,
Then took they hold, whereof they had most dread,
Endlong the shore, ay three in front they pass,
While all within were scumbled at the last.
Lord Campbel said, we have chosen this hold,
A traw to God, their wakening shall be cold:
Here is no gate to flee yon people can,
But Rocks high, and waters deep and wan.
Eighten hundred of doughty men indeed,
On the great hoast but more processe they yeed:
Fighting on front, and meikell mastery made.
The fraped folk busked withhoutten hade:
Rudely to ray they rushed them again,
Great part of them were men of meikell main:
Good Wallace men so stoutly can them feir,
The battell on back, five Atker braid they bear.
Into the flour feill tyrants gart they kneel,
Wallace in hand had a good sword of steel.
Whom ever he hit, brimly down they bare,
ever h

Rotomed him about a large rude and mare.
 Sir John the Graham indeed was well worthy,
 Good Campbells, and Richard of Lundie,
 Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyd in fear,
 Among their foes where deads was sold dear.
 The fellow flour was awfull for to see,
 Makfadyean then, so great debate made hee,
 With Ireland men hardy and couragious,
 The Galwart Striks right hard and verillous.
 Abundance of blood from wounds wide and wan,
 Sticked to dead on ground lay many a man:
 Two hours large into the flour they stand,
 The fiercest, they enough of fighting fand:
 That Jop himself well wist not who should win,
 But Wallace men would not in sunder twin:
 To help themselves they were of hardy will,
 Of Ireland blood full felony they spill:
 With fell fighting, made flops through the thrang,
 On the false part our wight war men so dang:
 That they to byde might have no longer might,
 The Ireland folk then made them for the flight:
 In crags clam, and some in water flet,
 Two thousand there drowned withoutten let.
 Boyn Scots men hade fill into the field,
 Cast weapons them from, and on their knees kneeld
 With pitteous voice they cryed on Wallace,
 For Gods sake to take them in his grace:
 Grieved he was but rueth of them he had,
 Received them faire with countenance full sad:
 Of our own blood we should have great pitie,
 Look ye stay none of Scots will yeelden be:
 Of our land men, let none escape with their life,
 Makfadyean fled for all his fellow strife.
 Unto a cave within a clift of stone.
 Under Cragmore with fifty hath he gone.
 Duncan of Lorn his leave at Wallace ask,
 On Makfadyean with worthy men he pass:
 He granted him to put them all to dead,
 They left none then, but brought Wallace his head,
 Upon a Spear through the field it bare,
 The Lord Campbel then hint it by the hare:
 High on Cragmore he heght it for to stand,
 Still on the stone for honour of Ireland.
 The lyflike men that were of Scoel and boyn,
 Soon at his faith he gart them all bestwoyn:
 Restore them that would come to his fles,
 He let none stay that would come to his pess.
 After this deed in Lorn they could be fare,
 His nefd:

Ruled the land, had been in meikel care:
In Ardehatane a counsel he gart cry,
Wher many men came to his senzoury:
All Lorn he gabe to Duncan that was wight,
And bade him hold in Scotland with the right.
And thou shalt brook this land in heritage,
Thy brother's son in London hath great wage:
Yet will he come he shall the lands have,
I would tyme none that verity might save.
Many true Scots to Wallace could persue,
At Ardehatane from fell strenghts they drew:
A good knight came, and with him men sittle,
He had been oft in many jeopardie.
With Englishmen, and sonziet not a deal,
Ay from their faith, he fended him full well:
Keeped him free, though King Edward had sworn,
Sir John Ramsay that righteous was born:
Of Ochterhouse, and other lands Lord,
And Shyreff als, as my book will record.
Of noble blood, and old ancestery,
Continued well with worthy Chevalry.
Into Strachane long time he had been,
At great debate among his enemies keen:
Right wightly wan his leaving into wear,
To him and his, suberon did meikel dear.
Well he eschewed, and suffered great distress,
His son was called the floure of courtlines:
As witnesses well into this short treaty,
After the Bruce, who reads that history.
He ruled well both into war and peace,
Alexander Ramsay to name he heght but lies.
When it was wear to Arms he him cast,
Under the Crown he was one of the best.
In time of peace to courtlines he yeed,
But to gentrice he took none other heed:
What Gentle men had not with Ramsay been,
Of courtlines they counted not a preen.
Freedom and truth he had as men would as,
Since he began, no better Squyer was:
Roxburgh hold, he wan right manfully.
Then held it long, while traitours treasonably,
Caused his death, I will not tell you how,
Of such things I will go by as now.
I have had blame to say the soothfastness,
Therefore I will but lightly run that race.
But it be thing that plainly stander is,
For such I trow they should not deem no miss.
Of Alexander as now I speak no more,

His father came, as I you told before.
 Wallace of him right full great comfort hee,
 For he well could do harming unto foes.
 In war he was right meikel for to prise.
 Busy, and true, both sober, wight, and wisse.
 A good Prelate als to Ardebaran sought,
 Of his Lordship as then he brooked nought.
 This worthy Clerk come in of hie linage,
 Of siakler blood not fourty year of age.
 Chosen he was by the Popes consent,
 Of Dunkeld Lord, was made with good intent.
 But Englishmen that Scotland gripped hail,
 Of benefice they let him brook but smal.
 When he saw well therefore he might not mite,
 To save his life, three years he dwelt in Bute.
 Lived as he might, and keeped ay good part,
 Under safety of James then Lord Stewart.
 While good wallace which Scotland wan with pain,
 Restored this Lord to his living again.
 And many mo which long had been overthrow,
 Wallace them put righteously to their owne.
 The smal hoast the which I spake of aie,
 Into the hight that Wallace lived there.
 Came to the field where Makfadyean had been,
 Look that was left, both weeds and weapons heen,
 Throug Lorn they pass as goodly as they can,
 Of their number they had not losted one man.
 On the fifth day they wan to Ardebaran,
 Where Wallace hade with good men many an.
 He welcommed them upon a goodly wise,
 And said they were right meikel for to prise.
 All true Scots he honored into wear,
 Save that he wan, himself keeped no gear.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan S. Johnstoun.

When Wallace would no longer sojourn there,
 From Ardebaran out throug that land they fere
 Toward Dunkeld with good men of renown,
 His moost thought then was of Saint Johnstoun.
 He called Ramsay, that good Knight great of valle,
 Gladly advised, besought him of counsel.
 Of Saint Johnstoun, now have I remembrance,
 Here have I been, and losed men throug chance.
 But ay for one we gart ten of them die,
 And yet me thinks that is no mends for me.
 Wouldd assay from this land ere we gang,
 And let them woe they occupy here to ang.
 Then Ramsay said, that town they may not keep.

The wals are low, suppose the ditch be deep.
 We have anew, that shall them cumber so,
 Fill up the dyke that we may plainly go:
 In plain battell, a thousand over at ones,
 From this power they shall not hold you waines.
 Wallace was glad, that he such comfort made,
 Forth talking thus, unto Dunkeld they rade.
 Thre dayes there they lodged with pleasance,
 While time they had foreseen their ordinanee.
 Ramsay gart big great Bastailyses of tree,
 By good wights, the best of that Countrie.
 When they were woght, betaght them men to lead,
 The water down, while they came near that head.
 Sir John Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
 Ruled them well at his will for to hyde:
 The great hoast then about the village pass,
 With earth and bone they filled dykes fast:
 Flaiks they made on timber long and wight,
 A rowm passage, to the wals they dight.
 Feill Bastailyses right strongly up they rose,
 With men of Arms soon to adraytly goes.
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that was wight,
 The turate brige assiged in all cheir might.
 And wallace self at midst of the toton,
 Good men in arms that was to bargane boton.
 The Sutheron men made great defence that tyde
 With artailyle that fellon was to hyde:
 With tablader gauzie and stones fast,
 And hand-guns right brimly out they cast:
 Funzeit with spears as men of arms keen,
 The noble Scots that worthy ay hath been.
 At hand-straiks fra they together met,
 With sutheron blood their weapons soon they wet.
 Yet Baglishmen that worthy were in war,
 Into that flour right boldly can them bear.
 But all for nought availed them that deed,
 The Scots through force upon them in they peed:
 A thousand men over wals peed hastily,
 Into the toton rose hideous noyle and cry:
 Ramsay and Graham the turate gate hath win,
 And entered in to here great strife did begin.
 A true Squyer, when Ruidwen heght to name,
 Came to the assault with good Sir John Graham.
 Thirty with him, of men that proved well,
 Amongst their foes, with weapons stiff as steel.
 When that the Scots assembled on either side,
 At thondheron was that might their vines abide:
 And soon were foyled under feet.

Of Sutherland blood they sicked in the street.
Sir John Stewart saw well the town was tint,
Took him to flight, and would no longer tint :
In a light Barge, and with him men little,
The water down, sought succour to Dundie.
Wallace bodg Hill, while the fourth day at moyn,
And left none there, that was of England born,
Riches they got, both gold and other good,
Plenish the town again with Scots blood :
In betwixen he left their Captain for to see,
In heritage gave him the office of fee :
Of all Strathen, and Shyreff of the town,
Then in the North good Wallace made him boron,
In Aberdene he gart a counsell cry,
True Scottisshmen should assemble hastily.
To Cowper he rade, to bissy that Abbay,
The English Abbot was fled from thence away :
Bishop Sinker without longer abade,
Bet them at Glams, syn forth with them he rade :
Into Brechin they lodged all that night,
Soon on the moyn Wallace gart graith at right,
Displaid abroad the Banner of Scotland.
In good array : with noble men at hand.
Cauld plainly cry, that saved should be none
Of Sutherland blood where they might be overgone :
In plain battell throughout the Merns they ride,
The Englishmen that durst them not abide :
Before the hoast full fearedly they flee,
To Dunotter, a strength within the sea.
So further they might win out of the land,
They sembled there, while they were four thousand.
To the Kirk they ran, and thocht girth to have sane,
The lave remained upon the rock of stane :
The Bishop then began treaty to ma,
Their lives to get, out of the land to ga :
But they were red, and durst not well assay
Wallace in fire cauld set all hastily :
Burnt up the Kirk, and all that was therein,
Letrou the rock the lave ran with great din.
Some hung on Craigs right dolefully to die,
Some lay, some fell, some flattered in the sea :
No Sutherland on life was leaved in that hold,
And they with in were burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, they fell on knees down,
At the Bishop asked absolution.
Then Wallace leugh, and said, I forgive you all,
Are ye war-men that repents for so small :
They rewed us not within the town of Aire,

Our true Barrons when that they hanged there.
 To Aberdene then safely can they pass,
 Where Englishmen right busly flitting was.
 An hundreth ships that ruther bear and aire,
 To turse their goods, in Haven were byding there.
 But Wallace Hoast came on them suddenly,
 There scapped none of all that great Navy.
 But feill servants in them was lived none,
 At an eb sea the Scots is on them gone:
 Took out the gear, then set the Ships on fire,
 The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre.
 Deed none away, but Pysses, tolves, and bairns,
 Wade they debate, they scaped not but harms,
 Into Duchan, Wallace made him to ride,
 Where Lord Bewmount was ordained to abide:
 Earl he was made but of short time before,
 He brooked it not for all his houseous more.
 When he wist well that Wallace coming was,
 He left the land, and could to slanis pass:
 And then by ship fled in England again.
 Wallace rade through the North-land into plain:
 At Cromerly feill Englishmen they flew,
 The worthy scots unto him could persue.
 Returned again, and came to Aberdeen,
 With his blyth Hoast, upon the Lammass euen.
 Establish the land, as he thought best to be,
 Then with an Hoast he passed to Dundie.

C H A P. I V.

How Wallace laid a sedge to Dundie, and gave battell to
 Kirkingham Thesaurer to King Edward, and the Barle of
 Warran, at Striviling Bridge.

Gart set a sedge about the Castle Orang,
 I leave him there, and further will I gang.
 Sir Aymer Wallange hasted him full fast,
 Into england with his whole household past.
 Bothwell he left, was Murrays heritage,
 And took him then to go to Edwards wage.
 Thus his own land he left for evermare,
 Of wallace deed great tydings told he there,
 Als Englishmen soze mourned in their mood,
 That losed here both life, lands, and good:
 Edward as then could not in Scotland fair,
 But Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurer.
 With him a Lord, that Earl was of Warran,
 He charged them with numbers many an.
 Right well beseen in Scotland for to ryde,
 At striviling still, he ordained them to hyde.
 While he might come, with ordinance of England,
 Scotland

his hoast past forth, and had but little bread,
The Earl Patrick received them at Tweed.
Salice he had at good Wallace before,
long time by past, and that increased more.
But through a case it hapned of his wife,
number from him he held it into a strife:
Through the supply of wallace into plain,
but he by means got this Castle again:
long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,
against Wallace he proved in many a preasse.
With englishmen supplied them at his might,
Contrare scotland they wrought ful great unright.
Their muster then was awfull for to see,
Of fighting men thousands their were sirtie.
To scriviling bridge past ere they liked to hyde,
To Earl Malcome a siede they laid that tyde:
And thought to keep the command of their King,
But good wallace wrought for another thing.
Dundie he left, and made a good Chistain,
With two thousand to keep that houle of stane:
Of North-land men, and dwellers at Dundie,
The samine night to Saint Johnstoun went he:
Upon the moyn to Shyreff-mure he rode,
And there a while in good array he bode.
Sir John the Graham said we have undertane,
With lesse power, such thing that well is gane:
Then Wallace said, where such things comes of need,
We should thank God, that makes us for to speed.
But near the bridge my purpose is to be,
And work for them some subtill jeopardie.
Ramlay answered, the bridge we may keep weell,
Of way about the sutheron have little feill.
Wallace send Jop the battell for to set,
To tuesday next to fight withoutten let:
On Saturday unto the Bridge they rade,
Of good plain boords was well and joyntly made.
Part watches wast, that none should to them pass,
And might he took the subtillest that was,
And ordained him to saw the boords in two,
By the mid-trest that none might over it go:
On cornell hands, nailed it full soon,
Then filled it with clay as nothing had been done:
The other end he ordained for to be,
how it should stand upon rollers of tree,
When one were out, that the rest down should fall,
himself under, he ordained therewithall.
Sound on the trest in a Cradle to sit,

To loose the pin, when wallace let him wit.
 But with an horn when it was time to be,
 In all the host no man should blow but he.
 The day approached of the great battell,
 The Englishmen for powder would not fall:
 By six they were against one of wallace,
 Fifty thousand made them to battell place:
 The remanent bade at the Castle hill;
 Both field and house they thought to keep at will:
 The worthy Scots upon the other side,
 The plain field took, on foot made them to bide:
 Hew Kirkinghame the vanguard then led he,
 With twenty thousand of likly men to see.
 Thirty thousand the Earl of Vvarran had,
 But he did then as the wise man him bade:
 All the first host before him over was send,
 Some Scots-men that well the matter kend:
 Bade wallace blow, and said, they were anew,
 He hasted not, but sadly could persue.
 While warrans host thick on the bridge he saw,
 From Jop the horn he hint, and could it blaw:
 So asperly, and warn'd good John wright,
 The roller out he brake then with great flight:
 The rest yeed down, when that the pine out goes,
 An hideous cry among the people rose:
 Both horse and man into the water fell,
 The hardy Scots, that would no longer dwell:
 Set on the rest with straks sad and sare,
 Of them there over as then covered they were:
 At the fore-brest they probed hardilse,
 Wallace and Graham, Boyd, Ramsay, and Lundie.
 All in the flour fighting face for face,
 The sutheron back retired in that place:
 At the first strak five aker broad and more,
 Wallace on foot a great sharp sword he bore:
 Among the thickest of the preasse he gaes,
 On Kirkiaghame a strak he cholen bes:
 In the birnith, that polisht was full bright,
 The punzeing head the plates pierced right.
 Through the body stiked him but rescue:
 Dersly to death that Chiftain was adue.
 Both man and horse at that strak he bare down,
 The English host that were in battell botw:
 Comfort they tint, when their Chiftain was slain,
 And many one began to flee in plain:
 Yet worthy men bade still into that dead,
 While ten thousand were brought unto the dead.
 They fled the labe, and might no longer bide,
 Ten thocht i.
 D the 3da 1

Succour they sought in many diverse side.
 Some east, some west, and some fled to the North,
 Seven thousand whole at once fluttered in Forth :
 Plunged in deep, drowned without mercy,
 None left on live of all that whole menzie :
 Of Wallace host no man was slain of vaile,
 But Andrew Murray, into that strong battaille :
 The south part then that saw their men was tane,
 All fiercely fled, as fire do from the flint.
 The place hath left, scriving Castle and town,
 Toward Dumbar in great haste made them bowen.
 When Wallace host had won the field by might,
 Took up the bridge, and losed good John wright.
 On the flyers then followed wonder fast,
 Earl of Malcome als out of the Castle past :
 With Lennox men, to suist the chase good speed,
 By the way they gart feill Sutherland bleed :
 In the Torwood they gart full many die,
 The Earl of Vvarran then can full fiercely flee :
 With Corspatrik that graithly can him guide,
 Inchanging horse, out through the land they ride :
 Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,
 Many were slain, overshoothfully that fled.
 The Scottish horse had run full wonder lang,
 Many gave over, and might no further gang :
 Wallace and Graham ever together bade,
 At Haddingtown full great slaughter they made.
 Of Englishmen, when their horse tyed had,
 When Ramsay came, good Wallace was full glad.
 With him was Boyd and Richard of Lundie,
 Three hundred whole was of good Chevalrie.
 And Adam Wallace als of Richartown,
 With Earl Malcome they found at Haddingtown.
 The Scottishmen on slaughter varied was,
 While to Dumbar the two Chiftains could pass :
 Full witefull were for their contrary case,
 Wallace followed, while they got in that place,
 Of their best men, and kirkinghame of renown,
 Thirty thousand was dead but redemption :
 Beside Belton, wallace returned again,
 To follow more : then was it but in vain.
 At Haddingtown, lodging he bade all night,
 Upon the morn to scriving passed right :
 On the Assumption day befell this case,
 By loved be the Lord of his good grace :
 Convoyer of he was to good Wallace,
 And helped him in many sundry place :
 Wallace in haste soon after this battell,

A great Oath took of all the Barrons haill :
 That with good will, would come to his presence,
 He heght them als to bide at their defence :
 Sir John Menteich was then of Arran Lord,
 To Wallace came, and made a plain concord :
 With witnessse there with his oath he him band,
 Lawty to keep to Wallace and Scotland :
 Who would not with free will to right apply,
 Wallace by force punisht them rigorously :
 Part put to death, part put in prison strang,
 Great word of him through both these Realms rang :
 Dundie they got soon by a short treaty,
 But for their lives they fled away by sea :
 English Captains that houses had in hand,
 Left Castles free, and stole out of the Land :
 Within ten dayes after this time was gone,
 English Captains in Scotland then was none.
 Except Berwick and Roxburgh Castles twicht,
 Yet Wallace thought to bring them to the right.
That time there was a worthy true Barron,
 To name he heght Christell of Setoun :
 In Jedburgh wood, for safety he had been,
 Against Sutherland full well he could conteen.
 Edward could not from Scots faith him get,
 Though they a million gave of gold well met.
 Heabattel fled from Jedburgh Castle twicht,
 Towards England, their Setoun met him right :
 With forty men Christel in bargan bade,
 Against seven score, and meikell mastery made :
 Slew that Captain, and many cruell man,
 Full great riches in that iourney he wan.
 Household and gold, as they should pass away,
 The which before they kepted many a day :
 Jedburgh he took, and Ruthwen leaved he,
 At Wallace will their Captain for to be.
 Bold Setoun then to Lowchean made repare,
 In this story ye may hear of him mare :
 And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
 He was with them in many cruell deed :
 God Wallace then full sadly can devise,
 To rule the land, with worthy men and wise.
 Captains he made, and Shyreffs that were good,
 Part of his Kin, and of other true blood :
 His dear Cousen in Edinburgh ordained he,
 The true Crawford, that ay was full worthie.
 Keeper at it with noble men at wage,
 It of Manwell then he had good heritage :
 Manwell was free, that long in balle had been,

Wallace it wan from our false enemies keen:
 Great Governour of Scotland he could Reign;
 Waiting a time to get his righteous King:
 From Englishmen that held him in bandown,
 Long wrongfully from his own righteous Crown.

The end of the seventh Book.



THE EIGHTH BOOK,

CHAP. I.

How Wallace put Corsparrick out of Scotland.

The moneths thus Scotland stood in good rest,
 A counsel cry'd, them thought it was the best.
 In S. Johnstoun where it should holden be,
 Assembled Clerk, Barron, and Burges free.
 But Corsparrick would not come at their call.
 Bade in Dumbar, and made scorn of them all:
 They spake of him fell Lords of that Parliament,
 Then Wallace said, Will ye here to consent:
 Forgive him free all things that is by pass:
 So he will come, and grant he hath trespass.
 From this time forth keep law to our Crown,
 They granted thereto, Clerk, Burges, and Barron:
 With whole consent their writing to him send,
 Right lowly thus they them to him commend.
 Besought him fair, as one then of the land,
 To come and take some Governance in hand:
 Lightly he leugh, in scorn as it had been,
 And said, We had such message seldom seen.
 That wallace now as Governour should Reign:
 Here is great fault of a good Prince or King.
 That King of Kyle I cannot understand,
 Of him I held never a fur of land:
 That Bauchler trows, for Fortun shoves her wheel
 Therewith to last, it shall not long be well:
 But to you Lords, and ye will understand,
 I make you wise I ought to make no band:
 As free I am in this Region to Reign,
 Lord of mine own, as ever was Prince or King:
 In England als great part of land I have,
 Wantent thereof will no man of me crave.
 What will ye more, I warn you I am free,
 For your summons, ye get no more of me.
 To Saint Johnstoun this wite he sent again,
 Before the Lords, was manifested in plain:

When wallace heard the Earl such answer makes,
 A great heat through courage then he takes :
 For he will well there could be but one King,
 Of this Region at once for to Reign,
 A King of Kyle for that he called wallace,
 Lords he said, this is a uncouth case :
 Be he suffered we are worse then we was,
 Thus rose he up, and made him for to passe :
 God hath us tholed to do so for the lave,
 On life or death, in faith we shall him have :
 Or gar him grant whom he hold for his lord,
 Or else were shame in story to record.
 I vowe to God, with ease he shall not be,
 Into the Realm, but one of us shall die :
 Lesse then he come, and know his righteous King,
 In this Region well both we shall not Reign.
 His lightly scorn he shall repent full sore,
 But power fail, or I shall end therefore :
 Since in this earth, is ordained me no rest,
 Now God be iudge, the right he knowes best :
 At that counsel he longer caried nought,
 With his two hundred from s. Johnstoun he sought.
 To the counsel made instance ere he yeed,
 They should contain, and of him have no dread :
 I am but one, and for good cause I ga,
 Toward Kinghorn the gained way they ta :
 Upon the moyn over Forth, South they pass,
 On his voyage, he hasten wonder fast.
 Robert Lawder at Musselburgh met wallace,
 From Englishmen he keeped well his place :
 Could none him treat, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord
 With King Edward for to be at concord :
 On Earl Patrick to passe he was full glad,
 Some said befoze, the Bass he would have had :
 Good men came als with Chrissel of seroun,
 Then wallace was four hundred of renoun.
 A Squyer Lyle that well the Countrey knew,
 With twenty men to wallace could persue :
 Beside Lyntoun, and to them told he than,
 That Earl Patrick with many likely man,
 A Cokburns path he had his gathering made,
 And to Dumber would come withourten bade.
 Then Lawder said, It were the best thinks me,
 Faster to passe in Dumber ere he be :
 wallace answered, We may at leasure ride,
 to parith yon power he thinks bargin to bide.
 answert of one thing ye shall well understand,
 yon power, our Lord is not within our land.
 one think

ight he be made true headfast to our King,
wit and force, he can do meikell thing:
e wilfully he likes to tyne himself,
as rode they forth, and would no longer dwell,
ad Dumbair where men them told on case,
to Carl Patrick was warned of wallace:
an Innerweik choled a field at wattle,
ith nine hundred of likly men but false:
r hundred was with wallace in the right,
d they anone approached in their sight:
at fault was there of good treaty between,
make concord, and that full soon was secu-
ithout rehearse of action in that tyme,
either part together fast they ride:
e flour was strong, and wonder Chevalrons,
ntinued long with deeds perillous,
ny, there dies of cruell Scots blood:
his treaty the matter is not good.
erfore I cease to tell the destruction,
y it was, and all of one Nation:
t Carl Patrick the field left at the last,
ght few with him to Cokburns-park there past:
rieved soze that his men thus were tane,
lace returned, and would no longer stane:
ward Dumbair where soothfast men him told,
purveyance was left into that hold.
men of fence, all had been with their Lord,
hen wallace heard the sicker true record.
bar he took all whole at his handout,
ve it to keep to Christell of Setoun.
ho sucked it with men and good victuall,
on the moyn wallace that would not fall:
ith three hundred to Cokburns-park he sought,
el Patrick issed, for hyde him would he nought.
on to the Park wallace a range hath set,
Bankell wood Carl-patrick fled but let:
out of it to Narhame passed he,
en Wallace saw it might no better be:
Caldstrem rode, and lodge him on Tweed,
el Patrick then in all haste can him speed,
d passed by ere wallace power rose,
ithout resting to Burick Forrest goes.
lace followed, but he would not assaile,
range to make, as then it might not vaille:
er felo he had, the strength was thick and strong,
elbe myle of breadth, and thereto twise as long.
to Cokholme Carl Patrick bode at rest,
more power wallace past in the west.

Carl Patrick then him graithed hastily,
 In England past to get him there supply :
 Out through the land right earnestly could pass,
 To Anthony Beik that Lord of Durham was :
 Wallace put him out of Glasgow before,
 And slew Perce, their malice was the more.
 And Bishop Beik gart soon great power rise,
 Northumberland upon an awfull wise.
 They ordaisied Bruce in Scotland for to pass,
 To win his own, but evil deceived he was :
 They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
 And thought to take the Kingrick to him sell :
 For false they were, and ever yet hath been,
 Lawty and truth was ever in Wallace seen.
 To fend their right was all he took in hand,
 And thought to bring Bruce free to his land.
 Of this matter as now I tarry nought,
 With strong power Sutherland together sought :
 From Ouis water assembled whole in Tweed,
 The land host was thirty thousand indeed :
 Of Thames mouth sent Ships by the sea,
 To keep Dumbar, that none should them supply :
 Carl Patrick past but twenty thousand but let,
 Before Dumbar a stalward sidge he set :
 The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce hade still,
 With ten thousand in Norhame at their will :
 Wallace by this that fast was labourand,
 In Lowthian came with good men five thousand :
 Right well beseen into their armour bright,
 Thought to rescue the serous bold and twicht.
 Under Yester that first night lodged he,
 Hay came to him with an good Chevalere :
 In Down Forrest all that time he had been,
 He had the coming of the Sutherland seen :
 Fifty he had of wise men into wear,
 They told Wallace of Patrick's great effear.
 Hay said, Forsooth and ye might him oversee,
 Power again right soon he might not get.
 My counsel is, that ye give him battel :
 He thanked them of comfort and counsel,
 And said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
 So that we win, I reke not for to end :
 Right soth it is that once we must die,
 Into the right who should in terrour be :
 Carl Patrick there a messenger gart pass,
 With the Anthony that Wallace coming was :
 Right with the tidings the Bishop was full glad,
 Rick there of him full fain he would have had :
 hony that of him full fain he would have had :
 tidings the

But more prolong through Lammer-mure they rade
 Near the spot-mure in bushment fill he bade,
 Where Earl Patrick then ordained for to be,
 Wallace of Beik, onwarned then was he.
 Yet he before was not hasty indeed,
 But then he put both him and his in dread :
 Upon swift horse scourtiours rode between,
 The coming then of Earl Patrick hath seen :
 The house he left, and to the Dure is gane,
 A plain field with his hoast hath he tane :
 God Serous then ished with few menzle.
 Part of his men into Dumbar lese he :
 To Wallace rode, was on the righteous side,
 In good array to spots-mure they ride.
 The Scots dread the Earl so many was,
 Twenty thousand-against so few to pass :
 But Jop perceived he bade Wallace should bide,
 Tine not your men, but to some strength ye ride.
 And I shall passe, to get you power mare,
 These are over good thus lightly for to wear.
 Then Wallace said, In truth I shall not flee,
 For four of his ay one while I may be :
 We are over near such purpose for to take .
 A dangerous chase they might upon us make.
 Here is twenty with this power this day,
 Would him assay suppose I were away :
 Many they are, for Gods sake be we strong,
 On Sutheron folk in flour will not bide long.

C H A P. I I.

How Corpatrick brought in Scotland Bishop Beike,
 and Robert the Bruce : and how Wallace gave them
 battell, and put them out of Scotland.

The hym battell brathly on either side,
 Great ried there rose over all where þ they ride.
 The soze sembly when they together met,
 Feill straks there they sadly on other set :
 Drunzein spears through plats preasted fast,
 Many off horse, down to the ground they cast :
 Sables they teime off horse, but masters there,
 Of the south-side five thousand down they bare.
 God Wallace hoast, the formost cummered so,
 That the rest was in will, away to go :
 Earl Patrick bode so cruell of intent,
 All his whole hoast of him took hardiment :
 Against wallace in many flour was he,
 Wallace knew well that his men would not flee,
 For no power that living was on live,
 While they on halle might be one ay for live :

In that great strife many were handled hait,
 The fell dints, the cruell hard debate:
 The fets striking made many grievous wound,
 Upon the earth the blood made to abound:
 All wallace hoast into a compasse bade,
 Where they turned, full great slaughter they made.
 Wallace and Graham with Ramsay full worthie,
 The bold Setoun, and Richard of Lundie.
 And Adam als of Richartown,
 Both Hay and Lyle, with good men of renown:
 Boyd Barciy, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
 Fell Englishmen derfly to death they dight.
 But Earl Patrick full fiercely fought again,
 Through his own hand many he put to pain:
 Our men on him throng forward into thro,
 Wade through the hoast fell strops to and fro.
 The Englishmen began plainly to flee,
 Then Bishop Beik full suddenly they see:
 And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men,
 Wallace was too, fra time he could him ken:
 Of Bruces deeds he was agrieved mare
 Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
 The great bushment at once then brake on breed,
 Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed:
 The fliers then with Earl Patrick relived.
 They fought again, where many were mischeved,
 When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
 Out of the field on horse he thought to pass:
 But he saw well his hoast sound in their weed;
 He thought to fray the foremost ere he yeed.
 The new come hoast about him sembled there,
 On either side with straks sad and sare.
 The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,
 Of Anthonies men full many have they slain:
 But that tyrant so used was in war,
 On Wallace hoast he did full meikell deare:
 And the bold Bruce, so cruelly wrought he,
 Through strength of hand fell Scots gart he die:
 To resist Bruce, Wallace he prest fast,
 But Englishmen so thick between them past:
 And Earl Patrick in all the haste he mought.
 Throughout the flour to wallace soon they sought.
 On the Helant a fellow strak him gave,
 Carved the plate, with his sharp grounded glave.
 Through all the buff, and wounded him some deall:
 They Wallace thought he should be venged well,
 All tyed on him, and a strak ettled fast,
 Wallace thow mailland reklesse between them past,
 On him

Upon the head good wallace hath him tane,
Through head and brain in sunder brake the hane,
Dead to the ground at that brake he him drave,
Thus wallace was delevbered from the lave :
Of his good men, among them him alone,
About him sought feill enemies many one.
Sticked his horse, to ground behoved to light,
To fend himself, as wisely as he might.
The worthy Scots that might no longer bide,
With heavy hearts out of the field they ride :
With them in fear they weined wallace had been,
On foot he was among his enemies keen :
God rowm he made about him into breed,
With his good sword that helped him in need :
Was none so strong that got of him a brake,
After again made never the Scots to brake.
Earl Patrick then that had great craft in wear,
With spears ordain'd good Wallace down to bear :
Anets they took were whole into the field,
To him they yeed, thought he should have no beild.
On either side fast prunzeing at his gear,
He helved off heads, and wisely could him wear.
The worthy Scots of this then little wist,
Sought to good Graham, when they their Chiftain mist :
Lawder and Hyle and Hay, that were so wight,
And bold Ramsay, which was a worthy Knight :
Lundie and Boyd, and Christell of Seroun,
With five hundreth that were in bargane boun :
Him to rescue, full rudely in they rade,
About wallace a large rowm they made.
The Bishop Beik was brastly born to cird,
At that rescue there was a fellon reird.
Ere he got up, feill Sucheron they flew,
Out of the preasse wallace they can rescue :
Soon horsed him upon a Courser wight,
Toward a strength they rade in all their might.
Right wisely fled rescuing many man,
The Earl Patrick to fuff the chase began,
On the fliers there little harm they wroughe
Good wallace folk away toget her sought.
Those five hundreth the which I spake of airc,
So awfully abandoned them and saire :
No follower durst out from his fellow ga,
The good fliers such turning in they ma :
Four thousand whole had tane the strength before,
Of wallace hoast, his comfort was the more.
Of Glasgaden, that Forrest thought to hold,
Earl Patrick turned, though he was never so bold.

In that great strife many were handled halt,
 The fell dints, the cruell hard debate:
 The fiers striking made many grievous wound,
 Upon the earth the blood made to abound:
 All wallace hoast into a compasse bade,
 Where they turned, full great slaughter they made,
 Wallace and Graham with Ramsay full worthie,
 The bold Setoun, and Richard of Lundie.
 And Adam als of Richartown,
 Both Hay and Lyle, with good men of renown:
 Boyd Barclay, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
 Fell Englishmen derfly to death they dight.
 But Earl Patrick full fiercely fought again,
 Through his own hand many he put to pain:
 Our men on him throng forward into thro,
 Wade through the hoast fell slops to and fro.
 The Englishmen began plainly to flee,
 Then Bishop Beik full suddenly they see:
 And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men,
 Wallace was wo, fra time he could him ken:
 Of Bruces deeds he was agrieved mare
 Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
 The great bushment at once then brake on bield,
 Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed:
 The fiers then with Earl Patrick relived.
 They fought again, where many were mischieved,
 When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
 Out of the field on horse he thought to pass:
 But he saw well his hoast sound in their weed;
 He thought to fray the formost ere he peed.
 The new come hoast about him sembled there,
 On either side with straks sad and sare.
 The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,
 Of Anthonies men full many have they slain:
 But that tyrant so used was in war,
 On Wallace hoast he did full mekell deare:
 And the bold Bruce, so cruelly wrought he,
 Through strenght of hand fell scots gart he die:
 To resist Bruce, Wallace he prest fast,
 But Englishmen so thick between them pass:
 And Earl Patrick in all the haste he mought.
 Throughout the flour to wallace soon they sought.
 On the Besant a fellow strak him gave,
 Carved the plate, with his sharp grounded glave.
 Though all the suff, and wounded him some deall:
 That Wallace thought he should be venged well,
 h all eyed on him, and a strak etted fast,
 allace the mauland reklesse between them pass,
 ed on his

Upon the head good wallace hath him tane,
 Through head and brain in sunder brake the hane,
 Dead to the ground at that stroke he him drave,
 Thus wallace was deſſevered from the labe :
 Of his good men, among them him alone,
 About him fought feill enemies many one.
 Sticked his horſe, to ground behoved to light,
 To fend himſelf, as wiſely as he might.
 The worthy Scots that might no longer bide,
 With heavy hearts out of the field they ride :
 With them in fear they weined wallace had been,
 On foot he was among his enemies keen :
 Good roſom he made about him into breed,
 With his good ſword that helped him in need :
 Was none ſo ſtrong that got of him a ſtrake,
 After again made never the Scots to ſtrake.
 Earl Patrick then that had great craft in wear,
 With ſpears ordain'd good Wallace down to bear :
 Ane they took were whole into the field,
 To him they yeed, thought he ſhould have no beild.
 On either ſide eaſt punzeing at his gear,
 He helved off heads, and wiſely could him wear.
 The worthy Scots of this then little wiſt,
 Sought to good Graham, when they their Chiftain miſt :
 Lawder and Hyle and Hay, that were ſo wight,
 And bold Ramſay, which was a worthy Knight :
 Lundie and Boyd, and Chriſtell of Seroun,
 With five hundreth that were in bargane bowen :
 Him to reſcue, full rudely in they rade,
 About wallace a large roſom they made.
 The Biſhop Beik was brathly boyn to cird,
 At that reſcue there was a fellow reird.
 Ere he got up, feill Sucheron they ſlew,
 Out of the preaſſe wallace they can reſcue :
 Soon horſed him upon a Courſer wight,
 Toward a ſtrength they rade in all their might.
 Right wiſely fled reſcuing many man,
 The Earl Patrick to ſuff the chace began,
 On the fliers there little harm they wrought
 Good wallace folk away together ſought.
 Thoſe five hundreth the which I ſpake of aſtre,
 So awfully abandoned them and ſaire :
 No follower durſt out from his fellow ga,
 The good fliers ſuch turning in they ma :
 Four thouſand whole had tane the ſtrength befoze,
 Of wallace hoſt, his comfort was the moze.
 Of Glaſſaden, that Forreſt thought to hold,
 Earl Patrick turned, though he was never ſo bold.

Again to Beik when scaped was Wallace,
Cursing Fortune of his mischancefull case:
The field he wan, and seven thousand were lost,
Dead on that day for all the Bishops host:
Of Wallace men five hundred slain I gesse,
But no Chiftain, his mourning was the lesse.
Near even it was, but Beik would not abide,
In Lammer-mure they turned in that tide,
Their lodging where he thought to availe,
For well they troved the Scots would assaile,
Upon the field, where they gave battell last,
The country men to Wallace gathered fast.
Of Edinburgh with Crawford that was wight,
Four hundred came into their armour bright.
To Wallace rode, by his lodging was tane,
Of Fevedale came good men many ane:
Out at Jedburgh, with Rukwen at that tide,
Together sought from many diverse side.
Sir William the 11 that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him fourscore that night came to Wallace:
Twenty hundred of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might:
At the first field these good men had not been,
Wallace watches their adversaries hath seen:
Into what wise they had their lodging made,
Wallace botoned after Supper but bade:
In Lammer-mure they passed hastily,
Soon to array yeed his good Chevalry.
Wallace them made in two parts to be,
Sir John the Graham, and Setoun ordained he,
Lawder, and Hay with three thousand to ride,
Himself the rest took wisely for to guide.
With him Lundie, both Ramsay, and Dowglas,
Barklay, and Boyd, and good Adam wallace:
By this the day approached wonder near,
And bright Titan in presence can appear:
The Scottish host soon sembled into fight,
Of their enemies, they were not ready dight:
Out of array feill of the surheron was,
Right awfully wallace can on them pass.
At this entry the Scots so well them bare,
Feill of their foes to death were brittined there:
Reckless they rose, and many fled away,
Some on the ground, were smoozed where they lay:
Great noise and cry was raised them among,
Good Graham came, that halward was and strong.
Ofse wallace men were well together met
Graham ca south part so awfully they set.
wallace men
south part

In contrare them the frayed folk might not stand,
 At once there fled of Sutheron ten thousand :
 The worthy Scots wrought upon such a wise,
 Jop said, that they were worthy for to prise.
 Yet Bishop Beik, that fellow tyrant strong,
 Bode in the flour right awfully and long.
 A Knight skelton, that cruell was and keen,
 Before him stood into his armour sheen.
 To fend his Lord, full worthily he wrought,
 Lundie him saw, and sadly to him sought :
 With his good sword an ackward straik him gave,
 Through Belan stuff his craig in sunder drave :
 Whereof the rest were slonight in that dead,
 The bold skelton, of Lundies hand was dead,
 Then fled they all, and might no longer hyde,
 Patrick and Beik away with Bruce they ryde :
 Five thousand held into a floy away,
 To Norham house in all the haste they may :
 Our men followed that were worthy and wight,
 Many fliers to dead they derfly dight.
 These three Lords to the Castle they sought,
 Full fell that losed that were from England brought.
 At this journey twenty thousand they sint,
 Drowned and slain with spears and swords dint :
 The Scots at Tweed they hastid them so fast,
 Fell Sutheron men to wrong foords they pass.
 Wallace returned, in Norham when they were,
 For worthy Bruce his heart was wonder sare :
 He had rather have had him at his large,
 Free of our Crown, than of fine gold to charge :
 More than in Troy was when the Grecks it wan,
 Wallace passed with many awfull man,
 Ovet Patrick's lands, and wasted wonder fast,
 Took out great goods, and places down can cast :
 His Steads twelbe, that Metham is were cald,
 Wallace gart break those burely buildings bald :
 Soth in the Mers, and also Lowthian,
 Except Dumbar, standing he leaved nane.
 To Edinburgh then upon the eight day,
 Upon the morn Wallace without delay :
 To Perth pass where a Counsel was set,
 To the Barrons he shewed withoutten let :
 How his great vow right toill eschewed was,
 So a Mafter he gart Earl Patrick pass.
 Because he said of Scotland he held nought,
 To King Edward to get supply he sought :
 The Lords were blyth, and welcomed well Wallace,
 Thanking great God of his fair happy case.

Over the wall thou shalt be hanged hie:
 With that he turned, and all his host can wend,
 This like command to Barwick soon he send:
 With good Ramsay, that was a worthy Knight,
 The host but more right awfully he dight.
 Began at Tweed, and spared nought they fand,
 But burnt by force all whole Northumberland,
 All Darhame town they burnt up in a gleid,
 Abbeyes they spared, and Kirks where they yeed:
 To York they rode, but bode ere they would blin,
 To burn and slay, of them he thought no sin:
 No sin they thought, the same to let us feel,
 But William Wallace quite our quarrell well:
 Forts they wan, and small Castles cast down,
 With asper weapons payed their ransome.
 Of prisoners they liked not to keep,
 Whom they overtook, they made their friends to weep:
 No Sutheron saved for all their great riches,
 All such treachy he called wretchedness.
 Unto the gates and suburbs of the town,
 Braithly they hurent, and brake their buildings down.
 At the walls assailed fifteen dayes,
 While King Edward sent to them in this wise,
 A Knight, a Clerk, and a Squyer of peace,
 And prayed them from burning for to cease.
 And heght battell ere fifteen dayes should passe,
 Sovereance so long if he liked to ask.
 And als he spiered, why Wallace took on hand,
 The felon strife in defence of Scotland:
 And said, he marvelled in his wits for thy,
 Against England was of so great party.
 Since ye have made so meikell of Scotland free,
 It were good time for to let malice be.
 Wallace hath heard the message say their will,
 With manly voice right thus he said them till:
 Ye may know well that right enough we have,
 Of his sovereignty I covet not to crave.
 Because I am a native Scots man,
 It is my debt to do all that I can:
 To send our Kingrike out of dangering,
 To his desire we will grant him something.
 Our host shall cease for ought that may betide,
 These forty dayes bargane to abide:
 And shall do nought, lest then it move in you,
 In this respite my self could never trow.
 By Edward's write under his seal they gave,
 In spite my self dayes that they should battell have.
 Edward's write us gave credence to their King,
 Dayes that us

Their leave they took, then passed but resting.
And told him whole how Wallace let him feel,
Of their soberance he cared not a deal.
Such ruled men so awfull in effect,
Are not Christen as he leads into wear:
The King answered, and said, It should be ken,
It comes of wit, enemies to commend:
They are to dread right greatly in certaine,
Sadly they think of harms that they have tane:
Leave I them thus at Counsel with their King,
And of the Scots again to speak some thing.

Wallace tranoynted upon the second day,
From York they pass upon a good array:
North west they went, in battell busked bowin,
Their lodging they took beside Northallartown.
And cryed his peace their Markets for to stand,
Those forty dayes for people of England.
Who that liked any victuall to sell,
Of all their horse was meikell for to tell.
Sir Rauff Rymount Captain of Milcoun was,
With great power by night ordained to pass:
On Wallace hoast, to make some jeopardie,
Feill Scots men that dwelt in that Countrie:
Word of this thing, and gathered to Wallace,
They made him wise of all this felon case:
God Lundie then to him he called there,
And knew the Hay of Lochartquart was aire,
With thre thousand that worthily was wrought,
Then priyatly on from the hoast they sought:
The men he took that came to him of new,
Guides to be for they the Country knew:
The hoast they made in good quiet to be,
A space from them he busked pryvatlye,
Sir Rauff Rymount with seven thousand came in,
Of Wallace hoast a jeopardie did begin:
The bushment brake, ere they the hoast came near,
The Sutheron men the worthy Scots can fear:
Thre thousand whole were braythly broght to ground,
Journey they sought, and sickerly have found:
Sir Rauff Rymount was sickered on a spear,
Thre thousand slain that worthy were in wear:
No Sutheron wist when their Chifstain was slain,
To Milton fast they fled in all their main:
Wallace followed fast with his Chevalry,
Among Sutheron they entred suddenly.
Scots and English into the town at once,
Sutheron men shot, and braythly cast down Corres:
Of their own men right feill then have they sla-

The Scots about that were of meikell main :
 Up greiffes ran, and sealed all the town,
 Derfly to dead the sutheron dang they down :
 wallace there hath founden great riches,
 Jewels, and Gold, weapons, and harnes :
 Spoyled the town of wine, and vittaille,
 To his hoast sent with carriage of great vaile.
 Thre dayes still within the town he bade,
 Then broke down work that worthily was made,
 Wybes and Bairns they put out of the town,
 No man he saved that was of that nation.
 When Scots had tane, and cursed their desire,
 Walls they broke, and set the rest on fire :
 The timber work they burnt up all in plain,
 On the fourth day to the hoast rode again.
 Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthing be,
 To keep the hoast from sudden jeopardy.
 Then Englishmen was right graithly agast,
 From North and South, unto the King they past :
 At Pumfret lay and held a Parliament,
 To gawe battell the Lords would not consent :
 But wallace were of Scotland crowned King,
 Their Counsel fand it was a peyllous thing :
 For though they wan, they wan but as they were,
 And if they tint, lost England evermore.
 In case it were put in the Scots hand,
 And this decreit their list among them fand.
 If wallace would upon him take the Crown,
 To give battell they should be ready bolon.
 The samine message to him they send again,
 And their intent they told to him in plain.
 wallace them charged from his presence absent,
 His Counsel called, and shewed them his intents.
 He and his men desired battell to have,
 By any wayes of England over the lave :
 Himself said first, that were an over his thing,
 Against my faith, to reave my righteous King.
 I am his own born native of Scotland,
 To wear the Crown I will not take in hand.
 To fend my Realm it is my debt by skill,
 Let God above reward me as he will.
 Some bade wallace upon him take the Crown,
 While men said nay, it were derision.
 To Crown him King but voice of Parliament,
 For they wist not, if scotland would consent.
 Other some said, it was the wrongous place,
 As deemed they of many diverse case.
 At night Campbell of vvit a worthy man,
 Deemes

As I said alre with them was present than.
 heard, and answered, when many said their will,
 his were the best, and Wallace grant theretill.
 To Crown him King solemnly for a day,
 To get an end of all our long delay.
 The good Earl Malcome said, that Wallace might
 As for on day in fence of Scotlands right :
 Though he refused it lastingly to bear,
 Receive the Crown as into fare of wear :
 The people all to him gave their consent,
 Malcome of old was Lord of Parliament.
 Yet Wallace tholed, and let them say their will,
 When they had deemed by many diverse skill.
 In his own minde he abhorred this thing,
 The commons cryed, make Wallace Crowned King :
 Then sembled he, and said, It should not be,
 At terms short, ye get no more of me :
 Under collour our answer we must make,
 But such a thing I will not on me take :
 I will you suffer to say that it was swa,
 It were a scorn the Crown on me to ta :
 They would not let the message of England,
 Come them among, or they should understand :
 Two Knights pass to the message again,
 Hade them to trow Wallace was Crowned in plain :
 Gart them trust well that it was soothfast thing,
 Delivered thus, they passed to their King :
 To Pomsrer went, and told that they had seen,
 Wallace crowned, whereof they Lords were teen :
 In barret wor in Parliament where they stood,
 Then said they all, these tythings are not good :
 He did so well in all his time before,
 And now their King, he will do meikell more.
 A fortunate man, nothing goes him again,
 And we give battell, we shall repent with pain :
 Another said, And battell will he have,
 Or sroy our land, no treason may us save :
 In his conquest since first he couth begin,
 He selles not, but takes that he may win :
 For Englishmen he sets no doom but dead,
 Dyce or pennies may make us no remead.
 And Woodstock says, We work not as the wise,
 If that ye take not the auture of supprise :
 For though we win all that are in England,
 The rest are strong againd us for to stand.
 Be Wallace safe, other they count but small,
 For that me think it were the best of all :
 To keep our strengths, castles, and walled tow-

So vbe shal fend the folk of this Region :
 Though North be burnt, better of soverance to be,
 Then set all England in a jeopardie,
 They granted all as Woodstock can them say,
 And thus they put the Battel in delay.
 And cast them whole for other governance,
 Against Wallace to work some ordinance :
 Thus wallace hath in plain discomfitt hail,
 Against King Edward all his whole battel :
 For through false hood and his subtilty,
 They thought he should for great necessity :
 And falt of food to steal out of the land,
 Then this deceit their wit among them fand.
 They gart the King cry all their Markets down,
 From Trent to Tweed, in through fair and free town :
 That in the botoms no man should victual lead,
 Such stuff and wine, under the pain of dead.
 The same decret they gave in Parliament,
 Of Scots worth to speak is mine intent,
 Wallace lay still while fourty dayes were gone,
 Abiding them, but appearance saw none.
 Battel to have, as their promise was made,
 He gart again display his banner brade :
 Reproved Edward right greatly of this thing,
 Bauchled his Seal, blew out on this false King.
 As re-cryng turned back, and yeed his gate,
 Then Wallace made full many biggings hate.
 They raised fire, burnt up Northallartown,
 Again through York-shire boldly made them bolon.
 Desroyed the land as far as ever they ride,
 Seven myle about they burnt on every side,
 And wrought the Sutheron many working wound :
 Palaces spilt, great towers can confound.
 Widowes weeped with sorrow in their song,
 Wallens mourned with great meaning among.
 They spared none, but women and the Kirk,
 The worthy Scots of labour would not irk.
 Gave to Abbeyes right largely of their good,
 To all Kirk-men they did nothing but good.
 The temporal land they spoyled at their will,
 Good gardens gay, and great orchards they spill.
 To York they went these war-men of renown,
 A sledge set they right sadly to the town.
 For great defence they garnisht them within,
 A fell assault without they can begin.

CHAP. IV.

The sledge of York.

C O ned the hoast in four parts about,
 T watches fell, & no man should (H out. A
 he hoast of id
 watches ad m

about the town, upon the South port side,
There Wallace and good Lundie did abide.
Earl Malcome then, at the West gate abade,
With him the Boyd that good journeys had made.
The Knight Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
And the North gate, and Ramsay made them ford,
Sir John the Grahme, that worthy was in wear,
Buchinleck, Crawford, with full manly effort:
At the east port boldly they think to bide,
A thousand Archers upon the Scots side:
Dissevered them among the four party,
Five thousand Bow-men in the town for thy.
Within the walls arrayed them full right,
Twelve thousand mo, that seemly was to fight.
Then Wallace said, And yond were on a plain,
In field to fight, me thinkes we should be faine.
Then salliet they right fast on every side,
The worthy Scots that boldly durst abide:
With spears and shield, for guns they had none,
Within the dykes they gart fell Sutheron grone.
Arrows they shot right fierce as any fire,
Out over the walls, that flammed in great ire:
Through birnish bright, with heads of fine steell,
The Sutheron blood of freindship none they feel.
Over shining Harnesse sought the blood so sweet,
The English men that cruel were and keen.
Keaped the town, and fended them full fast,
Faggals of fire among the hoast they cast:
With Dick and Tar of felll sholwes they sent,
Many were hurt, ere they from the walls went.
Stones of spring-holds they did cast out so fast,
And gads of yron, made many Groome agast.
But nevertheless the Scots that were without,
The town full oft they set into great doubt.
Their Bulwark burnt right brimly of the town,
Their Bazmkin wan, and great Garrets cast down.
Thus sayled they on each side with great might:
The day was gone, and coming was the night.
The weary hoast they drew them from the town,
Set out watches, for resting made them boun.
Wash wounds with wine, of them that were unbound.
For none was dead, of great mirth they abound.
Fell men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmed the sledge, and steadfastly abade.
When that the Sun on morrow rose up bright,
Before the Chistains assembled they full right,
And said, Amends of the town they should take,
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make,
take
take
take.

Arrayed again, As they began before,
 About the town they assailed wonder sore:
 With fellon shot out over the walls full sheen,
 Fell Englishmen that cruel were and keen:
 With shot were slain, for all their targets strang,
 Burst helms, many to ground they dang.
 With burning fire, they cast at every gate
 The entries thus in perill oft they set.
 The defenders were of full great defence,
 Keaped the town through strenght and violence:
 All thus the day they drave unto the night,
 To pavillions bowed many weary wight:
 All irk of war, the town was strong to win,
 Of artailzie, and Noble men within.
 When that they troved the Scots were at rest,
 For jeopardy the Englishmen them cast.
 Sir John Morton was known worthy and wight,
 Sir William Leis then graithed them that night.
 With five thousand well garnisht and savage,
 Upon the Scots they thought to make skirmage:
 And at the gate ished one hastily
 On Earl Malcome and his good Chevalry:
 To check the watch, wallace and ten hath been,
 Ryding about, and hath their coming seen:
 He gart one blow was in his company,
 The ready men arrayed them hastily.
 Fell of the Scots ilk night in harnes hade.
 By ordinance, for they such rule had made:
 With short advise together then they went,
 Upon their foes, where fell Sutherland were went.
 Wallace knew well the Earl too hastily was,
 For that he sped him in the preals to pass:
 A sword of war into his hand he bare,
 The first he hit, the craig in sunder bare.
 Another adward upon the face took he,
 Both nease and front on the field gart he flee:
 The hardy Earl before his men out past,
 Into the field where fell were fighting fast.
 A hearing sword he bare drawn in his hand,
 The first was fey that he before him fand:
 When wallace was and he together set,
 There lasted none against them that they met:
 But either dead or fled away them fra,
 By this the host was in a good array:
 With the great scry assembled them about,
 Then stood the Sutherland in a fellon doubt.
 Wallace knew well the Englishmen would flee
 And he thrust in the thicke to be.

Yelwing full fast on whomsoever he sought,
 Against his durt fine steel abailed nought.
 Wallace of hand, since Arthur had no make,
 Whom he hit right, was ay dead at one stroke,
 That was well known in many places where,
 Whom Wallace hit they desired Scots na more.
 Als all his men did cruelly and well,
 That came to strokes, that might the Satheron feel.
 The Englishmen fled, and left the field plainly
 The worthy Scots wrought there so hardily.
 Sir John Morton in that place he was dead,
 And twelue hundred, but any more remead.
 Thus many were left into the field, and slain,
 The rest returned into the town again:
 And rewed full soze that ever they forth could found,
 Among them was full many woking wound:
 The hoast again each one to their ward rade,
 Commanded watch, and no more noyle made.
 But rested still, while that the bright day dew,
 Again began the town to sailzie new:
 All this day wrought with full great worthinesse,
 Assailed soze by wit and hardinesse:
 The hoasts victual waxed scant, and failed fast
 Thus lay they there while diverse dayes were past:
 The land wasted, and meat none was to win,
 But that with not the folk that was therein:
 They dread full soze for their own venison,
 For tolerance prayed the power of the town,
 To speak with Wallace then they desired fast,
 And he appeared, and speired what they askt?
 The Major answered, We would pay you ransom,
 To pass away, and dear no more the town.
 Great shame it were that we should yeelden be,
 And towns holden of less power then we:
 Ye may not win us, long though that ye abide,
 We shal give gold and ye will from us ride.
 We may give battel, durst we for our King.
 Since he hath left it, were over high a thing
 To us to do, without his ordinance,
 This town of him we hold in governance.
 Wallace answered, Of your gold reck we nought,
 It is for battel that we hither sought:
 We had rather have battel of England,
 Then all the gold that good King Arthur fand:
 On Mount Michel when he the Gyant slew,
 Gold may be gone, but worship ay is new.
 The King promisc'd that we should battel have,
 His wit thereto under his seal they gave:

Letter nor hand ye see may not auaile
 As for this time, to get of him battail:
 We think we should on his men wroken be,
 Upon our kin many great wrong wrought he.
 His devil like deed he wrought into Scotland,
 The Major said, Sir right ye thus understand:
 We have no charge what our King gars us do.
 But in this kind we shal be bound you to:
 Some part of gold to give you with good will,
 And nought after to wait you with none ill.
 By no kine mean the power of this town,
 But if our King make him to battel town.
 Into the hoast was many worthy man,
 With wallace mo, nor now reckon I can.
 Better it was for at his will they wrought,
 Though he was best, yet other lake we nought.
 All served thanks to scotland evermore,
 For manlike wit the which they shewed there.
 The whole Counsel thus deemed them among,
 The town to sledge they thought it was too strong:
 And not a way to win it with no flight,
 The Council found it was the best they might.
 Some gold to take, since that we get na more.
 Then forth away into their voyage fare.
 Then wallace said, My self will not consent,
 But if this town make us this plain consent.
 Take our banner, and set it on the wall,
 For our power this Realm hath ridden all.
 Weelden to be, when we think them to take,
 In England long residence if we make.
 This answer soon they sent unto Major,
 And they consented, the remnant that was there:
 The Banner took, and set it on the town,
 To Scotland was heght honour and renown:
 The banner there from eighth hours unto noon,
 Their finance made, delivered gold full soon:
 Five thousand pounds of good gold of England,
 The hoast received with victuall aboundand,
 Both bread and wine, right gladly forth they gave,
 And other stuff, that they liked to have.
 Twenty dayes out, the hoast remained there.
 But want of victuall gart them from it to fare.
 Yet still at peace the hoast lodged that night,
 While on the morn the Sun was risen bright.
 Into April among these shaws shen,
 When that the ground was clad with tender green.
 Pleasant it was to any creature,
 That the
 at it was 11.

139
In lusty love this time for to endure,
The good women had freedom largely,
But food was scant, they could get none to buy:
Curled up tents, and to the countrey rade,
On Englishmen full great heirtship they made.
Burnt and brake down, buildings they spared nought,
Right woz thy Wallace low to ground them brought.
All Myldame they burnt up in a fire,
Broke Parks down, destroyed all the Shyre.
Wild Deer they flew, for other beasts were none,
These war men took of Kennison good toane.
Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made buildings bare, as far as ever they pass.
The Commons all to London then they went,
Before the King, and told him their intent:
And said, they would, but he gart Wallace cease,
For sake their faith, and take them to his peace.
No Herald there then durst to Wallace pass,
Whereof the King greatly agrieved was:
Thus Edward left his people into bail,
Contrare Wallace he would not give battell.
For hyde in field for ought that they could say,
Gave over the cause, to London past his way.
The men of wit this question here I ask,
Among Nobles if ever any was
So long in England, through force or through case,
Since Brutus death, but battell, but Wallace?
Great Julius the Emperre had in hand,
Yet twice on force was put out of England.
With Arthur als, first of war when he prevailed,
Twice did they fight, suppose they were mischeved.
Woul Edward durst not for Wallace hyde,
In a plain battell, for all England so wide.
In London lay, and took him to his rest,
And brake his vow, which hold you for the best.
Seem as ye list, good men of discretion,
Right clear it is to resolve this question.
So my sentence now briefly will I pass,
When Wallace this through York shire journeying was.
Actual all then was none left in the land,
Not in houses, where it might be warrand:
The host hereof abased was to hyde,
A food scanted, no pleasure was that tyde:
Some bade turn home, and some would farther march,
Wallace called Jop, and said to him right fare:
You knowest the land where most abundance is,
I thou our guide, and then we shal not miss:

Victuall to finde that wot I wonder well,
 Thou hast I trust in England meikell feill.
 The King and his strong strengths are gone,
 But jeopardy, now parell have we none.
 Then Jop said, Sir, be ye guided by me,
 The plentiest part of England ye shall see :
 Of wine and wheat there is in Richmount-shire,
 And other stuff for food as ye desire.
 Whereof I trow ye shall be well content,
 The hoast was glad, and thitherward they went.
 Many true scors was ssembled in that land,
 To Wallace came well mo then nine thousand :
 Of presoun part, some had in labour wrought,
 From either part full fast to him they sought :
 Wallace was blyth of our own native kin,
 That came to him of baile that they were in.
 And all the hoast, of comfort was blyther,
 Fra their own folk was multiplying there :
 In Richmoun-shire they found abundance
 Of bread and aile, with other purveyance :
 Brake Parks down, and slew beasts many one,
 Of wilde and tame, forsooth they spared none.
 Throughout the land they pass in good array,
 A seemly place so found they in their way :
 Which Ramswaich heght, as Jop himself then told,
 Fehew was Lord and Captain in that hold.
 Five hundred men were ssembled in that place,
 To save their selves, and their goods from Wallace,
 A royall head was by the forrest side,
 With turats fair, and Garrats of great pride :
 Builded about, right likely to be wight,
 With five great towers, well builded to the hight.
 Feill men about on wals busked been,
 In good armour, that brenight was full sheen.
 The hoast pass by, and visited but that place,
 Yet they within on lowd deffed Wallace.
 And trumpets blew with many warlike sound,
 Then Wallace said, had we you Gallants down,
 On the plain ground, they would more sober be,
 Then Jop said, Sir, We gart his brother die.
 In Heralds weed, ye wot on Tinto hill,
 Wallace answered, So would I with good will.
 Had I himself: but we may not him deare,
 Good men may thole of Harlots scorn in wear.
 Sir John the Graham would at the bicker been,
 But Wallace soon the perill hath foreseen.
 He commanded him to let his fierceneste be,
 He sommoed the no men to waste in such degree.

could we them harm, I have another gate,
 tho we with fire with in shall make them heat.
 A fire hath ay been fellow into wear,
 in such a place it may do mekell deare:
 the bulwark old I see of withered oak,
 were it on fire, it would not byde a froak.
 fules and woods here is enough plentie,
 who hevs best of this forest let see.
 All houses down, we shall not wein a deall,
 the old timber will gat the green burn well.
 His command right busily they brought,
 great wood in haste about the place they brought.
 the bulwark wan these men of arms bright,
 on the barmkin laid timber upon hight.
 when Bow-men shot, to keep them from that cast,
 that they about had fastned fire full fast:
 women and bairns on Wallace lowd can cry,
 on knees they fell, and asked him mercy.
 at one quarter, where fire had not yet tane,
 they took them out of that Castle of stane:
 they bet the fire with brands brym and bold,
 the red flame rose, full high about that hold,
 arels of Dick Fox fence were hanged there,
 all brake in fire, their mischief was the mare.
 when the brym fire out over the place was past,
 when they with in might neither shoot nor cast:
 so bestiall of deat and horse within,
 among the fire they made an hideous din.
 the Armed men in harnesse were so hate,
 some down to ground dushed but moze debate.
 some lay, some fell into the fellow fire,
 winooyed to dead, and burnt up bone and byre.
 the fire brake in at all opens about,
 none bade aloft, so fellow was the doubt:
 he w himself lay rudely from the hight,
 through all the fire, can on the barmkin light.
 with a good sword Wallace brake off his head,
 up hinc it up, and trust it from that dead.
 the hundred men that were into that place,
 not none away, but dead withoutten grace.
 Wallace bade still with his power that night;
 upon the morn, the fire had fayled might.
 before the gate where it had burnt on byred,
 a path they made, and to the Castle yeed.
 he brake down the gate, and took what they might win,
 Jewels and Gold, great riches was therein.
 he spoiled the place, and left nought else there,
 but beasts, burnt bodies, and also wals bare.

142
Then took they her that wife was to Fehew,
Gave her command, as she was woman true:
To tursle that head to London to King Edward,
She it receiv'd with great sorrow in heart.
Wallace himself these charges to her gave,
Say to your King, but if I battell have,
At London gates we shall assaill sare,
In this moneth we think for to be there.
Trust in the truth, will God we shall not fail,
Unless I cease through charge of our Council.
The South-west part of England we shall see,
But he seek peace, or else bargane with me:
Upon a time he charged me on this wise,
Right houseously to make to him service,
Such shall he have, as he us cause hath made,
Then mov'd they withouten more abade.
Deliver'd she was from this Chevalry,
Toward London she dight her earnestly:
Unto the town but more processe she went,
Where Edward lay sore mov'd in his intent:
His reboyes head, when he saw it was brought,
So great sorrow sadly upon him sought.
With great unease upon his feet he stood,
Weeping in too, for his dear tender blood.
The Counsel rose, and pray'd him to cease,
We lose England, but if we purchase peace:
Then Woodstock said, this is my best counsell,
Take peace in time, as for your own avall,
Or ye tyme more, we flake of our courage,
After ye may get help of our barnage.
The King granted, and bad them message send,
No man was there that durst to wallace wend.
The Queen appeared, and saw this great distance,
Well born she was of the right blood of France.
She troved well therefore to speed the mare,
Her self purpos'd in that message to fare.
As she forthought that the King took on hand,
Against the right so oft to reave Scotland.
And fell men said, the vengeance hapned sare,
Of great murther his men made into Airc.
Thus deemed they in counsel them amang,
To this effect the Queen bownd to gang.
When she hath seen each man forsake this thing,
On knees she fell, and asked at the King,
Soveraign, she said, If it your wills be,
That I desire you Chiftain for to see.
For he is known both worthy, wise, and true,
In chauce he would rather on women rue,

Chan

an on your men, they have done him such deat,
 hen he them sees, it moves him ay to weat:
 may not skaith, although I do not vail,
 help this land I would make my travell.
 he lords all, of her desire was fain,
 so the King made instaenc into plain,
 at she might passe, the King with ackward will,
 If into yre he gave consent theretill:
 me of them said, the Queen loved Wallace,
 the great voice of his hie noblenesse.
 hardy man, that is seemly withall,
 at favour will of fortun to him fall,
 ent women is seen in many place,
 happened now in this time of wallace.
 his rising he was a lover true,
 d choosed one, but Englishmen her stew.
 t said they nought, the Queen would on her take,
 for his love such travell for to make.
 to love or leave, or for help of their land,
 nake rehearse as I in old writ fand.
 he graithed her upon a goodly wise,
 ith gold and gear, and folk at her devise:
 dies with her, none other would they send,
 d old priests, that well the countrey kend.
 ve I the Queen to message ready dight,
 d speake further of wallase travell right.
 He worthy Scots among their enemies rade.
 Destruction great upon them have they made.
 ased the land about on either side,
 war-men then durst in their wapes abide,
 ey ransomed none, but to the death them dight,
 many dead made fire broad and bright.
 hoast was glad and in a good estate,
 power was that would make them debate.
 at riches wan of Gold and gear theretill,
 bing enough to take at their own will.
 a twull fear they travell through the land,
 ide biggins bare, that they before them fand.
 at harmkins brake of deads bark and strong,
 se twight war-men of travell thought not long.
 uth in the land right earnestly they sought,
 Saint Albanis, but harm there did they nought.
 Wyor sent them wine and Cennison,
 rested the hoast with great food and fustion.
 ight appeared when they were at that place,
 en harbored they from thence a little space.
 oled a dead where they should hide all night,
 nts on ground, and pavileons proudly pight.

Into a bail beside a river faire,
 On either side where wilde beasts made repaire.
 Set watches out, that wisely could them keep,
 To supper went, and timously could sleep.
 Of meat and drink they have sufficiency,
 The night was short, overdrew the darkfull chauce.

C H A P. V.

How the Queen of England came and spake with Wallace.

The merry day sprang up from the Dyent:
 With beams bright illuminat the Occident:
 After Titan, Phoebus upris'd faire,
 High in his Sphear the signs made declare.
 Zephirus began his mighty morrow course,
 The sweet vapour did from the ground resourse.
 The dew from the heaven down did vaille,
 In every meid both firth, forrest and daille:
 The fresh river among the rocks rang,
 Through green branches, where birds blythly sang,
 With joyous voice in heavenly harmony,
 Then wallace thought it was no time to ly:
 He blessed him, then suddenly up he rose,
 To take the airt, out of his tent he goes,
 Master John Blair was ready hastily,
 To Gods service bowed right reverently:
 When that was done, wallace could him away,
 In his armour, which was both good and gay.
 His shining shield that burnisht was full bein,
 His leg harness, that clasped was full clean:
 With his gries he clasped on full fast,
 A cloffe birney with many sicker cast.
 Breast plate, brailes that worthy were in wear,
 Beside him forth Joy could his balnet bear:
 His glittering gloves graven on either side,
 He seemes well in battel for to bide:
 A good girde, and then a burely brand,
 A staff of steel he gripped in his hand.
 The hoast him blessed, and prayed God of his grace,
 Him to convoy from all mitemper'd case.
 Adam wallace, and Boyd, forth with him yeed,
 Endlong a river, out through a forrest meid.
 And as they vashed out over the fields green,
 Out of the South they saw where that the Queen
 Toward the hoast came riding soberly,
 Fifty Ladies were in her company:
 And wailed obvit, and deamed of renobin,
 Ladies & vvidows were, and some of Religion.
 And vvidow Priests that were entered in age,
 vvidows: to such did never great outrage,
 pndome

ut if to him they made a great offence,
 bus they approached on toward their presence.
 the Pavillion where they the Lyon saw,
 ground they light, and then on knees they fate,
 saying for peace, they cry with piteous cheere,
 Earl Malcome said, Our Chiftain is not here.
 hade her rise, and said, It was not right,
 Queen on knees to bow to lower wight.
 by the hand the Earl hath her tane,
 it over they went, to Wallace have they gane :
 then she him saw, she would have kneeled down,
 armes soon he claughte this Queen with Cron.
 and kissed her withoutten words more,
 so did he never to no sotheron before.
 Madame he said, Right welcome mot ye be
 to pleased you our hoasting for to see,
 ght, well she said, of frendship have we need,
 and grant ye will our errand for to speed.
 after we must, suppose it lyk us ill,
 at trust us well it is contare our will.
 shall remain, with this Lord I must gang,
 from your presence we shall not tarry lang.
 the Earl and he unto the pavillion yeed,
 with good advise to deem more of this deed.
 the counceil soon wallace gart call them to,
 as he said, ye wot not what is ado.
 their coming my self hath no pleasance,
 and therfore must we work with ordinance.
 women may become tempting into wear,
 among fools that cannot them forbear.
 say not this by these, or by the Queen,
 crow it be not good that she should mean :
 ample take of long time passed by,
 Runsevaile the treason was plainly.
 women made that Canzeron with him brought,
 and Turke wine forbear then could they nought.
 ing use in wear gart them desire their will,
 which brought King Charles to fellon losse and ill.
 the flour of France without redemption,
 through that foul deed was brought to confusion.
 command your men, therefore in privat wise,
 a pain of life they work not on such guise.
 me speak with them but wise men of great bail,
 that Lords are, and sworn to this Council.
 as charge they did as goodly as they mought,
 as ordinance through all the hoast was brought.
 and the Earl both to the Queen they went,
 served her face, and brought her to the tent :

To dinner botoned as goodly as they can,
 And serued was with many likely man.
 Good purveyance the Queen had with her brought,
 An assay she took of all that good her thought,
 wallace persaved and said, we have no dread,
 I cannot trow that Ladies will do that deed :
 To poyson men, all England for to win,
 The Queen answered, If poyson be therein,
 Of any thing that is brought here with me,
 Upon my self first sorrow ye shall see.
 Soon after meat a Marshall gart all absent,
 But Lords and they to the Counsel that went :
 Ladies appeared in presence with the Queen,
 wallace asked what her coming might mean.
 For peace she said, that we have to you sought,
 This burning war in baile hath many brought.
 We grant us grace for him that died on tree.
 wallace answered, Madams, that may not be.
 England hath done so great harms unto us,
 We may not passe, and lightly leave it thus.
 Yes, said the Queen, for Christen folk we are,
 For Gods sake since we do desire na mare :
 We ought have peace, He said, that we deny,
 The perfect cause then shall I show for why.
 We seek no peace, but for your own availe,
 Rather than your King, Scotland had griped haile.
 For no kin thing that he before him fand,
 We would not thole the right blood in the land,
 But rese their rent, then put themselves to dead,
 Ransome of gold, might make us no remead.
 His fell false war shall on himself be seen.
 Then soberly to him answered the Queen :
 Of these wrongs amends toere most faire,
 Madame, he said, of him we ask na mare :
 But that he would bide us unto battell,
 And Good be iudge, he knows the matter haile.
 Such thing, she said, it were not good think me,
 Peace now were best, if it might purchast be.
 We would ye grant peace, and tretow with us to take.
 Through all England we shall gar prayers make,
 For you and them, that in the war were lost,
 Then wallace said, where such cometh throggh boast.
 Prayer of force where so that it be wrought,
 To us helps either little or else nought.
 Advarily she said, thus wise men hath us kend,
 Ay after wars, peace is the finall end.
 Wherefore ye should of your great malice cease,
 ere beyond of wars is charity and peace.

Peace is in heaven, with blisse and lebandnesse,
 We shall beseech the Lord of his his grace :
 O command peace, then we may do na mare,
 Madame, he said, ere your prayer come there :
 Friends of England we think then for to have,
 That set ye thus on wars for save,
 From violent wars that ye think not to dwell :
 Madame, he said, the truth I shall you tell :
 After the death of Alexanders Reign,
 Our land thre years stood desolate but King-
 Exped full well, at concord in good state,
 Throgh two that claimed, there hapned great debate,
 So earnestly accord them not they can,
 Our King they asked to be their over-man :
 Lilly he said in strengths of Scotland,
 The Kingrike then he took at his own hand :
 He made a King against the righteous law,
 In he of him should hold the Religion aw :
 Contrare his hand were all the whole barnage,
 In Scotland yet was never in thirlage.
 That Julius that tribute took of all,
 His winning was of Scotland but right small.
 Then your false King under collour but mare,
 Throgh hand he made to Bruce that is our heire :
 He did that King, which he before had made,
 Throgh all Scotland with great power they rade.
 In Bruce since synce he kepted no command,
 He said, we would not go to conquish land :
 In other men, and thus the case befell,
 When Scotland throgh he demanded him sell :
 He to our Elders, great pittie is to see,
 In prison then long time they kepted me.
 While I at last was casten out for dead,
 Pleased be God, he sent me some remead.
 I nged to be I proved all my might,
 All of that kin to death since I have dight.
 My rage of youth gart me desire a wife,
 That rewed I soze, and will do all my life.
 That our Knight but mercy gart her die,
 The Heilrig, but for despite of me.
 Then rang I forth in travaile, wars, and pain,
 While we redeemed part of our land again.
 When your Counsel desir'd of us a trow,
 Which made Scotland full graithly for to resow.
 So that peace they set a subtill Aire,
 In eighteen scoze to death they hanged there,
 In nobles weve, and worthy of renown,
 In coat-armour eldest in that Region.

The woman als that dolefully was dight,
 That death me think to venge in all our might :
 Out of my minde that death will never slide,
 Will God me take from this false world so wide.
 On sutheron then I can no pity have,
 Your men in wars I never think to save.
 The bright tears, was pity to behold,
 Burst from his eyes, when he this tale had told :
 The Queen weeped for pity of Wallace,
 Alace, she said, wo worth the wicked case :
 In cursed time that Hefirig was born,
 Many worthy through his deed are forlorn.
 He should have pain that causelesse such on sleugh,
 England since then hath bought it dear enough.
 Though she had been a Queen, or a Princesse,
 Madame, he said, as God giue me good grace :
 Princesse or Queen of what state so they be,
 Into her time she was as dear to me.
 Wallace, she said, of this talk we will cease,
 The mends thereof is good prayer and peace.
 I grant, he said, of me as now na mare,
 This is right nought, but eeking of my care :
 The Queen found well, language nothing her bate,
 She troved with Gold that he might be overlet :
 Three thousand pound of finest gold so red,
 She gart be brought to Wallace in that stead :
 Madame, he said, no such tribute we crave,
 An other mends we would of England have :
 Ere we return from this Region again,
 Of your fierce blood, that hath our elders slain.
 For all the gold and riches of your Reign,
 We get not peace, but desire of your King.
 When she saw well gold might her not relieue,
 Some part in sport she thought him for to prieve,
 Wallace, she said, ye are cleped my love :
 More abundantly I made me for to prove.
 Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
 We think ye should do something for my sake.
 Right wisely he made answer to the Queen.
 Madame, he said, if verity were seen,
 That ye me loved I ought love you again :
 These words are all for nothing but in vain.
 In speech of love, subtill ye Sutheron are,
 We can us mock, suppose we get na mare :
 To take a liking and then get no pleasance,
 Such love as that is nothing to advance.
 A London she said, for you I suffered blame,
 We as counsel als will laugh when I come hame.
 on she sai

So may they say, women are fierce of thought,
 To seek friendship and then can get right nought.
 Madame ye wot how ye were hither send,
 Ye trow we have but little for to spend.
 First with your gold, for ye are rich I wist,
 Ye would us blinde since Scots are so wise.
 Then pleasant words of you and Ladies faire,
 As who would drive the bird into a snare,
 With a whissel-pipe, for it will frestest call:
 Madame as yet ye may not tempt us all.
 Great part of good is left among our kin,
 In England als, we finde anough to win.
 Abased she was, to make answer him till,
 Dear Sir, she said, since that it is your will,
 Wars or peace, what that you liketh best,
 Let your hie wit and good counsel digest.
 Madame he said, now shall ye understand,
 The reason why, that I will make no band:
 With your Ladies I cannot treus binde,
 For your false King will soon hereafter finde.
 When he saw time, to break it at his will,
 And plainly say, he granted not theretill.
 Then had we none but Ladies to reprove,
 That shall not be, by God that sits above.
 Upon woman I will no wars begin,
 Of you in field no worship is to win.
 All the whole peace on himself he shall take,
 Of peace, or wars, what we happen to make.
 The Queen granted this answer sufficient,
 So did the rest in plain that were present.
 His deliverance they held of great availe,
 And strong enough to shew to their counsell.
 Who was the Queen her travell helped nought,
 The gold she took that they had with her brought.
 Unto the hoast right freely she it gave,
 To every man that liked for to have,
 Gensirels and Heralds she gave abundantly,
 Beseeching them, her friends that they would be.
 When wallace saw the freedom of the Queen,
 Sadly he said, the sooth well hath been seen.
 Women may tempt the wisest hath been wrought,
 Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought.
 We you assure our Hoast shall do nothing,
 While time ye may send message from the King.
 If it be so that he accord and we,
 Then for your sake it shall the better be.
 Your Heralds als shall safely come and go,
 For your freedom we shall trouble no mo.

She thanked him of his grant many tyme,
 And all her Ladies on a goodly wise.
 Gladly they drank, the Queen and good Wallace,
 Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
 Her leave she took for out longer abade,
 Five mile that night south to ane Dunry rade.
 Upon the morn to London passed they,
 In Westminste where that the Councell lay.
 It needs not here now more rehearse this thing,
 Wallace answer she gart shew to the King.
 The great commend then she to Wallace gave,
 Before the King in presence of the labe.
 The true Scots it should greatly appease,
 Though Englishmen thereof had little ease.
 Of worship, wit, manhood, and governanee,
 Of freedome, truth, key of remembrance:
 She called him there into their presence,
 Though contrare them he stood at his defence.
 So Chiftain like she says, as he is seen,
 Into England I trow hath never been.
 Would ye of gold give him this realms rent:
 Fra honour he will not turn his intent.
 Assured ye are, while ye may message make,
 Of wise Lords some part I need you take:
 To purchase peace withoutten words more,
 For all England may rew this raid full sore.
 Your Heraulds als to passe to him hath live,
 In all the hoast there shall no man them greive.
 Then thanked they the Queen for her travell,
 The King, and Lord, that were of his councell:
 Of her answer the King appeald was;
 Then three great Lords they ordained to pass.
 Their Councell whole hath found it for the best,
 Trelos to take or else they got no rest:
 An Harauld went in all the haste he may,
 To Avane wall, where that the Scots lay:
 Conduct to have till they had said their will,
 The Councell soon a conduct sent them till.
 Again he pass with soverance to the King,
 Then choosed they three Lords for this same thing,
 The keen Clifford that then was warden hatte,
 Bewmont and Woodstock, all men of meikel vaile.
 What these three wrought the rest should stand theretill.
 The Kings self hath given them at their will.
 Soon they were brought to speaking with Wallace,
 Woodstock then shewed forth many subtilt case.
 He hath heard the sophisms every deall,
 He said, me think we mean but well.

in wrong ye hold and doth us great outrage,
 of houses part which are our heritage.
 Out of this peace in plain I make them know,
 hem for to win since that they are our own.
 Roxburgh, Barwick, that ours long time hath been
 into the hands of King Edward Iween.
 We ask here als by vertue of this band,
 Our own young King by wrong led from Scotland,
 we shall have them withouten words mare,
 so his desire the Lords they granted there.
 Right at his will they have consented haile,
 for no kin thing the peace they would not faille.
 The young Randail that then in London was,
 the Lord of Lorn in this band he can ask.
 The Earl of Buchan but then in tender age,
 After he grew a man of great vassalage.
 Naming and Sowles he gart deliver als,
 which after was to King Robert full false.
 Wallace fled over and durst not bide that mite;
 In Picardie to ask him was no bute.
 But he would rather have had that false knight,
 Than a thousand of finest gold so bright.
 The Bruce he asked, but he was had away,
 Before that time to Calice many a day.
 King Edward proved that they might not him get,
 Of Gloucester his Uncle had him set.
 That Calice had whole into his keeping,
 Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
 The Earl Patrick als from London they send,
 With Wallace to go as well before is kend,
 Of this matter and small governaunce,
 To King Edward he gave up his leadgeance:
 And took to hold of Scotland evermaire;
 With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
 They honoured him right reverently as Lord,
 The Scots were all rejoyced at that concord:
 In hundredth horse with young Lords of renown,
 To Wallace came all freed of that prison.
 Under his seal King Edward then gart send,
 For to give over and make a small end,
 Roxburgh, Barwick, which were of meikell baile,
 To Scottishmen and all the bounds haile.
 For five years trespas they promised by their band
 Then Wallace said, we will passe near Scotland:
 Ere ought be seald, and therefore make us bold,
 Again we will beside Northalertown:
 Where King Edward first battell heght to me,
 As we began, there shall it ended be.

An happy time for Scotland thou was born.
 I thee beseech with all humilitie,
 My close letter thou would conceive and see :
 As your brother a christen King of France,
 To the bearer ye hear and give credence :
 The Herald him botoned, and to the ship is gone,
 In Scotland soon he comes unto one.
 But Herald like he seeks his presence,
 On land he went, and made no residence :
 In every stead where he presumed there,
 So on a day he found him into Airc,
 In good effear, and manlike company,
 The Herald then with honour reverently,
 Hath salust him upon a goodly manner,
 And he again with humble homely chear,
 Received him into right goodly wise,
 The Herald then with worship to devise,
 Betook to him the Kings writte of France,
 Wall on knee with lowly obaysance :
 Right reverently for the worship of Scotland,
 When he it red and had it understand :
 At this Herald he asked his credence,
 With asper speach and manly countenance :
 And he him told as I have said before,
 The Kings desire, what needs words more,
 The hie honour, and the great noblenesse,
 Of your manhood well known in many place.
 He likes als well your worship to advance,
 As ye were born a lidge man of France.
 Since his Region is flour of Realms seen,
 Als the great band of kindnesse you between :
 And since this Realm stands in such safety,
 It were worship his presence for to see.
 Wallace conceived withoutten carrying,
 The great desire of this most noble King :
 Then to him said, so God of heaven me save,
 Hereafter soon an answer ye shall have.
 Of your desire that you have shawon me till,
 Welcome ye are with a free hearty will :
 The Herald hode unto the twenty day,
 With wallace still in good welfare and play.
 Consumed the time with worship and pleasance,
 By good advise made his deliberance.
 With his own hand he wote unto the King,
 All his intent as toucheng to this thing.
 Right rich reward he gave the Herald to,
 Him convoyed when he had leabe to go :
 He town with goodly companie,

His leave he took, and went unto the sea :
 His purpose was to see the King of France,
 Good Wallace then hath made his purveyance,
 Nearest but wear to Saint Johnston could fare,

Counsell then he had gart ordain there :
 Into his head choosed a Governour,
 To keep the land a man of great honour,
 His good Lord the Steward of Scotland,
 Which Father was as stories bears on hand :
 A good Walter which was of his parage,
 Arjory Bruce then got in marriage.

Hereof as now to speak I have no space,
 His well-known, thanked be Gods grace :
 And to the Herald withouten residence,
 Now he appeared unto the Kings presence.
 From the Rochell the land soon hath he tane,
 And over the land he graithed him to gaine.
 Seeking the King als goodly as he may,
 So to the Court he passed on a day.

So Paris went as pierlesse of renown,
 His King that time held pallace in that town.
 When he him saw, hath graithly understand,
 The splered tydings, the welfare of Scotland.

The Herald said into these tearms short,
 That all was good, he had the more comfort,
 Saw thou Wallace the Chiftain of that land,
 And he said yea, that dare I take on hand.

Worthier wight this day is living none,
 In way of war als far as I have gone.
 Of his worship, and the great noblenesse,
 The good welfare, pleasance, and worthinesse.
 The rich reward was worthy for to see,
 That for your sake he kithed upon me.
 And his answer in writ he hath you sent,
 The King received it with a good intent.

O Royall Roy and righteous crowned King,
 Renowned of nobleness & vertuous most sounding,
 We know this well by other mo then me,
 Now that our Realm stands in perplexitie.

The fierce Nation that we are neighbours to,
 When it pleaseth them, they make us ay ad-
 To hand may be made of such sufficiance,
 But ay in it they finde a variance.

So wait a time, will God that I may be
 Within a year I will your presence see.
 Of this answer well pleased was the King,
 Leave I them thus in royaltie to reign :
 And glad comfort right as I have you told,
 Wallace forth I will my purpose hold.

How Wallace past into France, and fought with the
Red-Rever. and vanquished him.

In to April the one and twenty day,
The Kalends changed as we use to say.
The lusty time of Mayes fresh coming,
Celestiall great blythnesse in do bring.
Principall moneth forsooth it may be seen,
The heavenly hetos upon the tender green:
When old Saturn his cloudy course hath gone,
The which hath been both bird and beasts bone,
Zephirus also with his sweet vapour,
He comfort hath by working of Dame nature,
All fructuous thing into the earth aboun,
That ruled is under the hie Region.
Sober Luna in following of the Sea,
When bright Phoebus into his Chemes hie.
The Bulles course so taken hath his place,
And Jupiter was into Crabes face:
When Aries the hote sign cholerike,
Into the Ram which hath his rolowes rike:
The is had his place and his mansion,
In Capricornus the sign of the Lyon,
Gentle Jupiter with his mild ordinance,
Both herb and tree conberts into pleasance,
And fresh Flora her flowzy mantle spred,
In every vaile, both houp, hill, and meid,
In this same time, for this mine author sayes,
Wallace to passe off Scotland took his wayes.
By short advise he shou him to the sea,
And fifty men took in his company.
He let no word then walk of his passage,
Of Englishmen had stopped his voyage:
Nor took no leave at Lords of Parliament,
He wist full well they would not all consent.
To suffer him out of the land to go,
For they anone without witting of mo.
He gart forsee, and ordain well the ship,
And these were they past in his fellowship,
Two Wallaces was his kinsmen full near,
Crawford, Cleland, to him were holden dear.
At Kirkcubright he ordained his passage,
Sea men he set and gave them goodly wage:
A good new barge right worthily wrought for wear,
They wanted not of wine victuall nor gear.
Not ye they were a goodly company,
Draughted men had wrought ful hardily:
ed not of wine victuall nor gear.
ey were a goodly company,
men had b
drank rig

Then leave they took, and with great God to borrow:
 Shots were shot forth and from the land they sent.
 With glad hearts at once in they went.
 Into the Ship they rowed hastily,
 The sea-men then working full earnestly:
 Ankers wand in, wisely on either side,
 Their Leads cast out, and waited well the tyde.
 Let sailes fall, and took their course anane,
 A goodly wind out of the right airth came:
 Rieks on forresten ruled well their gear:
 Leads on Leiburd, with a Lordly fear.
 Ynes laid out, to look their passage sound,
 With full saile from Scotland forth they found:
 Sailed whole over the day and als the night,
 Upon the morn when that the Sun shined bright:
 Their ship Waster unto the top he went,
 South-east he saw, that troubled his intent,
 Sixteen sailes all arrayed on a row,
 In colour red, that toward them could draw.
 The glittering Sun upon them shewed bright,
 The sea about illuminate with the light.
 The mans spirit was in an extaste,
 When he went soon, and said right sorrowfullie,
 Alace, alace, that ever I was born,
 Without remead our lives are all forlorne:
 In coursed time I took this cure on hand,
 The best Chieftain, and rescue of Scotland,
 Ever recklesly I have tane upon me,
 With weak power to bring him through the sea:
 It forced nought, would God I were torment,
 No wallace might with worship scape unshent.
 When Wallace saw, and heard this mans moue,
 To comfort him, with good will is he gone.
 Waster, he said, what hath annoyed thee:
 Not for my self, this man said pitteouffie:
 Not of one thing I dare well undertaine,
 Though all were here the ships of broad Britain,
 Part should we losse, except Fortune had sworn,
 The best war-man in Sea is us beforen:
 Bring this day, and King is of the Sea,
 Wallace soon speired, What thou what he may be:
 The Red-reaver they call him in his hyle,
 That I him saw, Dursed be the while:
 Of mine own life I would no mourning make,
 No man born that you tyrant will take.
 I saveb none for gold, nor other good,
 But flayes and drovens all dertly in the flood.
 I gets no grace though he were King or Knight.

This sixteen-years he hath done great unright,
 The power is so strong he hath to feir,
 Nay none escape that comes in his danger.
 Would ye him hood, no boot is to begin,
 The lowest ship that is his flot within:
 My self is done unto the doleful dead,
 Then Wallace said, Since thou cannot remead:
 Tell me his feir, and howe I shall him know,
 What is his use, and then go lodge thee low:
 The ship-man said, full well ye may him ken,
 By graith tokens, full clearly by his men,
 His coat armour is seen in many dead,
 All battel bowen, in rayment all of red.
 This foremost ship that pursues us so fast,
 Himself is in, and will not be agast:
 He will you haile, when that they come you near,
 Without tarry then make you strike and fear:
 Himself will enter first and full hardily,
 These are the signs that you shal ken him by:
 A bar of blew into his shining shield,
 A bend of whyte, desiring ay the field:
 The Red betokens blood and hardiment,
 The white courage, increaseth his intent.
 The blew he bears, for he is a Christen man,
 Sadly him answered William Wallace than:
 Though he be Christen, this is no Christen deed,
 Go under loft, the Lord God met us speed.
 Both ship-master, and the seir-man also,
 Into the howt but bade he gart them go:
 His fifty men withoutten longer rest,
 Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,
 Eight and fourty on loft wood laid they low,
 William Crawford then to him can he caw.
 And said, thou canst some part of ship-man fare,
 Thou hast been used in the tolon of Aire.
 I pray thee take this doctrine well of me,
 Look that thou stand graithly by the tree:
 When they did streik, to service be thou bairn:
 When I thee warn, draw by the sail again.
 Cleland Cousen, come take the seir in hand,
 Here on the waile near by thee shal I stand.
 God guide our ship, as now I say na mare,
 The barge began with a full warlike fare:
 Himself on loft was with a drakon sword,
 And bade the seir-man lay endlong the wood.
 On loft he cryed, streik dogs or ye shal die.
 Crawford let down the sail a little wie.
 Captaln soon lay in, and would not stie,
 furd let is
 Captaln
 Wallace

Wallace hath him then by the gorget hint :
 In the over-loft keel him, where that he stood,
 While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood.
 Forged knife braithly he braided out,
 The war-ships were lapped them about :
 The barge clipped but they not fastned fast,
 Crawford drew sail, shot by and off them past.
 The Reaver cryed, with piteous voice so clear,
 Peace of his life, for him that bought us dear.
 Percy he cryed for him that died on Rood,
 Measure to mend, I have spilt meikel blood.
 For my trespass I would make some remead,
 Many sakeless I have gart put to dead.
 Wallace wist well though he to death was brought,
 From them to scape no wayes might he nought.
 And of his life some rescue might he make,
 A better purpose right soon then can he take :
 And als he rewed, for his life had been ill,
 In Latine tongue right thus he said him till :
 I never took man that enemy was to me.
 For Gods sake my life yet grant to me.
 Both knife, and sword, he took from him anans,
 By by the hand as prisoner hath him tane.
 Upon his sword sharply he gart him swear,
 From that day forth he should him never dear :
 Command thy men, said Wallace, to our peace,
 Their shot of guns, that was not eith to cease.
 Their casting were awful in either side,
 The Red-reaver commanded them to hide :
 He held up a glove in token of the trew,
 His men beheld, and well the Senzie knew.
 Left off their shot, the sign when that they saw,
 His greatest brag toward him can he caw.
 Let be your war, these are friends at one :
 A troth to God our worst hours are gone.
 He asked Wallace, to do what was his will :
 With short advise, right thus he said him till,
 To the Rochel I would ye gart them saile :
 For Englishmen we wot not what may aile.
 He them commanded withouther words mare,
 Turn sail and wind, toward the Rochel faire :
 For there, will God, our purpose is to be,
 Look well about for Scurriours in the sea :
 His charge they wrought, in all the haste they can,
 And Wallace desired to talk more with this man,
 Wisely he speired, in what land art thou born,
 In France he said, and mine Elders before :
 And there we had some part of heritage.

Through fierce Fortune hath brought me in a rage :
 Wallace yet spiered how came thou in this life,
 Forsooth he said, but through a sudden strife,
 So hapned I into the Kings presence,
 Over reklesly to do a great offence :
 A worthy man of good kin and renown,
 That through my deed was put to confusion.
 Dead of one stralk, what needs wordes more,
 All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
 Through friend of Court I scaped of that place,
 And never since could get the Kings grace :
 Fell of our kin they gart for my sake die,
 From time I saw it might no better be,
 But leave the land that me behoved on need,
 Upon a day to Burdeous I yeed,
 An English ship so got me on a night,
 For sea labour full earnestly us dight.
 To me assembled mis-doers other mo,
 Within short space me multiplied so.
 Were few that might against our power gang,
 In tyranny thus have we reigned lang.
 These sixteen years I have been on the sea,
 And done great harm, therefore full wo is me :
 I saved none for gold nor great ransome,
 But slew and drowned in the sea all down,
 Favour I did to folk of sundry land,
 But Frenchmen no favour of me fand :
 They got no grace, so far as I might reign,
 Als on the sea I cleiped was a King.
 Now see I well that my Fortune is went,
 Vanquish with one, that gart me sore repent.
 Watho would have said this samint day at morn,
 I should with one thus lightly down be born,
 In great hatching my men would it have tane,
 My self heght als to have matched any twane,
 But I have found the very plain contrate,
 Here I give over robbery for evermore,
 In such mis-rule I hal never arms bear,
 But if it be in honest use of war.
 Now I have told part of my blifs and pain,
 For Gods sake now some kindness shew again.
 Mine heart will break but I wot what you be,
 Outragiously that hath rebuted me :
 For well I trow'd that living had been nane,
 By strength of force might me as prisoner tane :
 Il Incept Wallace that hath redeemed scotland,
 ngeth ord is called this day living of hand :
 Wallace's wars were worthy for to make
 it is called

Into this world I trow he hath no mark.
Wallace smiled, and said, Friend it may be,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.
What is thy name, tell me so have thou sell,
Forsooth he said, Thomas of Longveil:
Well brook thou it, thus endeth all our strife,
Shape to please God in mending of thy life:
Thy faithful friend my self thinks for to be,
And als my name I shal soon tell to thee:
For chance of war thou should no mourning make,
As weid will work thy Fortune must thou take:
I am that man that thou advancedst hie,
And but short time since I came to the sea.
Of Scotland born, my right name is Wallace,
On knee he fell, and thanked God of grace,
I dare avow that yeelden is mine hand,
To the best man this day that is livand.
Forsooth he said, this pleaseth me meikel more,
Then of Flozings ye gave me sixty score.
Then Wallace said, thou art now here through chance,
My purpose is to pass now into France:
Unto the King since I am boun to pass,
To my reward thy peace I think to ask.
Peace I would have fain of my native King,
And no longer then in this Realm to reign.
Then thou take leave to come from it again,
Into thy service I think for to remain.
Service he said, Thomas, it may not be,
But good friendship as I shal keep to thee.
Gart draw the wine, and each one merry made,
The ships by then were in the Rochell rade.
The red blasons, as they had born in war,
The town was soon into a suddain fear.
The Red-reaver they said was at their hand,
Contrare whose strength might none against him stand.
Some ships fled, and some the land hath tane,
Clarions blew, and trumpets many ane:
Then Wallace saw the people was on feir,
He gave command no ships should nearer pier,
But his own barge in their haven gart he draw,
The folk was glad when they the banner saw:
Full well they knew in Gold the Red Lyon,
Set up the port, receivd them in the town:
They covered him for all they had there brought,
The Red Rable unto the haven sought.
On land then went, where that them liked to pass,
Right feto with there what Scottishman Wallace was:
But well they thought he was a goodly man,

pal
Wallace wa
man,

And honoured him with all the craft they can,
Those four dayes Wallace remained there,
These men he called when he was bowen to fare,
He them commanded upon that coast to hyde,
Whyle he them freed, for chance that might betyde:
Bear you evenly, what good that ever ye spend,
Lye on your own while I you tidings send.
Far sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wickednesse to cease.
Your Captain shall passe to the King with me,
Through help of God I shall his warrand be.
He gart graith him in sute with his own men,
Was no man there that might well Thomas kyll,
Likely he was, manly of governance:
Like to the Scots, by manly countenance:
Save of his tongue that Scots had he none,
In Latine well, it might have sufficed one.
Thus past they one, in all the haste they may,
To Paris towne they went upon a day:
Tydings was brought of wallace to the King,
So great desire he had of no kin thing:
As in that time whyle he had seen Wallace,
To meet himself he waited upon case:
In a garden where he gart them be brought
To his presence, with manlike feire they sought.
Two and fifty at once all kneeling down,
And salust him as Roy of most renown.
With rebuled speech in so goodly advise,
All France could no more nurture them devise.
The Queen had leave, and came in her effear,
For meikell she heard of Wallace deed in wear.
What needs more of courtesie to tell:
They keeped well that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fare, I dare make no rehearse;
By feeble minde, my troubled sp'rit transverse,
Of the rich service, what needs words mare:
Wight none be found, but it was present there:
Soon after meat the King to parlour went,
With goodly, Lords there Wallace was present,
Then communed they of many sundry thing,
To speak with him great desire had the King.
At him he spiered of wars the governance:
He answered him with manly countenance,
To every point, so far as he had feill,
In Latine tongue right naturally and well.
The King conceived soon by his hie courage,
What war men used by reis in their passage:
What minde the Red-Reaver then was,

ag to.
var men
bat m i m j.

Marwell

Of Sir William Wallace.

Marvell he had how he let wallace pass.
To him he said, Ye are something to blame,
Ye might have sent with your Herald from hame:
After power to bring you through the sea,
God thank you Sir, thereof enough had we:
Few men may passe where they finde no perill,
Right whereen may keep where none is to assaile:
wallace he said, therefore marvell have I,
A tyrant reigns in yre full cruelly:
Upon the sea that great sorow hath brought,
Wight we him get, it should not be for nought:
Born of this land, a native man to me,
Therefore on us the greatest harm doth he:
Then Thomas quok, and changed countenance,
He heard the King his ill deeds disadvantage.
wallace beheld, and fenziert in a part.
Forsooth he said, we found none in that Art,
That profered us any such unkindnesse.
By your lierber Sir, I speak in homlinesse:
Crowd ye by sight ye could the Squyer know,
Full long it is, since time that I him saw.
But these words of him are but in vain,
Ere he come here right good men will be slain.
Then Wallace said, here have I brought with me,
Of likeli men that dwelt in our Countre,
Among them blent this royall Roy most like:
Wizzed them well, both stature and courage,
Manner, mackdome, their fashion, and visage:
Sadly he said, advised soberly.
That largest man, which stands next you by:
Would I call him, by mackdome to devise,
These are nothing but words of office.
Before the King on knees fell good wallace,
O royall Roy, of hie honour and grace,
With waste words I will you not trouble.
Now I will speak some thing for mine availe:
Our barron land hath been overset with war,
By Saxons seed that doth us meikell dear.
Slain our elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
Wasted our land of gold and other good:
And ye are here with might and royaltie,
Ere ye should have to our adversite.
And us support for kindnesse of the hand,
Which is confirmed betwixt you and scotland.
As I am here for your charge and pleasance,
My life-last is but honest chevasance:
If flour of realms, forsooth is this region,

To my reward I would have great guerdon.
 wallace he said, ask what so ye would have.
 Good gold or land shal not be long to crave.
 wallace answered, so ye grant it to me,
 what I would have it shal soon chosen be.
 what ever ye ask that is in this region,
 We shal it have, except my wife and Crown.
 He thanked him of his great kindliness,
 All my reward shal be asked of grace.
 Peace to this man, I brought with me through chance
 Here I quite claim all other gifts in France.
 This same is he, if that ye know him well,
 That ye of spake Thomas of Longoveill,
 By rigour ye desired he should be slain,
 I him restore unto your peace again:
 Receive him fair as lledge man of your land,
 The King marvelled, and could in study stand.
 Perfectly he knew that it was Longoveill,
 He him forgave his trespass every deal.
 But for his sake that had him hither brought,
 For gold nor good, nor else he did nought,
 wallace he said, I had lever of good land,
 Ten thousand pound hath ceased in thine hand:
 That I have said, shal holden be in plain,
 Here I receive Thomas to peace again:
 Dearer to me then ever he was before,
 All for your sake though it were meikel more.
 But I would wit how this matter befell,
 Wallace answered, the truth I shal you tell.
 Then he rehearsed what happed on that day,
 As ye before mine Author hath heard say,
 When the good King hath heard the sudden case,
 Upon the sea before sight of Wallace:
 The King him held right worthy to advance,
 He saw in him manhood and governance.
 So did the Queen and all the other Lords,
 Each wight of him great honour then records.
 He purchast peace for all the power haile,
 Fourteen hundred was left at the Rochel.
 Gart cry them free true servants to the King,
 And never again for fault into such thing.
 When Thomas was restored to his right,
 Of his own hand the King had made him Knight.
 After he gave state to his nearest aile,
 And made himself with Wallace for to fare.
 Thus he hath brought these men from reis through cast
 By suddain chance of him and wight Wallace:
 he having leave to leave them in worship and pleasance,
 And to stay till with the good King of France,
 leave to go.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace past in Guyan.

These twenty dayes he lodged into rest,
 So to remain, he thought it not the best.
 till into peace he could not long endure,
 by why contrareous it was to his nature,
 fight well he with Englishmen occupied,
 Guyan that time therefore hath he espied.
 some jeopardie upon them for to make,
 goodly leave he at the King can take.
 Frenchmen he none would with him call,
 that first time, for Adventure might fall :
 at Sir Thomas that service could persue,
 with not well if all the leave was true :
 Scottishmen then sembled hastily,
 the hundredth soon of worthy Chevalry.
 Guyan land full hastily can ride,
 raised fell fire, and waisted winnings wide.
 byts they brake, and stalwart biggings wan,
 cruelly to death brought many a Surheron man.
 warlike toton so fand they in that land,
 which Schement heght þ Englishmen had in hand :
 toward that stead full sadly Wallace sought,
 by any way assaile it if he mought.
 argane to have if he mought get them out,
 great strength of wood there was that toton about :
 the toton stood als upon a water side,
 into a park that was both long and wide.
 they husked them well while passed was the night,
 when the sun rose four hundredth men he dight :
 the leave he gart Crawford in bushment take,
 they misred a resketo for to make.
 then Longoveill that ay was full savage,
 with wallace past as one to that skirmage.
 these four hundredth that was full well arrayed,
 before the toton in plain battell displayed.
 was not well then known in that countrie,
 the Lyon in gold that awfull was to see :
 forrey cast, and ceased meikell good,
 Har men within that wisely understood :
 soon ished out the pray for to resketo,
 the worthy Scots fell Englishmen they flew :
 the leave for dread fled to the toton again,
 the forrey took the prey and passed in plain,
 toward the park, but power of the toton,
 shed out again in awfull battell bown.
 thousand whole of men in arms strong,
 to bode within that might to arms gang.

Then Wallace gart the forrayers leave the pray,
 Assembled soon into a good array.
 A cruell counter was at that meeting seen,
 Of the twicht war men into their armour sheen.
 Feill left their life upon the Sutherland side,
 But not for thy full boldly they abide.
 Of the Scots part then worthy men they stow,
 William Crawford that well the perill knew.
 Out of the park he gart the bushment pass,
 Into the field where feill men fighting was.
 At their entry they gart full many die,
 The Englishmen was wonder loath to flee.
 Full worthily they wrought into that place,
 Bode never so few so long against Wallace:
 With such power that day as he was there,
 On either side assayed wonder rare.
 Into the flour so fell only he wrought,
 That worthy men derfly to death was brought:
 With points pearled through plaitts bruist bright,
 Wallace himself, and sir Thomas the Knight:
 Whom so they hit made never more debate,
 The Sutherland part was handled there so hate:
 Into that place they might no longer bide,
 Out of that field with sore hearts they ride:
 Unto the town they fled full hastily,
 Wallace followed, and his good Chevalry:
 Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,
 While in the town they entred them among.
 With him Crawford and Longoveill the Knight,
 And Richard als, Wallace his cousen right:
 Fifteen they were of Scots company,
 Thus hapned they among that great party.
 A cruell Porter got upon the wall,
 Pulled out the plu, let the port-cullizes fall.
 The Englishmen saw entred was no mo,
 Upon the Scots full hardily they go.
 But to a wall they have their backs set,
 Sad straks and sore boldly about them let.
 Richard Wallace the turngrece well hath seen,
 He followed fast upon the porter keen:
 Upon the wall dead in an dyke him drave,
 Got up the port, and let in all the lave.
 When Wallace men had thus the entry won,
 Full great slaughter again they have begun.
 They saved none upon the Sutherland side,
 That weapons bare, and harnesse in that tide.
 As Brian and Cairns, the good they took them fro,
 and W. G. G. them leave in the rowm land to go:

The Priests als that was not in the field,
 Of aged men that might not weapons wield,
 They slew none such, for wallace charge it was,
 But made them free at larges for to pass.
 Riches of gold they got in great plenty,
 Arneste and horse that might them well supply :
 With French folk plenish the town again,
 In the tenth day the field they took in plain.
 The river down into the land they sought,
 In Sutheron men full great mastery they wrought.
 When when true men to the King told this tale,
 Of French men he sembled a battell :
 Twenty thousand of true hedges of France,
 His brother then led was Duke of Orleans :
 Through Guyan land in rayed battell rode,
 To follow wallace who made but little bode.
 To French supply to help them in their right,
 Near Burdeou ere they overtake him might.
 And Wallace was there, and chosen hath a plain,
 By some men told that Burdeous with great main.
 Within short time thought battell for to give,
 But from they wist that French folk would relieve.
 With great power for helping of Wallace,
 Their purpose they took into short space,
 In Pickardie some message could they send.
 Of Wallace coming they have told to an end :
 Gloucester Captain of Calice was,
 The hardy Carl he made him for to pass
 England soon, and then to London went.
 Of Wallace deeds he told in Parliament :
 Some plainly said, that wallace brake the peace,
 These men laid, nay, and prayed them for to cease :
 And Beaumont said, He took but for Scotland,
 And not for France that shall ye understand.
 Your endentures speak of any maire,
 Hath done wrong, the soth ye may declare.
 Woodstock answered, said ye have spoken well,
 It contrate right that tale is every deal.
 You be he that band for him and his,
 By no man say, but he hath done a miss.
 Principally he band with us the trew,
 And now again begins he malice new.
 King he said, if ever ye think to make,
 Scotland war on hand, now shall you take :
 While he is out or else it helps nought
 Woodstock said, the whole counsel hath wrought :
 Ever they raised in Scotland for to ryde,
 Land and sea, they would no longer byde.

their land hoast they rayed soon indeed.
 Their vanguard took the hardy Earl to lead.
 Of Gloucester that of war had great feill:
 Of Longcastle the Earl governed well
 Eye middle ward, and to the sea they send,
 Sir John Psewart that well the North land kend.
 The Knight Wallance before the hoast in rade,
 And such a way with evill scottishmen made.
 Many castles he gart soon yeelden be,
 To Englishmen withoutten more mellie.
 Ere the best wisd that it was war in plain,
 Entred he was into Berchwell again.
 Sir John Psewart that came in by the sea,
 Saint Johnstoun soon got through a jeopardie:
 Dundie they took and put Scots men to dead,
 In Fyfe from them was not keeped a head,
 And all the South from Cheviot to the sea,
 Into the west there might no succour be.
 The worthy lord that should have governed this,
 God hath him tane to everlasting bliss.
 True men him took and could to Arran pass,
 His son Walker that but a childe yet was.
 Adam Wallace that wisd of no supplie,
 To Rauchly went, and Lindsay of Craigie.
 Good Robert Boyd in Bure made residence,
 For hasty deceit, they took them to defence.
 Sir John the Graham in Dundaff might not hyde,
 Succour he sought to the Forrest of Clyde.
 The Knight Psewart a Shyryff made in Fyfe,
 Sir Aymer's brother, and gave for term of lyfe,
 These lands all that Wallance had before,
 Richard Lundie had great dread through their more,
 He liked not for to come to their peace,
 Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him cease.
 To pass over Tay as then it might not be,
 For Englishmen sore ruled that countrie.
 Out of the land he stole away by night,
 Eighteen with him that worthy were and wight:
 And als his Son that was of tender eild,
 But after soon he could well weapons weild.
 At Striviling bridge ere that the watch was set,
 There passed he the way withoutten let.
 To Dundaff mure Sir John the Graham he sought,
 A woman him told as then before was wrought.
 Unto a strength he went upon the moor.
 Lanek was tane with young Thomas of Thorn:
 Hay and Lundie they might no longer remain,
 South into South Tinto to lodge they may in plain.

wallance gart bring from Gairle carriage,
To Guff Borhwell, both wine and good vernage,
Undie and Graham, got wit of that vittaille,
Right suddenly they made them to assaille :
Fiftie they were of noble Chevalrie,
Against four score of English company.
A Squyer then keepest the carriage,
All Brankisnabie whole then was his herstage,
Undie and Graham met with a Squyer wight,
Fell Englishmen deffly to death he dight :
Sixty were slain upon the Sutherland side,
And five Scots so holdly they abide.
Great good they wau, both gold and other gear,
Lictuall and horse thus hapned in this wear.
Since they have seen well long they might not last,
Into the land, therefore they thought it best,
To seek some place in strength that they might hide
The Sutherland folk had plenish on each side :
Undies lodge they left upon a night,
Into the Lennox they pass the way full right.
To Earl Malcome, that deeed that Countrey,
From Englishmen through help of their supply :
From Lyle into the Bassie abade,
Of Englishmen so great mastery they made :
That all the South they had into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they sent into England,
And other heirs, to prison at their will,
The Northland Lords saw none help come them till.
Squyer Guthrie among them ordanied they,
To warn wallace shall the haste he may :
Out of Aberbrothock he passed to the sea,
And at the Sluce landed full soon hath he.
In Flanders land no residence he made,
In France he pass, but wallace well abade.
In his purpose at Guyan at the wear,
In Englishmen he had done mekell deare.
While good Guthrie had gotten his presence,
He hastid him fast and made no residence.
He hath told him with Scotland how it stood,
Then wallace said, those tydings are not good.
Had example of times that is by worn,
Retws to bind with them that are manswook,
But I as then could not think of such thing,
Because that we took peace with their false King.
By their Chanceler the other peace was bounden,
And that shall soze our soze Elders hath founden,

Under that trew they gart eighteenscore die,
 That noble were, the best in our Countrie,
 To the great God my vow now here I make,
 Peace with that King I think never to take.
 He shal repent that he this war began,
 Thus moved he with many noble man:
 Unto the King, and told him his intent,
 To let him passe the King would not consent.
 While Wallace there made promise by his hand,
 If ever again he thought to leave Scotland
 To come to him, his great Seal to him gave,
 Of what Lordship that he liked to have.
 Thus at the King an hasty leave took he,
 No man with him he brought from that Countie,
 But his own men, and Sir Thomas the knight,
 In Flanders land they pass with all their might.
 Gutherie barge at the sluice could by fill,
 To sea they went, with a full eger will.
 Both Forth and Tay they left and passed by,
 On the North coast good Gutherie was their guy.
 In Montrose haven they brought him to the land,
 To true Scots it was a blyth tydand.
 Sir John Ramsay, that worthy was and wight,
 From Ochter-house the way he choosed right.
 To meet Wallace with men of Arms strong,
 For his coming they had thought wonder long.
 The true Ruthven came als withoutten hade,
 In Birnane wood he had his lodging made.
 Barklay, Bisset, to Wallace sembled fast,
 Which three hundred to Ochter-house he pass.
 The end of the ninth Book.



THE TENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace wan S. Johnstoun.

The latter day of August fell this case,
 For the rescue thus ordained good Wallace:
 Of S. Johnstoun, the Sutheron occupied.
 Fast toward Tay they passed and espyed,
 Ere it was day under Kinnowle them laid.
 Out of the town, as Scottishmen to him said,
 Their servants shied, with Carts, Hay to lead,
 So it was looth, and hapned in that stead.
 Then six there came, and brought but Carts three,
 When they of hay were leading buyle,

Sutherie, with ten in hands then hath them tane,
Out all to death of them he saved nane :
Wallace in haste gart take their upmost weed,
And such like men they waiked with good speed.
Four were right good, Wallace himself took an,
Russet cloak, and with him good Ruchven :
Sutherie, Bisset, and als good yeomen two,
In that each sute he graithed them to go :
Fifteen they took of men of arms twicht,
In each Cart five they ordained out of sight.
All subtilly they covered them with hay,
Then to the town they went the gainest way.
These Carters had short swords of fine steell,
Under their weed, then drove the Carts forth well.
Sir John Ramsay bode in the bushment still,
When misser were to help them with good will.
These true Carters pass out withoutten let,
Out over the bridge, and entred at the gate.
When they were in, their cloaks they cast them frae,
Wood Wallace then the chief porter could ta,
Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,
Then other two the life from them he rest.
Sutherie and Bisset did right well in the town,
And Ruchven als dang of their fey men down,
The armed men that in the Carts were brought,
Rose up, and well their devolur duely wrought,
Upon the gate they gart feill Sutheron die.
Sir Ramsayes spy hath seen them get entrie.
The bushment broke, both bridge and port hath woor,
Into the town great strife there was begun,
Twenty and one ere Ramsay came in plain,
Within the town had forty Sutheron slain.
The Englishmen to array them were not gone,
The Scots as their leasure let them have none :
A good Ramsay with his men entred in,
They saved none were known of Sutheron kin.
And Longoveill the worthy Knight sir Thomas,
Proved well there, and many other place.
Gainst his dint few Englishmen might stand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindnesse fand.
The Sutheron part save well the town was sint,
Mercely they fled, as fire doth from kint :
Some fled, some fell into draw dykes full deep,
Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might keep.
Some fled to Tay, and in small vessels yed,
Some desfly died, and drowned in that dead :
Sir John Psewart at the wast gate out pass,
Wood Methven wood he sped him wonder fast :

An hundred men the Kirk took for succour,
 But Wallace would no grace grant them that hour:
 He bade slay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
 Them for to slay he thought it was no sin.
 Four hundred men without the town were dead,
 Seven score on life scaped out of that dead,
 Wives and bairns they made them for to go,
 With Wallace will he would slay none of tho:
 Riches they found that Englishmen brought new,
 Pleasht the town with worthy Scots and true:
 Sir John Psewart left Methven Forrest strong,
 Went to the Gask full still Sutheron among.
 And then in Fyfe, where Wallage Shyreff was,
 Wade scurrours son out through the land to pass:
 And gathered men a Galwart company,
 To Acherardor he drew them privily.
 Ordained them in ready bargan bolon,
 Again he thought to assaile St. Johnstoun.
 Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest,
 Ruled the town as then him liked best.
 Sir John Ramsay great Captain ordained he,
 Ruthven Shyreff at one accord to be:
 This charge he gave if men them warning made,
 To come to him withouten more abade:
 And so they did when tydings was them brought,
 With an hundred Wallace forth from them sought.

C H A P. II.

The Battell of Black-Irn-side.

In Fyfe he pass to vissy that Countrie,
 But wyang warned of Englishmen was he:
 Sir John Psewart when they were passed by,
 From the Ochell he spied him hastily:
 Upon Wallace followed with all his might,
 In Abernethy took lodging the first night,
 Upon the morn with fifteen hundred men,
 To Black-Irn-side, as his guids could him ken.
 There Wallace was, and might no message send,
 To Saint Johnstoun, to make his journey kend:
 For Englishmen that full subtil hath been,
 Great watches ward & none should passe between,
 Then Wallace said, this matter likes not me,
 He called to him the Squyer good Guthrie,
 And Bisset als that knew full well the land,
 And asked at them what deed was best on hand:
 Message to make, our power for to get,
 With fell Sutheron we will be unbeset.
 Picked Scots that knowes the Forrest best,
 The cause that we may get no rest.
 he ca u v s s i

I dread far more Wallance that is the guide,
Than all the rest that comes upon that side.
Then Guthry said, might we get once over Tay,
To Saint Johnstoun it were the gainest way,
To warn Ramsay we would get succour soon,
Ober soth it is, that cannot well be done,
Right well I wot, Cessel is leaved nane,
From the Woodhaven to the ferry called Arrane.
Then wallace said, the water awfull is,
By self can swim, I trow, and aile no mis:
But curier use accordeth not for me,
And leave you here, yet I had rather die.
Throug Gods grace we shall better eschew,
The strength is strong, and we were men anew.
In Blchock park but fourty men were we,
For seven hundredeth and gart fell Sotheron die.
Escaped well in many unlikely place,
So shall we here throug the help of Gods grace.
While we may last, we may this wood hold still,
Herefoze each man be true of haroy will,
And that we do so nobly into deed,
Of us be found after no lack to need.
The right is ours, we should more ardent be,
Think to free this land, or else to die.
His wailed speech, with wit and hardiment,
Hade all the rest so cruell of intent:
Some hade take field, and gibe battell in plait.
Wallace said no, these words are all in vain,
He will not leave that may be our vantage,
His wood to us is worth a hundred thousand.
Of heben timber in haste he gart them take,
Ples of Dak, and a great Barveris make.
At a fore-front into the Forrest side,
Hade a great strength where they purposde to bide,
Telled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the Barveris pass,
And see their availe on either side about,
When come again, when they saw there was doubt:
That this strength arrayed was at right,
The English hoast approached to their sight.
When Pseware came, that way for to have wend,
That they were wont, his guides so him kend.
Their entry they thought to have passage,
At soon they found that made them great stoppage.
Thousand he led of men of armour strong,
With five hundredeth he gart John wallangegang,
Without the wood, that none should scape them free,
Wallace with him had fourty Archers thro,

The rest were spears, full noble in a deed,
 On their enemies they bickert with good speed.
 A cruel counter was at the Berrers seen,
 The Scots defence so sicker was and keen,
 Sutheron stood aw to enter them among,
 Fell to the ground they overthrew in that throng.
 A robm was left, where part in front might fare,
 Who entered in, again yeed never mare.
 Fourty they flew, that gonward would have past,
 All disarroyed, the hoast was all agast.
 One part of horse through shot to death was brought
 Brake to a plain, the sutheron to them sought.
 Then Psewart said, Alace, how may this be?
 And do no harm, over great rebute have we.
 He called Wallange, and asked his counsel,
 Shyreff thou art, what may us best avail,
 But few they are that makes this great debate,
 John Wallange said, this is the best I wate.
 To cease thereof, and remain here beside,
 For they may not long in the Forrest bide.
 For fault of food they must in the Country,
 Then were more time to make on them molly;
 Ere they be woon on force into this strife,
 Fell that ye lead shal either lose their life.
 Then Psewart said, this reed I will not take,
 And scots he warned, rescue soon will they make:
 Of this despite amends I think to have.
 Or die therefore in number with the lave,
 Into a range my self on foot will fare,
 Eight hundred he took, the liklied that was there,
 Then bade the rest at the Barrers bide still,
 With John Wallange, to rule them at his will:
 Wallange he said, be forward in this case,
 In such a snare we could not get wallace.
 Take or slay him, I promise by my life,
 That King Edward shal make thee Earl of Fyfe.
 At yon East part we think to enter in,
 I bade no more might ye this Barrers win:
 From they be closed graithly among us so,
 But marvell be they shal no further go.
 Aflaylie soze when ye wot we come near,
 On either side we shal hold them on fear.
 Thus Psewart charged upon an awful wise,
 Wallace hath seen what hath been their devile.
 Good men he said, ye understand this deed:
 He said, they are mekel to dread.
 Men he Psewart is a worthy noble Knight,
 Wh he salied in wars, right hardy, wise, and wight
 Psewart is

His assayle he ordains wonder soze,
 As for to harm, mans wit can do no more :
 Pleasant it is a wise Chiftain to ga,
 So Chiftain like, it should great comfort mae,
 To his own men, and they of worship be
 Then for to see ten thousand Couarts flee.
 Since we are set with enemies on each side,
 And here on force must in this forrest bide.
 That all the rest of us abased be,
 Assay the first, for Gods sake cruellie.
 Crawford he left, and Longoveil the Knight,
 Fourty with them, to keep the Barrers wight.
 With him sixty all worthy men in weed,
 To meet Psewart with hardy will they yeed :
 A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
 Of thortour trees, boldly he there abade,
 A down with wall the sutheron to them had,
 Soon sembled they with straks soze and sad,
 Sharp spears then dushed on either side :
 Through birnsh bright, made wounds deep & wide,
 The vantage was the Scors them danted so,
 That no English durst from his fellow go,
 To break array or foremost enter in.
 Of Chyssen blood to see it was great sin.
 For wrongous cause and hath been many a day,
 Fell Englishmen in the dyke dead they lay :
 Spears full soon all into splenders sprong,
 With sharp swords they helved on in the throng.
 Blood bursted out through fine harness of maile,
 John wallange als full sharply can assaile,
 Upon Crawford, and the Knight Longoveil,
 With their power kepted the Barres well :
 Gave good defence, by wit, manhood, and might,
 At the entry fell men to death they dight.
 Thus all at once they sailed either place,
 None that was there durst turn to the Barres :
 To help Wallace no man of his durst pass,
 To rescue them, so fell the fighting was,
 At either hand they handled were so hote,
 But do or die, no succour als they wote.
 Wallace was sad into that halwart flour,
 Guthry, Bussie, with men of great valour,
 Richard Wallace, that worthy was of hand,
 Sewart marvelled that contrare them might stand.
 That ever so few might bide in battel place,
 gainst them, and matched face for face.
 He thought himself to end that matter well,
 as prested in with a good sword of steel.

Into the Dyke a Scottishman he gart die
 Wallace therefore in heart had great pitié,
 Amends to have he followed on him fast,
 But Englishmen so thick betwixt them past,
 That upon him a Grasse get could he nought,
 Other worthy deryly to death he brought:
 Slops he made through all the Chevalry,
 The hardy Scots that brought so worthily
 When Sutheron saw these good men were so drest,
 Longer to bide they thought it not the best.
 Fourscore were slain ere they wold leave that stead,
 And fittie als was in the Barrevis dead.
 A trumpet blew, and from the wood can draw,
 Wallage left off, that fight when that he saw.
 To saylie more they thought it was no speed,
 Without the wood to Councel fast they yeed.
 The worthy Scots to rest them was right fair,
 Fell hurts they had, but few of them was slain,
 Wallace hadde all of good comfort to be,
 Thanked he God, the fairer part have we.
 You Knight Psewart hath at great journeyes been,
 So soze assay I have but seldome seen.
 I had lever on wallage woken be
 Than any man that is in you menzie.
 The Scots all into the Barrevis yeed,
 Stanchéd wounds that could full brastly bleed,
 Some scots men had bleed full meikell blood,
 For fault of drink, and als wanting of food.
 Some fumbled fast, that had fell hurts mort.
 Wallace therefore sighed with heave full care,
 An hat he hint, to get water is gone,
 Other refuge as then he wold of none.
 A little stand as then he found him by,
 Of clear water he brought them bundantly.
 And drank himself, then said with sober mude,
 The wine in France me thought not half so good.
 Then of the day thre quarters was over went,
 Sir John Psewart hath casten in his intent,
 To sayly more as then he could not priede,
 While on the moyn that new men could relieve,
 And keep them in while they for hunger soze,
 Come in his will or elle to die therefore.
 Wallage he said, I charge thee for to hyde
 And keep them in while I to Cowper ride:
 Remain thou with five hundred at thy will,
 them I the moyn with power shall come the till.
 you with wallage said, this charge I here forsake,
 e moyn wif day all night I may not wake.
 inge said, ti

But trust ye well they will ish to the plain,
 though ye hide als or else die in the pain.
 Sewart hadde hide or underly the blame,
 theee command in good King Edwards name:
 or here to God a voto I make beforen,
 and they brake out to hang thee on the morn.
 of this command John wallange had great dread,
 sewart from them with nine score into dead:
 next hand the wood and his good men of Pyfe,
 he scots were blyth when they hard such strife.
 wallace drew near, his time when that he saw,
 the wood side and could on wallange caw:
 the Knight hath heght the morn to hang thee ble,
 come into us I shall the warrand be.
 in contrare him and all King Edwards might,
 take we him quick, we shall him hang on hight.
 good Lordship I shall thee give here ell,
 in this each land that thy brother hath lell:
 wallange was wise, full soon could understand,
 by likliness Wallace should win the land:
 and better him were upon the right to hyde,
 than be in war upon the other side,
 with short advisement to Wallace soon they fought:
 when sewart cry'd, and said, that bees for nought.
 and als of kinde thou art of heritage.
 toward on thee is evil wared great wage:
 ere I shall bide my purpose to fullfill,
 either to die, or have thee at my will,
 or all his speach to passe they would not spare,
 with full glad heart wallace received him there:
 by that Ruthven and Ramsay of renown,
 a true Scot that pass to Saint Johnstoun.
 hem warning made that sewart followed fast:
 John Wallace, then were they sore agast.
 it of the town ished in all their might,
 with three hundred that worthy were and wight:
 Black Irne-side assembled in that place,
 Wallace was gone in to good Wallace:
 the Knight sewart hath weyl their coming seen:
 in afe plain field he choled them by twen:
 even hundred and fourscore then had he,
 the Scottishmen were five hundred and little:
 there were but few a plain field for to take,
 it of the wood good Wallace ran him make:
 got no wit of them that coming was,
 ore hardiment was from the French to pass:
 it when he hard Ruthven and Ramsay cry:
 Othter-hous blyth was als the wallace.

Might they of gold have bought a Kings rent,
 The good Wallace might not so well content.
 Then to array they yeed on either side,
 In cruell yre in battell bowen to hyde :
 Worthier men then Psewartsembled there :
 In all his time Edward had never mare :
 But Psewart saw his number was far ma,
 His power soon he gart devide in twa :
 To fight in that cause knightly he them kend,
 In that journey either to win or end.
 The worthy Scots that first among them bade,
 Full great slaughter on Englishmen they made :
 Into the wood before had proved so well,
 That on the plain they sonziet not a deal.
 In courage grew as they were new begun,
 Short rest they had from rising of the sun.
 By that Ramsay and good worthy Ruchven,
 Throughout the thickest of the prease is gane.
 Slops they made among the Englishmen,
 Dislevered them by twenty and by ten.
 When spears were gone, with swords of mettell cleat,
 To Englishmen their comming told full dear,
 Wallace and his by worthinesse of hand,
 Feill Sutherland blood gart light upon the land.
 The two fields together reiled then,
 Sir John Psewart with many noble men.
 To help their Lord, three hundred in a place,
 About him stood, and did their businessse,
 Defending him with many awfull dint,
 While all the outward of the field was tint,
 Of commons, part into the Forrest fled,
 Succour to seek their men so had them led.
 Then Scots hath seen so many in a rout,
 With Psewart, stand that garded him about,
 Upon the sides assailed wounder saire,
 The poleist plattes with points pearced baire
 The Sutherland made defence full cruelly,
 All occupied was this noble Chevalry.
 Sir John Ramsay would they have yeelden been,
 Wallace said, nay, it is a wrong ye meen :
 Ransome to take we cannot now begin,
 On such a wise this land we have not win :
 Don Knight of old our enemy hath been,
 So feill to us of them I have not seen.
 Now he shall die through help of Gods grace,
 He came to pay his ransome in this place.
 As Sutherland saw and wist plainly to die,
 He was none, suppose that they would see.

Freshly they fought as they had entred new,
Upon our side part worthy men they flew.
Then Stewart said, alace, in wrong doing,
Our lives we lose for pleasure of our King.
That fellow Knight doubted his life right nought,
Among the Scots full hardily he wrought,
Nisbet he strake to death withouten more,
Wallace pleased with his sword brenisht bare.
At Stewarts hals he etled with great yre,
Throughe pesane biff in sinder strake the spyre.
Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might,
By Wallace hand thus ended that good Knight.
The remanent withouten mercy they slay,
For good Nisbet the Scots was wonder beac.
In hands some they sickered but remead,
So sucheron past with life out of that dead.
Then to the wood for them that left the field,
A range they set, thus might they have no bield.
Deed none away was contrare our opinion,
Good Rnhven past again to Saint Johnstoun.
Sir John Ramsay to Cowper Castle rade,
That house he took for defence none was made,
Wallace Crawford, and with them good Gathric,
Richard Wallace had lang been in mellie.
And Longoveill into Lundores bode still,
Fasted they had too long against their will.
Wallage they made their Stewart for to be,
Of meat and drink they found abundantlie.
The power fled and durst no longer bide,
That was before upon the sucheron side.
Upon the morn to Saint Andrews they past,
Out of the town that Bishop holoned fast.
The King of england had him thither send,
That rent at will he gave him in commend.
His Kings charge as then he durst not hold,
Wrongous Pope that tyrant might be cald.
He fled with him and got away by sea,
For all Scotland, wallace he would not see,
Of him as then he made but light record,
Part restore him that was their righteous Lord.
The worthy Knight that into Cowper lay,
Part spoyle them upon the second day.
Ten ordained men at command of wallace,
But more procelle for to cast down the place.
Synders they gart soon pierce out through the wall
Soon pursions fired, unto the ground call all.
Sir John Ramsay then to Carrillean fare,
Sucheron were fled, and left but walls bare.

After Pſewart they durſt not tarry lang,
 He Scots at large out through all Fyfe rang.
 No Englishmen were left in that Country,
 But in Lochlevin there bove one company:
 Upon that Inch in ſmall houſes they light,
 Caſtle was none, but walled with water wight.
 Beſide Carrail ſembled Wallace beforin,
 His purpoſe was for to aſſay Kinghorn:
 Knight Muſgrave then Captain in it was,
 By Hoſt adviſe he purpoſe for to paſs:
 Rather he would byde challenge of the King,
 Than with Wallace to reckon for ſuch thing.
 That houſe he took, and little tarry made,
 Upon the morn withoutten more abade:
 Out over the mure where they the tryd had ſet,
 Near ſcotland well their lodging took but ſet,
 After ſupper Wallace bade them go reſt,
 By ſelf will wake, me think it may beſt.

C H A P. I I I.

The winning of Lochlevine.

AS he commanded, but gracthing they have done
 Wast to Lochlevine, as it was near mid-night:
 Eighteen with him, that he had warned right:
 Theſe men weined well he came to viſit it,
 Fellowes he ſaid, I do you well to wit:
 Conſider well this place, and underſtand,
 That it may do full great ſkaiſh to ſcotland:
 Out of the South, and power come them till,
 They may take in, to keep at their own will:
 Upon you Inch right many men may be,
 And ſhew out, their time when that they ſee.
 To byde long here, we may not well for chance,
 For folk hath food, truſt well at ſuffiſance:
 Water from them for ſooth can not be ſet,
 Some other will behoved us to get.
 We ſhall remain here at this part all till,
 And I my ſelf ſhall bying the Boat you till:
 Therewith his weed in haſte off caſteth he,
 Upon you ſide no watch-man can he ſee.
 He to up his ſhirt, and took his ſword ſo good,
 Bound on his neck, then lap into the flood.
 And over he ſwam, for letting had he nought,
 The Boat he took, and to his men it brought:
 Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,
 But paſſed in and row'd to the other ſide:
 The Inch they took, with drawn ſwords in hand,
 And none, that they before them ſand:
 y took, nor y
 none. 11. 310110

Strake doors up, and ficked men where they lay,
 Upon the Sutherland thus sadly sembled they.
 Thirty they flew, that were into that place,
 To make defence the English had no space.
 Their women five were sent out of that stead,
 Women nor Bakers he never put to dead.
 The goods they took, as it had been their own,
 Then Wallace said, Fellowes I make you know,
 The purveyance that was within these wanes,
 We will not tine, gar semble us all at anes:
 Let warn Ramsay, and our good men each one,
 I will remain till all the stuff be gone.
 Sent forth a man their horses for to keep,
 DREW up the Boat, and then took beds to sleep:
 Wallace power near Scotland well which lay,
 Before the Sun they missed him away:
 Some mourning made, and marvelled at that case,
 Ramsay bade cease, and mourn not for Wallace.
 It is for good that he is from us went,
 That ye shall see, and trust for veriment:
 Gine head to wed, Lochlevin he pass to see,
 Except that place, no Englishmen found he,
 Into this land betwixt these waters left,
 Ydings of him full soon ye shall hear oft:
 As they about were talking on this wise,
 Message soon came, and charged them to rise:
 By Lord, he said, to dinner hath you cald,
 Into Lochlevin which is a likely hald.
 He shall fare well, therefore put off all sorow,
 They gratthed them right early on the morrow.
 And thither pass of Wallace well to wit,
 Then sembled in a full blyth fellowship.
 They lodged there till eight dayes were at end,
 Of meat, and drink, they had enough to spend.
 Cursed forth gear that Sutherland had brought there,
 Part burn the Boat, to Saint Johnstoun they fare.
 Bishop Sinkler, that worthy was and wise,
 To Wallace came and told him his advise:
 Thus he desired Wallace with him to ride,
 And in Dunkeld sojourn'd that winter tide:
 But he said, No, that hold I not the best,
 And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest.
 The Bishop said plainly, we may not wend,
 Into the North for men I rede you send:
 I grant, quoth he, and choosed a Messenger,
 The worthy Jop was with the Bishop there.
 And After Blair, while Wallace came they bade,
 With that good Lord that noble cheer them made.
 ey bade.

Wallace sent Blair into his priests weed,
 To warn the West where friends had great dread,
 How they should passe, or to good wallace win,
 The Englishmen that held them long in twin:
 Adam Wallace and Lindesay that was wight,
 Rauchly they left, and went away by night,
 Throughout the land, to the Lennox they fare,
 To Earl Malcom, that welcommed them full pair:
 Master John Blair was blyth of that semblie,
 God Graham was there, and Richard of Lundie:
 Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought,
 Got they wallace, of nothing then they rought.
 But Englishmen betwixt them was so strang,
 That they in plain might not well to him gang.
 Jop passed on, for nothing could he let,
 Great power then as there he might not get:
 The Lord Cumine, that Earl of Buchan was,
 For old enby, he would let no man pass:
 That he might let, in good wallace supplie,
 The Earl Patrick at plain field keeped he.
 Yet poor men came, and proved all their might,
 To help Wallace, in fence of Scotlands right:
 The good Randal in tender age was kend,
 Part of good men out of Murray he send,
 Jop pass again, and came in presence soon,
 Before wallace, and told how he had done:
 But Master Blair so good tydings him brought,
 That of Cumine, wallace full little rought:
 Als Englishmen they had full meikel dread,
 Fra Fyfe was tint, the worse they thought to speed,
 The Duke and Earl that time in Scotland led,
 Captains they made, in England then they sped:
 Wallace him bownded, when he thought time should be
 From Saint Johnstoun and took with him fiftie:
 Seven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
 From Englishmen they had holden the right.
 In watch-mens weed, and fended them right well,
 To good wallace they were as true as steel:
 To follow him, those two thought never lang,
 Though the Ochel they made them for to gang:
 Upon more power he carried not that tide,
 To keep the land the rest he gart abide:
 To strivling bridge as then he would not pass,
 For strong power of Englishmen there was,

C H A P. IV.

The winning of Airth.

g power

C Airth Ferry they passed privatly,

The ww bashed them in a pern dead thereby:

irth Ferry v)

A cruel Captain in Aire dwelt that year,
 In England born, that heght Thomlin of wear:
 In hundreth men were at his lodging still,
 To brook that land they did both power and will:
 A Scottish fisher which they had tane befor,
 Contrare his will, gart him be to them sworn:
 In their service they held him day and night,
 Before the Sun, wallace gart Jop him dight.
 And sent him forth, the passage to espy,
 On the fisher they hapned suddenly:
 All him alone, but one boy that was there,
 Opp hint him soon, and for no fear would spare.
 By the Colter, and a knife out pulles he,
 For Gods sake, this man asked mercie:
 Opp speired soon of what Nation art thou?
 A Scot, he said, but Sutheron gart me vow:
 In their service, against my will full sare,
 But for my life, that I remained there:
 To seek fishing, I came in this North side,
 Be ye a Scot, I would fain with you bide:
 When he him brought in presence of wallace,
 The Scots were blyth, when they have seen this case,
 For with his boat they might well passed have,
 For Ferry craft he thought not for to crave:
 Upon that long space they tarried nought,
 To the south land with full glad hearts they sought.
 Then brake the boat when they were landed there,
 Service of it Sutheron might have na mare:
 Then through the Mosse they passed with good speed,
 To the Torwood that man with them they led:
 The woodow there brought tydings to wallace,
 Of his true Ceme that dwelt at Dunipace.
 Thomlin of wear, in prison had him set,
 For more treasure then he before might get.
 Vallace said, Dame, he shal well loved be,
 He moyn by noon, or mo therefore shal die:
 They got them meat, and in quyet they bade,
 While it was night, then ready soon they made:
 Toward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,
 A strength there was that well the fisher knew:
 Of Draxo-dykes, and full of water wan:
 Offely thereof he watched them, this man.
 On the back side he led them privatly,
 From the water as wont to come was he:
 Over a smal bridge good wallace entred in,
 Into the hall himself thought to begin:
 From the Supper as they were bown to rise,
 He salus them upon an awful wise.

Wallace sent Blair into his priests weed,
To warn the West where friends had g
How they should passe, or to good walla
The Englishmen that held them long
Adam Wallace and Lindesay that was to
Raubly they left, and went away by ni
Throughout the land, to the Lennox th
To Earl Malcom, that welcommed the
Master John Blair was blyth of that sem
God Graham was there, and Richard of
Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sou
Got they wallace, of nothing then they
But Englishmen betwixt them was
That they in plain might not well to
Jop passed on, for nothing could he le
Great power then as there he might
The Lord Cumine, that Earl of Buch
For old enby, he would let no man p
That he might let, in good wallace su
The Earl Patrick at plain field kept
Pet poor men came, and proved all t
To help Wallace, in fence of Scotlands
The good Randal in tender age was
Part of good men out of Murray he
Jop pass again, and came in presence
Before wallace, and told how he had
But Master Blair so good tydings h
That of Cumine, wallace full little ro
Als Englishmen they had full mess
Fra Fyfe was tint, the worse they th
The Duke and Earl that time in s
Captains they made, in England the
Wallace him botoned, when he thoug
From Saint Johnstoun and took wit
Seven of Ireland, and Keirly that was
From Englishmen they had holden th
In watch-mens weed, and fended t
To good wallace they were as true as
To follow him, those two thought n
Through the Ochel they made them
Upon more power he carried not tha
To keep the land the rest he gart abid
To strivling brydge as then he would
For strong power of Englishmen there

CHAP. IV.

The winning of Airth.

The Airth Ferry they passed priva
And bushed them in a pern sea
And bwd,

... the night was lang,
... watly they gang :
... occupped,
... ough a dark gate him hyed,
... he was wont to ken,
... ch friend was to our men.
... on the back side was made,
... neither long nor braid :
... and soon fra the him knew,
... pprivatly him drew,
... ere they might keeped be,
... he brought them in plentie :
... ce als he gave,
... and more out over the laue :
... ere likely men and twichte,
... ut them swear full right.
... in trouble they had been,
... English Captains keen.
... Castle had in hand,
... There was a private band
... means of that Knight,
... at all his might.
... All no proces make,
... at purpose can take.
... hade the withow pass,
... ere Sutherland dwelling was.
... his Chevalrie,
... nd weapons took on hie.
... on sleep,
... Scots took to keep.
... sitting up so late.
... rinking were made hate ;
... lth him of hie courage,
... good wallace into that rage :
... d S John y Gr. throggh strength
... od Boyd at sword length.
... t scaped was in life,
... Setoun then in strife :
... e Sutherland make such dir,
... n alone went in :
... ar of their tydance,
... y countenance :
... I came last from hame,
... o of uncouth fame :
... ame in this Countrie,
... land for to see.
... some good would I have,
... w answer him gave :

gave,
ve :

His men followed suddenly at anes,
 Hastie sorrow was raised in those wanes.
 With bearing swords sharply about them dang,
 Fell in the flow were felled them amang.
 With Thomlin of weer wallace himself hath met,
 A fellow fraik sadly upon him set:
 Throgh head and stoye, all throgh the coar him clave,
 The worthy Scots fast sticket all the lave:
 Keeped well the doers, and to the death them dight,
 To scape away the Sutherland had no might.
 Some windows sought for to have broken out,
 But all for nought, full fey was all the rout:
 About the fire gushed the blood so red,
 An hundreth men was slain into that dead:
 Then Wallace sought where his Uncle might be,
 In a deep Cave he was set dolefully:
 Where water flood, and he in yrons strang,
 Wallace full soon the bristles up he dang,
 Out of the dark brought him with strength at last,
 But noyle he heard of nothing else he wast:
 So blyth before in world he had not been:
 And therewith sighed when he had Wallace seen.
 In ditches the dead bodie out they cast,
 Graithed the place as then them liked best.
 Made full good chear, and wise watches they set,
 While near the d y they slept without let,
 When they had sight, spoyled the place in hy,
 Found gaining gear, but Gold and Jewelry.
 On all that day in quiet held them still,
 When Sutherland came, received them with good will.
 In that labour the Scots were all full bane.
 Sutherland came in, but none went out again:
 Women and bairns put in prison and cave,
 So they might make no warning to the lave.
 Seven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
 Keeped the Port upon the second night.
 Before the day the worthy Scots rose,
 Cursed good gear, and to the Torwood goes.
 Remained there while night was come on hand,
 Then bownd them in quiet throgh the land.
 The widows son, fra they were passed doubt,
 A servant sent, and let the women out,
 To passe from Airth, where that they liked best,
 Now speak of them that went into the West.

C H A P . V .

Wallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbarton.
 Wallace himself was sicker guide that night,
 Wallace bound Dumbarton the way he choosed right,
 Wallace himself

Erre it was day for then the night was lang,
Unto the town full privatly they gang :
Beskel of it Englishmen occupped,
Good Wallace soon through a dark gate him hped,
Unto the house which he was wont to ken,
A Widow dwelt, which friend was to our men.
About the bed, and on the back side was made,
A dern window, was neither long nor brad :
There wallace called, and soon fra she him knew,
In haste she rose, and privatly him drew,
In a close Barn, where they might keeped be,
Both meat and drink she brought them in plentie :
A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,
An hundredth pounds, and more out over the lave :
Nine sons she had, were likely men and wight,
An oath to him she gart them swear full right.
In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had been,
And tribute payed to English Captains keen.
Sir John Menieith the Castle had in hand,
But some men said, There was a private band
To Sutheron made, by means of that Knight,
Of their supply to be at all his might.
WherEOF as now I will no proces make,
Wallace that day a short purpose can take.
When it was night he had the window pass,
And mark the dooz where Sutheron dwelling was.
Then after this he and his Chevalrie,
Draithed them well, and weapons took on hie.
Some of the gill service were on sleep,
A great Ostellary our Scots took to keep.
An English Captain was sitting up so late.
While he and his with drinking were made hate ;
Nine men was there with him of hie courage,
Some would have had good wallace into that rage :
Some would have bound S John & Gr. throggh strenght
Some would have had good Boyd at sword length.
Some wished Lundie that scaped was in Fife,
Some wighten was not setoun then in strife :
When Wallace heard the Sutheron make such dir,
He gart all byde and him alone went in :
He lave remained to hear of their tydance,
He salust them with surdy countenance :
He kows, he said, since I came last from hame,
In travel I was, in land of uncouth fame :
From South Ireland I came in this Countrie,
He new conquest of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drink and some good would I have,
He Captain then a shrewd answer him gave :

Thou seemest a Scot, likly to be a spy,
Thou mayest be one of wallace company.
Contrare our King he is risen again,
The land of Fyfe he hath riden in plain :
Thou shalt hide here, while we wot how it be,
Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie :
wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble sword he gripped soon in hand :
Over-thort the face, drove the Captain in ten,
Strake all away that grew above the een,
Another braithly on the bread he bore,
Both brain and bone the burely blade through bore :
The rest rusht up, then wallace in great ire.
The third he felled derfly into the fire :
Steven of Ireland and Keirly in that throng
Keeped no charge but entred them among.
And other mo, that to the doo: can please
While they him saw, there could nothing them cease.
The Sutheron men full soon were brought to dead,
The hostler bade them all good Aile and bread,
wallace said, No, while we have leasure mare,
To be our guide thou shalt before us fare,
And begin fire where that the Sutheron lyes,
The hostler soon upon a hasty wise :
Hnt fire in hand, and to a great house yed.
Wher Englishmen were into meikell dread :
For they wist not while that the red flame rose,
As wood as beasts among the fire then goes,
With pains fell rushed full sorowfully,
The leave without of our good Chevalry,
At each house wher the hostler began,
Keeped the doo:rs, from them scaped no man,
For all their might thogh King Edward had sworn
Got none away that was of England born :
But either burnt or but rescow was slain,
And some through force driven to the fire again:
Some Scots folk in service them amang,
From any pain freely they let them gang.
Three hundreth men was to Dumbartan send,
To keep the land as their Lord had them kend :
Skaithlesse of them for ay was this Region,
wallace o: day made him out of the town.
Unto the Cave of Dumbartane they yed,
And all that day they sojourned but dread :
Day th meat and drink the Hostler gart be brought,
Cave by night was come, in all the haste they mought.
That day th Rosmeth full earnestly they gang,
and drink men was in that Castle strang :
It was comi

On the Garloch they purpose them to hyde,
 Betwix the Kirk that near was there beside,
 And to the Castle full privately they draw,
 Under a bray, and lodged them full law.
 Beside the water where common use had they,
 From Castle to the Kirk they pass each day;
 A marriage als was that day to begin,
 All issed out, and left no man within,
 That fence might make but servants in that place,
 Thus to that tryff they passed upon ease,
 Wallace and his dreto them full privily,
 Near hand the place when they were passed by.
 Within the hall, and thought to keep that head,
 From Sutheron men or else therefore be dead.
 Compleat was made the marriage into plain,
 Unto Rosbeth they passed home again:
 Fourscore and mo was in that company,
 But not arrayed as was our Chevalry:
 To the Castle they wend to pass but late,
 The worthy Scots so hard upon them set.
 Fourty at once derfly to death they bare,
 The remnant affrayed was so rare:
 Longer in field they had no might to hyde,
 But fiercely fled from them on either side.
 The Scots there well hath the entry won,
 And slew all such as the house found was in:
 Then on the flyers followed wonder fast,
 No Englishman with their life from them pass:
 The women soon they ceased upon hand,
 Keaped them close, for warning of the land:
 And dead bodie's all out of sight they cast,
 Then at good ease they made them for to rest:
 On their purveyance seven dayes lodged there,
 At rude coast, to spend they would not spare:
 When Sutheron came, they took them gladly in,
 But out again they let none of that kin:
 Who tydings sent the Captain of that head,
 Their servitours the Scots put to dead.
 Spoyled the place, and left no goods there,
 Brake walls down, and made the biggings bare:
 When they had spilt all stone work that they mought,
 Then kendled fire, and from Rosbeth they sought:
 When they had burnt all tree work in that place,
 Wallace gart free the women of his grace.
 To do them harm his purpose never was,
 When to Falkland the worthy Scots can pass:
 Where Earl Malcome was byding at defence,
 Right blyth he was of Wallace good presence:

Then he fand there a noble companie,
 Sir John the Graham, and Richard of Lundie,
 Adam wallace that worthy was and wise,
 Barklay and Boyd with men of mekell pyse :
 At Christmasse there, wallace sojourned still,
 Of his mother tydings was brought him till :
 In time before she had left Ellerslie,
 For Englishmen she durst not in it be :
 From thence disguised she past in pilgrims weed,
 Some girth to seek in Dumferling the yeed,
 Sicknesse she had, forsooth into that head,
 Diseased she was, God took here spite to lead :
 When wallace heard that these tydings were true,
 Then sadnesse sore on each side did persue :
 In thank he took, because it is naturall,
 He loved God with sicker heart and heal.
 Better him thought that it was happened so,
 Than Sutherland should her put to other wo.
 He ordained Jop, and also Master Blair,
 Thither they past, and for no cost to spare :
 But honourably put corps to Sepulture,
 At his command they served all their cure.
 Doing thereto as death desired to have,
 With rich intire the corps they put in grave :
 Again they turned, and shewed of her end,
 He thanked God, what grace that ever he send :
 He saw the world was full of fantasie,
 Comfort he took, let all mourning go by.
 His most delight was for to free Scotland,
 How will I tell what daies then came on hand.

C H A P. VI.

How Sir William Douglas wan the Castle of Sanguhair by
 jeopardie, and how William Wallace rescued him from
 the Englishmen, and put them out of that part.

SIR William long of Douglas dalle was Lord,

By his first wife, as right is to record :

Deceased then out of this worldly care,

Two sons he had with her that lived there,

Which likely was and able in courage,

To Schoole was sent into their tender age :

James and Hew so heght these brethren twa,

And after soon their Uncle could them ta :

God Robert Keith had them from Glasgow town,

And over the sea, to France hath made him bow :

At study then he set them in Paris,

With a Master that worthy was and wise :

When King Edward took their father the Knight,
 after that he had him till though he was never so might :

While time he had assented to his will,
 A marriage als they had ordained him till,
 The Lady Ferres of power and hie blood,
 But thereof came to his life little good:
 Two sons he got on this Lady but mare,
 With Edwards will he took his leave to fare.
 In Scotland came and brought his wife in peace,
 In Dowglas dwelt, forsooth this is no leese:
 King Edward trowed that he had stedfast been,
 Fast their fast faith, but contrare soon was seen.
 By the Scots blood remained in Dowglas,
 Against England which proved in many place,
 The Sanguhaire was a Castle faire and strong,
 In English Captain had done fell Scots wrong:
 Into it dwelt, and Bewfurd he was cald,
 That held all Dalais, from then to Dowglas hald.
 Right near of Kin was Dowglas wife and he,
 Herefore he trowed in peace of him to be:
 Sir William saw that wallace rose in plain,
 And right likely to free Scotland again.
 To help him part, into his minde he cast,
 For in that life right long he could not last:
 He thought no charge to break upon England,
 It was through force that ever he made them band:
 A young man then that hardy was and bald,
 For with himself, and Thomas Dickson cald:
 Dear friend he said, I would prove at my might,
 And make a fray to false Bewfurd the Knight.
 In Sanguhaire dwells, and doth full great outrage,
 Then Dickson said, My self into that voyage:
 Shall for you passe, with Anderson to speak,
 Friendship to me my Cousing will not break,
 He is the man that fire leads them till,
 Through his help we our purpose will fulfill:
 Sir William then in all the haste he might,
 Thirty true men in that voyage he might.
 And told his wife to Dumfries he would fare,
 Tryst he said, of England he had there.
 Thus passed he where that no sotheron wist,
 With these thirty through wast land at their list:
 While night came, then couched they full late,
 Into a Cleugh near at the water Crow,
 So the Sanguhair Dickson alone he send,
 And he soon made with Anderson this end:
 Dickson should take both his horse and his weed,
 By it was day, a draught of wood to lead:
 Again he pass, and told the good Dowglas,
 Which drew him soon into a private place.

Anderson told what stuff there was therein,
 To Thomas Dikson that was right near of kin,
 Fourty they are, all men of meikell vaile,
 Be they on foot, they will you soze assaile:
 If you happen the entrie for to get,
 On the right hand, a stalward Axe is set:
 There with you may defend thee in a throng,
 Be Dowglas wise, he hyde not from thee long:
 Anderson yeed to the bushment in hie,
 Near the Castle he drew them privillie:
 Into a shaw, Sutherland mistrusted nought,
 To the next wood with Dikson soon he sought:
 Graithed a draught on a broad slipping Lath,
 Charged an horse, and to the town can drath,
 Arrayed he was in Andersons weed,
 And hadd have in, the Porter came good speed:
 This hour he said: thou might have been away,
 Antimous thou art, for it is skantly day,
 The gate yeed up, Dikson yeed in but mare,
 A thortour hand that all the draught up bare:
 He cutted it, the slip to ground could ga,
 Cummered the gate seeking they might not ma:
 The Porter soon he hint into that grife,
 Twise through the head, and rest him of his life.
 The Axe he got, that Anderson of spake,
 And beckning made, therewith the bushment brake,
 Dowglas himself was formost in the prease,
 In over the wood entred or he would cease:
 Three watch-men was from the wals coming new,
 Within the Close the Scots men them slew,
 Ere any scry was rised in that towre,
 Dowglas had taine the gate of the great towre:
 Ran up the stair where that the Captain lay,
 On foot he got and would have been away,
 Over late he was, Dowglas brake up the door,
 Bewfurd he found in midst of the floor:
 With a stiff sword to death he hath him dight,
 His men followed fast, that worthy were and wight,
 The men they slew, that were within these wanis,
 Then in the close they sembled all at anis:
 The house they took, and Sutherland put to dead,
 Got none but one, with life out of that dead:
 For that the gate so long unskelk was,
 This spy he fled, and to Durdeir can pass,
 Told that Captain that they had hapened so,
 Another he gart into the Bonoeh go:
 Gart into the Bonoeh mure was warned of this case,
 mure Bonoeh
 abane a's ends

he Country als, when they heard of such thing,
 could sledge Dowglas, & heght they should him ding.
 then Dowglas wist that none did from them scape
 o sailye him, he trov'd that they should shape :
 Dickson he sent upon a Conser wight,
 to warn Wallace in all the haste he might :
 the Lennox, Wallace had taile the plain,
 with four hundred that were of melkell main :
 byth Castle he thought to visit it,
 at Ravindail held, but frue men let him wit.
 that he was out that time in Cumbernald,
 and Cumine dwelt on tribute in that hald :
 then wallace wist, he gart Carl Malcome by,
 with two hundred the bushment near thereby :
 o keep the house, that none should to it fare,
 & took the rest in the wood side near there :
 scourour set, to warn if he saw ought,
 when Ravindail came, of them he had no thought,
 then he was coming the two bushments between
 he scourour warned these cruell men and keen :
 then Carl Malcome had barred them from y place
 o Sutherland wist with life they did that grace :
 the Lennox men they left the house to ta.
 in spoiling then, they would not tarry ma :
 sledge houses then Wallace would not hyde,
 throughout the land wallace would not hyde :
 when Linlithgow they burnt into their gate,
 there Sutherland dwelt, they made their biggings hate
 the Peill they took, slew them that were therein,
 of Sutherland blood the Scots thought no sin.
 when on the moyn burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
 soon to a strength to Newbottell they yed,
 by that Lawder and Chriffell of Setoun,
 came from y Bass, and burnt Northberwick town,
 that Englishmen they should no succour get,
 whom they over-took they slew withoutten let.
 o meet wallace, they pass in all their might,
 in hundred men with them of arms bright,
 blyth meeting that time was them between,
 when Carl Malcome and wallace hath them seen.
 Thomas Dickson als met with good Wallace,
 which granted soon for to rescue Dowglas.
 Dickson, he said, wots thou of their multiple,
 three thousand men their power may not be :
 Carl Malcome said, though they were thousand five
 of this action men think that we should strive,
 when Hew the Hay, that dwelt under trewage,
 of Englishmen soon he gave over that wage :

More for to pay as then he liked nought :
 With fifty men to Wallace forth he sought,
 To Peibles fast but no Sutheron them hade,
 There at the Crosse a plain cry they made :
 Wallace commanded, who would come to his peace,
 And byde thereat, reward should have but leese :
 Good Rutherford, that ever true had been,
 In Erick wood against the Sutheron keen :
 Bidden he had, and done them meikel Dear,
 Sixty he had of noble men of wear.
 Wallace him welcomed that came in his supply,
 With lordly fare, and Chiftain like was he.
 Then to array they went about the towne,
 Their number was six hundred of renown :
 It birnes bright, all men of meikel batle,
 With glad hearts they passed through Cliddisdale :
 The siege began, and to the Sanguhaire set,
 But tydings came, and made therein a let.
 The Sutheron heard that Wallace was so near,
 Throug hasty fray the hoast was all on fear :
 No man was there would for another bide,
 Purpose they took in England for to ride.
 Their Chiftain said, Since their King had before,
 From Wallace fled, their causes was the more.
 From South they sought, to byde it was great wrath,
 Douglas as then was thus quite of their skaity.
 In Crawford mure by then was good Wallace,
 When men him told that Sutheron upon case,
 Where fled away, and durst not him abide,
 Three hundred then he chose with him to ride :
 In light harness, and horse that they would wail,
 The Earl Malcome he had bide with the sail,
 To follow them, a back guard for to be,
 To butt the chale in all the haste bownd he :
 Throug Durisdair he took the gainest gate,
 Right fain he would with Sutheron make debate.
 The plainest way above Morton they hold,
 Ryding the hight, if that the Sutheron would :
 Them to persue, or turn to Lockmabane,
 But heed thereto the Englishmen took nane.
 Down right they held greatch guides could them lead
 About Closburn Wallace approached near :
 In yre he grew when they were in his sight,
 To them he speed, with will and all their might :
 On an out part the Scots set that tyde,
 In speed, in score at ground they had soon at a syde.
 In part theyd Sutheron saw that it had hapned so,
 He at grooving again, some rescue for to sho :
 Sutheron saw that was

194
When they trovd best with good Wallace to stand,
Earl Malcome came then right near at their hand.
The whole power took plain purpose to flee,
Who were at ground, Wallace gart let them be.
Upon the formost followed with all his might,
The Earl and his amongst the rest they light.
Did all to death that unhorsed were that tyde,
After the horse full freshly can they ryde:
Five hundreth whole, ere they past Dailwynntown,
On Sutheron side to ground there was broght down.
Of Scots horse many began to tyre,
Suppose their selves were fierce as any fire.
The flyers left both wood, waters and hill,
To take the plain, speedful they thought them till:
In great battel away full fast they rode,
Into the strength they thought to make no bode:
Near Lochmabane and Ouchter-house they went,
Beside Crochmad, where fell Sutheron they went:
Right many horse that ridden had so lang,
And trabelled sore, they might no farther gang:
Sir John the Graham upon his feet was set,
Then Wallace als lighted withouppen let:
These two on foot amongst their enemies yeed,
Was none but horse might from them pass for speed:
On Englishmen so cruelly they fought,
Whom they over-took, again harmed us nought.
To wallace came a part of power new,
On rested horse that partly can persue,
Adam Currie, with good men of great vaile,
And Johnstoun als that dwelt in Eskdail,
And Kirk-patrick was in that company,
And Haliday who sembled furdily,
Where they entred the sayste was so sare,
Dead to the ground fell flyers down they bare:
Seven score were whole of new come men indeed,
The south party of them had meikel dread:
Wallace was horsed upon a Courser wight,
That good Currie had broght into his sight:
To stuf the chace, with the new Chevalry,
Commanded Graham, and his good men for thy,
Together hyde, and follow as they might,
Three Captains there full soon to death he dight:
The rested horse so wonder well them bare,
Whom he overtook again rose never mare:
Faithly he rode, and wrought full many wound,
Hese three Captains he stiked in one bound:
Of Durisdeer, Ennoch, and Tybers mire,
And Clifford, Cme away to Carlisle sure:
And:
R

The which before had keeped Lochmabane,
 No landed man scaped with him but ane:
 For Maxwell als out of Carlaverock drew
 On the Sutheron the gainest way can sue:
 Into the chase so willfully they ryde,
 Few got away that came upon that side;
 Beside Cock-pool full feill fighting they fand,
 Some drowned were, some slain upon the land:
 Who scaped was, in England fled away,
 Wallace returned, no prisoner took they:
 In Carlaverock that night resting they made,
 Upon the moor to Dumfries blythly rade:
 There wallace cryed, who would come to his peace,
 Against Sutheron their malice for to cease:
 To trow Scots he ordained warison,
 Who faulted had, he granted remission.
 In Dumfries then he would no longer bide,
 The Sutheron fled off Scotland on each side:
 By sea and land, without longer abade,
 Of Castles and towne wal'ace Chiftains made.
 Ruled the land, and put it in good rest,
 With true keepers the which he trusted best.
 The good Dowglas, of which I told you aire,
 Keeper he was from Drumlanrick to Aire:
 Because he had on Sutheron such thing wrought,
 His wife was wroth, but that she shewed nought:
 Under covert her malice held perfyte,
 A serpent waits her time when she may bite:
 To Dowglas oft she wrought full meikell care
 Of that as now I leave while further mare.
 But Sutheron men durst then no Castles hold,
 They left Scotland before as I you told:
 Save one Morton a Captain fierce and fell,
 That held Dundie, but Wallace would not dwell:
 But thither past, and laid it round about,
 When Morton saw that he was in that doubt:
 He asked leave, with their lives for to go,
 Wallace denyed, and said, It bees not so,
 The last Captain of England that here was,
 I gave him leave to hole with his men to pass.
 Thou shalt forthink such mastery for to make,
 All England shall of thee example take.
 Such men I wend from thine for to have worn,
 Thou shalt be hanged, suppose the King had worn.
 He gart command no Scots should to him speak,
 Confirmed the sedge, and said we shall us break,
 Englishmen, as skill will of Dundie,
 For he made their Constable for to be:

An Ballinger of England that was there,
 Past out of Tay and came to Quhirbie fast,
 To London sent, and told of all this case,
 To hang Morton so vowed had wallace :
 Before this time Edward with power yeed,
 To war on France, for then he had no dread.
 Before he trowed Scotland to be his own,
 When they him warned his men were overthrown,
 Again he took to England hastily,
 And left his turn all sickled in folly :
 Gascon he claimed, all into heritage,
 He left it thus, with all his hie barnage :
 And Flanders als he thought to take in hand,
 All these he left and came to reave Scotland.
 When that this King to England was come hame,
 Summonds they made, and charged Bruce by name
 And other mo that lived under his Crown,
 Bishop and Barron to come at his Summoun.
 When wallace twise through force had freed Scotland,
 This tyrant King took plainly upon hand :
 For great desire he might no way take rest,
 He thought to him, to make it plain conquest :
 In covetise he had Reigned so long,
 Chiftains he made that they should not go wrong.
 Soulds they chose, for strengths them to guy.
 They thought no more to byd e at jeopardy,
 In plain battell that they might wallace win,
 He trow'd for war they would no more begin.
 Leave I this King, making this ordinance,
 By purpose is to speak some thing of France.
 The Englishmen then Guyan held in weare
 To French folk they did full meikel deare,
 King and Councel soon in their wits cast,
 To get Wallace, them thought it was the best.
 For Guyan land the Englishmen had they,
 When shup they thus, in all the haste they may.
 For they tryed, if Scotland were hard steade,
 Wallace wold come, as he them promise made.
 The samine Herauld that in Scotland was,
 They him commanded, and ordained him to pass,
 Into Scotland, without longer delay,
 Out of the Sluce as goodly as he may.
 Ready he was in ship he pass on case,
 In Teyes mouth, but bode the Haven taks :
 Where Wallace then was at the Lallyie Gill,
 And he received the Herauld with good will,
 Heir writ he read, and said to them this wille,
 An answer soon he could them not devile.

To honest Innes the Herald soon he send,
 On wallace cost, right boldly for to spend,
 While time he saw how other matters stood,
 Then answer he should have withousten dread.
 The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
 Into Scotland with his Herald they send:
 Praise of his deed, and als the Description,
 Of him tane there, by men of Description,
 Clerks, Knights, and Heraulds, that him saw:
 But I hereof cannot rehearse it aw:
 Wallace stature, of greatnesse, and of height,
 Was iudged this by discretion of sight,
 That saw him both on Chevall and on weed,
 Nine quarters large of hight he was indeed.
 Third part that length in shoulders broad was he,
 Right seemly strong, and lusty for to see,
 In limbes great, with stalwart pass and sound,
 His brains hard, with arms long and round.
 His hands made right like to a palmeare,
 Of manlike make, with nailles long and clear.
 Proportioned fair, and long was his visage,
 Right sad of speech, and able of courage:
 Both breast high, with sturdy craig and great,
 His lips round, his nose square and neat.
 Burning broon haire, on browes and byes light,
 Clear asper eyes, like Diamonds full bright:
 Under his chin, on his left side was seen,
 By hurt, a wan, his colour was sanguine:
 Wounds he had in many diverse place,
 But fair and whole well kepted was his face:
 Of riches als he kepted no proper thing,
 Gave that he war like Alexander the King:
 In time of peace meek as a minde should be,
 When war approached, the right Hector was he.
 To Scots men right good credence he gave,
 But known enemies they could not him deceive.
 These properties were iudged into Peance,
 Of him to be a godly remembrance:
 Master John Blair this patern could receive,
 In wallace book he byrved with the lave:
 But he thereof as then took little heed,
 His laborous minde was all of other deed:
 At Dundie sidge thus earnest as he lay,
 Tydings to him Jop brought upon a day:
 How King Edward with likely men of vaille,
 Hundreth thousand came for to assaile,
 Scots ground they had tane upon ease,
 In part it grieved good wallace:

He made Scrimgeor at his house for to ly,
 With eight thousand, and charged them for thy:
 That none should scape with life out of that dead,
 That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead.
 Scrimgeor granted right faithfully to hyde,
 With two thousand Wallace could from him ryde.
 To St. Johnstoun thre dayes graithed he there,
 With sad advise towards the South can fare.
 For King Edward that time ordained had.
 Ten thousand whole to pass that was full glad:
 With young Woodstock, a Lord of meikel might,
 At Scriviling bridge he ordained them full right.
 And there to hyde, the entry for to weir,
 Of Wallace then he crowed to have no deir.
 Right royally upon a good array,
 Then leave they took, and pass out but delay.
 To Scriviling came, and there will not abide,
 To see the North beyond Forth can they ride:
 Such new courage fell into his intent,
 Which made the Sutheron full sore for to repent.
 The end of the tenth Book.



THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battel of Faw Kirk.

This Woodstock rode into the North good speed,
 Of Scots as then they had but little dread,
 For well they crowed for to rescue Dundie,
 Their ships came to Tay in by the sea:
 His guides said, that they should lead him by
 Saint Johnstoun where passage lay plainly:
 The high they took, and looked them about,
 So were they ware of Wallace and his rout:
 Then in some part he removed his thought,
 The Kings command because he kepted nought:
 But when he saw they were fewer nor he,
 He would them bide, and either do or die:
 Sir John Ramsay for most his power saw,
 Said, You are they that ye see hither drato:
 Either Sutheron, that come so cruelly,
 Or Earl Malcome to seek you for supply.
 Then wallace smiled and said, English they are,
 Ye may them know right well where that they f
 On Shyreff-mure wallace the field hath tane,

with eight thousand of worthy men in wane,
 The sutheron were right doughty into deed,
 Together strake well buffed in steel weed:
 Then spears soon all into splenders spent,
 The hardy Scots out through the sutheron went.
 In fayed battel seven thousand down they bare,
 Dead on the bent, recovered never mare,
 Right fell fighting with weapons grounden keen,
 Blood then from birnes was blisshed on the green:
 The stalward flour right fellow was and strang
 The worthy Scots so derfly on them dang:
 That all was dead within a litle sound,
 None from that place had power for to found.
 Young Woodstock hath both life and hoastis forlorne
 The Scots spoiled all good gear them beforen:
 What them thought best, of fine harness they walle
 Both gold and good, and horse that might avail.
 To Striviling bridge without resting they rade,
 Of mo should come, Wallace this ordinance made:
 Past over the bridge, Wallace gart wrights call,
 And with Craftsmen undid the passage all;
 Then these same folk he sent to the Dridford,
 Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burde,
 With nine or ten syles he cast the gate before,
 Endlong the wald made it as deep as shore:
 Then Wallace said, We shal on one side be,
 You King and I, but if he southwart flee:
 He sent Lawder which had in hand the Basse,
 Endlong the coast, where any vessel was:
 And men with him that busily could look,
 On each Boat a boord or two they took:
 Ships they burnt of strangers that was there,
 Secour and he to wallace thus can fare:
 Striviling lay upon his purpose fill,
 For Englishmen to see what way they will:
 The Earl Malcome, Striviling in keeping had,
 To him came with men of arms sad:
 Three hundreth whole that sicker was and true,
 Of Lennox folk their power to renew.
 Sir John the Graham from Dundaff sickerly,
 To wallace came with a good Chevalry.
 Things him brought that sutheron came at hand,
 In Torpichine King Edward was lodgand.
 Destroying the place of purveyance was there,
 King Edward good as then they would not spare.
 The place of Torpichine came unto Wallace there,
 Good as the day had twelve hundreth men and mare:
 He came unto the men was past in Cumbernad,
 Had twelve hundreth.

Upon the moyn botoned the Stewart bald.
 Soon to array with men of arms bright.
 Twenty thousand then sembled in their sight:
 The Lord Stewart and Cumine forth they ride,
 To the Faw Kirk, and thought there to abide.
 Wallace and his then to array they yeed,
 With ten thousand of worthy men indeed:
 Who could behold his awful Lordly vult,
 So well beseen, so forwarde, berne and stout,
 So good Chiftain as with so few they been,
 Without a King was never in Scotland seen.
 Wallace himself and Earl Malcome the Lord,
 Sir John the Graham and Ramsay at record:
 Setoun, Lawder, and Boyd that was full wight,
 Adam Wallace was to that journey dight,
 And many other that proved well in prease,
 Their names all I may not here rehearse.
 Sutherland then out of Torpichine fure,
 Their passage made into salmanane mure:
 Into a plain set tents and pavilions,
 South the Faw Kirk a little above the town:
 God Jop himself thus judged by his sight,
 In whole number an hundred thousand right:
 Of Wallace coming the Scots such comfort took,
 When they him saw all dreadour they forsook.
 For of envy was few there that it wist,
 Treasonable folk their matter works at list:
 Doyson since then at the Faw Kirk is cald,
 Through great treason, and corruption of alld.
 For Cumine had envy of good Wallace,
 For Earl Patrick as hapned upon case:
 Countess of March was Cumine sister dear,
 Under colour he wrought on this manner.
 Into the host had ordained Wallace dead,
 And made Stewart to fall with him at plead.
 That Lord, he said, that Wallace had no right,
 Power to lead, and be present in fight:
 He bade him take the vanguard for the gy,
 So wist he well that he should strive for thy,
 Lord Stewart asked at Wallace his Counsel,
 Said, Sir, ye know what may us best avail:
 Your awful King is felon for to hyde,
 Right unabased Wallace answered that tyde,
 And I have seen twise mo into Scotland,
 With you same King when Scots men took on hand
 With fewer men than now hither is sought,
 This Realm against, and to good purpose brought:
 Sir, we will fight, for we have men enow,

As for a day, so that we all be true.
 The Stewart said, the vanguard we should have,
 Wallace answered, and said, So God me save,
 That shal ye not so long as I may reign,
 Nor noman else, except my righteous King.
 If he will come, and take on him the Crowne,
 At his command I shal be ready bowne.
 Through Gods grace I reskued Scotland thwice,
 I were ever mad to tyme it in such wyse,
 To tyme for boast that I have governed lang,
 Thus half in wrath from ward him can he gang.
 Stewart therewith all bownd into baile,
 Wallace he said, by thee I tell a taile.
 Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can,
 Unhappily his taile thus he began:
 Wallace he said, thou takes this meikel cure,
 So faced it by working of nature:
 How an Howlat complained of his Fethreme,
 When Dame nature took of each bird but blame,
 A fair feather, and to the Howlat gave,
 Then he through pride rebuted all the lave:
 Wherefore should thou thy senyie show so hie,
 Thou thinks none here that should thy fellow be,
 This makes it, thou art glad with our men,
 Had we our own, then were but few to ken:
 At these words good Wallace burnt as fire
 Dour hastily he answered him in yre:
 Thou lied he said, the sooth full oer hath been,
 There have I hid den, where thou durst not be seen.
 Contrare thine enemies, no more for Scotlands right,
 Nor dare the Howlat when that the day is light:
 That tale full near thou hast told by thy sell,
 To thy desire thou shalt not me compel:
 Cumme it is hath given thee this counsaile,
 Will God ye shal of your first purpose fail:
 That false traitour that I from danger brought,
 Is wonder like to bring this Realm to nought.
 For thine oggart either to do or die,
 To prison fled, or cowardly to flee:
 Rescue of me thou shalt get none this day,
 Therewith he turned, and from them rose his way,
 Ten thousand men away with Wallace rode,
 None better was in all the world so broad,
 As such men was living upon life,
 Alace, great harm fell Scotland for that strife:
 Hast to the wood from the Faw Kirk by east,
 t harm'ld not bide for command nor request.
 wood frors of none, but it had been the King,
 ot bide for
 of none. I an

That might that time bring him from his etling.
The other Scots saw their destruction,
For discomfort to leave the field was botw:
But that these men was native to Stewart,
Principal in Bure took hardiment in heart.
Lord Stewart was at Comine grieved there,
Nicht and he leved, he should repent it late.
The great trespass that he through misknowledge,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place.
Of their debate it was a great pitie,
For Englishmen then might no blyther be,
Hasted so fast in battel to the field,
Thirey thousand that well could weapons wield:
The Earl Hartford was chosen their Chiftaine,
The good Stewart to that array is gane.
The field he took as true and worthy Knight,
The Englishmen came on with full great might.
Their fell meeting was awful for to see,
At that Counter they gart fell Sutheron die,
When spears were split, hilt out with swords soon,
On either side full doughty deeds were done.
Fell on the ground was felled in that place,
Stewart and his can on their enemies race,
Blood bursted out through mailzie brenisht bright,
I wenty thousand with dreadful weapons dight,
On Sutheron men derfly to death they ding,
The remanent again fled to the King.
Ten thousand then after the dead escheved,
With that Chiftain unto the hoast relieved.
Again to say the hardy Stewart yeen,
When Wallace saw that worthy noble deed,
Hold up his hands with humble prayer prest,
O God he said, give you Lord grace to last,
And power have his worship to attend,
To win these folk, and take the whole commend.
Great harm it were that he should be overlet,
With new power they then to him rebet.
By that the Bruce an awful battel raved,
The Bishop Beik that oft hath been assayed,
Fourty thousand upon the Scots to face,
With full effear they railed up right there,
The Braces banner with gold and goulles clear,
When Wallace saw the battels approached near,
The right Lyon against his own kinrike,
Place, he said, the world is contrare like.
His land should be you tyrants heritage,
That comes thus toeroy his owne barnage,
So I were free of it as I said aye.

I would forsware Scotland for evermore,
Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,
Or die therefore, to God I make avow.
The great debate in wallace wit can waide,
Betwixt kindnesse and willfull vowe was made.
Kindnesse had him rescue them from their fo,
Then will said nay, why fool wilt thou do so,
Thou hast no wit with right thy self to lead,
Should thou help him that would put thee to dead
Kindnesse said, yet they are good Scots men,
The will said wit, the verity thou may ken,
Had they been good all in on we had been,
By reason here the contrare well is seen.
For they us hate more then the Sutheron lied,
Kindnesse said nay, that show they not indeed,
Though on of them be false into their saw,
Because of him thou shouldest not lose them aw :
They have done well into yon fellow flour,
Rescue them now, and take the hie honour.
Will said, they would have rest from me my life,
I bade from them in many a fellow strife,
Kindnesse said, help, their power is but nought,
Then toreak on him that all the malice wrought.
Will said, this day they shall not holpen be,
That I have said, shall ay be said for me.
They are but dead, God grant them of his blisse,
Envy long since hath done great harm and misse.
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teen,
Tears for bail burst out from both his een :
Sir John the Grabame, and many other wight,
Weeped for too for sorrow of that Knight.
When Bruces battell upon the Scots strake,
Their cruell coming made cowards for to quake :
Lord Cumming fled in Cumberald away,
About the Scots the Setheron lapped they :
The men of Bace before their Lord they stood,
Defending him when that fell streams of blood
Were them about in floats where they yeed,
Bathed in blood was Bruces sword and weed,
Through fell slaughter of fell men of his own,
Soon to the death the Scots were overthrow,
Then flew the Lord, for he would not be fane :
When Wallace saw that their good men were game.
Lords he said, what now is your counsaill ?
Two holes there are, I red the best ye wail,
Ponder the King his hoast abandonand,
Les than Bruce and Beik in yon battell to stand,
The King in was right wile and fell hath been,
Bruce and
in was !!

yeir Captains als full cruell are and kee?,
etter of hand is not living, I wis,
i tyranie, ye trow me well of this,
of Broce and Beik, to what side they be set,
Ie have a choise which is full hard but let :
nd we turn East for strength in tobian land,
hey suff a chace right hard I understand,
ke we the mure, yon King is us befoe,
ere is but this withoutten words moze,
o the Torwood, for our succour is there :
hrough Bruces hoast, forsooth first we must fare,
mongst us now there needeth no debate,
on men are dead, we need not strive for state.
ey all consented to work right as he will,
that him thought best, they granted to fulfill.
ood wallace then that stoutly could them steir,
efoze them rode into his armour clear,
uled their spears all in one number round,
nd we grace have for to passe through them sound,
nd few be lost, to our strength will we ride
want we many, in faith we shall abide.
With their armed horse fast on the hoast they rade,
ye rierd then rose when speats in sunder glade :
ushed in Drosse dunted with spears dint.
rom forged steel the fire flew forth but stint :
e felon throng, when horse and men renewed,
p drove the dust where they their piths proved.
he ocher hoast might not their deeds see,
e flour that rose, while they dislevered be.
he worthy Scots eight thousand down they bare,
ew fell on ground that good wallace brought there.
he King cryed horse upon them for to ride :
ut this wise Lord gave him counsell to bide :
The Earl of York said, Sir, ye work amisse,
o break array, yon men quite through them is,
hey ken the land and will to strengths draw
ake we the plain we are in perill aw.
he King conceaved that his counsell was right
uled the hoast, and bade still in their sight,
re Bruce and Beik might return their battel,
he Scots were through and had a great avail.
Wallace commanded the hoast should passe away,
o the Torwood in all the haste they may :
ymself and Graham and Lawder turned in,
Betwixt battels, pryse and probes to win.
nd with them bode in that place hundredth three
Of Walsland men used in leopardie,
Upon twicht horse, that right warly could ride,
Alloy they made where they set on a side,

No spears they had but swords of tempered steel,
 Therewith in flour they let their enemies feel,
 How they full oft had prov'd been in p'casse,
 Of Englishmen they made fell to de cease.
 Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiv'ing have,
 Thre hundred there were graithed to their grave,
 The hardy Bruce an hoast abandone it,
 Thirty thousand he ruled by force and wit,
 Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue,
 Served they were with good spears aneto.
 And Bishop Beik a suft to him to be,
 When good Wallace their ordinance can see,
 Alace, he said, you man hath meikell might,
 And over god will to undo his own right.
 He bade his men toward the hoast to ride,
 Them for to save he would behind them hide.
 Meikell he trowed in God and his own deed,
 To save his men into his doughty weed:
 Upon himself meikel travell he taes,
 The great battell compleat upon him gaes:
 In the fore-front turned he full oft,
 Whom ever he hit, their laughing was unsoft,
 That day in world known was not his maik,
 A Sutherland man he flew ay at one fraik,
 But his own strength might not against them be,
 Toward his hoast behoved him to flee.
 The Bruce him hurt at his returning there,
 Under the hanch a deep wound and sare,
 Blood burshed out braithly a spears length.
 From the great hoast he fled toward his strength:
 Such a flyer befoze was never seen,
 Nought as Gaderis of Gaudiffet the teen,
 When Alexander rescued the foreours,
 Nought not to him be compared in those hours.
 The fell turning of foreours he made,
 How holdly as befoze the hoast he bade,
 Nor how good Graham with cruell hardiment,
 Nor how Lawder among his enemies went,
 How they alone into the flour then stood,
 While Wallace was in sanching of his blood,
 By then he had stemed full well his wound,
 With thre hundred unto the field can found.
 To rescue Graham and Lawder that were wight,
 But Bishop Beik cam on with strength and light.
 The worthy Scots retired far aback,
 Seven akter broad, unto their own great wack,
 Were these two delivered there full well,
 On hand, and a good sword of steel:

The awful Bruce among them with great main,
At the rescue three score men hath he slain.
Whom he hit right ay at one fraik was dead,
Wallace pleased in therfore to set remead.
With a good spear Bruce was served but bad,
With great enby to wallace fast he rade,
And he to him affonziet not for thy,
The Bruce him mist, as Wallace passed by,
A swart he fraike with his sharp grounden glave,
Spear and horse neck he all in sunder drave.
Bruce was at ground ere wallace turned about,
The great battel of Sutheron stern and stout.
They horsed Bruce with men of great valour,
Wallace alone was in that stalwart flour.
Graham pleased in and fraike an English Knight,
Before the Bruce upon the basnet right,
That frivole stuff, and all his other wude,
Both bone and brain the noble sword through yeed,
The Knight was dead, good Graham returned right.
A subtil Knight thereat had great despight,
Followed at wait, and hath perceived well,
Grahams hury too narrow was some deal
Beneath the waste that close it might not be,
On the fillet full sternly then fraike he,
Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare,
With a sharp spear, that he might live na mare.
Graham turned there and smote the Knight in teen,
Through the visart a little beneath the een:
Dead of that dint, to ground he rushed down,
Sir John the Graham stoned on his arloun.
Ere he overcame to pass his party,
Fell Sutheron men that were on foot him by,
Sticked his horse that he no further yeed,
Graham yelds to God his good sprit and his dead,
When wallace saw this good Knight to death broght
The piteous pain so sore thirled his thought:
All out of kinde altered his courage,
His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
The horse him bare in field to here so him list,
For of himself as then he little list.
Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,
As wilels wight into the hoard he went,
Dinging on hard, what Sutheron right he hit,
Straight upon horse again might never sit.
Into that rage full fell folk he dung down,
All him about was red a full great rown.
When Bruce perceived with Wallace it was sa,
He then charged men long spears for to ta.

And slay his horse, so he could not escape.
Fell Sutherland then to Wallace can them shape,
Pierced his horse with spears on either side,
Wounds they made that were both deep and wide;
Of shafts, part Wallace in sunder share,
But fell heads into his horse left there.
Some wit again to Wallace can ridown,
In his own mind, so ruled him reason,
So for to die he thought no vassalage,
Then for to flee he took into a rage,
Spurred the horse, and ran in a randown,
To his own folk, were bidding on Carron:
The sea was in, they stopped and still stood.
On lowd he cryed, and bade them take the flood.
Together bide, ye may not lose a man,
At his command they took the water than.
He returned the entry for to keep,
While all the hoast were passed over the deep.
Then followed fast, and dread his horse should fall,
Himself was clad in a heavy plate of mail.
Though he could swim, ye trowed he might not wel,
The clear water cooled the horse some deal.
Out over the flood he bare him to the land,
Then fell down dead and might no longer stand.
Keirly full soon a Courser to him brought,
Then up he lay, amongst the hoast he sought.
Graham was away, and other fifteen wight,
On Magdalen Day these folk to death were dight.
Thirty thousand of Englishmen for true,
The worthy scots upon that day they flew:
What by Stewarr, and then by wight wallace,
For all his price King Edward retued that case.
To the Terwood he bade the hoast go ride,
Keirly and he passed on Carron side.
Beholding ober upon the South party:
Bruce formost came, and could not wallace cry,
What? art thou there? A man Wallace can say.
The Bruce answered, that hast thou proved this day,
Abide he said, thou needest not now to flee,
Wallace answered, I escheued not for thee,
But that thine power hath near thine own undone,
Amends hereof will God we shal have soon.
Language of thee, the Bruce saith, I desire,
Say forth, quoth he, thou mayest for little hye:
Bide from thine hoast and gar them bide with Beik,
I would fain hear what thou likest to speak.
The hoast still, the Bruce passed them fra,
soad and ... him, but one Scot that heght Rae.
ear what ...
ill, the Bruce ...
im, but one ...

When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turned in hy, and this question can spear.
Why workest thou thus, and might in good peace be?
Then wallace said, But in default of thee:
Through thy falsehood thine own wit is miskend,
I claim no right, but would this land defend,
That thou undoeest through thy false cruel deed,
Thou hast tint two that were worth far more need.
Upon this day, with a good King to found,
For five millions of finest gold so round,
That ever were wrought in work of coyn so bright,
I trow in world be not a better Knight,
Then was good Graham of truth and hardiment:
Tears therewith from Wallace eyes down went.
Bruce said, Far more on this day we have lost,
Wallace answered, Alace, they were ill cost,
Through thy treason (shouldest be our righteous King)
That wilfully destroyest thine own off-spring:
The Bruce answered, wilt thou do my devise,
Wallace said, No, thou livest in such wise:
Thou wouldest me make at King Edwards will be,
Yet I had rather to morn be hanged he:
But wilt thou do as I shal counsel give,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking live.
At thine own will in Scotland for to reign,
To be in peace, and hold of Edward King.
Of that false King I think never to take,
But contrare him with all my power to make:
I claim nothing, as by tittle of right,
Though I might reave, since God hath left me might
From thee thy Crown of this Region to wear,
But I shal not such charge upon me bear:
Great God knowes best what wars I took on hand,
For to keep free that which thou doest gain stand,
It might be said of thee long time beforne,
In cursed time thou wast for Scotland born,
Seamest thou not, that never yet didst good,
Thou Runa-gate, devourer of thy blood,
I vow to God, may I thy Master be,
In any field, thou shalt far rather die,
Then shal a Turk, for thy false cruel wear,
Pagans to us do not so meikel dear:
Then tugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestness,
And said, thou seeest that thus stands the case:
This day thou art with power overlet,
Against yon King overhand ye may not get,
Then wallace said, We are by meikel thing,
Stronger this day in contrary yond King.

Then at Bigger, where he left many of his,
 And als the field, so shal he do with this,
 Into the field we have lost many a Knight,
 Or die therefore, for all his meikel might.
 And Scotland now into such perill stad,
 To leave it thus, might be called mad:
 Wallace, he said, It approacheth near night,
 Would thou to morn when that the day is light,
 Ere nine of clock, meet me at the Chappel,
 By Donypace, I would hear thy Counsel.
 Wallace said, Nay, ere that each time be spent,
 Where all the men hence in the Orient:
 Into one will with Edward who had sworn,
 We shal bargan ere nine hours of the morn:
 Of this wrong reaf, either he shal think shame,
 Or die therefore, or flee in England hame.
 But and thou wilt, soon by the hour of three,
 At that each tryft will God I shal thee see.
 While I may last, this Realm shal not forefare:
 Bruce promis'd him with twelve scots to be there:
 Then Wallace said, Stood thou righteous to me,
 A contrare part I should not be to thee.
 I shal bring ten, and for thy powder mo,
 I give no force, though thou be friend or fo:
 Thus they departed, Bruce passed thus away,
 To Lihgow rode, where that King Edward lay:
 The field had left, and lodged by south the town,
 At supper set as Bruce at the Davilion,
 He entred in, and saw vacand his seat,
 No water took, but made him to the meat.
 Fasting he was, and been in meikel dread,
 Bloody was all his weapons and his weed:
 The sutheron Lords scorned on tears rude,
 And said, behold yon scot eats his own bloud:
 The King thought evil they made such derision,
 Bade have water to Bruce of Huntingtown.
 They bade him wash, he said that he would nought,
 This blood is mine that hurts most my thought,
 Sadly the Bruce then in his mind remorded,
 The words sooth, wallace had him recorded,
 Then rewed he sore, fra reason he had knowin,
 That blood and land should both have been his own,
 With them he was long ere he got away,
 But contrare Scots he fought not from that day.
 Leave I the Bruce sore mourning in his intent,
 As he had Wallace soon again to his host went.
 He soon agays noon, Forwood which had their lodging made,
 Good which divided bo,

Of nole and sheep, they took at suffisance,
 Thereof full soon to get them sustinace.
 Wallace sleepe but short while and soon rose,
 To rule the hoast on a good pace he goes.
 The Ear Malcome, Ramsay, and Lundie wight,
 And five thousand in battel then he dight.
 Wallace, Lawder, and Chelkel of Setoun,
 Five thousand led, and wallace of Richartoun.
 Full well arrayed into their armour clean.
 Pass to the field where that the chase had been :
 Seeking dead men among the worthiest,
 The corps of Graham, for whom thou mourned most
 When they him fand, and good wallace him saw,
 He lighted down him hinc before them aw.
 In arms up, beholding his pale face,
 He kissed him and cryed full oft aface.
 My best brother in word that ever I had,
 Mine eold friend whom I was hardest glad :
 Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour,
 My faith, mine help, my strengther into flour.
 In thee was wit, freedom, and hardines :
 In thee was truth, manhood, and nobleness :
 In thee was rule, in thee was governance :
 In the vertue withoutten variance :
 In thee lawty, in thee was great largeness :
 In thee gentries, in thee was stedfastness,
 Thou wast great cause of winning of Scotland,
 I thought I began and took the war on hand.
 I voto to God that hath the world to wald,
 Thy death shal be to Sutherson full dear sald.
 Martyre thou art for Scotlands right and me,
 I shal be venged, or else therefore shal die.
 Was no man there from weeping might refrain,
 For lose of him when they heard wallace plain,
 They carried him with worship and honour,
 In the Fawkkik made him a sepulture.
 Wallace commanded his men therefore to hide,
 Dis ten he took for to meet Bruce they ride,
 South-west he pass where that the tryst was set,
 He Bruce full soon, and good Wallace have met,
 For lose of Graham, and als for propper teen,
 He grew in yre when he the Bruce hath seen.
 Their saluting was but boutheous and throtwit,
 He said thou he said, thou art contrare thine own,
 Bruce, said, Wallace, rebute me now no more,
 Mine own deeds have bet me wonder sore.
 When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stood sa,
 On knees he fell, fair countenance can him ma.

In arms soon the Bruce hath Wallace tane,
 Out from their men in counsel are they gane:
 I cannot tell perfectly their language,
 But this was it their men had of knowledge:
 Wallace him prayed come from the Sutheron King,
 The Bruce said nay, there lets me yet one thing:
 I am so bound with wit nels to be leal,
 For all England, I would not falle my Seat,
 But one thing here I heght to God and thee,
 That contrare Scots again I shal not be:
 Into a field with weapons that I bear,
 In my purpose I shal thee never deare:
 If God thee grants over hand of us to have,
 I will not flee mine own self for to save:
 And Edward scape, I pass with him again,
 But I through force be either tane or slain:
 Break he on me when that my tearm is out,
 I come to thee, may I scape from that doubt.
 Of their counsel I cannot tell you mare,
 The Bruce took leaue and can to Edward fare.
 Wallace in haste provided soon his hoast,
 Right sad in mind for Scots men that he lost.
 He made Crawford the Earl Malcome to guide,
 In the low way to Inverravie to ride:
 That their watches then should not them espy,
 The other hoast himself led hastily:
 By South Manwel while that they were betwixt,
 Of the out watches thus scaped they unseen,
 The Earl Malcome on Lithgow entred in,
 There hastily a great strife can begin:
 Wallace was nought all to the battel bowen,
 When they heard the cry rise into that town.
 On Edwards hoast they set full suddenly,
 Wallace and his made little noise and cry:
 But occupied with weapons in that flour,
 Feill felled to death that was without armour:
 All disarrayed the English hoast was than,
 Among the pavillions where Scots full many man:
 Cutted down cords, gart many tents fall,
 None soinzeit then, at once were fighting all:
 But Wallace hoast and Earl Malcome with might,
 King Edward then with awful fear on heght:
 Cryed to array on Bruce so stern and stout,
 Twenty thousand in arms him about:
 Into harnesse had bidden all that night,
 But frayed folk so dolefully been dight,
 arne; each side fled, for fearedness of their deed,
 ayed so we and his so roughly through them yeed:
 h side it is
 toward

toward the King, and felled fell to ground,
 who bode them there right fell fighting they found.
 The cruel King right awfully abode,
 To all his folk a great comfort he made:
 he worthy Scots among them in that flour,
 fell Sutheron flew into their fine Armour,
 before the King made stops them among,
 so forwardly they pleased in that throng.
 English commons they fled on either side,
 but noble men there durst none other hide,
 he Prince as then to Scots made no grievance;
 but judge he was with fenziel countenance:
 so did he never into no battel arie,
 nor yet after such deeds as he showed there.
 he Earl Harford to flee he made him bowen,
 he Earl Malcome by that came in the town:
 he Lennox men set their lodges in fire,
 then fearely fled many Sutheron syre,
 The King Edward that yet was fighting still,
 hath seen them flee, and liked them fall ill,
 he worthy Scots fast toward him they please,
 his bydel near affayed ere they would cease,
 his manner man in that place Wallace flew,
 and then to ground the banner soon it flew,
 he Earl of York counselled the King to flee,
 and so returned, since no succour they see.
 The Englishmen hath seek the banner fall,
 without comfort to flee they purpose all,
 ten thousand men in field, and town was dead,
 of Edwards folk, ere himself left that dead.
 twenty thousand away together rade,
 King and Chieftains no longer tarry made,
 the Scots in haste then to their horse they yeed,
 full the chase with worthy men indeed.
 the Lennox folk that wanted horse and gear,
 took them at will to help them in their wear,
 that Stragill rode what Scots might for most pass:
 in Sutheron men full great laughter there was,
 Wallace hath seen the Scots unorderedly,
 follow the chase he made masters in by,
 them for to rule and altogether ride,
 commanding them, each one should other hide,
 into flying the Sutheron subtil arie,
 see they a time they will set on full sare,
 all scailed folk to them will soon renew,
 or ye see well that they are men anew,
 the followers was ruled well with skill,
 at good array they rode all at his will.

And flew down fast what Sutheron they overtook,
 Contrare the Scots came not mastery to make.
 Into that chace they hastid all so near,
 No Englishmen durst from the hoast out fear.
 The frayed folk at Bragil were fleand,
 Dret to the King well mo then ten thousand.
 Thirty thousand in number then were they,
 Into array together they pass away.
 Fell Scots horse so driven was in travel,
 Forerun that day and irked began to fail,
 The Sutheron was with horse served so well,
 Of Wallace chace the Sutheron had some feel,
 Of horse they were purveyed in great wain,
 The King changed on sundry horse of spain.
 Then Wallace said, Lords ye may well see,
 Don folk are now all that you King may be,
 For fault of stuff we lose ober meikel thing,
 Had we good horse to pass before you King.
 We should make end of all this long debate,
 Yet some of them shal be handled so haite,
 Part of our horse are holden fresh and wight,
 Set on them fast while that we are in might,
 With that the Scots so hard among them dret,
 Of the outmost three thousand men they flet.
 In Crawford more many a man was slain,
 Edward gart call the Bruce of meikel main,
 Then said he thus, good Earl of Huntingrown,
 We see the Scots put many to confusion.
 Would ye with men again on them reltebe,
 And mar them once, I shal while that I live,
 Love you far more then any other Knight,
 And for all this shal put you in your right.
 Then said the Bruce, Sir loose me of my hand,
 And I shal turn, I heght you by my hand.
 The King soon considereed in his mind,
 When he heard Bruce answer him in this kind.
 From Englishmen the Bruce heart set it is,
 Then cast he this how he should mend this miss.
 And so he did in England at his will,
 No Scotsman he let with Bruce bide fill.
 But where he pass, held him in subiection,
 Of Englishmen under a great bandon.
 He turned not nor no more language made,
 In rayed battel the King to sulway rade.
 With meikel pain pass upon englands coast,
 Fifty thousand in that travel they lost,
 Wallace saw he escaped was away,
 And again returned they,

Edinburgh, withoutten words more,
But in Crawford that Captain was before.
Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
Wallace commanded each man should hold in hand,
Their own office, as they before time had,
But in good peace, Scotland in right he had,
On the tenth day to Saint Johnston he went,
Assembled Lords, then showed them his intent.
Scrimgeour came that then had Doon Dundie,
Wallace command that time well keeped he.
He called so, while strong hunger them drave,
Feebled them so, the house to him they gave.
These wageours soon they put to confusion,
Then brought Morton, to make a conclusion,
Before wallace, and soon from he him saw,
He gart hang him for all King Edwards aw.
Basons and Binds with Scrimgeour forth he send,
Cast down Dundie, and thereof make an end.
Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,
The Lords he called, and his will showed then soon.
Good men he said, I was your governour,
My mind was set to do you ay honour,
And for to bring this Realm to righteousness,
For it I past in many painful place.
To win our own my self I never spard,
At the Fawkirk then ordained me reward,
Of their reward ye hear no more through me,
Unto such gifts God will full well have eye.
Now ye are free, through the maker of might,
He grant you grace for to defend your right.
Als I presume if harm be ordained me,
There are Scottisshmen, which should the workers be.
I have enough of our old enemies strife,
He thinks our own should not envy my life,
Mine office here over plainly I resign,
I think no more to take on me such thing.
In France I will, and win my living there,
As now advise, and home to come no mare,
Lords gain good, but all that helped nought,
For any there he did as himself thought,
Bishop Sinker was visited with sickness,
Unto Duddold, and then through Gods grace,
He recovered when wallace past away:
After the Bruce he lived many a day.
Good wallace thus took leave in Saint Johnston,
Eighteen with him to Dundie made them boson,
Longoveil past that doughty was indeed,
The Warrons son of Freschin with him yeed.

Two brethren old with their Uncle them dight,
 Symon Wallace, and Richard that were wight,
 Sir Thomas Gray, this Brest can with him fare,
 Edward Litele, and Jop, and Master Blaie,
 Good Keirly past, had been with Wallace long,
 And done full well in many felon throng.
 This Keirly then that could with Wallace fare,
 With Ker he heght, mine Authoz will declare,
 Keirly in Irish, is but Ker Little call'd,
 In Carrick he had heritage of ald,
 His forebear which worthy was of hand,
 Saint David King him brought out of Ireland:
 Then at Dummoir where first Norwages came in,
 This Ker made great discomfite of their Kin,
 With seven hundred vanquish't nine thousand,
 Some drowned in Deuo, some slain upon the land,
 Those whole lands the good King gave him till,
 How Wallace past now further speak I will.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace met with John of Lyn upon the sea.

Among Merchants thus Wallace took the sea,
 Pray we to God that he their helper be:
 They sailed forth by part of England shore,
 To Humber mouth when that they came before,
 Out of the South a great red saile they see,
 Into the top three Leopards standing he,
 The Merchants then the sign when that they saw,
 Coming so near, they were discomfite aw,
 For well they wist that it was John of Lyn,
 Scots to slay, he said it was no sin.
 These frayed folk they yeed to confession,
 Then Wallace said such a devotion,
 Yet saw I never in no place where I past,
 That for one ship ye should be all agast,
 For wood Cats shal do but little dear,
 We saw them fall thosse moe when they were.
 On a fare field so shal they on the sea,
 Despite it is to see them stand so he,
 The Stierl-man said, Sir will ye understand,
 He saveth none that is born of Scotland,
 We may not flee from you Barge wot I well,
 We'll stuffed they are with gun and gainzie of steel,
 Upon the Sea, you River long hath been,
 To righteous men he doth full metkel teen,
 Whome he saved we rek not for our good.
 The River loz hath shortly for to conclude,
 He doth fild drs upon his Coat Armour,
 We rek in his Ark, so painted in his figure,
 Shortly for to conclude
 upon his aid

Suppose we mourn ye should have no marvell,
Then Wallace said, here is men of more vaill,
To sail the Ship, therefore in how thou ga:
And thy fires, no more curmer us ma,
Wallace and his then soon to harnesse yeed,
When they were graithed into their worthy weed,
Himself and Blair, and the Knight Longoveill,
These three hath tane to keep the mid ship well,
Before were eight, and six be eft he kend,
Then two he chose the top for to defend,
And Gray he made their Sterr-man for to be,
The Merchands then saw them so manfullie,
Defend themselves because they had no weed,
Out of the how they took then skils good speed,
By betwixt two stuffed wicoll as they might best,
Against the stroak, that they might some part lest,
Then Wallace leugh and commended them aw.
Of such harnesse before he never saw.
By that the Barge came on them wonder fast,
Seven score in her that were nothing agast.
When John of Lyn saw them in Armour bright,
He leugh, and said these naughtie words on hight:
You glaiked Scots can us not understand,
They are but fools, and new come from the land,
He cryed strike, but none answer them made,
Blair with a bow shot fast withoutten bade.
Ere they clipped he shot but arrowes three,
And at each shot he gart a riber die.
The Biggans then they bickered wonder fast,
Among the Scots with shot of Guns cast,
And they again with spears headed well,
Feill wounds they made throghe plaits of finest steel
Either other fastned with clippes so keen,
A cruell Counter was at that ship boord seen,
The derse shot drave as thick as haille thour,
Lasted and well near the space of an hour,
When shot was gone, the Scots great comfort had,
At hand stroaks they were sicker and sad,
The Merchants als with such things as they might,
Proved full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his at near straks when they see,
With sharp swords they gart feill Biggands die,
They in the top so twightly wrought on hand,
In the South top there might no Reaver stand,
All the mid ship of Reavers was made waste,
That to give over at point they were almost.
Then John of Lyn was right graithly agast,
He saw his folk about him fallie fast.

With eager will he would have been away,
Bad winde the saile in all the haste they may,
But from the Scots then might they not eskey,
The ships so sore on either side they wey.
They saw no thing that might be to them ease,
Crawford on lost their saile burnt in a blesse,
Ere John of Lyn ship for to leave that dead,
Of his best men sixty were brought to dead.
Their ship by ours a boord was more in sight,
Wallace sape in amongst the Reavers twight.
A man he strake over ship boord in the sea
On the over-last he flew soon other three.
Longoveil entred, and als good master Blair,
They gave no greace to freiks that they found there
wallace himself with John of Lyn hath met,
At his Colier a fellow straike him set,
Both helm and head from the shoulder he drave,
Blair over the boord in the sea cast the lave,
Of his body then all the remanand,
Entred and flew the Brigands that they fand,
The ship they took, both gold and other gear,
That those Reavers had gathered long in wear
But Master Blair spake nothing of himself,
In deed of arms what aventure that befell.
Sir Thomas Gray, was priest then to wallace,
But in this book how them happened this case,
That Blair was in, and many worthy deed,
Of which himself had no pleafance to read.
Wallace gart rule the ship with his own men,
And sailed forth the right course for to ken,
Ino the Gluce haven while they entred he.
The Merchants well he helped in sattie,
Of gold and gear they took part that they fand,
Gave them the ship, then passed to the land.
Through Flanders rode upon a goodly wise,
Entred France and then pass to Parise,
The glad tydings that to the King was brought
Of Wallace coming it comfort all these thought,
They trowed by him to get redresse of wrong,
The Sucheron had in Guyan wrought so long.
The Peirs of France were at their Parliament,
The King commanded with true and whole intent
They should forsee a Lordship for Wallace,
The Lords then all deemed of this case,
Guyan was all whole out of their hand,
Forsee aught it best for to give him that land,
hen all deely they trowed he had wrought so before,
as all who's win, or else to die therfore.
It it best for
ey trowed his

Also of it they might no profit have,
That was the cause that wallace should it have,
His decreet soon they shewed unto the King,
Disspleas'd he was they made him such a thing,
Of Guyan thus, when wallace had a feel,
No land he said, liked him half so well,
By chance is thus for to be ay in wear,
And Englishmen have done our Realm most deare.
It was well knowen my defence righteous there,
Right have I here, my comfort is the mare.
I thank you Lords, made such reward to me,
Our purpose is I should not idle be,
The King bade him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was gain-standand,
Because that land was hastily to conquish;
His thought was ay to win it through Gods grace.
But nevert helesse the King had made him Knight,
And gave him gold for to maintain his right.
And then gave charge to all war men in France,
They should be whole at wallace ordinance.
And also of him he bade him arms to take,
Wallace for look such changing for to make,
Since I began, I bore the red Lyon,
And thinks to be ay true man to the crown.
I thank you Sir, of this mighty reward,
For men herefore shall not right long be spared,
I think to quite some part ye kithed on me,
In your service, or else therefore to die:
Good Wallace thought his time he would not waste,
Into the wars he graithed him in haste
All Scottishmen that were into that land,
To him they sought with their felowty and hand.
Longoveill als a great power can raise,
In Wallace help this good Knight gladly gaes,
Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,
The broad banner display'd of Scotland there.
Those war men soon upon Guyan they fare,
Strooke buildings down which had been stark and bare,
Wheron they flew against them made debate,
Sightly on broad they raised fires full hate.
Wheron they took, that Wallace first had wounen,
And flew all men of wheron there was founden.
Into that town wallace his dwelling made,
All there about he wan the Countrey brade.
The worthy Duke of Orleans was Lord,
Assembled his folk into a good accord,
Twelve thousand then he had in armour bright,
And thought to help good wallace in his right.

The eleventh Book

Leave I them thus, the Duke and Wallace batt, /
And speak some part how Scotland took great skaith.

CHAP. III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland and made /
whole conquest thereof

The false envy and the wicked treason, /
Amongst themselves brought fell to confusion. /
The Knight vallance in Scotland made repaire, /
The false Menteith Sir John withoutten mare, /
Betwixt them two was made a privat band, /
So on a day they met in to Annand, /
Of the Lennox Sir John had great desire, /
Sir Armer heght he should have it in hire, /
To hold in free, and other lands mo, /
Of King Edward, so he would passe him to. /
Thus couded they and then to London went, /
Edward was glad to hold that appointment, /
Menteith annone was bound to that fierce King, /
To further him in Scotland in all thing. /
Then passed home and wallance with him sure, /
Whyle he was brought again ober Carlile mure, /
King Edward then in yre and fierce outrage, /
By thirty dayes he raised his Barnage, /
In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand, /
No Chistain was that durst against him stand, /
For Menteith told they thought to make Bruce King /
All true Scots would be pleased of that thing. /
Yet many fled, and durst not bide adwair, /
Some into Rosse, and in the Isles past part, /
Bishop Sinkler again fled into Bute : /
Which that fierce King he had no will to mute, /
Thus without fraike the Castles of Scotland, /
King Edward hath tane into his awn hand, /
Divided then to men that he would like, /
Strength and towms to Rosse, through the Kingrike /
Both height and valle obeyed whole his will, /
That he commanded they purpos'd to full fill, /
The Bishops all inclined to his Crown, /
Both temporall, and the religion. /
The Romane books that then were in Scotland, /
He gart them bear to Scoon where they them fand, /
And but redeem, they burnt them all each ane, /
Sailberry use our Clerks then hath tane, /
The Lords he took that would not of him hold, /
Thringland sent the noble blood of old, /
Sir William long Dowglas to London send, /
land in strong prison, and there he made an end. /
William the Thomas als that Lord was of Murray, /
long prison Lord Fraser, with him to passe away, /
Thomas

The last fled first, thus can their power grate.
 wallace fast followed, and soon the fifth overtaes,
 Strake him to death that no further he gae:
 then sped him soon unto his men again,
 By then they had the knights brother slain,
 Fifty and six derfly to death were dight.
 Except seven men that fled out of their sight:
 Five Dawers als that wallace self with met
 To French men since no such tryd was set:
 Because that they him brought to such a case,
 The King heard tell well scaped was wallace:
 Sent for him soon, and prayed him to be,
 Of his household, and live in good safetie:
 For well he saw, they had him at envy,
 Still with himself he gart him hyde for thy:
 Two years there wallace with mirth abade,
 Still into France many good journey made.
 The King him pleased in all his gooly main,
 From him he thought he should not part again,
 Lords and Ladies honoured him reverently,
 Wretches and Shrews ay held him at envy.

CHAP. II.

How Wallace saw the two Champions.
 Two Champions that time dwelt with the King
 Had great despite at wallace in all thing:
 Together feed ay these two Champions,
 Of fellon force and froward of Conditions,
 With great despite they spake ay of Scotland,
 While on a day it hapned upon hand:
 Wallace and they were leaved them alone,
 By a venture into an house of stone,
 They used to bear no weapons in that hall,
 They crowed therefore amiss they might not fall.
 Here communed they of Scotland scornfully,
 When Wallace said, We wrong us utterly:
 Since we are bound in freindship to your King,
 And he of us pleased of all thing.
 As Scots men hath helped this realm from dread,
 We think ye should give good word for good deed,
 That may ye speak of our enemies but ill:
 Lightliness they made answer theretill:
 And him despited in their language als,
 Scots they said have ever yet been false.
 Wallace took one on the face in his teen,
 With his good hand, while mouth, nose, and een,
 Through the brath blow, all gushed out of blood,
 Offling to ground he smote him where he stood,
 He gher hit to Wallace in that stead,

When he with his elbow had been dead,
 And he again in grief him gripped sore,
 While his spirit fall'd, that he might do no more.
 The first freck rose, and smote on Wallace fast,
 Both to the death he brought them at the last.
 Upon a pillar their brains out he dang,
 And with his hands out at the doore them slang.
 And said, What devil moved you Charles at me?
 Long time in France I would have let them be.
 Trust well in truth, thus were they done to dead,
 Though French-men now likes not thereof to read.
 As I will cease, and put it out of Rime.
 Better it is, who right can look in time:
 Many great Lords was displeas'd in France,
 But the good King who knew all the whole chance,
 Right great despite of Wallace spoken had they.
 This pass'd over, while that upon a day:
 Was none of them that durst it undertake.
 He had done wrong, or therefore battell make.

CHAP. III.

How Wallace slew the Lyon in the Barrace.

This royall Roy an high worship him gave,
 As conquerour him honoured over the lave:
 A fell Lyon this King gart be brought,
 Mightn barrace for great harm that he wrought:
 Circlized with yron, and no power him gave,
 Of woodnesse he exceeded over the lave:
 But he was fair, and right felloe indeed,
 In that strong strength he gart men him feed.
 Keeped him close, from men and bestial,
 In Court there dwelt two Squyers of great vall:
 That Cousens were to the Champions tway,
 The which before Wallace hapned to slay,
 A band they made in pryvy conclusion,
 At their power to work his confusion:
 By any means through fraud and subtiltie,
 After therefore, they cared not for to die.
 To death or shame so that they might him bring,
 Upon a time they went unto the King:
 This see, they said, that ye so well fare make,
 He sees nought here, but he would undertake,
 By his great force to put to confusion,
 Now he desires to fight with your Lyon.
 And bade us ask of you the battell strang,
 We grant him leave in the barrace to gang.
 Sadly again to them answered the King,
 Spare me fore, thinks he desires such a thing.
 But I will neither for right nor yet pleasure,
 Give Wallace what he desires in France.

figured tale they told him in that case:
Wallace they said, the King desires that ye,
Drenze battell so cruell for to see:
And charged you to fight with this Lyon,
Wallace answered in hasty conclusion:
And I shall do what be the Kings will,
At my power, right gladly to fulfill.
Then passed he unto the King but mare,
Lord in Court when he approached there,
Unwisly asked, without provision,
Wallace dare ye go fight with our Lyon,
And he said, Yea, so the King suffer me,
With your self, if ye ought better be.
What will ye more: this thing admitted was
That Wallace should unto the Lyon pass:
The King charged to bring him good harnesse,
And he said, Nay, God shield me from such case:
Should it take if I fought with a man,
But for a dog, that nought of arms can.
I will have none, but single as I ga,
Great mantle about his hand can ta.
In good sword, with him he took na mare,
Boundantly in barrace entred there.
Great chains were brought in the gate with a gilt
And pulled to, when Wallace was therein.
The wood Lyon on Wallace where he stood,
Ramping he bayed, for he desired blood:
With his round polles in the Mantles wrought sa;
Thort the back good Wallace can him ta:
With his good sword that was of birnisch steel,
His body in two it cutted ever each deal,
Then to the King he raked in great yre,
And said on loud, was this all your desire?
To war a Scot this lightly into vain?
Is there more dogs that ye would yet have slain?
To bring them forth, since I must dogs quell,
To do bidding while that I with you dwell:
It gaines me well to graith me in Scotland,
Of greater deeds there men hath tane in hand:
Then with a dog in battell to encheibe,
At you and France for ever I take liebe.
The King perceived that Wallace grieved was,
So earnestly he asked him to pass:
It was in his minde that it was hapned so,
So letow a deed to let him under go:
Knowing the worship and the great noblenesse,
Of him, which sprang that time in many place:

Wely he said, it should displeas you nought,
Be it desired, it bread never in my thought.
And by the faith I owe the Crown of France,
I thought never to charge you to such chance:
But men of Balle that asked it for you,
Wallace answered, to God I make a vow,
I liked never in such battel to be in,
Upon a dog no worship is to win.
The King conceived how this fallshood was brought,
The Squyers both were to his presence brought.
Could not deny, when they came him before,
All their trespasss they told withoutten more.
The King commanded they should be done to dead,
Smote off their heads without any remead:
The Champions, lo for envy causeless,
To sudden death, Wallace them brought throggh ease,
The Squyers als, from their falleness was kend,
Envy them brought both to a sudden end.
Lords behold, envy the evil Dragon,
In cruel fire he burneth this Region:
For whosoever abounds in envy,
To some mischies it brings him hastily,
Forsake envy, thou shalt the better speed,
Hereof as now I will no further need.
But in my matter as I before began,
I shal declare as plainly as I can.

When Wallace saw they had him at envy,
Longer to byde he thought not then plainly.
Better him thought in Scotland for to be,
And adventure take, either to live or die.
To help his own, he had far more pleasance,
Than there to byde, with all the wealth in France.
Then his whole mind, man-hood and courage,
Was plainly set to win out of bondage.
Scotland again from pain and meikel sore,
He vowed he should, or else to die therefore.
The King hath seen how good Wallace is set,
The letter then him gave withoutten let.
The which of late from Scotland was him lend,
Wallace it saw, and well their harms kend.
By the first writ thereto accordial,
Them to supply he thought he would not fall,
and herefore should I hereof long process make:
Wallace of France a goodly leave can take,
I hath seen, that it would not else be,
went, behold him might not be:
Iguoz, when wallace can remove,
in kept by kindness and love:
to his worship for to save.

Flew the Hay, and other heirs mo,
 Gatt wallance with him in England go.
 A man was left all this main land tochin,
 On Edwards peace known of any kin,
 On and Lawder dwelt still into the Bass,
 With them Lundie, and men that worthy was,
 The Earl Malcome add Campbell past but let,
 Bute succour with sinckler for to get,
 John Ramsay, and Ruthven they fled north,
 Their Cousen that Lord was of Fillorth,
 Past with them through Murray lands right,
 Found they there a gentle worthy knight,
 That Clement heght full cruel ay had been,
 And fended well amongst their enemies keen:
 Thought never at Edwards will to be,
 To his time he gatt fell Sutheron die.
 Led these Lords in Rosse withoutten mare,
 The Stockfurd a strong strength bigged there,
 Eped it long right worthily by wear,
 To their enemies they did full mekell deare.
 Sir William Wallace, and Lindsay of Cragie,
 Day they fled by night into the sea,
 And Robert Boyd that was both wise and might,
 Can they took to fend them at their might:
 And Corispatrick into Dombur dwelt still,
 Boty full soon he made King Edward kill,
 Bernerby, Lord Soules and Camming als,
 And John of Lorn that long time had been false:
 And of Brechin, and many other ma,
 Edwards peace, for gifts that he them ga:
 King of peace for twenty dayes set he,
 Englishmen in Lorn, that men might see,
 Can to declare, but of this cause, I wis,
 That all Scotland, by conqueste then was his.
 The Lords then, and good Bishop sinklar,
 At of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
 Good Wallace told him the torment halie,
 Can wrot they thus to get help of their halie.
 Our hope, our health, and our whole Governour,
 Our goodly guid, our best Chiffrain in flour,
 Our Lord, our Love, our strength in righteous place,
 O Gods sake releive us of this case,
 And take the crown to us it were kinder,
 O brook for ay ere fierce Edward it bare,
 He wot he got, but yet suffer he would,
 O great falsehood that part him did of old,
 Meikel dolour it did him in his munde,
 For their misfare for true he was and kinde,

He thought to take a mends of their great wrang,
He answered not but into war forth rang:
Of King Edward yet more forth will I tell,
In what wise that he could Scotland deal,
In Saint Johnstoun the Earl of York he made,
Captain to be of all these lands brade,
From Tay to Dec and under him Butcellar,
His goodshyre had at Kincliving ended there,
His father als, wallace had them both slain,
Edward therefore made him a man of main,
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
These Lordships whole he gave them in commend,
To Striviling then from Saint-Johnstoun he went,
There to fulfill the leave of his intent.
The Lord Clifford he had then Douglasdaile,
Ruler to be of the South marches halle,
All Galloway he gave Cumming in hand,
With none but God how long that state should stand.
With the gentle Lord Bishop Lamberton,
Of Saint Andrews was Dowglas of renown,
Before that time young James wight and wise,
To him was come from Schools of Paris,
A private favour the Bishop to him bare,
But Englishmen was so great masters there,
He durst not well in plain show him kindnesse,
While on a day he took some hardinesse.
Dowglas he called and can to Striviling fare,
Where King Edward was dealing lands there.
He profered him unto the Kings service
To brook his own fra he wist in this wise,
Dowglas he was, then he forsook plainste,
Swears by S. George he brooks no land of me.
His father was in contrare of my crown,
Therefore as now he bydes in our prison,
To the Bishop none other answer he made,
But as he pleased dealt on their lands brade,
To the Lord Sowls all whole the Mers gave he,
And Captain als of Warwick for to be,
Oliphant then that he in Striviling fand,
When he him had he would not keep his hand,
The which he made ere he him Striviling gave,
Deceitfully the King could him deceive,
Into England sent him in prison strong,
In great distresse he lived there full long:
When King Edward had dealt this Region,
land he leave he took, to England made him boton,
distresse. Striviling Southward as they can ryde,
King Edward hapned near hand the Bruce to hyde,
e he took, I
Striviling &

Thus said he, Sir, and ye can keep counsel,
 can you learn which may you best avail.
 He Bruce answered, what ever ye shold to me,
 for my part shal well concealed be.
 And Cumming said, Sir, ye know not this thing,
 for all this Realm ye shold be righteous King,
 then said the Bruce, suppose I righteous be,
 see no time to take such thing on me,
 am holden into mine enemies hand,
 under great Oath when I came in Scotland,
 no part from him for profit nor request,
 nor for no strength, but if death me arrest,
 I heght again to give this land to me,
 how find I well it is but subtiltie,
 for this thou sees he deals mine heritage,
 to Sutheron part, and some to traitours wage,
 then Cumming said, will ye therefore concord,
 for my lands and ye like to be Lord,
 I shal them have for your right and the crown,
 ye and ye like, Sir for my varison,
 shal you help with power at my might.
 He Bruce answered, I will not sell my right,
 but on this wise, what Lordship thou would crave
 for thy supply I heght thou shalt it have.
 come from you King, Sir with some ieopardie,
 Edward hath all Galloway given to me,
 by the boy soules that keeps Berwick toren,
 for your command his power shal be bowen,
 by the boy als a man of meikel might,
 the Lord of Lorn hath great renown in the hight,
 by the third the boy a Knight of great renown,
 will rise with us of Brechin the Barron.
 then said the Bruce fell there so sore a chance,
 that we might get again wallace from France,
 by wlt and force he could the kirrke win,
 since we have been ever lang in twine.
 so that language Cumming made no record,
 for old done deeds did in his mind remord.
 he Bruce and he compleated forth their band,
 then that same night sealed it with their hand,
 his ragment left the Bruce with Cumming there,
 with Edward King in England home could fare,
 and there remained while his ragment was known
 three years and more ere Bruce claimed his own,
 some men deems Cumming the ragment send,
 some men again the contrate doth defend,
 none may say well that Cumming was sakeless,
 because his wife was Edwards Cousin's.

The twelfth Book

He served death by right law of the King,
He recklessly miskeaped such a thing.
Had Bruce past by but bode to Saint Johnstoun;
By whole assent, and had received the crown,
On Cumming then, he might have done the law,
He could not thole from time that he him saw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace more in some part speak will we.
The end of the eleventh Book.



THE TWELFTH BOOK,

CHAP. I.

How Wallace conquest the land of Guyan, and how he was made Lord thereof.

The sore travel, the earnest busines,
The fell labour he had in many place:
To win the land that the good King him gabe,
Into his Reign he would no Sutheron save.
In Guyan land Wallace was still at weir,
Of Scotlands losse it did his heart great deir:
Of true Scots in mind he had great pittie,
He thought to help, his time when he might see.
Of set battels five he discomfid halle,
With jeopardie and many strong assaile:
Then they forlook and durst not him abide,
The Sutheron fled from thence on either side:
To Burdeous into great multiply,
The town they stuff with victuals by the sea,
All Guyan land Wallace took to his peace,
To Burdeous he past ere he would cease:
On out biggings full great mastery he made,
Still twenty dayes at strong assailing bade:
Forts and works that were without the town,
They brake and burnt, and put to confusion.
Hedges and alleys by labour that was there,
Folled and spoiled, they would no fruits spare.
The Englishmen made great defence again,
With shot and cast that meikel were of main:
Of Guns they were, and Ganzies stuffed well,
All artailzie and weapons of fine steel,
With men and meat within was busked been:
Great Captain was wise, cruel and keen,
The hudge lord and heir,
Wher had been ay used into weir:
His men by wit and hardiment,

Without the toton there durst none from him went.
 The land without was neer wasted away,
 May men so long into the Country lay,
 In wallace hoast such skant was of victual,
 They might not byde no longer to assail.
 Then this wise Lord, the Duke of Orleance,
 To wallace said, Sir, ye should know this chance :
 It stands over well with this false surheron blood,
 For on no wise can we now stop their food :
 The haven they have and ships at their will,
 From England comes victual enough them till :
 The land is poor of victual should us beild,
 And ye see well that they forsake the field.
 We may with peace plenish these lands wide,
 They will not fight though ye all year should byde.
 By counsel is in plain auent this thing,
 That ye would passe with worship to the King,
 By his assent ye may at leasure waile,
 Witht provision against them to assail,
 Wallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
 Then they returned all with one good accord :
 Dast up in France with honour to the King,
 And shoto'd him whole the verity of this thing,
 And he thereof in heart was wonder glad,
 French-men before a hundreth year not had,
 Of Guyan half so meikel in their hand,
 Wheritting by then was new coming of Scotland,
 From part of Lords and good Bishop sinkler,
 Besought this King into these tearms fair :
 Of his gentrice and of his goodly grace,
 For their supply to counsel good wallace,
 To come again and bring them from bandor,
 And take to wear the Crown of that Region.
 This wylt as then he would not to him shaw,
 Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw,
 Wallace should pass so soon from his presence,
 A dwelling place he took for his residence.
 In Shemon Hill Wallace his dwelling made,
 And held about right liking land brade,
 A keen Captain then claimed in heritage,
 Office of it, and great lands into wage,
 Herefore he thought good Wallace for to ha,
 Under collour such mastery for to ma,
 Long time he sought to get a day and place,
 Said he desired then service of wallace.
 A tryd they set, with fifteen on the side,
 Fourty thereby he gart in bushment byde,
 Of men in arms. When he with wallace met,

Right awfully he bade them on him see.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But sword and knife they bore on them through case,
Dart of his men left near a Forrest side,
Right houseously the Captain said that tide,
That Wallace held of his lands with unright:
Right soberly he said to that French Knight,
I have no lands but what the King gave me,
My self therefore have been in jeopardy.
The Knight then said, Thy life shall be forloyn,
Or else that land the contrarye who had sworn.
Aback he lay, and out a sword he drew,
The bushment brake when he that token shew,
Good Wallace thought that matters stood not well,
He gryped soon a shearing sword of steel.
And at one stroke the Knight to death he drave,
About sixteen then lapped all the lave.
Wallace and his so worthily have brought:
Full fell he flew, that forest on them sought,
The Knights brother that stalwart was and strong,
And thought they should be venged ere they gang,
Of Wallace men some part he wounded sore:
Going there was into a Widow there,
Nine stout Carles, all servants to that knight,
Sythes then they took, and ran in all their might,
To the fighters, ere they come near that place,
But them perceived right well hath good Wallace,
So awfull thing of such we never saw,
Them to resist, himself can to him draw,
Into that hour left his men fighting still,
To meet those Carles that came with eager will.
The first let draw at Wallace with his Syth,
Deliver he was, and high overlay the syth,
An backward stroke hit the Churle on the head,
Down on ground he hath him left for dead:
The other he met overlay the Syth so keen,
On the shoulder als stroke him in that teen:
Through all the coast the noble sword it share,
The third he met with a full awfull care.
The grunded Syth at Wallace he let draw,
This good Chifstain cleanly overlaid them aw:
With his good sword, he made an hideous wound,
Left him for dead, then on the fourth can found:
On the right bone in great yre can him ta,
Cleaved the coast right cruelly in twa:
The three foremost Sythes this good Wallace overlap,
The coast yre he flew, they saw such was his hap.
The fourth Sythman he flew at every each stroke,
The fifth he flew,
The sixth he flew.

earth he was, good wallace turned again,
and at one fraik the Buteller hath he slain.
went up that man under his arm so strong,
defending him out of that felon throng :
good colom de made among them where he goes,
with his right hand he slew five of his foes :
were out Crawford by force of his person,
none aiker broad ere ever he set him down,
he Sutherland found that their Chieftain was dead,
circled him about, but then was no remed :
thirty with him of the mightest he brought,
staid on that place, whereat the Scots out sought.
Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
heron bode still for great losse of that Knight.
The mist was mirk, that wallace liked well,
himself was glad, and said to Longoveill,
Methven wood is my desire to be,
and there is bestiall to get in great plenty.
When then they were well come into the night,
the mist staid, the sun shined fair and bright :
some where they were a litle space them by,
thirty and four in a company.
When wallace said, Be you men friends or fo,
I will them see since that they are no mo.
When they came near, a noble Knight it was,
the which to name height Sir Hew of Dundals
and Sir John Scot a wise and worthy Knight,
to Strathern a man of meikell might.
There he had great part of heritage :
his sister he had in marriage,
King they were, and might no longer less,
the Englishmen their fewty for to less.
The Lord of Brechin such command had them made
King Edward to hold their lands brade.
At fra they saw that it was might wallace,
they laid up their hands, and thanked God of grace :
his great help which he had sent them there.
Methven wood with an assent they fare :
they got them meat of bestiall that they fare,
led that day, when night was come on hand,
Birrane wood but resting at they gane,
where they have found the Squyer good Ruthven :
out-lain use he had long lived there,
bestiall while he might get na mare :
they carried not, But into Aihole yeed,
where meat was scant, there wallace had great dread.
Steed to Lorn, right little found they there,
wild and tame that Country was made bare :

But in the urengths there food was leaved none.
These worthy Scots then made a piteous moan :
Sir John Scot said , he had far rather die ,
Into good name, and leave his heirs free.
Then for to hyde as bound in subjection,
When wallace saw these good men of renown :
With hunger had, almost might leave no more,
Wit ye for them he sighed wonder sore :
Good men he said, I am the cause of this,
At your desire I shal amend this miss,
Or leave you free from chevisance for to ma,
All him alone he bownded for to ga :
Prayed them bide while he might come again.
Out over an hill he passed into plain.
Out of their sight into a Forrest side,
He set him down under an Oake to bide,
His bow and sword, he leaned to a tree,
In anguish great on grouf then turned he :
This piteous moan was for his men so wrought,
That of himself little thing he then thought :
O wretch ! he said, that never could be content,
Of over great might that the great God thee lent,
But thy fierce mind, wilful and variable,
With great Lordship thou could not so hyde stable :
And wilful wit, for to make Scotland free,
God likes not that which I have tane on me :
For worthier then I of birth was born,
Through my desire for hunger are foreloyn :
I ask at God them to restore again,
I am the cause, I should have all the pain.
While studying thus, while flyting with himself,
While at the last upon a sleep he fell,
Three dayes before they had him followed five,
The which was bound, or else to lose their live :
The Earl of York hade them so great guardown,
That they by thist thought to put Wallace down,
Three of them was born men of England,
And two was Scots that took the deed on hand :
And some men said the thir d brother betrayed,
Kildromy east, where great sorrow was raised.
A child they had which used to bear meat,
In wilderness among the mountains great :
They had all seen the disleverance of Wallace,
From his good men, and where he bode on chace.
Among thick wood, in covert held them law,
While they perceived he could on sleeping fall,
And these five approached Wallace near,
What's best to do at other fast they spier :
The five again said thus it were an his renown,
Best to do
in said this

And

And we might lead him quick to Saint-Johannou,
So how he lyes we may our grips waille,
Of his weapons he shal have none avail,
We shal him bind in contrare of his will,
And lead him thus on back-side of yon hill:
So that his men shal nothing of him knaw,
The other four assented to that saw:
And then those five made them unto wallace,
And thought, throug force to bind him in that place.
What? trowed these men for to hold wallace down?
The manliest man, the starkest of person,
Living he was, als stood into such right,
We trust great God his deeds hath in his sight.
They gripped him, and out of sleep he brast:
What meant this? then sadly Wallace said,
About he turned, and up his arms thrang,
In these traitours with knightly force he dang,
The starkest man into his hands hint he,
And all his brains he dang out on a tree:
His sword he got soon after that he rose,
Hampon like among the four he goes.
Never a man he gart die at a dint,
When two were dead, the other three would not stin-
deade them to flee, but then it was no best,
Was none living might passe from him on foot:
Followed fast, and soon to death them brought,
Then to the child sadly again he sought.
What didst thou here? the child with a pale-face,
In knees did fall, and asked wallace grace:
Which them I was, and knew nothing their thought
to service, as they me bade, I wrought.
What bearest thou there, but meat the child can say,
Take it up, and passe with me away:
That in this time is far better than gold.
Wallace and he forth founded on the fold:
Who brought wallace from his enemies hold,
Who? but great God that hath this world to hold.
Was his help in many fellow thrang,
With glad cheer, thus unto Bro can he gang.
The rotted flesh there was, als bread and chiese,
Succour them that were in point to leise:
Did he it deals to four men and fiftie,
Which had before fasted over dayes thrie.
When took his part, he had fasted as long,
We heard ye ever any in such a throng.
Hunger so sleeping, and weaponless,
Well recovered as wallace did in case.
Only by force vanquisht his enemies five:
Of wit this question will describe &

Withoutten gloze I will tell forth my tale,
 How came this meat, this fellowship asked hale,
 To their desire Wallace no answer yold,
 Where five were dead, he led them forth and told:
 Greatly displeas'd was all the Chevalrie,
 To a Chiftein they held it fantasie.
 To walk alone: Wallace with sober mood,
 Said, hereof hath come nothing now but good.
 To the lowland again full fast they sought,
 Askt at the child if he could with them ought:
 Where they might best of purveyance for to win:
 Of none he said was this country within,
 Nor all about in as far as I know,
 While that he came down to the Rannach how.
 That Lord hath stuff, both alle, bread and vernage,
 Of King Edward he takes full meikel wage.
 Then wallace said, My self shal be your guide,
 I know that head, about on either side.
 Through the wild land he guided them full right,
 To Rannoch hall he brought them that same night.
 A watch was set, and that full soon they ta,
 He was a Scot, yet would he not him fla:
 But gart him tell the manner of that place:
 Thus entred they with in a little space,
 The gate they wan for castle there was none,
 But mood-wall wight, withoutten lime or ston:
 Wallace in haste brake up the chamber doo,
 With his right foot, that halwart was and flour,
 Then they within awaked suddenly.
 The Lord got up, and mercy can he cry,
 Fra time he wist that good wallace was there,
 He thanked God, then said these words mare,
 True man I was, and win against my will,
 With Englishmen, suppose I like it ill:
 All scots we are that in this house are now,
 At your command all boldly shal we bow.
 Of our Nation good Wallace had great pittie,
 Took oaths of them, and then meat asked he.
 Good cheer they made while day light on the moyn,
 This true man soon sembles him befoyn:
 Thre sons he had that halwart were and bold,
 And twenty men of kin, in his household:
 Wallace was blyth they made him some supply,
 Said, I thank God, that we thus multiply.
 All that day over in good liking they rest,
 Watches they choose to keep them that could best.
 In the moyn, the light day when they saw,
 Wallace said, our power for to know:
 Take field, & up our banner raise,

In right of Scotland, and contrare of our faes.
We will no more now us in covert hide,
Dowr to us will semble on each side.
Then horse they got, the best that could be there,
Toward Dunkeld the gainest way they fare,
The Bishop then got him to Saint Johnstoun,
The scots slew that were of that Nation.
Both poor and rich, and servants that they fand,
Left none alive that was born of England,
The place they took, and made them well to fare,
Of purveyance that Bishop had brought there,
Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
With good chear there five dayes sojourned right :
On the sixth day wallace to counsel went,
Sart all the best, and show'd them his intent :
Do man we have to assault Saint Johnstoun,
Into the North therefore let us make boton :
In Ross ye know, good men a strength they made,
Near they of us, they come withouten bade.
Us into Bute is good Bishop Sinkler,
Fra he got wot, he comes withouten mare.
Good west-land men of Arrane and Rouchlic.
Fra they be warned, they will all come to me :
his purpose took, and in the North they ride,
Do Englishmen durst in their gate abide.
Whom wallace took, they knew the old ransoun,
Fra he came home to flee they made them boton :
And Scots men sembled to wallace fast,
In awful fear out through the land they pass :
Strengths were left, wot ye, all desolate,
gainst these folk no man durst make debate.
In arrayed battel they rode to Aberdene,
In whole number, seven thousand then were seen :
But Englishmen had left the town all waste,
In ever each side away then can they haste.
In all the land left neither more nor less,
Old Bewmount took the sea at Buchan-ness.
Through Scotland then was manifest in plain,
The Lords that fled, in heart was wonder fain,
The Knight Clement of Ross came suddenly,
In Murray land, with their good Chevalry.
The house of Narn that good Knight well hath tane
Slew the Captain, and good men many ane :
But of Murray and Buchan land came they,
To seek Bewmount, but he was past away.
Then these good men to Vallace passed right,
When wallace saw Sir John Ramsay the Knight
And other good that had been from him long,
Great courage then was raised them among.

The land he ruled as that him liked best,
To Saint Johnston then rode ere they would rest.

The siege of Saint Johnston.

At every port a stalwart watch he made,
Confirmed a sledge, and stedfastly abode:
Bishop Siocker in all good haste him dight,
Came out of Bute with seemly men in light:
Out of the Isles of Rauchly and Arrane,
Lindsay and Boyd, with good men many ane:
Adam Wallace, Barron of Richartown,
Full sadly sought to wallace of renown.
At Saint Johnston bode at the sailzie Hill,
For Sutherland men they might well passe at will,
For in their way there durst no enemy be,
But fled away by land, and eke by sea.
About the town thus sembled they but more,
For they had been with good wallace before.
Seton, Lawder, good Richard of Lundie,
In a good Barge they pass about the sea,
In S. Johnston haven their ankers have they set,
Two English ships they took withoutten let:
The one they burnt, and suffred the other well,
With artillie, and stalwart men in steel.
To keep the port, there should come no victual,
Into the town, nor men that might avail.
From South and North many from Scotland fled,
Left Castles waste, feil left their lives in wed.
The Sutherland Bishop that before left Dunkel,
To London pass, and told Edward himself.
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance,
Then sent he soon for Aymer the valance:
And asked him, what then was best to do,
He heght to passe, and take great gold thereto,
Into Scotland, some means there to make,
Against Wallace on hand thus can he take.
He said, he would undoe King Edwards Crown,
Except he might through treason put him down.
King Edward heght what thing that valance band
He should it keep, thereto he gave his hand:
Valance took leave, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell came, then cast in his intent:
What man there was might wallace best beguile,
And soon he found within a little while.
Sir John Menteith that wallace Gossip was,
A messenger Sir Aymer hath gart pass:
At Rugline Kirk these two together met,
For Sir betray the barnage there was set:
Kirk the lance said, Sir John thou knowst this thing,
Tray the bairn riseth contrary the King:
Menteith said, n.

And

Wast them give as much as they would have,
Kings and Ladies weeped wonder fast,
When Wallace there so took his leave and part :
The man he took, but whom he thither brought,
And with him Longveil forth sought :
No pain nor bliss, that good Knight left him never,
In case befel, while death made them discover :
Towards the Sluce in goodly fear past he,
The vessel got, and made him to the sea :
The right ship-men hyed, and goodly wage them gave,
Scotland sure, the firch of Tay they have.

CHAP. IV.

How Wallace came into Scotland again at the Battel of
Blchoch Park.

Upon the night wallace the land hath tane,
At Brnis-mouth, and is to Bleock gane.
The gart the ship in covert saille away,
Out of sight they were ere it was day.
Blchock dwelt then wallace Consen dear.
At Crawfurd heght : that house when they come near
The back side wallace a window fand,
In he called, then Crawfurd came at hand.
In time he wist that it was good wallace,
So his barn he ordained them a place.
A row of corn he builded them about,
And clozde it well, none might perceive thereof :
At one place where meat was to them brought,
The bedding too, as goodly as he mought.
To the water whereof wallace was glad,
A hole forth on the North side they had :
The wayes of stre in rest sojourned there,
The meat was gone, Crawfurd hounded for mare :
Saint Johnstons their purveyance to buy,
Whomen thought he took more abundantly,
The he was wont in any time before.
The have him tane and put in prison soze :
The at guests he had, to tell made him request :
The widd, it was but to a Kicking feast :
The they presumed the coming of wallace,
The wledge to get they set a subtil case :
The y let him pass with thing that he had bought,
The n after soon in all the haste they mought,
The warrnels yced the power of the town,
The yt hundred men with Bulter made them bolon :
The wowed on dreigh, while that this man came hame
The wace him saw, and said, He served blame :
The wily sleeping a fell vision me told,
The wEnglishmen that thou should me have sold,
The wlord said, He had been tormentid sore.

fellows he said, again all at this place,
they will not fail, but this stands the case:
The Knight thinks for to divide his men,
in four places the sooth ye shall well ken,
gain on us to prove how it may be,
as now behoves some other way to see.
Contrate their might a good defence to make:
John Longoveill thou shalt sit with thee take:
William mine Come as many with you go,
and five with me, as now we have no mo:
The Batteller then parted his men in three,
Wallace wished where Batteller shup to be.
Whither then past that entry for to wear,
which side they did assaillie with great fear.
Wallace let pare on the entry begin,
but none went out that on the Scots came in.
The even for most was that in the front first yeed,
Wallace five men that doughty were indeed.
Each on slew one, and Wallace gart two die,
The Batteller was next, and said, this will not be.
Back he drew, and let his courage make,
The worthy Scots proved well for Scotlands sake:
John Longoveill his counter made so sore,
and Crawford als, they sailyed them no more:
Right near by then approached the dark night,
and Stars to appear begin into their sight.
The men set watches, and to their supper went,
The Batteller was sore grieved in his intent.
But sure they well of good stuff, ale and bread,
Wallace and his, they wish of no remead:
But cold-water that ran out through a brand,
and that lodging none other food they fand:
Then Wallace said, God fellows think not long,
Till God we shal be soon out of this throng,
I suppose we fast a day or yet a night,
Take all in thanks this pain for Scotlands right:
The Earle of York was in Saint-Johnston still:
The Batteller sent, and bade him bide at will.
To him full soon there should come new power,
and als himself this told the Messenger:
The Batteller would fain that Wallace had yeelden been,
ere the Earle came, and for this cause was seen,
as Godfrey and his father both he slew,
The Knight therewith toward the Park him drew.
That cheer they made upon the Scots he told,
Then Wallace said far better then thou wold:
The Batteller said, I would fain speak with thee,
Then Wallace said, thou mayest for little fee,

thee
& fee,

Wallace, he said, thou hast done me great wrong,
By father, and my Goodfyrer thou slew baith.
Then wallace said, For that state thou art in,
It were my debt for to undo thy kin.
And I think als as God of heaven me save,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave:
Then Butler said that is not likly now,
But we thee have, we shall gar sydes sow.
Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,
What I thee heght, that thing thou shalt not want:
Say forth, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant without any fable:
The Butler said, wallace thou knowes right,
Thou may not scape by power nor by flight,
And since thou sees it may not better be,
For thy gentrice thou would then yeeld to me,
Then wallace said, thy will unskillfull is,
Thou would me do which is over hie amisse,
Yeelden I am, to better I can prove,
To whom? he asked, to the great God above:
For ever each day, since I had lust of man,
Before my work to yeeld me I began.
And als at night when that I failed light,
I me betought to the maker of might:
The Butler, said, me think thou hast done well,
Yet of one thing I pray thee let me feel:
For thy man-hood this to me manifest,
When thou sees thou may no longer last:
On this each place which I have tane to wear,
That thou come forth, and all other forbear.
Then wallace leugh at his cruel desire
And said, I shall though thou were wood as fire:
And all England the contrary had sworn,
I shall come out thereat each place the morn:
Or else this night, trust well that I thee say,
I bide not here till nine hours of the day:
Butler sent forth the chake watch on the side,
In that each place boldly he bouned to bide:
Thus still they bode, while day began to pear,
A thick mist fell the planet was not clear.
Wallace assayed all that place about,
Like as he would at an some place brake out.
While Butlers men away from him could go
To help the labe when they saw it was so,
Wallace and his fast-sped them to that dead
ers ^{the} Butler bode fell men they brought to dead
labe ^{the} ^{scots} soon passed through that mellis,
his fast-sped ^{pre}with was fore hurt on the knee:
er bode fell
scots soon

And thou mayst have what Lordship thou wilt will,
And thou wouldst work as I would thee counsel:
On tyrant holds the Realms at trouble baith,
O thirfty men it doth full meikel skaith:
Trusteth thee, thou mayest full well him take,
For this matter I red an end thou make:
Tere he away, we might at liking Reign,
As Lords, and live under a King;
Jen Menteith said, he is our Governour,
Of us he bode in many fellow flour.
Not for himself, but for our heritage,
O sell him thus, it were a great outrage:
Jen Wallace said, And thou well understood,
Great merit it were, he spils so meikel blood,
For christen men, putteth souls in peril,
Binde me als he shal be holden hail.
As for his life, and kept into prison,
King Edward would have him in subjection:
Jen Menteith thought, so they would keep cunnand
He would full fain have had him off Scotland.
Wallace saw him in a study be,
Thre thousand pound of fine gold let him see:
And heght he should the Lennox haue at will,
Thus treasonably Menteith granted theretil.
In obligation with his own hand he made,
Jen took the gold, and Edwards seal so brade:
And gave them his, when he his time might see,
To take Wallace, over Sulway give him free,
O Englishmen, by this treasonable concord,
Sir John should be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace should in England kepted be,
So Edward might make Scotland to him free:
Their Covetise was over great matter seen,
One example takes how another hath been.
O Covetise put in pains strong and fell,
O Covetise the Serpent is in hell:
O Covetise god Hector took the dead,
O Covetise there can be no remead:
Throug Covetise god Alexander was lost,
And Julius als for all his rief and boast.
Throug Covetise died Arthur of Britane,
O Covetise there hath died many ane.
O Covetise the traitor Gaillion,
The Flawpe of France he put to confusie;
O Covetise they poysoned Godefray,
In Antioch, as the Authour will say,
O Covetise Menteith upon false vbile,
Betrayed Wallace into the hands of King Edward.

to London pass, and shewed it to Edward,
Of their contract he had far more pleasance,
Than of fine gold given in the ballance:
Of greater weight then his ransome might be,
Of Wallace forth yet speak some part will we.
At Saint Johnstoun yet was the sieging still,
In a morning the Sutheron with good will,
Fife hundred men in arms right egerly,
They issued forth to make a jeopardie,
At the South-port upon Scot and Dundas,
Who in their time right wise and worthy was:
Against their foes right sharply fought and sore,
In that counter seven score to death they bore:
Yet Englishmen that cruel were and keen,
Full derfly fought, where doughty deeds were seen:
From the West side drave all the Scots haile,
To the fighters. When they saw nought avall:
But in again full fast they can them speed,
The Knight Dundasse full doughty proved indeed:
Over near the gate full bandonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mastery he made,
Nought knowing well his fellows were him fra,
In at the gate the Sutheron can him ta:
Unto the Earl they led him hastily:
When he him saw, he said he should not die,
To slay this one it may us little remead:
He sent them forth to Wallace in that head.
Unto the North his battels hath he brought,
While he him saw, of this he wist right nought:
Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largely,
Hecht for to quite when he such cause might see:
But yet therefore savorance he would not grant,
Though they were yeelden, and come receryant.
For gold nor good he would no tribute take,
A great assault then they began to make.
The Earl of Fyfe dwelt under trews long.
Of King Edward, and then he thought it wrong,
That Wallace so was sieging Saint Johnstoun.
But if he come in right help of the Crown.
To Englishmen he would not keep that hand,
Then came he soon with good men of the land.
And John Vallance was then Shyreff of Fyfe,
To Wallace pass, and flarked him in that strife,
The Earl was come of good true noble blood,
Of the old Thrane, which in his time was good.
all about to Saint Johnstoun they gang,
as come down fault was hideous and strang:
Thrane, which they cast into the Dyke they fall,
out to Saint Johnstoun they cast:
fault was hideous and strang:
cast into the Dyke they fall

With trees and earth a great passage they made,
 ut over the walls they yeed in battell brayd :
 he Sutheron then made great defence again,
 while at the walls there was a thousand slain :
 Wallace and his yeed rayed in battell right,
 All Sutheron men verfly to death they dight :
 To save the Earl Wallace the Herald send
 good Jop himself the which before him kend :
 By Dundas's sake he said, he should not die,
 Wallace himself thus ordained for to be,
 small Hackney to him he gart betake,
 silver and gold his charges for to make.
 set on his Cloak a token for to see,
 Lyon in war that should his conduct be :
 conveyed him forth, and no man him withall,
 Comen and Bairns, Wallace gart flee them all.
 And then he cryed, trow Scots to their own,
 lenight the land which long had been overthron.
 When Wallace past the South land for to see,
 ward the Bruce in his time right worthy :
 hat year before he had in Ireland been,
 and there with him were cruell men and keen,
 fifty in feire were of his mothers kin.
 At Kircubright in Galloway entred in,
 with those fifty he had vanquishd nine score,
 and then past withoutten carry more.
 wigton soon, and that Castle hath tane,
 theron were fled, and left in all alane :
 Wallace him met with true men reverently,
 Lochmabane went all that Chevalry :
 they made Edward both Lord and leader there,
 his condition Wallace make him but mare.
 ut a short time to hyde Robert the King,
 he came not in this Region to Reign.
 hat Edward should receive the Crown but false,
 his heght Wallace, and all the Barnage halle :
 Lochmabane Since Edward leinded still,
 and Wallace past to Cumnock with good will :
 t the Black-Bog where he had wont to be,
 pon that head a royall house had he.
 glib Wardans to London past but mare,
 and told the King of all their great misfare :
 ow Wallace can Scotland from him reduce,
 and how he had receyved Edward Bruce.
 ye commons swore they should come never mare,
 pon Scotland and Wallace living were.
 ven Edward wrote to Menteich privily
 rayed in haste the time was passed by.
 f the promyses to which he was bounden,
 412

How he should best his purpose to fulfill,
 His sister son in haste he called him till :
 And ordained him in dwelling with Wallace,
 An oath again he gart him make on case.
 What time he with Wallace in quiet dwelt,
 He should him warn what adventure might fall :
 This man granted that such thing should be done,
 With Wallace thus he was in service soon :
 But of treason, Wallace had little thought,
 His laborous minde on other matters wrought.
 Thus Wallace thise hath made all Scotland free,
 Then he desired in lasting peace to be.
 For as of wear he was in some part sick,
 He purposed to serve God and the Kirk,
 And for to live under his righteous King,
 That he desired above all earthly thing.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Menteith, and had in England, and was martyred there.

The Herald Jop in England soon he sent,
 And wrote to Bruce right heartly his commend :
 Beseeching him to come and take his Crown,
 None should gainstand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barron
 The Herald past, when Bruce saw his credence,
 Thereof he took a perfite great pleasance.
 With his own hand again wrote to Wallace ;
 And thanked him of lawty and kindnesse,
 Beseeching him this matter to conceale,
 From him behoved out of England to keale,
 For long before was keeped the Ragement,
 Which Cumming had to hyde the Parliament.
 Into London, and if they him accuse,
 To come from them he would have some excuse :
 We prayed Wallace on Glasgow mure to wake,
 The next first night of July for his sake :
 And had he should but into quiet be,
 For he with him might bring few Chevalry :
 Wallace was blyth, when he this writing saw,
 His household soon he gart to Glasgow draw.
 That moneth there he ordained them to hyde,
 Each he took each night with him to ryde :
 And this young man that Menteith to him sent,
 With none but they what way that Wallace wend :
 The which gart warn his time the eighteen night,
 Sixty full soon Sir John Menteith gart sight :
 His own kin and allay which was born,
 In treason he gart them all be sworn :
 Wherby they sped them hastily,
 In the Kirk they husked them privately.

Vallace pass forth where that the tryff was set,
A spy they made and followed him but let.
Cobreston was near the way beside,
And but one house where wallace use to bide.
He wock on foot while passed was midnight,
Early and he then for a sleep them dight,
They bade this man that he would walk his part,
And waken wallace came men from any airt.
When they sleepe the traitour took good heed,
He met his Cme, and bade him have no dread.
On sleep he was and with him but one man,
He may him have for any craft he can:
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they wist got wallace one of tha,
And on his foot, his ransome should be sold,
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold:
This traitour watch from wallace then he fall,
Both knife, and sword, his Bow and Arrows all,
After midnight in hands they have him tane,
Slumbred on sleep no man with him but one:
Early they took and led him from that place,
And him to death withoutten longer space:
They thought to bind wallace with strenghts strong
On foot he got these fell traitours among:
He gripped about but no weapons he fand,
Yet with a rule that did beside him stand:
The back of one he bursted in the thrang,
And of another the Harus out he dang:
And als many as hands could on him lay,
By force him hint for to have him away,
But that power on foot might not him lead,
Out of that house while they or he were dead:
Sir John saw well by force it might not be,
Ere he were tane rather he thought to die:
Lenteith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,
And show'd him forth a full right subtile case:
We have so long here used you alone,
While wist thereof is into England gone.
Therefore hear me and sober your courage,
The Englishmen with a full great barnage:
We sembled here and set this house about,
That ye by force on no wise can win out.
Suppose ye had the strenght of good Hector,
Among the hoast ye may not long endure:
And they you take, in haste your death is dight,
Have spoken with Lord Clifford that Knight:
Their Chiffain is and well meaned for your life,
They ask no more but be quite of your Arise.
So Dumbartane ye shall passe forth with me,
Your Arise.

Then in your house ye may in safety be.
Sutheron such use with Menteich long had they,
That wallace troved some part that he would say.
Menteich said Sir, lo, weapons none we have,
We come in traist, your life if we might save:
Wallace troved well, and his goslope thriste,
That he would nought by no manner of wise,
Him to betray for all Scotland so wide,
An oath of him he asked in that tide:
There wanted naught, what should his oaths more,
Forsworn to him he was long time before.
The oath he made, wallace came in his will,
Right fraudfully all thus he shoto'd him till.
Goslop he said, as prisoner they must you see,
Or else through force they will take you from me:
A couch with flight upon his hands they laid,
And under then with sicker cords they braid,
Both sharp and tough and fast together drew,
Alace the Bruce might sore that binding rew,
Which made Scotland soon broken upon ease,
By Cummings death and losse of good wallace.
They led him forth in feir among them aw,
Keirly he mist, and then the Sutheron said,
Then wilt he well that he betrayed was,
Toward the South with him when they can pass:
Pet they him said, in truth he should not die,
King Edward would keep him in good safety,
For the honour of war that he had wrought,
But the sore hands so troubled all his thought:
Credence thereto forsooth he could not give,
That he wist well they would not let him live.
A false foul case that Menteich hath him said,
When on this wise good wallace he was cald:
Some men sayes it was to save his Lord,
They fled all out that made that false record:
At the Fawkirke the good Stevart was slain,
Our Chronicles rehearles that in plain.
On Magdalene Day the eighteen year before,
Cummings death therefore it witnesseth more:
And at Restoun wallace was treasonably,
Thus falsly stoln from his good Chevalry,
In Glasgow lay, and wist not of this thing,
Thus was he lost, in byding of his King:
South way him led, ay holding the West-land,
Delivered him in haste over Sullway sand,
One Lord Clifford and Vallance took him there,
To Carlisle town full fast with him they sure,
For him set, that was a great dolour,
After they called wallace tober.
Then said that knew not well the case. Tu

Of Sir William Wallace.

In Barwick town to death they put Wallace :
Contrare is known by this opinion,
That Sutherland men had not then Barwick town,
To Scotland free it was, till Soullis it gave.
For Lord Cumming to England with the lawe,
Another point is, the traitours durst not pass,
That told him so where Scots men master was :
The third point is, the commons of England.
What they deny they will not understand:
That thing be done for witness that may be,
No nor credence give further then they may see.
To see him die adwaed had more desire,
Than to be Lord of all the whole Empyre,
And for this cause they kepted him so lang,
While the commons might unto London gang.

Alace, Scotland to whom shalt thou complain ?
Alace, from pain who can thee now refrain ?
Alace, thine help is falsly brought to ground,
Thy best Chiftain in braith, bands is bound.
Alace, thou hast now lost thy guide of light,
Alace, who shall defend thee in thy right ?
Alace, thy pain approacheth wonder near,
With sorrow soon thou must be left on fear,
Thy gracious guide, thy greatest governour,
Alace, over near hath come, thy fatall hour.
Alace, who shall now beet thee of thy baile ?
Alace, when shall of harms thou be halle,
Who shall defend ? who shall thee now make free ?
Alace, in war, who shall thine helper be ?
Who shall thee keep ? who shall thee now redeem,
Alace, who shall the Saxons from the fleem ?
I can no more but beseech God of Grace,
Thee to restore in haste to wealch and Peace.
So good Wallace may succour thee na mare,
The losse of him increaseth meikell care.
Now of his men in Glasgow still they lay,
What sorrow raise when they mist him away,
The cruell pain the woofull compleaning,
Therefore to tell it were an heavy thing :
I will let be and speak of him na mare,
Little rehearse is over meikell care.
And principally to here redemption is none,
It helps not to tell their piteous moan :
The death thereof is yet in remembrance,
I will let stak of sorrow the Ballance.
But Longveill to Lechmabance can pass,
And there heght he where good Bruce Edward was
Out of Scotland he should passe never more,
Losse of Wallace sought to his heart full sore.

The Realm of France he vowed never to see,
 But revenge Wallace or else therefore to die.
 There he remained while coming of the King,
 With Bruce in war this good Knight forth did ring:
 Remembrance since is in the Brūces Book,
 Second he was when they Saint-Johnston took,
 Followed the King at winning of the town,
 The Bruce therefore gave him full great Guardown:
 All Chartris land the good King to him gave,
 Chartris since then of him some are the lave,
 Whereto should I far in this story wend?
 But of my Book to make a final end:

Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
 In Scotland after that Wallace was away,
 To Lochmabane where he found good Edward,
 Wherewith he was greatly rejoyced in heart:
 But fra he with Wallace away was led,
 So meikel baile into his breast was bred.
 Near off his wit he worthed for that deed,
 Edward full soon then to his brother yeed.
 A sudden chance this was in wo from weal,
 God Edward saith, this helpeth not a deal:
 Let mourning be, it may be no remead,
 We have him tint, ye should revenge his dead.
 But for your cause he took the wars in hand,
 In your defence and thise hath freed Scotland:
 The which was lost from us and all our kin,
 Where not Wallace we had never entred in.
 Mirrour he was of loyalty and man-head,
 In wars the best that ever power shal lead:
 Had he liked for to have tane the Crown,
 Would none him let that is in this Region,
 Had not been he, ye should had none entresse,
 Into this Realm for treason and falsenesse.
 That shal ye see the traitour that him sold,
 From you he thinks Dumbarrane for to hold:
 Some comfort take, and let flake of this sorrow,
 The King charged Edward on the morrow,
 Redress to take of wrong that wrought him was,
 To Dalswyntoun he ordained him to pass,
 And men of arms if they found Cumming there,
 Put him to death for no dread they would spare.
 They found him not, the King him after flew,
 Into Dumfries where witness were anew,
 It hapned wrong over great hate in a King,
 By law it may skaithe meikel thing.
 Here no further for to shaw,
 Was done is known to you all.
 Young Douglas first to the King can pale,
 May that might and power

Of Sir William Wallace.

Now how the King hath tane on him the Crowne,
Of all that here I make but short mention.
Now how Lord Soules gave Pa- wick towne away,
How after soon als that was Galloway.
How John of Corn against his right King rose,
On either side how Bruce had many foes,
How bold Brechin contrate the King could ride,
Right few was then in wear with him to bide:
Now how the North was given from the good King,
Which made him long in painful war to reign:
But true to him was James the good Dowglas,
For Bruces right, bode well in many place:
Under the King he was the best Chiftain,
But Wallace I set a Chiftain him alane,
Therefore to him is no comparison,
As of one man, save reverence of the Crowne.
But so many as of the Dowglas hath been,
Good of one thing was never in Scotland seen,
Comparisons I cannot well declare,
Of Bruces book as now I speak no mare:
Master John Barbour which was a cunning clark, I
Hath of the Bruce said muchel in his wark:
In this matter I am prolix almost,
To my purpose briefly I will me haste:
How good Wallace was set amongst his foes,
To London with him Clifford and Vallance goes.
Where King Edward was right fain of that fang,
They have him set fast in a prison strang.
Of Wallace end my self would lean for dread,
To say the worst, but righteousness me lead. I
We find his life was also very true.
His fatal hour I will not feuzie now:
Neneith him sold, and that over well was known,
Fell of that kin in Scotland then was sown.
Charged to hyde under the great iudgement,
That King Robert acted in his Parliament.
Hereof I make no longer countenance,
But Wallace end in world was displeasance,
Hereof I cease, and put not into ryme,
Scotland may think the blessed happy time,
That he was born, by principal points two,
His is the first ere that we farther go:
Scotland he freed, and brought it from thirlage,
And now in heaven he hath his harberage.
Whereof we have right stedfast confidence,
Since for his Country he made so great defence.

An Admonition to the Reader.

These things which follow, favouring of the sup
cedulity of the people, and deservful counsaunce of

330
The King gave charge they should the Bishop see,
But wise Lords counselled to let him go;
All wise men said, that his desire was right,
To Wallace then he raiſed in their ſight,
And ſadly heard his confeſſion to the end,
Humbly to God his ſpirit he did commend.
Latwy him ſerued with hearty devotion,
Upon his knees and ſaid an orison:
His leave he took, and to Weſtmiſter rode,
The Clergmen there they bare wallace but hode,
Unto a place his martyrdom to take,
For to his death he willed them furthering make.
From the firſt night he was tane in Scotland,
They kepted him into the ſamine band.
Nothing he had that would have done him good,
But Engliſhmen him ſerued of careful food.
The worldly life deſires the ſubſtance,
Though he it got in contrare of pleaſance.
Theſe thirty dayes his hands they durſt not ſtake,
While he was bound to a ſcample of aike,
With yron chains that were both ſtark and keen,
A Clerk they ſet to hear what he would mean,
Thou ſcor, he ſaid, that ſo great wrong hath done,
Thy fatal hour thou ſees approacheth ſoon:
Thou ſhould in mind remember thy miſdeed,
That Clerks may when they the Plaumes read,
For Chriſten ſouls which oft makes them to pray,
In their number thou may be one of thay,
For now thou ſees on force thou muſt deceaſe,
Then Wallace ſaid, for all thy round rehearſe
Thou haſt no charge ſuppoſe I had done miſſe,
Don bleſſed Biſhop hath beght I ſhal have bliſſe,
And I trow well that God ſhal it admite
Thy ſimulate words ſhal not my conſcience ſmite,
Comfort I have of way that I ſhould gang,
Doſt pain I feel that I hve here ſo lang,
Then ſaid the Clerk, our King ſent oft thee till,
Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and ceaſed of thy ſtrife.
So as a Lord to reign through all thy life,
Then wallace ſaid, thou ſpeaks of mighty thing,
Had I laſted, and got my righteous King,
And worthy Bruce received had his crown,
I thought have made England at his handown,
That utterly it ſhould been at his will,
What pleaſed him to ſave, or elſe to ſpill,
Well ſaid the Clerk, I ſee thou repents nought,
“kedneſs thou haſt a felon thought,
“world that hath ſo many gain,

Of Sir William Wallace.

heretofore to ask me think thou should be bairn,
face at our King, and then at his barnage,
then Wallace smiled a little at his language,
grant, he said, some Englishmen I slew,
in my quarrel me thought not half anew,
moved no war but for to win our own,
both God and man the right full well hath known:
by frustrat words doth nought but tyres me,
thee command in Gods name let me be.
Shriff gart this Clerk soon from him passe,
right as they durst, granted tohat he would asse,
Psalter book Wallace on him had ever,
from his child hood with it he would not sever,
he better he trowed in his voyage to speed,
but when he was dispoyled of his weed,
this grace he asked at Lord Clifford that Knight,
to let him have the Psalter book in sight,
he gart a Priest open before him hold,
while they to him had done what that they would,
stedfast he reb for ought they did him there,
fell Sutherland said, that Wallace felt no sore,
good devotion so was his beginning,
continued therewith, and so was his ending,
while speach and sp'rit at once all can fair,
to lasting bliss we trust for evermore.
will not tell how he divided was,
in five parts and ordained for to passe,
let his sp'rit thus by likliness was well,
of Wallace life who hath a better fell.
Say shoto forth more with wit and eloquence;
for I to this have done my diligence,
feer the prose given from the Latine Book,
which master Blair in his time undertook,
in fair Latine compyled to an end,
with good witness which more is to commend.
shop sinkler that Lord was of Dunkel,
he got this book and confirmed to him sell.
for very truth thereof he had no dread,
himself had heard great part of Wallace deed.
his purpose was to have sent it to Rome,
our father of Kirk therein to give his doom.
yet Master Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
feer Wallace they lived many a day,
hele two knew best of Sir Williams deed,
from sixteen year while nine and twenty yred.
purty and five Wallace of age was cald,
at time that he was to the Sutherland said:
ough this matter be nought to all pleasance, cald,
his sothfast deed is worthy to advance cald.

O worthy men that reads this rural Dytte,
 Praise not this Book though I be imperfect:
 I should have thanks since I no travel spar'd,
 For my travel no man heght me reward:
 Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord.
 Great harm I thought this good deed should be smor'd:
 I have said here near as the process goes,
 And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.
 For cost hereof was no man bound to me,
 In this sentence I had no will to see,
 But in as much as I rehearsed nought.
 So worthily as noble Wallace wrought.
 But in one point, I grant I said amisse.
 These two Knights should blamed be of this,
 The Knight Wallace of Craigie righteous Lord,
 And Liadail too, caus'd me make wrong record:
 On Ailarton mure, the Crown he took one day,
 To get battel, as mine Author will say.
 These two caus'd me say on an other wise,
 To Walter Blair we did part of suppress.

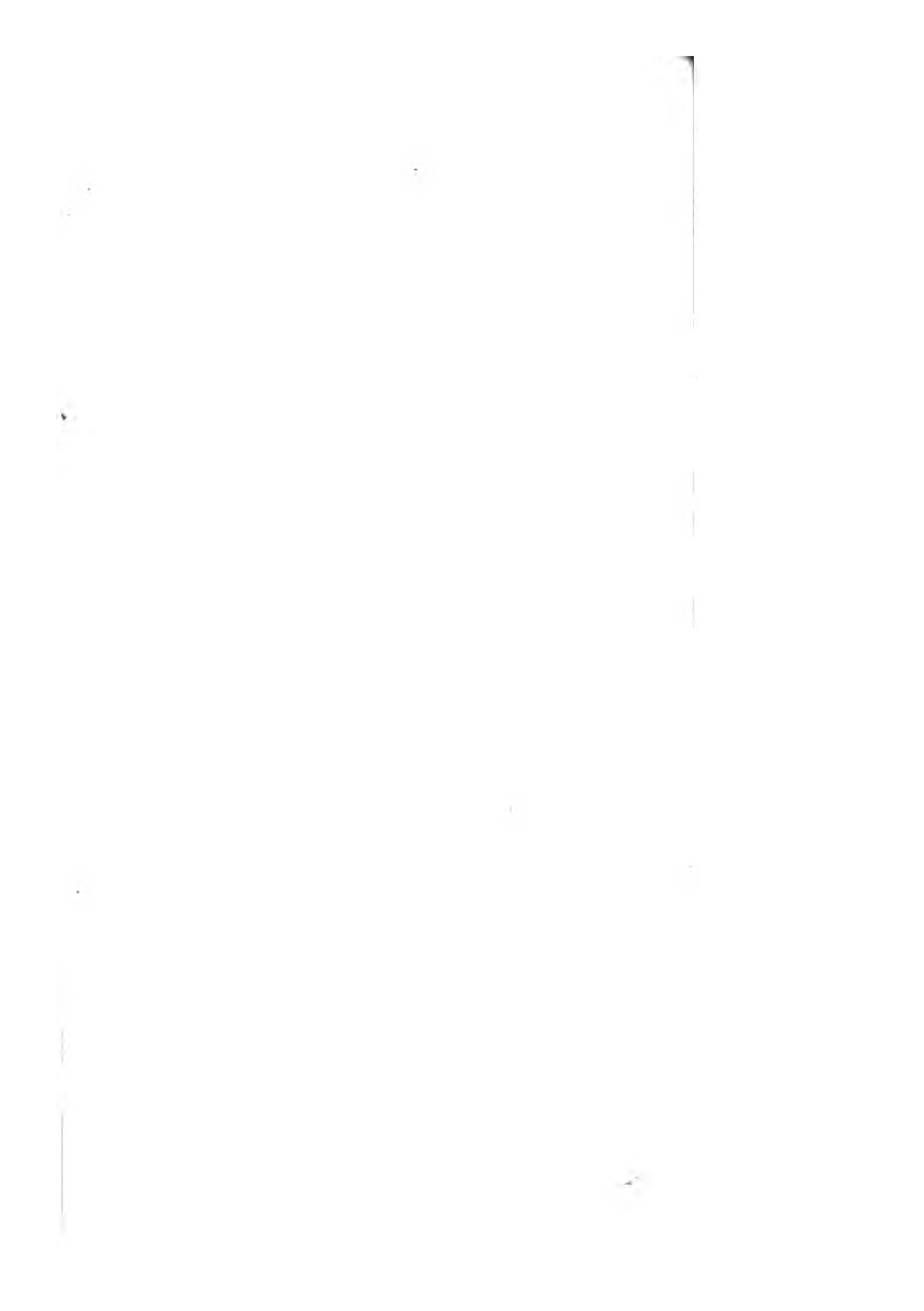
Thus endeth William Wallace wight,
 Behind him left not such a Knight,
 Of worthiness, and deed of hand,
 From thraldom thise he freed this land.

The Conclusion of this Book.

G D Noble Book, fulfilled of sentence,
 Suppose thou be barren of Eloquence.
 So worthy Book fulfilled of worthy deed,
 But thee to help of Language thou hast need:
 When good Makers rang well into Scotland,
 Great harm it was that none of them thee fand:
 Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
 Now hide the time, and be in remembrance.
 I you beseech of your benevolence,
 Who will not love, Lack not mine Eloquence.
 It is well known I am a rural man,
 And here have done as goodly as I can:
 My tongue did never oriate tearms embrace,
 I beseech God, that giber is of grace.
 Wade hell and earth, and set the heaven above,
 That he till us grant his dear lasting love.

F I N I S.







1

2

3

Vertical line of text or a page number running down the right side of the page.



