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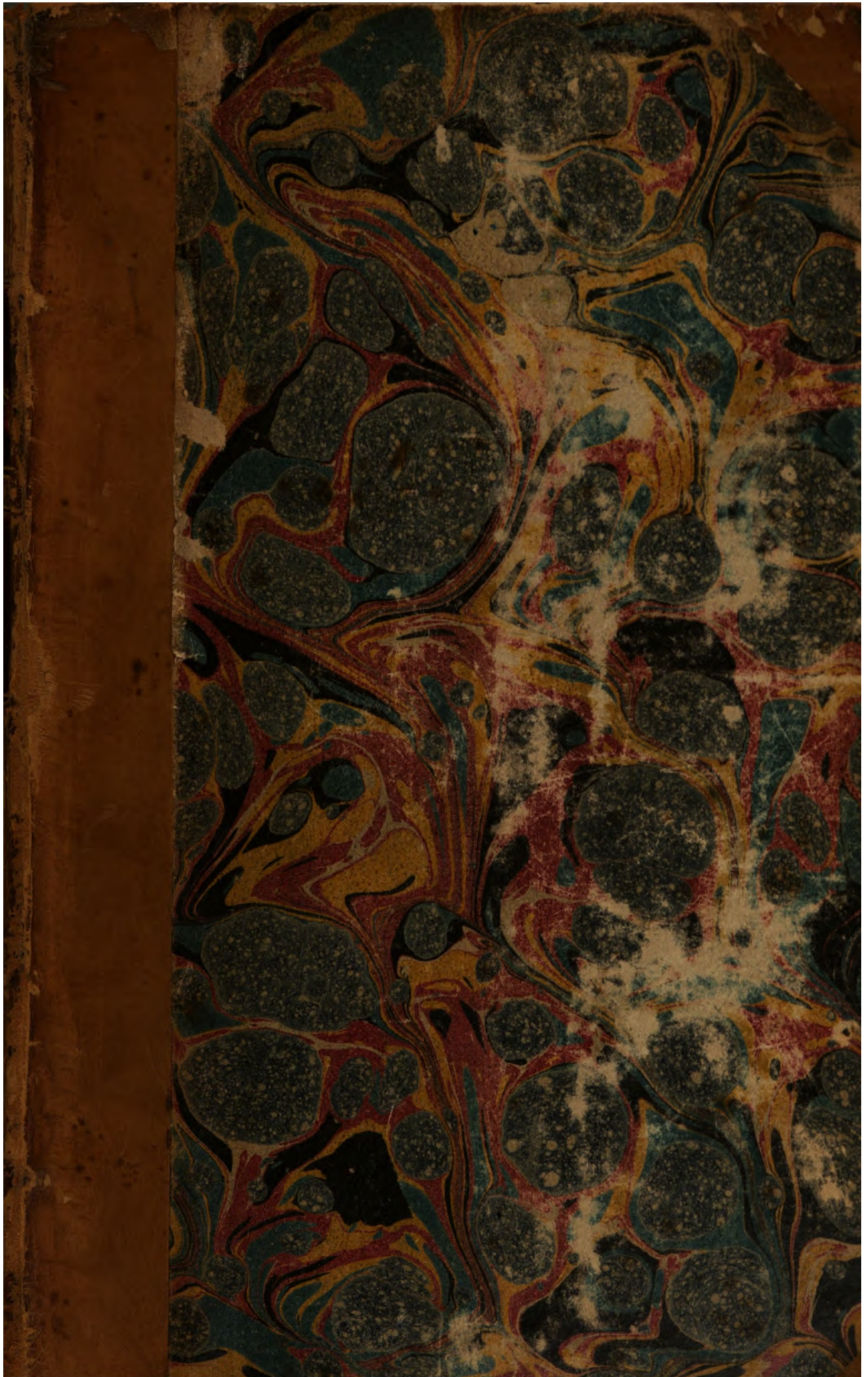
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Thomas Swanwick. M.A.

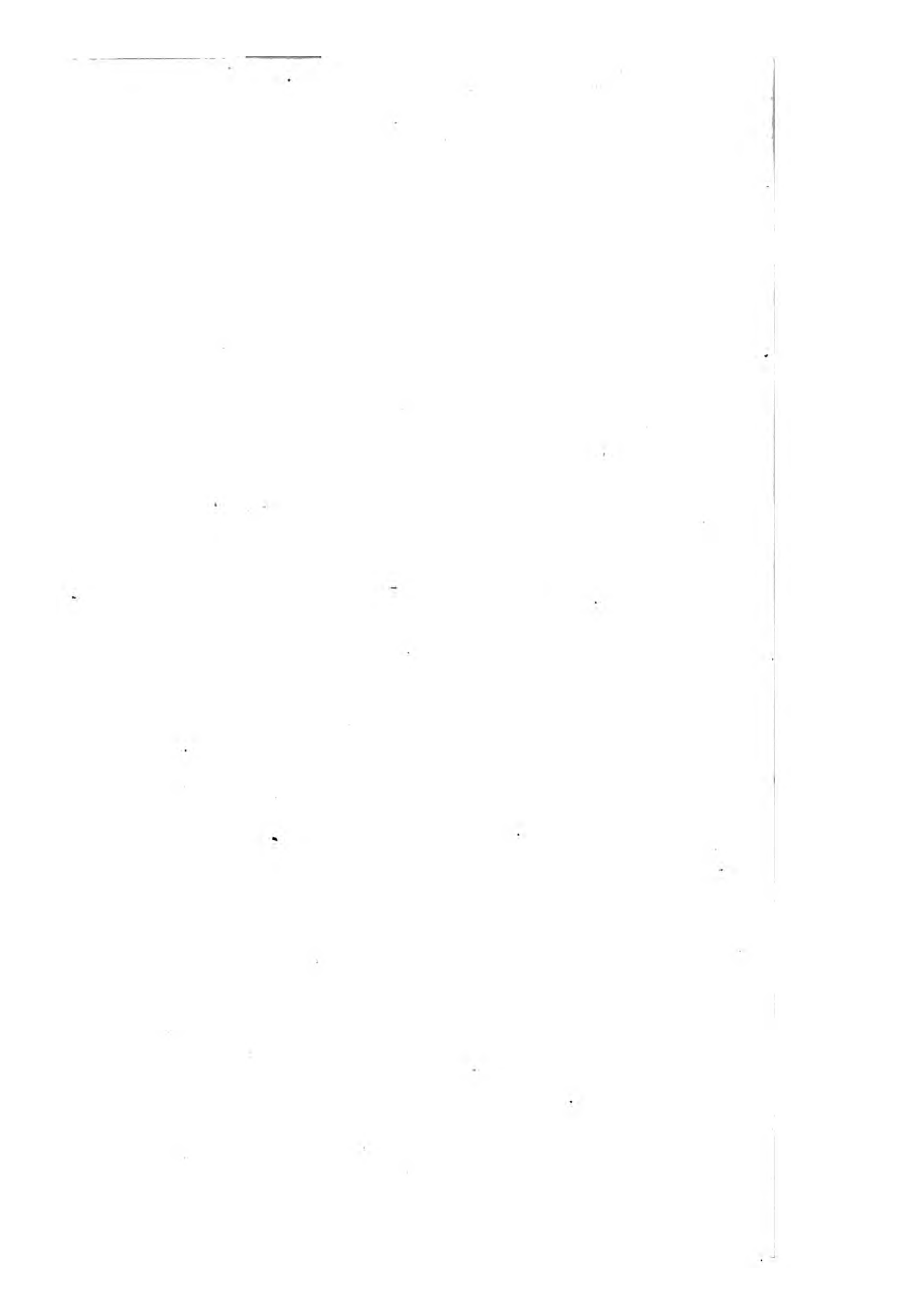
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Mus. Bibl. II. 79<sup>a</sup>









*Patrick Haver Tylter.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
**Thomas Hearne, D. A.**

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PRINTED FOR SAMUEL BAGSTER, IN THE STRAND. 1810.

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VOL. I.

CONTAINING THE FIRST VOLUME OF  
**ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER'S CHRONICLE.**





  
**Mercier and Chervet, Printers,  
Bartholomew Close, London.**

**ROBERT**  
OF  
**GLOUCESTER'S**  
**CHRONICLE.**

Transcrib'd, and now first publish'd,  
from a MS. in the  
**HARLEYAN LIBRARY**  
By **THOMAS HEARNE, M. A.**

To which is added,  
Besides a Glossary and other Improve-  
ments, a Continuation (by the Author  
himself) of this Chronicle from a MS.  
in the **COTTONIAN** Library.

In two Volumes.

**OXFORD,**  
Printed at the **THEATER,**  
**M. DCC. XXIV.**

Marcus Zuerius Boxhornius *ad*  
*initium Orationis Dominicae,*  
*antiquissima Alemanorum lingua*  
*à se (una cum aliis id genus) edi-*  
*tæ, Lugduni Batavorum A. D.*  
CICICCL. 12°.

Ex dialecto vide rerum humana-  
rum inconstantiam, & collige  
antiquitatem, eamque vene-  
rare.



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## THE PUBLISHER'S

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§. I.  T cannot but be of great Disservice to any branch of Learning, when such Persons, as are fam'd for their skill in it, take all opportunities of depreting those Books, that are the most proper Helps for obtaining a Knowledge in it. Among such I may, therefore, deservedly reckon those, that decry, and speak against, Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, as if the Fragments, that have been occasionally published of him by some of our greatest Antiquaries, were sufficient satisfaction to any one, that is curious. *We may probably* (saith <sup>1</sup> the Compiler of the English Historical Library) *bring in also Robert of Gloucester, for another of his* [Mat. Paris's] *Contemporaries, since Archbishop* <sup>2</sup> *Usher and* <sup>3</sup> *Mr. Camden are both positive, that he liv'd some Time in the Reign of King Henry the Third. His Rhyming Chronicle is in* <sup>4</sup> *English; and the Reader may have a Taste of it, (as much, it may be, as ever he'll desire) either from* <sup>5</sup> *Mr. Selden, or* <sup>6</sup> *Mr. Wood. But I know several curious Persons, that are so far from be-*

The Disservice to any branch of Learning, when Persons of skill depreiate the most proper Books for obtaining a Knowledge in it. The Bodleian MS. does not contain the genuine Robert of Gloucester.

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<sup>1</sup> Ed. fol. p. 62. <sup>2</sup> Hist. Cott. Caligula A. 11. <sup>3</sup> Titles of Hon. p. 535. <sup>4</sup> Hist. Eccles. Brit. p. 29. <sup>5</sup> Re- & Antiq. Oxon. Par. I. p. 112. <sup>6</sup> Hist. mains, p. m. 8. <sup>7</sup> Bibl.

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## THE PUBLISHER'S

ing satiated with the published Fragments, that the more they have read them, the more earnestly they have desired and wish'd to see the whole Work. And tho' I ought not to be reckon'd among such curious Persons, yet I can testify thus much for my self, that, when I first saw a MS. of this Author (which was when I was even a young Undergraduate) in the Bodleian Library, being one of the first MSS. I ever perus'd there, I was wonderfully delighted with it, and could not but often signify, that I was not at all pleas'd with those, that insinuated, that there was enough of him already published to gratify any curious Reader. Nor can I at all think, that my late ingenious and learned Friend Robert Keck, Esq. (who was formerly Gentleman-Commoner of University College, and died<sup>\*</sup> in the Year 1719.) repented the Charges he had been at, in having the said Bodleian MS. transcrib'd, for any other reason, than because he found, that it was a very imperfect MS. and did not contain the genuine Robert of Gloucester, which he might have met with in the Cottonian Library, as he was, without doubt, afterwards fully appriz'd of by his Friends.

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<sup>\*</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 84. p. 7, 8.

§. II. Indeed Mr. Keck was a young Gentleman extremely inquisitive after Books in old English, and the nearer they were to the Conquest, so much the better pleased he was with them. For which reason 'tis no wonder, that he should several times express a great Dissatisfaction, when he understood, that, after all his Charges, he had not got either an intire, or an authentick Robert of Gloucester. He had a design either of publishing this old Historian himself, or, at least, of assisting some body else in the publication of him ; which could not but, therefore, make him the more concern'd, that his Copy was not of better Authority. He knew perfectly well, that such old English Books are of wonderful use in acquiring a knowledge in the Saxon Tongue, which continued to be spoke (tho' with great Alterations) in Robert of Gloucester's time<sup>1</sup>, and many Years after, and it began to be most of all disus'd, when Geffry Chaucer undertook to refine (as they termed it) the Language. But now of all Books of this kind, I know none hardly so valuable as this Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, and upon that account, were there no other reason, it is very proper to be read over and considered by all such as are willing to be acquaint-

The Curiosity of Mr. Keck. The great use of Robert of Gloucester in the Study of the old Saxon Tongue. His value upon other accounts. Borstall the same with the Saxon Burg-rtall. Brill an ancient Burgh, and is nothing else but Burgh hill or Burg on the Hill.

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<sup>1</sup> See page 364. of this Chron.

ed with the old Saxon Tongue, a Language which even the vulgar are very fond of talking of, though they are perfectly ignorant of it; in so much that I have known some of the Country Common People shew an unusual Pleasure, when they have seen so much as the old Saxon Letters. And 'tis with great Attention that they will listen to the Derivation of Places from the Saxon Tongue. The People of **Bor-stall** in Buckinghamshire are mightily pleas'd, when any one tells them, that **Borstall** is the same with the Saxon **Burȝ-ſtal**, which signifies *a Seat on the side of an Hill*, which exactly answer to this Place. "**Burȝ-ſtal**." (saith Mr. Somner<sup>1</sup>) "*clivus. a little hill whereon any thing is builded: a seat on the side or pitch of an hill; as that at Whitstable in Kent called Borstall.*" And this account of **Burȝ-ſtal** pleaseth them the better, when they hear, that these Words in the 33<sup>d</sup>. verse of the viii<sup>th</sup>. Chapter of St. Luke, *Then went the devils out of the man, and entred into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choak'd,* are thus read in that which is called Wickliff's Translation<sup>2</sup>, *ƿ so þe denells wenten out fro þe man, ƿ entride in to þe swyn, ƿ wþ a bſtre þe flok wente heedlyng in to þe pool, ƿ was drench-ſo.* The Expression *wþ a bſtre* here is the

<sup>1</sup> Saxon Dict. voc. **Burȝ-ſtal**. — <sup>2</sup> MS. opt. membran. | penes me. Vide infra in Glosario, p. 728.

same with the Vulgar Latin *impetu*, and the Saxon *pære*, (whence our common Word *Race*) and answers very well to any Place situated at the side of an Hill. Upon hearing this Derivation of Borstall, the Inhabitants look upon the story of it's being called so from a wild Boar kill'd by Nigellus in the Forest of Bernwood (on the Edge of which Borstall is placed) to be as weak, as the ascribing the Song of the Boar's Head by some to a wild Boar, that was kill'd, I know not when, by a Tabarder in Shottover Wood, whereas, on the contrary, the Song was so far formerly from being sung only in one Place, that it was a Christmass Carol all over England, the Boar's Head being an ancient Dish, and much in vogue at that Season, being much admired by even the greatest Princes, in so much that it was brought up by K. Henry I. with Trumpets before his Son, when his said Son was crown'd. But tho' the Inhabitants of Borstall are much pleased to hear, that Borstall is the same with the Saxon *Burg-stall*, yet their Neighbours, the Inhabitants of *Brill*, are as much displeas'd with those, that detract from the Antiquity of *Brill*, and will not allow it to be an ancient Burgh, and to be the same as *Burgh-hill* or *Burgh on the Hill*, which nevertheless is plain enough to any one that considers either the Situation of the Place, or the

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<sup>1</sup> Vide Ed. nostr. Guil. Neubrigensis, p. 744.

Coyns that have been found there and thereabouts, some of which I have seen my self. Mr. Camden had well weigh'd this matter, and therefore he very clearly established this Notion of it's being an old Burgh. *Hæc tota [val-  
lis] (saith he <sup>1</sup>) fere campestris est, solo item argil-  
laceo, tenaci, & fæcundo, pabulosis pratis innumeros  
ovium greges pascit, quarum mollia, & tenuissima  
velleræ ab Asiaticis usque gentibus expetuntur. Sed  
sylvis nuda nisi ad Occiduum latus, ubi præter alias  
Bernewood, circa quam anno à Christo nato DCCCC-  
XIIII. Danorum furor impotentiùs sævit, tumque  
forte concidit Burgus ille antiquus, ut Romani num-  
mi inventi testantur, qui postea regia erat villa Ed-  
wardi Confessoris. Nunc autem pagus est rusticus,  
& pro Buri-hill, Brill contractiùs appellant. Thus  
this great Man, whose words are of better Au-  
thority with the Inhabitants and others, than  
those of any more illiterate and injudicious  
Writers, especially such as derive the Name  
from Bryers and Thorns, (from which they also  
derive Bruern Abbey, when, on the contrary,  
it was so denominated from the *Bruern, Bourn,*  
*Bupn* or *Bypna*, there) an Etymology that is  
more weak, than that of the very learned Dr.  
Skinner, who thinks <sup>2</sup> it was so called from Burrs  
growing at the Place. *Brill, in Com. Bucks* (so  
he writes) *contr. à Burr-hill, sc. à Lappis, quæ  
ibi frequentes crescunt.* It's having been a Royal*

<sup>1</sup> Brit. p. 279. Ed. fol. <sup>2</sup> Etymol. Dict.

Vill of Edward the Confessor had been sufficient to have stil'd it a Burgh, were there nothing else to rely on. Such Villis in those times were commonly call'd **Burghs**. Whence 'tis, that *κώμαι* in St. Luke <sup>1</sup> is translated *buphga* in the Saxon, *castella* in the vulgar Latin, and **castels** in that which is termed Wickliff's Version. As there was, doubtless, a Castle or Fortification at Brill, so the Place had a greater right than otherwise to the Title of a *Burgh*. And as here was also a Market, so, withall, it might have been call'd *ῥτηατε*, such as are mentioned in St. Luke, where <sup>2</sup> for *greetings in the Markets* the Saxon hath *gnetinga* on *ῥτηαtum*, and Wickliff **salutaciouns in chepyng**. Mr. Somner, in his Saxon Dictionary, hath noted, that *ῥτηατε* signifieth sometimes a **market-place**, having an eye, I suppose, partly upon what occurs in the Saxon Version of the New Testament, and partly upon what he had met with in other old Saxon Monuments. I do not know but **Streatley** in Berks was so call'd, not only because the Ikenild <sup>3</sup> street or way pass'd by or through that Place, but as it was formerly a Market Town. Now since the Chronicle, I have here published, is so very usefull for understanding Saxon, what but Prejudice, or some other bad Quality, could induce any one of skill in this Tongue to speak against, and endeavour to

<sup>1</sup> IX. 6. <sup>2</sup> IX. 43. <sup>3</sup> Vide Ed. nostr. Guil. Neubr. p. 737.



suppress Robert of Gloucester, an Author of great Worth, even upon other Accounts, that is, for his own Probity and Honesty, and for the History he hath given us, extracted from the best Memoirs he could come at ?

Robert of Gloucester's following Geffry of Monmouth in the first Part of his Work, no good Objection against his History. The nature of the ancient *βαρτηρίας* to be gathered from an old Roll in the Hands of Mr. Graves. The old use of Horns instead of Cups. Several remarkable Particulars relating to some of our old English Bibles. The Curiosity of the Nuremberg Chronicle.

§. III. I am aware, that it will be objected, that the beginning of this Book is, for the most part, taken from Geffry of Monmouth. But this Objection makes rather for the Reputation, than the Disgrace, of this Historian, and it may be as well alledg'd against our other Historians, that have written since Geffry's time. Geffry was an Author so much in vogue, for the most early Affairs of our British Princes, that he was constantly transcrib'd, and put into most Libraries, which is the reason why there are so many MSS. of him extant. By comparing Robert of Gloucester with him,

the Reader will soon perceive, what a faithfull Historian Robert was, when he took care to be very exact in what he extracted from him. I have subjoyn'd some Passages here and there at the Bottom of the Page from Geffry, by way of Illustration, but I took them not from a printed Latin Copy (having none by me) but from a good, tho' (at the End) imperfect MS. that was given me by my Friend, that curious Antiquary, Richard Graves, of Mickleton in Glou-

PREFACE.

XVII

Gloucestershire, Esq. from whom, much about the same time, I had borrowed the old French Roll, from which I have printed two Passages in the following Work; which Roll is so much the greater Curiosity, as it represents the Figures of our Kings and Princes from the time of Athelstan, where it begins, to the time of Edward the I. with whom it ends. For tho' the Pictures are but rude, yet there are many things in them, that will be of use to curious Men, as even our Saxon Coyns are, notwithstanding the Barbarousness of them. The very first Picture exhibits to us the form of the ancient βασινηγαι, or βασιλικαι "Ραβδοι, which, however, we do not find, that I know of, even in Athelstan's Coyns. We ought not, therefore, to reject old Pictures of this Kind upon account of their Rudeness. I never look'd upon the Bodleian Picture as the less, but rather the greater, Curiosity, that makes Cain slay his brother Abel with a Sithe, tho' in the strange odd MS. Almanack or Conjuring Book, given me by the late Bishop of Ely, Dr. William Fleetwood, (written, as it seems, in the time of Edward III.) he is delineated as killing him with the Jaw Bone of an Ass. 'Tis with pleasure likewise that I have often look'd over the English Bible, that was printed *anno* 1541. (in the 33<sup>d</sup>. Year of K. Hen. VIII.) being about five Years after the death of William Tyndale,

in which there are several odd wooden Cutts, that represent the Habits in use in Hen. the Eighth's time. The Picture of the Pit, into which they cast Joseph, is made to be a sort of Stone Fountain. In the Picture of Ahasuerus's Feast is a Horn for a Cup, agreeable to the old way of drinking at great Feasts. Bacchus<sup>1</sup> used to quaff and carowse in an Horn. Hence Nonnus, *Καὶ κέρασι ἄγκυλον ἔειχε βόθρον, δέπας.* *He had an Horn crooked, for a Cup; which was, saith the Scholiast of Nicander, an ancient Custom. Οἱ ἀρχαῖοι κέρασι ἐχρῶντο ἐν τῇ πόσει, ἀντὶ ποτηρίων, ὅθεν καὶ τὸ κέρασαι ἄρσεται.* *The ancients in their Carousings used Horns, instead of Cups: and thence, to pour out, or to mingle Wine, is called cerasai, of ceras an horn.*

*Ὡς ἄρα φανήσασα θεὰ παρέδθηε τρίπεζον,  
Ἄμβροσίης πλήρησα· κέρασε δὲ νέκταρ ἔραθρον,*  
saith Homer<sup>2</sup>. Upon which the Scholiast observes thus: *Κέρασε δὲ νέκταρ.*] *Νῦν ἐνέχεεν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀρχαίας συνθείας· εἰς κέρας γὰρ ἐγγέοντες ἄπινον.* 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that upon the Jollities on the first of May formerly the Custom of blowing with, and drinking in, Horns so much prevail'd, which tho' it be now generally disus'd, yet the Custom of blowing them prevails, at that season, even to this day, at Oxford, to remind people of the pleasantness of that part

<sup>1</sup> See Mountague's *Diatribes*, Tythes, p. 559. <sup>2</sup> *Odysseus*, E. against Selden's *History* of 92, 93.

of the Year, which ought to create Mirth and Gayety, such as is sketch'd out in some old Books of Offices, such as the *Primer of Salisbury*, printed at Rouen 1551. 8<sup>vo</sup>. of which I have a Copy by me (and 'tis a most rare thing) given me by Mr. Graves, fairer and more perfect than that of another (*viz.* a later) Edition in Balliol College Library. But tho' I have taken so much pleasure in perusing the English Bible of the Year 1541. yet 'tis nothing equal to what I should take in turning over that of the Year 1539. (an Edition that Selden made great use of, as he did also of other old Editions of the Bible in English, in compiling his Work intit'led, *De Synedriis veterum Ebræorum*) which they have in St. John's College Library in Cambridge, in reference to which my learned Friend, the Reverend Mr. Thomas Baker of that College writes to me thus: " We have such a Bible as you describe (a very noble Book) printed on Vel- lum, and imbellished with Cutts that are illuminated, the Leaves gilt, and the Cover im- bost with Brass: but it is printed in the Year 1539. as appears from the Conclusion, thus,

*The ende of the New Testament and of the whole  
Byble, fynished in Apryll, Anno. MCCCCXXXIX.*

*A Dnō factū est istud.*

" The Frontispiece is the same with that of

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<sup>1</sup> In his Letter of Febr. 9. 1723.

## THE PUBLISHER'S

“ An. 1540. described by Mr. Strype [Memorials  
 “ of Archbp. Cranmer Lib. 3. cap. 33.] only  
 “ Cromwell's Arms are left there a Blank, which  
 “ in our Copy has his bearing (as the rest) in  
 “ colors, left out, I presume, upon his fall. It  
 “ might probably (as you observe) be the same  
 “ Book, that was presented to Cromwell, there  
 “ being only one other (that we can hear of)  
 “ that is the King's. But how it came to us  
 “ does not appear, unless from the late Earl  
 “ of Southampton, who gave us most of those  
 “ MSS. we now enjoy, and it has always had a  
 “ place amongst the MSS. as it well deserves.”  
 Mr. Baker writ this Passage upon account of a  
 Letter I writ to him, in which I had menti-  
 oned the Bible printed in English with Cutts  
 on Vellum, as I had found it spoke of in the  
 following remarkable Particulars that I meet  
 with in a Quarto MS. of Collections relating  
 to Bibles and Testaments from 1526. to 1700.  
 made (and written with his own hand) by the  
 late ingenious Mr. John Bagford, who was  
 pleased to give it me himself:

“ 1540. ——— In the Year 1540. the 32. of  
 “ King Hen. the 8. a Convocation was called,  
 “ and in the third Session (being Friday) several  
 “ Bishops were assigned to peruse the several  
 “ Translations of the New Testament, in order  
 “ as followeth:

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Fol. 4. a.

“ 1. Cran-

PREFACE.

“ 1. Cranmer Archbp. of Canterbury	1. Matthew.
“ 2. Longland of Lincolne	2. Mark.
“ 3. Stephen Gardiner of Winch.	3. Luke.
“ 4. Tho. Goodrick of Ely	4. John.
“ 5. Nicholas Heath of Rochester	} 5. The Acts of the Apostles.
“ 6. Richard Sampson of Chichester	
“ 7. John Capon of Sarum	6. Romans
	7. 2 Corinthians
“ 8. Will. Barlow of St. David's	} 8. } Galatians. Ephesians. Philippians. Colossians.
“ 9. John Bell of Worcester	
“ 10. Robert Parfew of St. Asaph	
“ 11. Robert Holgate of Landaff	
“ 12. John Skip of Hereford	9. 2 Thessalonians
	10. } Timothy. Titus. Philemon.
“ 13. Thomas Thyrlby of Westminster	11. 2 Peter.
	12. Hebrews.
	} 13. } James. 2 John. Jude.
“ 14. John Wakeman of Gloster	
“ 15. John Chambers of Peterborow	
	14. The Reve-
	15. lation.

“ Gardiner desired, that certain Latin words  
 “ in the Text might be preserved intire (as much  
 “ as might be) in the Translation of the New  
 “ Testament, and in Fuller's Church History  
 “ you have a Catalogue of the words:

“ And, if I mistake not, I have seen a Testa-  
 “ ment in English in 4<sup>o</sup>. put forth by the above-

## THE PUBLISHER'S

“ said Bishops with the King's Privilege. 1540

“ A Bible in folio Recognized by Rich. Taverner. 1540

“ *Id.* a Testament in 4°. by the same hand. 1540

“ A Bible of the larger Volume, the Frontispiece described by Mr. Strype, and supposed to be printed at Paris. 1540

“ There is one of them in the Queen's Library at St. James's, printed on Vellum, and the Cutts curiously illuminated. This is supposed to be the presentation Book to King Henry the 8. 1540

“ I have seen one in the Library of St. John's College in Cambridge, found of late years among some old Books in a private place nigh the Library, printed on Vellum, and the Cutts illuminated as the former, and this, perhaps, might be the presentation Book to Tho. Cromwell.

“ Another very fair of the same Impression in the Collection of Sir Andrew Fountaine on paper. 1540

“ *Id.* another printed in folio by Will. Pettet for Thomas Berthlet. The Title in red and black Letters, with the Picture of King H. the 8. with the Bishops with their Mitres on. 1540

“ The New Testament translated from the Greek by Delayne (who was Librarian at St. James's, and is dedicated by him to K. Henry the 8.) and printed in 4°. in the white Letter by Jo. Mayler. 1540.” And

And here, upon this occasion of mentioning wooden Cutts, I must observe, that the vast Variety of wooden Cutts in the Nuremberg Chronicle, compiled by Hartman Schedel, are not to be at all despis'd for their Odness, but to be the more admir'd. For my part, the oftener I consult it, the more I wonder at the Things in it, and I cannot but esteem the Book as extremely pleasant, usefull and curious, by reason of these very odd Cutts, tho' those Copies are always to be look'd upon as the most valuable, which have the Figure of Pope Joan untouch'd, a Thing I here mention, because in many Copies this Figure is either eras'd, or, at least, defac'd, and the History of her obliterated. And now I mention this Nuremberg Chronicle, I cannot but take notice of a Copy of it, that was given to Christ's College in Cambridge by the great common Lawyer Ferdinando Pulton. Before which Copy is an Inscription, that is very remarkable, and had it fallen into the Hands of the industrious Author of *Athenæ Oxonienses*, he would not, surely, have rang'd this eminent Lawyer among the Oxford Writers. I shall give the Inscription, with some other Particulars, just as they were all sent me by my foresaid Friend, the Reverend Mr. Thomas Baker, the great Antiquary of Cambridge.



Ferdinando Pul-  
ton, the great Law-  
yer, a Cambridge,  
and not an Oxford,  
Writer.

§. IV. "In turning my Papers" (saith  
Mr. Baker) "I likewise find, we have  
" another Copy of Hartman Schedel &c.  
" at Christ's Coll. given the Coll. by  
" Ferd. Pulton, with this Inscription before the  
" Book. Ferdinando Pulton, Esquier, admitted  
" Scholar in his Youth into Christ's Colledge in Cam-  
" bridge, the last yeere of the Raigne of King Edward  
" the sixt, continued there untill the last yeere of the  
" Raigne of Queene Marie, and made Fellowe of the  
" same Colledge one yeere before he departed thence.  
" Became afterwards a paynfull Student and Professor  
" of the Common and Statute Lawes of this Realme  
" (as maye appeare by severall Bookes or Workes by  
" him composed and published in print, tending to the  
" knowledge and divulging of the same Lawes) even un-  
" till his age of fourscore yeeres and upward: For the  
" love and affection which he did beare to the said Col-  
" ledge his Purse and Schoolmistris, and in token of  
" good will to the same House, did, upon the sixt daie of  
" September, Anno Domini 1617. & anno Regni Regis  
" Jacobi 15. bestowe this Booke uppon the Master and  
" Fellowes of the foresaid Colledge & their Successors,  
" too meane a gift for so worthie and well deserbing a  
" place, intended nebertheless to have been much great-  
" er, had it not been extenuated by the charges & expen-  
" ses of his trabell and labors in the workes aforelaid,  
" willinglie bestowed uppon the Professors of the  
" same Studie, for the benefitt of his Countrie and  
" Commonwelth thereof.

" By me

" Ferdinando Pulton, of Borton in the Countie  
" and Parishe of Buckingham.

" The

“The Subscription is in a different hand,  
“and, I presume, his own.

“Nov. 23. 1552. *Ferdi. Pulton coll. Chr. admis-*  
“*sus in Album sive Matriculam Acad. Cant.*

“An. 1555,6. *conceditur Ferdinando Pulton, ut*  
“*12. Termini, in quibus Lectiones ordinarias audi-*  
“*vit, licet non omnino secundum formam Statuti,*  
“*cum Oppositionibus & Respons: requisitis sufficient*  
“*ei pro completis gradu & forma Bac. in Artibus:*  
“*sic quod examinetur & approbetur, convivetur, &*  
“*cætera peragat juxta formam Statuti, quoniam*  
“*Determinationem finalem sine maximo suo dispendio*  
“*expectare non potest. Reg. Acad.*

“*Pulton actu Bac. ante determinationem Regr.*  
“*Acad.* This great dispatch was, I presume, in  
“order to his being elected Fellow, for in a Ca-  
“talogue of their Fellows, I find, *Ferd. Pulton*  
“*electus Socius an. 1555.* that is, I suppose, in  
“Jan. Febr. or March 1555,6.” The words in  
*Athenæ Oxon.* are<sup>1</sup>: “*Ferdinando Pulton alias*  
“*Poulton (Son of Giles Pulton, Esq. who died*  
“*1560.) was born at Deusborough in Northam-*  
“*ptonshire, became<sup>2</sup> commoner of Brasnose Coll.*  
“in the beginning of *Q. Mary's* Reign, laid  
“there a foundation of Academical literature,  
“which he found useful to him afterwards when  
“he grew eminent in the common Law. But  
“leaving that House before he took a degree,  
“he went to *Lincoln's* Inn, studied the said Law,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. 1. col. 362.

<sup>2</sup> Reg. 1. coll. Ænean. fol. 92. a.

“ took

“took the usual degrees, and became eminent  
 “for the knowledge in, and practice of, it, not  
 “only in *London*, but the usual place of his re-  
 “sidence in the Country, viz. at *Bortcn* in the  
 “Parish and County of *Buckingham*. — He  
 “departed this Life, on the 20. *January* in six-  
 “teen hundred and seventeen, aged 82. and  
 “was buried in the Chancel of the Church of  
 “*Deusborough*, before-mention'd, &c.” Mr. Wood  
 here quotes a Register in Brazen-nose Coll.  
 and his Quotation is faithfull enough, as I find  
 by this *Memorandum*, that, upon this occasion,  
 a worthy Friend writ out of it for me: “*Nomina*  
 “*Admissorum in Coll. 1556. Junii 28. Ferdinan-*  
 “*dus Pulton Northampt.*”

“Reg. A Coll. Æn. Nas. fol. 92.”

But then Mr. Wood builds too much upon it,  
 it being very clear, from the Inscription and  
 Notes above, that Pulton was one of the Cam-  
 bridge Writers, and not an Oxford one, where  
 he only resided a little while, and entered him-  
 self of Brazen-nose Coll. tho', at the same time,  
 he was actually a Member of the University of  
 Cambridge.

Something peculiar  
 in the Copy of the  
 Nuremberg Chro-  
 nicle in Trinity  
 College Library at  
 Cambridge, that I  
 have not yet met  
 with in any other.  
 The first, and not

§. V. Mr. Baker had before given me  
 an account of three other Copies (which  
 they have at Cambridge) of the Nurem-  
 berg Chronicle, one of which is in Tri-  
 nity College Library, and hath in it  
 something peculiar, that is not in either

of

of the others, or indeed either in my own Copy (which, by the by, wants the Note about the time when the Book was printed) or in any that I have

the second Edition of Hollingshede's Chronicle, the true genuine Work of the Author.

yet seen. What this is, will be better gathered from Mr. Baker's own words, than from any thing I can say, which are these: — "Your last Letter put me upon turning Hartman Schedel, which is a very entertaining, and (as you say) a very strange Book. We have three Copies, one amongst the Bp. of Ely's, which I had from Dr. Middleton, who presents you with his service. The second in our College Library. The last (the most beautifull) at Trinity College (from Mr. Hadderton) having all the Faces, Maps, and other Figures fairly depicted in Colors.

"At Fol. cclxi. the Picture of Antichrist with seven Heads, (different from the ordinary Prints) and almost as many Colors, makes a frightfull appearance, and upon the Pedestal in a fair hand, which I should have taken for Print, had it not been wanting in the two other Copies, this Inscription,

"*Hec depinxit Jacobus Jaqteri*  
 "de Civitate Taurini in pede Montium  
 "An<sup>o</sup>. Domini millesimo quater centesimo  
 "prima.

"And on the opposite Page thus, *This Picture*

---

<sup>1</sup>Out of his Letter to me, dated Dec. 2. 1722.

"was

“was set in the Temple of the Jacobines in Geneva  
 “in an<sup>o</sup>. 1401. a show of Antechriste, and from  
 “thens abrode into the worlde, that the abhominat-  
 “tion of the wicked maye be percevid. B. S. M.  
 “with 5. or 6. ryming Monkish latin verses.

“At Fol. CLXXXIII, CLXXXIIII. The Pictures  
 “of the Emperor, 7: Electors, Princes, and Counts  
 “of the Empire, with their Arms fairly de-  
 “picted, with this note, *Hæc Scuta recte pin-*  
 “*guntur in suis coloribus juxta juditium Heraldii.*

“I doubt, you can hardly safely show the  
 “former Inscription to your worthy Friend the  
 “Author of the Antiquities of Glast. He will  
 “be apt to observe, that Antichrist was so early  
 “in the Church of Geneva, for, I think, Ge-  
 “nova cannot be meant.

“In all the Copies Pope Joan stands with  
 “the face of a Female, a triple Crown, a Child  
 “in her arme instead of a Cross, which is born  
 “by the rest of the Popes. Neither face nor  
 “story are obliterated in any of our Copies,  
 “only in that of Trin. Coll. *septimus*, is dasht,  
 “and the Figure, 8. plac't in its roome. For  
 “she is styl'd *Joannes Septimus* in all our Copies,  
 “tho' another *Jo. Septimus* had been mention'd  
 “before. The story is short, I can send it you,  
 “if you have not the Book by you. Martinus is  
 “quoted, which shows, she stood in the Copies  
 “of Martinus Polonus<sup>1</sup> of that age.

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<sup>1</sup>Against the story in a Copy of Suffridus Petrus's Edit. at  
 Ant.

“Fol. cclviii. *Cartas aliquas sine scriptura pro*  
*sexta etate deinceps relinquere convenit, iudicio po-*  
*steriorum qui emendare, addere &c. possunt &c.*  
 “Then follow some blank leaves in all the Co-  
 pies, only the Title and Numbers printed at  
 the top of the pages.

“Fol. cclxvi. *Completo in famosissima Nurem-*  
*bergensi urbe Operi de Hystoriis etatum Mundi, ac*  
*descriptione Urbium, felix imponitur finis. Col-*  
*lectum brevi tempore auxilio Doctoris Hartmanni*  
*Schedel, qua fieri potuit diligentia. Anno Christi*  
*millesimo quadringentesimo nonagesimo tercio. die*  
*quarto mensis Junii.*

“Fol. cclxvii. follows a further account of  
 the European Nations, most or all from Æneas  
 Sylvius: In the Title, over his Picture,  
*Sum pius Æneas fama super Ethera notus.*

“Fol. ccc. *Adest nunc studiose lector finis libri*  
*Cronicarum per viam Epithomatis & Breviarii*  
*compilati. Opus quidem preclarum & à doctissimo*  
*quoque comparandum. Continet enim gesta que-*  
*cunque digniora sunt notatu ab initio Mundi ad*  
*hanc usque temporis nostri calamitatem. Castiga-*  
*tumque a viris doctissimis ut magis elaboratum in*  
*lucem prodiret. Ad intuitum autem & preces pro-*

Antwerp (ex Off. Christophori  
 Plantini 1574. 8vo.) that I pur-  
 chased out of the Study of the  
 late Dr. Arthur Charlett, some  
 learned hand hath written this  
 Note: *Antiquissimus auctor*  
*hujus fabulæ est iste Martinus*

<i>Polonus, qui tamen scripsit</i>	
<i>479. annos post illud tempus,</i>	
<i>quo ait asseri, id est, fingi, is-</i>	
<i>tam Joannam vixisse.</i>	
<i>Polonus vixit anno</i>	
<i>Christi</i>	1334
<i>Joanna fingitur vixisse</i>	855
	479

“ vido-

“ *vidorum civium Sebaldi Schreyer & Sebastiani*  
 “ *Kamermaister hunc librum Dominus Anthonius*  
 “ *Koberger Nuremberge impressit. Adhibitis tamen*  
 “ *viris Mathematicis pingendique arte peritissimis,*  
 “ *Michaele Wolgemut & Wilhelmo Pleydenwurff. quo-*  
 “ *rum solerti acuratissimaque animadversione tum*  
 “ *Civitatum tum illustrium Virorum figure inserte*  
 “ *sunt. Consummatum autem duodecima Mensis Ju-*  
 “ *lii. Anno Salutis nostre 1493.*

“ There is no Name or Title at the begin-  
 “ ning of any of the Copies. Towards the end,  
 “ there are five leaves, *De Regno Polonie &c.* not  
 “ numbred, which seem to have been inserted.  
 “ Fol. cclii. *Matheolus perusinus medicus &c.*  
 “ — *Preceptor meus eruditissimus. Quem ego Hart-*  
 “ *mannus Schedel Nurembergensis Doctor Patavinus*  
 “ *tribus annis ordinarie legentem auscultavi. à quo*  
 “ *demum prehabita per eum oratione elegantissima*  
 “ *insignia Doctoratus Padue accepi.* — Follows a  
 “ large Character of his Master, no more of  
 “ himself.

“ Fol. cclii. *Ars imprimendi libros hiis tempo-*  
 “ *ribus primum in germania enata est. Quantum*  
 “ *igitur literarum studiosi germanis debeant nullo sa-*  
 “ *tis dicendi genere exprimi potest. Hanc apud magun-*  
 “ *tiam rheni urbem solerti ingenio librorum impri-*  
 “ *mendorum ratio: 1440. inventam fuisse aiunt.*  
 “ *Hoc tempore in omnes fere orbis partes propaga-*  
 “ *tur — Ideo in ejus laudem quidam hos cecinūt*  
 “ *versus.*

- “(1) *Q felix nostris memoranda impressio seclis.*  
 “(3) *Desierat quasi totum quod fundis in Orbem.*  
 “(5) *Omnes te summis igitur nunc laudibus ornent.*  
 “(2) *Inventore nitent utraque lingua tuo.*  
 “(4) *Nunc parvo doctus quilibet esse potest.*  
 “(6) *Te duce quando ars hec mira reperta fuit.*

“These verses stand like Prose (without distinction) in the print, I presume the Printer had jumbled them out of Order.

“This seems to be a good and antient authority for printing at Mentz, being within memory of Man.”

There is no doubt, but there was a great Number of Copies printed of this Book, that so the Charges of the Impression might be the better countervail'd by the sale. They were greedily bought up, and in a little time the Book grew scarce, which caus'd a new Edition,

<p>Concerning which my Friend Mr. Graves writes thus to me in a Letter, dated from Mickleton in Gloucestershire, Saturday, 14th. of Dec. 1723.</p> <p>Schedel's Chronicle, that is now in the Hands of Mr. Fancourt Bookseller in Stratford upon Avon, is but a small siz'd Folio, tho' pretty thick; containing 338. Leaves, besides a large Alphabetical Index at the End thereof, not at the Beginning, as the other; printed in a black Letter, but much less Character, than</p>	<p>that; and the Cuts are but very small, and few, in comparison with the other, &amp;c.</p> <p>In fol. 294. a. is this Note, viz. <i>Completo in famosissima Nurebergensi Urbe operi de hystoriis etatum mundi, &amp;c. Collectum, &amp;c. auxilio Doctoris Hartmanni Schedel, &amp;c. Anno Christi, 1493. die 4to. Mensis Junii, &amp;c.</i> as in the other.</p> <p>And in fol. 338. a. at the very End of the Book is this Note, viz. <i>Finit hic liber Cronorum,</i></p>
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but in a less Folio, with worse Types, (notwithstanding both Editions are of the black kind) and without most of the Cuts, which omission of the Cuts made this Edition, therefore, much less valued by curious and critical Men than the first. The same Defect likewise makes the second Edition of Hollingshede's Chronicle of less esteem with many curious Men, than the first, which came out in Fol. at London 1577. and is full of wooden Cuts, (as the authentick Edition of Robert Fabyan's Chronicle, and the Chronicle of John Ra-

“ *nicorum, &c. Impressum*  
 “ *ac finitum, &c. in imperiali*  
 “ *Urbe Augusta à Johanne*  
 “ *Schensperger, Anno ab In-*  
 “ *carnatione Domini, 1497.*  
 “ After I had seen your's at  
 “ Oxford, and view'd my own,  
 “ and that at Stratford again;  
 “ I thought there was as much  
 “ Difference between mine,  
 “ and your's, as between  
 “ your's, and that: For tho'  
 “ our's are both the same Edi-  
 “ tion; yet mine is extraordi-  
 “ nary large Paper, with a very  
 “ broad Margin, and extreme  
 “ fair; and the chief initial Let-  
 “ ters are painted with blew,  
 “ and red; and some of them  
 “ are handsomely illuminated,  
 “ &c.

Of which Chronicle I find the following Particulars, in a Paper MS. in Folio (containing

a Catalogue of Books relating to the English and Irish Histories and Antiquities) written by Mr. William Cooper, who dealt in old Books, and made this Catalogue for his own use [Sic in Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 92. p. 244.] This MS. belong'd, after the Collector's Death, [Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 63. p. 14.] to the ingenious Mr. John Bagford, who lent it to the Compiler of the English Historical Library, and at length (after a great while) recovering it, he parted with it to the learned Sir Hans Sloane, Baronet, in whose hands it is now, and he was so kind as to lend it me in the Month of January 1721.

“ Fabyan's Chronicle of the  
 “ Kings of England and France,  
 “ from Brute's entring into this  
 “ Island.

stell', of which last there is a well preserved  
 2 Copy in the Harleyan Library, are also im-

“Island, untill the last Year of  
 “King Richard the third, *anno*  
 “1485. continued to the be-  
 “ginning of Hen. the 8th. *Anno*  
 “1509. in seven parts, and two  
 “Volumes, with the Effigies of  
 “the Kings, their Coats of  
 “Armes, and other figures, be-  
 “ing the first Edition incas-  
 “trate. Instead of a Title it  
 “hath a figure the Armes of  
 “England and France united,  
 “the supporters a Dragon &  
 “Grayhound, and two Port-  
 “cullices, 2. Angels bearing  
 “the Motto about the Rose  
 “over the Crown, the same fi-  
 “gure at the end of the book,  
 “fol. *circa annum* 1509 \*.

“— *Idem* newly printed,  
 “with some what a larger  
 “Chronicle of the Acts and  
 “Deeds don in the time of the  
 “Reign of King Henry the sea-  
 “venth, father to our dread so-  
 “veraign K. Hen. 8. London  
 “printed by Wm. Rastall 1533.  
 “in fol. *cum Privilegio* differeth  
 “from the first, and not gelt  
 “soe much as Record's edi-  
 “tion:

“— *Idem iterum* named  
 “the Concordance of History,  
 “with Notes upon the Kings  
 “Reigns, and a Continuation  
 “from the beginning of K. Hen.  
 “7. to the Coronation of Queen

Vol. I.

“Elizabeth *Anno* 1558. ac-  
 “cording to Fabian's method,  
 “with Alterations, Correc-  
 “tions or Castrations, and Mar-  
 “ginal Notes, by Robert Re-  
 “cord. Lond. 1559. fol.” Coll.  
 nostr. MSS. Vol. 93. p. 65.

1 About which I have insert-  
 ed the following Note, out of  
 the foresaid MS. of Sir Hans  
 Sloane, in my Manuscript Col-  
 lections, Vol. 93. p. 83. “The  
 “Pastyme of People, the Cro-  
 “nicles of divers Realmys, and  
 “most specially of the Realme  
 “of England, brevely compil-  
 “ed and imprinted in Chepe-  
 “syde at the sygne of the  
 “Meare-Mayd, next to Pollys  
 “gate, *cum Privilegio*. The *Pro-*  
 “*logus* hath at the top *Johannis*  
 “*Rastell*. It begins in the Mar-  
 “gin, *Eneas*, then follows *As-*  
 “*canius, Silvius, &c.* William  
 “the Conquerour, a woden Pic-  
 “ture of him, in full propor-  
 “tion, and soe of all the Kings,  
 “the Picture of Richard the  
 “third being the last, the word  
 “*Tyrannus* Ends. The picture  
 “of the Creation. *Johannes*  
 “*Rastall cum Privilegio Rega-*  
 “*li.* in large folio.

2 Sic me docuit amicus eru-  
 ditus Timotheus Thomas, A. M.  
 collegii Ædis Christi Oxoniæ  
 Alumnus.

c

bel-

\* [Lond. 1516.]

bellished with wooden Cuts) many of which (considering the time in which they were done) are very good. The Author was then living. The second Edition came out in 1587. in two Tomes also in Folio, with abundance of Additions by other hands, but without the wooden Cuts. This Omission was contrary to the Design and Intent of the Author, who was a curious, tho' illiterate, Man (having never received liberal Education<sup>1</sup>) and died before the Year 1582. Mr. Wood says<sup>2</sup> that it was towards the latter end of 1580. I have printed his Will, which was proved April 24. 1582. in the first Volume<sup>3</sup> of my Edition of *Camden's Elizabetha*, as it was communicated to me by the learned Thomas Palmer, of Fairfeild in Somersetshire, Esq. Hence it may appear, that the first (which is very scarce) and not the second Edition, contains the true genuine Work of Hollingshede.

Many things in Robert of Gloucester, that properly belong to the business of an Antiquary. In the Saxon times the Princes, & other great Personages, did not use to be buried at their Palaces, but at Religious Houses. Cosham in Wilt.

§. VI. Now to return to Robert of Gloucester, as he was an Antiquary, as well as an Historian, so here are interspers'd divers Remarks, that properly belong to the business of an Antiquary. After he hath given an account of some of the Wonders of Britain, such as our Antiquaries usually take notice of, he

<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 62. p. 87. <sup>2</sup> Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. col. 270. <sup>3</sup> Præf. p. cXLIX.

refers to a Book written particularly about the Marvels of Britain, which I take to have been much more copious, than either the Chapter upon that Subject in *Polychronicon*, or even the little anonymous Tract upon the same Subject, that I found inserted in an old Vellum MS. in Folio, that was lately given me by my learned Friend Richard Graves, Esq. In this Tract (which I have publish'd in the Appendix<sup>1</sup>) the four Great Roman Ways are deservedly reckon'd among the Wonders of Britain, and the account of them, however short, agrees with the Scheme of them, that is given us (from a MS. in the Cottonian Library) in the Discourse about the four Great Roman Ways published in the Sixth Volume<sup>2</sup> of Leland's Itinerary. Robert of Gloucester's writing<sup>3</sup> Silchester in Hampshire *Cylycestre* confirms my opinion<sup>4</sup>, that it was so called from the Flints, being no more than *silicium castra*. His Remarks upon many of our Religious Houses are pretty and usefull, and now and then he shews a particular Modesty on the occasion, in so much, that tho' it be certain, that Sir William de Mohun founded Bruton Abbey in Somersetshire, yet he expresses himself after such a manner, as if he only

shire very famous formerly. The Coffin lately found there belong'd to some fine Gentleman since the Conquest. The Knife, with which Edward the Martyr was kill'd, preserv'd at Caversham in the time of Robert of Gloucester. Three kinds of Churches formerly.

<sup>1</sup> Num. I. <sup>2</sup> Pag. 96. <sup>3</sup> Pag. 100, 166. <sup>4</sup> In Notis ad Aluredum Beverlacensem, p. 154.

thought, and was not certain, that he was Founder. What he says<sup>1</sup> about Alfred, or Æthelfleda, the famous Queen, or Lady, of the Mercians being buried in St. Peter's Porch at Gloucester is exactly agreeable to the Saxon Annals, under the Year DCCCCXX. — heo gefor xii. nihtum ær middan sumera binnan Tamapeorðe. þy eahtoðan geare þær þe heo Wýrcna anpald mid niht halforð-dome heal-dende pær. ⁊ hine lic lið binnan Gleapceartre. on þameart-portice sce. Petres cipecean. What can be a plainer Argument of so great a Lady's Humility, than her chosing to be buried in the Porch, and to lye in a place, that had been famous for the fine Nunnery, that was there, before it was destroyed by the Danes, as is noted not only by others, but particularly by William Malverne (the last<sup>2</sup> Lord Abbat of Gloucester) in a Piece never yet printed, which I shall therefore publish at the End of this Work<sup>3</sup>? Her affection to Religion induced her to fix upon Gloucester for the Place of her Funeral, rather than Tamworth, which was otherwise so very famous for a Palace, in which the Mercian Princes us'd to reside, and which she her self had restored to it's pristine Splendour and Magnificence, after it had been destroy'd by the Danes. But, it may be, it will be said, that she pitch'd upon

<sup>1</sup>Pag. 271. <sup>2</sup>Leland's Coll. Vol. VI. p. 214. <sup>3</sup>Appendix Num. II.

Gloucester, because the Abbey Church there had been founded by her Husband and her self, rather than for any other reason. Without question that was a considerable Motive; but yet I am perswaded, that the celebrated Nunnery, that had been there in former times, was another very great one, as indeed it was customary, in those Times, even for other great Personages to be buried at Religious Houses, where they had inhabited and resided. In so much, that tho' Cosham, near Chippenham in Wiltshire, was so much resorted to by some of our Saxon Kings and other great Men, where was a Palace for their Reception and Entertainment, as there was after the Conquest a retiring House for the Earls of Cornwall, to whom the Mannour belong'd. (one of which, *viz.* Edmund, obtain'd a Charter<sup>1</sup> for a Weekly Market to be held here every Friday, as his Father Richard, a younger Son of King John, had granted the Inhabitants several Privileges, which they still enjoy<sup>2</sup>) yet 'twas not a burying Place for these Great Men, not so much as for K. Ethelred, who was more than ordinarily delighted with it, and lay sick here in *mxv.* but recovering, he went to London, and dying the Year after on St. George's day<sup>3</sup>,

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<sup>1</sup> Cart. 13. E. 1. n. 39. Dugdale's Baronage, Tome I. p. | the Page of Gibson's Engl. Ed.  
of Camden's Brit. p. 87. <sup>3</sup> Chron.  
765. <sup>2</sup> Notes at the Bottom of Sax. Gibs. p. 146. 148.

was buried <sup>1</sup> in St. Paul's Church in the North Isle beside the Quire. 'Tis true, indeed, there was a Stone Coffin <sup>2</sup>, with humane Bones in it of a larger Size than usual, in the Skull whereof was a compleat Set of fine Teeth, found lately by Cosham, which may perswade some, perhaps, to think this was a Place of Burial for several of our Princes and Nobility; but, as I take it, this was a Coffin of some private fine Gentleman since the Conquest, different from the illustrious Persons I have been speaking of, and yet of a great Character for his Virtues, and the delicate Form of his Body. And here I must caution the Reader, not to take this Cosham to be the ~~Kavertham~~, in the Church of which Place Robert of Gloucester tells <sup>3</sup> us the long Knife, that St. Edward the Martyr was kill'd with, was preserved in his time. For this was Caversham, commonly call'd Causham, & sometimes writ <sup>4</sup> Cowsham, a Village situated in Ox-

<sup>1</sup> Milles's Cat. of Honour, p. 28. Dugdale's Hist. of St. Paul's Cathedral, p. 95. Ed. 2d. <sup>2</sup> See the Glossary to this Work, voc. *byrr*. <sup>3</sup> Pag. 289. <sup>4</sup> See p. 128. of a Book, called, *The Connexion: being choice Collec-*

<i>tions of some principal Mut-</i>	<i>ters in King James his Reign.</i>
<i>London. 1681. 8vo. where the</i>	<i>following Order occurs, as I</i>
<i>have entered it in one of my</i>	<i>MSS. [Coll. Vol. 79. p. 75.]</i>

“ Anno Dom. 1621. An. Reg. Jac. 19.

“ *An Order of the Privy Council.*

“ Whitehall January 18. 1621.

“ Present,

“ Lord Keeper.

“ Lord Treasurer.

“ L. President.

Lord Digby.

Lord Brook.

Mr. Treasurer.

“ L. M.

fordshire, but is not far from Reading in Berkshire. Not only the Church of this Causham (which is an Abbreviation, as Leland saith<sup>1</sup>, for Causeiham) was eminent (for great Men resorted hither) but the fair old Chappel also of Stone, that<sup>2</sup> stood toward the North End of Causham Bridge, on the right Hand as we come from Reading. To the foresaid Remarks I must take the opportunity of adding, that in the Saxon times abundance of great and illustrious Lay Persons made it their dying Request, that they might be buried in Religious Houses. A Request, certainly, very reasonable, and by no means to be wondred at, since a great<sup>3</sup> Number of those Houses were Lay Foundations, and it was, therefore, very proper both

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<p>“ <i>L. M. Hamilton.</i>          “ <i>Earle Marshall.</i>          “ “ <i>L. Visc. Falkland.</i></p>	<p><i>Mr. Secret. Calvert.</i>  <i>Mr. Chanc. Excheq.</i>  <i>Master of the Rolls.</i></p>
<p>“ Whereas his Majesty is Gra-          “ ciously pleased, to enlarge &amp;          “ set at liberty the Earl of So-          “ merset” [Sir Robert Carr]          “ and his Lady,” [the Lady          “ Frances Howard,] “ now Pri-          “ soners in the Tower of Lon-          “ don; and that, nevertheless,          “ it is thought fit, that both the          “ said Earl and his Lady be          “ confined to some convenient          “ Place: It is therefore, accord-          “ ing to his Majestie’s Graci-          “ ous Pleasure and Command,</p>	<p>“ Ordered, That the Earl of          “ Somerset and his Lady, do          “ repair either to <i>Grays</i> or          “ <i>Cowsham</i>, the Lord <i>Walling-</i>          “ <i>ford’s</i> Houses in the County          “ of <i>Oxon</i>, and remain confin’d          “ to one or either of the said          “ Houses, and within three          “ Miles compass of either of          “ the same, untill further Or-          “ der be given by his Majesty.          “<sup>1</sup> Itin. Vol. II. p. 5.   <sup>2</sup> Le-          “ land <i>ibid.</i>   <sup>3</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS.          Vol. 102. p. 150.</p>



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for the Founders themselves, as well as for such as were, both at the time of the Foundation and afterwards, particular or special Benefactors, should be buried, if they desired it, in Places that themselves had rais'd, a thing agreeable to the most early Antiquity, as may appear from even the famous Egyptian Pyramids. 'Tis incredible to think, what advantage the burying of such great and devout Persons was to the respective Religious Houses, where they were so laid. These Houses (term'd *Mynsters* in Antiquity) were then esteem'd (and that justly too) to be the principal Mother Churches, and of them we are chiefly to understand these Words' in King Edgar's Laws, 7 man aȝyfe ylce ælc teoþunȝe to þæm ealdan mýnŕtpe ðe reo hýpnerre to hýpþ; i.e. *and let every one give his Tithes to the old Church, (Monasterie or Mynster) to which the district belongs.* Mr. Selden<sup>2</sup> translates these Words, ealdan mýnŕtpe ðe reo hýpnerre to hýpþ, *to the ancientest Church or Monasterie where he hears God's Service,* and yet Brompton, in his old Translation, hath<sup>3</sup>, & *reddatur omnis decimatio ad matrem ecclesiam cui parochia adjacet,* as even Selden himself had before<sup>4</sup> observ'd. But then tho' these Words are *primarily* to be understood of Religious Houses (among which are to be reckoned what were afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Spelmanni Concil. Vol. I. | <sup>3</sup> Apud X. Script. col. 871. p. 444. <sup>2</sup> Hist. of Tithes, p. 262. | <sup>4</sup> Hist of Tithes, p. 219.

called

called *Cathedral Churches*) yet they are *secundarily* to be understood also of other Churches, that were afterwards look'd upon likewise as Mother Churches, as having the right of Sepulture annex'd to them. Such inferior Mother Churches were founded generally by eminent Lay Persons, and the Parishes of such Churches were as extensive as the Founders Possessions, (at least as such Possessions as were styl'd *Bocland* or lands possess'd *optimo jure*) and 'twas in these Churches (when they became frequent) that the Founders then often desired to be buried, in allusion to, and in imitation of, the Practise of such Founders of, and Benefactors to, Religious Houses as desired to be buried in Monasteries. These inferior Mother Churches are mentioned in Edgar's Laws <sup>1</sup> by the Name of Churches that had *Legeſſrope*, or *place of Burial*, where is mention also of a third (which is the lowest) kind of Churches, those that had no *Legeſſrope*. The second kind of Churches I have spoke of had likewise (as well as the *principal* Mother Churches) right of Baptism; but wherever there was a Church that had neither *sepulturam* nor *baptisterium*, that was properly to be understood of the third kind, and such Churches of this third Class they styled often *peleſſypan*, or *Field Churches*, what we call now Chappels of Ease, among

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<sup>1</sup> Spelmanni Conc. loc. cit.

which

which are to be reckon'd <sup>1</sup> Binsey, Sandford, and Wolvercote near to, and Holywell in the Suburbs of, Oxford, as well as multitudes besides, which had not anciently *sepulturam & baptisterium*, tho' they have that Privilege since.

Robert of Gloucester's account of the Conflict between the Scholars and Townsmen of Oxford, in the time of Henry III. very remarkable in all it's Circumstances.

§. VII. But I shall leave all farther Descants upon the several Particulars in this Author immediately relating to Antiquities to the intelligent Reader's own Observation, unless it be that <sup>2</sup> concerning the great Conflict in the Year 1263. between the Scholars and Townsmen of Oxford. This Passage is very remarkable in all it's Circumstances, and for that reason Mr. Wood hath very justly, tho' not without divers Mistakes, inserted it <sup>3</sup> at large in his *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*. It seems Prince Edward, in his Journey towards the Marches of Wales, came by Oxford, but was hindered by the Townsmen (who shut the Gates against him) from coming into the Place, by reason of the Barons War, whereupon he went to King's Hall (being the fine Royal Palace, called **The Beaumonts**) situated in the West Suburbs, where he lay all Night. The next day he went away, and, after he was gone, the Gates were all open'd but **Smithgate**. This was the Gate, through which the Scho-

<sup>1</sup> Vide Ed. nostr. Guil. Neubr. p. 756. <sup>2</sup> See p. 540. <sup>3</sup> Lib. I. pag. 112.

lars us'd to go into the pleasant Fields (particularly the fair open Green, now arable ground, the North Boundary whereof is to this Day call'd **Green-Ditch**) in which they were wont to exercise themselves at several kinds of Sports after Meals, and upon extraordinary occasions, but finding the Gate shut upon them, they were exceedingly enraged, and the more, because they had been before obstructed from seeing the Prince, a sight they were very desirous of, on purpose that they might the better express their Loyalty. They often intreated the Bayliffs to open the Gate, but finding it was in vain, they got it broke down, and afterwards carried it in triumph through the Beaumonts Fields to **Hare well** or **Harewell**, which was such a Grievance to the Townsmen, that they took an occasion to imprison many Scholars, and would have proceeded to the utmost Violence, had they not been overpowered by the Scholars, as they were in all Encounters, unless the Scholars were far outnumbered by the Townsmen's calling to their Assistance (a thing common with them) a parcel of Ruffians and illiterate Fellows out of the Country. John Stowe mentions this difference in the Folio Edition<sup>1</sup> of his Chronicle, under the Year 1264. and tho' he doth not refer us to Robert of Gloucester, yet I do not doubt but he took the Story from him, or, at least, from  
some

<sup>1</sup> P. 192.

some body that had made use of him. Edward  
 the kings sonne, (saith he) after his returne  
 from Paris, about Lent, tooke his journey  
 toward the March, and passing by Oxford,  
 the Burgesles shut up their gates against  
 him, whereby he was forced to lie at the Kings hall  
 without the Towne till the next morrow, and then  
 departed. The Schollers of Oxford being shut within  
 the Towne, brake by the gate that leadeth toward  
 Beaumont, for which deed the Maior sent some of them  
 to prison: and not long after, while the Schollers  
 were at dinner, the Maior and Commons, with ban-  
 ners displayed, thought to have spoyled the Clarke  
 ere they had bene aware, but being espyed, the schol-  
 lers ranne together, and with bowes and other wea-  
 pons, slew and wounded the Burgesles and Commons,  
 brake up many houses, spoyling the goods, and set the  
 houses of the Portriues (William Spicer and Geffrey  
 Hencley) on fire, on the South side of the towne.  
 Moreouer, because the Maior (Nicholas Kingstone)  
 was a Vintener, they brake by the Vintrie, dranke the  
 wines, and spoyled them, for the which fact the King  
 caused the Clarke and Schollers to be banished the  
 Uniuersitie. This Victory of the Scolars stuck

Clarke  
 of Ox-  
 ford ba-  
 nished.

<sup>1</sup> *Lege Hencley*, so call'd  
 from one of the *Hencseys* or  
*Hinckseys*, viz. either Laurence  
 Hincksey, or North Hincksey,  
 (oftentimes call'd Ferry Hinck-  
 sey, and, from the vast quantity  
 of Ivy that was formerly, before  
 the present Church or Chappel  
 was built, about the Church,  
 Ivy Hincksey) or else South  
 Hincksey, dedicated to St John  
 [Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 102. p.  
 121.] both situated in Berk-  
 shire (being Chappels of Ease  
 to Cumnor, the Church of which  
 is dedicated to St. Michael  
 [Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 102.  
 p. 119.]) but are near Oxford.

so much in the Townsmen's Stomacks, that it was one main reason of the Barbarity they shew'd the Scholars in the very great Conflict that afterwards fell out in the Reign of Edward the third, which indeed is much the biggest that ever happened between the two Bodies.

§. VIII. But tho' Mr. Wood hath published the beforementioned Passage, and refers to a MS. for it; yet since he hath not told us where this MS. is lodg'd (which, notwithstanding, I have at last found to be that in the Cottonian Library) I am of opinion, that he had it from second hand, either from Brian Twyne's, or Dr. Gerard Langbaine's Papers, which he had glean'd, and out of which, in a very great measure, he collected his Book. I have seen, among other things, two MSS. Catalogues of the Magistrates of the University of Oxford, drawn excellently well, (with references to the several Registers and Books made use of) one by Brian Twyne, and the other by Dr. Langbaine, and 'twas from these Catalogues that Mr. Wood compiled his Catalogue, in which much Reading is shew'd. 'Tis observable, that Mr. Wood does not tell us, what the foresaid *Dare well* or *Darewell* (mentioned in this Fragment)

Which tho' it be published by Mr. Wood, yet these seem to have had it from second hand. The *Darewell*, mentioned in that Account, is, probably, the same with *Walton Well*. *Walton Well* the oldest Well of note about Oxford. *St. Edward's Well* by *St. Clement's*, older than the old Well from which *Saint Crosse's Parish*, in the Suburbs of Oxford, was called *Holywell*. The respect formerly paid to Wells, which occasioned Injunctions against the Worship of them.

ment) was. For my part, I take it to have been what we now call **Walton Well**, (so named from the old Village of **Walton**, now destroy'd<sup>1</sup>) which is on this Side of another old Well call'd **Aristotle's Well**, and sometimes **Bruman's Well**, which name of **Bruman** it had from one **Brumman** or **Bruman le rich** or **the rich**, who lived in the time of K. Hen. III. (when Robert of Gloucester flourished) or, as others say, about the time of K. Henry I<sup>2</sup>. As **Brumman**, or **Bruman**, was a very wealthy Man, so he had a great Estate hereabouts, was commonly called **Brumman the rich of Walton**<sup>3</sup>, and was always very civil and obliging to the Scholars. In those times, what we now call **Walton Well** was styl'd **Harewell** or **Horewell** from it's Antiquity, (as **Hartwell**, or **Harewell**, near Abbington in Berks was likewise so call'd upon the same account) **hare** or **hore**, as I have lately insinuated<sup>4</sup>, signifying *old*, which Name it retained, among many, divers Years after. I take it to be the oldest Well of note about Oxford, where, however, there were formerly a great many famous Wells. **Holywell** cannot come at all in competition with it for it's Antiquity. For the Church or

<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 67. | Vol. 57. p. 124. <sup>3</sup> Coll. nostr. p. 14. Item Præf. nostr. ad | MSS. Vol. 88. p. 20. <sup>4</sup> Vide-  
Joan. Rossi Hist. regum Ang- | sis Præf. nostr. ad Hemingi  
læ, p. VIII. <sup>2</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. | Chartular. Eccl. Wig. §. XI.

Chappel of **Holywell** is properly call'd **St. Croſe's** (being dedicated to the Holy Cross, and built too in form of a Cross, tho' the North part be now down) and 'twas first call'd **Holywell** from the Well many Years after the Building of it, when the Water was known and fam'd to have a peculiar virtue for the Eyes, and was thence term'd *holy*. But tho' **Holywell** was so much celebrated, yet the Fame of **St. Edward's**, or, as others<sup>1</sup>, **St. Edmund's, Well**, without **Bridgſet**, or rather **Bridghithe** or **Bridghythe**<sup>2</sup>, commonly, and indeed more anciently, call'd **St. Clement's**, by Oxford was far greater, in so much that there was a Resort of all sorts of People from all Parts to it, and the Water<sup>3</sup> of it was believed to be so effectual in curing divers Distempers, and thereupon held to be of so great Sanctity, that here they made Vows, and brought their Alms and Offerings. This was the Case also of abundance of other Wells throughout the Kingdom, which gave occasion to several Injunctions prohibiting such respect, as a Thing indecent and superstitious, and, among others, the Worship of this Well of St. Edward was particularly forbid by Oliver Sutton, Bishop of Lincoln, in the time of Edward the first. This Well-worship was call'd by our Saxon Ancestors **Wilpeonþunze** or

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<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 88. | Plot's Natural Hist. of Oxford-  
p. 26.    *Ibid.* p. 10.    <sup>3</sup> Dr. | shire, chap. II. §. 70.



Wilpeonþunza, and is strictly forbidden in King Edgar's Canons and K. Cnute's Laws, as 'twas in a Council at London under Archbishop Anselm in the Year 1102. as is well noted by Mr. Somner<sup>1</sup>, and some of our best Criticks observe, that what is translated *Will-worship* in Colossians<sup>2</sup> should be *Well-worship*. This Well of St. Edward is now quite stopt up, and hath been so for many Years, but it was in the Field about a Furlong S. S. West of St. Clement's Church, and I have heard some of the Ancients of Oxford talk of it, as many old People will likewise speak with great satisfaction of the old Well [call'd by them commonly **Crow-well**, i. e. *Cross-well*] of **Holy-well**, that was also stopt up, as a vast Number of others were, after the Injunctions came to be of force, and were put in Execution; tho' it must be acknowledg'd, that **Crow-well** (which was almost opposite to the Cross that is in the Wall of Magdalen College Grove, notwithstanding Dr. Plot insinuates<sup>3</sup>, that it was the Well behind Holywell Church, in the Court before the Mannour House) was opened again some Years after it had been stop'd, and continued in great fame 'till the Siege of Oxford, particularly for it's good service to bad Eyes,

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<sup>1</sup> Saxon Dict. voc. Wilpeonþunze. <sup>2</sup> Ch. II. v. 23. <sup>3</sup> Nat. Hist. of Oxfordsh. ch. X. §. 142.

which

which occasion'd these Verses to be put upon the Cover of it:

Let no man this Well despise.

It does no harm, but helps the Eyes.

Soon after the Siege, the Stones of it were carried by Mr. Cowdrey the Shoe-maker to the Well, now call'd, from the Person that lives at it, **Newton's Well**, that is on the East side of Holy-well Church. But notwithstanding all this, **Walton Well** (which, I think, was most of all frequented in the time that the King's Palace, called **The Beaumonts**, and the Carmelite Friery at the said Palace flourished) was not concerned in these Prohibitions, because the Water was not esteem'd and look'd upon as holy. Neither was **Aristotle's Well** (which I take to be near as ancient a Well as that of **Walton**) included in the Prohibitions, being fam'd only for it's being frequented by Scholars, not for it's Sanctity, but for a House of Entertainment here built, to which they us'd to resort, especially on Ashwednesdays, when the Batchelours of Arts, that defend Aristotle in the Publick Disputations, are styl'd Aristotles, and formerly, after the hot Disputations in the Schools, they, as well as other Scholars, us'd to go into the Fields by this Well, which was their Place of Refreshment, and exercise themselves in another manner, not so proper

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<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 67. p. 16.

for them, which some Years agoe was put down.

Our Author's Poëtry agreeable to the Genius of his Age, and his regard to Truth in his Rhythms answers the Custom of the Pythagoræans and old Britains.

§. IX. I am here very sensible, that an Objection against Robert of Gloucester will be started by several upon the score of his Poëtry, as if that were a very cogent Argument to make him neglected and despised. But he (and not Chaucer, as Dr. Thomas Fuller', and some others would have it,) is the Ennius of the English Nation, and he is, on that account, to be as much respected, as even Ennius himself was among the Romans, and I have good reason to think, that he will be so by Friends to our Antiquities, and our old History. 'Tis the Genius of the age that is to be regarded in such Pieces of Poëtry. The Poëtry of those times consisted of Rhythms both here and in other Countries, and the Poëts thought they had done their Parts well, if their Rhythms, however mean otherwise, related matter of Fact, and were agreeable to Truth. And truly this exactly corresponded with the Rules of the ancient Pythagoræans. For even Tully tells us, at the Beginning of the IV<sup>th</sup>. Book of his Tusculan Questions, that the Pythagoræans us'd to put their Precepts and other Things of mo-

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' Church-History of Bri- he [Rob. of Glouc.] was  
tain, l. VI. p. 268. tho' he had counted the Virgil of his age,  
before told us, l. III. p. 4. that and the Ennius in ours.

## PREFACE.

LI

ment (among which, to be sure, are to be reckon'd the famous Acts of their Ancestors) into Verse, and that it was usual with the old Romans, according to the Custom of the Pythagoræans, when they sat at Banquets, to recite the Virtues and Praises of Great Men in Verse, and to sing and play upon the Pipe upon such occasions, and thence, as I take it, even the old Britains, who followed the Pythagoræan Doctrines, addicted themselves so much to Verse, tho' as well the Pythagoræans, as Romans and Britains, took care, that no Verse should tend to the Injury of another, one of the Laws of the XII. Tables expressly forbidding any such Indecency, and some of our old Rhythms laying down Rules against any unbecoming Expressions in Poëtry, such as may conduce to Immorality; and in this, as well as his unaffected way of relating matter of Fact in Rhythm, our Author is to be commended, as a true Picture of Antiquity.

§. X. Since, therefore, Robert of Gloucester appears, on all accounts, to be so valuable an Author, what reason can be assign'd, that he hath been so much neglected, and that he was not long since published to the World? 'Tis probable the Obsolescency of the Language might be the main reason, or, at least, 'tis likely, that some Persons of

He hath continued too long hid from the World. The value of the Harleyan MS. which is followed in the Edition, that we now set forth. The Language, as well as the Work, altered in the MS. of the Herald's Office, and that by one who lived in the time of Hen. VI.

Di-

Distinction, not pleased with several of his honest Relations of Things, might characterize him as an insignificant Writer, and prejudice the Readers so much against him, that they were not at all solicitous about an Edition. Be this as it will, as I look upon him to be one of the first Rank in our old Historians, so I, many Years agoe, had thoughts of publishing him according to the Bodleian MS. to which I had then daily access. But finding afterwards, that there are much better Copies in the World, I laid aside my Design of publishing this Author, and did not resume it 'till above a Year agoe, when the Loan of a MS. that formerly belong'd to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, (whose MSS. the Earl of Oxford purchas'd) was procur'd for me out of the Harleyan Library by that most eminent Physician the learned Dr. Richard Mead, who is my very great Friend. It came to me, accompanied with another MS. of Robert of Gloucester, the Loan of which was obtain'd for me out of the Heralds Office by another great Friend, the learned John Bridges, Esq. who was at the trouble of transmitting both these MSS. to me. As soon as I saw the Harleyan MS. I presently concluded, that it was a very good one and authentick, and therefore I immediately transcrib'd it, and resolv'd to make it my Text. But then as to that of the Heralds Office, I found not only the Language of  
Ro-

PREFACE.

LHI

Robert of Gloucester to be altered throughout in it, but the Work quite changed in several respects, by having some Passages transposed, others omitted; and divers inserted that were never written by Robert of Gloucester, who was of different Principles from this Author. A great deal of Prose History in English (partly taken from Geffry of Monmouth, partly from William of Malmsbury, partly from Brute of England, *Polychronicon*, &c.) is intermix'd in this MS. with what is in Rhythm, but as the Substance of most of this is already published in Stowe (who had seen this MS.) and other Books, I have left out much the greatest part of it, and confin'd my self to the genuine Work of Robert of Gloucester, which, however, I have carefully compar'd with this MS. of the Heralds Office, and taken notice of, what I thought proper, and have inserted my Observations from it (among which are to be reckon'd also those of the Prose part) at the bottom of the page; always subjoyning *Ar.* [i. e. *the MS. of the College of Arms*] to them. Who the Author was, that took such a liberty with Robert of Gloucester (a thing that hath happened to many other ancient Remains) I will not pretend, at present, to determine; but this is certain, that he both lived and wrote in the time of Hen. VI. as appears from this *Memorandum*, (written all [excepting 9<sup>th</sup>.cccc.xlvfff.]

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in red Letters, but in the same Hand with the Book) at the Beginning of the Work: A pre-regreu, fro William Conquerour, of the Crowne of Engelonde, lynnally descendyng, vn to kyng Henry the vi. in the end of thys boke lymned in Fygurs. Thys boke, with hys Antecedens and consequens, was ful ended the vi. day offe August, the zere of oure lorde a **M.cccc.xlviii.** and the yere of oure souerayn lorde kyng Harry the vi. after the conquest the **xxvi.**

Who, however, is pleased to conceal his Name, as he does also that of Robert of Gloucester. A Rhythmical Account of the Kings of England at the End of his MS. which is here likewise printed.

§. XI. Tho' this MS. of the Herald's Office (for the use of which I am in a particular manner obliged to my learned Friend John Anstis, Esq. Garter, principal King of Arms) be in several Places imperfect, and hath some of the Leaves transpos'd (as a few Leaves are also transpos'd in the Harleian MS.) yet 'tis, as I judge, the very original Book. The Author, undoubtedly, took a great deal of pains in new modelling Robert of Gloucester, and in adapting every Thing to his own Scheme. He divers times introduceth the Rhythms by the Name of **old Rhythms**, but never so much as once mentions the Name of Robert of Gloucester, or pretends to discover what his own Name was. Mr. Weever had diligently perus'd this MS. and quotes it sometimes as if the whole were Robert of Gloucester's, a mistake that some great Men besides have

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have been guilty of with respect to other Writers, as may plainly appear, as well from other Instances, as from what I observ'd lately with regard to Fordun's *Scotichronicon*. The *Detegren* mentioned in the Note above said is still to be seen at the end of the MS. together with the Limnings or Pictures (all but that of William Rufus and Henry I. which are cut out) of the Kings of England from William the Conquerour to Hen. VI. inclusively, and this additional Part is also cited by Weever, but in that he happens to distinguish rightly, making it, as it is, quite different from any Piece of Robert of Gloucester's Writings. The Pictures I have omitted, but the rest I have printed in my Appendix, and, I hope, I have thereby obliged those that have any respect for our Antiquities.

§. XII. The Reader will perceive at first sight, that these Rhythms are much shorter than those of Robert of Gloucester. And indeed in this very MS. in the Body of the Book, is also a great Number of other Rhythms, that are also shorter than Robert's, I mean such as relate to Richard the First; (which nevertheless are erroneously ascrib'd by Dr. Fuller to Robert of Gloucester :) but then I have quite

But these Rhythms are much shorter than those of Robert of Gloucester, as are likewise those in this MS. that relate to King Richard I.

<sup>1</sup> Num. III.    <sup>2</sup> Ch. Hist. I. the Margin calls them Robert III. p. 48. where he gives us of Gloucester's: the following Rhythms, and in d 4 King



omitted all these, partly because they are (in many respects) strangely Romantick, and partly because they are of the same kind with those that were printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the Year 1528. under the Title of *The Story of the noble Kyng Richard Cure de Lyon*, of which I never yet saw but one Copy, which is that in the Bodleian Library, that I formerly mentioned in a Letter about Geffry Chaucer that I writ in the Year 1709. to the before mentioned ingenious Mr. Bagford, which Letter I shall insert at large in my Appendix<sup>2</sup>, partly because (provided I may be allow'd to say this) it was much approved of by my late very honest and learned Friend Mr. John Urry, to whom some body had communicated it, and partly because it happened to be, upon several accounts, commended by some other Persons of distinction,

\* *Jafes*,  
(saith  
Fuller)  
that is  
*Joppa* in  
Palestine.

King Richard wyth gud entent  
To yat cite of \* *Jafes* went  
On morn he sent astur Sir Robert Sakevise  
Sir William Wateruile  
Sir Hubart and Sir Robart of Turnham  
Sir Bertram Brandes and John de St. John.

Which very Rhythms I find also MS. of the Heralds Office, where  
in those about Richard I. in the they are thus express'd:

Kyng Richard with good entent  
To that cite of *Jafes* went.  
On mortwe he sent astur Robert Sakeuile,  
& Sire Willeam the Wateruile,  
Sire Hubert & Robert of Turnham,  
Sire Bertram Braundis & John de Sernt Johan,

<sup>1</sup> §. III.    <sup>2</sup> Num. IV.

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to whom it was occasionally shew'd. Nor have I heard of but one more printed Copy of this Book about K. Richard (tho', without doubt, they were formerly common enough) and that is that in the Harléyan Library, which is much more clean and perfect than the Bodleian Copy, as I am assured by my ingenious Friend the Reverend Mr. Timothy Thomas, M. A. and Student of Christ Church, who takes notice<sup>1</sup>, that the Title Page of this Book has a wooden Cut of a *Knight on horseback*, attended by a *Squire*, and these words on the top of the Page,

*Kyng Rycharde cure delyon :*

that there then follows on the other side of the Leaf,

*The prologue*

*Orde kynge of glorye*

*Suche grace and suche vyctory*

*Thou sendest to kynge Rycharde*

*That neuer was found cowarde*

*It is good to here Jestes*

*Of his prowesse and his conquestes*

*Many romayns men make newe*

*Of good knyghtes and of trewe*

*&c.*

and<sup>2</sup> that at the End of the Book are these words;

---

<sup>1</sup> In his Letter to me Oct. 22. 1723. <sup>2</sup> So in his Letter to me June 20. 1723.

¶ *Thus*

¶ Thus endeth the story of the noble kyge Ry-  
charde cure de lyon. Imprinted at London by  
wynkyn de worde. The yere of oure lorde.

M. CCCC and. XXVIII.

The Author of  
which Rhythms a-  
bout Richard I.  
seems to have been  
Robert of Brunne.

§. XIII. Now altho' I will not pre-  
tend to discover the Author of the ad-  
ditional Rhythms about our Kings to  
Robert of Gloucester, yet (at present)

I am of opinion, that those about Richard the  
first in the Body of the Book, as well as the  
printed ones, were written by Robert of Brunne,  
the same, I mean, that translated Robert  
Grosthead's *Manuele pecche* (or *Manuel de  
Pecche*) out of French, of which there is a small  
Fol. MS. in the Harleian Library on Parch-  
ment, wrote very near the Author's time,  
having two Columns on each page, as those  
Rhythms about Richard the first, in the MS.  
of the Heralds Office, are likewise in two Co-  
lumnns, contrary to what Robert of Gloucester's  
are. This MS. of Robert of Brunne's Transla-  
tion begins with this Title in *Red letters*:

*Here bygynneþ the boke þat men clepyn in frenshe  
manuele pecche þe whych boke made yn frenshe  
Roberd Gros test Byshop of lyncolne.*

Adyr and lone and holy goste }  
þat art o god of mygtes molle }

At þe wurschyp þat we bygyn }  
To shame þe fend & shew oure synne }

Synne

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Synne to shew vs to frame }  
 God to wurschyp þe fend to shame }  
 Shameful synne ys god to lete }  
 Al þat men do boþe smale & grete }  
 þe grete withoutyn pryuyte }  
 þat ben comune to me & the }

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

This Author became famous very soon, even in the Year 1303. 31. Edw. I. (above thirty Years before he finished his Chronicle, a most rare Work, and known to very few of our Historians and Antiquaries, which was in the Year 1338.) as appears from the following Lines, which conclude the second Column of the first Page of the said MS. Translation of *Manuele pecche*, and were sent me <sup>1</sup>, with what I have already said about this MS. by my before mentioned ingenious Friend Mr. Timothy Thomas, and he did it the more readily, not only because they have the *Author's* (or rather *Translator's*) Name, but because there are in them some other Circumstances, which may contribute to know him more perfectly.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

To alle crystynmen undir sunne }  
 And to gode men of brunne }

---

<sup>1</sup> In a Letter dated Sept. 19. 1723.

And

## THE PUBLISHER'S

And speciali alle be name }  
 he felaushepe of Symprynghame }  
 Roberd of brunne greted zow }  
 In al godenelle hat may to prow }  
 Of bryntwake yn kesteuene }  
 Syre myle besyde sympryngha euene }  
 y dwelled yn the pryorye }  
 Fyftene zere yn cumpanye }  
 In he tyme of gode dane Jone }  
 Of camelton hat now ys gone }  
 In hys tyme was y here ten zeres }  
 And knew and herde of hys maneres }  
 Sybyn with dane Jone of clyntone }  
 Fyue wyntyre wyþ hy gan y wone }  
 Dane felyp was mayster hat tyme }  
 hat y began hys englysh tyme }  
 he zeres of grace fyl þan to be }  
 A housynd & þre hundred & þre }

This Robert of Brunne the same with Stowe's Robert Brune. Stowe was certainly the Author of the Fragments, that I have printed in Heming. Stowe's Honesty, and the value of his Chronicle. A very remarkable Passage out of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, together with the same as it occurs in Stowe.

§. XIV. This Robert of Brunne is the same with Robert Brune, that is quoted in the Margin of the Folio Ed. of Stowe's Annals under the Year 1266. in the Reign of King Henry III. But what Book 'twas that Stowe made use of there, he hath not been pleased to acquaint us. Neither, indeed, is either Brune or Brunne mentioned in the valuable Fragments of Stowe, that I reprinted lately at the End of Heming from a Copy communicated to me by my ingenious and curious Friend Mr. John Murray. I call these Fragment's Stowe's, because I find the

the Conjecture I made in my Dissertation about them, viz not only that John Stowe was the Author of them, but that they belong'd to some short Chronicle, to which was prefix'd some Calendar, to be very just and true. For indeed they belong'd to Stowe's Summary or Abridgment of the Chronicles of England. For tho' I have not yet met with a Copy of this Summary with these Fragments, in which we have an Account of his Authors, yet in a Preface that he put to one Edition of his Summary, which ends in the Year 1573. he expressly tells us, that he was the Author of those Fragments. I never saw (that I remember) but one Copy of that Edition, and it was given me by my very learned Friend Mr. Baker of Cambridge. This Copy, tho' a little imperfect both at the Beginning and End, is a very great Curiosity (as indeed all Editions of the Summary are now Curiosities) and I esteem it the more, because I cannot learn, that this Preface is in any other edition. There is a Calendar at the Beginning, which confirms my Notion also as to that Point. For better satisfaction I shall reprint this Preface in my Appendix <sup>1</sup>, as I should have done in Heming had it then been in my possession. The Reader will perceive by it the disingenuous dealing of Richard Grafton towards John Stowe, a Man tho' of no great Learning, yet of incredible Industry in collect-

<sup>1</sup> Num. V.

ing

ing old MSS. and in preserving other Antiquities, and so faithfull an Historian, that he hath been much esteem'd by Camden and our greatest men, in so much that the famous Sir Roger Lestrage, talking some Years before his Death with a very ingenious and learned Gentleman about our Historians, was pleas'd to say, *that it was always a wonder to him, that the very best that had penn'd our History in English should be a poor Taylour, honest John Stowe.* Sir Roger said a *Taylour*, because Stowe, as is reported<sup>1</sup>, was bred a Capmaker (and so perhaps his Father Thomas Stowe was before him) and was of Merchant Taylours Company. The Trade of Capmaking was then much in fashion, Hats being not at that time much in request. But notwithstanding Stowe hath not declared what Book of Brune's it was to which he owed his Information, yet I find, that it was Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, before mentioned. For the very remarkable Verses, that Stowe hath printed (under the seventh Year of Edward I.) from Brune in pag. 201. of the said Fol. Ed. of his Annals, are thus express'd in the old MS. of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, that I have now before me, and belongs to the Inner Temple Library, being given with other MSS. to that Society by the last Will of William Petit, Esq. late Keeper of the

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<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. 62. p. 3.

Records in the Tower of London, one of whose Trustees being my learned Friend, before mentioned<sup>1</sup>, John Anstis, Esq. 'tis by his means that I have had the Loan of it from that learned and honourable Society.

Edward did smyte rourde peny, halfpeny, ferthyng,  
 he croice passed<sup>2</sup> passed<sup>11</sup> he bounde of alle þorghout þe rýng.  
 he kýnge's sýde falle he þe hede & his name wryten.  
 he croyce sýde what cite it was in coýned & smýten.  
 he pouere man ne þe preste þe peny prayles no þing.  
 Wen gyf God þe lesst, þe lesse þim with a ferþing.  
 A þousand & tuo hundred & fourscore zeres mo,  
 On þis mone men wondred<sup>3</sup> sít wþan it gan go.

The Words are somewhat different in Stowe, and for that reason I shall here annex them, by which means they may the more easily be compared together. **Whereas** (saith he) **before** first halfe pence and farthings round. this time [A. D. 1279.] the penny was wont to have a double croice, with a crest, in such sort, that the same might easily be broken in the middest, or into four quarters, and so to be made into halfe pence or Pierce Longtose. farthings: which order was taken in the yeare of Christ 1106. the 7. of H. the I. it was now ordained, that pence, halfe pence, and farthings should be made round, whereupon was made these bezles following.

Edward did smite round peny, halfe 4 peny farthing.  
 The crose passes the bond of all throughout the ring:

Robert  
 Brune.

<sup>1</sup> §. XI. <sup>2</sup> Dele. <sup>3</sup> Sic, pro first. <sup>4</sup> There is a comma after *peny* in the 4to. Ed. 1592.



The Kings side was his head, and his name written,  
 The crosse side, what Citie it was in, coyned <sup>1</sup> or smitten.  
 To poore man, ne to Priest, the peny fraises nothing,  
 Men giue God aye the least, they feast him with a farthing :  
 A thousand two hundred, fourescore yeares <sup>2</sup> add mo.  
 On this money men wondred, when it first began to goe.

The old money (adds Stowe) was not forbidden to goe  
 with the new: and besides these monies there was  
 coyned groates, containing four pence the peece.

Regist of  
 Bury.

The pound of esterling money at this time contain-  
 ing 12. ounces, to wit, fine siluer (such as men take  
 into foyle or leaues, & is commonly called siluer of Gu-  
 therom lane) 11. ounces, 2. esterlings, and one seyling,  
 and the othez 17. d.ob. q. to be alay. Also the pound  
 ought to wey of money, 20 s. 3. d. by accompt, so that  
 no pound ought to be aboue 20. s. 4. d. nor lesse then  
 20. s. 2. d. by account. The ounce to wey 20. d.  
 The peny to wey 24. graines, &c.

The late learned Bishop Fleetwood hath re-  
 printed the whole Passage from Stowe, to which  
 he hath added many curious Particulars of his  
 own, in pag. 44. of his excellent Book called  
*Chronicon Preciosum*, to which I shall refer the  
 Reader.

Instead of the ano-  
 nymous fabulous  
 Rhythms upon Ri-  
 chard I. I have in-  
 serted the genuine  
 ones of Robert of  
 Gloucester, in a  
 Continuation of  
 the Harleyan MS.  
 from the Cottonian  
 Library.

§. XV. To what hath been said about  
 my omitting the foresaid Rhythms  
 (the Author of which, I believe, was  
 Robert of Brunne) another reason may  
 be added, and that is this, that in their  
 stead I have published the true ge-

<sup>1</sup> And pro or in dicta Ed. <sup>2</sup> In qua Ed. and pro  
 add habemus.

nuine ones upon that Prince of Robert of Gloucester himself, who left out whatever he thought Romantick, as we may gather from his own Words, and would therefore, without doubt, have pass'd by these, had they been in being in his time, which are so very fabulous as to be look'd upon only for their Antiquity, and as a Curiosity. I must confess, that these genuine Rhythms of Robert of Gloucester relating to Richard I. are wanting in the Harleyan MS. which ends in that Year of K. Stephen's Reign, in which the Empress Maud made her Escape from the Castle of Oxford, wherein she had been so long besieged by K. Stephen. But then they are extant in the MS. of the Cottonian Library, in which MS. the History is brought down to the latter End of K. Henry the Third's Reign, and 'tis from thence I have supply'd the Harleyan MS. the intire Continuation out of it being procur'd for me by my most generous Friend, before mentioned, the learned Dr. Mead, who, after he had got it transcrib'd wholly at his own Expenses, put it into the hands of another of my very good Friends the learned John Bridges, Esq. who is likewise mentioned above, and so it came safely to my hands.

The Harleyan MS. perfect, tho' it comes nothing near so low as that of the Cottonian Library. One Leaf, at least, is wanting in the Cottonian MS.

§. XVI. Notwithstanding the Harleyan MS. breaks off so early, yet since it ends about the middle of a Page, and with a full Line, 'tis justly look'd upon by Criticks as a perfect Book. So that, in all likelyhood, the Author carried

on the Work at first no farther, but after some time resumed it again, and brought it down to his own time. The Harleyan MS. seems to have been written in the Reign of K. Edward the Third, but the Cottonian one is judg'd to be about 50. Years older than the Harleyan. The Harleyan MS. agrees, (abating some Variations in the Language) so far as it goes, with the Cottonian one, and yet, without doubt, they were transcrib'd from different Copies, one from the Work as it was first finish'd by the Author, the other from a MS. that was compleated after the Author set about it again after some Intermission. The Cottonian MS. ends in the Year 1270. and so there wants but two Years to compleat Hen. the Third's Reign, who died Nov. 16. 1272. The Author undoubtedly finished that Reign, and 'tis agreed upon by such as have seen and considered it, that the Cottonian MS. which ends at the bottom of a Page, wants one Leaf, if not more, to fill up that Reign. And this, I think, is likewise confirm'd from some MSS. of Robert of Gloucester (whereof one is that in the Bodleian Library) which

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which tho' they want all K. Henry the Third's Reign, ending the History with that of King John, yet they have the following Verses, in which a reason (tho' a very poor one) is given for omitting the Author's Account of the Battle of Lewis and Evesham in those MSS.

Henry his sone come aftir, & his londe þan nome,  
 And fifti zeer & six helde his kyndome,  
 And also twenty daies, and ded was I wis,  
 And buried at Westmenstre, þer his hodi zit is.  
 Ther were in his tyme two Batailes in londe,  
 At Lewes and at Euesham, as I understonde,  
 That were harde longe, & zit ne ben forzete nouzt.  
 Ther fore in this boke ne ben thei nouzt wrouzt.  
 Of grace twelve hundred, & two and seuenti zeer,  
 Dede was the kyng Henry, as I seide zow eer.

Edward his sone than was, man of gret pris,  
 At Westmenstre crownd, stronge kyng & wis,  
 That of Walsche londe clenliche al owt  
 He wan the Signorie, were thei never so prout<sup>1</sup>.

§. XVII. Our Author, therefore, having brought his History to the End of the Reign of Henry the III. and being about to write that of Edw. I. was (as it seems to me) prevented from going farther by Death, but in what Year it was of

Our Author seems to have dyed in the Beginning of Edw. the First's Reign. Himself gives an express Testimony of the Time in which he flourish- ed.

<sup>1</sup> E Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 58. p. 75. & Vol. 61. p. 232, 234. uti etiam è schedula quadam, mihi donata ab amicissimo ornatissimoque Juvene Jacobo West, A. B. è Collegio Balliolensi, qui

meam in gratiam eandem perquam benevole è Codice MS. exscripsit. Hanc autem schedulam ad calcem Vol. 97. Collectaneorum nostrorum inserui.

that King's Reign it doth not appear, tho', I think, it must have been after the sixth, because in pag. 224. he mentions K. Arthur's fair Tombe, in the middle of the Quire, before the high Altar at Glastonbury, which Tombe was so rais'd in the Year 1278. or the sixth Year of Edw. I. by order of that King. The chief Characteristick, that himself hath given of the time in which he flourish'd, is that about the Battle of Evesham in the Year 1265. when he tells us, that the day, on which it happened, was very dismal and dark, and that himself, to his great Fear and Astonishment, was an Eye-witness of this dreadfull dark time.

Such was (saith he <sup>1</sup>) the moſt horrible of Evesham (uor bataile non is  
nas)

& her wiſh Ieſu Criſt wel vuele [i. unefe] ipaied was,  
As he ſetwede bitokninge griflice & gode,  
As it vel of him fulue, þo he deide on þe rode,  
þat þoru al þe middelerd derk hede þer was inou.  
Iſſo þe wule þe gode men at Eueſham me ſlou,  
As in þe North Weſt a derk weder þer aros,  
Sodeinliche ſuart inou, þat mani man agros,  
& ouer caſte it þoſte al þut lond, þat me miſte vnneþe iſe.  
Grifloker weder þan it was ne miſte an erþe be.  
An velle dropes of reine þer velle grete inou.  
þis tokninge vel in þis lond, þo me þis men ſlou,  
Nor þretti mile þanne. þis iſei Roberd,  
þat verſt þis boc made, & was wel ſore aferd.

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§. XVIII. This being so very clear and manifest a Testimony of the time, when our Historian lived, what reason can be thought of, that it should be overlook'd by the unknown Writer of some Remarks (sent me by the learned John Bridges, Esq.) at the bottom of the first Page of the Cottonian MS. touching the Age of Robert of Gloucester, especially since he pretended to draw his Proofs from the Author himself? One that undertakes such a Task should read every Passage over deliberately, and examine and sift them with the utmost care and nicety. But it seems this Writer rely'd more upon an interpolated MS. in the hands of the famous Mr. Thomas Allen of Gloucester Hall, than he did upon the genuine Work of the Author, and by virtue of that he brings Robert of Gloucester down to the latter End of Edward the Second, whereas he had no such Grounds to go upon in the genuine Book. "I have got copied" (saith Mr. Bridges <sup>1</sup>) "half a sheet <sup>2</sup> out of the Cottonian MS. viz. The remarks, at the bottom of the first page, in an unknown hand, touching the age of the Author, and his proofs collected from Rob. of Gloucester himself, and also giving an account of two Fragments, which are inserted

Which, however, is pass'd over by one who endeavour'd to settle his Age from proofs extracted from his Chronicle.

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<sup>1</sup> In his Letter to me Mar. 12. 172<sup>3</sup>. <sup>2</sup> See it printed in the Appendix, Num. VI.

“ in bits of Paper in the 71<sup>st</sup>. fol. b. and 75. out  
 “ of a Copy in the hands of one Tho. Allen of  
 “ Oxford, which, as he says, extended no far-  
 “ ther than to the Reign of K. Stephen, for  
 “ which reason we at first imagin’d it to be the  
 “ same with my L<sup>d</sup>. Harley’s, but upon looking  
 “ for the said inserted passages we find them  
 “ both wanting. The said remarks are in a hand  
 “ of about 100. Years standing. His first proof of  
 “ the age of Robert is from a passage in K. Ar-  
 “ thur, where he speaks of the finding that  
 “ King’s bones at Glastonbury, from whence,  
 “ he says, ’tis plain, that the Author liv’d after  
 “ the time of Edw. I. whereas the Coffin with  
 “ the Inscription, and that King’s bones were  
 “ discover’d, according to Leland, in the time of  
 “ Hen. II<sup>1</sup>. of which you will be a much better  
 “ Judge. His second proof is from one of the  
 “ inserted passages, where ’tis said, that Seg-  
 “ brit, or Sebert, King of the East Saxons, the  
 “ Founder of Westminster Abbey, was buried  
 “ there 706. Years ago; and he dying in the  
 “ Year 617. brings the age of the Author to  
 “ 1323. or the latter end of Edw. II. The third  
 “ proof from fol. 98. b. is plainly a mistake, by  
 “ taking Edw. the Confessor, there mention’d,  
 “ for Edw. II. The Title in the Cotton MS.  
 “ is in a hand very like Camden’s thus, *Historia*  
 “ *Regum Angliæ ad Henricum tertium à Rob. Glo-*

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<sup>1</sup> A. D. 1185.

“*cestrensi, qui eodem tempore floruit*, but the Latin is not elegant enough for him, in my opinion.”

§. XIX. Thus my excellently learned Friend, (who dyed just as I was putting the finishing stroke to this Work,) from whom I must humbly beg leave to dissent with respect to the last Proof, the Words being, as I conceive, to be understood not of Edward the Confessor, but of the first King Edward after the Conquest, in whose Reign Robert of Gloucester dyed. He justly acknowledg'd this King Edward to be a good Prince, but then as justly observes, that there was a vast Disproportion between K. Edward the Confessor and him, there being no Comparison to be made of the one with the other, if their Acts of Piety, Charity, Munificence and Hospitality be duly considered. But then whereas the Remarker observes<sup>1</sup>, that several Leaves, relating to the History of Mellitus, to the Eucharist, and to Cedwall are wanting after *fol. 71.* in the Cottonian MS. this is certainly a mistake in him, and there is no doubt but the MS. is perfect there, and of much better Authority, than if they had been inserted. Interpolations (such as these are) are always to be look'd upon as Redundancies in any old Authors, and the MSS

Our Author rightly observes the vast Disproportion that there was between the pious Acts of K. Edw. the Confessor, and the first K. Edward after the Conquest. Interpolations are to be look'd upon as Redundancies, not as Perfections, in old MSS.

<sup>1</sup> See in the Appendix, pag. 610.



therefore, that are without them, are by no means deficient. Had I thought otherwise, I might have multiplied them from the MS. of the Heralds Office, where so much of this nature occurs, as I could also have strangely enlarg'd Fordun's genuine Chronicle, when I set him out lately, had I judg'd it proper for me to blend and confound the Interpolations and the authentick Work together, as they are done in some MSS.

Mr. Thomas Britton, the famous Small-Coal Man, seems to have had a MS. of Robert of Gloucester. The learned Mr. Thomas Allen had two MSS. of him, one of which came to the Bodleian Library, the other to some unknown Hands.

§. XX. When I first saw by the anonymous Remarks, that the Harleian and Mr. Allen's MSS. notwithstanding their coming down to the same Period of time, were different, I began to be of opinion, that Mr. Allen's might have been the same, that was sometime in the Hands of the late Mr. Thomas Britton, the famous Musical Small-Coal

Man, which is thus mentioned in the first Part of the Auction Catalogue<sup>1</sup> of his Books: *A Poëm of the Kings of Britain from Gurguyn Son of K. Belinus down to Henry II.* Tho' there be no Name to that Poëm in the Catalogue, yet I take it to be Robert of Gloucester's; but then that which makes me now think it to be different from Mr. Allen's is, it's not beginning so early as his did. So that perhaps this Copy of Mr. Allen came into some private Hands in

<sup>1</sup> Pag. 34. num. 14. of the MSS. in Folio.

France, and I fear, that it is now quite lost. That which gives ground to this Suspicion is, the Fate of much the greatest Part of Sir Kenelm Digby's admirable Library, which, after Sir Kenelm's Death, fell into some such private Hands in France, and 'tis certain, that his Library consisted, in a very great measure, of Books, that had belong'd to Mr. Allen. 'Tis true, Sir Kenelm gave a good number of the MSS. Mr. Allen had left him, to the Bodleian Library, not long after Mr. Allen's Death, and there is now among them a MS. of Robert of Gloucester, being the same that I have spoke of at the Beginning of this Preface, and was us'd by Mr. Selden when he was writing his History of Tithes<sup>2</sup>; but then this MS. (which comes to the End of K. John) is different from that refer'd to by the Remarker, and therefore will not at all invalidate what I have said about it's being lost in France. Yet if, after all, it will not be allow'd, that it was among those Books of his that were dispos'd of in France, it is probable it came to some other Person in England than Sir Kenelm. For Mr. Wood observes, that many of Mr. Allen's MSS. did not come to Sir Kenelm, but some to Mr. Richard James, and others to Sir Tho. Aylesbury.

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<sup>1</sup> §. I. <sup>2</sup> Videsis Historiam nem ejusd. in quo opere citat  
dictam Decimarum, p. 206. & etiam Codicem Roberti nostri  
Auctorum Catalogum sub fi- in Bibliotheca Cott.

“ Soon

“ Soon after” [Mr. Allen’s Death, which hap-  
 pen’d on Sept. 30. 1632.] “ the chief part of  
 “ his” [Mr. Allen’s] “ Library of incomparable  
 “ MSS.” (saith Mr. Wood <sup>1</sup>) “ coming into the  
 “ hands of Sir *Kenelm Digby*, as the owner be-  
 “ fore had appointed, they were the next year  
 “ given by him to the *Bodleian* or publick Li-  
 “ brary, where they yet remain. Some of them  
 “ had before, and about the time of *Allen’s*  
 “ death, been got from him by *Rich. James* of  
 “ C. C. Coll. for the *Cottonian* Library, and others  
 “ came into the hands of Sir *Tho. Aylesbury*,  
 “ Master of the *Requests*, but where those are  
 “ now, in truth I cannot tell.

Mr. Selden and  
 Mr. Wood had a  
 right Notion of the  
 Age of our Author,  
 who ought to be  
 reckon’d among  
 the Oxford Wri-  
 ters.

§. XXI. But tho’ the Remarker was  
 not so lucky as to adjust the Age of  
 Robert of Gloucester, yet Mr. Selden,  
 by distinguishing the spurious Chroni-  
 cle from that which is genuine, very  
 readily found it out, and accordingly in his  
 Notes on Eadmer <sup>2</sup>, and in his great work *de*  
*Synedriis veterum Ebræorum* <sup>3</sup>, places him under  
 Edw. I. about which time he hath placed him  
 also in his *Titles of Honour* <sup>4</sup>, and in his Preface  
<sup>5</sup> to Eadmer; (in which Preface he hath given  
 us the Passage [something differing from the  
 same as it is printed in his *Jani Anglorum facies*  
*altera*] about William the Conqueror’s Sur-

<sup>1</sup> Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. col. 4to. <sup>4</sup> Ed. fol. 1631. p. 600.  
 493. <sup>2</sup> Pag. 169. <sup>3</sup> Lib. I. cap. <sup>5</sup> P. IIII.  
 10. p. 167. Ed. Amst. 1679

vey) well knowing, that, notwithstanding a Leaf or two is wanting, in all likelyhood, in the Cottonian MS. he finished the Reign of Hen. III. in which Reign, from the Passage above transcrib'd, he plainly understood that he flourished, and that, carrying the Work no farther, he could not survive long after, at least not long enough to write the Glories of the Reign of Edw. I. Mr. Selden began very early to be acquainted with him, and no body hath done him more honour. He look'd upon him as a very valuable Historian, and, therefore, hath occasionally quoted him in several Places of his other Works, (particularly many times in his *Notes and Illustrations on the first Part of Drayton's Poly-olbion*) as well as in his *Jani Anglorum facies altera*. Mr. Wood also had a right notion of his Age, but then he hath one Observation, that I have not met with elsewhere, and that is, that he was personally present at Oxford, when the Fray, I have spoke of<sup>1</sup>, happened between the Scholars and the Townsmen in M<sup>C</sup>CLXIII. *Hæc mihi Inquisitio quædam* (saith that Author<sup>2</sup>) *super eâ re facta succincte exhibit, cui nec repugnant Poëtæ<sup>3</sup>, ibi tum præsentis, carmina; quæ quamvis & succo careant & colore, cùm ex novitate tamen delectationem nonnullam afferre possint, subjungi forte mereantur.* What authority

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<sup>1</sup> §. VII. <sup>2</sup> Hist. & Antiq. | <sup>3</sup> *Rob. Glocestrensis* in Hist. Univ. Oxon. l. I. p. 111. | *metrica* MS. fol. 152. b. 153. a.

Mr. Wood had for this does not appear, tho', I suppose, he found it either in Brian Twyne or Dr. Gerard Langbaine. But whatever that authority was, I do not doubt but he went upon very good and sure grounds, and I shall, for that reason, reckon Robert of Gloucester not only as an Oxford Writer, but as actually present in that University at the very time of that famous Scuffle.

Our Author seems to have resided in Oxford in an old House on the West Side of Stockwell Street.

§. XXII. It is said by several (and among others by Dr. Thomas Fuller<sup>1</sup>) that he was a Monk of Gloucester. Nor do I know (at present) of any good reason to think otherwise. It is very likely, therefore, that as a Monk he was sent hither by some of the Directors of the great Abbey of Gloucester, to take care of the Youth here, that they had under their care. In so

<p><sup>1</sup> " ROBERT of GLOUCE- " STER, so called, because a " Monk thereof. He is " omitted (whereat I wonder) " both by Bale and Pits, ex- " cept disguised under ano- " ther Name, and what I can- " not conjecture; they speak " truly, who term him a " Rhimer, whilest such speak " courteously, who call him a " Poet. Indeed such his " Language, that he is dumb " in effect to the Readers of " our age without an Inter-</p>	<p>" preter, and such a one will " hardly be procured. An- " tiquaries (amongst whom " Mr. Selden) more value him " for his History than Poe- " try, his lines being neither " strong nor smooth, but " sometimes sharp, as may " appear by this Tetrastick, " closing with a pinch at the " panch of the Monks, which " coming from the Pen of a " Monk is the more remark- " able.</p>
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\* Cells or Portions.  
† Ruler or Governor,  
*sed quære.*

" In the Citie of Bangor a great Hous tho was,  
" And ther vndyr vii \* Cellens and ther of ther † Nas  
" That c.c.c. Moncks hadde othur mo  
" And alle by hure travayle lyvede; loke now if they do so.  
" He

much, that I am apt to think, that, upon that score, he resided in an old House, where Monks<sup>2</sup> used to study, on the West Part of **Stockwell-street**, in the same Place where Gloucester College (afterwards styl'd Gloucester Hall, and at length Worcester College, on the West Side of which the Monks of Gloucester had a Mill<sup>3</sup>) was since founded in the Year 1283<sup>3</sup>. or, as others<sup>4</sup> say, in 1281. by John Giffard Baron of Brimsfield, the same that was so famous for his Military Skill in the time of Hen. III. and

“He flourished some Four hundred years since under King Henry the second, and may be presumed to have continued till the beginning of King John, 1200”. Fuller’s Worthies of England; p. 358. in Gloucestershire. Dr. Fuller did well to put in the Margin, *sed quære*, his Interpretation of *nas* being as wrong, as that of the Author of an Essay about the old English Poëts and Poëtry, printed in *the Muses Mercury*, which I have mentioned in my Glossary, under the word *non*. These Rhythms are extant also in p. 61. of the Introduction to Weever’s *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, where Weever likewise, by his marginal explication (*seuen cells, or seuen portions, which had every one a seuerall head or ruler ouer them*) seems to have been equally ignorant of

the true signification of the word *nas*. By comparing these Rhythms with the genuine Robert of Gloucester, they will immediately appear to be corrupted. *nas* signifies *was* not. The meaning of the Passage therefore is, *and there was not one of those Cells, but what had three hundred or more monks.*  
<sup>1</sup> *Domus monachorum studentium in Stockwell-strete Oxon.* Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 88. p. 8. <sup>2</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 62. pag. 116, 117.  
<sup>3</sup> Hist. & Antiq. Univ. Oxon. l. II. p. 338, 380. Reyn. Apostol. Bened. in Angl. Tr. 3. p. 53. Monast. Angl. Tom. I. p. 540. b. Dugdale’s Baron. Tome I. p. 500. Tanner’s *Notitia Monastica*, p. 184. <sup>4</sup> See Dr. Leonard Hutten’s *Antiquities of Oxford*, p. 324. published by me at the End of *Textus Roffensis*.

is mentioned, for that reason, towards the End of this History. Nor will it seem strange, that any Monks of Gloucester should be here before the Foundation of any such College, if it be considered, that they were extremely desirous of having their Youth educated in Academical Learning, and that this gave occasion, in good measure, to the said John Giffard to build that College in this Place, which he had observed his Neighbours, the Monks of Gloucester, to take so much delight in, and he was very willing to free them from hiring any Tenements, and from being at other Charges for the Education of their young Men, for the future.

The strange Mistake of Mr. Weever, with regard to the Age of Robert of Gloucester.

§. XXIII. Among others, that were conversant with the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, was John Weever, a person right famous for his very useful Book of ancient Funeral Monuments, where he hath published many Passages of this Chronicle, but with so little skill, that he not only confounds the spurious with the genuine Robert of Gloucester, but even ascribes the Prose part also to him. In pag. 60. of his Introduction, or Prefatory Discourse, he calls him Robert the Monk of Gloucester, and speaks of him as a Writer about the Year 1231, or the 15<sup>th</sup>. of Hen. III. And in the Book pag. 458, 459. brings him as low as Edw. I. in which he is right enough, provided he had not attributed

ted that to Robert of Gloucester which is none of his. But then he is quite out, when, in pag. 589. he brings him as low as Edw. II. and there transcribes a Passage in Prose, and calls it his, when it was really written by one, that lived in the time of Hen. VI. as the rest of the Prose was. 'Tis very strange, that so diligent a Man as Mr. Weever, should not see his Mistake, especially when he had the use of the very MS. that now belongs to the Heralds Office.

§. XXIV. As I find, that the true Sirname of Robert of Brunne was Manning (for he calls himself in one Place<sup>1</sup> of his Chronicle **Robert Mannyng of Brunne**, now *Bourne* a Town in Lincolnshire where was a Monastery) so I wish also, that I could discover the true Sirname of Robert of Gloucester. I have endeavour'd to do this, but as yet in vain. His Name does not at all occur, either in an ancient or modern Hand, in the Harleyan MS. Nor does it so much as once appear (that I know of) in the Text of the Cottonian MS. except in the Passage I have transcribed, where, however, we have no Sirname of any kind. Indeed I have before observed<sup>2</sup>, that, at the beginning of that MS. the History is ascribed to Robert of Gloucester in a modern Hand, and 'tis by this Name that he is called by Antiquaries and Hi-

Robert of Brunne's true Sirname was Manning. But the true Sirname of Robert of Gloucester does not occur.

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<sup>1</sup> See in the Glossary to this Work, p. 706. <sup>2</sup> See §. XVIII. storians.



storians, who, without all dispute, had good Authority for it, tho' it does not appear, that any of them had met with his true Sirname, which, I suppose, came to be disus'd after his Fame was spread for his skill in History, just as that of Robert Manning's dwindled also, when he was once celebrated. Nor did Manning seem so desirous of being called by his true Sirname as by that of Brunne, that so Robert of Brunne might look as great as Robert of Gloucester. And that this was very great may appear from hence, that tho' many Robert of Gloucesters are met with in old Registers, yet

<sup>1</sup> " One *Magister Rob. de Glocestria* was one of the Clerks or Chaplains to *John de Oxon.* and *John Grey*, Bishops of *Norwich*, and is frequently met with as Witness to their Charters from 1176. to 1204.—Bp. *Kennet* from some Register of *Bury* saith, that he was an Archdeacon in the Church of *Norwich*, about *A.D.* 1219. but this I have not yet found my self. Perhaps he was the same with the *Mr. Rob. de Gloucestr.* nominated to the Archdeaconry of *Stafford*, during the vacancy of the See of *Lichfield* (Pat. 14. Joannis m. 3. n. 2.) or with him who was Chancellor and Prebendary of *Chichester*, and died 7. *Hen. III.* (Rot. Claus. ejusd. anni.)—By the Institution

" *Rolls of Hugh Willis*, Bp. of *Lincoln*, it appears, that one *Mr. Rob. de Gloavernia* was Instituted *A.D.* 1229. to the Church of *Teinton* (Archid. Oxon.)

" Another *Rob. de Glocestria* was Official to *Godfrey Bp. of Worcester A.D.* 1300. (Angl. Sacr. I. Annales Wigorn.) perhaps the same who was Chancellor to *Rob. Winchelse* 1304. (Reg. Winch.) and to *Walter Reynolds* 1318. Archbishops of *Canterbury* (Reg. Henr. prioris Cantuar.)—

" There was one of the name Prebendary of *St. Decuman* and Canon of *Wells*, who died *A.D.* 1321. (Registr. Johannis Drokensford.)

" Another Rector of *S. Ann's Aldersgate* 1358, (Newcourt.)

" And

PREFACE.

LXXXI

(as far as I can learn) they were all eclips'd by the Historian, the Acts of all of them put together being not equal to what he hath done by compiling this Work. I have already noted, that neither the Name of Robert of Gloucester, nor that of the new Modeller of the History, is any where to be seen in the MS. of the Heralds Office. But the Work being discovered to be originally this Author's, on the Back side of the Book (which is of a late Binding in rough Leather) is put in golden Capital Letters,

ROBERT \*  
OF  
GLOCESTER.

§. XXV. It must be confess'd, that in one part of this MS. at the very bottom, just on the Brink of a Page, are written these Words, in an old Hand (as ancient as, tho' a little different from, that of the Book:) *Hic incipit Robertus Moille.* When I first saw these Words, I thought *Moille* had been the true Sirname of

The name of Robert Moille inserted at random, as it seems, in the MS. of the Heralds Office. That MS. concludes with some Verses that are not in Caxton.

<p>“And in <i>Lib. Epist. Acad.</i>  “<i>Oxon. F. Ep. 23.</i> Letters testimonial for <i>Robert Gloucester</i>, A.M. but this was after the year 1400.  “Many other Secular Clerks of both Names have occur'd to me since 1320.  “none of whom probably</p>	<p>“was our Historian.”  Hæc, meam in gratiam è Collectaneis suis à seipso descripta, cum amicissimo Bakero Cantabrigiensi (qui perquam lubenter transmisit) communicavit vir eruditissimus Thomas Tannerus, Cancellarius Norwicensis.</p>
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Robert of Gloucester, but the Words being written on a Page, where no new matter begins, and it being in a Prose part of the Book, and that too in the Story of the Saxon Times, and there being not the least reference to any Thing in the Volume, I take them as put down at random, and not to belong, in the least, to the Author. And this is all I have to say with respect to this MS. unless it be, that, after the Reign of Henry the Third, the History goes on in Prose (being the same, abating some Alterations, as usually happens in MSS. of this kind, with Caxton's Chronicle, which John Stowe<sup>1</sup> is pleased to style a fabulous book, compiled by a nameless Author, but printed by William Caxton, and therefore called Caxton's Chronicle) to the famous Battle of Halidowne Hill, in the Year 1332. which was the sixth Year of K. Edw. the Third's Reign, in which the English got such an intire Victory of the Scots, and slew such a vast number of them, that, the Father of the Scottish Historians, John Fordun thought it too lamentable<sup>2</sup> a Subject, to enter into the particulars of it. In relation to this Battle there are some Verses in this MS. that are not in Caxton, for which reason I shall here publish them, advertizing at the same time, that, tho', perhaps, formerly there were other Leaves (for there are the Remains of

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<sup>1</sup> Annals, p. 307. Ed. fol.    <sup>2</sup> Scotchchronicon, p. 1022.

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LXXXIII

one, that had been cut out, now plainly to be seen in it) in which, probably, the History had been carried somewhat farther, yet, at present, these Verses are the very last part of the History, and are brought in thus: — and þan þe Englyſhe mynſtrelle betyn hure tabrys, & blowyng hure trompps, and pypers ppendyn loude, and made gret ſhoutte vppon þe Scottes, & þan hadde þe Englyſhe bachelerys eche of hem two whynges of archers, þe whyche at þe aſſemble orpydly drawyn hure bowes, and ſo þey ſmot þe Scottes, þat þey felle to grounde by many þouſandys, and anone þe Scottes by gonne to fle fro þe Englyſhemmen, forto haue hure lyues. But whan þe knabys, þat were byhynde þe Scottes, to kepe hure horſis, ſawe þe diſcomfitour, þey prikyd away hure maſtreyſ horſ, to kepe hem ſelf fro perile. And þan þe Englyſhemmen toke many of þe Scottyſhe horſ, and þey priked after þe Scottes, and ſlow hem doune ryghte, and ſo men myghte ſe þe worþy and noble kyng Edward of Engelond, and his folk, how manfully þey chaſtyde þe Scottes.

¶ There þan men myghte ſe,  
 Many a Scott ſwiftly fle,  
 And þe Englyſhemmen after prikyng,  
 With ſharp ſwerdys þe Scottes ſtykyng.  
 & þer hure banerys weryn founde  
 Al diſplayd lyeng on grounde,  
 And þay lay ſprad on blood,  
 As þey fougheten on þe flood,  
 That þe Englyſhemmen drent ſhold be,  
 For þat þey hopyde to ſe.

## THE PUBLISHER'S

For so hey hoppyde to spede,  
 Seyng he flood hat was on Tweede.  
 For he Englishemen myghte not fle,  
 But yf adrent hey shold be.  
 & han perto loh hey were,  
 For hey boughte noughte in suche fere,  
 But hey kept hem on londe,  
 So hat he Scottes myghte noughte stonde.  
 For hey were fyllyd to grounde,  
 Many a housand in hat stounde.  
 & he Englishemen purlywid hem so,  
 For the flood was al a go ;  
 And hus he Scottes discomfityd were  
 In lytill tyme wih gret fere.

This Work is a  
 great Curiosity.  
 The Repröäch in  
 neglecting the  
 black Letter.

§. XXVI. I have now finished what I  
 had to say (and, I fear, I have writ  
 too much) by way of Preface about  
 Robert of Gloucester. He is certainly a  
 great Curiosity, and I do not doubt, but he will  
 be esteem'd as such. As the Acts of the Apo-  
 stles, that I published from Archbishop Laud's  
 MS. is the first intire Book, that was ever  
 printed in England in Capital Letters, so this  
 Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester is the very  
 first intire Book, that was ever printed in this  
 Kingdom (it may be, in the whole World) in the  
 manner I have done it, that is, in the black Let-  
 ter,

## PREFACE.

LXXXV

ter, with a mixture of some Saxon Characters, which is the very Garb that was in vogue in the Author's time. The Saxon Characters, that are intermix'd, are ȝ or ȥ, (which some represent by ȝ,) þ or th̄ (the top of which in many MSS. among which are to be reckon'd those of this Author, is made a little too short, *viz.* p, just like the Saxon double u) p or w (which, however, is but here and there) and y or p̄. I am very sensible, that the Obsoleteness of the Language will deterr many from Reading this very usefull Historian; but to such, as shall be pleased to make themselves acquainted with him (in order to which the Glossary, I have drawn up and subjoyn'd, may be of some service) he will appear very pleasant, entertaining and diverting, and they will value him the more, as he comes out in his primitive Dress. As it is a Reproach to us, that the Saxon Language should be so forgot, as to have but few (comparatively speaking) that are able to read it; so 'tis a greater Reproach, that the black Letter, which was the Character so much in use in our Grandfathers days, should be now (as it were) disus'd and rejected, especially when we know, the best Editions of our English Bible and Common Prayer (to say nothing of other Books) are printed in it.

Oxford April 14.

1724.

[In the present Edition, for the convenience of the Reader, the Roman Character has been adopted.]

## *Advertisement.*

**T**HE first Payment for this Work to Subscribers was one Guinea the large, and half a Guinea the small, Paper. The second Payment is to be the same with the first.

The Publisher is now printing (from a MS. in the Inner-Temple Library) **Peter Langtoft's Chronicle of England** (*as illustrated and improv'd by Robert of Brunne*) from the Death of Cadwalader to the end of K. Edward the First's Reign. To which will be added, besides a Glossary and other curious Papers, (1) *A Roll concerning Glastonbury Abbey, being a Survey of all the Estates belonging to that House at the Dissolution, taken by King Hen. the Eighth's order and for his use.* (2) *An Account of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen (near Bautre) in Nottinghamshire, by John Slacke, Master of that Hospital.* The Price of this Work (which will make two Volumes in 8<sup>vo</sup>. and was never before printed) will be two Guineas the large, and one Guinea the small, Paper; whereof half is to be paid at the time of Subscribing, and the rest when the Copies are delivered. Subscriptions are taken in either by the Publisher at Edmund-Hall, or by John Rance at the THEATER Printing House, in Oxford.



<sup>1</sup>ROBERT of  
GLOUCESTER'S CHRONICLE."

**E**NGELOND <sup>2</sup> ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,  
 Y set in þe ende of þe world, as al in þe West.  
 þe see goþ hym al a boute, he stont as an yle.  
 Here fon heo durre þe lasse doute, but hit be þorw gyle  
 Of <sup>3</sup> fol of þe selue lond, as me haþ y seye wyle.  
 From Souþ to Norþ he ys long eigte hondred mýle :  
 And <sup>4</sup> foure hondred mýle brod from Est to West to wende,  
 A mýdde þo lond as yt be, and nogt as by þe on ende.  
 Plente me may in Engelond of alle gode y se,  
 Bute folc yt for gulte oþer zeres þe worse be.  
 For Engelond ys ful ynow of fruyt and of tren,  
 Of wodes and of parkes, þat ioye yt ys to sen.  
 Of foules and of bestes of wylde and tame al so.  
 Of salt fysch and eche fresch, and fayre ryueres þer to.  
 Of welles swete and colde ynow, of lesen and of mede.  
 Of seluer or and of gold, of tyn and of lede.

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<sup>1</sup> *Adjeci.*    <sup>2</sup> *Vide Camdeni* | *pag. 7. Ed. Lond. 1629.*    <sup>3</sup> *I.e.*  
 Remaines concerning Brittain, | *folc.*    <sup>4</sup> *Two Ar.*



## Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

Of stel, of yrn and of bras, of god corn gret won.  
 Of whyte and of wolle god, betere ne may be non.  
 Wateres he haþ eke gode y now, ac' at " be fore alle oþer þre  
 Out of the lond in to þe see, armes as þei be.  
 Ware by þe schippes mowe come fro þe se and wende,  
 And brynge on lond god y now, a boutte in eche ende.  
 Seuerne and Temese, <sup>2</sup>Homber yt is þe þridde.  
 And þenne is as wo seiþ þe pure lond a midde.  
 Homber bryngeþ by Norþ mucche god and wyde,  
 Seuerne by West <sup>3</sup>Souþ, " Temese by þe Est syde.  
 So þat of god y now, þat in oþer londes ys,  
 þer by comeþ to Engelond, þat no defaute nys.  
 Yles þer beþ mony on a boutte Engolonde.  
 Ac þer beþ to fore alle oþere þre ich vnderstonde :  
 The yle of Man þat me clepuþ, by twene vs and Yrlonde :  
 þe grete yle of <sup>4</sup>Orkeneye bi gonde Scotlonde.  
 þe þridde ys, toward Normandye, þe yle of Wygt by Souþe,  
 þre þe beste yles þese beþ and <sup>5</sup>mest couþe.  
 þe firste lordes and maystres, þat in Engelond were,  
 þese chef townes heo lette in Engolonde rere.  
 London and Euerwik, Lyncolne and Leycestre ;  
 Colchestre and Canterburý, Bristow and Wircestre.  
 Chichestre and Grauntebrigge, and þanne Cirencestre ;  
 Dorchestre and Wyncestre, and seþþe Gloucestre.  
 And oþer grete tounes, þat þo were in Walis.  
 þis was þo in Engolond <sup>6</sup>Brytones were y wys.

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<sup>1</sup> *Deest in Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> And Hum- | of name couþe *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> þat Bru-  
 ber is the þrydde *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> *Deest* | tones *Ar.*  
*Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> *Orcades Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Most

Engelond haþ i be y nome and <sup>1</sup> i worred y lome.  
 First þoru grete lordes þe emperoures of Rome,  
 þat fogte and wonne Engelond, and þat lond nome.  
 Seþþe þoru <sup>2</sup> Picardes and Scottes, þat to Engelond come,  
 þat worrede and destruiode, ac al clene ne wonne it nozt.  
 Seþþe þoru Englische and Saxones, þat hider were y brougt  
 þoru Brutones forto helpe hem, and seþþe hem ouercome  
 þe Brytones, þat hem hyder brougte, & þat lond hem bi nome.  
 Seþþe haþ Engelond y be <sup>3</sup> y werred y lome  
 Of þe folc of Denemark, <sup>4</sup> þat beþ nozt zet wel y some,  
 þat ofte wonne Engelond, and hulde yt by maystrie.  
 þe fyfte tyme won Engelond þo folc of Normandie,  
 þat a mong vs woneþ zet, and schulleþ euer mo :  
 We schul here aftur in þis boke telle of al this wo.  
 Brytones were þe firste folc þat to Engelond come.  
 Foure kynges heo maden þo in þis kyndome.  
 þe kyng of West sex, & of Kent, & of Norþomber þe þridde,  
 And þe kyng of þe March, þat was here amidde.  
 þe Saxones and þe Englische þo heo hadden al an honde,  
 Fyue and þritti schiren heo maden in Englonde.  
 Souþsex and Soþerei, Kent and Estsex,  
 Barkschire and Hamptschire, and þenne Myddelsex,  
 Dorsete and Wiltshire, and Somersete al so.  
 Deneschire and Cornewayle, and Gloucestre þer to.  
 Schropschire, and of Wircestre, and of Herford.  
 Chestre schire and <sup>5</sup> Warwil, Derby and Stafford.

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<sup>1</sup> Y wonne *pro* i worred *in* | red and y nome *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> þat were  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Pictes *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Y wer- | nought welcome *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Sic.*

Lyncolne ant Hontyndone, and of Bedeford.  
 Bockyngham and Norþamptoun, and of <sup>1</sup>Oxenfoþ.  
 Norþfolc and Soþfolc, and Grauntebrigge al so.  
 Hertfort & Leycestre, and Nothyngam þer to.  
 Euerwik and Cardoel, and Norþomburlonde.  
 þese schires wiþ oute Walis beþ alle in Engolonde.  
 Seuentene bischopriches in Engelond beþ also.  
 Cardoil, and Duram, and Euerwik þer to.  
 Of Ely and of Cauntarbury, of Norþwiche, of Rouchestre,  
 Of London, of Salusbury, of Chichestre, of Wynchestre,  
 Of Lyncolne, and of Chestre, and of Wircestre,  
 Of Herford, and of Baþe, and al so of Excestre.  
 þenne þer beþ in Walis þre wiþ oute more,  
 Seynt Datuid, and Landap, and seþþe Bangore.  
 Of Euerwik and Canterbury beþ erchbischopes two.  
 Duram beþ and Cardoil vnder Euerwik y do.  
 And alle þe oþer of Engolond, and al so of Walis,  
 Under þe erchbischop beþ of Canterbury y wis.  
 þe Saxones in heore power þo heo were so riue,  
 Sene kynges heo maden in Engolonde, and seþen bute fyue.  
 þe kyng of Norþomberlond, and of Est Angle al so;  
 Of Kent, and of West Sex, and of þe March þer to.  
 þe kyng of þe March þilke tyme hadde wel þe beste,  
 Muche del of Engolond, þe on half al bi Weste.  
 Wircestre schire, and Warwik, and also of Gloucestre,  
 þat ys nez al þe bischop riche of Wircestre.  
 He hadde eke þer to Chesturschire, and Derbyschire also,  
 And Stafford schire, þat beþ alle in on bischopriche y do,

<sup>1</sup> L. Oxenford.

In

In þe bischop riche of Chestre; and zet he hadde þer to  
 Schropschire som, and half Warwik schire al so.  
 þis kyng hadde eke Herfortschire, þat on bischopriche is;  
 Ac Schropschire naþ haluendel to þilke bischopriche i wis.  
 And som of Gloucestre schire, and of Warwik schire al so.  
 zet hadde þe kyng of þe March wel more lond þer to,  
 Northamptschire, & Bokyngham, and þe schire of Oxenfort;  
 Leycetre, and Lyncolne, and þe schire of Hertfort;  
 þat is al on bischopriche, þat of Lyncolne ys,  
 þat wule was at Dorchestre bi syde Oxenfort iwis.  
 zet hadde þe kyng of þe March Notyngham schire þer to,  
 In þe bischop riche of Euerwik, ac þo nas hit nozt so.  
 And al Walis zet þer to, þat a gret lond ys:  
 Al þis was þenne y cleped the March of Walis.  
 For þat lond þat bi twene Homber & the water of Temese y wis  
 Ich wene in þe bischop riche of Lyncolne ys.  
 And þe bischop riche of Lyncolne, and bi West al þat lond,  
 þe kyng som tyme of þe March hadde al in hys hond.  
 þe kyng of West sex hadde þo al Wilt schire y wys,  
 And Dorsete and Barkschire, þat o bischopriche is.  
 þe bischopriche of Salesbury, & al Souþsex, he hadde also,  
 þe welde & al þe bischopriche of Chichestre þer to.  
 And Souþampschire & Soperay, þat on bischop riche ys.  
 þe bischopriche of Wynchestre, þat zet ys þere y wys.  
 And Somersete, þat to Welles þike tyme drow,  
 And now ys þe bischop riche of Baþe, ze wyteþ wel y now.  
 Seþþe hadde þe kyng of West sex al Denene schire y wys,  
 And Cornewayle, þat in þe bischopriche of Exetre ys.

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þe kyng of Kent was þo kyng of al þo lond of Kent,  
 þer were two bischopes, & zet nys it nozt y went.  
 þe bischopriche of Canterbury, þat of Engelond ys hext,  
 And þe bischopriche of Roucestre, þat in the West syde is next,  
 þe kyng of Est Angle kyng was of Northfolc,  
 þe bischopriche of Northwych, and al so of Sopfolc.  
 And of þe bischopriche of Ely, þat þe yle of Ely ys,  
 And of al Cambrugge schire, þat þerto falleþ y wys.  
 þe kyng of Northumburlonde kyng was ich vnderstonde  
 Of al þo lond bi zonde Homber anon in to Scotlonde.  
 þese fyue kynges were þo, ac bute on now þer nys.  
 For þe kyng of West sex al þe oþer wan y wys,  
 And was seþþe al one kyng, as oure kyng now ys.  
 Here afturward in þis bok me schal here al þis.  
 In <sup>1</sup> þe contre of Canterbury mest plente of fysch ys.  
 And mest <sup>2</sup> chase a boutte Salesburi of wylde bestes y wys,  
 At London schippes mest, & wyn at Wyncestre.  
 At Herford schep & orf, & fruyt at Wircestre,  
 Sope a boutte Couyntre, yrn at Gloucestre.  
 Metel, <sup>3</sup> as led & tyn, in þe contre of Excestre.  
 Euerwik of fairest wode, Lyncolne of fayrest men,  
 Grantebrugge and Hontyndone mest plente of dup fen.  
 Ely of fairest <sup>4</sup> place, of fairest sigte Roucestre.  
 Euene ageyn Fraunce stonde þe contre of Chichestre,  
 Norwiche ageyn Denemarc, Chestre ageyn Yrlond,  
 Duram ageyn Norwei, as ich vnderstonde.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Camden's Remaines, p. 8.    <sup>2</sup> Chalke at Saresbu-  
 ry, & wild bestes y wys Ar.    <sup>3</sup> And pro as in Ar.    <sup>4</sup> Plate Ar.

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þre wondres þer beþ in Engolond, none more y not.  
 þat water of Baþe ys þat on, þat euer ys yliche hot.  
<sup>1</sup> And fersch & euere springe, ne be chele no so gret.  
 Suche baþes þer beþ fele in þe clos & in þe stret."  
 Upon þe pleyn of Salesbury þat oþer wonder ys,  
 þat <sup>2</sup> Stonhyngel ys y clepuð, no more wonder nys.  
 þe stones stondeþ þer so grete, no more ne mowe be,  
 Euene vp rygt & swyþe hye, þat wonder it is to se :  
 And oþer liggeþ hye aboue, þat a mon may be of a ferd,  
 þat vche mon wondre may how heo were first a rered.  
 For noþer gyn, ny monne's strengþe, yt þynkeþ, ne mygte yt do.  
 Telle me schal here afturward of þis wondres boþe two,  
 And how heo were first y mad. þe þridde wonder ys  
 Up þe hul of þe pek. Norþ wynd þere y wys  
 Out of the erþe ofte comeþ, of holes as yt were,  
 And bloweþ vp of þilke holes, so þat yt wolde a rere  
 And bere vp grete cloþes, gef heo were þer ney,  
 And blowe hem here and þere vpon þe lofte on heý.  
 Fayre <sup>3</sup> weyes monyon þer beþ in Engolonde,  
 Ac foure mest of alle þer beþ ich vnderstonde,  
 þat þe olde kynges mad, wer þoru me may wende  
 From þe on ende of Engelond uorþ to þe oþer ende.  
 From þe Souþ tilleþ in to þe Norþ <sup>4</sup> Eningestret ;  
 And from þe Est in to þe West Ikenildestrete.

<sup>1</sup> *Desunt in Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Stonhenge Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Vide Dugdali Antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 6. & Ductorem nostrum Historicum, Vol. II. p. 77.* <sup>4</sup> *Ermingstreet vulgo. At in Ar. lyne*

*pro Eningestret habemus. Sic enim illic :*

Lyne me clepeth eke thulke wey, he goth thorgh Gloucester,

And thorgh Circetre euene also,

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From Douere in to Chestre tilleþ Watlingestrete,  
 From Souþ Est in to Norþ West, and þat ys som del grete.  
 þe ferþe is mest of alle, þat tilleþ from Tottenais,  
 From þe on ende Cornewayle anon to Catenays,  
 Fro þe Norþ Est in to Souþ West in to Engelonde's ende:  
 Fosse me clepuþ þike wey, þat by mony god toun doþ wende,  
 So clene <sup>1</sup> lond ys Engolond, and so pur with outen ore,  
 þat þe fairest men of þe world þer inne beþ y bore.  
<sup>2</sup> So clene, and fair, & purwyt, among oþer men heo beþ,  
 þat me knoweþ hem in eche lond bi sygte, where me hem seþ.  
 So clene al so is þat lond, & monne's blod so pur,  
 þat þe gret vnel comeþ not þer, þat me clepuþ þo <sup>3</sup> holy fur,  
 þat <sup>4</sup> for<sup>ll</sup> freteþ monnes lymes, rygt as heo were <sup>5</sup> brende.  
 Ac men of France in þilke vnel <sup>6</sup> me syþ sone a mende,  
 gef heo ben brougt in to Engolond: war þorw me may wyte,  
 þat Engolond ys lond best, as yt is y write.

also, and thorgh Wynchestre. *Verum his de viis videsis tractatum egregium, (ab Amico doctissimo Rogero Galeo scriptum, & à nobis in VI. Volume Itinerarii Lelandi editum,)* cui titulus, "An Essay towards the Recovery of the Courses of the four great Roman

ways," *ubi (p. 106.) fragmentum Roberti nostri de iisdem, ad fidem Codicis Digbeiani, exstat.*

<sup>1</sup> A lond *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> So clene, so whyte, so fayr of hew, among *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Wilde fuyr *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Deest *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> For brende *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Ofte me sykþ amende *Ar.*

**F**RO þe by gynnyng of þe world, to þe tyme þat now is,  
 Sene ages þer habbeþ y be, as sene tyme y wys.  
 þe firste age & tyme was from oure firste fader Adam  
 To Noe, & seþþe þo oþer from Noe to Abraham.  
 þe þridde was from Habraham forte Moyses com,  
 þe ferthe fro Moyses to Dauid kyndom.  
 þe fyfþe was from Dauid to þe transmigracion  
 Of Babilonye, & þe sixþe to þe incarnation,  
 þat is, forte God was y bore. þe sene was & ys  
 From oure Lorde's burþe time to þe worlde's ende y wys.  
 'þo Adam was first y mad, & hys of spryng wex wyde,  
 Heo by gonne at þe on ende of þe world, al in þe Est syde.  
 Seþþe it wex wyde a boute, fro lond to londe,  
 So þat in þe þridde age it wes er it come to Engelande.  
 For in þe tyme bi twene Abraham & Moyses it was,  
 þat men come to Engolond. ich wol telle gou þat cas.

**A** Batayle þer was while in þe contre of Rome,  
 þe meste þat euer was, as me haþ herd y lome :  
 þe bataile of Troie, þat laste fele ȝer.  
 Mony was þe gode body, þat y slawe was þer.  
 For þer nas knyzt in monylonde, ny stalewarde man,  
 þat in þe o syde þer was; & al for a<sup>2</sup> wommon,

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<sup>1</sup> After þat Adam maked | gan in þe Est syde *Ar.*  
 was his ofspryng wax wyde, | <sup>2</sup> Womman *Ar.*  
 At on eynde of þe worlde hit



þat Elyne was y clepud, þis bataile first bi gan.  
 An hey mon þer was by fore, þat me clepude Dardan.  
 Of hym com þe gode Bruyt, þat was þe firste man  
 þat lord was in Engelond, as y zou telle can.  
 Dardan bi get Troye, þat god mon was & wys.  
 Troie bi get Priamus, & al so Anchis.  
 þese were in þis batail of mest mygt and mayn.  
 Anchis bi get Eneas, and Eneas Ascayn.  
 Ascayn bi get Silui, of whom þe Brut com.  
 For Eneas aftur þe bataile Ascayn ys sone nom,  
 And Silui Ascaine's sone, & oþer þat þer were,  
 In to þe lond of Lumbardy wende, & wonede forþ þere.  
 þo Silui hadde bi gete a child, fayn he wolde y wyte,  
 What mon þat child schulde be, þat he hadde y gete.  
 A clerk þoru enchantement hym bi gan to telle,  
<sup>1</sup>þat þe schulde first fader and moder quelle :  
 And seþþe he schulde mony lond ouer passe and wende,  
 And mony bataile ouer come, and seþþe, at þe ende,  
 To a noble lond he scholde come, & þere al lord be,  
 And kynges come of hys blod, & þat me schulde se.  
<sup>2</sup>þat Eneas bi gan hys of spryng to Lumbardie first brynge  
 þre þousant & sixe & tuenti zer fro þo worlde's bi gynnyng.  
 þo þe clerk hadde y seid hys enchaunterye,  
 þer fore Silui hym let sle. ac þat was lytel maistrie.

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<sup>1</sup> þat þat childe sholde furst  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> þre þousend yer and  
 foure skor fram þe worlde's  
 gynnyng Was, byfore þat  
 Eneas hys tem to Itaille

þus gan brynge. þo þis clerk  
 hadde y sed al hys enchaun-  
 terye, Siluius let hym sle.  
 litel was þat maistrye. *Ar.*

For hit com ner þe later, as he hadde y seyð.  
 For <sup>1</sup> in trauayl of hys beryng hys moder was first ded.  
 þo þis child was y bore, me lette hym clepe <sup>2</sup> Bruyt.  
 First lord he was in Engolond, of wham me spekep ȝet.  
 þe child wex & wel þrof, as þe clerk seyde er.  
 Seþþe þo yt hadde þe elde of fyftene ȝer,  
 As he wolde schete an hert, al a ȝeyn hys wille  
 To deþe he schet ys owne fader, þat he lay þer stille.  
 Hit hym for þougte sore y now, ac noþeles ȝet he was  
 Out of þat lond ydriue for þat deolful cas.  
 In to þe lond of Grece he wende, <sup>4</sup> & þo wonede he þere  
 Of þe kynde of Priamus mony men, þat þor were,  
 þat wer þer of hys nexte blode, þat were þer in seruage.  
 Here elderne þer by fore were y nome in ostage  
 Fram þe bataile of Troie, in wreche as it were,  
 For þe grete slaught and wo, þat here kynde dude þere.  
<sup>5</sup> þe Bruyt among hem com, to such prowes he drow,  
 þat <sup>6</sup> al þe kyn, þat hym say, hadde of him joye ynow.  
 So þat at þe laste, þo he <sup>7</sup> in stat was,  
 And þem þougte, þat ys pere in þe world nas,  
 þe folc of þat ilke blode aboutein hym drowe faste,  
 þat he scholde ys owne kynde of þat seruage caste.  
<sup>8</sup> Heo comen alle a bouten hym, so þat þe Brut y sey,  
 þat heo were of gret power, & noble folc & hey,

<sup>1</sup> In trauail as he was bore,  
 his moder was þo deed *Ar. è*  
*regione vero (in margine)*  
*manu recentiori*, his mother  
 dyed in childe bede. <sup>2</sup> Brut  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Yut *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And þenne

fond he þere *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> þo þat  
 Brut *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Al his kyn, þat  
 wisten hit, þer of had ioye y  
 now *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Manne's stat *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Hy come al a bouten hym,  
 & whanne hem alle he sey,  
 Hym

Heo garkeden hem to gedere, þat a fair ost yt was.  
 To þe kyng of Grece he sende, þat hatte Pandras,  
 þat heo scholde so noble folc, þat of so gret blod come,  
 Out of seruage lete, and out of þraldome,  
<sup>1</sup> Or hym ne schulde not wondry, þay heo dude here mygt  
 With here bodies, þat agte be so free, for to wynne here rygt.  
 þo kyng hadde in hys þogt gret <sup>2</sup> bysmar of þis kyng.  
 He <sup>3</sup> garkedede is ost anon, to grounde hem to bryng.  
 þis Brut a zeyn hym with ys ost wel wyssyche drowe.  
<sup>4</sup> Heo smyton þer a batayle hard and strong ynow.  
 þe prowes þat þe Brute dude no tonge no telle ne may,  
 Mony was þe gode body þat hym self slou þat day.  
 What halt yt longe to telle? Hys fon he ouercom,  
 And Pandras, þe stronge kyng, as <sup>5</sup> pryson he nom.  
 þis kyng þo he was y nome, here wille dude anon,  
<sup>6</sup> And brogte hem out of þraldom, þo he say non oþer won.  
 He by gan to loue Brut so muche, for ys faire cheiance,  
 þat he wyllede, mest of alle þynge, to hym enlyance.  
 "Brut," he seyde, "þou art now þe beste body þat ys.  
 "For þe noble kyn, of wom þou art, & for þi prowes y wis,  
 "Ych obligi me to þe, and my kyndom al so.  
 "A dogter ich haue of gret prys, & noble & god al so,  
 "Y zeue here þe to þi wyf, & zef þou wolt by leue here,  
 "þe þridde del <sup>7</sup> my kyndom y zeue þe to be my fere.

Bellum.

Capcio  
regis.

Hym þoughte he hadde power  
 ynow of noble folk & hey. He  
 gaderede hem alle to gedere  
 faste, a fayr oste þer was *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Oþer hym ne sholde nought  
 wondry, þough hy, for hure  
 ryht, Wiþ hure bodies make

hem fre dude þer to hure  
 myght *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Skorne *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Or-  
 deyned *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hy *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Pri-  
 soner *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> þo he non oþer  
 bote y sey, he yaff hem hure  
 fredom *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Of my *Ar.*

“ And

“ And gef þou nylt not here be, ac wolt zet fonde more,  
 “ Gold & seluer ich wol þe zeue, & y now of eche store:  
 “ And take <sup>1</sup> þe my dogter: for mon þou art y wys,  
 “ To wynne zet a kyndom, wel beter þan myn ys.  
 þis kyng & þe Brut were at on, þat to wyf he tok  
 Hys dogter Innogen, ac hys lond he for sok.  
<sup>2</sup> þe kyng tok Brut ys owne body, in ostage as yt were,  
 For te hit were to gedere y brogt al þat <sup>3</sup> he wolde a rere.  
 He lette sende hys messageres in to al Grece wel wyde,  
 And <sup>4</sup> lette fulle corn, and oyl, & wyn, by <sup>5</sup> iche syde.  
<sup>6</sup> Me chargede þre hondret schippes, & foure & twenti þer to,  
 þer wyþ, & mid al oþer god þat mygt þer inne do.  
 þo þis schippes gare were, and ful of <sup>7</sup> ruche gode,  
 And þis mayde y spoused was of so <sup>8</sup> riche blode;  
 þe kyng de lyuerede þat folk out of seruage,  
 And Brut de liuerede þe kyng out of hys ostage,  
 And nom hys leue fayre of hym, and þonkede hym all gode,  
 And nom with hym al þat folk, þat he fond þer of hys blod,  
 And hys wyf Innogen, and to schip wende,  
<sup>9</sup> Heo nuste toward wuche lond, but as God hem sende.  
 þe deol þat made Innogen, no tonge ne telle ne may.  
 Heo cryede and wep with sorwe y now, & ofte y swone lay.  
<sup>10</sup> þo ho wende from al hire kyn, & from al þing þat heo knew,  
 And nuste on erþe whiderward, bute as þe wynd hem blew,  
 And wiste þat heo ne schulde neuer a geyn com ny go,  
 Ne se fader, ny oþer kyn, lord! þat hire was wo?

Sponsacio  
Innogen.

Recessus  
Bruti.

<sup>1</sup> To þe my doughter, for noble þou ert and wys, <i>Ar.</i>	<i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> Euery <i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> He <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>2</sup> þe kyng to Brut his body toke, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> Hy <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> Het	<sup>7</sup> Eche <i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> Heygh <i>Ar.</i>
	<sup>9</sup> þey <i>Ar.</i> <sup>10</sup> When sheo wende <i>Ar.</i>

Brut hire cluppede and cussede, & comfortede hire y now,  
<sup>1</sup> þat he ne myzte hire herte change, þat heo to sore ne drow,  
 Twey dayes <sup>2</sup> heo wende in þe se fro the lond of Grece,  
<sup>3</sup> So þat heo comen to an yle, þat me clepuþ Leogece.  
 þider <sup>4</sup> heo gonne ryue, and Brut sende vp þere  
 þre hondred men y armed wel, to loken wat lond yt were.  
 þis men wende a boutte wyde, & mon fonde <sup>5</sup> heo non,  
 Bute faire contre & wylde bestes mony on.  
 A temple <sup>6</sup> heo fonde fair y now, & a mawmed a midde,  
<sup>7</sup> þat ofte tolde wonder gret, & wat þing mon bi tidde.  
 þis men of þis wylde bestes cagte & schete y now,  
 And to a store hem of mete faste to schip drowe.  
<sup>8</sup> Of the mamet heo tolden Brut, þat heo fonden þere,  
 And he nom with hym tuelue men þe beste þat with hym were,  
 And a clerk þat kouþe enchantement, & to þis temple drowe,  
 And offrede to þis mamet, and <sup>9</sup> honourede hym ynowe,  
<sup>10</sup> And <sup>11</sup> forte wyte in what stude hys wonyng were.  
 þo he hadde hys bone y do, he fel on slepe rygt þere.  
 Hym þougte þe ymage in hys slep tolde hym hys cheance.  
 " Brut," he saide, " passe norþe al þe lond of France  
 " West, toward þike stude as þe sonne draweþ aȝen eue.  
 " þer þou schalt fynden a place <sup>12</sup> god in to byleue.

<sup>1</sup> He ne myghte hire sorwe  
 slake nought, to sorwe so heo  
 drow *Ar. omisso þat.* <sup>2</sup> He  
 saileyde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Fort he come  
 to *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> þey *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hy *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Hy *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> þat Dyane god-  
 esce cleped was, and tolde ofte

what bi tydde *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Of þat  
 godesce hy tolde Brut, þat hy  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Worsheped *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> O-  
 mittit *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Forto *Ar.* <sup>12</sup>  
 Good and fair inne to byleue  
*Ar.*

" An

" An yle god & riche y nowe, þe se goth al a boutē:  
 " Wule þat lond was y fulled with <sup>1</sup> geandes strong & proude.  
 " And now yt ys as a wilderness, for no mon ther inne nys.  
 " To þe it wole be god and riche, & to alle þyne y wys.  
 " And yt worþ an oþer Troie to þe, and so god,  
 " þat þer schul kynges come & springe of þi blod.  
 þo Brut a wok of hys slep, & al þis vnder stod,  
 Hys men he tolde al þis cas with wel <sup>2</sup> bliþe mod.  
 Heo garkedē hem & wendē uorþ, þe wynd was god y noȝ,  
 So þat toward þe West here schippes euene drowȝ.  
 So þat <sup>3</sup> with þritty dayes to Affric heo come,  
<sup>4</sup> And arst heo wende vp on þe lond, & fette hem prey y lome,  
 And fogte & slowe muche folk, for no mon hem at stod.  
 From Affric þei wente uorþ with the wynd þat was god.  
 So þat heo fonden in a stude here kynrede bi cas  
<sup>5</sup> Of noble mon Hercules, þat wyle of Troie was.  
 Corineus hatte here souereyn, þat so strong was of honde,  
 þat hym ne myȝte no mon ne geant at stonde.  
 þo þis folc to gadere com, and Brut Corineus fond  
 þo strengest mon & þe meste þat hym þogte in eny lond,  
<sup>6</sup> Heo a coyntede hym a non, and bi comen frendes gode,  
 Boþe for here prowes, and for heo were of on blode.  
 þo þis company was strong, & more þan it was er,  
 Al in on company heo wendē uorþ þer  
 In þe see with god wynd, so þat at þe laste  
 In to þe on ende of Gasycone þe wynd here schippes caste.

<sup>1</sup> Geauntz ferce & proute | a londe, and hure preye nome  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup>Joyful *Ar.* <sup>3</sup>Byþynne | *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>Of þe noble *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>Hy  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup>And þer hy wende est | a queyntede *Ar.*

Corineus þis stronge mon to hondred men with hym nom,  
 And wende <sup>1</sup> on lond to honty þo he to lond com,  
<sup>2</sup> Forte purchase hem mete, and þe kyng Goffare  
 (þat was kyng of þe lond) þo he was ware,  
 þat such folk was y armed (as me seyde) & ryuen vp hys lond,  
 And nuste wat folk it was, to hem he sende hys sonde,  
 To wyte, weþer <sup>3</sup> he wold pes, oþer <sup>3</sup> heo nolde non.  
 þe messageres <sup>4</sup> þei wenden uorþ metten hem ech on.  
 Corineus with hys company as heo dude honte þere,  
 Heo aschede at Corineus, how heo so hardi were,  
 To honte vp þe kyng's lond, bute he leue hem zeue.  
 Corineus saide, þat he nolde nomon asche leue,  
 To <sup>5</sup> honto and to wynne hys mete, & habbe solas & game.  
 þe maister of þe messageres (<sup>6</sup> Imberd was ys name)  
<sup>7</sup> Bende ys bowe & schette a non to Corineus to gronde.  
 Corineus tok hys bowe of hym, & smot hym a wonde  
 A bouen on þe scolle with ys owne bowe a non,  
 þat þe scolle to breke in peses mony on.  
 Hys felawes þo heo say þis bi gonne to fle echon,  
 And tolde þe kyng fore how the game was al igon.  
 þe kyng <sup>8</sup> made hym wrog y now, & no wonder yt was,  
 þat strange men in hys owne londe dude hym such trespas,  
 þat a sailede ys lond, and to robbery drowe,  
 And robbede ys bestes and ys game, and hys men slowe.

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<sup>1</sup> Up to hunty <i>Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> Forto <sup>3</sup> Hy <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> As hy wende forþ mette hem <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> <i>L.</i> honte. <sup>6</sup> Hymbert <i>Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> Bende his bowe to shete	hym, & Corneus in þat stounde. Bynam Hymbert his bowe anon, & ryght hym one wounde Right euene vpon þe skulle <i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> Hym made wroþ ynow, <i>Ar.</i> He
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He wende with al ys power, and sailede hem a non. Bellum.  
 And Brut & Corineus <sup>1</sup> prest were, and here men echon;  
 And smyten a batail so strong, þat no tonge telle may  
 þat folk, þat þer was y slawe on eyþer side þat day.  
 Corineus ys <sup>2</sup> swert sone brac, so strong he smot & faste.  
 For no swerd mygte with ys dunt none lengur laste.  
 Mid hym he hadde a stronge axe, þat mony mon brogte to deþe,  
 So strong & so gret, þat an oþer hit scholde hebbe vn neþe.  
 Corineus þer with harde smot & sturedede <sup>3</sup> hym a boute,  
 And made his wey bi eiþer syde, and percede þe route.  
 Mid þre hondred knyghtes a duk, þat het Siward,  
 A sailede Corineus hymself <sup>4</sup> a forward.  
 He smot Corineus harde y nog, þat he hit sore felde,  
 And zet he hente þe stroc mucche del vp on þe schelde.  
 Corineus was þo somdel wroþ, ys axe on hey he drow,  
 And smot hym vpon þe hed mid god earnest y now,  
<sup>5</sup> And for clef al þat hed, & the bodi a non to gronde.  
 þo mygte Siward segge, þat he hadde ys <sup>6</sup> is " pere y fonde.  
 þo Corineus <sup>7</sup> was alles wroþ, so grete strokes he gaf,  
 þat þe body of-eche þat he smot or þe hed he to clef,"  
 Oþer he smot of þe <sup>8</sup> arm, or þe hond, or þe heued :  
 No lym þat he smot <sup>9</sup> mid þe bodi bi leued.  
 Amty placc he made a boute, <sup>10</sup> & folc fleu hym faste.  
 A wonder maister <sup>11</sup> he was on, þat hem so kowþe a gaste.

<sup>1</sup> A redy were, to meten hem  
 echon *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Swerd *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hym  
 swyþe aboute *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Al a  
 voreward *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> He for cleu-  
 ede al þat heued, his body fel  
 to gronde *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Redundat.*  
<sup>7</sup> Was forsoþ so wroþ, þat

such dundes he yaf, þat euery  
 þat he hitte a right, his deþ  
 forsoþ he haþ *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Eren  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Was wiþ *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> þe  
 folk fleygh fulfaste *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> þere  
 he was, þat hem *Ar.*



So faste he slow of þis men, and to gronde caste,  
 þat þe kyng with a fewe men hymself flew at þe laste,  
 þo þe batail was y do, Brut and þis Corineus  
 A storede hem a bout of richesse and chateus,  
 Of corn, of wyn, of alle god, & to schippe faste drowe,  
 And brende þe contre, and þe folc faste slowe.  
 þo heo hadde al bare imad þe contre al aboute,  
 And <sup>1</sup> heo wel y stored, of noþing þei were in doute;  
 Heo wende to schip anon, & euene gonne dryue  
 To þe contrei of Toures, & þere þei gonne a riue.  
 A fair place heo cheson hem, & þere heo gonne a rere  
 Walles wyde and strong ynow, casteles as hit were,  
 And a storede hit wel y now, & here god þer inne bere,  
 For to a bide þe kyng, gef he wolde a sayle hom þere.  
 þe kyng Goffar þiderward gret power and ost nom  
 Of France and of oþer londes, and toward Toures come.  
 þo <sup>2</sup> heo seye þe grete walles, casteles as it were,  
 Ou! he seide, þe grete despit, þat y se to me here,  
 þat <sup>3</sup> þis file and komelynges casteles leteþ rere  
 Op on my lond baldeliche, as me for to a fere.  
 Ne doþ heo me schame ynoz. how myzte heo do more?  
 Bute y be þer of a wreke, y schal dye for sore.  
 For Gode's loue, staleworþe men, armeþ zou faste,  
 To sle þese komlynges, and here casteles a doun caste.  
 þis folc hem armede anon, and baneres gonne rere,  
 And departede here ost in twolf partyes þere.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hem self *pro* heo in *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> He *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> þese foule kemelynges  
*Ar.*

Brut ordeynede ys ost, and sette hem wyslyche,  
 And with god herte a gyn þe folc wende baldeliche.  
 þere heo smyton a batail, harde and strong ynow,  
 And þis folc of Troie of þe Frensche faste slow,  
 ge two þousand and mo in a lytul stonde,  
 So þat þe Frenche were neȝ y brouȝt to gronde.  
 And naþeles here <sup>1</sup> ferd wax faste a boute wyde,  
 For heo hadde suche þritti men, as were on þe <sup>2</sup> oþer.  
 For here power and here ost wax euere so faste,  
 þat þis gode folk of Troie ouer come were at þe laste,  
 And flow into here casteles, þo heo hadde oþer won.  
 þe ost withoute of France bi segede hem a non,  
 And bi lai hem so faste, þat neȝ to gronde hem broȝte.  
 So þat Brut and Corineus an quoyntyse hem by þoȝte,  
<sup>3</sup> þat þis Corineus bi nyȝt wende out with gret route  
 At a posterne stilleliche, þat heo nuste it not with oute.  
 A morwe Brut with inne with ys ost out drowe,  
 And smot with þis Frensche men batayle strong y now.  
 þere were mony þousand <sup>4</sup> slawe in a stonde.  
 Brut hadde a <sup>5</sup> neuue, þat mony broȝte to gronde.  
 For he slow mid his power, and <sup>6</sup> broȝte to schame,  
 Six hundred, as me seiþ, <sup>7</sup> Tourus was ys name.  
 At þo last he was bym self y slawe, þer was deol y nowȝ.  
 þo þe batail was neȝ y do, Corineus uorþ hym drowȝ.  
 With six þousant noble men, out of an wode þere,  
 And com vp þis Frensche men, þo heo al weri were,

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> Ost *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> *Adde,* syde.    <sup>4</sup> A slawe in a litel stonde  
<sup>3</sup> þat þis Corneus sholde out wende by nyghte wiþ *Ar.* | *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Cosyn *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Broughte  
 eke to *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Tours *Ar.*

And

And slow hem to gronde al for noȝt, so þat at þe laste,  
 Heo, þat myȝte of scape, bi gone to fle faste:  
 And heo of Troye siwede with oute eny feyntyse,  
 For wen þe strengþe faileþ, me mot take quoyntyse.  
<sup>1</sup> þe Brut and Corineus hadde here wylle of þis þing,  
 Heo lette here men, þat were y slawe, faire on erþe bryng.  
 And Tours þe gode knyȝt, þat so muche folc er slowȝ,  
 Brut lette bryng on erþe with honoure y nowȝ,  
 And lette a fair tabernacle in honour of hym rere,  
 And fair hous al abouten hym, & bi gan þe cite þere,  
 þat noble cite was and ys, and for Tours þat þer lay  
 þe cite me clepede Tours, as me doþ ȝet to þis day.

**BRUT** & Corineus þo he hade here wille in al þe londe,  
 He <sup>2</sup> wende & saide al a boute, for noþing myȝte hem at stonde.  
 Heo chargede here schippes faste and wel with alle gode,  
 And wende uorþ with god wynd & wel dryuyng flode;  
 And driue euer West ward, so þat in god pais  
 Heo come here to Engolond to <sup>3</sup> hauene of Tottenais,  
 To þe on ende of Engolond, as in þe West Souþe,  
<sup>4</sup> A lute bi fore Cornewail, as is an hauene's mouþe.  
 þis was þre þousant, and foure score, and þre ȝer  
 From þat þo world was first mad, þat <sup>5</sup> þat " heo ariuede þer.

<sup>1</sup> þo *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wende a boute  
 & preyede faste, ne myȝt hem  
 nought astonde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> þe ha-  
 nene *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A lyte by Norþe

Cornewaille, in Deueneshire  
 hit is couþ. <sup>2</sup> Hit was þre þou-  
 sand *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Redundat.*

And er God were y bore euene yt was al so  
<sup>1</sup> Ellene hondred ȝer and þritti ȝer and two.  
 þus com to Engelond þe firste men y wis,  
 þat euere wonede in Engelond, þat were Brut & hys.  
 þo Brut and his men þus come first a londe,  
 Heo wende a boutte wyde þe <sup>2</sup> contreis forto fonde.  
 Gret plente heo fonde of fisch, as heo wente, by þe weye,  
 Of wodes and of riuers, as is in þe contrey.  
 Lond heo fonde god y now to tilie, and alle god,  
 So þat <sup>3</sup> to bi leue þer here herte fel and stod.  
<sup>4</sup> Heo fonden a vewe geandes, for broide men as yt were.  
 In to Cornewaile heo driue hem, in to olde diches þere.  
 Heo howsede and bulde faste, and erede and sewe,  
 So þat in lutel while gode cornes hem grew.  
 Corn & fruyt hem wex ynow, & fisch ynow þei fonde,  
 And of flesch, so þat heo were riche y now in astonde.  
 Bruyt bad Corineus forto chese of eche contre ywis,  
 Wuch hym were leuest to habbe to hym and to hys.  
 Cornewaile hym likede best, þerfore he ches þere  
 To hym and to hys ospryng, <sup>5</sup> & for þer geandes were."'  
 For he willed to fygte with geandes, & do hem schame.  
 þat londe he clepude Cornewaile, aftur hys owne name,  
 Cornewaile aftur Corineus, and in þis maner y wys  
 Corineus bi wan Cornewaile, to hym and to hys.

Gigantes,

Corineus  
elegit Cor-  
nubiam.

---

<sup>1</sup> Eneleuene hundred hit was, & þrytty ȝer þer to (omisso two) in *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Contrey *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> þer to byleue hure | hertes wel stood *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ge-  
 aunes a fewe hy fonde her, vnmete men as hit were *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> þe Geaunes to a fere *Ar.*

Brut

Brut huld to hym Engelond; he ne durste <sup>1</sup> hym not playne,  
 And aftur Brut ys owne <sup>2</sup> nome he clepede hit Breteyne.  
 Brytones me clepude alle men þat were of Engelond,  
 As me clepede hem longe seþþe <sup>3</sup> for to now late ich vnder-  
 stonde."

*Gogmagog.* **G**OGGOMAGOG was a geand swiþe grete and strong.

A boute four & twenti fet me seiþ he was long.

A gret ok he wolde <sup>4</sup> breide a doun, as it a smal gerde were,

And bere forth in his hond, <sup>5</sup> þat folc forte a fere.

He com with twenti geandes, and a sailede Brut faste.

Brut with ys power slow þis geandes at þe laste,

Alle bute Gogmagog, for hym ne slow he nozt;

For he schulde with Corineus wrastele he hadde y þouzt.

<sup>6</sup>So þat Corineus and he to gedere were y brozt,

*Luctacio.* þe wrastolyng bi twene hem was som del tozt.

þer was mony a strong breid, so þat ribbes þre

þe geant brek of Corineus, as me myzte þer y se.

In þe rigt syd two, and in þe lift syde on.

þo was Corineus somdel wroþ. he sterede hym a non,

And gripte þis geant, and to an hey roche hym drow,

þat stod a boue þe see an hey, & þer a doun hym <sup>7</sup> slow.

So þat he was al to raced pecemel in a stonde,

Eche lym from oþer, among þe roches, er he com to gronde.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hym no þyng playne *Ar.* | <sup>4</sup> Braye a doun *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> þe folk  
<sup>2</sup> Name *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Fort Saxo- | alto a fere *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> þo *Ar.*  
 nes gonne hit fonde *Ar.* | <sup>7</sup> Flough *Ar.*

þat Corineus was al one lord of Cornewaile þo.  
 Wan þe geandes were alle y slawe, þat þer bi leuede no mo,  
 Brut wende forþ into Engolond, and aspiede vp and doun  
 For to seche an ese place, to make an heued toun.  
 He com and fōnd al vp Temese a place fair y now,  
 In god contre & plenteus, þat is herte mucche to droȝ,  
 þat <sup>1</sup> þe'' schippes migte from eche lond bryng <sup>2</sup> to'' god ywis.  
 þer he rerede hys heued toun, þat London i clepud is:  
 Ac so ne clepude he yt nogt, bute þe Newe Troie.  
 þer haddeþ kynges and moni oþer ofte y be in ioie.  
 Brut þis noble prince sones hadde þre  
 By þys wyf Innogen, noble men and fre:  
 Locryn, and Kamber, and Albanak al so.  
 At þe laste dyede Brut, þo al þis was y do,  
 Aftur þat he com to Engelond in þo four & twentiþe ȝer.  
 Y buried he was at London, þat he lette first rere.  
 þis lond was deled a þre among þre sones y wys,  
 Bi West Seuerne Kamber hadde, and so al Walis.  
 Albanak bi ȝonde Homber: ac Locryn hadde best  
 Al out that lond bi twene hem, fro þe Est to þe West.  
 For þat he was eldeste, me lokede hym best by rigt.  
 þese were as þre kynges, and men of mucche myȝte.  
 þe kyng of Hungri <sup>3</sup> seþþe com, Homber was ys name,  
 In to Scotlond to werre, and do Albanak schame,  
 And werrede vp hym faste, and at the laste hym sloȝ.  
 þo Locryn herde þis, sore he wes y nogt.  
 Aftur hys broþer Camber hasteliche he sende,  
 And boþe with gret ost to ward the kyng wende.

Incep̃io  
Londini.

Obitus  
Bruti.

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> Deest Ar. <sup>2</sup> Deest Ar. <sup>3</sup> Sup Ar.

He smyte a batail strong ynow (ne strengor myzte be)  
 So þat Homber kyng of Hungri <sup>1</sup> seþþe bi gan to fle  
 In to a gret water þer, & a dreynt hym self with schame;  
 þar fore me clepude þat Water þo Homber, aftur hys name,  
 As me deþ zet, and euer more wole, for þe cas  
 þat Homber, kyng of Hungri, þer ynne a dreynt was.  
 þo Locryn hadde al his wille, he a storede wel ys lond  
 Mid Homber kynges god, þat <sup>2</sup> me of hys fond.  
 þo fond <sup>3</sup> he þre damyseles, gent and fair ynowz,  
 þat Homber with hym brozte, to þe on ys herte drow,  
 þat was of hem cheuenteyn, and þe kynges dozter was  
 Of Germanie, as hym þougte, in þe World hire pere nas,  
 So whit, ne of such colour, ny in eche maner so gent.  
 Kyng Locryne's herte was al clene vp hire y went,  
 And tok hire forþ with hym mid gret honour y nowz,  
 And þogte hire to spouse, so ys herte to hire droz.  
 Ac Corineus, duk of Cornewaile, <sup>4</sup> wroz y now was  
 Toward kyng Locryn, þo he herde þis cas.  
 For he hadde hym a forward hys dozter hadde to wyue,  
 Hys gret axe he nom in hys hond, & to hym <sup>5</sup> hyede bi lyue.  
 His axe þo he to hym com, so grisliche he schok & faste,  
 þat þe kyng quakede & ys men, so sore heo were a gaste.  
 " Sei (he seide) Locryn, wat þenkestow for to do ?  
 " þenkestow me Corineus to bi traye so ?  
 " Hast þou for zete þe gret wo, and þe mony harde wonde,  
 " þat ich hadde y þoled for þi fader, & <sup>6</sup> þe <sup>7</sup> mony <sup>7</sup> luþer stonde,

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<sup>1</sup> Sone Ar.    <sup>2</sup> He Ar.    |    Ar.    <sup>5</sup> yede as blyue Ar.  
<sup>3</sup> Men pro he in Ar.    <sup>4</sup> Wroth    |    <sup>6</sup> Deest Ar.    <sup>7</sup> Wicked Ar.

" For to wyne hym lond & zou, and þou hast now forsake  
 " My dogter, þat schulde be þi wif, & to a kemelyng take?  
 " þou ne schalt (bi hym þat made <sup>1</sup> me) of scapie so lygte,  
 " þe while þer ys in my rygt hond eny strengþe & mygte;  
 " And while y may þer wyt myn hond axe vp drawe,  
 " Wher with ich hadde geandes mony on y slawe.  
 He bi gan to schake ys axe, for to smyte anon,  
 Ac knyghtes criede, & zede bi twene hem mony on.  
 So þat þo kyng Locryn vnder fong wel fayn  
 And spoused <sup>2</sup> hys dogter, that hette Guendoleyn,  
 And <sup>3</sup> dude al his wille, (for he lokede so <sup>4</sup> rowe,)  
 More for eye þan for loue, (mony mon serueþ howe)  
 And nozt for þan þat oþer maide he louede more y now,  
 Astrild hire name was, and more to hire he drow.  
 He made hire vnder erþe a wonyng coynteliche,  
 And huld hire þer to his wylle longe priuiliche,  
 And drow to hire wan he wolde, þat no mon yt nuste,  
 Bute it were eny priue mon, þat hys priuite al wyste.  
 Whan he wolde to hire go, to hys mayne he seyde,  
 þat he wolde to his Godes his ofryng lede,  
<sup>5</sup> And þat he hadde, to honoure hem, a priue stude þere,  
 To sacrificise to his Goddes, þat moni war nere.  
 Segge he wolde eke al so to þe Quene ys spouse,  
 " And nopeles such sacrificise y ne kepte not at myn howse?"

Sponsacio  
filie Cori-  
nei.

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<sup>1</sup> Me a scapy *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Cor-  
 neus *pro* hys *in Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Dude  
 tho. al Corneus wille, *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Rough *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> And that he  
 hadde made a vow, to do a  
 sacrificise Priueliche to his God,

as he gan hym deuyse. Segge  
 he wolde right al thus to his  
 owene spouse, "Thes wiues  
 "suche sacrifice loueth at hure  
 "owene house." So longe  
*Ar.*



So longe he dude ys sacrifise, and pleide such game,  
 þat he hadde a dozter, <sup>1</sup> Auerne was hire name.  
 And þe Quene hadde al so in <sup>2</sup> sposhed bi gete  
 A sone, þat hette Madan, as it is <sup>3</sup> y writon.  
<sup>4</sup> Sone so þe quene fader Corineus was ded,  
 þe kyng hadde þer aftur wel sone y nome red.  
 He for sok is wyf al out, and Astrild made quene.  
 He ne dradde nogt þo <sup>5</sup> that handaxe, as it was y sene.  
 þo wende þe quene forþ to Cornewail a non,  
 And <sup>6</sup> zonge staleworþe men gederede mony on.  
<sup>7</sup> þat poer al þat was hire fader, & also of Engelerde,  
 So þat heo hadde sone gret power on honde,  
 And grot ost made and strong, and vp the kyng sette,  
<sup>8</sup> And þe kyng al so a zeyn hire, so þat heo hem mette,  
 And a batail vp Stour smite strong y now,  
 And þere þe quene folk þe kyng Locryn slow,  
 And mucche of his folk eke bute hem þat flowe.  
 So þat <sup>9</sup> a luper beuerage to here þi hosþe þei browe.  
 þo kyng myzte segge er þe while he was aliue,  
 þat in a luther time he striuede with his wyue.  
 zef alle <sup>10</sup> luper holers were y serued so,  
 Me schulde fynde þe les such spouse bruche do.  
 Ellene hundred zer þis kyng was þus bi fore  
 And <sup>11</sup> eygte zer y slawe er God were y bore.

<sup>1</sup> Sabrene *Ar.* & *in marg.*  
 (*à manu recenti*) Sabine.  
<sup>2</sup> Spoused *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Y write *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> So sone so the quene's *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> The *pro* þat *in Ar.* <sup>6</sup> yonge  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Al the power that was  
 hure fadere's, and mucche of

Engelerde, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The kyng  
 also a yentst hure, so hy to ge-  
 deres mette, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> A foul  
 beuerche to hure byhoue  
 they brough *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Foule holo-  
 yers *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> xviii. *Ar.*

þo was þis sturne wommon Guendolyn þe quene  
 Kyng y mad in þis maner, for heo was som del kene.  
 Astrilde hire bedsuster (hire lorde's concubine)  
 And hire doȝter <sup>1</sup> Auerne heo let nime atte fine,  
 And drenche boþe two in þe water of Seuerne.  
 And for yt was hire lorde's doȝter þat mayde <sup>2</sup> Auerne,  
 And for honour of hire lord, and for heo was of hys kynde,  
 Heo wolde þat hire name euer more in mynde,  
 And lette clepe þat water aftur <sup>3</sup> Auerne,  
 And seþþe þorȝ diuerse tonge me clepede hit Seuerne,  
 And deþ a letre þer to, and no more y wys.  
 In þis manner þike water Seuerne y clepud is.

Guendolyn was kyng fiftene ȝer þo.

And hire lord was kyng bi fore hire ten ȝer, & no mo.

<sup>4</sup> And Madan here sone fourti ȝer, þilke tyme þat Samuel  
 þe prophete wardede þat folk of Israel.

Samuel.

Meynpris, Madane's sone, kyng was tuenti ȝer,

<sup>5</sup> þe kyng Saul was of Ysrael kyng, and non er.

Saul.

þis was (as me may in bok rede and se)

Ar God were bore a þousand ȝer, and fourscore & þre.

<sup>6</sup> Ebran, Meynprise's sone, sixti ȝer was kyng.

He made þe toun of Euerwik, þat strong ys in alle þyng,

<sup>1</sup> Sabrene *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Sabrene,  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Sabrene, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ma-  
 dan here sone kyng was tho  
 forty yer ech del, In pro-  
 phete's tyme Samuel that  
 wardede Israel *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Whan  
 that Saul of Israel was kyng,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Ebrac, Mempris

is sone, sixty yer was kyng.  
 He bygan Ebrac wik atte  
 bigynnyng. And suth me  
 clepeth Euerwike this ilke  
 toun y wis, And York  
 also, thorgh light speche, y  
 hote also hit is. After þis  
 kyngus name his name hit

David  
rex.

And, aftur his name Ebran, Euerwik clepede it wel,  
þat tyme Daid was kyng in Yrael.

Brut ys sone þrottene kyng was, and no mo.

And <sup>1</sup> Leir kyng <sup>2</sup> fyne and twenti ȝer Brutesone was þo.

Salomou.

And he rerde þo town of Leycetre, & nempnede yt owne name,

þo þat Salamon þe wyse (mon of gret fame)

Kyng was of <sup>3</sup> Irael, þat kyng Daid sone was,

þat made þe temple of Jerusalem, such temple ner nas.

<sup>4</sup> Leile's sone þritti ȝer kyng was <sup>5</sup> and fyue<sup>6</sup> al so.

He rerde first Canturburi, and Wynchestre þer to.

<sup>6</sup> Babulf his sone aftur hym kyng was twenti ȝer.

He bi gan þe toun of Bape, and <sup>7</sup> þo hote bapes <sup>8</sup> þer

In þe veynes of þe water, as yt doþ vp walle.

He lette close <sup>9</sup> fuyr in metal quoynteliche withalle,

þat as <sup>10</sup> þo water comeþ þer bi þer it cacheþ hete.

þat metal ys now y turned into roches grete,

þat beþ euer y liche <sup>11</sup> hoto, & þo water þer of al so.

And eke þoru enchaument yt was first y do.

For þe kyng Babulf, þat yt made, gret enchanter was.

And þat hym mygte <sup>12</sup> seþþe rewe. ich wol telle þat cas.

For þat me schulde ys chaument y se,

He lette hym make wyngon, an hey for to fle.

hym by fel. This was whan  
Daid kyng regned in Israel.  
Brut grenschild, his sone, aftur  
hym tho Regned her in Enge-  
lond xxx. yer and mo *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Leil *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> xv. yer *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> Israel *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Lo his sone  
*Ar. sed Rudhudibras dicitur*

*aliis. 5 Omittit Ar. 6 Bladup*  
*Ar. 7 þe Ar. 8 Potest etiam*  
*ita distingui, ut periodus post*  
*þer, comma vero post walle,*  
*ponatur. 9 Fure and metal*  
*Ar. 10 þe Ar. 11 Hote Ar.*  
*12 Suth Ar.*

And

And þo he was y flowe an hey, & ne cowþe not a ligte,  
A doun mid so gret eir to þe erþe he fel and pigte,  
þat al to peses he to rof, þat heter hym hadde ybe  
Haue bi leued þer doune, þan y lerned for to fle.

<sup>1</sup> þis þilke tyme þat þe prophete Elye

Tempus  
Ely.

In <sup>2</sup> Irael prophete was, and <sup>3</sup> in oure Lord bi gan to crie,  
þat þer ne schulde þre zer <sup>4</sup> ny six moneþes þer to  
<sup>5</sup> No reyn no come on erþe, and yt bi fel al so.

**A**FTUR kyng <sup>6</sup> Babulf, Leir ys sone was kyng,

And regned <sup>7</sup> sixti zer wel þoru alle þyng.

Up þe water of <sup>8</sup> Soure a cite of gret fame

He <sup>9</sup> endede, & clepede yt Leicestre, aftur ys owne name.

þre doztren þis kyng hadde, þe eldeste <sup>10</sup> Gornorille,

þe mydmost hatte Regan, þe <sup>11</sup> zongost Cordeille.

þe fader hem louede alle ynoz, ac þe <sup>11</sup> zongost mest:

For heo was best and fairest, & to hautenesse drow lest.

þo þe kyng to elde com, alle þre he brogte

Hys doztren to fore hym, to wyte of here þozte.

For he þozte hys kyndom <sup>12</sup> dele among hem þre,

<sup>13</sup> And lete hem þer with spousi wel whare he mygte bi se.

To þe eldest he seide first, "Dozter ich bidde þe

"Sey me al clene þin herte, how muche þou louest me."

"Myn heye Godes," quof þis mayde, "to wytnesse I take echon,

"þat y loue more in myn herte þi leue bodi one,

<sup>1</sup> This was in thulke tyme

Ar. <sup>2</sup> Israel Ar. <sup>3</sup> On Ar.

<sup>4</sup> Ne Ar. <sup>5</sup> Reyn non in

erthe come, and aftur hit fel

so Ar. <sup>6</sup> Bladuth Ar. <sup>7</sup> xxx.

zer Ar. <sup>8</sup> Sore Ar. <sup>9</sup> Rerde,

and clepede Ar. <sup>10</sup> Gono-

rille, Ar. <sup>11</sup> Yongeste Ar.

<sup>12</sup> To dele Ar. <sup>13</sup> And eke

forto wedde hem wel wher he

myghte by se Ar.

" þan myn soule and my lyf, þat in my bodi ys.  
 þo fader was þo glad y now whan he herde þis.  
 " My leue dogter," he seide þo, " for <sup>1</sup> þou hast in loue y do.  
 " Myn olde lyf by fore þis, and bi fore þi soule al so.  
 " Ych wol þe marie wel with þe þridde part of my londe  
 " To þe noblest bacheler, þat þyn herte wol to stonde.  
 þo oþer dogter he aschede þo þat same askyng.  
 " Sire," quod heo, " <sup>2</sup> bi hye Godes, Lordes of alle þyng,  
 " Y loue more þi leue lyf þan al þat in þe world ys.  
 " And þei al þe world were myn, & al þe richesse ywys,  
 " Al and eke myn owne lyf leuer ich hadde lese,  
 " þan þi lyf, þat me is so lef, gef y mygte chese.  
 þe fader was þo glad y now, and bad hire vnderstonde,  
 To whom heo wolde y maried be with þe þride del ys londe.  
 þe <sup>3</sup> zongost he askedo þo as he hadde þo oþer y do.  
 Heo <sup>4</sup> no kouþe of no fikelyng, and ne onswerede not so.  
 " Sire," heo seyde, " y leue not þat my sustren al soþ seide.  
 " Ac for me my self, ich wol soþ segge of þis dede.  
 " Ych the loue <sup>5</sup> as þe mon that my fader ys,  
 " And euer habbe y <sup>6</sup> loued as my fader, & euer wole y wys.  
 " And gef þou wolt get þer vppe more asche & wyte of me,  
 " Al þe ende of loue & þe grond ich wol segge þe.  
 " As mucche as þou hast, <sup>7</sup> as mucche þou art worþ y wys,  
 " And <sup>8</sup> as mucche ich loue þe : þo ende of loue ys þis.

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<sup>1</sup> Though hast thi loue y do In myn old lyf to fore thyn, & to fore thi soule also *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> By the heyghe God, Lord *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Yongeste *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ne couthe of no flateryng, & aunswered nought so *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> As a man *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The *addit.* *Ar.* So mucche *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> So *Ar.*

þe kyng was þo wroþ y now, for heo seide al þat soþ.  
 For he seide, “ þou ne louest me nozt as þi sostren doþ,  
 “ Ac despisest me in myn olde liue, þou ne schalt neuer ywis  
 “ Part habbe of my kyndom, ne of lond þat myn ys.  
 “ Ac þyn sustren schulle habbe al, for here herte ys kynde,  
 “ And þou for þyn vnkyndenesse be out of al my mynde.  
 “ <sup>1</sup> Ac y ne segge nozt for þan, zef y mai to mariage þe vrynge,  
 “ þat y ne wol with oute lond with som lytel þinge.”  
 “ For þou art my dogter, & ich habbe more þan þi sostren boþe  
 “ Y loued þe one, & þou zeldest now my loue wroþe.  
 þer aftur euene a two he delede hys kyndom,  
 And zef hys twei dogtren half, & half hym self nom.  
 And þe eldest dogter mid hire del he zaf with oute faile  
 þe kyng of Scotlond, and þe oþer þe <sup>2</sup> kyng of Cornewale,  
 To haue half ys lond myd hem at þe bi gynnyng,  
 And seþþe al ys kyndom aftur ys endyng.  
 And þe gode Cordeille vn maried was <sup>3</sup> so.  
 For heo <sup>4</sup> nolde fikele, as hire sustren hadde y do.  
 Ac <sup>5</sup> God þouzte on hire for hire trewnesse.  
 For þe kyng of France herde telle of hire godnesse,  
 And bad hire fader graunt hym þe gode Cordeille.  
 þe kyng send word a zeyn, þat it was ys wille :

Particio  
regni.Maritacio  
filiarum.

<sup>1</sup> Ac nought for than, with  
 oute lond, with some litele  
 thyng Ich wole the to some  
 god man to mariage brynge.  
*Ar.* Non dico tamen, cum  
 filia mea sis, quin te alicui  
 externo, si illum fortuna ob-  
 tulerit, utcunque maritem, Il-  
 lud autem affirmo, quod nun-

*quam eo honore, quo sorores  
 tuas, te maritabo. Quippe  
 cum te plusquam ceteras huc  
 usque dilexerim, tu vero me  
 minus quam ceteræ diligas.*  
 Galfredus Mon. <sup>2</sup> Erl *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> þo *Ar.* Couthe flately  
 nought, as *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Almyghty  
 addit *Ar.*

Ac he nolde with hire zeue tresour, ny lond.  
 For ys two oþer dogtren hadde it al on hond.  
 þo þe kyng of France herde þis, he answerede þer to,  
 þat he hadde hym self lond y now, and tresour al so.  
 Ne þat he ne kepte bute hire one, withoute oþer þing,  
 þat heo mygte som eyres bi twene hem forþ brynge.  
 So þat at þe laste þis maide y spoused was  
 To þis kyng of France, as God gaf þat cas.  
 þo þis kyng Leif eldre was, heo bi gan to loþe,  
 For he so longe liuede, hys leue dogtren boþe.  
 Here lordes heo entisede, <sup>1</sup> to gedere to holde faste,  
 And wyne al þis lond to hem, & here fader out caste.  
 þis twei kynges nome here ost, and endede þis dede,  
 And bi nome þis olde mon ys lond, as here wyues bede:  
 Ac þe kyng of Scotlond, for rewþe and <sup>2</sup> kundede,  
 Hym nom to hym in to his hows, a zeyn ys wyue's rede,  
 Sixti knyghtes with honour to fynde hym al ys lyf,  
 As wo seyþ, for ys kyndom, & for honour of ys wyf.  
 With inne two zer þer aftur it þougte þe luþer quene,  
 þat <sup>3</sup> hire hadde to muche, & wolde to muche spene.  
 Heo made, þat of <sup>4</sup> sixti knyghtes hire lord with drog,  
 And made hym holde to þritti, & þat was hire þogte ynoz.  
 þis Leir was a schamed þo, & in wrappe at þe ende  
 To hys oþer dogter, þe quene of Cornewail, he gan wende,  
 And playnede of þe vnkynde dede of hys dogter <sup>5</sup> Gornorille,  
 And wende þere amendement to habbe aftur ys owne wille.

Spoliacio  
reg.

<sup>1</sup> To holde to gedre faste | and to moche wolde spene *Ar.*  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Manhede, Tok' hym | <sup>4</sup> xxx. knyhtus hure lord hym  
 hom in to his hous, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> | withdrough *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Gonorille,  
 Hure fader hadde so moche, | *Ar.*

þilke dogter hym to fonge with honour, as he wende,  
 Ac heo was al ful of hym er <sup>1</sup> þe zere's ende.  
 For heo entisede hire lord þo, þat ys knyghtes echone  
 For cost by nyȝme hym alle, bute a <sup>2</sup> fyue men one,  
<sup>3</sup> Wuche so it were to serue hym, & þat was y nowe.  
 þo þis seli mon þis herde, to sorwe ys herte drowe.  
 He nuste to weþer dogter beter truste þo,  
 And nopeles he wende ageyn to þe oþer with mucche wo,  
 And hopede for to fynde of here beter <sup>4</sup> meuske & grace.  
 And heo swor bi hire hye Godes anon in þe place,  
 þat he ne schulde mid hire be, bute it <sup>5</sup> one were,  
 And on knyght with oute mo, þe while he hym wel bere.  
<sup>6</sup> And askede, wad sorwe hym were, wan he nadde hym self  
 no god,  
 To wylne so gret cost, and be of so gret mod ?<sup>7</sup>  
 þis word dude much sorwe þis seli olde kyng,  
 þat atwytede hym & ys stat, þat he nadde hym self noþing.  
 þat word brak nez ys herte, & longe he yt vnderstod,  
 þat ys child at wiste ys pouerte, þat hadde al is god.  
<sup>7</sup> Neuer kyng ny quene glad, when heo hym seye,  
 Ac to þe joiful day hopede, that heo mygte dye.  
 He bi leuede, as he nede moste, forþ mid on knyght,  
 And þe quene ys dogter alle wo hym dude boþe day & nygt.

<sup>1</sup> þre pro þe in Ar. <sup>2</sup> x. Ar.  
<sup>3</sup> That were bileft to seruy  
 hym, and that hure thoughte  
 y noughe Ar. <sup>4</sup> Mylce Ar.  
<sup>5</sup> Onliche were, With o  
 knyght, with oute mo, Ar.  
<sup>6</sup> And seyde, what sholde an  
 old man be so heghe of mod,

And an [f. in] ydel, and in  
 wast, spende so mucche good?  
 Ar. <sup>7</sup> Ther nas ther nother  
 kyng ne quene glade, whan  
 hy hym sey, But lokede euer  
 after his deth, whan he sholde  
 dey Ar.

H 4

So



So þat he moste <sup>1</sup> for fyn myseise awei at þe ende.  
 þe oþer dozter he hadde a sayed, þat he ne durste to hire wynde.  
 þe quene of France þe þridde hym þog mid vn rygt  
 He misdude hire, þat he ne durste come in hire sygt.  
 Ac at þe laste þo he sei, þat he moste nede at þe ende  
 For pore miseise, (for fare leuer he hadde wende,  
 And bidde ys mete, ȝef he schulde, in a strange lond,  
 þan þer he hymself kyng was, & such þing hadde on honde)  
 At þe laste in sorwe ynow in to þe see he wende,  
 To do ys beste yn meseise were so God hym sende.  
 In þo schip as oþer prynces in gret pruyde he <sup>2</sup> bi hulde,  
 And he naddemid hym bute twei men, <sup>3</sup> hym þogte ys herte feld;  
 He þogte on þe noblei, þat he hadde in y be:  
 Planctus. He wep, þe terus roune doun, þat deol it was to se.  
<sup>4</sup> Mid ȝoxing & mid gret wop þus bi gan ys mone.  
 " Alas! alas! þe lufur <sup>5</sup> wate, þat fylest me þus one,  
 " þat þus clene me bryngust a doun, wyder schal y be brogt?  
 " For more sorwe yt doþ me, when it comeþ in my thogt  
 " þe noblei þat ich hadde y had, þat ich was wond to wynde  
 " Mid so mony hondred knyȝtes a boutte in eche <sup>7</sup> ende,  
 " And casteles nyȝme & tounes, & myn fon brynge to gronde,  
 " þan do al þe miseise, þat ich in i bonde.  
 " Leue dozter Cordeille, to soþe þou seidest me,  
 " þat as mucche as ych hadde y was worþ, þei y ne leuede þe.

<sup>1</sup> For mysaise (*omisso* fyn) in *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Bi held *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Alas! his herte was cheld *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> With wepyȝe & wailyȝe thus he made his mone: " A.

las! though lethur desteny, whi leuest though me thus al one? *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *i. e.* fate. <sup>6</sup> Of the *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Eynde *Ar.*

“ þo wyle ich ozt hadde ich was worþ, & now it ys al a gon.

“ Mi childeren, þat ich zef my god, beþ myne meste fon.

“ For my god heo louede me, & now he habbeþ euery del,

“ He nul not zeue me of myn owne mid god herte a mel.

“ A wey! doxter Cordeille, wyder schal ich now fle?

“ So mucche ich habbe þe <sup>1</sup> mys do, þat y ne dar þe y se.

“ Mid wuche bodi dar y come in þi sigt ene,

“ þat bi nom þe myn frenschipe for þi soþnesse al clene?

<sup>2</sup> þis men mowe here ensample nime, to late here sonas wyue,  
And zeue hem vp here lond al bi here lyue.

For wel may a symple <sup>3</sup> Francoleyn in mysese hym so bringe  
Of lutel lond, wan þer fel such of a kyng.

þo þis kyng hadde go a boutte in such sorwful cas,

At þe last he com to Caric, þere ys doxter was.

He bi leuede with oute þe toun, & in wel gret fere.

He sende þe quene ys doxter word, mucche is <sup>4</sup> antres were,

And þat pur miseise hym þider drof, & defaut of bi liue:

And bed hire, for þe loue of God, hire wraþþe hym for zeue.

þe quene þo heo herde þis, nei yswounyng was.

“ Alas!” heo seyde, “ ys my fader y brogt in such deolful cas?”

“ Mid how mony knyghtes ys he come?” þe oþer ageyn seyde,

“ Ma dame, bute mid o mon, & zet þilke in <sup>5</sup> feble wede.”

“ Alas!” quoth þe quene þenne, “ ys it now mid hym so?”

“ Nymcþ anon tresour y nowz, þat he haþ nede to,

Mandavit  
filie.

<sup>1</sup> A. gilt *pro* mys do *in* Ar. | wyue, Ar. <sup>3</sup> Man *pro* Fran-

<sup>2</sup> These sample men moughe | coleyn *in* Ar. <sup>4</sup> Auntres Ar.

y se, to lete hure children | <sup>5</sup> Simple wede Ar.

“ <sup>1</sup> And

“<sup>1</sup> And cloþeþ hym myd þe best cloþ, þat ge mowe y se,  
 “ And fourti knyghtes mid hym, þat of hys siwte be;  
 “ And doþ hem alle wel an horse, as a kyng bi comeþ to,  
 “ And whan<sup>2</sup> no defaute nys, þat al þis nys wel y do,  
 “ Sendeþ my lord word & me, þat my fader in londe ys.  
 Wat halt it to telle longe? Y do wes al þis.

þo kyng Leir arayed was, & men hem worde sende,  
 þe kyng & þe quene faire y now ageyn þe oþer kyng wende,  
 And with gret honour hym fongon, þo he to hem com,

<sup>3</sup> And token hym to ys owne wille al clene the kyndom.

þis was, lo! þe gode dogter, þat nolde fikele noȝt.  
 Ofte þing þat is fikeled to worse ende ys broȝt.

þe kyng of France aftur folc wide aboute sende,

Reditus  
Angliæ.

To a wreke hym of þe luþer men, þat ys frend so schende.

<sup>4</sup> þo he hadde power y now, þe kyng Leir he nom

And þe quene ys dogter, & to þis lond com.

Mony kynde men of þis lond with kyng Leir huld also,

For þe vnkynde suikedom þat his dogtren hadde y do.

So þat of France & of þis lond poer he hadde y now.

Toward hys fon with hem alle with god herte he drow,

And ouer com þis false<sup>5</sup> kynges & here wyues also,

<sup>6</sup> And a geyn in his kyndom mid gret honour y do.

<sup>1</sup> Bad hym clothe in the beste, that he myghte byse, And xl. knyghtes with hym of his suyt to be; *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> No faute ther nys, and al is wel y do, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Dederuntque ei potestatem totius Galliæ, donec eum in pristinam digni-*

*tatem restaurassent.* Galfridus Mon. <sup>4</sup> *Quo facto, duxit secum Leyr filiam suam, & collecta multitudine iuit in Britanniam.* Galfr. Mon. <sup>5</sup> Lordes *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Leir in his kyndom a ye with honour was y do *Ar.*

Cor-

Cordeille ys leue dogter eir of al ys lond  
 Aftur ys day he made, <sup>1</sup> þo þat he so kynde fond.  
 By þis tale me may iyse, þat men trewest we seþ,  
 And best me may to hem truste, þat of lest wordes <sup>2</sup> boþ.  
 With inne þre ȝer þe kyng of France dyede & þe kyng Leyr, Obitus regis.  
<sup>3</sup> And Cordelle þe kyndom song as þe ryȝt eyr,  
 And lette hire fadur burie with gret prude & honour  
 At Leicetre, þat he made hym self be side þe water of Sour.  
 þis gode quene Cordoille as kyng and quene þo  
<sup>4</sup> Bi leuede hire in þis lond fyue ȝer, and no mo,  
 Er hire twei suster sones, stalworþe men þat were,  
<sup>5</sup> Hennin and Morgan, werre <sup>6</sup> hire' goune a rere,  
 And hadden despit, þat wommon kyng schulde <sup>7</sup> be,  
<sup>8</sup> And napeles wyþ alle ryȝte hij were ner þan heo.  
 Heo gederede vp here aunte here ost aboute wyde,  
 And destruyde hire londes eyþer in his syde.  
 So þat at þe laste to <sup>9</sup> baile heo come.  
 þere þe quene here aunte in bataile heo nome,  
 And dude in strong prison, and þe kyndom  
 Delden bi twene hem, and eyþer ys part nom. Capcio regiar.

<sup>1</sup> So kynde he hure fonde  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *L. bep.* <sup>3</sup> Cordille  
 aftur hym auenge Brutayne  
 as ryȝt heir *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Cum er-*  
*go Cordeilla regnum per quin-*  
*quennium pacifice tractasset,*  
*cæperunt eam inquietare duo*  
*filiis ororum suarum Marga-*  
*nus & Cunedagius, quæ Mag-*  
*lauro & Hennino ducibus con-*  
*jugatæ fuerant. Ambo juve-*  
*nes præclaræ probitatis for-*

*mam habebant, quorum alte-*  
*rum, videlicet Marganum,*  
*Maglaurus generavit, Cune-*  
*dagium vero Henninus. Galfr.*  
*Mon.* <sup>5</sup> *Hemyn Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Deest*  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Beo Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And also by  
 ryȝt hy were fortherer than  
 heo. Hy gaderede to gedere  
 hure ost aboute by eche side,  
 And destrude her and ther  
 bothe in eche side *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Ba-*  
*taille Ar.* Morgan

Morgan kyng of Scotlond, as heo dele kouþe,  
 Hadde al þat lond bi Norþ, and <sup>1</sup> þe oþer bi Souþe.  
 With inne two ȝer þer aftur somme to Morgan come,  
 And, for he of þe elder soster was, bed hym nyme gome;  
 And seide hym it was gret despit, þat þer wer in þis lond.  
 Guerra. Twei kynges, wan rygt was, þat he it hadde al on hond.  
 þis kyng was enticed so, þat he nom atte laste  
 Ys ost, and vp hys cosyn bi gan to werri faste,  
 And bi gan to brenne & quelle, & atte laste y wys  
 þe oþer bi gan to turne a ȝeyn, and drof hym in to Walis.  
 And þer heo smyte a batail in þe Souþ half of þe londe,  
 And þer was Morgan y slawe, þat longe <sup>2</sup> was vnderstonde.  
 þe stude, þat he was at y slawe, me clepuþ ȝet Morgan,  
 And euere wole aftur hym, for he was so worþi man.  
 Cunedag was þo al one kyng, & þe kyndom to hym nom,  
 And nobliche <sup>3</sup> þre and" þritti ȝer held þe kyndom.  
 þe twey holy prophetes were Osee and Ysaie  
 þilke time in <sup>4</sup> Irael, and dude here prophecie.  
 Incepicio Romæ. Romulus and Remus þe twei breþeren y wys  
 Bi gonne þo first Rome, þat noble cite ys.  
 Four hundred ȝer it was, and <sup>5</sup> fourti euene al so,  
 Aftur þe batail of Troie, þat al þis was ydo.  
 And Rome was fyue hundred ȝer þus y mad bi fore.  
 And þre and fyfty ȝer eke, er God were y bore.  
 Aftur þis kyng Cunedag hys <sup>6</sup> sone, that hatte Riual,  
 Kyng was mad aftur hym, a wys mon þorȝ out al.

<sup>1</sup> Hemen pro þe oþer in Ar. | sunt Ar. <sup>4</sup> Israel Ar. <sup>5</sup> Four-  
<sup>2</sup> Is pro was in Ar. <sup>3</sup> De. | tyne also, Ar. <sup>6</sup> Brothur Ar.

Aftur hym Gurgust ys sone, and seþþe anoþer Sisille,  
 And mony on <sup>1</sup> seþþe afturwar, of wam mote be stille.  
 So þat atte laste Gurguont was kyng,  
 Stalworþe mon and hardy, and wys þorȝ alle þyng.  
 Muche þing, þat ys eldore loren þorw feyntyse,  
 þoru strengþe he wann seþþe a ȝeyn, & þoru ys koyntise.  
 þe kyng of Denemark <sup>2</sup> ber eche ȝer with lawe  
 Truage to Engolond, and bi gan hym to wyþ drawe.  
 þe kyng Gurguont hym porueyede of power y now,  
 And þer wyþ in gode schippes to Denemark he drow,  
 And þe kyng of Denemark in bataile he sloȝ,  
 And wan a ȝeyn þe truage þat <sup>3</sup> he held with woȝ.

**A**S þe kyng Guorguont fro Denemark wende a ȝe  
 Hider toward Engolond, he mette in þe see  
 þritti schipful of men. and of wymmen also,  
 Of children, and of oþer god þat heo hadden with hem y do.  
 þe kyng askede, wad heo were? þei were a drad ful sore.  
 þe maister fel a doun on kne, & criede mercy & ore.  
 "Lord," he seyde, "we beþ men wyde y driue aboute  
 " From contrey to contrei, þat we mown nower route.  
 " Of þe kynde of Egypt oure firste more com.  
 " <sup>4</sup> For þo folc of Irael Moyses with hym nom,  
 " And ladde hem out of Egypt bi þe <sup>5</sup> liuerede see,  
 " And þe kyng a drete & alle hys, þat <sup>6</sup> he ne com neuer a ȝe:

<sup>1</sup> Suth afterward, of wham  
 we mote be stille *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> That  
 bar ech yer with lawe Tru-  
 age to Brutayne, gan hit tho

with drawe *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> At heold  
 with wrough *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> For tho,  
 that folk of Irael *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Rede  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> They *Ar.*

" Among

" Among hem, þat bi leuede o liue, stryf me mygte se,  
 " Wuche mest maistres were, & hoo schulde lord be :  
 " So þat heo, þat maistres were, hadde wel gret onde  
 " To þe kyn þat we come of, & dryue hem out of lond,  
 " For drede þat heo ne schulde noȝt here maistres be.  
 " þus heo were y dryue a wei, & nuste wyder to <sup>1</sup> tee.  
 " Heo duden hem forþ in to þe se, & by mony a lond wende.  
 " <sup>2</sup> Se þat God in to Spayne atten ende <sup>3</sup> hom sende.  
 " þer heo bi leuede, & wox, & al þat of hem come  
 " Forto now þis oþer day, þat we mygte not be y some.  
 " <sup>4</sup> For þe kunde folk of þe lond hadde to ows onde,  
 " And, þat we to grete maistres nere, drive ous out of þe lond.  
 " Oþer half ȝer we habbeþ nowe y went with oute reste  
 " In the grete see of ocean, forto seche vr beste,  
 " þat owre lyf ys vs loþ, & we nuste war bi leue ;  
 " þer fore we wolde bidde þe, þat þou vs sum place ȝeue  
 " þat amty were in þi lond, ware þou woldest by þenche,  
 " <sup>5</sup> þat we mygte of swynke oure mete, & libbe by oure swynke.  
 þe kyng hem nolde graunte noþing of þis lond,  
 Ac he sende hem by god condyt in to Yrlond,  
 þat al amty was of men, & no mon ne wonede þere,  
 And þese were þe firste men þat in Yrlond were.  
 A þousant ȝer yt was and two, þat y do was al þis,  
 Aftur þat <sup>6</sup> folc of Israael of Egypt wende i wis,  
 Fyf hundred ȝer and <sup>7</sup> tuenti it was eke bi fore,  
 Er þan oure Lord Jhesu Cryst on erþe was y bore.

Prima  
gens in  
Ybernia.

<sup>1</sup> Fle *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> So *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hem  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Therefore the vnne-  
 kynde folk *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> That we  
 moughe oure lifode, as othur  
 doth, byswynke *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The  
 folk of Israel *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Nyne  
*pro tuenti in Ar.*

\* Hit bi fel þer afturward swyþe longe ynow  
 Out of þe lond of Scitie oþer folk þider droȝ.  
 For into þe grete see of oceane a gret companye  
 Of Pycars wende som tyme out of <sup>2</sup> Scisie.  
 From lond to lond wyde <sup>3</sup> he gonne wende,  
 So þat atte laste heo come to Yrlonde's Norþ ende,  
 A geyn þe lond of Scotlond, & <sup>4</sup> þo folk þat heo fonden þere  
 Of <sup>5</sup> þis eldore kunde, Scottes y clepud were.  
 þe <sup>6</sup> Picardes bede þe Scottes an ende of here lond  
 To geue hem, forto libbe by with swynk of here hond.  
 þe Scottes seide, þat þat lond nolde not y now be  
 To hem boþe to lyue <sup>7</sup> bi, as heo mygte y se.  
 Ac þat heo mygte ofte y se, in cler weder, þere  
 Est ward, as þe sonne a ros, a lond as yt were.  
 Mury & fair yt þogte y now, & þat heo þider wende,  
 To wonye & to lyue þer, & þat heo hem word sende,  
 gef any mon hem greuede, & þat heo wolde, heo seyde,  
 Warde hem from alle men, þat hem bi tidde no drede.  
<sup>8</sup> þis Picardes þenne wende forþ Estward euer faste.  
 To þe Norþ ende of Engelond heo comen at þe laste.  
 þat ende heo fonden al bare. heo bi leuede þere,  
 And swonke & tilede here lyflode, & al maistres were.  
<sup>9</sup> Heo fonden hem sustynance y now, and <sup>10</sup> lyueden þus forþ Missio post mulieres.  
 þe Brytones in <sup>11</sup> þo Souþhalf, and heo in þe Norþ.

§ ¶ The comynge of Pit-  
 tes, that some clepeth Piker-  
 dȝs, *Ar. in margine.* <sup>2</sup> Si-  
 thie *Ar. cum i. Nauerne (ab*  
*ead. manu) supra lin.* <sup>3</sup> Hij  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The el-

dere *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Pictes *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> By,  
 by aught that hij couthe se  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Thes Pictes *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Hij  
 wonne hem *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Lyuede  
 so forth *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> The *Ar.*



1 Pycars fonden ese ynow, and defaut none,  
 To libbe in plente y now, bute of wymmen one.  
 For þer ner none among hem. þer fore to Yrlond  
 Heo sende to Scottes þat þer were, þat heo schulde hem vn-  
 derstonde  
 And lene hem wymmen, þat heo myȝte here 2 of pryng eche so."  
 For þyng þat 3 woneþ, & noþing wexeþ, 4 sone it ys ydo."  
 Scottes hem sende wymmen in þis forme þere,  
 þat wan a child were y bore, and me in doute were,  
 5 Who were þo fader, þat me schulde name & eritage  
 Boþe habbe in þe moder half, for drede of out rage,  
 Laste yt ȝeode out of kynde þorg child mys bi gete.  
 For me may bet soþnesse of þe moder þen of þe fader wyte.  
 In þis maner 6 Picars with Scottes 7 myngen here blod,  
 So þat yt siwede þe wymmen, when me oȝt mysvnderstod.  
 And when mon withouten eyr of hym to deþe were ybroȝt,  
 Hys moder kun was ys eir, & ys fader kun ryȝt noȝt.  
 And for þe moderes Scottes were, 8 so forþ yt ys bi come,  
 þat 9 Scottes name ys al a boue, & 10 Picars al bi nome.  
 11 þus Scottes among Pycars come out of Yrlond,  
 And 12 þat lond me clepuþ aftur hem seþþe Scotlonde.

1 Thes Pictes *Ar.* 2 Os-  
 pring forth brynge *Ar.* 3  
 Waneth *Ar.* 4 Hath sone an  
 endyng *Ar.* 5 Who the  
 childe's fader were, the name  
 and heritage Of his moder  
 hit sholde bere, for drede of  
 outrage, Lest the name yede  
 oute of kynde thurgh mysby  
 yityng. Of the moder half

rather than in the fadre's me  
 may haue knowyng *Ar.*  
 6 Thes Pictes *Ar.* 7 Med-  
 lede blod *Ar.* 8 So fer forth  
 hit is y come, *Ar.* 9 The  
 Scottes *Ar.* 10 Pictes *Ar.*  
 11 The Scottes myd the  
 Pictes *Ar.* 12 The *pro* that  
*in Ar.*

Yrlond

**Y**RLOND ys <sup>1</sup>aler yle best with oute Engelonde.  
 þe see goþ al abouten hym eke as ich vnderstonde.  
 More he ys þan Engolond, & in <sup>2</sup> þo Souþ half he ys  
<sup>3</sup> Bradder & more of ynow þan in þe Norþ ende y wys.  
 Azeyn þe lond of Spayne he stond in þe <sup>4</sup> Norþ syde rygt.  
 Selde snowe þer inne <sup>5</sup> liþ, & nameliche þre nygt.  
 So euene <sup>6</sup> hot þat lond ys, þat men durre <sup>7</sup> selde  
 Here orf in howse awynter brynge out of þe felde.  
 Lese lasteþ þer al þe wynter. Bute hyt þo more wonder be,  
 Selde me schal in þe lond eny foule wormes se.  
 For nedres ny oþer wormes ne mow þer be nogt.  
 And zef he beþ þider <sup>8</sup> bi cas<sup>9</sup> from oþer <sup>9</sup> londes y brogt,  
 Heo dyeþ þoꝛz smel of þe lond, oþer þoꝛz towchyng y wys.  
 Eche gras þat þer inne wexeþ a zeyn venym yt ys.  
 For men, þat ben venymed, þoꝛz grasses of Yrlond  
 Y dronke he beþ y clansed sone, þoru Gode's sonde.  
 Hony & mylk þer ys muche. mony folk & bolde.  
 þis ys þe stat of Yrlond, as iche hadde y tolde.

**A**FTUR kyng Gurguont, kynges mony on  
 þer were here in Engelond, me may not telle echon.  
 A boutte a four hundred zer aftur hym þer com  
 A kyng, þat was Lud y clepuð, þat wel hult þe kyndom. Lud.

<sup>1</sup> Al ther Ile best, ontake | nameliche but thre nyght *Ar.*  
 Engelonde *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The *Ar.* | <sup>6</sup> A tempore *pro* hot in *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Bradder a gret del than in | <sup>7</sup> But seylde Hare bestes an  
 the Northside ywys *Ar.* | house *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> By happe *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Northwest rygt *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Lith, | <sup>9</sup> Lond *Ar.*

Grete townes in Engelond he amendede y nowe.  
 And London <sup>1</sup> aller most, for þer to hys herte drowe.  
<sup>2</sup> þat folk he hett of þe town so noble bold þer rere,  
 þat in al Engelond so noble a cite nere.  
 Walles he lette make a bonte & gates vp & doun,  
 And aftur Lud, þat was hys name, he clepude yt Lude's toun.  
 þe hexte gate of þe toun, <sup>3</sup> þa zet stond þere and is,  
 He lette yt clepe Lude's gate, aftur ys owne name ywis.  
 He let hym, þo he was ded, burye at þilke gate.  
 þer fore zet aftur hym me clepob hit Lodegate.  
 þe town me clepob Lude's town, þat ys wyde cowþ :  
 And now me clepeþ it London, þat ys lygter in þe mouþ.  
 And Newe Troie hit hette er, <sup>4</sup> ac þus yt is a go  
 þat Londone he ys now y cleped, and worþ euermo.

**E**NGELOND hap i be with strengþe y wonne y lome,  
 And first, as ich telle can, þorþ þe emperoures of Rome.  
 Aftur kyng Lud þer was kyng ys broþer Cassibel,  
 þat noble Prince was y now, & þat lond gouernede wel.  
 Julius. July þe emperour of Rome by his day com,  
 And mucche del of þe world bi Est to hys power nom.  
<sup>5</sup> Sepþe he drow hym Westward, & werrede in mony londe,  
 And wan lond <sup>6</sup> aftur oþer, hym ne mygte non at stonde.  
 þo he hadde y wonne France, þe see he wende ney,  
<sup>7</sup> And bi huld Westward, and som del of Engelond y sey.

<sup>1</sup> Alther <i>Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> He het in thulke toune the folk suche buldyng a rere, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> That yut stant <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> Ac nough hit is so ago, That Londone is	hit cleped, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> And tho he <i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> Aftur lond, ne myghte hym no man astonde <i>Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> And as he lokede West- ward, Engelond he seygh <i>Ar.</i>
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He

He askede, wat lond yt were, & wat folk þer inne was ?  
 Me seide hym þat it was Bretayne, ne betur lond nas,  
 And þat þe folk was of þe kynde of Troie, & of þe Brut y come.  
 “<sup>1</sup> þenne heþ heo, quop þe emperour, of þe kynde of Rome.  
 “ For, aftur þe batail of Troie, þe noble mon Eneas  
 “<sup>2</sup> To Lumbardye com, and oure firste fader was.  
 “ And Brut al so com of hym, þat seþþe hys fader slowꝝ,  
 “ And þer fore was þenne y dryue, & to þilke lond drowꝝ.  
 “ þanne we heþ of on kynde, <sup>3</sup> ac, bute ich þer to lye,  
 “ A ġen kynde he heþ a ġeyn vs, as of chiual rye.  
 “ For þer of ne mowe heo konne noꝝt, y not how he myꝝte,  
 “ To be by hem self in an hurne as þe rof with oute syꝝte.  
 “ For noꝝt we schulleþ hem ouercome, ac napeles as þe hende  
 “ We schul hem warne of oure þoꝝt, er we to hem wende.

<sup>1</sup> *Cumque nomen regni didicisset & populi, dixit, Hercules ex eadem prosapia nos Romani & Brittones orti sumus, quia ex Trojana gente processimus. Nobis Æneas post destructionem Trojæ primus pater fuit. Illis autem Brutus, quem Silvius Ascanii, filii Æneæ, filius progeniuit. Sed, nisi fallor, valde degenerati sunt à nobis. Nec quid sit militia noverunt, cum infra oceanum extra orbem commaneant. Leviter cogendi erunt tributum nobis dare, & continuum obsequium Romanæ dignitati parare. Prius tamen mandandum est*

*eis, ut inaccessi à Romano populo & intacti vectigal reddant, ut ceteræ etiam gentes subjectionem senatui faciant, ne nos, ipsorum cognatorum nostrorum sanguinem fundentes, antiquam nobilitatem Priami patris nostri offendamus* Galfridus Mon. <sup>2</sup> To Itaille com, that is now Rome, and oure aun-  
 cetre was *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And ich can a spie, Hit were a ye kynde to be a yerst vs, as of chiual-  
 rie. For ther on ne mowe hij konne nought, y not how hii myꝝte, To be in an herne by hem self, ther with oute fighte *Ar.*

þe emperoure's messingeres to Engeland hire come,  
 þat þe kyng abowe ys herte <sup>1</sup> to þe noble stude of Rome,  
 And alle oþer kynges dude, and ys ryzt seruage  
 Dude to þe hye emperour, and sende hym hys truage,  
 And hys lond huld of hym, and dude hym homage,  
 Laste þe hye emperour for his outrage  
 Come and destruye al hys lond; & zet þat worse were,  
<sup>2</sup> þe blod schedde of ys owne kynde, & defoule yt so þere.  
 And þe olde heynesse of Priamus werrede so,  
 Of was kynde heo come echon, & þat were hym loþ to do,  
 For þer <sup>3</sup> schulde in al <sup>4</sup> þo world no lond be for bore.  
 þis was euene sixti zer er God were y bore.

Manda-  
tum regis.

þe kyng <sup>5</sup> sende þis word a zeyn a non for þis tyþing:  
 " Cassibel, kyng of Breyteyne, to July sendeþ gretyng.  
 " Wonder it ys, Sire emperour, <sup>6</sup> þat noble gentrise  
 " þat is so noble & eke y fuld with so tyl couetyse,  
 " þat <sup>7</sup> worde's nobleye hast so muche, of eche mon mest,  
 " þat for couetise art y come so fer fro þe Est,  
 " To wilne oure lutel god, þat God vs wolde sende  
 " þat beþ hire bi oure self, as at þe worlde's ende :

<sup>1</sup> To the cite of Rome, As alle othur kynges dude, in hys ryght seruage, And his lond holde of hym, & dude hym homage, Lest the heigh  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To shede his owene kynde blod & defouled there; And take hede of Priame's prude, that werrede so. Of his kynde hij come echon, & that hij were loth do *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Ne

sholde *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hym sende word a ye, tho he hurde this tydyng: *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Of thy gret gentrise, That though so foule anetherest hit with thy couetyse, That wordles welth hast so muche, of alle men mest, That for couetyse ert y come so fer fram the Est *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *L.* worlde's.

" And

" And þou nart one y payed oure tresour to nyme at ene,  
 " Bute þou þer aftur vs binyne oure franchise al clene,  
 " To brynge vs so fre as we beþ in to <sup>1</sup> fyl seruage,  
 " þat we bere þe and þyne euermore truage.  
 " Gret wrong þou woldest don vs, wen of on kynde  
 " We beþ y come ge & we, as þou hast þi self in mynde.  
 " þenne agte yt be y nowg, wen we beþ of on blod,  
 " Loue & frenschipe aske vs, gef þou þe wel vnderstod,  
 " Thaw þou ne askedest <sup>2</sup> þer vppe þralhed euermo.  
 " Sikerliche we ne konne nozt of þralhed ne of wo.  
 " So muche we habbeþ euer y be in <sup>3</sup> franchise zet her to,  
 " þat þei oure owne Godes wolde in þralhede vs do,  
 " Fonde we wolde a zeyn hem <sup>4</sup> our franchise withstonde.  
 " þei þou þer fore, Sire emperour, grete power hadde on honde,  
 " Wyte <sup>5</sup> to soþe, þat we wollep for oure franchise fygte,  
 " And for our lond, rapet þen <sup>6</sup> we lesed with vn ryzt.  
 þis was eke four hundred zer, and four score, & þrottene,  
 Aftur þat þe borg of Rome first was mad iche wene.  
 þo þe emperour herde þis, to schippes he wende faste,  
 And al hys power forþ with hym, and sailes vp caste.  
 þei entrede in at Temse mouþ, and þer heo gonne a riue.  
 þo Cassibel herde þis, <sup>7</sup> he zarkedede hym bi lyue.  
 Now hadde kyng Lud, ys broþer, zonge sones twei,  
 Androge and Tennant, þat þo zonge were beye,

Julius ve-  
nit Angli-  
am.

<sup>1</sup> And þat though nert nought  
 onliche apayd *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Gret *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Eke ther to thraldom euere  
 mo. For on thraldom konne  
 we nought, ne of such other wo  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Franchise hider to. For

theygh that the Godes hem self  
 wolde in to thraldom vs do *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> For oure *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> For soth *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> We wol leue hit with vnryghte  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> He greithed hym as  
 blyue *Ar.*

## Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

þo here fader dyede to holde þe kyndom.  
 1 þer fore þer to Cassibel al þat lond nom.  
 Ac þo nolde not Cassibel, þat heo schulde allyng faille.  
 Tennant þe zonger he made erl of Cornewale,  
 And Androge erle of Kent, & gaf hym London þer to.  
 Boþe heo were noble men þo þis dede was y do.  
 þe kyng hadde 2 eke a broþer, Nenny was hys name,  
 Strong knygt and hardi, and mon of gret fame.  
 þe kynges chef conseleres þese þre were of þis þing.  
 Alle heo come to Canturburi at þe bi gynnyng.  
 þere þe kyng & ys power such conseil to gedere nome,  
 To kepe þe emperoure's folc er 3 heo to fer income.  
 For gef þei hadde eny þing y wonne of castel or of ton,  
 Wel þe worse it wolde be to brynge hem þer don.  
 4 þo kyng wente toward þe se mid fair ost ynowg,  
 5 And as þe emperour hadde y pigt ys pavelon he drowg.  
 þo 6 he hadde y ordeyned here ost in eyþer syde,  
 7 þo batail heo smyton strong ynowg, þat cowþ was ful wyde.  
 Bellum. Myd arwen & myd quareles so mucche folk 8 first me slow,  
 9 And seþþe with speres smyton a doun, þat deol was ynow.  
 þo heo were þorg out y mengd with swerdes & with mace,  
 Myd axe & mid aules, so mucche folk in þat place

1 þerfore Cassibelan this  
 lond to hym nom, And also he  
 nolde, that eny thyng these  
 children sholde faille *Ar.* 2 Eke  
 a nothur brothur *Ar.* 3 Hij to  
 bataille come *Ar.* 4 The *Ar.*

5 And toward themperoure's  
 tente euene he hym drough *Ar.*

6 Hij *Ar.* 7 An *pro tho in Ar.*

8 *Deest Ar.* 9 And with sword  
 and with speres, that deol hit  
 was y nough *Ar.*

Me slow, þat al þe erþe a bouthe stod <sup>1</sup> as in flode  
 Er þe bataile were y do al of red blode.  
 Nenny þe kynges broþer and þe erl of Kent al so,  
 Mid al here power of Kent, & myd þe Londreis þer to,  
<sup>2</sup> Awatede hem to þilke øst, þat þe emperour inne was.  
 So þat <sup>3</sup> Nennyn þe emperour bi cas,  
 Anon he willed in herte with so hey mon to fygte.  
 He asailede hym & drow ys swerd, & smot with al ys mygt.  
 Ac þe emperour mid his <sup>4</sup> scheld þo strok hente ynow,  
 And drow hys swerd <sup>5</sup> an hey, & to þe gronde faste slow,  
 And smot Nennyn þorz þe helm <sup>6</sup> somdel toward þe brayn.  
 And seþþe toward þilke stude he smot with more mayne,  
 To haue y cloue <sup>7</sup> hym' al þat hed, ac <sup>8</sup> Nennyn ys scheld  
 nom,  
 And dude by twene, þat þe strok so depe þer inne <sup>9</sup> ne' com,  
 þat þe emperour ne mygte yt out drawe with al ys mayn.  
<sup>10</sup> Nennyn caste <sup>11</sup> caste' ys owne swerd anon a wey wel fayn,  
 And <sup>12</sup> nom þet swerd to hym, þat so noble was & riche.  
 For þer nes in al þe world swerd hym yliche. Lucraccio  
gladii.  
 For þer nas non þer with y woned, þat euer keuer mygte.  
 þer fore yt was rede deþ y cleped and mid rygte.  
 þo <sup>13</sup> Nennyn hadde þat gode swerd, a bouthe he smot to gronde.  
 Ech mon þat he þer with smot, he gef deþe's wonde.

<sup>1</sup> Al on a flode *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Or-  
 deyned hem *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Neny than  
 Emperour y segh as fel by cas,  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Swerd thane strok *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Anon, and to gronde slough.  
 He smot Neny *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Almost in

to the brayne *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Neny *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Ne-  
 ny *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> *Redundat.* <sup>12</sup> Nam  
 to hym themperoure's swerd,  
 that *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Neny *Ar.*



Victoria  
Brytonum.

þe Romaynes laie sone a down, he made emty place.  
 And þe Brytones a ryse faste, so þat, þorw Gode's grace,  
 Heo hadde þe maistry of þe feld. <sup>1</sup> þo Romaynes flowe<sup>2</sup> bi lyue,  
 Ac mony was þe moder child þat arst was brogt of lyue.  
 þe emperour and ys power to schip flowe faste,  
 And to France flow ageyn, somdel þei were agaste.  
 Here folc heo loren in þe se þorz tempest monyon,  
<sup>3</sup> Wat in batayle wat in se, & heore horses ney echon.  
 Cassibel was glad y now þo he hadde þe maystrie.  
<sup>4</sup> Fayre he þonkede ys gode folc, and of gret corteysie  
 Of giftes <sup>5</sup> delde among hem euer as heo were.  
 So þat joye and <sup>6</sup> murþe y now among hem was þere.  
 Ac þer was among hem deol ynow for <sup>7</sup> Nennyn y brogt,  
 þat þe emperour þe wonde gef, þat he ne myzt hele nozt.  
 He lai for <sup>8</sup> pyned in þe wonde, and to deþe drowg,  
 And dyede þe <sup>9</sup> fylþe day myd sorwe & deol y nowg.  
 Atte Norþ gate of London heo buryode þis gode knyzt,  
 And buryede with hym in hys chest þat swerd þat was so  
 bryzt,  
 þat he wan of þe emperour with honour y nowg,  
 þat rede deþ was y clepud, war wyþ he hym slowg.  
 Y buried it was forþ with hym, as in tokenynge  
 Of ys prowes, þat he yt wan of on so hey a kyng.

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<sup>1</sup> þe *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Blyue *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Many in bataille & many in see, and hure hors euerichon *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Faire gan to thonke his folk, and dude hem courtasie *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> He delde a mong hem euere as worthy were *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Blisse *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Neny *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Pynynge *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Fiftenethe *Ar.*

Cassibel

Cassibel þe gode kyng hym gan euer vnderstonde,  
 þat þe emperour þougte zet werre in hys londe.  
 þe fyf townes of þe fyf portes he lette walle aboute,  
 And so gode knyghtes dude þer, þat he nadde þer no doute.

<sup>1</sup>Stakes of yrn mony on he pygte in Temese gronde,  
 A boue scharpe & kene ynow, bi neþe grete & ronde,  
 þat, zef þer eny schippes come er me y war were,  
 Heo schulde piche hem þoru out & a drenche hem so þere.  
 Here was coyntyse ynow, he lette al so a rere

<sup>2</sup>Vp þe water strong hows, þat heo vn warned nere.  
 And of þe zonge folk of þe lond þer inne dude y nowe,  
 To be prest to kepe here fon, wen þei <sup>3</sup>to hem drowe.

**JULIUS** <sup>4</sup>þe emperour with strong power y nowz,  
 Two zet aftur þe bataile, to Engelond a zeyn drow,  
 And þougte sle al þat folk, & wynne þis kyndom,  
<sup>5</sup>Ac he caste þer of ambes, as þo he to londe com.  
 For as þis schippes with gret eir come toward londe  
 In Temse, as þei al þe world ne schulde hem at stonde,  
 þe pykes smyte hem þoru out, or þei wyste wat yt were,  
 And daschte and a dreynte fourty schippes þere.  
 And a þousant gode knyghtes þer inne were adreynt,  
<sup>6</sup>And al here atyl and tresour was al so a seynt.

Reditus  
 Julii.

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<sup>1</sup> Piles he pighte manyon *in margine.* <sup>5</sup> And forto do  
 vpon Themese gronde *Ar.* this ilke dede, gret people with  
<sup>2</sup> Upon Themese toures stronge, hym he nom. And as hure  
 that hij vnwarned nere *Ar.* shipes *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And hure catel  
<sup>3</sup> To londe droughe *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The and tresour *Ar.*  
 seconde comynge of Julius *Ar.*

And

And so heo myzte lerne, wuch Brytones were.  
 Betere hem hadde be at Rome, þan y osted þere.  
 þe emperour with drow hym þo, and by an oþer ende  
 To londe he com<sup>1</sup> wrog y now, þis lond ferto schende.  
 And kyng Cassibel y sei so mucche folk y lore,  
 And adreynt of hys fon, glad he was þer fore.  
 And naþeles he was sori, and made gret mone  
 Of hem þat of scapede, þat heo nadde be dreynt echone.  
 þo þe Romaynes were y come to þe lond at þe laste,  
 Cassibel with ys power a zeyn hem sette faste.

Bellum.

Heo smyton batail strong y now, þer was y do gret wo,  
 And mony slawe on eyþer half, ac of þe Romaynes mo.  
 For þe Brytones wox faste, þe Romaynes by neþe were.  
 þo þe emperour say, þat ys fare nas nozt þere,  
 Mid lute folk, þat hym was bi leued, to schip he goþ faste.  
 Hyt were men of a god lond þat<sup>2</sup> hem so kouþe agaste.  
 þe kyng Cassibel anon for joye made ys heste,  
 þat alle þe knyghtes of hys lond come to ys feste,  
 To London at a certeyn day, and here wyues al so,  
 Here sacrificise to here Godes, as ryzt was, to do.

Numerus  
animalium.

Fourti<sup>3</sup> þousant of roþeren he lette quelle þer to,  
 And of fatte weþeres an hundred þousand al so.  
 Of wilde bestes he lette þritti þousant quelle.  
 þe wylde foules & þe tame ne myzte nomon telle.  
 þo þis fest zare was, þat folk first in here wyse  
 To heore Godes as heo wolde dude here sacrificise.

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<sup>1</sup> Wroth *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Hem so wel a gaste *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Thousand oxen he  
 let kulle ther to *Ar.*

þer aftur þe sete to heore mete with so gret noblei echon,  
þat me nuste þer bi fore so noble <sup>1</sup> fest non.

Aftur mete, as rygt was, þe menstrales geode aboute,  
And knyghtes and <sup>2</sup> sweynes in carole gret route.

Occisio ne-  
potis regis.

So þat þe kyng's neuw, and þe erle's neuw of Kent,  
þat twei zonge bacheleres noble were and gent,

<sup>3</sup> In þis noble companye strif bi gonne arere,  
So þat þe erle's neuw þat oþer slowz rygt þere.

þo was al þe court anyed, as þei moste nede,  
þe kyng ferde eke for wraþþe as he wolde wede.

<sup>4</sup> Androge he sende word, þat he ys neuw toke

And brogte hym forþ <sup>5</sup> forte fonge þat þe court hym wolde loke.

Contencio  
regis & An-  
drogei.

Androge was a drad <sup>6</sup> for he uuste þe kyng's wille,

And loþ <sup>7</sup> he hadde ys neuw to honge or spille.

þe kyng he sende word a zeyn, þat he hadde ys franchise

In ys owne court, forto loke domes and asise,

And þat, zef ys neuw hadde mys do, in hys owne court he scholde

Onswere to eche mon, <sup>8</sup> þat to hym siwe wolde.

þo <sup>9</sup> þis kyng-herde þis, þat he ne mygt bi rygt lawe

Juge hym, þat ys neuw brogte of ys lyf dawe,

He greyþede ys ost <sup>10</sup> faste vp þe erl of Kent,

To brynge ys neuw with strengþe <sup>11</sup> to stonde to juggement.

<sup>1</sup> A feste *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ladyes *pro*  
sweynes *in Ar.* <sup>3</sup> As they  
pleide atte chesse, stryf they  
gonne arere *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> To An-  
droge erl he sende word, *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Forto a vonge *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Tho  
he wuste *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hym was

that his cosyn hange sholde or  
spylle *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> That hym folwe  
wolde *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> The *pro* þis *in*  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Swythe anon vpon  
the *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> To fonge jugge-  
ment *Ar.*

Oþer mid fuyr or mid swerd bryng he wolde al out,  
 Hym to noȝt and al ys <sup>1</sup> þing, ner he ner so prout.  
 þis erl bi grete lordes to þis kyng ofte sende,  
 þat he schulde for Gode's loue ys wylle <sup>2</sup> som del amende,  
 And þat he for ys neuwe wolde, for to a baty stryf,  
 Do hey amendement, sawue lyme and lyf.

þo þer nas non oþer wey, bute stonde al out to dome,  
 þe erl of an oþer wey bi þouȝte <sup>3</sup> bi þouȝte'' hym ylome.  
 And as he and ys conseil stable conseil nome,

Litteras  
 missæ im-  
 peratori.

þese letres sende to July þe emperour of Rome.

“ To July þe emperour of Rome Androge, erl of Kent,

“ Gretynge and stable loue, aftur wraþþe, <sup>4</sup> send.

“ Sire, wyte to soþe, þat sore of <sup>5</sup> þinket yt me,

“ þat ich habbe for oure kyng's loue y holde ageyn þe,

“ þat <sup>6</sup> my power nadde y be, þou haddest hym ouer come.

“ Acfor he haþ now þe maistry, such pruyd hym haþ y nome,

“ þat now me, þoru wam he haþ of <sup>7</sup> þe maistrie,

“ Dryue he wolde out of ys lond myd gret vilenye.

“ Ich habbe y holde hym in hys lond, & my mede þer of ys,

“ þat he wol me dryue of ys lond vnderued ywis.

“ For oure Godes y take witesse, þat oþer gult non þer nys,

“ Bote þat i nelle my neuwe, þat a lytel dude amys,

“ Bi take hym to juggement, to honge oþer to drawe,

“ <sup>8</sup> Ich wole, saue lym & lyf, brynge hym <sup>9</sup> to'' eche lawe.

“ þer fore ich bidde, þat ich mowe my stat holde þorg þe,

“ And þat þou <sup>10</sup> vp hym Bretayne mowe wynne þorg me.

<sup>1</sup> Men *pro* þing in *Ar.* | <sup>6</sup> Yf my *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The the *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Somwhat amende *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Dele.* | <sup>8</sup> Ac ich wolde, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Deest*  
<sup>4</sup> Sent *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Thynketh *Ar.* | *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Of hym *Ar.*

“ And ne þenche þou, Sire, noþing, þat ich treson þenche.

“ For siker <sup>1</sup> þis þe soþe wei, withouten eny wrenche.

“ <sup>2</sup> And God wole, þat men ofte in wrappe & in sore,

“ þat after here grete wrappe here loue be þe more.

þo þe <sup>3</sup> emperou herde þis, he ne tryste not wel her to,

With oute siker ostage, such þing to do.

þe erl þritt noble men, þat were of ys blod,

Ostages.

Sende hym and ys owne sone, þat were ostages god.

Siker <sup>4</sup> was þo þe emperour, he ne leuede noȝt by hynde,

Ac com here to Engolond mid þe nexte wynde.

þe kyng <sup>5</sup> þe while London by segede faste,

Adventus  
Julii.

And destryede þe erle's lond, & ys <sup>6</sup> contreis a doun caste.

Ac þo he herde, þat þe Romaines y come were in hys londe,

To hem he wende hastyliche, & lette London stonde.

<sup>7</sup> þo he com ney Canterbury, in a valei þere by syde

He sey þe emperoure's ost ysprad a bonte wyde.

þe emperour first <sup>8</sup> in ys half, & he hym self al so,

Ordeynede first here <sup>9</sup> ost, þe bataile forte do.

Paracio  
belli.

Ac mid fyf þousand hors <sup>10</sup> ywrye, as it was bi speke,

þe erl of Kent was in <sup>11</sup> a wode, hym forte a wreke.

þer of nas not þe kyng war, ac with oute faile

Myd god herte he wende forþ to smyte þis bataile.

<sup>1</sup> This is the *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And ofte hit falleth, that men, that both in wrathe and in sore, After hure grete wrathe, hure loue wexeth the more *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *L.* emperour. <sup>4</sup> The thirde comynge of Julie Emperour *Ar. in marg.* <sup>5</sup> Thulke while *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Courtes *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Ut igi-*

*tur vallem prope Dorobernium intravit, aspexit in eadem Romanorum exercitum castra & tentoria ponentem Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>8</sup> On his half, and the kyng on his also, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Ostes, the bataile for to do *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Y heled, as *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> A wode, forto be a wreke *Ar.*

By

By twene þe see and Canterbury þis bataile was,  
 Neuer ich wene more <sup>1</sup> slagt in so lute wyle nas.  
 þat folk fel doun for woned & y slawe in eyþer syde  
<sup>2</sup> Ac þikke as leues doþ of tren a zeyn wyntre's tyde.  
 Ac þo <sup>3</sup> þat folk of þis lond neyȝ hadde þe maistrye,  
 Com þe erl of Kent mid ys ost þoȝ ys tricherie  
 Al fresch bi hynde þe Britones, alas! þikke stonde.  
 Fugit Cas- So þat þis lond was y broȝt þoȝ þis treson to gronde.  
 sibellanus.  
 Ac þe kyng and somme of ys defendede hem so faste,  
 þat heo for hem alle o liue a scapede atte laste,  
 And nolde hem zelde for no þing, ac among here fon þere  
 Of scape vp an hey <sup>4</sup> hul, as mony roches were,  
 And þer heo cudde here prowes, & kepte hem þere an heyȝ  
 With stones, þat nomon ne durste come hem neyȝ.  
 Ow! lord þe noble folk, <sup>5</sup> þat ys of þis londe,  
 Wan heo þe emperour of Rome, þat no lond ne myȝte of stonde,  
 In bataile and al ys ost ouer come tvey,  
 And euer wolde, as ich wene, nadde ybe tricherie.  
 þer fore ich wene, þat þis lond neuer y wonne nere,  
 Bute yt þoȝ treson of þe folk of þe selue lond were.  
 þo þe emperoure ne myȝte þe kyng myd strengþe ouer come,  
 þat hul he kepte for to he hadde myd hongur hym y nome.  
 Atte laste <sup>6</sup> þe kyng was y broȝt to gronde  
 Rex mittit <sup>7</sup> For hongur for defaut of mete, alas! þilke stonde.  
 comiti.

<sup>1</sup> Slaught *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *L.* as.

<sup>3</sup> The folk *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hulle, ther  
many roches were, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>

That was on this londe, *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Tho the kyng was al y  
brought *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Thurgh hun-  
ger *Ar.*

And

And he sei wel, þat he moste nede for hunger dye,  
 Or zelde hym to þe emperour, as al ys men seye,  
 And þe emperoure's prison he dradde eke ful sore,  
 þer fore þe erl of Kent he by sougte milce and ore,  
 þat he hadde rewþe of hym, <sup>1</sup> and for ys genterise  
 Made ys pes with þe emperour with oute feyntyse,  
 And þat þe kynde blod of þis lond, of wham <sup>2</sup> heo boþe,  
 Nere þoru hym y brogt to schame, & þat he toke þer of gome.  
 And þat gef he hadde ogt misdo ageyn hym myd wowz,  
 þat he yt wolde amendy ageyn hym wel y now.  
 þo Androge herde þis, som del he was in þogt.  
 " þe prynce," he seide, " oþer kyng nys to preyse nogt,  
 " þat in tyme of werre as a lomb ys boþe meke & mylde,  
 " And in tyme of pes as a lyon boþe cruel & wylde.  
 " Mi Goddes of heuene and of erþe, wat segge now ge?  
 " My lord bi secheþ now my grace, þat mygte er <sup>3</sup> hoto me.  
 " Mid þe emperour and mid me pes he secheþ to drawe:  
 " And we boþe of hym bi fore pees wilnede wel fawe.  
 " þer fore he schulde hym habbe y þogt, þat þorz me he was  
     aboue,  
 " And þorz me he myzt haue come a doun, & y kud <sup>4</sup> me loue.  
 " For yt ys to <sup>5</sup> eche prince y wis and kyng vilenye,  
 " To de foule ys knyghtes, þoru wam he haþ maystric.  
 " For þe maistry nys not a kyng's, ne be he neuer so god,  
 " Ac knyghtes, þat vnder hym fyghteþ, & schedeþ here blod.

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<sup>1</sup> And of his gentry Ar. | <sup>4</sup> My loue Ar. <sup>3</sup> Eci a kyng  
<sup>2</sup> Deest vox. Nam hi both | or pince vilanye Ar.  
 come in Ar. <sup>3</sup> Hote Ar.



" And napeles ich wol fonden, to brynge hym of ys sore.  
 " For ich hadde of hym wreche ynow, wen he bi secheþ myn ore.  
 þe erl wende <sup>1</sup> to emperour, & <sup>2</sup> set a doun on kne:  
 " Sire," he seide, " al þi wille þou hast þou mygt y se  
 " Of þe kyng, þat ys myn vncler, he ys at þi wille.  
 " Haue merci of hym ich bidde, & let hym noȝt a spille.  
 " What woldest þou more of hym, bute þat he þe truage bere?  
 þe emperour was stille, & ne gef hym non onswere.  
 " Sire emperour," quoth þe erl þo, " <sup>3</sup> ne be ge noȝt so bolde.  
 " Understond, þat forward ich hadde al þe y holde,  
 " To brynge þe kyng bi neþe þe, & þat þou wone ys londe.  
 " Wat schulde ich þe more do, nast þou al þis in þin honde?  
 " Nolde God, þat y suffrede my lord, þat is and was,  
 (" <sup>4</sup> þat bid me for gefnesse, & to amende hys trespas)  
 " þat he in þyne bendes come, <sup>5</sup> God yt schyld me.  
 " For þou <sup>6</sup> ne schalt <sup>7</sup> so lyȝtliche hym nýme, y segge þe.  
 " Wyle ich libbe for ich wole in eche maner fonde,  
 " To helpe my lord & myn vncler, bute þou me vnderstonde.  
 þo þe emperour herde þis, he by gan hym by þenche,  
 And hys wrappe toward þe kyng, for drede of þe erl, quenche.  
<sup>8</sup> þo emperour & þe kyng in þis forme a cordede were,  
 þat þe kyng of þis lond to þe emperour bere

<sup>1</sup> The emp. *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Sette hym  
 doun a kne *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Ne bere ye  
 yough nought to bolde *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> And biddeth me, foryeue-  
 nesse to a mendy his trespas  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> God for schulde hit me  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Ne shalt nought so  
 lightliche hym take, ich segge

the. Al the while that ych  
 lyue, euere ich wole fonde  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Non leve est interficere*  
*Cassibellianum me vivente,*  
*cui auxilium meum reddere*  
*non erubescam, nisi consilio*  
*meo parueris Galfr. Mon.* <sup>8</sup> Tho  
 the Emperour *Ar.*

þre þousant pownd of seluer from ȝer to ȝere,  
 As to truage to Rome, þat non <sup>1</sup> ner bore nere.  
 And in þis manner was Engolond brougt first in seruage,  
 And þorg treson of þis selue lond first ȝef truage.  
 þer fore a kyng ne may noȝt among ys knyȝtes be  
<sup>2</sup> To sturne of hys juggement, ac somdel hym by se,  
<sup>3</sup> þat he haþ to hem neode he not wuche stonde.  
 For a such wille, as ȝe y seþ, broȝte þis lond to gronde.  
 þe emperour & þe kyng to grete loue drowe,  
 And eyþer <sup>4</sup> to' oþer by twene hem ȝiftes ȝeue ynowe,  
 And bi leuede al þe wynter to gedere in þis lond.  
 Ac ageyn somer þe emperour, <sup>5</sup> þo he hadde al on hond,  
 Wende toward Rome, and myd gret loue  
 Nom with hym þe erl of Kent, þorw wam he was a boue.  
<sup>6</sup> And þoru nobleȝo þat he was man of so gret fame,  
 He let a moneþ of þe ȝer clepye aftur ys owne name,  
 Julius, as he het ym self, þe moneþ þat next ys  
 Bi fore heruest, as me clepūþ ȝet so þe moneþ y wys.

Vocacio  
 mensis  
 Julii.

**CASSIBEL** þe gode kyng, as God ȝef <sup>7</sup> þat cas,  
 Deide aftur <sup>8</sup> sene ȝer þat he ouer come was,  
 And y buried was at Euerwyk, <sup>9</sup> & þis kyndom  
 Temiwant, ys broþer sone, aftur hym nome,

Obitus Cas-  
 sibellani.

<sup>1</sup> Forbore *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To strange  
 of his juggementz *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And  
 that haueth to hem nede he not  
 whuche stounde. For thurgh  
 such a wilfulnesse this lond was  
 brought to grounde. The em-

perour tho & the *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Deest*  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Whan he hadde *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> This Julius the Emperour  
 was of so grete fame, *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> The *pro* þat in *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Se-  
 uen *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> And tho this *Ar.*

þat was erl of Cornewaile, and þe erle's broþer of Kent  
Androge, that was to Rome mid þe emperour y went.

**AUGUSTUS** was emperour aftur July of Rome,  
þe truage boþe of þis lond from ȝer to ȝer heo nome.  
þe kyng's sone Tenwant, Kymbel was ys name,  
He huld with hym at Rome, man of noble fame.  
He ȝaf hym armes & made him knyzt<sup>1</sup> ys owne honde.

Kymbel  
rex.

þis Kymbel aftur hys fader kyng was of þis londe.  
So mucche he louede þe<sup>2</sup> emperour, þat þei he myȝt out  
Hys truage at holde a ȝer, for loue he nolde noȝt.  
þo þis August hadde y be emperour two & fourti ȝer,  
He let make a descriuȝng, þat y mad nas neuer er.  
He sende aboute ys messageres (as yt ys y write)  
To eche lond in al þe world a certeyn<sup>3</sup> forte wyte,  
How mony schiren were in eche lond, & townes in eche schire,  
And how mony men in eche toun, (he was a gret sire)  
And þat ech mon paide a peny, & þat me hym þe money bere,  
War þoru he wiste, how mony men in al þe world were.  
And me made þis descriuȝng in þis lond, as wel  
As in any oþer lond, bi þe kyng's day<sup>4</sup> Kymbel.  
And nabeles<sup>5</sup> y leue yt not, þat he ne dude al wel þanne  
For loue of þe panes, as to wyte þe noumbre of þe menne.

<sup>1</sup> With his owen honde  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Emperour, than whan  
he myȝte he nolde, The tru-  
age that his fader bar, he  
wolde nought with holde *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> For to *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Kymbel *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Ich leue hit wel, he dude  
hit somdel thanne, As wel for  
loue of the pans, as to knowe  
the nombre of manne *Ar.*

A bouthe Jerusalem þis noumbryng he bi gan,  
 As in þe myddes of þe world, to noumbre eche man.  
 þilke tyme oure lord was in <sup>1</sup> Bedleem ybore  
 Of <sup>2</sup> Marie, to saue men, þat arst were for lore;  
 By Kinbele's day, þat kyng was of Breteyne here,  
 And in þe emperoure's August two and fourti gere,  
 þat was y clepuð Octouian in an oþer name.  
 þis emperour August was of so gret fame,  
 þat, for Juli þe emperour, (þat bi fore hym was er)  
 Hadde aftur hym y clepuð a moneþ in the ger,  
 þe nexte <sup>3</sup> moneþ afturward, þat heruest moneþ ys,  
 He let clepe aftur <sup>4</sup> hym August y wys.  
 þo August hadde y be emperour fyfty gere and fyue,  
 And wel y holde ys power, he wende out of þis lyue.

Ortus  
Christi.

**T**YBERI, ys stepson, aftur hym com,  
 þat nobliche huld ys power, & eke ys kyndom.  
 þe <sup>5</sup> Gywes, & Herodes (þat here <sup>6</sup> kyng was)  
 He a dauntede harde y now, and non harm yt nas.  
 Pilatus he sende þider, <sup>7</sup> here <sup>8</sup> justise to be þere,  
 Forto holde hem harde y now, as heo wel worþi were.  
 And zet for al þan, by ys day, þoru here lufþer mode,  
 Heo brogte oure lord Jhesu Christ <sup>9</sup> to dye on þe rode.

Pylatus.

Passio  
Christi.

<sup>1</sup> Bethlem *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Maide Marie, to saue mankynde, that theigh were for lore; By kynges day Kynbelyn of this Brutayne here, And the Emperoure's tyme August two & fourty yere, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Moneth in the yer, that harueste *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> His name *pro* hym in *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Juwes *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Kyng tho was *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Deest *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> To dethe vpon the Rode *Ar.*

þre and twenti ȝer emperour he was by fore ys deþe,  
 And aftur hym was Gayus fyf ȝer vn neþe.  
<sup>1</sup> Kynbel, oure kyng of þis lond, sones hadde twei,  
 Guyder and Aruirag, noblemen beye.  
 Guyder aftur ys fader kyng was of þis lond,  
 And Claudius emp̄erour aftur Gay ich vnderstonde.  
 Y mad he was emperour sixti ȝer, ich wene,  
 Aftur þat God was y bore, and a bouten an eigtetene  
 Aftur oure lorde's deþ. a sene hundred ȝer.  
 And euene eigte and nyenti Rome was y mad er.

**G**WIDER, our kyng of þis lond, ys truage at huld sone,

<sup>2</sup> To Rome þat ys eldore were y wond to done.

Claudius  
venit An-  
gliam.

Claudius þe emperour þer of hym gan bi se.

þe ferþe ȝer þat he hadde emperour y be

Mid gret ost he wende here to þis londe,

<sup>3</sup> A boute Souþhamto he a ryuede ich vnderstonde:

þo kyng Guyder vnder ȝet, þat heo a riuede þere,

Hym þouȝte long mid ys <sup>4</sup> ost er he at hem were.

<sup>5</sup> Heo mette hem to gedere <sup>6</sup> mid power ynog.

Bellum.

Muche folk <sup>7</sup> in eyþe half to gronde me slog.

þe kyng Guyder more folk <sup>8</sup> slowe ys owne honde,

þan mucche del of ys <sup>9</sup> ost, as ich vnderstonde.

<sup>1</sup> Kymbelyn, kyng of Bru-  
tayne, sones hadde tweye *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> That his auncetres to Rome  
were woned to done *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> In  
the contreie of Southamton

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Power *pro ost in Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> With gret power  
ynough *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> On aither side  
to gronde me faste slough

*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Slough with his honde

*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Folk *pro ost in Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> þis Romaynes were for nogt ouercome atte laste,  
<sup>2</sup> þat þe emperour with ys ost bi gan to fle faste.  
 A cheuenteyn þer was with hym, <sup>3</sup> Haym was ys name.  
 He sey, þat <sup>4</sup> heore partye wrogt was ney to schame.  
 He by þougte hym of felonye, and lette hym arme þere  
 Mid armes of Brytones, as he of þis lond were.  
 He sywede myd þe Brytones vp þe Romaynes so faste,  
 þat vr Kyng <sup>5</sup> hym louede, & ys herte al vp hym caste.  
 He spek Englisch, for he was at Rome ynorished bi fore  
 Myd ostage of þis lond, me louede hym þe bet þer fore.  
 He was euer ur kyng nex, and atte last he drow  
 Hys swerd, <sup>6</sup> ar he were y war, & oure kyng so slow.  
 þer was tricheri y now. for noimon ne may bet do  
 Gyle <sup>7</sup> an oþer, þan þilke þat he trusteþ mest to.  
 To hys felawes he <sup>8</sup> wende anon, & bad hem hardi be;  
 So þat þe Brytones were <sup>9</sup> vp þe poynt to fle.  
 Aruirag, oure kyng's broþer, wende forþ anon þere,  
 And dude on þe kyng's armes, hym self as yt were.  
 And lepte on ys stede, and siwede and sloz fast ys fon,  
<sup>10</sup> And þe Brutones with hym, for heo wende, þat it were þe kyng  
 echon.

Haym interfecit regem per fraudem.

<sup>1</sup> The Romaynes, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> So that themperour *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Lellius Haym *Ar.* & Lellius Hamondus *in marg.* <sup>4</sup> His partye was neygh y brought to shame *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hym louede wel, & his herte to hym caste. He spake Brutone, for he was with ostages at Rome byfore Of this londe a queynted, and hadde

hit nought y lore. He was euere oure kyng nexte *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Er me were y war, and oure kyng a slough *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> To a nothur, than he that a man trusteth most to *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Yede anon, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> In poynt forto *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> The Brutones wende hit were hure kyng, & siwede hym echon *Ar.*

Heo were alle þo so <sup>1</sup> harde, and þat folk slowe so faste,  
 þat þe emperour bi gan to fle mid ys folk at the laste  
<sup>2</sup> To schippes, & into þe see with wrechede hed y now.  
 Ac þe lufur Haym with ys folk toward þe wode hym drowe.  
 Aruirag hym sywede, and <sup>3</sup> to grounde euer slowg.  
 Atte laste ys trieherie wel lutel he <sup>4</sup> by lowg.

Hamptone. He ouer tok hym at an hauene & slog hym rygt þere.  
 Lutel harm thei trieherus <sup>5</sup> so alle y serued were.  
 þe hauene þer he was y slawe, astur <sup>6</sup> Haym ys name y wys,  
 Hamptone was y clepud, as he zet y clepud ys.  
<sup>7</sup> For Souþhamptone he ys y clepud, and worþ euerno.  
 In þis maner þe Britones þis lond <sup>8</sup> wiste þo.  
 Claudius þe emperour nolde not zet bi leue.  
 Eft sone he <sup>9</sup> gan with ys ost into þis lond weue.  
 Aruirag at Wyachestre with ys men was echon.  
 With ys power þe emperour <sup>10</sup> bisegede hym anon.  
 Aruirag greyþede hym and ys folk a boutte,  
 And wendeþ forþ to zeue hym batail with oute.  
 þo he com out ward with ys folk, þe emperour with stod,  
 And dredde of hys hardynesse, & þougte yt was not god,

<sup>1</sup> Wel y hardied, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To his shipes in to the see with wrechede ynough. The luthen Haym with othur folk to ward a wode hem drough *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Euere to grounde slough. And atte laste *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> By lough *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Alle so y serued *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Haym ywis, Haymtone was *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> Southamtone hit is eke y cluped, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Kepte the *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Com with his ost in to the lond weue *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Bysette hem echon [*l. anon.*] Aruiragus araiede hym, and ordeynede his route, Wende forth to zeue hem bataille that were with oute. He com outward *Ar.*

To do his lyf<sup>1</sup> an aunte, and ys men al so.  
 He þougte te speke of a cord, gef it mygte be y do.  
 To þe kyng he sende word, þat he schulde hym<sup>2</sup> be se  
 And make a forme of a cord, as yt mygte best be.  
 For wen heo hadde al y fogte, & here lyf<sup>3</sup> an aunte y do,  
 And here folk slawe on eyþer syde, & peraunte hem self also,  
 Al for a lufel couetyse<sup>4</sup> þe bi gete war þanne lute,  
 Beter yt were<sup>5</sup> a cordy, and bi leue heore<sup>6</sup> prude.  
 For he was so god<sup>7</sup> knygt, and also so noble kyng,  
 He<sup>8</sup> beod for to geue hym ys dogter in spousyng,  
 þe nobleste damesel þat was in eny londe,  
 And to spouse þe emperoure's<sup>9</sup> dogter yt ner hym no schonde,  
<sup>10</sup> For wat he bere ys truage, as rygt<sup>11</sup> were, to Rome  
 As<sup>12</sup> alle oþer kynges dude, and ys eldren y lome.  
 þe kyng for ys heye herte anon yt with seide:  
 Ac noþeles ys conseil hym gan þer to rede,  
 And saide, þat it was to hym gret prow and honour,  
 To be in such mariage alied to þe emperour,  
 þo<sup>13</sup> hexte prince of þe world, and þo maide so noble al so,  
 And þat it<sup>14</sup> nere hym no schame, ys truage to do

<sup>1</sup> In auenture, and his men-  
 nes also *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> By se *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> In  
 auenture *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The by yete  
 were thanne lyte *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> To  
 acordy *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Pruyte *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> A  
 knyght *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Praide hym for  
 to *Ar.* *At beod rectè se habet.*  
*idem nempe est atque offered.*  
<sup>9</sup> Doughtur nere to hym no  
 shonde, For thy that he bere  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Ea conditione (ait) ut*

*imperio Romano subditus es-*  
*set. Sic enim Gafridus Mon.*  
*" Mandabat igitur et [Aroi-*  
*" rago] concordiam, daturam-*  
*" que promittebat sese filiam*  
*" suam, si tantummodo reg-*  
*" num Britannie sub Roma-*  
*" na potestate recognosceret."*  
<sup>11</sup> Was *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> The pro alle in  
*Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Heighest *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Were  
*Ar.*



To þe noble stude of Rome, wan oþer kynges echone  
 Hit dude þorg at þe world, <sup>1</sup> & in so noble forme none.  
 þe kyng, þei he hawteyn were, ches þe best won,  
<sup>2</sup> And vnder stod ys conseil, so þat heo were at on,  
 þat he bere ys truage, as oþer dude, to Rome,  
 And þat he þe emperoure's dogter in spoused þus nome.  
 þat maide was to lond y brogt of so noble gentrise,  
 Fairor womman nas þo non, y hote heo was Gewise.  
 At a lute toun, þat was þo bi Est Walis,  
 þat vp Seuerne stod, y spoused <sup>3</sup> heo were y wys.  
 þe kyng louede ys wyf a non so purliche & so faste,  
 þat al <sup>4</sup> ys herte <sup>5</sup> outliche on hire one he caste.  
 For honour of þe mariage, þe emperour and he  
<sup>6</sup> Rerde, as heo y spoused was, a swyþe fair cite,  
 And aftur þe emperoure's name, þat Claudius was,  
 Heo lette þe cite clepe Claucestre for þis cas.  
 And þe emperour bi zet seþþe in þilke toun bi cas  
 A sone, þat me clepede Glow, þat gret mon seþþe was,

Sponsacio  
 filie Clau-  
 dii.

Vocacio  
 Glouce-  
 strie.

<sup>1</sup> *Ac pro & in Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And  
 dude after his consail, *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Hii Ar.* <sup>4</sup> His herte toward  
 hure al outryght he caste *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Ontliche *forsitan malint*  
*nonnulli, ut only denotet. At*  
*outliche lectio verissima, idem*  
*scilicet quod utterly valens.*  
*Id quod etiam è Galfr. Mon.*  
*liquet. Sicenim ille: "Erat*  
*" autem nomen puellæ Genui-*  
*" ea, eratque tantæ pulcritu-*  
*" dinis, ut aspicientes in ad-*  
*" mirationem deduceret. Et*

*" ut maritali lege copulata*  
*" fuit, tanto fervore amoris*  
*" succendit regem, ita ut*  
*" ipsam solam cunctis rebus*  
*" præferret." Ettamen ont-*  
*liche ferri potest, ea, qua dixi,*  
*significatione, pro more An-*  
*glo-Saxonum, qui vocum ad*  
*unam eandemq; rem signifi-*  
*candam repetitionem amant.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Thar (amisso rerde, quod*  
*tamen præfigi debet) that he y*  
 spoused was, a noble cite, *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup>An

<sup>1</sup> An hey duk of al þat stude, he clepede þat toun y wys  
 Aftur ys name Gloucestre, as he gut y clepud ys.  
 A boute four & twenti ger, as þis clerkes vnderstode,  
 Aftur þat oure <sup>2</sup> lord was y do on þe rode.  
 Gloucestre þorz þe emperour first þus a rerd was,  
 And Souþhampton þer bi fore, ze habbeþ y herd þat cas.  
 Sente Peter þer bi fore so muche <sup>3</sup> so<sup>ll</sup> it were  
 Pope was <sup>4</sup> at Rome first, Cristendom to lere,  
 And sende Sent Mark þe euangelist in to Egypt for to preche  
 þe gospel þat he hadde y mad, and Cristendom to teche.  
 Sent Poule eke þilke tyme to Cristendom wende,  
 Sent Denys, & mony oþer, as vr Lord a boute hem <sup>5</sup> semde.  
 Sent Peter fyue and twenti ger Pope bi leuede so  
<sup>6</sup> Forto yt was þe laste ger of þe emperour Nero.  
 þo þe emperour in þis lond hadde is wille i do y nowz,  
 He lette þe kyng <sup>7</sup> al y worþe, & to Rome a zeyn drowz.  
 þe kyng dygte þo þis lond nobliche with alle:  
<sup>8</sup> He lette bulde vp grete townes, þat were ney a doun falle.  
 þo Claudius þe emperour to ys ende was y do,  
 Aftur hym was emperour þe lufur mon Nero,

Nero.

<sup>1</sup> That duk was aftur of the  
 toun, and clepede hit y wis  
 Aftur his name Glowcestre, as  
 hit nough cleped is *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Lord  
 Crist do was on the roode *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Erasit quispiam in Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Of Rome, Cristendom *Ar.*  
*omisso* first. <sup>5</sup> *L.* sende *cum*  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Fort hit *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Totam*  
*Britannia potestatem, sua ab-*

*sentia, Arvirago concessisse*  
*Claudium, hic indicat auctor,*  
*illis verbis fultus, que Gal-*  
*fridus protulit, viz. "Ædi-*  
*ficata igitur urbe, ac paci-*  
*ficata insula, rediit Claudius*  
*Romam, regnumque pro-*  
*vincialium insularum Arvi-*  
*rago permisit. <sup>8</sup> And pro*  
*he in Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> prot-

Passio Pe-  
tri & Pau-  
li.

<sup>1</sup> brottene ger and an hálf, and þat was longé y now,  
And Seynt Peter & Seynt Poule in hys <sup>2</sup> laste ger he slowg.  
He bi com <sup>3</sup> sone þer aftur pur gydi and wod :  
<sup>4</sup> For he was in ys moder wembe, as he vnderstod.  
He þogte he wolde wyte, & se how <sup>5</sup> fair þe chaumbre were,  
<sup>6</sup> War inne he was & kenede, ar ys moder hym bere.  
Ys moder he let quelle a non, forto se with inne  
How fair þe inward was, þat he kenede inne.  
þo ys moder y slaw was, me blamede hym þer fore,  
And seyde, þat heo bogte hym dere, er he were y bore.  
“<sup>7</sup>ge is hyt,” quop he, “so strong, myd childe to be stonde?”  
“Bi þe fey, þat ich owe Mahone, þe soþe ich wol fondé.  
Hys ficianses he <sup>8</sup> clepede, and swor ys op anon,  
Bute heo maden hym with childe, he wolde hem sle echon.  
Heo bi speke hem <sup>9</sup> bi twene, and, þe deþ forto fle,  
þei zeuen hym a koynté drench, with childe for to be.  
Hys wombe bi gan to <sup>10</sup> grete, & etier þe lenger þe more,  
So <sup>11</sup> longe,” þat hym þogte strong, hys wombe ok wel sore.  
He clepede ys ficianses, <sup>12</sup> and swor grete a non,  
Bute heo made hym bere child, he wolde hem honge echon.

<sup>1</sup> Triftene *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Repone*  
laste *ex Ar.* *Nec est cur pu-*  
*tes, laste recte posse retineri,*  
*ut sententia sit, eo anno, quo*  
*fuert mortuus relictus. SS.*  
*Petrum atque Paulum occi-*  
*disse.* <sup>3</sup> Sone afterward pur  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And hough he was in  
his moder wombe he thoughte  
& vnderstood *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Mury  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> What that he was ynne

y kenned, er *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Ye, quath  
he, is hit strong, with childe  
to be bystonde? By the fey  
ich owe to my Godes, the sothe  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Clepede tho, and *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Bitwyne than, deth *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Grety, *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> And swor his oth anon,  
Bute hi delyuerede hym anon,  
hii sholde deye echon. Hii  
yef *Ar.*

þe

<sup>1</sup> þe zeue bym an oþer drenche, to habbe child þer,  
 So þat atte laste a sory child he ber. Rana.  
<sup>2</sup> For it alles com forþ, yt was a foul frogge.  
 For gode me þinkeþ litel harm, þei yt hadde i be a dogge.  
 zet þis gredi wreche louede þis foule best,  
 As <sup>3</sup> wommon deþ hire child <sup>4</sup> alle þing mest,  
 And <sup>5</sup> let hym rere a noble court, with gret quoyntyse and gynne,  
 At þe on ende of Rome, to norische þe schrewe inne;  
 And clepude þe court Laterane, aftur þe frogge y wys,  
 For in þe langage of Rome, rane a frogge ys.  
 So ys þat stude y elepud now, & euer worþ for þat cas.  
 Feble was þe Godfader, aftur wam þe name was.  
<sup>6</sup> þe firste chirche þat me lette in þo lond rere,  
 Seyn Jone's þe Lateran me rerede seppe þere,  
 þat stond zet, & heued chirche þat of al Cristendom ys,  
 Ac a beter cheþ þer ys now, þan þe frogge was y wys.  
 Seppe þe laþer emperour hadde in his herte joie,  
 To þenche <sup>7</sup> on fuyr, þat was in þe bataile of Troie, Combustio  
Roma.  
 þo me barnde grete townes & courtes day & nygt,  
 And þogte yt was mury joie, to se so fair alygt.

<sup>1</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> For tho hit al  
 forth com, hit was a wel foul  
 frogge. His fisiciens hadde y  
 holde hym wel in the gogge.  
 Yut this gidy wreche *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> A  
 woman doth *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Alther  
 thynge *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Let arere (*omis-*  
*so hym*) in *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The ferste  
 cherche me rerede there of al  
 Cristendom. And of Seynt

Johanes de Laterane thus the  
 name com. Sutte the luthure  
 Emperour *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> On fair fuer,  
 that brend the toun of Troye,  
 When the grete toures brende  
 & courtes day and nygt, Hym  
 thoughte hit was a mury game  
 to se such a syght. The wood  
 wretche *Ar.*

þe

þe gydye wretche lette sette þe <sup>1</sup> toun of Rome on fuyre;  
 To habbe game of þe lygt, þe while yt mygte dure.  
 þo wende forþ þe toun folk, as heo moste nede,  
 And nolde no more suffre þe schrewe among hem wede,  
<sup>2</sup> And slowe þe schrewe in fyl deþ ynow,  
 And þus hym fel wreche of God for he þe apostle slowg.

**V**ASPASIAN þe emperour aftur Nero com,  
 þat beter man was þan he, & <sup>3</sup> ne<sup>ll</sup> worrede nozt Cristendom.  
 þe Giwes he worrede <sup>4</sup> y now, & brozt hem <sup>5</sup> first to nozt,  
 For as muche as þe luþer men oure Lord to deþ brozt.  
 For he and Tytus ys sone of oure Lord vnderstode,  
 Fourti zer aftur þat he deide on þe rode,

Occisio Ju-  
dæorum.

<sup>6</sup> And wende to Jerusalem, and þat toun felde to grounde,  
 And slowe <sup>7</sup> þe luþer Gywes al þat heo founde,  
<sup>8</sup> Bute a schipful þer of a scapede, þat were to fele y wys,  
 War of com þe luþer brød, þat a mong men zet ys.  
 Ten <sup>9</sup> zer Vaspasian emperour was þo,  
 And Tytus ys sone aftur hym <sup>10</sup> ten zer, and no mō.  
 Domician, Tytus broþer, emperour þo was,  
 Fiftene zer aftur hym. no more schrewe þer nas.

<sup>1</sup> Cite *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> He sleigh for  
 fere out of toun, and hym self  
 slough, And for he Petur &  
 Powel slough he hadde ven-  
 geance y nough *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Deest*  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Stronge ynough *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Al to *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Wonne the toun

of Jerusalem, and fulde hit  
 doun to grounde, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> There  
 the *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Som yut of hem a  
 skapede, & that was harm y  
 wis, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Yer afterward Vas-  
 pasian *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Two *Ar. recte.*  
*Adeo ut teu reponerem.*

For

For he <sup>1</sup> worrede Cristendom, as þe luper Nero,  
And let <sup>2</sup> martri Seyn Denys, & mony oþer al so.

<sup>3</sup> **A** NERUA was þo emperour a ger, & somdel more.

Trajan <sup>4</sup> com aftur hym, mon of gret lore.

Trajanus.

Nyentene ger & an half emperour he was,

<sup>5</sup> þe noblest þat mygte, bote þat he Cristene nas.

So rygtful he was, þat <sup>6</sup> þan he hadde a dede hym self ydo,

þat a zeyn <sup>7</sup> ys lawes was, and ys sone al so,

<sup>8</sup> For such dede a man schulde, þat þis hadde y wrogt,

Lese ys on eye, & he hym self ne sparede hym self nogt,

Bute let pulte out ys own eye, & ys sone's al so.

<sup>9</sup> Wel' fewe kynges <sup>10</sup> me syþ, þat yt wolde do.

þer fore Seyn Gregori, þo he o londe was,

More þan fyf hundred ger aftur þis rygtful cas,

þat such a mon schulde in helle be, he carede in hys þogt,

þe soule <sup>11</sup> þorp Gode's grace out of helle he brogte,

And to ys body <sup>12</sup> ys joyned, & gef hym Cristendom,

<sup>13</sup> War with, as he worþi was, to blisse of Heuene <sup>14</sup> com.

<sup>1</sup> Werrede *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Martire  
Seynt *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Litteram hanc  
majusculam A rectissime omit-  
tit Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Com tho after hym,  
a man *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Noble man for  
soth he was, but he *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Theigh  
*pro þan in Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The lawe  
were, or his sone *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> For

which dede a man sholde, for  
that he hadde y wrought, Lese  
eny of hys lymes, hym self ne  
sparede he nought, Ac let *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Me nough  
sikth *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Thurgh *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hym  
*Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Whar thurgh, as *Ar.*  
<sup>14</sup> He com *Ar.*

Adrian

**A**DRIAN com þo next, and twenti ger and on  
 Aftur hym emperour he was, of Giwes ne louede he non.  
 þe <sup>1</sup> boru of Jerusalem he let somdel a <sup>2</sup> zeyn<sup>n</sup> rere,  
 þat Vaspasian felde adoun, þo he slow þe Giwes þere.  
 Ac he nolde <sup>3</sup> þe Giwes leue zeue for noþing, þat heo mygte,  
 þat þe moste of þe boru enes hadde a sygte.  
 He dude hem schame y now, & temprede hem fulwel,  
 And made <sup>4</sup> hem sone milde y now, þo heo were rebel.

**A**NTONIN was þo emperour twenti ger and two,  
 And aftur hym twei breþeren in þe emperie were y do,  
 Marcus & Aurelius, nyentene ger heo were,  
 Cristendam bi here day <sup>5</sup> me by gan faste lere.  
 For <sup>6</sup> Eleuthere a god mon was þo pope of Rome,  
 þorw wam first <sup>7</sup> Christenemen in to Engolond come,  
 Ych wol sone telle how, as ich vnderstonde,  
 And telle aftur þis emperoures of kynges of þis londe:

Reges. **A**FTUR kyng Aruirag, of wam we habbeþ y told,  
 Marius, ys sone, was kyng, quoynte mon & bold.  
 And ys sone was aftur hym, <sup>8</sup> Coel was ys name,  
 Boþe it were quoynte men, & of noble fame,

<sup>1</sup> Burgh *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Deest *Ar.* | gan faste to lere *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Eleu-  
<sup>3</sup> The Jewes loue for no thyng, | therie the good man *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Cris-  
 that hii myghte, That hii moste | tendom *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Kyng Coel was  
 of the burghes ones haue *Ar.* | his name, A noble man &  
<sup>4</sup> Hem meok and mylde ynough, | queynte, and of good fame,  
 that erst were rebel *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Me | *Ar.*

And

And here truage dude to Rome, as hem agte to do.  
 For þer nas <sup>1</sup> nower so noble prince, þat ne dude <sup>2</sup> so.  
 Lucye, Coile's sone, aftur hym kyng was.  
<sup>3</sup> For, as me may þe soþe segge, by fore hym no beter nas.  
 For he herde <sup>4</sup> of telle of miracles, þat come  
 þorw Cristenemen al a boutte, as wel as at Rome.  
 He willed anon in hys herte to fonge Cristendom.  
 þer fore ys messageres mid gode lettres he nom,  
 þat to þe pope <sup>5</sup> Eleuchere hastiliche heo wende,  
<sup>6</sup> þat he quik in to ys lond Cristendom hym sende,  
 þat <sup>7</sup> heo mygte serue God, for he wilþede mucche þer to,  
 And he ne schulde not be glad, er þe dede were y do.  
<sup>8</sup> þo pope here of was glad, & twei holy men hym sende,  
 Fagan and <sup>9</sup> Dimian, hys soule for to amende  
<sup>10</sup> þat rygt bi leue hym tagte, and gef hym Cristendom.  
 þo folk þo faste a boutte wyde þer to com.  
 þis was an hundred ger, and sixti ger and two,  
 Aftur þat God was ybore, þat þis dede was y do.  
<sup>11</sup> þus com lo into þis lond first Cristendam,  
 Bute yt were any holi man, þat priueliche arst yt nom.

Prima  
Christiani-  
tas Anglie.

<sup>1</sup> None *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Also *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> To  
 fore hym in Engelonde Cris-  
 tendom none nas *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ofte  
 telle *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Eleutherie *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> And that *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> He *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Damian *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> The  
 ryght bileue to teche, & yaf  
 hym Cristendom. That folk  
 faste a boutte wide ther to com  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Thus com lo Cristen-

dom in to Brutayne loude, But  
 ther were erst some preueliche  
 Cristendom hadde fonge. As  
 at the place of Glastyngbury  
 Joseph of Arimathie Lyuede  
 ther in Criste's laý, with hys  
 companye. Ther were tho  
 in Brutayne, false lawes to lere,  
*Ar.*

þer



þer were arst in Engelond, hor false lawes to lere,  
 Eygte and twenti chef studes, bischopriches as it were,  
 And þre architemples, as it were <sup>1</sup> hext of echon,  
 London, and <sup>2</sup> Euerwik, and in Glomorgan on.

Episcopa-  
tus.

þis gode kyng & his holi men lette felle hem alle þere,  
 And eigte & tuenti bischopriches in here studes lette rere.

Archiepi-  
scopatus.

And þe erchbischopriches as þe þre architemples were,  
 As yt were of alle chef Cristendom to lere.

Alle þo bischopriches vnder Euerwik were ydo

þat ben bi Norþ Homber, as heo deþ zet al so.

London <sup>3</sup> hadde þo al þis lond, þat bi Norþ Homber ys,  
 From Douere to Seuerne, and al Cornewaile iwis.

þe þridde erchbischopriche was at Carleon in Walis

Vp Osk in Glomorgan, ac þe see a doune ys,

Ac endes of olde walles þer stondeþ zet <sup>4</sup> euerne,"

Under hym Walis þilke hadde, & al bi West Seuerne.

Reditus  
incredulita-  
tis.

<sup>5</sup> þus com lo in to þis lond first Cristendom,

Ac þoru a luper emperour, þat þer astur com,

þat het Dioclician, it was seþþe i brogt to gronde,

And <sup>6</sup> heþenes y brogt ageyn for to Seynt Austyn it vn bonde.

<sup>1</sup> Heýghest *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ebrack-  
 wik, and ther to Carlyon. The  
 kyng and othur holy men de-  
 struyde hem alle y fere, And  
 eighte and twenty bisshopes in  
 hure stede dude there, And  
 thre Erchebisshopes ther the  
 Erchetemples were, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Had-

de that othur del, that a this  
 side Humber is, Fram Douere  
 in to Cornewaille to the see  
 ywis *Ar.* *Adeo ut Souþ pro*  
*Norþ reponi debeat.* <sup>4</sup> *Deest*  
*in Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Thus com in to this  
 lond the lawe of Cristendom,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hethenesse *Ar.*

Lucie

Lucie þis gode kyng, þat þus Cristene bi com,  
 Deide aboute four zet aftur ys Cristendom.  
 At <sup>1</sup> Gloucestre he deide, ac eir nadde he non,  
 þat a corede al þis lond, and ys men echon.

**SOUER** was emperour þilke tyme at Rome,  
 So þat þe tyþinges sone to hym come,  
 þat <sup>2</sup> þo kyng of Breteyne with oute eyr was ded.  
 Sone he þoru is court þer of nom ys red,  
 And wende hider hastiliche <sup>3</sup> with power y now,  
 And folk, þat stode a zeyn hym, faste to zronde he slow.  
 A duk þer was of þis lond, Fulgence was ys name,  
 He stod ageyn hym mid ys ost, & dude hym gret schame;  
 And, forto be þe sikerore, he wende <sup>4</sup> to Scotlond,  
 And made hym þere <sup>5</sup> gret ost of folk of þat lond,  
 And wende oft vp hym, and slow and barnde faste.  
 Ac euer hadde þe emperour þe maystre atte laste.  
<sup>6</sup> þe emperour in þis lond weddede þo a wyf,  
 þat was Fulgence's <sup>7</sup> sostre, þo in al þis strif.  
 Bi hire he hadde a god sone, y clepud Basian;  
 An oþer he hadde, y hote Get, þat he at <sup>8</sup> Rome biwan.  
 þo Fulgence seiþ, þat he ne myzte ageyn hym stonde,  
 To þe <sup>9</sup> lond of Scicie he wende out of þis londe,

Imperator  
 sponsat so-  
 rorem Ful-  
 gencii.

<sup>1</sup> Gloucetre he was y buried, ac heir hadde he non, Muchel sorwe to the lond, and to the men echon. Seuer was tho Emperour *Ar.* <sup>2</sup>The *Ar.* <sup>3</sup>With gret power y nough. That folk *Ar.* <sup>4</sup>In to *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>A gret ost of landfolk of the londe, And wende out vpon hym *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>Themperour here in this lond tho weddede a wife, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup>Suster in this ilke strife *Ar.* <sup>8</sup>Rome wan *Ar.* <sup>9</sup>Contreie of Sithie *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> And a gret ost of Picars, whas cheunteyn he was,  
 Of stronge men he gederede, to helpe hym in þis cas.  
 þo he y mad hym a fayr ost of þis bachelerie,  
 He com a zeyn in to þis lond out of <sup>2</sup> Scicie.  
 He by lay first Euerwik op þe emperour faste.  
 Bellum. So þat þe emperour hym zef batail at þe laste.  
<sup>3</sup> Ac muche del of þis lond to Fulgence toke,  
 For <sup>4</sup> he more of kynde was, & þe emperour for soke.  
 Bataile þei smyte strong ynow, & mony slowe to gronde,  
 So þat Fulgence þere hadde deþeiswonde.  
 Ac þe emperour <sup>5</sup> was y slawe, & y buried at Euerwyk.  
<sup>6</sup> Ac Fulgence deide seþþe, þo he hadde y ley sik.  
 Contencio. þo þis men were boþe ded, me moste hadde a kyng.  
 Bi twene þo Romaynes & þis lond þer bi gan þo stryuyng.  
<sup>7</sup> Get, þe emperoure's sone, þe Romaynes to kyng nome,  
 For he was <sup>8</sup> of fader and moder of þe kynde of Rome.  
 Ac þe Brutones of þis lond nome Basian þer to.  
 For ys moder was of þis lond, & ys vncler al so.  
<sup>9</sup> þo þer were twei kynges þus, þer nas not wel gret loue,  
 Ne mygte, þei heo breþren were, er þo on were a boue.

<sup>1</sup> And of Pictes gedered an  
 ost, and hure cheunteyn was,  
 Staleworthe men and hardy,  
 to helpe hym in this cas. Tho  
 this ost y gadered was of yonge  
 bachelrie, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Sithie. He  
 byseged Euerwyk vpon them-  
 perour faste *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> For *pro ac*  
*in Ar.* <sup>4</sup> He of hure kynde  
 was, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Was er y slawe,

*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And Fulgence deýde  
 afterward, tho he hadde longe  
 be sik. Tho these men *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Geth, themperoure's *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Of the fader blod, & of the  
 kynde of Rome *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Theigh  
 they were bretheren beýe, ther  
 was nought gret loue, Ne they  
 myghte reste haue, forte on  
 was a boue *Ar.*

So

So þat eiper <sup>1</sup> vp oþer werrede <sup>2</sup> faste,  
 And a batail strong y now smyten at þe laste.  
<sup>3</sup> And Basian and ys power slow <sup>4</sup> Get ys broþer,  
<sup>5</sup> And Basian bi leuede kyng, for þer nas þo non oþer.

Bellum.

**A** STALEWORþE zong bachiler in þis lond was þo,  
<sup>6</sup> Caraus was yclepud, þat couþe of muche wo.  
 For þo he hadde in werre y be, <sup>7</sup> & do gret maistrie,  
<sup>8</sup> And hym self muche yfoned, he þougte do tricherie.  
 He wente and bed leue þo of þe emperour of Rome,  
<sup>9</sup> To wyte þe se a boute þis lond fram stronge men þat come,  
 And bi het hym, þat, gef þer of wel auaunsed he were,  
 To zelde more god to Rome, þan al Bréteyne þider bere.  
 þo þe conseil of Rome y leuede ys faire bi hest,  
 And þat he was strong mon, & of gret power with þe meste,  
 þe emperour with god cartre, & mid ys owne <sup>10</sup> cel,  
<sup>11</sup> Hym gef of þe se a boute þe wardē euer y del.  
 þis false mon wende <sup>12</sup> þo mid ys cartre a boutē,  
 And of <sup>13</sup> willesful men hym zederede a gret route,  
 And bi het hem <sup>14</sup> god y now of purchas, þat God hem sende,  
 And purueide <sup>15</sup> hem gode schippes, & in to þe se wende,

<sup>1</sup> Upon *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Swithe faste,  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> So Bassian *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Geth  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> And so he was al one  
 kyng, for ther was non other  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Karant cluped he was,  
 & couthe on muchel wo *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Y do *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And a sayd  
 muche hym self, he thoughte  
 in trecherie *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> To kepe

the Bruttýsshe see fro strange  
 men that come *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Sele,  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Hym yaf the power of  
 this lond to hym euery dele *Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> Forth tho with his chartre  
*Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Euel doynge men ga-  
 derede *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Good *Ar.* <sup>15</sup> Hym  
*Ar.*

And won hem sone muche god mid strengþe & quoyntise,  
 And seþþe mid robbery, bute þei mygte <sup>1</sup> in'' oþer wyse.  
<sup>2</sup> Of hys purchas so large he was to men þat he fonde,  
 þat he hadde a gret ost in a lutel stonde.  
 þe yles he robbede in þe see, & þe haucnes <sup>3</sup> seþþe'' a boutte.  
<sup>4</sup> So þat men of purchas come to hym so gret route,  
 þat þer nas <sup>5</sup> prince vn neþe þat hym mygte at route.  
 Hys power wex euer so, þat eche lond hym gan doute.  
 So þat he spek mid hey men here of þis lond,  
 And bi het hem faire y now, & dude hem to vnderstonde,  
 þat gef heo abowe to hym, and to here kyng hym nome,  
 þat he <sup>6</sup> wole al out hem brynge of þe daunger of Rome,  
 And <sup>7</sup> deliuere þis lond of Romaynes, & of stronge men echon,  
 þat so fre lond as þis ne schulde nower non.  
 þe lond hym made þo here kyng, for he was so quoynte man,  
 And he bi gan to werre anon vp þe kyng Basian,  
 And eyþer ageyn oþer gederede ys ost faste,  
 So þat þei comen and smyton a batail afte laste.  
<sup>8</sup> Ac <sup>6</sup> Caraus of felonye hym gan vnderstonde,  
 And þogte, þat <sup>10</sup> Picars were of <sup>11</sup> stronge londe,

Bellam.

<sup>1</sup> *Omittit Ar.* <sup>2</sup> So large he was to hys men of thynges that hii fonde, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Drest in Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Sic igitur ipso agente confluebant ad illum quicunque in aliena anhela-*  
*bant; ita ut in brevi tantum haberet exercitum, quanto nullus vicinus princeps resis-*  
*tere quivisset Galfr. Mon.* <sup>5</sup> Prince non that *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Wolde hem brynge al out of *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> De-

liuere out of this lond the Romeynes echon: So freo a lond as this in the worlde sholde be non. That folk hym made tho here kyng, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Quod cum impetrasset, dimicavit confestim cum Bassiano & interfecit eum, & gubernaculum regni suscepit. Proderant enim Bassianum Picti, quos dux Fulgentius, ma-*  
*tris.*

þat <sup>1</sup> were with Basian þe kyng, þat Fulgence <sup>2</sup> hider broȝte,  
 þat <sup>3</sup> heo wolde liztliche to hym turne <sup>4</sup> he þoȝte.  
 Mid hem he spek so quoyntliche, & mede <sup>5</sup> bi gan bede,  
 So þat þe kyng Basian heo by traide in hys nede.  
 For þo heo come to batail, heo turnede a ȝeyn hym echon:  
<sup>6</sup> Heo nuste wich were <sup>7</sup> here frend, ne wych were <sup>8</sup> here fon.  
<sup>9</sup> Ac Basian and al ys folk eode a non to gronde,  
 And he hym self, and mony oþer y slawe were in astonde.  
 þo was þis false <sup>10</sup> Caraus kyng of þis lond here,  
<sup>11</sup> Unel it bi com hym of kynde to bea of such power.  
 þo tyþing com þo to Rome, þat he dude hem such schame,  
<sup>12</sup> Heo nome a gret lordyng, Allect was ys name,  
 And sende hym in to þis lond, & men mid hym ynowe,  
 So þat in batail þis <sup>13</sup> Caraus heo slowe.  
 þo þis batail was y do, heo bi gonne arere  
 Werre vp mea of þis lond, for <sup>14</sup> heo with Caraus were.

*tris suæ frater, in Britanniam  
 conduxerat. Nam dum sibi  
 auxiliari debuissent, promissis  
 & donariis Carausii corrupti,  
 in ipso prælio divertērunt  
 se à Bassiano, & in commilitones  
 suos irruerunt. Unde stupefacti  
 ceteri, cum ignorarent quis  
 socius esset, quis hostis, ocius  
 dilabuntur, & victoria cessit  
 Carausio. Qui ut triumphum  
 habuit, dedit Pictis locum  
 mansionis in Albania, ubi cum  
 Britonibus mixti per subsequens*

*ævum permanserunt Galfr. Mon.* <sup>9</sup> Carant of his felonye gan hym *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> The Pictes *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Strange *Ar.*  
<sup>1</sup> Hii were *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> His Uncle broughte, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hure thoughte. To hem he spak *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Bygan hem beode, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> He *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> His *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> His *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> And *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Carant *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Unele by cam hym of kynde to haue such power *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Carant hii *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Hii with Carant *Ar.*

þe Brytones þo of þis lond, to schilde <sup>1</sup> hem fro schame,  
<sup>2</sup> Cheson hem anew kyng, <sup>3</sup> Asclepiod was ys name,  
 þat was erl of Cornewail. he <sup>4</sup> gedere ys ost anon  
 To werre, & to stonde a zeyn þe <sup>5</sup> Romaynes ys fou.  
 He <sup>6</sup> wende hym to Londone, as kyng Allect þo was,  
 To honoure <sup>7</sup> here false Godes, as it fel þo bi cas.  
<sup>8</sup> þo þis kyng þis vnder zet, þat þis fôlk þus come,  
<sup>9</sup> He bi leuede ys sacrificise, & ys folk with hym nom,  
 And wende out ageyn hem, & strong bataile heo smyte.  
 So mucche folk þer was y slawe, þat deol yt was to wyte.  
<sup>10</sup> þis Britones were so egre, and woꝛ euer so faste,  
 þat <sup>11</sup> þo Romaynes and here kyng gonne fle atte laste.  
<sup>12</sup> þo Britones siwede aftur, as heo aȝt do,  
 And slowe mony þousant, and Allect þe kyng al so.  
 A <sup>13</sup> lordyng of þe Romaynes, þat y hôte was Galle,  
 Com & <sup>14</sup> gold hym to oure kyng, & ys men ney wat alle.  
 þe kyng hym nom to prison, to London he was y broȝt.  
 þe kyng hym wolde zeue lyf, ac ys men nolde noȝt,  
 Ne suffre, þat þer were <sup>15</sup> o liue eny of here fon,  
 Ac ladde hym in to London, & ys men echon,  
 To a rennyng water, þat zet ys þer y wene,  
 And smyten of alle here hedes, to bryng hem out of tene.  
 þe water þer heo were y slawe me clepude Galle brok,  
 Aftur Galle þilke prince, þat þer ys deþ tok.

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> Hem self fram *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Chese  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Asclepedot *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ga-  
 derede *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Romeynes, that  
 were his fon *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Wende  
 thuder sone anon, ther as  
 Allect was, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> His *Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> Tho Allect this vnder yat  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> He by lefte *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> These  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> The *Ar.*  
<sup>13</sup> Lordlyng *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> yeld *Ar.*  
<sup>15</sup> Alyue *Ar.*

þo was Breteyn þis lond of Romaynes almost lere,  
<sup>1</sup> Ac albysi were yt ten ȝer, ar heo here aȝeyn were.  
 Asclepiod let hym þo croune to kyng a non,  
 And kept a boutē ten ȝer þis lond <sup>2</sup> wel mid.  
 Ac þoru Romaynes, þat <sup>3</sup> here come, þat heþene were echon,  
 And þoru <sup>4</sup> oþer, Cristendom was nei wat al agon.

**T**WEI <sup>5</sup> emperoures <sup>6</sup> of Rome, Dyoclician,  
 And an oþer, ys felaw, þat het Maximian,  
<sup>7</sup> Were boþe at on tyme, þe on in þe Est ende,  
<sup>8</sup> And þe oþer in þe West, Cristendom to schende.  
 For þe luper Maximian Westward hider soȝte,  
 And Cristenemen, þat he fond, to strong deþ he broȝte.  
 Chirches he fel al a doun, þer ne moste non stonde.  
 And al þe bokes, þat he myȝte fynde in eny londe,  
 He wolde lete hem berne echon amid þe heye strete,  
 And <sup>9</sup> þo Cristenemen <sup>10</sup> alle sle, and none <sup>11</sup> o liue lete.  
 Seþþe God was <sup>12</sup> y bore, þer nas for Cristendom  
 In so lute stonde y do so gret martirdom.  
 For þer were in a moneþ seuentene þousant and mo  
 Y martired for oure Lorde's loue, (<sup>12</sup> nas not here gret wo?)

<sup>1</sup> Unnethe was hit ten yer, that hii her a yen nere. Ascleopedot hym let tho crouny kyng a non *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Pro* wel mid *legend. potius cum Ar.* fram his fon. *Id quod carminis ratio postulat.* <sup>3</sup> Hider *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Othur mysbeleuede, Cristendom was al gon *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Vide Editionem nostram vitæ Ælfredi Magni Spelmannianæ,*

*p.* 4. <sup>6</sup> At Rome were, on Dioclician, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And were bothe *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The othur in the West of the worlde, al Cristendom to shende *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> A sle *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> A lyue *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Y bore, vpon Cristendom Such persecucion as tho was hadde ther be non *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Nas there a gret wo? *Ar.*



## Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle,

With oute <sup>1</sup> grete halwe, þat heo hulde longe in torment,  
 As Seynt Cristyne & Seynt Fey, & al so Seynt Vincent;  
<sup>2</sup> As Sebastian, & mony oþer, as me may in Chirche rede,  
 And monyon turnede a zeyn to heþene for drede.  
 Among alle þese in þis lond, þat were monion  
 Y martred as þilke tyme, Seynt Albon was on,  
<sup>3</sup> þat was þe firste martir, þat to Engolond come,  
 Dere haþ, Lord! mony a mon y bogt Cristendom.  
 Under þis luþer <sup>4</sup> emperoures þer was a noble mon,  
 As of <sup>5</sup> heore luþer lawes, þat vnder hem muche won.  
 Constance was ys name, he conquerede of Spayne  
 þe truage, and of Fraunce, & seþþe here of Bretayne.

Constan-  
 cius.

**C**OLE was a noble mon, & <sup>6</sup> gret power hadde on honde,  
 Erl he was of Colchestre here in þis londe,  
 And Colchestre aftur ys name y clepud ys ich vnderstonde.  
 Oure lord, among oþer þinges, hym sende a fair sonde,  
 þat <sup>7</sup> he hadde an holy dogter al Colchestre in þis londe,  
 þat Seynt Helene was y clepud, þat <sup>8</sup> þo holy croys fonde.

<sup>1</sup> Othure grete halwen, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Fabian and Sebastian, and  
 oþur, as men rede, that helde  
 faste in the fey, and hadde  
 non drede. And, among men  
 of these londe, ther were ma-  
 nyon I martred at thulke  
 tyme, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> He was the furste

martir of Brutayne that com,  
 Muche was the shame me dude  
 tho to Cristendom, Under *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Emperour *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hure luthur  
 lawe, and vnder hym muche  
 wan *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Muche *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> He  
 gat a fair doughter at Coel-  
 chestre *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The *Ar.*

Bi twene oure kyng <sup>1</sup> Asclepiod & þis erl with oute faile

<sup>2</sup> þer wox gret wörre, so þat heo smyte bataile.

Bellum.

And þis erl Cole slow þe kyng, & þo he hadde, þo ouer hond,

Kyng he let hym crowne þo of, al þis lond.

þat folk was þo of þis lond y payed wel ynow,

þat he hadde y wonne þe kyndom, & þat he þe oþer slow.

þe tyþing to Rome com, <sup>5</sup> þat he y slawe was,

þat hem hadde y do schame, heo were glad of þat cas.

þe noble prince <sup>6</sup> heo sende hyder þe gode knygt Constance,

þat wan hem al þe power of Spayne & eke of France,

<sup>7</sup> þat he scholde eke þis lond wynne a zeyn to Rome.

So þat þis noble prince, and ys men hyder come.

<sup>8</sup> þe kyng Cole yt vnder zet, he dradde in ys mod,

For he was so noble <sup>9</sup> knygt, þat no mon hym with stod.

To hym he sende of acord, zef it were is wille,

Concordia.

þat he wolde to Rome abowe, & lete alle strif be stille,

And þider bere ys truage, as oþer dude bi fore,

<sup>10</sup> For wat he huld þe kindam, wen þe truage were ybore.

Constance it grantede, and nom ys truage,

<sup>11</sup> And nom also to be siker of hym god ostage,

And grantede hym þe kyndom and þe pes of Rome,

And bi leuede in þis lond <sup>12</sup> to godere y some.

<sup>1</sup> Astleopedot *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Gan ther were a contek, so that hii smyte ane bataille *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The heygher *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Al the Bru-tayne lond *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The kyng a slawe was, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And that *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Tho Coel *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Prince *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> And to kepe the kynedom, that hit

nere forlore. Constancius grauntede this, & *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> And to be the sikerour, of hym toke good ostage, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> To gedere botho y come. Sone by fel afterward, That Coel kyng sik lay, And deide sone afterward with ynne a short day, *Ar.*

A moneþ it was þer aftur, þat Cole syk lay,  
 And deide, as God wolde, with inne þe eigteþe day,  
 And oþer eir nadde he non, bute Seynt Helene þe gode,  
 Ys dogter, þat seþþe fond þe swete holy rode.

Sponsacio  
 Helenæ.

Constance, for hire eritage, þis maide to wyue nom,  
 And nom with <sup>1</sup> hire so þis lond, and þis kyndom,  
 And let hym <sup>2</sup> crowne kyng, & god kyng was and fyn.  
 By hire he hadde a god sone, y clepu Constantyn.  
 þo Constance hadde y be ellene ȝer kyng y wys,  
 He deide at <sup>3</sup> Euerwyk, and y buried was þer and ys.

**C**ONSTANTYN, is ȝonge sone, y crowned was þo kyng.  
 Noble mon he bicom, & <sup>4</sup> wytty þorp alle þing.  
 Kyng he was þritti <sup>5</sup> ȝer. he ladde þis kyndom  
 Rygt nobliche and swiþe wel with quoyntyse and wysdom.

**A**LUTHER. emperour bi fore, þat het Maximian,  
 þat was <sup>6</sup> vp Cristenemen (as we seide) so luþer a man,  
 A sone he hadde <sup>7</sup> schrewe y now, Maxencius to name,  
 Hym me made emperour, mony mon to schame.  
 He wes, as wel as ys fader, gret schrewe y now.  
<sup>8</sup> For in stroag martirdom Seynt Kateryn he slow,

<sup>1</sup> Hure al this lond, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Crouny to kyng, that good  
 knyght was & syn, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> E-  
 bracwyk, and ther y buried  
 ys. Constantyn *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Wys  
 thurgh *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Yer of this  
 kyngdom, And gouernede hit  
 swythe wel with queyntise &

wysdom. The luthur *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Upon Cristendom a swithe  
 luthur man, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Sherewed  
 ek, Maxent was his name,  
 Hym he made *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> For  
 Kateryne, and other mo, in  
 stronge deth he slough. Much  
 folk he dude shame, and the  
 folk

And mony oþer martir, and þat folk of Rome al so  
 He fondede to deserie, and mony schames do.  
 So þat þe deserites in to þis lond come  
 To Constantyn, þe gode kyng, for de faute from Rome.  
 And he hem faire vnder fong, so þat mo and mo  
 þer come for enlegeance to habbe of heore wo.  
 So þat <sup>1</sup> þese deserites bi gonne al on hym grede.  
 "Sire," heo seiden, "for Gode's loue bryng vs of þis  
 wrechede.  
 "Of þe kynde blod of emperie þer nys bi leued non,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Ne þat bi kynde were emperour, non bute þou on.  
 "How longe wolt þou suffre þe schrewe's out rage?  
 "Go and wyn þi kynde lond and þyn eritage.  
 "þou schalt habbe þer help y now of þi kynde londe.  
 "Wel þou wost, þat <sup>3</sup> lute while þe schrewe þe at stonde.  
 Constantyn hym vnderstod of ys kynde londe,  
<sup>4</sup> And god it were to habbe þis and þat on honde.  
 Muche power of þis lond mid hym forþ he nom,  
 And seþþe also of France, as he þer forþ com.  
 And wende toward Rome to wynne þe emperie,  
 To brynge þe schrewe adoun, þat dude þat robberye.  
 As he wende, he bi huld toward heuene an hey,  
 And þo vp in þe firmament an angel he sey,

Visio  
crucis.

folk of Rome also He fondede  
 to disherite, and brynge hem  
 to wo. The disheritez of  
 Rome to this londe come To  
 Constantyn, and bysoughte  
 hym of hem to take gome.  
 And he hem *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup>The disherites gonne on  
 hym to grede *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> That  
 sholde be kynde emperour,  
 non but though al on *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Lytel while they shulleth  
 the withstonde *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And  
 that hit were good to haue *Ar.*

þat

þat huld a croys, and þer on y write was lo! þis,  
 “<sup>1</sup> Costantyne þoꝛ þis signe þou schalt be maister iwis.”  
 Constantyne þis vnderstod, heþene þai he were.  
 A crois, in stude of ys baner, <sup>2</sup> ys men bi fore hym bere.  
 Maxencius þo he wiste him come, he hadde of hym gret  
 doute.

He let at Rome a strong dich make al a boutē  
 And dep aȝen Constantyne, and a ȝeyn al ys route,  
 Forto holde hem þer þoru wan heo come with oute.  
 As he was a boutē þis dich, he ne ȝan not mucche wyne.  
 For he fel al amide, and dreynt hym þer inne.  
 þoru þe vertu of the crois he was sone ouercome,  
 And Costantyn hadde al so sone þe toun ynome,  
<sup>3</sup> Costantyn ne com nower in batail non,  
 þat he hadde þoꝛ þe crois þe maistri of fon.  
 So þat he hym vnderstod <sup>4</sup> of þe beste won,  
 And of Seynt Siluestre þe pope hym let baptize anon.  
 And he was (as yt is ywrite) pur mesel þo,  
 And he bi com in hys baptizing hol of ys wo.  
 Seynt Siluestre was pope þo, and þe first þat þer com  
 Of alle popes þat deide with oute martirdom.  
 For þer nas non by fore him þat he martired nas  
 Of þe luther emperoures, for eche heþene was.

Baptiza-  
 cio Con-  
 stantini.

Levacio  
 ecclesia-  
 rum.

A chirche of Seynt Jon þe baptist Constantyn let rere,  
 And clepude yt <sup>5</sup> Costantiniane, for he was ybaptized þere.

---

<sup>1</sup> Constantyn *Ar. & sic in-* | ward com in bataille non *Ar.*  
*fra.* <sup>2</sup> Tofore hym he let rere | <sup>4</sup> What best was to don,  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Constantyn ther after. | *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Constantiniane, *Ar.*

1 Of Seynt Petur & of Poule an oþer he rerede al so,  
And in strong 2 mastlyng he haþ þer inne boþe heore bones  
y do.

Of seynt Laurence he rerde anoþer, of seynt Anneis eke on.  
And of oþer Seyntes þat zet stondeþ he rerede eke monion.  
þo sende he Seynt Elene ys moder, 3 þat wys was y kud,  
To Jerusalem to seche þe croys, þat þere was y hud.  
So þat it was þer y founde 4 þe by gyng of þe May,  
As ge habbeþ ofte yherd, þe holy rode day.

Costantyn lette also in Jerusalem chirches rere,  
And 5 wyde aboute elles wer, Cristendom to lere.  
So þat þoru Gode's grace so noble mon he was,  
þat þer nas prince in al þe world, þat vnder ys power nas.  
þre vnclen ys moder hadde, þat on hatte Honyn,  
And Trahen þo oþer hette, and þe þridde Maryn.  
Alle þre Costantyn nom with hym to Rome,  
And grete lordes þoru hym alle þre þer bi come.

**A**N erl þer was in þis lond, Octaui was ys name:  
Romaines, þat 6 here bileuede, he dude ofte schame,  
And slow hem faste her & þer, 7 þat me schulde uewe y se.  
þe Brutones hym crownede þo heore kyng for to be.  
8 þis word com to Costantyn, he þougte was to done:  
Trahen, ys moder vncler, hyder he sende sone.

---

1 To prove of in Ar. 2 Mast-  
lyng he let hure bones do Ar.  
3 That wys womman was  
kud, Ar. 4 In the gynnyng  
of May, Ar. 5 Wende a  
bout Ar. 6 Were byleued,  
Ar. 7 That few me myghte  
y se Ar. 8 When this word  
cam to Constantyn, he nuste  
what best to done: Ar.

With gret power ynow, to wynne þis kyndom.

At an hauene bi Souþe þis <sup>1</sup> folk o londe com.

þe kyng was of hem ywar, ageyn <sup>2</sup> hem he sette.

Bi side Winchestre in a feld to gedere heo hem mette.

**Bellum.** Batail heo smyten þer, & to gronde slowe faste,

So þat Octaui oure kyng aboue was <sup>3</sup> tte laste,

And Trahen, & mucche of hys folk, y woned ney to deþe,

<sup>4</sup>Flowe to se to heore schippes, and of scapede vnneþe.

To Scotlond heo wende bi water, & þer þei gonne ariue,

And gederede þer <sup>5</sup> al new ost ageyn þe kyng bi liue,

And robbede faste and barnde al þe contrei a bout.

Oure kyng weude þiderward faste mid ys route.

**Bellum.** In Westmerlond þei mette hem, and gonne figte biliue,

Ac oure kyng Octaui of scapede vnneþe <sup>6</sup> o liue.

He of scapede <sup>7</sup> in tor Norwei, to wynne hym help faste.

þo was Trahen <sup>8</sup> al a lord, þe wyle yt wolde laste.

Ac as he out of Londen wente in a tyde,

A gret erl hym kepte þer in a wode syde,

With an hundred knyghtes y armed wel ynow.

þis prince al vn ywar toward hem drow.

Heo comen ageyn <sup>9</sup> hym vn war, & slowe <sup>10</sup> hym al for noȝt.

þis tyþing was ouer se to þe kyng sone y broȝt.

He com hyder sone a zeyn joyful y now,

And <sup>11</sup> þo Romaynes, þat he fond, to gronde faste he slow.

<sup>1</sup> Folk to londe *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Hem

sone he sette *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Atte *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Hii flough faste to hure

shippes, and a scapede vnnethe

*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> A newe ost a ycnst

the kyng as blyue, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> A

lyue *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *L.* into *cum Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> As lord, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Hem *Ar.*

<sup>10</sup> Hem for nought *Ar.*

<sup>11</sup> The *Ar.*

þo gederede he so gret <sup>1</sup>tresour, and al so so gret route,  
 And so gret power, þat he nadde of no prince in þe world doute.  
 For þer nas prince non þat hym dorste arere strif.  
 So þat he huld þo þis lond in pes al is lyf.  
 He <sup>2</sup>ascode at ys conseileres, þo he to elde com,  
 How he mygte best do mid <sup>3</sup>þis kyndom,  
 For he nadde bote a dogter ho mygte ys eir be?  
 Some of ys conselers hym gonne þus bi se,  
 þat he schulde nyme ys neuwe, þat <sup>4</sup>hatte Conan,  
 And crowne hym kyng of þis lond, for þat he was <sup>5</sup>man,  
 And lete ys dogter <sup>6</sup>spousi mid richesse y now  
 To an oper prince elles ware, as ys <sup>7</sup>herto to drow.  
<sup>8</sup>Oper radde, þat he schulde al myd þe kyndome  
 Late ys dogter spousi to an hey prince of Rome,  
 And þenne, for <sup>9</sup>þe' aliance þat were hem <sup>10</sup>by twene,  
 Heo mygt þis lond al in pes holde with oute tene.  
 So þat þer was among hem gret strif for þis dede.  
 Cradok erl of Cornewaile <sup>11</sup>hy a vys seide,  
 þat a senatour of Rome, y hote Maximian,  
 Was of þe kynde of þis lond, a swyþe noble man.  
 For he was Leoline's sone, þat <sup>12</sup>Elene vncler was  
 þe gode Costantyne's moder, <sup>13</sup>for non beter nas.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ost, and so gret	<i>Ar.</i>	he sholde with the kyngdome
<sup>2</sup> Axede	<i>Ar.</i>	Lete his doughtur be y spou-
<sup>3</sup> His	<i>Ar.</i>	sed <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>4</sup> Was hote	<i>Ar.</i>	<sup>9</sup> Deest <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>5</sup> A Man,		<sup>10</sup> So
<i>Ar.</i>		by twene, Hii <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>6</sup> Be y wedded with		<sup>11</sup> His a
rychesse <i>Ar.</i>		vys he sede <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>7</sup> Herte drough		<sup>12</sup> He-
<i>Ar.</i>		leyne's <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>8</sup> A nothur radde, that		<sup>13</sup> That non <i>Ar.</i>

And



And wan he was a prince of Rome, gef he were eke þer to  
 Kyng <sup>1</sup> eke' her of þis lond, swiþe wel yt were y do.  
 Siker me mygte þenne be, to habbe here pais god ;  
 For he was y bore at Rome, & of þis londe's blod.  
 And for he was of þis kyng's kynde, þat of þis lond was,  
 þe beter pays þer scholde be for the rightful cas.  
 Conan, þe kyng's neuw, þo he herde þis,  
<sup>2</sup> Was wroþ, and destourbede al þe court y wys.  
 And napeles Cradok hym held at euene and stille,  
 And þe kyng stilleliche brogte al to hys wille.  
 To Rome he sende Morice, þat ys owne sone was,  
 Pryueliche to Maximian, to telle hym of þis cas.  
 þer was þo stryf at Rome bi twene þis Maximian,  
 And þo emperour, þat was þo, þat hatte Gracian.  
 þo Morice þider com, and faire was vnderfonge,  
 And herde þis contek, þat ilaste longe,  
 To þis senatour he seide, " Sire Maximian,  
 " <sup>3</sup> Whi art þou so sore a drad of þis Gracian,  
 " <sup>4</sup> Wen þou miht of hym god wei alto þin wille y se ?  
 " For com with me to Bretayne, & þou schalt þere kyng be.  
 " For þe kyng <sup>5</sup> now in elde naþ non eyr y wys  
 " Kynde, bote ys doȝter one, þat hym fol lef ys,

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Wex wroþ,*  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Ut quid Gratianum ti-*  
*mes, Maximiane, cum tibi pa-*  
*teat via, qua ei imperium eri-*  
*pere poteris?* Galfridus Mon.  
<sup>4</sup> *Thugh myght of hym haue*

al thi wille, & thugh konne  
 the by se. Com with me *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Nough is old, & ne hath*  
*non heir y wys, But a dough-*  
*tur that is yong, that hym lef*  
*is, Ar.*

And

" And he had god wille to þe, <sup>1</sup> as me deþ hym to vnderstonde,  
 " þat þou hire spousedest. for þou art of þe kynde of the londe.  
 " And such mygt, wan yt so ys, þou mygt þer þoru a fonge,  
 " þat þou mygt perauhtre <sup>2</sup> Rome wyne ar come ozt longe.  
 " For þi gode cosyn Costantyn Rome wan al so,  
 " And mony oþer of our kynges in þis maner come þer to.  
 þo þis Maximian vnderstod al þis,  
 He dude hym sone hyderward mid gret power y wis.  
 He ariuede at Souþ hampton, as <sup>3</sup> þo wynd hym had y lad.  
 þo our kyng herde her of, he was somdel a drad,  
 Leste he hadde for vnel y come. <sup>4</sup> Ac þe he wiste wad he was,  
 He vnder feng hym fayr y now, & conseilede of <sup>5</sup> þe cas.  
 Some seyde, <sup>6</sup> þat hym wer betere take ys neuwe Conan  
 þe kyndom of þis lond, and some <sup>7</sup> Maximian,  
 And some, an hey mon of þis lond þat he ys dogter toke,  
 And ys kyndom mid hire, for he yt wolde best loke.  
 Ac ys hext conseil nabeles, that he mest vnder stod,  
 Radde hym to Maximian, <sup>8</sup> for he was of so hey blod,  
 Of þe gode quene Elene, & of þe noble Costantyn,  
 (þat was kyng here of þis lond, & emperour atte fyn,)

<sup>1</sup> As he is vnderstonde,  
 To wedde to the, by cause  
 thugh ert of kynde of this  
 londe. And such power whan  
 hit is so thugh myght ther  
 thurgh avonge, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Be  
 lord of Rome er longe *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And thot he  
 wiste hough hit was *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> This cas *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Betere  
 hit were to take *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> To  
 Maximian, And some othur  
 lordes of this londe that hys  
 doughtur toke, And the kyng-  
 dom with hire, that hit  
 couthe best loke *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> That  
 was of heygh blod, And of  
 the good *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> And of þe kyng's blod Cole kyng of þis lond he com,  
 þat god yt were to al þe lond to take hym þe kindom.  
 þe kyng and ys meste men hulde al þis wisdom.  
 So þat þe kyng's dogter mid þis lond he nom.  
 Ac Conan, þe kyng's neuw, ne likede not þis game.  
<sup>2</sup> He garkede power a geyn hym to hym alle schame.  
 Ac ys power <sup>3</sup> lute was. for þe kyng was euer aboue,  
 So þat atte laste þei were y brogt <sup>4</sup> in loue.  
 Bi Graclane's dai þe emperour. þis was, as ich wene,  
<sup>5</sup> A boute þe ger of grace CCC. & LX. & seuentene.  
 Withinne fyf-ger aftur þis kyng so prout bi com,  
 For þe grete tresour nameliche þat he alday nom,  
 þat he <sup>6</sup> nas not ene y paid to habbe þis kyndom,  
 Bute he hadde France al so with strengþe wyþ oute dom.  
 He nom with hym of <sup>7</sup> hys lond gret power y now,  
 And to þe lond, þat was yclepud <sup>8</sup> Armorie, he drow,  
 þat Breteyn ys now yclepud, as he it <sup>9</sup> nempde þo.  
 Fyftene þousant <sup>10</sup> hors y wrye þer were ageyn hym, & mo,  
 Of þe lond of France, and of oper londes bi syde.  
 þer heo smyte a batail, þat cowþ was fulwyde.  
 þer was þe <sup>11</sup> duk of France y slaw, and al is folk ney.  
 þo þe kyng Maximian þis grete slagt y sei,

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> And of kyng's blood tene, (*site & LX.*) *Ar. minus*  
 Coel of this londe com, *Ar. recte.* <sup>6</sup> Was nought onlich  
<sup>2</sup> He ordeyned with his pow- a paid to haue the kyngdom,  
 er to du hem alle shame *Ar. Ar.* <sup>7</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Armorie,  
<sup>3</sup> Litel *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> To loue *Ar.* *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Clupede *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Hors  
<sup>5</sup> In the yer of oure Lord y heled there were *Ar.* <sup>11</sup>  
 Crist thre hundred & seuen- Kyng *Ar.*

He

He was glad, for he wiste wel to wynne þo al ys wille.  
 Conan, <sup>1</sup> þe quene cosyn, he clepude out þo stille,  
 He bi gan som del to <sup>2</sup> lihe. "We habbeþ now," he seyde,  
 "Y wonne an ende of France, of þe oþer nys no drede.  
 "þei ich be kyng of Breteyne, þat was þin <sup>3</sup> vncler lond,  
 "Ne be þou not sori þer fore, for ich wol habbe more an hond.  
 "Ych wol make þe of þis lond kyng, þou schalt yse,  
 " <sup>4</sup> And þis lond schal be þyn, and þe oþer Breteyn be.  
 "For honour of Breteyne, to wam þou haddest kynde,  
 "þe oþer Breteyne yt schal hote, as to habbe of þe mynde.  
 "Deliuere we schul yt of þis folk, þat <sup>5</sup> hire inne ys,  
 "And of folk fulle it fol of <sup>6</sup> oure kynde y wis.  
 Conan bowede a doun to hym, & þonkede hym <sup>7</sup> faste,  
 And bi let to serue hym trewliche, þe while ys lyf laste.  
 Heo wende a boutte in al þe lond, & heye townes nome,  
 And al þe men, þat heo fonde, heo slow euer as heo come,  
 And let þe wimmen go aliue; & þo heo hadde al <sup>8</sup> an honde,  
<sup>9</sup> And hadde y slawe al clene a boutte þat folk of þe londe,

<sup>1</sup> The quene's cosyn, he let tho clepe hym tille, And thus he began to speke to hym. We haueth nough, he sede, Wonne that on ende  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Id est*, to laugh. *Sic enim Galfr. Mon.* "*Vocavit er-*  
*go Conanum ad se, extra tur-*  
*mas, & paulisper subridens*  
*ait: Ecce unum ex potioribus*  
*regnis Gallie subjugauimus,*  
*ecce spem ad cetera habere*  
*possumus.* &c. <sup>3</sup> Uncle's *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> And this, in mynde of that othur, the lasse Brutayne shal be. In honour of the more Brutayne, to what thugh haddest kende, The lasse Brutayne this shal be, to haue the more in mynde *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Ther *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Thyne kynde *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Ful faste, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> On *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> And hadde delyuered al a boutte clene that folk of londe, *Ar.*

In eche stude heo sette þere strong warnesture and god  
 Of folk of þis lond <sup>1</sup> here, and of here owne blod.  
 þe kyng an hundred þousant <sup>2</sup> men in þis lond fette,  
<sup>3</sup> And þritti þousant knyghtes <sup>4</sup> here wardeynes he sette.  
 And delde among hem al þe lond, & gef eche diuerse þing,  
 And made Coman of hem alle, & of al þe lond kyng.  
<sup>5</sup> And þus was Breteyne y wonne þoru oure <sup>6</sup> prince here,  
 And aftur þis lond Bretayn iclepud in þis maner.  
 Maximian wende <sup>7</sup> forþ þorw ys grete maistrie,  
 And wan with strengþe al France, and seþþe Normondie.  
<sup>8</sup> For he gef ech mōn, þat to hym com, his purchas in eche  
 londe.

So mucche power fel hym to, þat noþing mygt hym at stonde.  
 And Gracian þe emperour at Rome <sup>9</sup> seþþe he slowg,  
 þat for hys hardy dedes of hym me dradde ynowg.  
 Ac þoru þe emperour, þat seþþe com, y hote Theodose,  
 Maximian was seþþe y slaw, <sup>10</sup> magrei ys nose.  
 And so þe schrewe robboures hadde here wille at stonde,  
 And cheui in here robberi, atte laste it goþ to gronde.

lande <sup>1</sup> Here of hure *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Men  
 of this londe. let fette, *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Præterea xxx. milia militum,*  
*qui ipsos infra patriam, qua*  
*mansuri erant, ab hostili ir-*  
*ruptione tuerentur.* Galfr.  
 Mon. <sup>4</sup> Hure *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Thus was  
 litle Brutayne *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Princes  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Tho forth *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> He yaf  
 ech man that to hym com of  
 purchas of his londe. So  
 mucche people drough to hym,

myghte hym no man with-  
 stonde *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Suth he dude  
 to dethe, And his brothur  
 Valentinian a scapede a lyue  
 vnnethe. Ac thurgh an em-  
 perour *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Magrei al  
 his nose. But erst these sher-  
 rewe robboures hadde hure  
 wille a stounde, And suth for  
 hure roborie hii were y  
 brought to grounde. þe Bru-  
 tones *Ar.*

þe Britones, þat Maximian of þis lond broȝte þo,  
<sup>1</sup> In þe lasse Breteyne bi leueþ zet, and schul euer mo.  
 And so þilke Brutayne of þis lond com  
 More þoru strengþe, as ze yseb, þan þoru ryȝt dom.  
 Of <sup>2</sup> þe lasse Bretayn Conan þat was þus kyng,  
 Among hem nolde of <sup>3</sup> þilke lond habbe no myngyng,  
 Ne children of þilke kynde, þer fore he lette sende  
<sup>4</sup> To hye men of þis lond aboute in eche ende,  
<sup>5</sup> þat of hye menne doȝtren maydenes me nome  
<sup>6</sup> Ellene þousant at þe leste, & to hym þat heo come;  
 And of <sup>7</sup> simpler maydenes an sixti þousant gode,  
 þat heo migte <sup>8</sup> make here kynde al clene of heore blode.  
<sup>9</sup> þis maidenes wer y gedered, and <sup>10</sup> to London y come.  
 Mony were glade þer of, and <sup>11</sup> ful sori some  
 þat heo schuld of lond wende, & neuer eft here frend s se,  
 And somme to lese here maidenhed, wyues for to be.

<sup>1</sup> Byleuede in Brutayne,  
 that Conan com thus ther to,  
 That Armorike erst cluped  
 was, & to newe name thus  
 com By conqweste, as who  
 seith, more than thurgh *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Cumque sibi cessisset victoria,*  
*voluit commilitonibus suis con-*  
*juges dare, ut ex eis nasceren-*  
*tur heredes, qui terram illam*  
*perpetuo possiderent; & ut*  
*nullam commixtionem cum*  
*Gallis facerent, decrevit ut ex*  
*Britannia insula mulieres veni-*  
*rent, quæ ipsis maritarentur.*

&c. Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup> That lond  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> To the heigh *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>  
 That heighe menne doughtren  
 maydens me nome Enleuen  
 thousand atte leste, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> xi. ml.  
 maydenes fre. lx. ml. madenes  
 thewe *Ar. in marg.* <sup>7</sup> Simple  
 menne doughtren sixti *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Fulle that lond al clene *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> These *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> To shipe hii  
 come *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Wel sory some,  
 Somme for hii sholde of londe  
 wende hure frendes neuere to  
 se, *Ar.*

þo þei were in þe schippes y do, & in <sup>1</sup> þe fer were,  
<sup>2</sup> So gret tempest þer com, <sup>3</sup> þat drof hem here & þere,  
 So þat þe meste del a dreynt were in þe se,  
 And to oþer londes some y driue, and ne come ner age.  
 A kyng þer was of Hongri, Guayn was ys name,  
 And Melga, kyng of Picardye, þat couþe ynow of schame,  
 þe wateres for to loken a bouten þe se heo were,  
 A companye of þis maydenes so þat heo mette þere.  
 To here foly he wolde hem nime and hor men al so,  
 Ac þe maydenes wolde raþer dye, þan a cente þer to.  
 þo wende forþ þe luþer men, & the maydenes slow echon,  
 So þat to þe lasse Breteyne þer ne com aliue non.

**O**F þe wo, þat þer haþ in Engelond y be,  
 þoru emperoures of Rome, here ge mowe y se.  
 In oþer manere þat Scottes & <sup>4</sup> Picars, as ich seide,  
 Habbeþ y worred þis lond, ich wol telle þe dede.  
 Guain þe kyng of Hongri, and þe kyng of Picardie,  
 þo heo hadde, as ych haue y seit, mid so gret vilenie  
 Y slawe of þis maydenes þat swete companie,  
 Bi þougte to do þis lond more tricherie.  
 Heo vnderstode, þat þis lond ymad was al clene  
<sup>5</sup> Of god folk þoru Maximian and Conan <sup>6</sup> as'' at ene,  
 And þat heo mygte þis lond al for nozt wyne,  
 Heo gederede folk faste, þe werre to bi gynne.

<sup>1</sup> *Lege potius, cum Ar.* þe  
 see fer were. <sup>2</sup> A gret *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> And blew hem *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Pictes

*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Of people thurgh *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Deest Ar.*

To þe se heo sende mid heore folk, þat heo hadde on honde,  
 And come, as hem leuest was, first in to Scotlonde,  
 Toward þis lond heo bi gonne forto robby faste,  
 þat folk to sle, and townes and castles adoun caste.  
 þe simple men, þat heore were, here red þer of nome,  
 And sende aftur more help to þe emperour of Rome.  
 A duk, þat <sup>1</sup> het Gracian, from Rome me sende,  
 þat mid gret power to þis lond hyder wende.  
 þo lond folk, þo he hyder com, turnede to hym faste,  
 So þat þer was slawgt gret, þe wyle it wolde laste.  
 And þis kyng of Picardy, and al so hys felawe,  
 Wer of come atte laste, þat heo nuste wyder to drawe.  
 Viliche þei were & mid strengþe ydryue into Yrlonde,  
 þo hadde Gracian þis lond al clanliche on honde,  
<sup>2</sup> He let hym þo crowne kyng, and þo he alord was,  
 No more schrewe, þan he bi com, ych wene non nas.  
<sup>3</sup> þat lond folk eode forþ, and to gedere drowe,  
 And, ar he dude to muche wo, þo foule schrewe slowe.  
 þat þo kyng was y slawe, it was sone coup  
 In eche half from lond to lond, boþe Norþ & Souþ,  
 So þat it to þe kynges come, þat wende in to Yrlond.  
<sup>4</sup> Heo þoruide þat heo haddo folk y now on honde  
 Of Norwei, and of Denemark, and al so of Scotlonde,  
 And barnde and to gronde slowe faste in þis londe.

<sup>1</sup> Height Gracian; Maximian hider sende. With two legiones of men hiderward he wende. The landfolk *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> And let hym self crouny kyng, & tho he al lord was, *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> The landfolk so hii sey this, to gedre faste hem drough, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hii þorueyede hem, that hii hadde sone power an honde *Ar.*



## Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

So þat þe folk of þis lond al clene was ouercome.  
 \* For þe kyng had arst of þis lond þe knyghtes so clene y nome.  
 Eft sone heo sende zet to Rome, wepyng ful sore,  
 þat heo schulde in here wþ zet hem helpe more,  
 And <sup>2</sup> hem wolde obligi, and sikernesse finde gode,  
 To bere hem clene here truage, wyle þe world stode.  
 Eft sone zet þo Romaynes power hyder sende,  
 Knyghtes and oþer werroures, þat to þis lond wende,  
 And in þe Souþ half ariuede of þis lond her.  
 Heo gadered folk ynow, þat heo hadde gret power,  
 And wende faste vp here fon, þat ne mygt hem noht at stonde.  
 For some were y slawe sone, and some flow out of londe.  
 þo <sup>3</sup> þis lordes of Rome al here wille hadde,  
 Heo nomen here conseil, & þe folk of þis lond radde,  
 þat heo bi twene þis lond & Scotland schulde a wal rete,  
 Strong and heyz on eche syde, þer no water nere,  
 From þat on se to þat oþer, þat were hem bi twene,  
 To lette hem wen heo come, & to saue hem fro tene.  
 \* For Scotland hap euer y be a luper recet y lome,  
 Wan þer any werroures toward þis lond come.  
 þe Romaynes seide eke, þat heo nolde in no maner so wende  
 Out of heore lond hiderward, ne heore power so sende;  
 Ne to rokke hem so in þe se, ne heore lȳf þan aunte do,  
 Bote wite heore lond at home, and heore god also:

<p><sup>1</sup> For Maximian hadde          out byfore al clene the          knyghtes y nome. <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>2</sup> Hii hem oblege wolde, and <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>3</sup> These lordlynges <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>4</sup> For Scotland haueth for vs y</p>	<p>þe luther recet y lome, And          euere enemys to this lond, &amp;          wolde neuere be some. <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>5</sup> In a venture do, Ac witye          hure owene lond at hom, and          hure good also. For hii no          more</p>
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Ac ge schulde of oure gonge folke teche for te fygte,  
 For heo ne more in þis lond nolde come, ne myzte.  
 þat folk þo of þis lond, þo heo nuste non oþer red,  
 Bi gonne to rere þe stronge wal, as hem was y seyð.  
 A rerde he was strong ynow, as þe stude is get sene.  
 Muche me moste swynke er, and ther aboute spene.  
 þo þe wal wes gare y mad, a conseil heo nome,  
 þat al þe <sup>1</sup> conseil of þis lond schulde to London come.  
 þo heo were alle <sup>2</sup> ycome wisliche for to rede,  
 þe bischop of London in þis maner him seyde:  
 " Mi leue frende, to telle gou, as þis heye men me bede,  
 " Beter wille ich hadde to wepe, þan to do oþer dede.  
 " <sup>3</sup> For pite yt ys of þis lond, & of oure <sup>4</sup> wrecched hede,  
 " Aftur þat Maximian our <sup>5</sup> fol gan awei dede,  
 " Al our knyghtes, and swaynes, and al oure gong hede,  
 " And <sup>6</sup> astored þer with oþer lond, alas! þat deolful dede!  
 " For ge ben men beter y tagt to schouele and to spade,  
 " To cartestaf and to plowstaf, and a fischyng to wade,  
 " To hamer and to nedle, and to marchandise al so,  
 " þan <sup>7</sup> with swerd or <sup>8</sup> hauberk eny batail to do.

more in this lond wolde come  
 ne myghte. And that hii sholde  
 hure yong folk teche for to  
 fyghte. That folk *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Grete *pro conseil in Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Thuder y come wisliche to  
 rede. Therchebisshop Gwi-  
 thelyn of London thus sede:  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Miseret enim me orpha-*  
*nitatis & debilitatis, que vobis*  
*accessit, postquam Maximianus*

*regnum istud omni militia om-*  
*nique iuventute spoliavit. &c.*  
 Galfr. Mon. <sup>4</sup> Wrecchede, Af-  
 ter, that *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Folk *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Othur londes storede ther  
 with, alas! the deolful *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> With sper or with swerd  
 bataille for to do. Whan your  
 enemyes cometh yow to, ye ne  
 kunneth bute fle. As shep by-  
 fore wolues. *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Id est,*  
 haber-

- “ For wen oure fon to ow comeþ, ze ne konne nogt bote fle,  
 “ As schep to fore wolues : (how mygte more wo be?)  
 “ And þe se bi set ow al <sup>1</sup> a boute, bote twei wēyes ze mowe  
   þenche,  
 “ Oþer ligge a doua and be slawe, oþer fle and drenche.  
 “ <sup>2</sup> Wor þere <sup>3</sup> any hope of ow, bote clanche al þat lond,  
 “ Al þe help and lokyng, ys in oþer monne honde?  
 “ <sup>4</sup> And þe Romaynes bep anyed of here trauail so sore,  
 “ Of perel on se, & eke on lond, þat heo nul come her no more.  
 “ Heo wol raper bi leue here truage, þat ze hem bereþ ager.  
 “ Ne konne ze nogt lerne þing, þat ze dude neuer er?  
 “ <sup>5</sup> Change zoure hond, & to vse of swerd & lance ys ydo.  
 “ For no men ne bep strengor þen ze, zeþ ze turnede þer to.  
 “ <sup>6</sup> Me may se a bonde mone's sone ? oþer wyle knygt bi  
   come,  
 “ And some gromes and squiers, and seþþe knyghtes some.

habergion sive lorica. *Potest tamen & haubert legi, quomodo & ipse legisse videtur Codicis Ar. interpolator. Et quidem hodie itidem bipennem halbert vocitare solemus.*

<sup>1</sup> A boute, hough mowe ye thanne by thenche? *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> Help is ther non with yow, but clenlich al this londe, Al the helpyng and lokyng, ys in othur manne's honde. *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> *Eritne ergo spes vestra semper in ulieno tutamine, & non, instructis manibus vestris, ensibus & hastis depelletis la-*

*tronēs, nequaquam vobis fortiores, nisi segnitia & torpor adesset? Jam tedet Romanos tam assidui itineris &c. Galfr.*

*Mon. 4 Malim ac pro and.*

<sup>5</sup> Aplieth your hondes to the spere and to swerd also *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> *Nonne homines transverso ordine nascuntur, ita ut ex rustico generetur miles, & ex milite rusticus? Miles etiam de mangone venit, & de milite mango. Galfr. Mon. 7 Som*

*tyme a knyght by come, And of a grom a squyer, and after knyghtes some Ar.*

“ Wen

" Wen ge habbeþ <sup>1</sup> forme of men, beþ men <sup>2</sup> on alle wise,  
 " And turneþ your hond to manhede, & <sup>3</sup> wyteþ oure franchise.  
 " þis bischop, þat hatte Gocelyn, þoru heor <sup>4</sup> alle rede,  
 To þe lasse Breteyne wende for þis dede.  
 King Conan he fond ded, <sup>5</sup> an oþer of gret fame  
 Kyng he fond in hys stude, <sup>6</sup> Androw was ys name.  
 " Sire kyng," quoth þe bischop, " gef þou wolt vnderstonde,  
 " Deol þou mygt habbe in þin herte of þi kynde loude,  
 " Of þe more Bretayn, <sup>7</sup> as þin eldre were y bore.  
 " For þou wost wel Maximian þe kyng, & Conan her bi fore  
 " þe bachelerie al þat <sup>8</sup> agt wes out of þat lond nome,  
 " And a stored here þis <sup>9</sup> lond and þe power of Rome,  
 " And londes abouten vs habbeþ wel vnder gite,  
 " þat þer nis no folk bi leued, þat lond forto wyte.  
 " Heo sleþ & destruyeþ al, þat þer nys noþing bi leued,  
 " Warbi men <sup>10</sup> mow libbe, and al for defaut of heued.  
 " And þer nys no mor þat kynde haf þerto bute þou <sup>11</sup> on.  
 " Help <sup>12</sup> þi kynde eritage, & þou worst þer kyng anon.  
 þe kyng gan som del to <sup>13</sup> lyghe, þo he herde þis.  
 " Ych <sup>14</sup> habbe," heseýde, " sirebischop, such tyme y sey y wys,

<sup>1</sup> The fourme *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> In  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Kepeth youre *Ar.* <sup>4</sup>  
 The archebisshop Gwithelyn,  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Aldre [*l.* alre] *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> And a nothur *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> An-  
 droge *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Ther thyne el-  
 derne *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Ought was *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Lond thurgh the power  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Myght *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Al  
 on *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Nough thyn olde

heritage, *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Laughe, *Ar.*  
<sup>15</sup> *Olim tempus erat quo non  
 negarem insulam Britannie  
 accipere, si quis eam mihi lar-  
 giretur. Non enim existimo  
 alteram patriam fertiliorem  
 fuisse, dum pace & tranquil-  
 litate frueretur. At nunc,  
 quoniam infortunia accesserunt &c.* Galfr. Mon.

“<sup>1</sup> þat y nolde nogt hadde for sake þat lond ho me hadde y brogt þer to.

“ Ac so muche<sup>2</sup> wrecched hed þer ys, þat nys not now so.

“ And nameliche for þe folk of<sup>3</sup> Rome þat so muche seruise habbet þere,

“<sup>4</sup> þat in such þradam forto be<sup>5</sup> eche god mon loþ were.

“ þis lond ich<sup>6</sup> hadde here so fre, þat to non herre y schal abuye,

“ Bute wite fram þe kyng of France, þat doþ me ofte anye.

“ And for to wite me from hym, y nyl not<sup>7</sup> henne wende.

“ Ac for myn<sup>8</sup> eldore hadde þat lond,<sup>9</sup> y segge þe atte ende,

“ To brynge it ageyn<sup>10</sup> to oure kynde, ich wol þider sende

“ Costantyn my broþer, þat god knygt ys and hende,

“ And wel<sup>11</sup> yfounded in armes, & two<sup>12</sup> hondred knyghtes al so,

Wel<sup>13</sup> y wrye with þe atyl, þat god dede mow do

“ Mid þe folk of þe lond, gef<sup>14</sup> heo agtes beþ,

“ And ge mow hym make goure kyng, wen ge<sup>15</sup> tyme seþ.

þis Costantyn was of send, and<sup>16</sup> þis knyghtes also,

And<sup>17</sup> schippes and here a tyl prest, such prowes forto do.

<sup>1</sup> That ich hit wolde nought haue forsake, yf hit hadde ther to be brought *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> Wrecchede now ther is, that now is hit so nought *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> Rome such seruise *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Ech man ful

loth were *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Holde as

freo, y ne dar non othur a

buye, But wite me fro the

kyng of France, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hens

*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Elderne *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Y seigh yow atten eynde, *Ar.*

<sup>10</sup> To ryght, ich *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Y founded *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Thousand

*Ar. cum Galfrido Mon.* <sup>13</sup> A rayd in good a tye, dedes of

armes to do With the folk *Ar.*

<sup>14</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>15</sup> The tyme *Ar.*

<sup>16</sup> These *Ar.* <sup>17</sup> Hure shipes

redy mad, this dede for to

do *Ar.*

Ac heo ne mygte <sup>1</sup> so raþe come, þat þe kynges twei  
 Nere y come out Yrlond, <sup>2</sup> wyt gret power bey  
 Of Scottes and of Picars, of Denemarch, <sup>3</sup> of Norwei,  
 þat euer <sup>4</sup> habbeþ þis lond y hated, bote it were for eye.  
 Fer bi Norþ <sup>5</sup> bi gonne, and hider faste drowe,  
 And caste a doun <sup>6</sup> þis stronge wal, & townes grete y nowe.  
 þe Britones, þat mygte of scapie, by gonne faste to fle,  
 Some in roches, some in wodes, þat <sup>7</sup> rewþe yt was to se.

**C**OSTANTYN <sup>8</sup> myd ys power, among al þis wrechedom,  
 At þe hauene of Tottenais <sup>9</sup> stilleliche o lond com.  
 Glad were þo þe Britones, & joyful & proute.  
 Heo comen out of þe wodes sone, and of þe roches aboute.  
 So þat Costantyn hadde sone <sup>10</sup> power y now,  
 And toward þis lufþer men Norþward sone drow.  
<sup>11</sup> He cudde þat <sup>12</sup> heo were men, & slowe <sup>13</sup> to gronde,  
 þe prude <sup>14</sup> of Scottes & Picars abouten in a stonde.  
 For heo flowe þat mygte fle, and some fet to gronde.  
 Heo mygte <sup>15</sup> segge, wen heo come home, þat heo hadde here  
 pere y fonde.  
 To Yrlond heo flowe ageyn, & elles wyder heo mygte.  
 Heo ne þougte not a god while with þe Brytones to fygte.

<sup>1</sup> So sone come, that the  
 luther kynges tweye *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> With *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And of *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Haueth hated this lond, but  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Bigonne (*simplici voce*)  
 in *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Pict Wall *Ar.* <sup>7</sup>  
 Deol *pro rewþe in Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And  
 his power in al this *Ar.*

<sup>9</sup> Stille a lond *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Gret  
 power y nough, *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Hii  
*Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Faste to  
*Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Of this luther men  
 hii batide in a stounde *Ar.*  
<sup>15</sup> Truly seigh tho, hure peer  
 hii hadde y founde *Ar.*

þe Brytones nome þo Costantyn, & glade þoru all þyng  
 In þe town of <sup>1</sup> Cicestre crowned hym <sup>2</sup> to here'' kyng,  
<sup>3</sup> þis was so wel y-wist in pes, with oute strif,  
 þat þer ne come ne Scottes þider, ne <sup>4</sup> Pycars al ys lyf.  
 þre <sup>5</sup> sones he hadde al so, Costantyn was on,  
 And Aurely and Uter, gode children echon.  
 Costanteyn, ys eldeste sone, in Gode's seruise  
 Monk he made at Wynchestre, & dude as þe wyse.  
 God mon he was y now, and gode lawes forþ caste,  
 And god pais <sup>6</sup> wes al ys lyf, <sup>7</sup> & to lute wyle þat laste.  
 For þer com a <sup>8</sup> Pycard, þat ys maners wel <sup>9</sup> wiste,  
 And þat he louede wel y now, & mucche to hym truste.  
 He ladde hym into an <sup>10</sup> orchard, <sup>11</sup> as yt gret ned were  
 To speke wyþ hym priueliche, þat noman ywar nere.  
 Ac þo heo were al bi hem selue, & no mon hem neyg,  
 He drow ys knyf, & slow þe kyng, þat no man <sup>12</sup> yt y seyȝ.  
 He was <sup>13</sup> sone forþ y went, er any mon were war.  
 And þo me hadde al y sought, þe kyng lay ded þar.

<sup>1</sup> *Rectius* Silchestre *cum*  
 Galfr. Mon. *At* Cirecestria *in*  
 Aluredo Beverlacensi, *quem de-*  
*floravit* Galfridus. <sup>2</sup> *Desunt*  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The lond was tho wel y  
 kept in pais *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Picardés *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Sones hadde this Constan-  
 tyn, Constans [*Constans quoque*  
*in* Aluredo Bev. & Galfr. Mon.]  
 het that on, Aurelie Ambrose  
 the other, the thridde Uter  
 Pendragon. Constans his el-  
 deste *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Was in his tyme,

while his lyf y laste *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> *F. ac.* <sup>8</sup> Picté *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Wuste,  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Postremo, cum x. anni*  
*præterissent, venit quidam Pi-*  
*ctus, qui in obsequium suum*  
*fuerat, & quasi secretum collo-*  
*quium habiturus, in virgulto*  
*quodam semotis cunctis eum*  
*cultro interfecit* Galfridus Mon.  
<sup>11</sup> For consail as hit were,  
 And to speke *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hit ne  
 seigh *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Anon *Ar.*

þo was þis lond kyngles, wat halt yt to telle longe?  
 Gret word was among þat folk, ho mygte þe crowne fonge.  
 For þe eldoste sone monk was, & þe twei gonge were,  
 And to nyme <sup>2</sup> ferre of ys kynde no rygt nere.

**V**ORTIGER, <sup>3</sup> þe quoynte swike, þat was erl of <sup>4</sup> Corne-  
 wail,

Forto do <sup>5</sup> a swykedom no conseil schulde hym fail.  
 To þe sone þat was monk to Wynchestre he wende y wis.  
 "Lo," (he seide) "now þou <sup>6</sup> syst, þat þi fader ded ys,  
 "And þi breþeren to gonge bep to a fonge þe crowne,  
 "And þei þou be in oper cloþes, þi rygte <sup>7</sup> nys not þer downe,  
 "Wel <sup>8</sup> me <sup>9</sup> wot eldest þou art, & myd best rygt kyng also.  
 "gef þou wolt <sup>10</sup> wol be my frend, & bi my red al do,  
 "Ich wole brynge <sup>11</sup> þat folk in wille, to crowne þe to kyng.  
 "And þei þin ordre be þer ageyn, þer to ich wole it brynge.  
 "þo monk was joyful y now, þo he hurde þis,  
 "And bi het hym, gef it were so, euer more to be al hys.  
 Out of ys abynt anon Vortiger hym drow,  
 And cloþes, <sup>12</sup> as to kyng bi come, dude on him faire ynowg.

<sup>1</sup>The othur two *Ar.* <sup>2</sup>For-  
 ther of his kyn no ryght  
 men thoughte hit nere *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup>The luther swike, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup>  
*"Cronica Latina vocat eum*  
*"ducem Gewisearum"* *Ar. in*  
*marginē. Et quidem Consul*  
*Gewisearum in Aluredo Bev.*  
*At in Galfr. Mon. "consul*  
*"Gewisearum, i. Orientalium*  
*"Anglorum. 5A swykedom*

he caste hym sanz faille. To  
 the monek at Wynchestre sone  
 he wende y wis *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>Sukst  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup>Is nought ther *Ar.* <sup>8</sup>  
 Thugh wost *Ar.* <sup>9</sup>*Nec alium*  
*video in progenie tua, quem*  
*populus in regem promoveret*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>10</sup>Wel *Ar.* <sup>11</sup>The  
 people in wille, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup>As a  
 kyng *Ar.*



And bi fore al þe Parlement to London he gan hym brynge,  
 And seide he was purest eyr, to be crowned <sup>1</sup> to' kyng.  
 No mon ne mygt wel it wyþ segge. <sup>2</sup> me may rygt y se,  
 Wan he was þer, & was pur eyr, þei he hadde <sup>3</sup> monk,  
<sup>4</sup> Up hym self þe perel were, bote yt mygte wel do.  
 þo hey men þoru Vortiger <sup>5</sup> a fong hym alle þer to,  
 þe erchbischop of London <sup>6</sup> Gocelyn was þo ded,  
 And non oþer <sup>7</sup> nolde hym crowne, for al þat þe erl bed.  
 For he hadde so longe in ordre be, & so was out y brogt.  
 For al þat <sup>8</sup> Vortiger nolde bi leue yt nozt,  
 Ac hym self hym crownede, & made hym kyng so.  
 þe sacryng was lute worþ, and napeles yt was y do.  
 þo he was kyng ymad, ys hest he made a non,  
 þat cianliche to Vortiger ys men <sup>9</sup> abuyde echon.  
<sup>10</sup> For' hymself he <sup>11</sup> nolde þenche nozt, bute take hym al on  
 honde.  
 For he cowþe wel bet þan he gouerne such a londe.  
 þo bi þougte Vortiger mest þoru alle þyng,  
 How he mygte do quoynteliche, þat he hym selue were kyng.  
 For that <sup>12</sup> euer ys þogt, and þer fore þe monk he nom  
 To <sup>13</sup> kyng be. for he was nyce and kowþe no wisdom,

<sup>1</sup> Deest Ar. <sup>2</sup> Me may the  
 ryght y se. That he ne is ver-  
 rei heir, Ar. <sup>3</sup> Adde y be cum  
 Ar. <sup>4</sup> Upon hym self a peril  
 hit were, but he hit wolde do.  
 The heigh Ar. <sup>5</sup> Assentede  
 allether to Ar. <sup>6</sup> Gwythe-  
 lyn Ar. <sup>7</sup> Hym crowny wolde,  
 theigh Vortiger hem bed Ar.  
<sup>8</sup> Yut Vortiger wolde by

leue nought, that hym self ne  
 croune hym, and made hym  
 kyng ryght tho, And were hit  
 ryght oþur wough, yut hit  
 was y do Ar. <sup>9</sup> Aboughwed  
 Ar. <sup>10</sup> Deest Ar. <sup>11</sup> Wolde  
 thenke on nought, Ar. <sup>12</sup> E-  
 uere was his thought, Ar.  
<sup>13</sup> Be kyng. for Ar.

And ys twei breþren were broȝt out of cradel vnneþe.  
 And þe heye men mest of þe lond were y broȝt to deþe  
 Myd batailes & myd oþer wo, þer fore he was so prowȝt,  
<sup>1</sup> And þe kyng <sup>2</sup> nas bute a schade, & let hym worþe al out.  
 To þe kyng he seide, þat he moste ys castles astore,  
 þenne wolde ys fon aboute <sup>3</sup> doute hym þe more.  
 And for þe <sup>4</sup> Picars were ys fon, some he wolde take  
 To be pryue with þe kyng. for þilke schulde make  
 Here felawes, þat were leued at home, to loue þat lond þe bet.  
 Ac <sup>5</sup> napeles þer fore <sup>6</sup> nas yt noȝt þo yt wes al bi set,  
 Ac for þei louede not þe kyng, & in trayson were quoynte,  
<sup>7</sup> þat heo schulde þe kyng sle, wen heo come <sup>8</sup> vp þe poynte.  
 þe kyng grantede al ys wil, and for ys gode <sup>9</sup> wende.  
 Aftur an hundred <sup>10</sup> Picars into Scotlond he sende  
 By certeyn messageres, so þat heo gonne brynge  
<sup>11</sup> An hundred knyȝtes of Picars, þat bi leuede mid oure  
 kyng,  
 Of mest priue men, þoru þis luþer Vortiger.  
 And þe kyng's tresour he delde eke a boutte fer & ner,

<sup>1</sup> The kyng hym self was but a shade, & let him al one al out. And to the kyng *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Totum namq; dispositione eius regnum commissum fuerat, & Constans rex dicebatur, qui nisi pro umbra principis astabat* Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup> Douty *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Pictes *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Ecce occulta occulti amici proditio. Non enim id laudabat, ut salus inde proveniret Constantis, sed quia sciebat, Pictos gentem esse*

*instabilem, & ad omne scelus paratam* Galfr. Mon. <sup>6</sup> Was hit nought what hit was al by set, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And that *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> To the *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> He wende *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Pictes to *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> An hundred Pictes soudeours to by leue with oure kyng, And to be most preue with hym thurgh this Vortiger. Of the kyng's tresour he delt fer and ner, Ac most to the Pictes *Ar.*

And mest to þe Picars, for to hem mest loue he drow.  
 Myd alle þat he wolde hym self he made hym bi loued ynow.  
 Alle <sup>1</sup> þat seruede þe kyng, þoru hym <sup>2</sup> were echone,  
<sup>3</sup> So þat ech mon was a bouthe for to paye hym one,  
 And <sup>4</sup> songe al day bi þe strête <sup>5</sup> al for hys honour,  
 " Worþi were Vortiger <sup>6</sup> to kyng oþer emperour.  
 þo þis Vortiger hadde <sup>7</sup> þat folk al <sup>8</sup> in ys hond,  
 He seyde, he moste wende awyle out of þis lond,  
 To purchace more tresour þe kyng for to spene,  
 For he nadde noȝt y nowȝ, ys knyȝtes to sustene.  
 And <sup>9</sup> atte Picars nom ys leue, and at oþer þere,  
 And wende hom <sup>10</sup> to <sup>11</sup> hys fir, sori as he were.  
 þer was sorwe and deol ynow among al þe mayne,  
 For he schulde from hem <sup>12</sup> wend, (for þer was no kyng  
 bote he)  
 And nameliche among Picars, þat were of so luþer þouȝt,  
 þat he hadde do such honour, & þat ne louede þe kyng noȝt.  
 " Wat," heo seyden, " wat is <sup>13</sup> vs to lete þis badde kyng  
 " Go þus o liue as a <sup>14</sup> schade, þat nys worþ noþing ?

<sup>1</sup> The seruantes of the kyng  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Were made echone  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Ita ut eum pro rege*  
*haberent. Adulantes igitur ei*  
*per plateas psallebant, " di-*  
*gnus est Vortigernus impe-*  
*rio, dignus est sceptro Bri-*  
*tanniæ, Constans vero indig-*  
*nus Galfr. Mon.* <sup>4</sup> Syngē *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> As for *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> To be kyng or  
 emperour *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> On  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Of the Pictes tok his

leue, and of othur there, *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> *Ad hospitium suum Galfr.*  
 Mon. <sup>11</sup> His contre in sorwe  
 as hit were *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Wende,  
 (that was so large and fre)  
 And among the Pictes most,  
 that were of luther thought,  
 That he hadde do so muchel  
 honour, and louede the kyng  
 nought *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> This *pro vs*  
*in Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Shadewe, *Ar.*

Warto tarie we so longe, to quelle hym atten ende  
 þat Vortiger <sup>1</sup> were kyng, þat a zen vs ys so hende ?  
 In gret <sup>2</sup> wayþe & hastinessé to þe kyng's chaumber heo  
 wende,  
 And smyten of hys hed, and to Vortiger yt sende.  
 Vortiger made deol y now, <sup>3</sup> and sori was þer fore :  
 Ac nabeles so glad he nas seþþe he was y bore.  
 For <sup>4</sup> y compaced he hadde þat atte bi gymnyng,  
 First <sup>5</sup> wen he brogte on so nyce a mon to kyng.  
 And seþþe þo he lette ys fon & <sup>6</sup> Picars to court brynge,  
 þat hatede muche þe kyng, <sup>7</sup> & al was for þis þinge.  
 And þo he was so large & hende of hys giftes al so.  
<sup>8</sup> þo hadde he al ys wille, for when yt was al ydo,  
<sup>9</sup> And<sup>11</sup> to suc ende yt was y come, <sup>10</sup> as he hadde y compaced  
 in ys þogt.  
 And nabeles he feynede hym, þat me vnder zet yt nogt.  
 At London þis kyng was y slaw. he let þo nyme anon  
<sup>11</sup> þe Picars, & þoru jugement let smyt of þe hedes echon.  
 þer he kudde <sup>12</sup> wat he was, vn kynde schrewe & quoynte.  
<sup>13</sup> Ac al he dude, þat me ne vnder zet in swykdom in no poynte.

Decolla-  
 tio Picto-  
 rum.

<sup>1</sup> Myght be kyng, that to  
 vs is so heynde? *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wrath  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And wep fol sore ther  
 fore *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> He hit hadde by  
 compaced atte *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Tho he  
 made the monck, þat nyce  
 was, to kyng *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Pictes  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And muche was for  
 these thyng. And that he  
 was *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Tho he hadde al  
 his wille, when this was *Ar.*

<sup>9</sup> *Omittit Ar.* <sup>10</sup> As he cast  
 in his thought. And eueré he  
 made hit so queynte, that me  
 wiste hit nought *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Alle  
 the Pictes thurgh juggement,  
 and hefdede hem echon *Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> That he *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> And al  
 was, that me ne sholde aspíe  
 his falshede in no poynte. Ac  
 natheles some hit vnderyede,  
 & ne leuede *Ar.*

And napeles men yt trowede, and leuede not ys glose.  
 þe kyng's <sup>1</sup> breþren, Aurele and Ambrose,  
 Dradde, for here eritage, ymorþred for to be.  
 And <sup>2</sup> heo, that hem hadde <sup>3</sup> to ward, þer fore gonne by se,  
 And to þe lasse Breteyne wende to þe kyng,  
 And he <sup>4</sup> susteynede hem wel, for drede of þis þinge.  
 þo Vortiger al one was, and no pere <sup>5</sup> nad a londe.  
 Sone he lette hym <sup>6</sup> crowne kyng, & þe power nom on honde,  
 Princes ouer al aboute of <sup>7</sup> eche kyndom  
 Speke hym vnel, & hatede hym for hys <sup>8</sup> swikedom.  
 þe <sup>9</sup> Picars were wroþ eke, and <sup>10</sup> þratten hym ynow,  
<sup>11</sup> For he myd such vnkyn dede heore felawes slow.  
 From þe lasse Bretayne eke hym com word ylome,  
 þat <sup>12</sup> þo twei children gret power to hem nome,  
 And <sup>13</sup> þat hit stronge childre were of here age,  
 And þat þei wolde hyder come, to wynne here heritage.  
 Such strong tyþinges in sorwe and in sore  
 Brogt þis false kyng, and er þe lenger þe more.

<sup>1</sup> Yonge bretheren, Uter  
 and Aurelie Ambrose, *Ar. re-*  
*ctius.* <sup>2</sup> Hii, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> In warde,  
 ther fore hem gonne by se.  
 To the lasse Brutayne hii  
 wende to Budic the kyng,  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hem let wardy wel,  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hadde in londe, *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Crouny *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Euery *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Swikeldom *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Pictes  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Hatede *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> That  
 he with so vile deth hure fe-  
 lawes he slough *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> The  
 two *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> That hii stale-  
 worthe were, as of hure age,  
*Ar.*

**H**ORS and Hengist bothe, þat twei breþre were,  
 Come to Kent þilke tyme, and a riuede þere,  
 Myd þre schip ful of <sup>2</sup> knyghtes y armed wel ynow.  
<sup>3</sup> þo þis folk was on lond, forþ into Kent hit drow.  
 þo kyng was þo at Canterbury, and herde her of anon :  
 Bi fore hym he lette bryngge <sup>4</sup> þis knyghtes" echon.  
<sup>5</sup> þo kyng bi huld hem faste ynow, (for it muchel men were)  
 And nameliche þe twei breþren, (<sup>6</sup> for so muchel non þer nere.)  
 He <sup>7</sup> ascode hem, of wanne þei, and ho" hem þider br ȝte,  
 And for wat encheson heo come. & wat þing þei soȝte?  
 " Sire kyng," (quoþ Hengist, þat for al oþer spek y wys) Hengistus.  
 " <sup>8</sup> Of Saxonie we beþ y bore, <sup>9</sup> þat of Germanie ys.  
 " þe maner ys of þilke lond, þat wen þer ys forþ ybroȝt  
 " So muche folk <sup>10</sup> of men," þat <sup>11</sup> þo lond may <sup>12</sup> susteyne  
 noȝt.  
 " <sup>13</sup> þo" heye men of <sup>14</sup> þo lond schulle come bi fore þe kyng,  
 " And <sup>15</sup> alle þo zonge men of þe lond lete bi fore bym bryngge.  
 " þe strengeste me schal bi choys and bi lot al so  
 " Chese out, and sende in to oþer lond," here beste forto do.

<sup>1</sup> Horn *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Men *pro*  
*knyghtes in Ar. At militibus in*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> The tydynges  
 hough they come, were in  
 contreie a brod drough. The  
 kyng *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> These men *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Nam ipsi præ*  
*ceteris & nobilitate & decore*  
*prænitabant Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> Ax-  
 ede hem, whans hii were, &  
 ho *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Saxonia tellus edi-*

*dit nos, una ex regionibus*  
*Germaniæ Galfr. Mon.* <sup>9</sup> Of  
 Germanye that is *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *De-*  
*sunt Ar.* <sup>11</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hem  
 susteyne *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>14</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>15</sup> Alle the yonge  
 bachelrie me shal to fore hym  
 bryng. The stalewortheste me  
 shal by loth and by chois also  
 Chese, & sende hem out of  
 londe, *Ar.*

“ And <sup>1</sup> heo schulle be such, þat no prince <sup>2</sup> dorre hem for sake,

“ <sup>3</sup> Ac for heore prowesse gladliche in to here seruisse take.

“ þis cas ys to vs y come, y chose we beþ þer to,

“ <sup>4</sup> For so muche ys in the lond, oure beste forto do.

“ And forto be maistres of þis folk we beþ y chose & ynome

“ Mi broþer & ich, (for wo beþ of dukes kyn y come.)

“ For þoru our Godes in to þe se we wende ich vnderstonde,

Mercurius. “ And Mercurius haþ vs y lad into <sup>5</sup> þi londe.

þo þe kyng herde nempne Mercurius in þis cas,

He askede, wat God and wat þing Mercurius was?

“ Oure bi leue (quoþ <sup>6</sup> þis oþer) in þe hye <sup>7</sup> Godes ys y do,

“ Saturnus and Jupiter, and al þe oþer al so,

“ þat vp holdeþ þe world, & in Mercurius mest y wys,

“ <sup>8</sup> þe heye God,” þat in oure tonge Woden y clepud ys.

“ <sup>9</sup> þer ner vrel dore him bi toke of þe woke þe ferþe day,

“ In honour of hym y clepud in oure tonge Wednesday.

Venus. “ Aftur hym we honouereþ Venus mest, þat Frie y clepud ys

“ In oure tonge, & in þe wyke Friday for hym y wys.

“ Her of ge schul vnderstonde, þat in þe firmament beþ

“ Planetes, y liche cler sterres, seuene, as ge seþ :

“ Saturnus and Jubiter, Mars and þe Sonne y wys,

“ Venus and Mercurius, and þe Mone lowest ys.

<sup>1</sup> Hii shulleth *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ne der *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> But *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And for ther was to muche folk, oure beste we mote do. And to be *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> That *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> God *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Omittit Galfridus Mon.* <sup>9</sup> *Lege,* þer uer vr eldore, *i. e.* therefore

our elders &c. *Nam in Galfr, Mon. “ huic veteres nostri “ dicaverunt quartam feriam “ septimanæ, quæ usque in “ hodiernum diem nomen “ Wodnesdei de nomine ipstus “ sortita est.*

“ Aftur

" Aftur ech of hem in þe wike y clepud ys a day :  
 " First <sup>1</sup> os Sonne, & so of oþere and þe seneþe Saturday.  
 " And for weder, & oþer <sup>2</sup> þing on erþe, aftur hem mucche is,  
 " <sup>3</sup> þis mýs bi leuede men hem clepede Godes while y wis.  
 " Sori ich am" (quof Vortiger) " þo he herde þis.  
 " For goure bi leue, þat <sup>4</sup> ze segget, for no bileue yt nys.  
 Ac for goure coming ich am glad, ho so ow hider ladde,  
<sup>5</sup> Were yt God, were yt oþer, for nede ich hadde.  
 For ich am myd my fon <sup>6</sup> on ech half by set,  
 Andgef ich hem may ouer come þoru zou þe bet,  
<sup>7</sup> Ich zou myd me at holde, & in grete richesse zou do  
 Of giftes, and of chatews, and of londes al so.  
 Heo <sup>8</sup> maden certeyne couenaunt þat heo were al at on ;  
 So þat þei bi leuede forþ with <sup>9</sup> þe kyng echon.  
 Hit was not longe <sup>10</sup> þer aftur þat þis Picars ne come  
 Out of Scotland Souþward, and townes faste nome.  
<sup>11</sup> þe tyþing her of to oure kyng com,  
 þe wey mid al ys power agen hem faste he nom.

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> Of the Sonne, & so forth  
 the senethe *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Thynges  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> These mysbyleuede *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Ye bileueth, no bileue is. But  
 of youre come ich *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Were  
 hit God, or eny othur, for al  
 nede ych hadde *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> In  
 euery half *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Ich yough  
 wole with me witholde, &  
 gret honour yut do, And  
 yiftes yiue ynough of londes,  
 & othur catelles also. Hii  
 made a certayn couenant, so

that hii were at on; *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> *Paruerunt illico barbari, &*  
*fædere confirmato in curia*  
*ipsius remanserunt. Nec mora*  
*emergentes ex Albania Picti,*  
*exercitum valde grandem mit-*  
*tunt, aquilonaresque partes*  
*insulæ vastare cæperunt* Galfr.  
 Mon. <sup>9</sup> Our *pro þe in Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Afterward that the Pictes ne  
 come *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Tho the tydyng  
 of this thyng to Vortiger  
 come, *Ar.*



Strong bataile heo smyte þer, ac þe Saxones anon  
 So god were, þat þe oþere bi gonne to fle echone.  
 þo Vortiger þoru hem hadde þe maistrie,  
 He ȝef hem ȝiftes grete ynow, and dude ys corteyse.  
 Hengist, þat here maistre was, he ȝaf in Lyndeseȝe  
 Londes faire, and rentes and <sup>1</sup> townes grete and heye,"  
<sup>2</sup> War þoru hym & ys men <sup>3</sup> in fair wareson he broȝte.  
<sup>4</sup> þo Hengist hadde þis, forþer more he þoȝte.  
 þo he hadde þe kyng in priuete al clene at ys wille,  
 "Sire," he seide, "of derne <sup>5</sup> cas ich wol þe warne stille.  
 "þine fon beþ in ech half, & þis ys þe meste doute,  
 "þat þin owne men ne loueþ þe noȝt, þat þe beth aboute.  
 "Heo þretneþ þe stille, & seggeþ heo wolleþ <sup>6</sup> þe" brynge  
 "þe twei breþre from Breteyne, & <sup>7</sup> crowne þat on kynges :  
 "þer fore ich <sup>8</sup> rede, þat me sende into my contrei ywys  
 "To <sup>10</sup> Saxoine aftur more help, for help y now þer ys.  
 For <sup>11</sup> habbe þou power ynow, þou myȝt be glad & bliþe.  
 Ac oþing ich <sup>12</sup> wolde bidde þe, þat þou me woldest tyþe.

Peticio  
 Hengisti.

<sup>1</sup>Tounes, & gret nobleye  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup>*Quibus sese & commilitones suos sustentaret* Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup>In to rýchesse *Ar.* <sup>4</sup>And yut tho he hadde al this, forthermore he thoughte *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>Thyng *pro cas in Ar.* <sup>6</sup>*Voculam hanc erasit in Ar. eadem, ut videtur, manus quæ & scripsit.* <sup>7</sup>Crouny on to kynges *Ar.* <sup>8</sup>*Si placet tibi, mittamus in patriam nostram, & invitemus milites ex ea, &c.* Galfr. Mon. <sup>9</sup>The rede, that we sende to

my *Ar.* <sup>10</sup>*Sic in Cod. Harleyano. At Saxonie in Ar.* <sup>11</sup>If thugh hast power y nough, thugh maist be *Ar.* <sup>12</sup>Wole bidde the, & thugh wolt me lithe. Bidde what thugh wolt, quath the kyng, ich wole the graunte ywis, Elles forsothe ich were to blame, yf hit to graunty is. And fetthe [*l. fetche*] help al that thugh maist, that be of good araye, And ich wole hure while yelde, and hure huyre

paye

"Send <sup>1</sup> aftur help," quop þe kyng, "þat þou me nozt bi traie,

"And wole heore while zelde, so þat scholle holde hem wel  
paie.

"And bidde of me wat þou wolt, & ich wol þe grante ywis,

"For elles ich were vnkynde, zef it to grante ys.

Hengist faire hym þonkede, and hys hed lowtede a doun.

"þou hast," he seide, "zeue me mony a fayr town.

"And napeles such þing <sup>2</sup> nabbe y nozt, as it to duk bi come.

"For wan ich am <sup>3</sup> duke's sone, yt bi comeþ to me"

"For to <sup>4</sup> hadde som <sup>5</sup> gret" cite or castel me to <sup>6</sup> ware,

"<sup>7</sup> War inne y myzte to þyn nede hadde my folk zare.

þer fore," as ich am þi knyzt, & <sup>8</sup> prest to þi nede al so,

Grante me <sup>9</sup> castel oþer cite þi nede in to do.

"Hengist," quop þe <sup>10</sup> kyng þo, "ner me not to done

"Such þyng, as þou me biddest to graunte þe, so sone.

"For þou art mon off strange lond, & Cristene mon non.

"And eke, þei ich wolde, my barones wolde yt with segge  
echon.

"Sire, grante me þonne," quop Hengist, "zef yt ys þi wille,

"<sup>11</sup> As muche place, as myd a þong ich may a boutte tille,

paye. Hengis faire hym  
thonked tho, and his heed  
bowed a doun *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Ad hæc Vortigernus,*  
*"Mitte ergo legatos tuos ad*  
*Germaniam, & invita quos vo-*  
*lueris, & pete à me quod de-*  
*sideras, & nullam repulsam*  
*pdtieris Galfr. Mon.* <sup>2</sup> Haue  
ich nought, as a duk *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> A  
duke's sone, me thinketh hit

were to done *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Haue *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Where, *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> And, yf that ich nede hadde,  
kepe me fro dere. Therfore, *Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> Redy to the also, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Cite  
or castel my nede inne to do *Ar.*

<sup>10</sup> Kyng, hit were me nought  
to done *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> As much as

with a bole huyde ich may  
ouer tille, *Ar.*

"<sup>1</sup> þat

" <sup>1</sup> þat ich þer <sup>2</sup> vppe mowe a siker bold" a rere,  
 " þat ich <sup>3</sup> mowe in þi seruise wytie, gef yt nede were.  
 þe kyng ne hulde þat bute a <sup>4</sup> lutel, he grantede hys bone.  
 Hengist sende in to hys contre aftur more power sone.  
 þo carf he a bole hyde smale al <sup>5</sup> to a þong  
 þoru out, wil he wolde laste, & þo was he somdel long.  
 In an hard <sup>6</sup> roche stude ys þong aboute he drow,  
 And þer wyþ iane al to ys wille markede place ynow,  
 And rerde þer an castel god y new and strong,  
<sup>7</sup> þat þangcaster, oþer Tangcaster, yclepud was for þe þong.  
 þer come out of Germanie vnder þat, ych wene,  
 Y charged mid gode knyghtes, schippes eigtetene.  
 And Rowen, Hengiste's dogter, among hem y brogt was,  
 þat fairor wommon newer a boute in no lond nas.  
 þo þis castel <sup>8</sup> zare was, Hengist þe king bi sogte  
<sup>9</sup> To come to hys castol, & se þe knyghtes þat he brogte.  
 þo kyng eom þider priueliche, & <sup>10</sup> þis knyghtes y sey,  
 And þis castel, <sup>11</sup> so" sone a rerd, so <sup>12</sup> strong and so hey.

þongca-  
ster.

<sup>1</sup> *Quo me, si opus fuerit, re-*  
*cipiam Galfr. Mon.* <sup>2</sup> Vppon  
 may a siker place *Ar.* <sup>3</sup>  
 Myghte in thyne seruise me  
 wytie and nede were *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Lite, & grauntede al his  
 bone *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> To one thonge  
 Thurgh out, while hit wolde  
 y laste, and that was somdel  
 longe *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Roche's stode *Ar.*  
*Saxorum locum habet Galfr.*  
*Mon.* <sup>7</sup> And Thwong castel, or

Tancastel, cleped is for the  
 thwong. Thenne come ther  
 out of Germanye vnder that,  
 ich wene, Charged with or-  
 pede men, shipes eightetene  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> A redy was *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> To  
 come and se his castel, and  
 men he hadde y broughte.  
 The kyng *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> These *Ar.*  
<sup>11</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Noble *pro*  
 strong *in Ar.*

Mid al<sup>2</sup> he was wel a payed and bi leuede atte mete.  
 þis mayde out of chambre com, þo<sup>3</sup> þei hadden y gete,  
 With a coppe of gold, fol of wyn, syde drow hire tail  
 A kne to þe kyng heo seyde,<sup>5</sup> " lord kyng wasseyl.

Wasseyl.

<sup>1</sup> With al *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Ut vero regis epulis refectus fuit, egressa est puella de thalamo, aureum ciphum, plenum vino, ferens. Accedens deinde propius, flexis genibus dixit, louerd ching woschail Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> Hii haddey yete *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A kne sheo sette hure byfore the kyng, & seide, " sire wassail *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Vide Seldeni Notas in Draytoni Poly-olbion, pag. 153. ubi locum quendam è Roberto nostro (alio tamen usus MS.) adduxit, innuitq; Louerd kyng was-heil idem esse quod Lord kyng a health; Drinc-heile vero idem quod Drinke the health. Verum his de rebus scripserunt plures, in quibus & ipse numerandus est Somnerus. Atqui tot auctorum verba non est cur exscribam. Sat est si ea tantummodo in medium proferam, quæ observavit in Itinerario Cantiano (p. 20.) doctissimus Lambardus. idque ea potissimum de caussa, quod & illum hac occasione plane consulendum esse monuerit eruditissimus Spelmannus in Glosario. [Hengist] espying there-*

fore, that king *Vortiger* was much delighted in womens companie, and knowing wel, that *sine Cerere & Libero, friget Venus*, he bad him to a solempne banquet, and after that he had (according to the maner of *Germanie* yet continuing) well plied him with pots, hee let slip before him a faire gentlewoman, his owne daughter, called *Roxena*, or *Rowen*, which being instructed before hande how to behaue hir selfe, most amiablie presented him with a goblet of wine, saying in hir own language, *pær Hæile Hlaforð cýnþing ⁊ wessail Lorde king*, that is to say, bee merie Lord king: with which hir daliance, the King was so delighted, that he not onely vouchsafed to pledge hir, but desired also to performe it in the right maner of hir owne countrey. And therefore he answered (as he was taught) *vuto hir againe, ðpinc Hæile ⁊ drinke merily*. Which when shee had done, himselfe tooke the cup, and pledged hir so hartely, that from thencefoorth hee

The first wasseling cup.

could

þe kyng bi huld hire <sup>1</sup> swiþe ynow, & wondrede hire <sup>2</sup> fair hede.

<sup>3</sup> For so fair wommon nuste he non. He askede wat heo seide?

Men, þat knew þe langage, seide, wat was wassayl,

And þat he scholde þat brogte onswere, “ drynkhayl.

“ Drinkhayl, quop þis kyng agen, & bed hire drinke anon.

þe coupe <sup>4</sup> he nom seþþe of hire among hem echon,

And custe hire, & sette hire a doun, & glad dronk hire hail.

And þat was lo! in þis lond þe firste vassayl,

As in langage of Saxonie, þat me mygte euer y wyte,

And so <sup>5</sup> wel he paiþ þat folk aboute, þat he nys not get for gete.

No sire, ne be þe day so <sup>6</sup> long, þe while heo sit'ep o benche,

And som of þe nygt nimeþ þer to, þe drynke forto shenche,

The issue of an ungodly marriage.

could neuer be in rest, vntill he had obtained hir to wife, little weighing, either how deeply he had endangered his conscience in matching himselfe with a heathen woman, or how greatly he had hazarded his *Croune* by joyn- ing handes with so mightie a forein Nation.

<sup>1</sup> Faste ynough *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Fair- hede *Ar. unica voce. Nec ta- men idem quod forehead esse judicari.* *Non aliud enim plane est quam facies pulchra. id quod à Galfrido Monumetensi constat, qui sic ait: At ille, visa facie puellæ, admiratus est tan- tum ejus decorem, & incaluit.*

<sup>3</sup> And of men of hure langage

couthe he axede what sheo sede? A non men tolde the kyng fore what was to seye wassail, And that he sholde to hure that tyme answere ther to drynk hail. Drynk hail, seide the kyng a ye, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> He toke of hure anon, and a mong echon Kussed hure & a doun hure sette, & gladly dronk hure hail. And thus was here in this londe furst y knowe wassail *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Wel yut hit paieth the folk, that hit is nought for yite *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Long, and sitteth murye a benche, And of the nygt yut nymeth ther to, drynke ther by to shenche, On an holy prechoure's word hii wol nought

Of an holi prechoure's word heo nolde not so ofte þeache,  
 As of the muri word, þat hem þinkeþ of þe sely wenche.  
 So foul lechour was þe kyng, that anon in þe howse  
 He willede, for foul lecheri, þis mayde <sup>1</sup> forte spouse.  
 Hengist wiste wel ys wille, <sup>2</sup> & þat he wes hastyf.  
 He grantede <sup>3</sup> in hys felonye ys dogter to be ys wyf,  
 For wat þe kyng geue hym þe contre of Kent y wis.  
 þe kyng in ys foule wille grantede al þis,  
 And weddede þis mayde <sup>4</sup> in a wel luper cas,  
 For þat he was Cristene, and heo a paynen was.  
<sup>5</sup> þat lond wes vnel y paied þer wyþ, & ys þre sones also,  
 Vortimer, and <sup>6</sup> Catigen, and Passen þer to.  
 Four hundred zer and fourti and <sup>7</sup> nyene, ich vnderstonde,  
 Yt wes of grace, þat þe Saxones þus come to þis londe.  
 þo were among Cristenemen <sup>8</sup> þis paynes þus y menged,  
 þat mys bileue <sup>9</sup> into al þis lond a mong men was y sprenged.  
 Hengist seide to þe kyng, "Sire, þou mygte y se,  
 " þat ich am in stude of þi fader, & þi conseiler schal be.  
 " Do al astur my conseil, and þou schalt þoru me  
 " Ouer come al þi fon, to soþe ich segge þe.

Consilius.  
Hengisti.

nought so wel thenche, As  
 hii doth of that mury word  
 of that sely wenche. The  
 kyng on hure gan madde so,  
 that anon *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Pro, forto.* <sup>2</sup> And knew  
 his nycete, And grauntede  
 al for felonye his doughtur  
 his wif to be, By so the  
 kyng hym wolde yiue the *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Sed omnibus unum consilium*

*fuit, ut puella daretur regi, &  
 ut peteret pro ea provinciam  
 Cantie ab illo. Nec mora, data  
 fuit puella regi Wortigerno, &  
 provincia Cantie Hengisto,  
 &c. Galfridus Mon. 4 This was  
 a sory cas Ar. 5 The people  
 was Ar. 6 Katigern Ar. 7 Sic  
 plane in Cod. nostro Har-  
 leyano. At fyue in Ar. 8 The  
 hethene thus Ar. 9 In al Ar.*

" Sende

Duo filii  
Hengesti.

“ Sende we zet aftur my sones <sup>1</sup> Octe and Ebise,  
 “ þat quaynte werroures heþ, and stalworþe and wyse,  
 “ In þe Norþ half gef hem lond, wher þou wolt by se,  
 “ þat heo mowe bi tuene þe and þe Scottes be.  
 “ þenne þou <sup>2</sup> mygt siker be by Souþ Homber ywys.  
 þe kyng he sende aftur hem, and grauntede al þis.  
 So þat mid þre hundred schipes heo ariuede here,  
<sup>3</sup> Ful of armes and of men, here was gret power.  
 þe kyng wel <sup>4</sup> fayn gaf hem lond, as Hengist hym bi sohte,  
 And Hengist euer mo and mo schippes hyder brohte.  
 þo þe Brytones þis y seye, of treson heo were in drede.  
 For þo lond was al mid hem y fuld, þer fore þe kyng <sup>5</sup> heo  
 bede,  
 þat he schulde hym vnder stonde, & out of <sup>6</sup> lond hem do.  
 For yt ne bi com noht to payns among Cristen men be so.  
 For yt was Cristendam, & in mony studes me nuste  
 Wuch was on, ne wuch was oþer, ne to wam me mygte truste.  
 Some faderes were Cristene, & þo moderes heþene were.  
 Me nuste to weþer heo bi come þe children þat heo bere.  
 þe kyng louede þe Saxones, for loue of ys wyue,  
 And nolde, for al þe Britones, out of <sup>7</sup> hys londe hem dryue.

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<sup>1</sup> Octa & Ose, *Ar.*   <sup>2</sup> Maist *Ar.*   <sup>4</sup> Fawe *Ar.*   <sup>3</sup> Hii *Ar.*  
*Ar.*   <sup>3</sup> Ful of trauaillyng | <sup>6</sup> This londe *Ar.*   <sup>7</sup> This  
 men, this was gret power | *Ar.*

**SEYNT** <sup>1</sup> Germayn þe bischop to þis londe com,  
 For mysbileue þat tyme, & to amende Cristendom,  
 And prechede, as yt nede was, & faire miracles wroghte,  
 So þat þe Cristene men in beter stat he broghte.  
 And heo a forcede hom" þe more, þe heþene a wey to dryue.  
<sup>2</sup> He nolde bileue here porpos for þe kyng, ne for ys wyue.  
 Heo for soke þe kyng al out, and binome <sup>3</sup> ys power,  
 And hys eldest sone made kyng, þat hatte Vortimer.  
 þis Vortimer with gret power and god earnest ynow,  
 þoru conseil of Seynt Germayn, agen <sup>4</sup> þis heþene drow.  
<sup>5</sup> þo sene ger yt was aftur, þat heo to londe come,  
 þe kyng was, God i þonk, a boue in four batailes, þat heo nome.  
 Alle heo were in one ger. atte firste, withoute one,  
 Catigen, þe kynges broþer, myd hys men echone,  
 Asailede Hors and hys ost, so þat heo fougte faste,  
 So þat þis Catigen yslawe was atte laste.  
 þo kyng for ys broþer deþ sori was y now.  
 To þis Hors he smot anon, & among al ys folk hym slow.  
 þo þis strong mon was slawe, þat so strong was in fygt,  
 Ys men bi gonne to fle <sup>6</sup> and" fayn þat heo mygt.

Bellum  
Hors.

<sup>1</sup> Germayn bysshop of Auferne, as ich vnderstonde, And of Treueros seynt Lup, come to this londe, For mysbileue a mong men, and othur here-sye, That me clepede Arriane and also Pelagye, And prechede the people, as nede was, and faire miracles wroughte,

So that thurgh hem Cristendom to betere stat was broughte. And hii a forcede hem *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And wold nought leue for the kyng, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hym his *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The *pro þis in Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The senethe yer ther after hit was, that hii *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Deest Ar.*

þe



þe þridde batail, þat heo smyte, was rygt<sup>1</sup> vp the se,  
 þer com þe kyng myd ys ost, and Hengist hym a ge.  
 þer was batail strong y now, and mest yt was vp tweye,  
 Up þe kyng and Hengist, þat were so stronge beye.  
 þo stronge dyntes, þat heo smyten, grisliche yt was to se.  
 So þat Hengist bi gan atte laste to fle.

Fuga  
 Hengisti.

He, þat neuer er ne fley, fond þer ys pere.  
 He fley in to þe yle of Tenet, he no dorste a bide no ner.  
 zet eft heo fougten in þe se, and by side þere;  
 Ac þe Britones at eche tyme þe maistrye a wey bere.  
<sup>2</sup> þo Saxones heo seye, þat heo mygte no leng at stonde,  
 To þe kyng þei sende, þat þei<sup>3</sup> most wende hom to here londe.  
 þo heo were alle henne y went, here was joye y now,  
 þe kyng gef ys men grete giftes, & gret loue to hem drow,  
 And let arere chirches vp, þat þe schrewes a doun caste,  
 And bi gan to make a muri lond, ac to lute wyle yt laste.  
 þe Deuel hadde enuy þer to, þat he susteynede Cristendam,  
 And in ys<sup>4</sup> stepmoder herte ys woniung he nom.  
 So þat<sup>5</sup> þo luþer wommon of poyson hire bi þougte,  
 And apoysnede þe godeman, and to<sup>6</sup> þe<sup>7</sup> deþe hym brogte.  
<sup>7</sup> þis kyng, þo he sey þen deþ, ys knyghtes he let of sende,  
 And schewede hem al þe wey wyder he schuldø wende,  
 And gef hem gold and<sup>8</sup> soluer, and giftes riche and gode,  
 And<sup>8</sup> bad hem for þe loue of God, þat heo hem vnderstode,

<sup>1</sup> Upon *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The Sax-  
 ones sey, that they ne myghte  
 a yens the Brutones stonde,  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Myghte *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Step-  
 modere's herte sone his In  
 he nom *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The kyng, tho  
 he sholde be ded, his knyghtes  
 let of sende, And shewede hem  
 of his stat, and of his lyf is  
 ende, And yaf hem goold *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> *Audaces autem & bellicosos*  
*juvenes,*

And <sup>1</sup> stabliche holde to gedere, to saue þat lond,  
þat neuer þe luþer payns yt hadde eft an hond.

<sup>2</sup> And gef he myzte libbe lenger, he nolde drede nozt.

And wan it alles so was, þat he wes to deþe y brozt,  
He bed, wan he were ded, þat me schulde ys bodi nome,

And burie yt <sup>3</sup> þe hauene, wer þe payns come,

In a temple swiþe heye, þat heo myzt yt fer yse,

þat heo, for drede of þe syzte, myzte sone fle.

<sup>4</sup> Hardi was is herte to hem, wen he wolde þat þei hadde

Drede of ys bodi ded, <sup>5</sup> wan heo o liue hym dradde.

þer was deol & sorwe y now, þo þis gode mon was ded.

Ac nopeles heo ne buriede hym nozt, as he hym self bed.

For hem þogte yt nas bute a wille, ac, as hee hem by þogte,

In London myd honour þis bedi an erþe brozte.

**V**ORTIGER, þe luþer mon, þo hys sone ded was,

Underfong ageyn to hym þe kyndam, alas!

For sone, þoru ys wyue's red, aftur Hengist he sende,

þat he þider to hym with <sup>6</sup> simple folk wende.

For he dradde, gef he hadde to gret power an honde,

þat þer schulde a rise strif by twene hym and þe londe.

*juvenes, qui ei in debellationibus suis astare solebant, hortabatur, ut pro patria pugnantibus, eam ab hostium irruptione tueri niterentur Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>1</sup> Stabelliche helde hem to hepe, forto sauy that lond, *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> And if he langor myght haue leued, he wolde haue drad ryght nought. But whan

hit ther to come were, he were to deth y brought, *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> At an hauene, þer the he-thene men vp come, In a tumbre swithe an heigh, þat me myghte hit fer y se, *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Hard *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> As they a lyue hadde *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Ut iterum in Britanniam rediret; attamen privatim & cum paucis Galfr. Mon.*

Reditus  
Hengisti.

þo Hengist herde telle, þat Vortimer was ded,  
 He gaderede power y now, and sone nom ys red.  
 And þre hundred þousond <sup>1</sup> men mid y armod he nom,  
 And mid al þe atyl þer to in to þis lond he com.  
 þo þe kyng & ys consel wiste of <sup>2</sup> ys grete companye,  
 Heo bi þougte & dradde sore, <sup>3</sup> þat<sup>ll</sup> it were for tricherie.  
 And naþeles he sende hem word a ȝen in ys felonye,  
 þat in gret loue hider he com, and no þogte no vilanye,  
 Bute for drede of Vortimer, <sup>4</sup> last he o liue were,  
 Such folk myd hym he brougte, for he hadde of hym fere.  
 Ac wen he nas o liue noȝt, he bad þe kyng be hende,  
 þat he myȝte myd ys folk <sup>5</sup> vp ys lond wende,  
 Bi fore hym and ys conseil, <sup>6</sup> a certeyn tyme and place,  
<sup>7</sup> With any maner arme to fonde ys grace,  
 And þat <sup>8</sup> þo kyng of hys men at huld wuche he wolde,  
 And dryue ageyn ouer þe se þilke þat he nolde.  
 þe kyng was her wyþ wel ypayd, & sette hem þo day,  
 And al ys owe folk, þat heo come þe firste day of May  
 At Ambresburi, <sup>9</sup> for to of þis þing som ende,  
 To at holde wuche he wolde of hem, & þe oþer agen sende.  
 þo þis folk in eyþer syde y war was of þe day,  
 In a newe maner Hengist þougte þe kyng & ys <sup>10</sup> bi tray.

<sup>1</sup> Men armyd with hym  
 he nom, And with al hure  
 atyl to this londe he com.  
 Whan the kyng *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> This  
 comp. *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Deest *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Lest  
 he a lyue *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Upon his  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> In certeyn *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> With

oute eny manere armes to  
 fondy of his grace *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> For to speke of this  
*Ar. rectius. Et tamen Auc-*  
*tori magis commodum,* for to  
 do (*i.e.* to make.) <sup>10</sup> To by  
 traye *Ar.*

He

He hette al ys knyghtes, þat myd hym þer were,  
 þat in ys hose stilleliche ych of hem a knyf bere,  
 And, wan heo to <sup>1</sup> þis semle among þis Britones come,  
 þat ech of hem an hey mon in conseil to hym nome,  
 And swyþe faire speke with hym, & wan he þanne seyde,  
 " Nymeþ goure saxes," <sup>2</sup> þat he a non mid þe dede  
 Drow ys knyf, and slow a non al an on ywar,  
 þat heo mygt of þe hexte men þat lond make bar.  
 þis word was wel vnderstode, <sup>3</sup> so þat þo heo come  
 In eyþer syde to Ambrisbury, þo day þat heo nome,  
 And þe Brutones al simpliche in god pay, as heo vnderstode,  
 And Hengist spek with þe kyng, as yt were for gode,  
 And þo he say ys time wel, he gan to grede anon,  
 " Nymeþ goure saxes," and ys men <sup>4</sup> þer with echon  
 Kypte heore longe knyues, and slowe faste to gronde,  
 So þat heo slow <sup>5</sup> four hundred & sixti in astonde  
 Of erles and of barons þe <sup>6</sup> hexte þat þer were.  
 Alas ! þe deol to þis lond, <sup>7</sup> wuch treson was þere ?  
 Now ne kouþe þe Britones non Englisch y wys,  
 Ac þe Saxones speche it was, & þorw hem y come yt ys.

Nymeþ  
 owre  
 sexes.

<sup>1</sup> The assemble among the  
 Brutones *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Thanne a-  
 non with that ilke rede, Ech  
 drough his knyf, & slough his  
 felawe an vnywar, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And  
 to hure day they come To  
 Ambresbury on aithur side,  
 as they the day nome. *Sym.*

pleliche the Brutones come  
 for pees they vnderstode, *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Tho anon echon Kaughte  
 out hure longe knyues, and  
 slough ther with to gronde,  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Ita & Galfr. Mon. Sed*  
 thre *Ar. cum Aluredo Bev.*

<sup>6</sup> Heighest *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Such *Ar.*

Hengist anon <sup>1</sup> mid þe word <sup>2</sup> þe kyng hente faste.  
 Bi þe mantel, and anon to his fet hym <sup>3</sup> caste.  
 So þat þis gode men were y broȝt myd treson to gronde,  
 Ac some, þat of scapede, mid stones, þat heo fonde,  
 And mid staues of hegges, defondede hem a boutē,  
 And slow of þis luþer men mony on in þe route.

Pugna.

**E**LDOL, erl of Gloucestre, <sup>4</sup> þat a strong knyȝt was,  
 Hente a strong leuour, þat hym a com at houde bi cas.  
 þo he say ys felawes ymorþred so viliche,  
 God earnest he nom to hym, and sturde hym harde liche.  
 He smot to gronde, & lyȝtliche he ne ȝef strok non,  
 þat he ne brak hed oþer arm, or som oþer bon.  
 He ne ȝef of hys lyf noȝt, ys felawes for to awreke,  
 So þat he slow in þe place, er ys staf gonne breke,  
 Sixti mon and tene, and wondede mony on,  
 And ȝet he of scapede o liue for hem euer ech on  
 And þe luþer folk, þat slowe þus þat folk myd tricherie.  
<sup>5</sup> þo kyng þei bande faste <sup>6</sup> y now, þat rewliche he gan crie,  
<sup>7</sup> And defouledde hym myd bendes, forto he swor ys oþ,  
 Alle here wille euer eft to do, ner hym ner so loþ.  
 þo wende forþ þis luþer folk, and nome <sup>8</sup> London,  
 And Euerwyk, and Lincolne, al <sup>9</sup> þoru þis treson.

<sup>1</sup> With that word the kyng  
 to hym caughte *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Et*  
*ilico Fortigernum accepit, &*  
*per pallium detinuit* Galfr.  
 Mon. <sup>3</sup> Raughte *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> That  
 staleworthe man was, Hente a  
 tronchon on his hond that  
 hym com by cas, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The

*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Anon *pro* y now *in*  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And so they gonne fare  
 with hym, forte he swor his  
 oth, Al hure wille for to do,  
 were hym neuere so loth *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Town *adjicit* *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> With  
 tresoun *Ar.*

And

And <sup>1</sup> sebbe' Wynchestre bi Souþe, & oþer <sup>2</sup> grete' townes mo,  
 And robbed euer as heo wende, & slow, & dude gret wo.  
 þese were <sup>3</sup> lo! our faderes, of wam we beþ of y come,  
 þat mid such traison habbeþ þis lond þus y nome.

**V**ORTIGER, <sup>4</sup> oure feble kyng, þat lute was worþ þo,  
 As he it hadde of serued wel to lutel hadde of wo,  
 He flow in to Walis, þider he com sone,  
 He ascode of hys conselers wat was best to done?  
 Me radde hym, for ys casteles al hym bi nome were,  
 þat he in som siker stude a castel <sup>5</sup> bulde þere,  
 þat he mygte sikerliche wyte hym from hys fon.  
 þe kyng <sup>6</sup> a god stude þer to let seche out a non,  
<sup>7</sup> And bigan a strong castel of lym and off ston,  
 And of quoynte werkmen let hym brynge mony on.  
<sup>8</sup> þo heo bi gonne þis castel, al þat heo made a day,  
 O morwe, wen þei come þer to, al clene þer downe it lay.

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Omittit Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Oure olde fadres lo! of  
 wham we both y come, And  
 with such trechourie this lond  
 thus hii haueth ynome. Vor-  
 tiger this luthur kyng, that  
 litel worth was tho, As he  
 hadde of serued wel, hadde  
 muche wo, And was let go a  
 lyue. To Walis he wende  
 sone, And axede tho of his  
 consaillers, what best hym  
 was to done? *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Cum*  
*igitur tandem tantam cladem*  
*inspexisset Vortigernus, se-*

*cessit in partes Cambriæ, in-*  
*sciens quid contra nefandam*  
*gentem ageret. Vocatis de-*  
*nique magis suis, consuluit*  
*illos, jussitque dicere quid*  
*faceret? &c. Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>5</sup> Sholde rere, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> A good  
 place ther fore let *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And  
 let bygynne a castel of strong  
 lym and ston, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> In He-  
 refordshire vp the mont of  
 Eirik [*Eir Galfr. Mon.*] ful  
 high Was this castel by gon-  
 ne, vpon the water of Wigh.  
 Tho hii bygonne the castel *Ar.*

Invenio  
Merlini.

<sup>1</sup> No beter sped heo, nere þat werk ner so strong.  
 þe kyng ascode at enchanteres, war on yt was ylong?  
<sup>2</sup> þe enchanteres seide, þat me a childe sogte,  
 þat were y gete with oute fader, & þat me yt þider brogte,  
 And slow yt, and mid þe blode bisprenge wel here ston"  
 And here mortar, & yt scholde stonde þenne anon.  
<sup>3</sup> Hem þogte yt was euel y do, ac heo bi leuede yt nogt,  
 þat in mony a contrey such a child nas y sogt.  
 So þat some <sup>4</sup> þe messingeres to Kermerdyn come,  
 And <sup>5</sup> how children bi fore þe gate pleyede he toke gome.  
 þo seide on to <sup>6</sup> an oþer, " Merlyn, wat ys þe,  
 " <sup>7</sup> þou faderles schrewe wy <sup>8</sup> misdostow me?  
 " For ich am of <sup>9</sup> kynges ycome, & þou nart not worþ a fille.  
 " For þou <sup>10</sup> naddest ner no fader, þer fore hold þe stille.  
 þo þe messageres herde þis, heo astynte þere,  
 And askede <sup>11</sup> at men aboute, wat þat child were?  
<sup>12</sup> He ne bod neuer fader, heo seyde, þat me mygte vnder-  
 stonde,  
 And ys moder a kynges dogter was of þilke londe,

<sup>1</sup> Euere more hit ferde  
 thus, nere that werk so strong  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The kynges enchaun-  
 tours seide hym tho, ther most  
 a child be sought, That hadde  
 neuere fader, and thuder hit  
 moste be brought, And sle that  
 child, and with the blood me  
 sholde bysprenge the ston *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> This thoughte hem won-  
 der for to do, & yut they left  
 hit nought, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Of the *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Of children in the strete  
 that playde they toke gome  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> That other, " what  
 " myschaunce is the, *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> *Quid mecum contendis fatue?*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>8</sup> Mysdoist thugh  
 me? *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Good men *pro*  
 kynges *in Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Haddest  
 neuere fader, *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Of the  
 men *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Men seyde, he  
 hadde fader non, as hii couthe  
 vnderstonde. His moder  
 kynges

And wonede at Seynt Petre's in a nonnery þere.  
 þo þe messageres herde þis, joyful y now þei were.  
 To þe baylys of þe toun hastiliche heo wende,  
 þat he þe moder and þe sone to þe kyng sende.  
 þo me wiste wat.<sup>1</sup> heo were, me ne durste with segge it noȝt,  
 So þat þe moder & þe sone to þe kyng were y broȝt.  
 þe kyng<sup>2</sup> bad þe wommon segge soþ, <sup>3</sup> þat heo noþing lete,  
 þat he ne seide in soþnesse, ho þat child bi gete.  
 "My lord<sup>4</sup> kyng," quop þis oþer, "to þe soþe i segge it þe,  
 "þat neuer mon ney me<sup>5</sup> com, þat yt bi get on me.  
 "Ac of o þing ich wot, wan ich ofte was  
 "In chambre mid my felawes," þer com to me bi cas  
 "And swyþe fair mon with alle, & bi clupte wel softe,  
 "And semblant made fair ynow, & custe me wel ofte.  
 "þenne wende he forþ, as in schade, y nuste how ny ware.  
 "þo he hadde y siwed me longe in þis fare,

kyng's daughter was of  
 i. *Southwales*

Demecie londe, And duelleth  
 and [*l. at*] Seynt Petre's  
 church, as a nonne there *Ar.*  
*Adeo ut* hod, *sive* had, *pro*  
*bod reponerem.*

<sup>1</sup> They *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Het *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> For no thyng shold heo lete,  
 That heo ne told openlich, who  
 þat child was by yete *Ar. per-*  
*inde ac si* who *idem quod*  
 how *valeret. Illud tamen noto,*  
*in margine (ab eadem autem*  
*manu) voeulam was adjectam*

*esse, hac nota (viz. ^) in*  
*textu posita.* <sup>4</sup> Kyng, seide  
 heo tho, the sothe ych sey the,  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Cam, þat hit by gat in  
 me. And of on thyng ich wote,  
 whan ich al one was In priue  
 chaumbres with oute felawes,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Folia octo in Ar. ex-*  
*cisa esse deprehendo, in quo*  
*proinde de sequentibus, usque*  
*ad hanc notam* ☞ *(quam in*  
*margine apposuimus, utpote*  
*ad quam iterum occurrit Ar.)*  
*longe fusius quam in Codice*  
*Harleyano tractatum est.*



“ Atte laste in forme of mon ofte he lay bi me,

“ Ac oþer mon neuer non, to soþe y segge it þe.

þo þe kyng herde þis, gret wonder he þouȝte þere.

He asched at is clerkes, <sup>1</sup> wer yt to leue were?

þe clerkes seide, þat yt is in philosophie y fonde,

þat þer beþ in þe eir an hey, fer fro þe gronde,

As a maner gostes, wyȝtes as it be,

And me may hem ofte on erþe in wylde studes y se,

And ofte in monne's fourme wymmen heo comeþ to,

And ofte in wymmen forme þei comeþ to men al so,

þat men clepuþ eluene, and perantre in þis maner

On of hem in þis wommon bi get þis child her.

þo Merlyn hadde al þis y herd, to þe kyng he sede :

“ Sire kyng, wy duest þou my moder & me bi fore þe lede?

“ My enchantoures,” quof þe kyng, “ me habbeþ þer to yrad,

“ þat a child, þat nadde no fader, bi fore me were y lad,

“ And þat þe werk myd ys blod, þat we habbeþ on honde,

“ Be sprenged þat falleþ adoun, & þenne yt schulde stonde.

“ Lat þin enchantors,” quof Merlyn, “ sone bi fore me brynge,

“ And ich wol preue bi fore þe, þat heo telleþ al lesynge.

þis enchantors were ybroȝt sone bi fore þe kyng.

“ Wad segge ge,” quof Merlyn, “ of þis newe þinge?

“ Radde ge, þat me by sprengede þat mortar mid my <sup>2</sup> blod.

“ Here me schal sone y se, þat ne konne no god.

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.* whether he might believe it? *Nam, si id, quod mulier dixerat, fieri potuisset, in Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Potest & interrogandi nota distingui, nisi quod plenam sane distinctiōnem in Co-*

*dice eximio (utcunque ad finem manco) Galfridi Monumethensis, mihi donato ab amico illo eruditissimo Richardo Gravesio de Mickleton in agro Gloucestriensi, reperiam. Sic enim ibi:*

" Seggeth me, gef þat ge konne, wat ys bi neþe þe gronde,  
 " þat makeþ þat þo fundament no stond none stonde.  
 þei ne kouþe onswere nozt, as it ys y wryte.  
 " Lord kyng," quop Merlyn, " gef þou wolt þe soþe wyte,  
 " Lat delue vnder þe fundament, & þou schalt bi neþe fynde  
 " A water pol, þat haþ y mad, þat þis werk ys bi hynde.  
 Me dalf bi neþe, and fond þe water, as Merlyn hadde y seid.  
 " Wat segge ge maistres," quod Merlyn, " þat geue þat cole  
 red,  
 " To bi nyme blod & my lyf, was ys bi neþe now þere?  
 þe maistres sete stille y now, ryzt as heo doumbe were.  
 " Doþ out þis water," quop Merlyn, " & wen it is a weye,  
 " ge schul bi neþe zet y fynde holwe stones tweye,  
 " And in eyþer a dragon þer inne slepe faste.  
 Me let sone out of þis pol þe water clene caste,  
 And fonde, as he hadde y seid. Men wondred ynow,  
 And þogte, þat ys monhede to Godhed drow.  
 As þis Vortiger and þis folk token gome,  
 Twei grete dragones out of þis stones come,  
 þat on was red, þe oþer wyte. þo gonne to fyzte faste  
 Strong batail, and þe fuyr out of þe mouþ caste.  
 So þat þe white was aboue, as þe folk y seye,  
 And drof þe rede al abak out of þe put ney.  
 þe rede, as for sorinesse, by turnede hym atten ende,  
 And asailede þe wyte, & made hym abac wende.  
 As þis dragones fogte þus, þe kyng hette Merlyn þere,  
 Forte segge, gef he couþe, wat þe tokonyng were.

Pugna  
draconum.

Laudavistis, ut sanguis meus diffunderetur in cœmentum, & quasi illico opus constaret. Set	dicite michi quid sub funda- mento latet?
--	--

Mer-

Prophecia  
Merlini.

Merlyn gan to wepe þo, and bi gan ys prophecie :

“ Awey !” he seide, “ þe rede dragon ! for ys endegynneþ to hye,

“ And þe white dragon schal in to ys holes wende,

“ þat bi tokeneþ þe Saxones, þat þou let aftur sende.

“ þe rede bi tokeneþ þe Britones, and goure kynde þat is,

“ þat þe Saxones schulleþ zet ouer come, and here londe  
wynne ywis.

“ Grote watres worþeþ zet rede of monne's blode,

“ Cristendom worþ y cast a doun, & chirchon þat er stode.

“ Ac zet schul þe Britones som tyme ageyn stonde,

“ For þe bor of Cornewail schal helpe þis londe,

“ And þo Saxnes hedes vnder fet trede.

“ Mony yles wynne he schal, lond and oþer stude

“ Lord he worþ of France, & Rome schal hys sturnhede

“ Doute, & quake þerfore, ac ys endyng worþ in drede.

“ <sup>1</sup> þat folk schal euer speke of hym, and ys noble dede

“ Worþ to hym a swete mete, þat it con a rede.

“ <sup>2</sup> Siþe, þat comeþ aftur hym, schulleþ holde þe seynorie.

Ac aftur hem schal aryse a worm of Germanye,

And þe <sup>3</sup> se wolf hym schal brynge vp, <sup>4</sup> & þanne religion

And holychirche eftsone worþ y brogt al a don.

Change worþ of bischopriches, & þe digne sege y wys

Worþ y brogt to Canterbury, þat at London now ys.

<sup>1</sup> *In ore populorum celebra-  
bitur, & actus ejus cibus erit  
narrantibus Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup>Sex  
posterij ejus sequentur scep-  
trum, sed post ipsos exsurget  
Germanicus vermis, Galfr.*

Mon. <sup>3</sup> *Æquoreus lupus*  
Galfr. Mon. <sup>4</sup> *Delebitur item  
religio, & transmutatio pri-  
marum sedium fiet. Dignitas  
Londonie adornabit Doro-  
berniam Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>1</sup> Al þis bi fel asturward, as ȝe schul <sup>2</sup> y hure,  
<sup>3</sup> þo Cornewaile's bor, of wam he spek, þat'' was kyng Arthure,  
 þat so wel huld vp þis lond, and ys fon ouer com,  
<sup>4</sup> þat þoru ys nobleȝ wan mony a kyndom.

Of prophecie of Merlyn we ne mow telle no more,  
 For it so derk to symple men, bute me were þe bet in lore.  
 Gret wonder hadde þat folk of þe wisdam, þat he seyde,  
 Of þing, þat to come was, and of his zong hede.  
 þe kyng bed þo Merlyn, þat he hym tolde an dede,  
 In wat deþ he scholde deye, & Merlyn þis hym seyde.

“ <sup>5</sup> Costantyne's sones <sup>6</sup> fur fle, ȝef þou myzt.

“ <sup>7</sup> For heo ȝarkeþ here schipes toward þi lond ryzt.

“ Heo bileueþ þat lond of Armore,” þat þo lasse Breteyn ys.

“ Heore seyles heo spredeþ in þe se, & hyder comeþ y wis.

“ þe Saxones heo wolleþ a saile, & to gronde brynge,

“ <sup>8</sup> Ac heo wolle þe in þin owne tour sle” atte bigynnyng.

“ <sup>9</sup> þoru þi traison luþer mon heor fader þou slowe.

“ <sup>10</sup> And'' þoru þi trayson Saxones <sup>11</sup> into þis lond þou drowe.

“ þou bede hem forto helpe þe, ac to þin wø heo beþ y come.

“ Twei sorwes <sup>12</sup> þe beþ vp on, & þe ne worþ nowþ bi nome.

<sup>1</sup> Much of this *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Hure,  
 as of the Cornyssh boor, that  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *F. pro.* <sup>4</sup> And thurgh  
 his grete nobleȝe *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Con-  
 stantyne's sones fuir *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Ig-  
 nem filiorum Constantini dif-  
 fuge, si diffugere valueris*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> For hure nauēye  
 hii arayth hiderward nough  
 ryght. They leueth the londe  
 of Armoryk. *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And the

sle in thyn owen tour *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> Hure fader and hure bro-  
 ther eke þurgh thi treson  
 men slowe *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>11</sup> Ferst in to this lond  
 drowe *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> The cometh  
 an honde, & neither the ne  
 worth by nome. The Sax-  
 ones nough destroyeth thy  
 lond in the on ende. The  
 two *Ar.*

“ For

- “ For <sup>1</sup> þe Saxones destruyep þi lond in to þo on ende.  
 “ þo twei” breþren in þe oþer half <sup>2</sup> vp þi lond wol wende,  
 “ To awreke on þe here heor fader deþ, þe ne tyd no pays.  
 “ For heo wolleþ to morwe aryue atte haue of Tottenays.  
 “ And wen Hengist ys yslawe, Aurely worþ kyng.  
 “ Pays he wole bryngge ageyn, & <sup>3</sup> chirchon þoru alle þing.  
 “ Apoysned he worþ atte ende, and aftur hym an haste  
 “ Hys broþer schal haue þe kyndam, þat apoysned worþ atte  
 laste.  
 “ So gret treson worþ among hem, þat aftur þe schul come,  
 “ Ac þe Cornewaile’s bor hem schal chaste some.

**AURELI** & Uter, þe twei breþren corteys,  
 With gret power a morwe ariuede at Totteneis.  
 þo þe tyþing sprong, þat heo comen attelaste,  
 þe Brutones, þat were helples, come aboute hem faste,  
 þat were to sprad here & þere, heo were þo glad ynowꝝ,  
<sup>5</sup> þat folk al so of holy chirche aboute hem faste drowꝝ.  
 þer heo made Aureli kyng, & homage hym dude echon,  
 And <sup>6</sup> bede, þat heo moste vp þe Saxones wende anon.  
 Ac þe kyng Aurely þer ageyn gan <sup>7</sup> speke.  
 For he þoꝝte on Vortiger ys fader first awreke.

<sup>1</sup> *Hinc enim regnum tuum  
 devastant Saxones, &c.* Galfr.  
 Mon. <sup>2</sup> Up the wolleþ wende,  
 To a wreke hure fader deth,  
 the ne tideth no pays *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Chirches *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> But thurgh  
 the boor of Cornewaile shal

wrech of hym be nome *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> The folk eke of holy *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Consailed hym on the Sax-  
 ones, forto weynde anon *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> To speke, And wylned vpou  
 Vortiger his fader *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> For ys herte was so gret for ys fader deþ þere,  
þat he ne mygt glad be, ar he awreke were.

Vortiger <sup>2</sup> ys y flowe, for drede of hym ywis,

<sup>3</sup> To an castel in Yrchenfeld, in þe Est ende of Walis,  
A boue þe water of Wye, vp an hul on heyꝝ.

þe kyng Aureli þider com, & þat castel y seyꝝ.

To Eldolf, erl of Gloucestre, he spek in þis manere :

“ <sup>4</sup> Sire noble erl nym god zeme of þis castel here,

“ Were he mowe þe luþer Vortiger wytye fro þe deþe,

“ þat ich in ys inneward my swerd ne make a scheþe,

“ þat ys aller mon worst, þat me euer sey with ye.

“ þe deþ ne mygte be to luþer, that he schulde in dye.

“ For my fader Costantyn first he bi trayde amys,

“ þat sauede hym & al þat lond from þe <sup>5</sup> Picars y wys.

“ Seþþe my broþer <sup>6</sup> Constance he brozþe hym to kyng :

“ For he wolde hym bi traie, and to deþe brynge.

<sup>1</sup> *Adeo enim propter prodicionem patri illatam doluerat, quod nil agere videretur, nisi ipsum prius vindicaret* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Was *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> To Genor castel in Yrche, in the on ende of Walis, Vp an hille, that Dirty hight, þis castel stode ful hie; In the shire of Hergyn [Heryngfordshire, *i.* Herfordshire, *in margine*] vp the water of Wye. The kyng tho he thunder com, spake in this maner to Eldoph, Erl of Gloucestre, sure se this castel here,

Wher may hit this Vortiger wity fram his deth, And hit ich myghte in his body make my body a sheth. He is to me man worst to loken on with eye, His deth ne myghte to luther be þan he sholde deye *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Respice, dux nobilis, hujus urbis mænia, utrum poterint Vortegirnum protegere, quin gladii mei mucronem ipse infra viscera ipsius recondam.* &c. Galfr. Mon. <sup>5</sup> *Pictes Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Constans he made to be kyng : *Ar.*

“ And

" And seþþe, þoru ys tricherie þo he hadde þis lond on honde,  
 " He mengede þe luþer payns among <sup>1</sup> zou in þis londe,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Forte holde me & myn broþer out of oure eritage.  
 " <sup>3</sup> Ac oure Lord haþ vp ys heued ybrogt ys owne outrage.  
 " For þe luþer Saxones vnder gete ys luþer dede,  
 " Heo by nome hym ys kyndom, <sup>4</sup> & þat was a ryztful dede.  
 " Ac of o þing ich hadde deol, þat þis payns, þat luþer beþ,  
 " þat he brogte first to londe, as ge alle y seþ,  
 " þe noble men of þis lond þus to schame brogte,  
 " And þis lond, þat was riche, wastede al to nozte,  
 " And al holy chirche & Cristendom haddeþ y brogt to gronde.  
 " Fram þat <sup>5</sup> o se to þat oþer, <sup>6</sup> a las! þilke stonde!  
 " Now ge kynde men of þis lond <sup>7</sup> cuþeþ zoure monhede.  
 " And awrekeþ zou of þis luþer men, þoru wam com þis  
     wrechedhede;  
 " <sup>8</sup> And seþþe turne we oure hond vp oure oþer fon,  
 " And <sup>9</sup> delyuere þis lond of þe luþer men echon.  
 " <sup>10</sup> þis folk myd god herte þis castel a sailede.  
 Ac for þe castel wes strong, here wille þo hem faylede.

<sup>1</sup> The Cristenmen *pro* zou  
*in Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To *pro forte in Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> But God on his owene  
 hede hath tournd his outrage.  
 The Saxones whan hii vn-  
 derstode of his luther dede,  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Thurgh gile & fals-  
 hede. Ac of one thyng *Ar. Sed*  
*Galfr. Mon. plane ut Codex*  
*Harleyanus. Sic enim ille:*  
 " *Nam ut nequitiam ipsius com-*  
 " *pererunt Saxones, ejecerunt*

" *illum ex regno, quod nemi-*  
 " *nem pigere debeat.* <sup>5</sup> On see  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Alas! the harde stounde!  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Kyeth your manhede *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> *Deinde vertamus arma in ho-*  
*stes imminentes, &c. Galfr.*  
*Mon.* <sup>9</sup> Delyuere we this lond  
 of luther *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> The folk with  
 good herte tho this castel  
 gonne asaile. And for the ca-  
 stel was so strong, whan will  
 dude hem faile, With queyn-

tise

Myd quoyntise heo casten fuyr, & barnde þat castel withinne,  
 Aud þe kyng Vortiger was to doust y barnd þer inne.  
 And þo myzte he fynde soþ, þat Merlyn hym er seide,  
 þat <sup>1</sup> heo Costantyne's sonas fuyr schulde fle & drede.  
 þo was Hengist sore adrad of kyng Aurely þer,  
 And nomeliche for þe noble los, <sup>2</sup>þat he herde of hym er.  
 For þer nas in non ende of France, ny in no lond þer a boutē,  
 þat in joustes & <sup>3</sup> tornemens echo mon gan hym doute.  
 For þer nas so god knygt non nower a boutē France,  
 þat in joustes scholde at sitte þe dynt of ys lance,  
 þat he <sup>4</sup> ne schulde a doun oþer ys hors oþer boþe anon,  
 Oþer þe lance schulde breke in peses mony on.  
 þer fore Hengist was a drad to mete with ys launce,  
 Ouer Homber he fley a non, to wyte hym from meschance ;  
 And casteles and cytees a storede faste þere,  
<sup>5</sup> And in Scotlond al so ; for þilke londes were  
 A luper recet euer a geyn Engelonde.  
 For eche þat wolde hider harm, þer myzte at stonde.  
<sup>6</sup> þo Aureli wiste, þat heo were y flowe to hurne,  
 He was glad, þat heo were a ferd, & þozte be hom sturne."

tise hii caste fure, and brende  
 hit with gynne, And Vorti-  
 ger alto douste brende ther  
 with ynne *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Constantyne's sonas fuyr  
 he sholde fle *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> That  
 men of hym bere *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Tour-  
 nementz me ne hadde of hym  
 gret doute *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Nam si con-*  
*gressum fecisset, vel hostem*  
*ab equo prosterneret, vel has-*

*tam in frusta confringeret*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>5</sup> Al toward  
 Scotlond, ther his recettes were.  
 For ther a luthere recett hath  
 be euer to Engelonde. All  
 that hiderward wolde harme,  
 ther hii mowe astonde *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>  
*Cumque id Aurelio nuntiatum*  
*fuisse, audacior effectus, spem*  
*victoriæ recepit Galfr. Mon.*  
*At in Cod. Ar. Tho kyng Aure-*  
 lie



He zarkedede ys ost, & siwede astur hem faste Norþ,  
 And þo he sey þe contreis, as he passede forþ,  
 Destruyde & bare in eche half, gret deol he made þere,  
 And nameliche for chirches, þat y cast to gronde were.  
<sup>1</sup> He bi het God almygty, zef he sende hym þo ouer hond,  
 To rere vp agen þe chirches a boutte into al þat lond.  
 þo Hengist wiste, þat <sup>2</sup> heo come toward Scotlond,  
<sup>3</sup> He zarkedede ys ost faste, ageyn hem for to stonde.

**ELDOL**, erl of Gloucestre, as he wende in þis ferhede  
 Toward þe batail, to þe kyng þese wordes he seyde :

“ Sire kyng, for al þe dayes, þat ich haue on erþe y go,  
 “ O day me wolde þinke ynow to <sup>4</sup> libbe with oute mo,  
 “ þat ich þe luþer Hengist in Batail mygte mete,  
 “ For on of vs schulde deye er we <sup>5</sup> þat batail lete.  
 “ So <sup>6</sup> muche for ich habbe in myn herte, wan y þer on  
 þenche,  
 “ <sup>7</sup> þon come to make pays, of ys luþer wrenche,

lie hadde word, the Saxones  
 were yflowe, Wel the more  
 was his joye, the lasse was  
 his howe.

<sup>1</sup> He made to God his a-  
 vow, to haue the heigher  
 honde, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> He *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> He  
 gan faste to greithi his oste,  
 ayen hym forto stonde. El-  
 dolf, erl of Gloucetre, that  
 wende in companye Wiþ the  
 kyng thuderward, gan to hym  
 speke an hie: “ Sire kyng,  
 he seide, alle deies þat y haue  
 go *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Lyue *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> To

*pro þat in Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Reminiscor  
 namque diei, qua convenimus  
 quasi pacem habituri. Cum-  
 que & de concordia ageretur,  
 prodidit omnes qui aderant,  
 & cum cultris interfecit, præ-  
 ter me solum, qui reperto palo  
 evasi. Succubuerunt eadem die  
 cccc. lxxx. barones ac consu-  
 les, qui omnes inermes advene-  
 rant Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> Whan we  
 come to make pees, of his lither  
 wrenche, That of Erles and  
 Barons, that *Ar.*

“ þat

" þat of oure erles and barnes, þat so noble men were,  
 " Four hundred & four score <sup>1</sup> mid treson he slow þete,  
 " Of hem þat <sup>2</sup> were al on war, & with oute armour were also.  
 " Now God leue, þat þe wreohe þer of by twene vs mow be do.  
 þe kyng Aurely ys felawes comforted wel to fygte,  
 And al ys hope in <sup>3</sup> Godesone dude & al ys mygte.  
 As þe ost in eiper syde to <sup>4</sup> þis bataill drow,  
 Heo come & metten baldeliche mid god earnest y now.  
 Heo smyten harde & made mony a strong wonde.  
 Heo schedde blod and slowe in eyþer syde to gronde.  
 Aureli comfortede þe Cristenemen a boutē,  
 And Hengist in his <sup>5</sup> half þe heþene menne's route.  
 Ac þe Cristene, þoru Gode's grace, hadde þe beter ende,  
 So þat toward <sup>6</sup> Corneborw þe heþene gonne wende,  
<sup>7</sup> And þo Cristene aftur, & to gronde brogte y nowe.  
 For al þat heo mygte of take, heo nome oþer slowe.  
 þo Hengist y sey þe Cristene men hym siwe so faste,  
 And þat he moste nede turne ageyn, oþer deye atte laste,  
 He bi gan to ordeyne ys folk, & to bataill agen drow,  
<sup>8</sup> And in eyþer syde, as heo dude er, to gronde me slow,  
 þat þe cry of þe folk, þat me slow, þe oþere" brogte in drede.  
 Atte laste þe heþene men bi gonne hem to sprede.

<sup>1</sup> With *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Were an  
 vnywar, and vnarmed also.  
 God leue that hit mote be  
 wreke by twixte vs two. The  
 kyng Aurelie *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Gode's  
 sone *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The *pro* this *in*  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Half also the hethene  
 of his route *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Cones-

burgh *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The Cristene  
 siwede after faste, broughte  
 to grounde y now *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Yn  
 aither syde, as hii dude er,  
 muche folk me slough. The  
 cry of folk þat was a slawe,  
 the other *Ar.*

þe Cristene were þe boldere, <sup>1</sup> þe kyng faste sette  
 Forto comforte ys men, and slow al þat he mette.  
 Eldol, erl of Gloucester, al so in hys syde  
<sup>2</sup> Arnde, and kepte her and þer, and slow a boutte wyde.  
 And muche hys entente was <sup>3</sup> Hengist forto mete.  
<sup>4</sup> Heo mette hem atte laste, er heo þe batail lete.  
 Ow! Lord! þe dyntes stronge, þat" were bi twene hem þere,  
<sup>5</sup> þat fuir smot out of þat yre, lygtyng as yt were.  
 So strong knyghtes boþe þei were, <sup>6</sup> & here herte gret was.  
 Gorlois, erl of Cornewail, <sup>7</sup> þer forþ com bicas.  
 As sone as Eldol hym seye, ys herte vaward drow:  
 Hengist by þe helme by neþe he hente faste ynowz,  
 And myd strengþe hym drow a down, & lowde bi gan to grede,  
 " Cristenemen figteþ now, of noþing ze ne drede.  
 " God me haþ my wille y zeue; for ich hym habbe nowþe,  
 " Hym þat made al þis wo bi Norþ & eke by Souþe.  
 " Cuþeþ now, þat ze ben men; for þe maistry al oure ys.  
<sup>8</sup> þo Cristene men to grounde slow, þo <sup>9</sup> heo herde þis.  
<sup>10</sup> Heo ne fynede neuer mo, ar þo oþer ware at gronde.  
 Some flowe to hules and to wodes, þat heo fonde.  
 Ac Octa, Hengiste s sone, and ys power atte laste  
<sup>11</sup> Of scapede to Euerwik, & strengþede þe toun faste.

<sup>1</sup> And the heþene faste of sette, And faste comfortide his men to sle alle that hii mette  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Rood, & kept her and ther, all a boutte wide *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> With Hengis *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> So at last to gedere hii mette, and other batailles lete. Wonder stronge were the strokes, that

*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The fuir smot out of the ire, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And the herte so gret was *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> By side hem com by cas *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The Cristene to grounde *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Hii *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> And neuer wolde fyne, er the other were to grounde *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Askapide in to Ebracwike, *Ar.*

Hengist

Hengist was o liue y nome, and y holde faste.  
 þo þis batail was y do, <sup>1</sup> þis Britones attelaste  
 Nome þe town of <sup>2</sup> Cornboru, and þer inne hadde reste  
 þre dayes and þre <sup>3</sup> nygt, forto bi þenche hore beste.  
 þe kyng lette <sup>4</sup> þe wyle burye þe dede men þere,  
 And do vnder lechecraft hem, þat y wounded were.  
 þe kyng <sup>5</sup> lette bryng þer aftur Hengist bi fore hym sone,  
 And aschede at erles & barnes, wat were mid hym to done?  
<sup>6</sup> Eldal, þat bischop of Gloucestre <sup>7</sup> was,  
 And þe erl ys broþer Eldol, was þer bi cas.  
 þo he sey Hengist stonde bi fore þe kyng þere,  
 He stod vp & seide þe verdyt by fore alle oþere þat þer were.  
 "gef oþer," he seide, "þat þer beþ hym wol deliuere echone,  
 "To smale peces ich hym wolde to hakke al one.  
 " <sup>8</sup> For ich wolde þo prophete wyle Samuel vnderstonde,  
 " þat þo he hadde þe lufur kyng Agag vnderhonde,"

<sup>1</sup> These *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Cones-  
 burgh *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Nyght, as hem  
 thought beste *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Thulke  
 while the deed bury there,  
 And dude tho to lechecraft,  
 that y wounded were *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> The kyng let Hengist af-  
 terward be brought to fore  
 hym sone, And axede of his  
 Barones, best what was of  
 hym to done? *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Eldad,  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Tho was, And the  
 ferthe brother Eldolf, ther  
 was eke by cas. Eldad seide  
 the verdit for alle that ther  
 were, When he seygh Hengis  
 stonde byfore the kyng there.

"Theigh alle," he seide, "that  
 here beth him wolde dely-  
 uere echon, To smale pecis  
 alto hacky ich hym wolde a-  
 lone. For of prophete Samu-  
 el ich wolde vnderstonde,  
 That Agag the luthur kyng  
 hadde vnder hond, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *In-*  
*sequerer namque prophetam*  
*Samuelem, qui cum Agag re-*  
*gem Amalech in potestatem*  
*retinuisset, concidit illum in*  
*frusta dicens, "Sicut fecisti*  
*" matres sine liberis, sic fa-*  
*" ciam hodie matrem tuam*  
*" sine liberis inter mulieres.*  
 Galfr. Mon.

" He lette hym hewe to peses, and also he seide,  
 " As þou hast y mad mony <sup>1</sup> wyf deolful lyf to lede,  
 " And mony child with oute fader, & mony wif lordles,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Al so ich wole make to day þine sones faderles.  
 " Al so <sup>3</sup> doþ bi þis mon, þat so muche wo haþ y do,  
 " So mony child mad faderles, dygteþ hym al so.  
 þis word was for dom yholde, þe erl Eldol hym drow,  
 And ladde hym with oute þe town <sup>4</sup> mid god herte y now;  
 And smot of hys hed, þat so muche wo hadde y do.  
 þo was mony mon a wreke, and mony mon glad al so.  
 þis was euene fourty ȝer, þat he hadde þis dom,  
 Aftur þat <sup>5</sup> he mid his folc to þis lond com.  
 þo wende þe kyng myd god ost to Euerwik anon,  
 For to sle <sup>6</sup> Hengistesone, and ys men echon.  
 þo Octa hit onderstod, þat heo comyng were,  
 He sei wel, þat <sup>7</sup> power nas noȝt ageyn hem þere.  
 An <sup>8</sup> raketyne of yre in hys hond he nom,  
 And myd þe hexte of ys men <sup>9</sup> to þe kyng he com.  
 " Sire," he seide, " myne Godes al ouer come beþ,  
 " And þi <sup>10</sup> Lord ys God al one, as we to soþe seþ,

<sup>1</sup> A wif *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> So wole  
 y make to day thi sone fader-  
 les *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Do *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> With  
 gret filte y now, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> He  
 ferst with his *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hen-  
 giste's sone, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> His pow-  
 er was nought a yen so many  
 there. A gret cheyne of iren  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Communicato itaque*

*consilio, egressus est cum no-  
 bilioribus qui secum aderant,  
 gestans catenam in manu, &  
 sabulonem in capite, & sese  
 regi in hæc verba præsentavit*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>9</sup> A ye the kyng  
 com *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> God is Lord al  
 one, as we alle y seth, *Ar.*

" þat þus noble men to þyn wille bryngeþ in þis manere.

" <sup>1</sup> þer fore vs with <sup>2</sup> veteres vnderfong now here.

" <sup>3</sup> þat to eche torment, þat ge wole vs, gare we beþ in þis  
place,

" Bute þou wole of vs here pyte habbe and grace.

þe kyng hadde rewþe <sup>4</sup> of hem, & ys conseil hym gef þo,  
Nom of hem sikernesse to ys þral euer mo "

And of eche þat with hym was, and in gret destresse,

Bi syde Scotlond hem gef a place, al in wilderness,

To wone inne in þraldam vnder þe kyng euer mo.

þese, and mony oþere, þat y flowe were þo,

Y sei, þat þe kyng hadde such mercy hem do,

To hym heo wende as prisoners, and <sup>5</sup> bedom mercy also.

þe kyng al inon maner hem gef <sup>6</sup> mercy and grace,

To wone al in <sup>7</sup> þralhede in þike wylde place,

<sup>8</sup> To wroþe hele al þis lond was he so mylde þo.

For þe schrewes dude to þis lond seþþe wel muche wo.

þo al þis was y do, þe kyng, ar he wende,

Let ordeyne in Euerwik þis lond for to amende,

And lette rere vp chirches in al þe lond a bowte,

And bischopes dude in heore power, þat <sup>9</sup> er were al withoute.

<sup>1</sup> *Accipe ergo nos & catenam istam, &, nisi misericordiam habueris, habe nos ligatos, & ad quodlibet supplicium uoluntarie paratos* Galfr. Mon.

<sup>2</sup> Thes feteres *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> To (*omisso þat*) which torment though wlt vs do, we beth redy in this place, But though wlt vs pyte do, or any other grace.

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Of hym, as his conseil yaf hym tho, And sikernesse nam of hym, to serue hym euere mo *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Mercy bede also *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Mylce *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Thraldom *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> To wrotherhele to al this lond, that he mylde was tho. For they dude to al this lond suthemuche wo *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Erst *Ar.*

Aftur fyftene dawes, þat <sup>1</sup> he hadde y ordeyned <sup>2</sup> þis,  
 To London <sup>3</sup> he wende, for to amende <sup>4</sup> þat þer was amys.  
 He let amende al þo town of howses þat were a downe,  
<sup>5</sup> And in þe contrey chirches let rere, and in þe towne.  
 Gode lawes, þat were aleyd, newe he lette make.  
<sup>6</sup> Londes, þat were <sup>7</sup> arst by nome, <sup>8</sup> þe rygt eyr he lette take.  
 Bute ys wille al clene was ys lond forto amende.  
 And aftur al þis to Wynchestre from Londone he wende,  
 For to amende þilke <sup>9</sup> syde, & so & so to Salusbury.  
 And so, for to amende more, to þe <sup>10</sup> downe of Ambresbury.  
 þo he com to þat place, þat þe heye men inne laye,  
 þat Hengist myd ys sexes let sle and by traye,  
 Of þe morþre he hadde deol, & bi gan to wepe sore,  
 He þogte in hys herte, how he mygt þe place <sup>11</sup> worþi.  
 For þer lay so gode men, <sup>12</sup> yt was wel ydo,  
 þat, for to defende þat lond, y morþred were so.  
 Hys conseil he tok þo, how he mygt make þere  
 Some werk, <sup>13</sup> in honowr of hem, þat euer in mynde were.  
 þe erchbisshop of Walis seide ys auys,  
 "Sire," he seide, "gef þer ys any mon so wys,

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<sup>1</sup> Hii <i>Ar.</i>	<sup>2</sup> Al this <i>Ar.</i>	ly this lond for to amende
<sup>3</sup> Hii <i>Ar.</i>	<sup>4</sup> Thyngs that	<i>Ar.</i> <sup>9</sup> Cite, and so to Sales-
were amys. And let amendy	al the toun <i>Ar.</i>	bury <i>Ar.</i> <sup>10</sup> Toune <i>Ar.</i>
<sup>5</sup> Churchien	he rerde in contreye fram	<sup>11</sup> Worshipe more. For ther
toun to toun. Olde lawes,	<i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> And loudes, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> Er.	<i>Ar.</i> <sup>12</sup> Hym thought hit wel
<i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> To the ryght heires	take. His wille was al clen-	to do, By cause, in sense of the
		lond, they were amorthered
		so <i>Ar.</i> <sup>13</sup> That hii euere
		more after in mynde were <i>Ar.</i>
		" <sup>1</sup> þat

" <sup>1</sup> þat beste red þe can rede, Merlyn þat ys.  
 For <sup>2</sup> þer nys in þi kyndam so wys mon y wys,  
 To segge soþ of þinges, þat to comene beþ.  
<sup>3</sup> Ne of quoyntes for to rede, as we al day y seþ.  
 Merlyn was þo in Walis. he was sone of sozt  
 Myd messingeres, & y fonde, & to þe kyng y brozte.  
 The kyng made hym joye ynow, & <sup>4</sup> amon hem alle  
 Bed hym telle of som <sup>5</sup> þing, þat hym schulde bi falle.  
 " Sire kyng," quoth Merlyn þo, " suche þinges y wys  
 " Ne beþ for to schewe nozt, but wen gret nede ys.  
 " For <sup>6</sup> gef ich seide in bismare, oþer bute yt ned were,  
 " Sone from me <sup>7</sup> he" wolde wende þe Gost, þat doþ me lere.  
<sup>8</sup> þe kyng, þo non oþer nas, bod hym som quoyntyse  
 Bi þenke aboute <sup>9</sup> þilke cors, þat so noble were and wyse.  
 " Sire kyng," quoth Merlyn þo, " gef þou wolt here caste,  
 " In <sup>10</sup> þe" honour of hem, a werk that euer schal y laste,  
 " To þe <sup>11</sup> hul of Kylar send in to Yrlond  
 " <sup>12</sup> Aftur þe noble stones, þat þer habbet lenge y stonde,  
 " þat was þe treche of geandes, for a quoynte werk þer ys  
 " Of stones al wyþ art y mad, in þe world such non ys.

Kylar.

<sup>1</sup> That best red can ther  
of rede, Merlyn hit is *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> *Quippe non existimo, alterum  
in regno tuo esse, cui sit clarius  
ingenium, sive in futuris dicen-  
dis, sive in operationibus ma-  
chinandis Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> Ne of  
queynte thynges for to rede,  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Among *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Things,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Nam si ea in derisionem  
sive vanitatem proferrem, ta-  
ceret spiritus, qui me docet, &*

*cum opus superveniret, recede-  
ret Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> The kyng, tho other [*f.*  
tho non other] myghte be, bad  
hym *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Thulke bodies,  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Hille  
of Kildar *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> After stones  
noble and goode, that longe  
han ther stonde, That was  
carole of Geantz, for queynte  
werk hit is *Ar.*



- “<sup>1</sup> Ne þer nys noþing, þat me scholde<sup>2</sup> myd strengþe a doun  
caste.
- “ Stode heo here, as heo doþ þere, <sup>3</sup> euer a wolde laste.  
þe kyng <sup>4</sup> somdel to lyghe, þo he herde þis tale.
- “<sup>5</sup> How mygte,” he seyde, “suche stonnes, so grete & so fale,  
“<sup>6</sup> Be y brogt of so fer lond? & zet mest of were,  
“ Me wolde wene, þat in þis lond no ston to worche nere.  
“<sup>7</sup> Sire kyng,” quop Merlyn, “ne make nozt an ydel such  
lyghyng.
- “ For yt nys an ydel nozt, þat ich telle þis tyþing.  
“ For in þe farreste stude of Affric geandes while fette  
“ þike stonnes for medycine, & in Yrlond hem sette,  
“<sup>8</sup> While heo woneden in Yrlond, to make here babes þere,  
“ þer vnder forto bap, wen þei syk were.  
“ For <sup>9</sup> heo wolde þe stonnes wasch, & þer inne bap y wis.  
“<sup>10</sup> For ys no ston þer among, þat of gret vertu nys.

<sup>1</sup> Ne ther is nothing, that  
hem sholde with strength a  
doun caste *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Grandes  
sunt lapides, nec est aliquis  
cujus virtuti cedant. Qui si  
eo modo, quo ibi positi sunt,  
circa plateam locabuntur, sta-  
dunt in æternum Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>3</sup> Euere hii woldē y laste *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> By gan somdel to laugh *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Who *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Bryng fro so ferre  
lond? And the meste were, that  
men wolde wene in þis *Ar.*  
“<sup>7</sup> Sire,” quath Merlyn, “ne  
“ taketh nought an ydel such  
“ lyghyng. For hitt is an

ydel nought, that y telle of  
this thyng *Ar. Ad hæc Mer-  
linus: “ Ne moveas rex va-  
“ num risum, quia hæc absque  
“ vanitate profero Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>8</sup> The while hii wonede in Ir-  
londe, to make hem bathes  
there, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Lavabant nam-  
que lapides, & infra balnea  
diffundebant, unde egroti  
curabantur. Miscebant etiam  
cum herbarum confectionibus,  
unde vulnerati sanabantur.  
Non est ibi lapis, qui medi-  
camento careat Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>10</sup> For ther is *Ar.*

þe kyng and ys conseil<sup>1</sup> radde þo stones forte fette,  
<sup>2</sup> And with gret power of batail, gef any mon hem lette.  
 Uter, (þe kyng's broþer,) þat Ambrose hette al so,  
 In anoþer maner name, y chose was þer to,  
 And fiftene þousant men, þis dede forto do,  
 And Merlyn, for his<sup>3</sup> quoyntise," þider wente al so.  
<sup>4</sup> Gynemon was þilke kyng of Irlonde.  
 þo me tolde hym, þat þis Britones y come were to ys londe,  
 Azen hem he wente anon myd<sup>5</sup> god power ynowȝ.  
 þo me told him here ernde, he astynte and lowȝ.  
 "No wonder," he seyde, <sup>6</sup> þaw Breteyne al day go to gronde,  
 "<sup>7</sup> Wan heo, þat þer inne beþ, suche foles beþ yfonde.  
 "Wo haþ y herd such folye, wer þer be in non ende  
 "Stones, þer þat aȝtes be heo hyder sende?  
 "Armeþ ȝow<sup>8</sup> faste now, and wyteþ ȝowre lond.  
 "For<sup>9</sup> heo schul not habbe here no ston, wyle ich may  
 wolde myn hond.  
 Uter and ys compayne redi aȝeyn hem were,  
<sup>10</sup> And a strong batail smyte, & þe Yrische to driue þere,  
 And wende forþ myd strengþe, þo nomon hem no lette,  
 And come to Kylar, þo stones forto fette.

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<sup>1</sup> Radde tho the stones <i>Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> And that with gret power of men, yf eny wolde lette <i>Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> Queynte witt, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> Gwy- neman, that was thulke tyme kyng <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> Gret <i>pro god in</i> <i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> Theigh Brutons <i>Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> The moste foles of the worlde ofte hii beth y founde. Who saw such a folye in to the worlde's eynde, Stones	out of Irlond to Brutayn seynde? <i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> Sone y now <i>Ar.</i> <sup>9</sup> Hii ne shul haue the leste ston, the while ic welde myn hond <i>Ar.</i> <sup>10</sup> So that the Irissh men hii ouercome there, And wente forth with strengthe, that noman hem ne lette, To the hulle of Kildar the stones forto fette <i>Ar.</i>
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þo heo sey <sup>1</sup> þo stones, heo wondred y now  
 Of þe werk, þat was so gret, & <sup>2</sup> ho yt þider drow.  
 "ze zonge men," quof Merlyn, "cuþeþ now zoure myzte,  
 "How ze mow <sup>3</sup> þis stones best to þe <sup>4</sup> schip dyzte.  
 Heo stode, & bi þozte hem best, & cables fette ynowe,  
 And laddres, and leueres, & faste schoue & drowe.  
 Ac heo ne myzte come for noþyng to ende <sup>5</sup> myd here wille.  
 Merlyn <sup>6</sup> say þis, and low, and bad hem stonde stille.  
 He sette hys gynnes, as he wolde, & <sup>7</sup> ys quoyntise dude stille,  
 And þe folk myd þo stones þo dude al here wille,  
 And lette hem to schippes brynge, & so in to þis londe,  
 Ac þer was som enchantery þer to, ich vnderstonde.  
 To þe <sup>8</sup> downe of Ambres bury <sup>9</sup> þe stones y brozt were,  
 A zeyn þe fest of <sup>10</sup> Wytson tyde, as Merlyn gan lere.  
 Four hondred zer & four score & aboute þe tenþe zer,  
 Aftur <sup>11</sup> þat gon on erþe com, y set þei were þere.  
 Allc þe hey men of <sup>12</sup> þo lond þe kyng lette of sende,  
 Erles and barones and knygztes <sup>13</sup> in eche ende,  
 Bischopes and abbotes and <sup>14</sup> oþere þat þere were,  
 þat þe fest of Wytson tyde myd hem were þere."

<sup>1</sup> þis *pro þo in Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Who  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Thes *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Shippys  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Of hure wille *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Sey al this, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> His  
 queyntise caste. The folke of  
 the stones tho hadde hure  
 wille an haste, And hem to  
 shippe gonne bryng, and so  
 in to this londe, Ac nought  
 with out enchauntemente, as

y vnderstonde *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Downes  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Thes stones *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Wittsonday, as Merlyn gan  
 hem lere *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> *Lege, cum*  
*Ar.* that God on erthe come  
 &c. <sup>12</sup> The *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> By  
 euery ende *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> Othur  
 soth y say, That sholde come  
 to the kyngus fest a Witt-  
 soneday *Ar.*

þe kyng at Wytsonday, þo heo come alle to ys heste,  
Sette þe crowne on ys heued, and huld <sup>1</sup> noble feste.

<sup>2</sup> And alle þe foure dayes þe fest <sup>3</sup> he huld there.

<sup>4</sup> Bischopes also, þat delyuered were,

In honour of þilke stude, þere he <sup>5</sup> gef ys þo,

As of <sup>6</sup> Euerwyk, & of Walis, & also of opere mo.

Merlyn with ys chauntement, & myd ys quoyntyse, þer

Sette vp þe stones rygt so, as heo stode in Yrlond er.

þus was Stonehenge þus <sup>7</sup> y mad, þat men al day seþ,

In honour of þe noble men, þat þer y buried beþ.

<sup>8</sup> **P**ASCENCE, Vortigere's sone, ys fader for barnd was,  
Fley into Germanye <sup>9</sup> myd wel hasty pas.

þere he gaderede folc of Saxones y nowe,

For to a wreke hym of hem, þat ys fader slowe.

In þe Norþ ende of þis lond heo by gonne ariue,

And faste slowe and <sup>10</sup> barnde, and robbode bi lyue.

þat word <sup>11</sup> to owre kyng com, so þat he wende

Myd ys power among hem, & heore prude schende.

Pascence and ys men, <sup>12</sup> þo ascapede o lyue,

To schippes flowe faste <sup>13</sup> agen, ech whyle hem þogte fyue."

<sup>1</sup> A noble *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And

fully alle *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Held he

there. Bysshopyches, that he

held, delyuered there were *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> *Interea honores, qui posses-*

*soribus carebant, domesticis*

*suis largitur, ut eis obsequii*

*sui laborem remuneraret*

Galfr. Mon. <sup>5</sup> Yaf hem tho,

<sup>6</sup> Walis, & Ebracwick, and

othur many mo *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Furst y

made, that we al day seith,

*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Passent, Vortigeris

sone, tho his fader forbrend

was, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> With full hasty

*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Brende, and robbode

swythe blyue *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> To kyng

Aurelye come, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> That

*Ar.* <sup>13</sup> A ye, hyng swyth

blyue *Ar.*

A bouthe heo wende by þe se, so þat to Yrlond heo come.  
 Gyneman kyng of Yrlond and heo gret conseil nome.  
 And þis lond forte schende alle heo swere an oþ.  
 For Gyneman was for þe Stonhenge hiderward zet wroþ.  
 So þat þe Yrische and heo myd gret power y wys.  
 Come toward þis lond, and aryuede in Walis.  
 In þe town of Sent Dauid heo by leuede and aboute,  
 And forto asaile þis lond greyþed here route.  
 Kyng Aureli at Wynchestre to gret siknesse drow,  
 Gyneman and Pascente wer glad þer of y now.  
 A quoynte maistre of þe Saxones (<sup>1</sup> Eope was ys name)  
 To Pascence weinde <sup>2</sup> anon, þat God zeue hym schame.  
 “<sup>3</sup> Wat woldest,” he seyde, “þilke mon to ys mede zeue fawe,  
 “ þat þe kyng Aurely brogte of lyf dawe?  
 “ zef ich myzte,” quof Pascence, “such mon fynde on,  
 “ A þousant pownd of seluer ich wolde hym zeue anon,  
 “ And make hym ener vnder me mayster of al my londe,  
 “ And þat ich hym wolde myd trewþe siker faste on honde.  
 þis forward was faste y mad, now couþe þis luper man  
<sup>4</sup> Langage of þis lond, as he were Cristeneman,  
<sup>5</sup> And þe maner of Bruytones, as he hadde among <sup>6</sup> hem y go,  
 And þe art of lechecraft, al to muche po.  
 His berd he lette schere first, <sup>7</sup> and a brod crowne al so,  
 And seþþe a monke's abytt on hym he lette do.

<sup>1</sup> Coppa *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> A non,  
 God yif hym moch shame *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> “What wolt thou,” he sayne,  
 “yipe the to his mede fawe,  
 “that wolde kyng Aurelie  
 “brynge of lyff dawe? *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> The langage of Brutones,  
 as *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> And all the ma-  
 nere of hem, *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Hem  
 go, *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> And made hym a  
 crowne also, *Ar.*

And nom with hym spicery, <sup>1</sup> þat to fysik drow,  
 And wende hym to Wynchestre quoyntoliche y now,  
 And seyde <sup>2</sup> þe kyng's, þat he wolde hym to hele brynge.  
<sup>3</sup> þat folk was sone glad y now for þe <sup>4</sup> tyþinge.  
 So wysliche he made yt & so wel, þat me leuede hym faste.  
 þe kyng in hys <sup>5</sup> syde ys herte al vp hym caste.  
 He gef hym a luþer drench, & þo he hadde dronke yt so,  
 He bed hym lygge & slepe wel, þat yt mygte do bet hym do.  
 þe kyng hopede wel <sup>6</sup> to hym, and lette hym helie faste,  
 And stille was with oute noyse, & lay & slepte ys laste.  
 For þe poyson in ys slep þe veynes so <sup>7</sup> þorp sougte,  
<sup>8</sup> þat it of eode al þat body, & to deþe sone hym brogte.  
 þe <sup>9</sup> wyle he slep, <sup>10</sup> þe traytour þo wey awayward nom  
 Stilleliche bi halues, þat me nuste wher he bi com.  
 Rigȝt aboute þe kyng's deþ, in þe firmament an hey  
 A sterre, gret and fayr ynow, and swyþe cler, me sey.  
<sup>11</sup> O cler leom, with oute mo, þer stod fram hym wel pur,  
 Y formed as a dragon, as red as þe fuyr.  
 Out of þe dragone's mouþ twei leomes þer stode þere ;  
<sup>12</sup> Grettor tylde euene Est ouer Fraunce, as yt were,

<sup>1</sup> And *pro* that *in Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> The kyng (that longe hadde be sike) he wolde to hele brynge *Ar. Urbem postremo ingressus, obtulit obsequium suum clientibus regis, & gratiam in oculis eorum inuenit. Nihil enim desiderabilius expectabant, quam medicum Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> The folk *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Tydynges *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Side also, his herte *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> On hym, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Thurgh *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> That

all the body hit oueryede, & sone to deth hym broughte *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> *Interea nefandus proditor ille, inter unum & alium elapsus, in curia nusquam comparuit Galfr. Mon.* <sup>10</sup> This traytour his wey a weyward nome Al by halues stillelych, me nuste *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> A cler leome fro hure com, bryght so gold pure, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> The gryttere *Ar.*

þe oþer hadde sene branches, alle cler ynowe,  
 And toward þe Yrische see Westward euene <sup>1</sup> þei' drowe.  
 þo þis sterre was y sey, men <sup>2</sup> wondrede y now.  
 Uter, þe kyng's broþer, myd ys ost þo drow.  
 To Walis to þis strange men, to a sayle hem & fygte.  
 A drad he was <sup>3</sup> sore y now of þis wonder sygte.  
<sup>4</sup> Merlyn he clepude & aschede anon, how he mygte þer of be?  
 Merlyn wep a non so faste, þat deol yt was to se.  
 "Alas!" he seyde, "þe dcolful harm, þat ys endeles!  
 "Alas! <sup>5</sup> þat folk of Breyteyne, þat now ys helples!  
 "Ded <sup>6</sup> he' ys þe noble kyng Aureli þi broþer.  
 "Ac þe sterre, þat me yseyþ, bi toþoneþ a noþer.  
 "Hye now þou noble duc, þat þe batail were y smyte.  
 "For kyng þou worst of Breteyne, & þe <sup>7</sup> maistry þou schalt  
 gete.  
 "For þe sterre bi tokoneþ þe, and þe fur dragon al so.  
 "þe leom, <sup>8</sup> þat out of ys mouþ ouer France ys y do,  
 "þat by tokeneþ a chyld, þat þou schalt bi gete ywys,  
 "þat schal wynne France & oþer londes, in þe world such  
 mon nys.  
 "þe leome, þat tylde Westward, a dozter þat ys,  
 " <sup>9</sup> þat þou schalt bi gete, and schal habbe sones ywys.

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wondrede  
 ther on y nowe *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Swythe  
 sore of *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Of Merlyn he  
 axede anon, hough hitt myght  
 be *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The folk *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Deest*  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Maistry biyite. The  
 bryght sterre bytokneth the,  
 and the fury *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> That

cometh out of his mouth, *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> Thugh shalt biyite of thy  
 body, that shal haue sones y  
 wis, That kynges of Bru-  
 tayne shul here aftur be, Of  
 sorwe and of kontak thenne  
 me shal y se *Ar.*

" þat

" þat scal, eche aftur oþer, kyng of Breteyne be,  
 " Of some oþer al in contek, and þis me schal y se.  
 þe noble mon, of wam he spek, þat he <sup>1</sup> wolde be gete,  
 þat was þe kyng Arthure, as ȝe schul ywyte.  
<sup>2</sup> Uter let al þis be (for he ne leuede yt not anon)  
 And wende toward Sent Daud, to mete with ys fon.  
 þe oþer were of hem y war, & <sup>3</sup> ȝarkedede hem in here syde,  
 And <sup>4</sup> lette arme here ost wel, batail forto abyde.  
 Heo come & smyte þis bataile, & faste slowe to groude,  
 In eyþer syde mucche folk in a lute stonde,  
 Knyȝtes and oþer folk, atte laste oure Lord þoȝte  
 On ys Cristene folk, and þe <sup>5</sup> maystry hem broȝte.  
 For þer was Gynemon y slawe, (þe kyng of Yrlonde)  
 And Pascence (Vortigere's sone) þat so gret power hade in  
 honde,  
 And mucche of here folk with hem, so þat fowe <sup>6</sup> atte nende  
 Alyue þer of scapede, þat to schip myȝte wende.  
 And so <sup>7</sup> heo schulde lerne, with Cristenemen to fyȝte.  
 For our lord wole among hys men euer cuþe ys myȝte.  
 To Uter of ys broþer deþ þer com werd atte laste.  
 Aftur þis batayl he wende to Wynchestre faste.

Bellum.

<sup>1</sup> Sholde biȝite, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> U-  
 ther, when he hadde hurd al  
 this, forth he wende anon  
 Toward Seynt Daudis, to  
 mete with his fon *Ar.* *At U-*  
*ther (in dubio tamen existens,*  
*an verum protulisset Merli-*  
*nus) in hostes, ut cæperat,*

*progređitur. Advenerat nam-*  
*que prope Meneviam, &c.*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> Greithede hem  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Lete hem army swithe  
 well, the bataille to a byde  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Victory *Ar.* Atten-  
 ende *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hy myȝhte lerny,  
*Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Arst



<sup>1</sup> Arst was þe kyng y buryed, er he <sup>2</sup> mygte" come þere,  
 Withinne þe place of þe Stonheng, þat he <sup>3</sup> lette rere.  
 For he lette þe stude halwe, for þe gode cors þat þer were,  
 And bischopes and worthi men ys body þider bere."

**U**TER, aftur ys <sup>4</sup> broþer deþ, þe crowne to hym nom,  
 And þoru þe heye men <sup>5</sup> of þis lond fong þis kyndom.  
 Of þe dragon <sup>6</sup> he vnderstod, þat y seye was on heye.  
 And of þat Merlyn hadde <sup>7</sup> y seid, of þe sigte þat me seye.  
 To riche dragones of gold he lette <sup>8</sup> make anon,  
<sup>9</sup> And at þe mynstre of Wynchestre he offerede þat on.  
<sup>10</sup> þat oþer he lette bi fore hym bere in batail wan he was.  
 Me clepede hym Uterpendragon þer aftur for þis cas,  
 þat <sup>11</sup> was, Uter dragone's heued, <sup>12</sup> &" þat was to signifie,  
 þat Merlyn hym clepude dragon in hys prophecie.  
<sup>13</sup> Otte, (Hengiste sone) þat luþer Saxone,  
 And <sup>14</sup> Eose ys cosyn, heo þogte of treson.  
 þe oþ, þat to kyng Auryli heo swere by fore,  
 Hem þogte, þo he was ded, þat yt was al for lore.

<sup>1</sup> Ac er was the kyng *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Let furst rere.  
 He hadde lete halwy the  
 place, for coorses that ther  
 were, By therchebisshopp  
 Seynt Dobrice, and other  
 that were there *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Bro-  
 ther is deth, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Of the  
 lond a venþ the kyngdom *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> He gan by thenche, that

was y seye an hegh *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Y  
 seid, thurgh sight that he segh.  
 Two ryche *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Makie *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> Atte hegh mynstre *Ar.* <sup>10</sup>  
 The othur *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Is, *Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Octa (Hen-  
 giste's sone) the luthere *Ar.*  
<sup>14</sup> Osa his brother also by-  
 thoughte hem on treson *Ar.*

Heo,

Heo þogte, to do þis lond schame, to Germanye heo sende  
 "y lome,"

(þat ys lond in Alymaine, <sup>2</sup> from wam heo alle come)

Aftur more folk of here kynde, so þat þer come ynowe.

At Scotlond heo by gonne, and faste barnde and slowe,

And so <sup>3</sup> forþ toward Euerwyk þe contre <sup>4</sup> a doun þei caste,

And bi segede Euerwik, þo heo þider come, faste.

þe kyng Uter herde" here of, þiderward faste he drowþ.

To gedere heo come, and smyte a batail strong y now. Bellam.

Heo <sup>5</sup> smyten & slowe in eyther syde, þat rewþe yt was to se.

Atte laste <sup>6</sup> þis Saxones by gonne forto fle,

And <sup>7</sup> þis Britones aftur, and slowe to gronde faste;

So þat some of scapode vp monteynes atte laste,

And some in to townes, and yt drow to nygt,

So þat <sup>8</sup> heo ne mygt noþer longor y se to fygt.

And þe Britones hem wyþ drow, & þe Saxones hem reste.

Kyng Uter nom ys conseil, <sup>9</sup> wat red were beste.

Gorloys, erl of Cornewayl, (þat wysest was y holde,

And old, and mest hadde y seye) ys red first he tolde.

"We mote," he seyde, "be hardy, & stalworþe, & wyse,

"gef we wol habbe oure lyf, and holde oure franchise.

"Wexing euer beþ oure fon bi water and by londe,

"þat, gef we abydeth longe, we schal hem not at stonde.

<sup>1</sup> Sone, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Of wham  
 hii furst come) *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Euer  
 to ward *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Doun caste,  
 And whan hii come to Ebrac-  
 wyk by segede the toun faste.  
 Whan kyng Uther hurde *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Foughte and *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The  
 Saxones *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The Bru-  
 tones *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Hii ne mygt  
 y se no lengor forto fight *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> What hym were do beste  
*Ar.*

" Now <sup>1</sup> he bep al on ywar, heo wolleþ y swike by daye,  
 " þer fore <sup>2</sup> y ne rede in no maner þis nede lengor delaye.  
 " We schul hem habbe now for noȝt, y ne rede no lengor  
 abyde,

" For he bep naked & on ywar, <sup>3</sup> & to sprad wyde.

þis consel was wel yherd, heo hulde þer to ection :

Al by nygte he wende forþ, and sogte out here fon.

Some heo fonde ligge <sup>4</sup> slepe, heo demayde hem anon.

Capelo  
Octæ.

<sup>5</sup> Some hem wolde arme, ac wyle nadde he non.

So þat þeo slow þere a þousant and mo,

And nome <sup>6</sup> Octe and Eose, þat wroȝte al <sup>7</sup> þe wo,

And dude hem at London in pryson, & þat was rewþe sore

þat heo nadde hem y slawe, for sorw þei dude get more.

<sup>8</sup> AT þe fest of Estre þo kyng sende ys sonde,

þat heo comen alle to London þe hey men of þis londe,

And þe <sup>9</sup> leuedys al so <sup>10</sup> god, to ys noble fest wyde,

For he <sup>11</sup> schulde crowne bere, for þe hye tyde.

Alle þe noble men of þis lond to þe noble fest come,

And heore wyues & heore doȝtren with hem mony nome.

þis fest was noble ynow, and <sup>12</sup> nobliche y do;

For mony was þe faire ledy, þat y come was þerto.

<sup>1</sup> Hii beth an vnywar, hii | wo, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> At Ester the kyng  
 wole y swyke *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Y rede | made a feste, & sende a boute  
 in no wise this thýng lengour | his sonde, That to London  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And y sprad a wyde | sholde come alle the hegh men  
 of the londe, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Ladyes  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A slepe, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> And | *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Doest *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Wolde  
 some wolde haue armede hem, | *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Nobelly *Ar.*  
 but tyme hadde the non *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Octa and Osa, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> This

Ygerne,

Ygerne, Gorloys wyf, was fairest of echon,  
 þat was contasse of Cornewail, <sup>1</sup> for so fair nas þer non.  
 þe kyng by hild hire faste y now, & ys herte on hire caste,  
 And þogte, þay heo were <sup>2</sup> wyf, to do folye atte laste.  
 He made <sup>3</sup> hire semblant fait y now, to non oþer so gret.  
 þe erl <sup>4</sup> nas not þer with y payed, þo he yt vnder get.  
 Aftur meté he nom ys wyf myd <sup>5</sup> stordy med y now,  
 And, with oute leue of þe kyng, to ys contrèi drow.  
 þe kyng sende to hym þo, to by leue al nygt,  
 For he moste of gret conseil hadde som insygt.  
<sup>6</sup> þat was for noht. Nolde he noht þe kyng sende get ys sonde.  
 þut he by leuede at <sup>7</sup> ys parlemente, for nede of þe londe.  
<sup>8</sup> þo kyng was, þo he nolde noht, anguyssous & wroþ.  
 For <sup>9</sup> despyte he wolde <sup>10</sup> a wreke be he swor ys oþ,  
 Bute he come to amendement. Ys power atte laste  
 He garked, and wende forþ to Cornewail faste.  
 Gorloys ys casteles a store al a boute.  
 In a strong castel he dude ys wyf, for of hire was al ys  
 doute.

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> A wif, *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> To hire semblant fair, to non *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Was nought a paid ther with, tho he *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Stourdy mod *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> But al was nought. The kyng eftsome sende a yen his sonde *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The kyng was, tho he wolde nought, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> That despit *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Be a wreke, & that he swor his oth. And but he wolde

do his wille, he wolde hym a gaste. So that in to Cornewaille he greithed his ost faste. In a castel of that cost, me claped Tyntagel, The erl let putte his wif that stored was ful wel. And in anoþur hym self he was, for he wolde nought, Yf cas come hit were wonne, bothe to dethe be brought *Ar.*

In anoþer hym self he was, for he nolde noȝt,  
 ȝef cas come, þat heo were boþe to deþe y broȝt."  
 þe castel, þat þe erl inne was, þe kyng by segede faste,  
 For <sup>1</sup> he myȝte ys gynnes for schame to þe oþer caste.  
<sup>2</sup> þe he was þer sene nyȝt, and <sup>3</sup> he<sup>ll</sup> spedde noȝt,  
 Igerne þe contesse so muche was in ys þoȝt,  
<sup>4</sup> þat he nuste non oþer wyt, ne he ne myȝte for schame  
 Telle yt bute a pryue knyȝt, Ulfyn was ys name,  
 þat he truste mest to. And þo þe knyȝt herde þis,  
 "Syre," he seide, "<sup>5</sup> y ne can wyte, wat red here of ys.  
 "For þe castel ys so strong, þat þe lady ys inne,  
 "<sup>6</sup> For ich wene al þe lond ne schuldeyt myd strengþe wynne.  
 "For þe se geþ al aboute, <sup>7</sup> bute entre on þer nys,  
 "And þat ys vp <sup>8</sup> on harde roches, & so narw wei it ys,  
 "þat þer may go bote on & on, þat þre men with inne  
 "Myȝte sle al þe lond, er heo come þer inne.  
 "And noȝt for þan, ȝef Merlyn at þi conseil were,  
 "ȝef <sup>9</sup> any myȝte, he couþe þe best red þe lere.  
 Merlyn was <sup>10</sup> sone of send, yseid yt was hym <sup>11</sup> sone,  
 þat he schulde þe beste red segge, wat were to done.  
 Merlyn was sory ynow for þe kynges folye,  
 And napeles, "Sire kyng," he seide, "<sup>12</sup> here mot to maistrie.

<sup>1</sup> F. he ne myȝhte. *Et tamen particula negativa deest etiam in Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Tho *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Deest *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> That almost he loste his witt, ac yut he ne dorste for shame Telle hyt but to a pryue *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Y can no red, what vs to don is *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> That y wene al this lond hym ne

sholde a wynne *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> But ou entre ther is, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> An harde roche, & so narw ywis, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Eny man couth or myȝhte, he wolde the best lere *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Fulsone *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Fulsone, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Her to by houeth maistrie *Ar.*

" þe

" þe erl haþ twey men hym next, <sup>1</sup> Brygthoel & Jordan.  
 " Ich wol <sup>2</sup> make þi self, gef þou wolt, þoru art þat y can,  
 " <sup>3</sup> Habbe al þo fourme of þe erl, as þou were rygt he,  
 " And Olfyn as Jordan, and as Brithoel me.  
 þis art was al <sup>4</sup> clene y do, þat al <sup>5</sup> changet he were.  
 Heo þre in þe oþeres forme, <sup>6</sup> þe selue at yt were.  
 Ageyn euen <sup>7</sup> he wende forþ, <sup>8</sup> nuste nomon þat cas.  
 To þe castel heo come rygt as yt euene was.  
 þe porter y se ys lord come, & <sup>9</sup> ys meste priuey twei,  
 With god herte he lette ys lord in, & ys men beye."  
 þe contas was glad y now, þo hire lord to hire com,  
 And eyþer oþer in here armes myd gret joye nom.  
 þo heo to bedde com, þat so longe a two were,  
 With hem was so gret delyt, þat bitwene hem þere  
 Bi gete was þe beste body, þat euer was in þis londe,  
 Kyng Arthure þe noble mon, þat euer worþ vnderstonde.  
 þo þe kyng's men nuste amorwe, wer he was bi come,  
 Heo ferde as wodemen, and wende he were ynome.  
<sup>10</sup> Heo a saileden þe castel, as yt schulde adoun a non.  
 Heo, þat with inne were, <sup>11</sup> garkeded hem echon,  
 And smyte out <sup>12</sup> in a fole wille, & fogte myd here fon:  
 So þat þe erl was y slawe, & of ys men mony on,

Occisio  
Gorlois.

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<sup>1</sup> Bryghtol *Ar.* *Britahel* | *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> His moste priuees  
 Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> The make, if | beye, Als hym thought, and  
 thuw wolt, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Haue the | let hem yn, & his seriauntz  
 fourme *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Sone *Ar.* | tweye *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> They assail-  
<sup>5</sup> Changed hii *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hem self | ede the castel egrely, as he  
 as hit were *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hii *Ar.* | shold doun anon *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Grei-  
<sup>8</sup> Ne wiste no man this cas | thed *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> With a full *Ar.*

And þe castel was y nome; & þe folk to sprad þere,  
 zet, þo þei hadde al ydo, heo ne fonde not þe kyng þere.  
 þe <sup>1</sup> tyþing to þe <sup>2</sup> compas soðe was <sup>3</sup> y nome,  
 þat hire lord was y slawe, and þe castel y nome.  
 Ac <sup>4</sup> þo þe messinger <sup>5</sup> hym sey þe erl, as hym þogte,  
 þat he hadde so foule <sup>6</sup> ylow, ful sore hym of þogte.  
 þe contasse made some del deol; <sup>7</sup> for no soþnesse heo nuste.  
 þe kyng, <sup>8</sup> for to glade here, bi clupte hire and custe.  
 " Dame," he seide, " <sup>9</sup> no sixt þou wel, þat les yt ys al þis?  
 " Ne wost þou wel ich am olyue? Ich wole þe segge how it ys.  
 " Out of þe castel <sup>10</sup> stilleliche ych wende al in priuete,  
 " þat none of myne men yt <sup>11</sup> nuste, for to speke with þe.  
 " And þo heo myste me to day, and nuste wer ich was,  
 " <sup>12</sup> Heo ferden rigt as gydie men, myd wam no red nas,  
 " And fogte with þe folk <sup>13</sup> with oute, & habbeþ in þis manere  
 " <sup>14</sup> Y lore þe castel & hem selue, ac wel þou wost y am here.

<sup>1</sup> Tydyng *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *L. contas.*  
*Nam countesse in Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Re-*  
*ctius; y come, cum Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Sed*  
*cum regem in specie consulis*  
*juxta eam residere inspexis-*  
*sent [nuncii,] erubescerent*  
*admirabantur ipsum, quem in*  
*obsidione interfectum deseru-*  
*erant, ita incolumem præve-*  
*nisse Galfr. Mon.* <sup>5</sup> Y seigh the  
 Erl right, as hym thought, *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Y lowe, sore hit hym of  
 thought, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> But yut forsothe  
 heo nuste *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Thenne, to  
 glady hure, clupte hure ofte &  
 kuste *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Ne seist though  
 well, that fals hit is al this? Ne

seist though well y am a lyue?  
 Y woll telle hough hit is *Ar.*  
*Potest tamen ne idem quod now*  
*hic significare, quo sensu plena*  
*distinctione, non interrogandi*  
*nota, est utendum, id quod di-*  
*cendum etiam est de no in tex-*  
*tu, quod idem atque now va-*  
*lere queat.* <sup>10</sup> Priuely *Ar.*  
<sup>11</sup> Wiste, to speke a word with  
 the. And whanne hii faillede  
 of me to day. *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Hii ferde  
 y wot as gidy men, with wham  
 no red nas, *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Ther oute,  
 and haueth *Ar.* <sup>14</sup> I lost the  
 castel & hem self, but y am  
 with the here *Ar.*

“ Ac

" Ac for my castel, þat ys ylore, sory ich am y now,  
 " And for myn men, þat þe kyng and ys power slog.  
 " Ac <sup>1</sup> my power is now to lute, þer fore y drede sore,  
 " Leste þe kyng <sup>2</sup> vs nyme here, & sorwe þat we were more.  
 " þer fore ich wole, how so yt be, wende agen þe kyng,  
 " And make <sup>3</sup> my pays with hym, ar he vs to schame <sup>4</sup> vs  
 brynge.

Forþ he wende, & het ys men, <sup>5</sup> þat gef þe kyng come,  
 þat þei schulde hym þe castel zelde, ar he with strengþe it  
 nome.

þo he come toward ys men, ys owne forme he nom,  
 And leuede þe erle's fourme, <sup>6</sup> & þe kyng Uter by com.  
 Sore hym of þegte þe erle's deþ, ac in oþer half he fonde  
 Joye in hys herte, for þe contasse of spoushed was vnbonde.  
 þo he hadde þat he wolde, and payсед with ys fon,  
 To þe contasse he wende agen, me let hym in a non.  
 Wat halt it to telle longe? bute heo were seþþe at on,  
 In gret loue longe y now, wan yt nolde oþer gon;  
 And hadde to gedere þis noble sone, þat in þo world ys pere  
 nas,

þe kyng Arture, and a dogter, Anne hire name was.

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<sup>1</sup> Oure power ys now lyte, | *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Recte omittit Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Yf  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Her ynne vs nyme, | that the *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And kyng  
 that were sorwe more *Ar.* | a ye by cam *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Ferst my pees with hym,



<sup>1</sup> OCTE and Eose, þis luþer Saxones twey,  
 In prison were at London, as ich zou tolde, beye.  
 Myd here wardeynes þei spekon, so þat þei boþ y wys  
 Flowe into <sup>2</sup> Germaine, þat in Alimayne ys,  
 And grete power gaderede of Saxones þer.  
 get it hadde beter <sup>3</sup> y bo, þat me hadde y slawe hem er.  
 In Scotlond heo ariuede, and <sup>4</sup> werreden faste,  
 And barnde & slow to gronde, & townes a doun caste.  
 þe kyng lay þo sore syk, heo were glad for þat cas.  
 An erl þer was of Leycetre, Lot ys name was,  
 þat <sup>5</sup> strong knygt was & god, þe kyng hym by tok ys mygt,  
 And þe power of þis lond, <sup>6</sup> with þe heþe men to fygte.  
 Also ys doȝter Anne he gif hym to <sup>7</sup> hys" wyue.  
 þis noble <sup>8</sup> erl with þe Britones ageyn ys fon wente biliue,  
 And fagt, and slow <sup>9</sup> faste, and þe heþene <sup>10</sup> al so god.  
 Ac napeles þe heþene folk fastor a ȝen stod.  
 For þe Brutones nolde for prude aftur þe erl do.  
 For he nas not kyng, & þer fore þe worse hem <sup>11</sup> com to.  
 þo þe tiþing com to þe kyng, þat <sup>12</sup> heo so feblliche spedde,  
 He was so sori and so wroþ, þat he ney awedde.

<sup>1</sup> Octa and Osa, the luthere  
 Saxones tweye, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ger-  
 manie *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Y be, they hadde  
 be queld ere *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Werrede  
 swithe faste, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Stale-  
 worth man was & good, the  
 kyng toke hym his myght,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> With hethene men *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Erl a yenst the

Saxones wende forth as blyue,  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Staleworthly, and  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Also good. For the  
 hethene men strengore euer  
 with stood. The Brutones  
 eke for pruyte nought for the  
 Erl do *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Cam to *Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> Hii *Ar.*

Bi fore hym he lette brynge ys men, & bi gan hem faste blame,  
þat heo for heore prude brogte þis lond to schame.

þider he seide he wolde hym self, þaz he ne mygte on fote, go,  
gef any horsbere wolde hym bere, to wreke hym of ys fo.

Myd god wille he wende forþ in an horse bere,

<sup>1</sup> And ys folc forþ with hym, þat þe balder for hym were.

þe Saxones were so prowde, þat þe kyng com so,

þat <sup>2</sup> vnneþe heo wolde" armes on hem do.

For heo seide, it were schame, þat we y armed were.

<sup>3</sup> Nys he more þan half ded y lad in a bere?

þe kyng <sup>4</sup> sette vp ys herte hye, & ordeyned ys men faste.

þe Saxones <sup>5</sup> he asailede, and to gronde caste.

So þat sone dayes hem of <sup>6</sup> þogte here prute,

þat heo of þe noble mon þe kyng tolde so <sup>7</sup> lute.

For þer was <sup>8</sup> Otte y slawe, and ys cosyn Oese al so,

And so yt hadde be betcr, þat me hadde er y do.

þe Saxones, þat mygte fle, bi gonne to fle faste.

þus <sup>9</sup> þe same dede kyng couþe hem agaste.

“<sup>10</sup> Lo,” he seide, “þei clepude me sam ded kyng some,

“ And get ich habbe leuer sam ded hem ouercome,

“ þan hol and sond be ouercome; and leuer al so me ys

“ For to dye myd honour, þan <sup>11</sup> libbe in schame y wys.

Occisio  
Octæ.

<sup>1</sup> The folk, that wende forth with hym, the bolder for hym were *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Unnethe for hure prute hii wolde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> He is more than *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> His herte sett an hygh, & ordenyd his folk faste *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hii asailede, and slough to gronde faste *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Thought al hure gret pruyte, That hii of the noble man *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Luyte *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Octa y slawe, and Osa also, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> The half dede *Ar.* *Se. mimortuus* Galfr. Mon. <sup>10</sup> “Lo “ half dede kyng,” he sede, “ ye clupeth me somme, Yut “ haue y leuer half dede hem “ ouercome, *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Lyue, *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> þe Saxones <sup>2</sup> were þa ouercome, ac heo ne leuede get noȝt  
Heore schrewede dede, ac to wroþe hele wer heo to deþe y  
brogt.

For heore ost euer wax hem com euer mo and mo.

Boþe bi Est and bi Norþ þei dude <sup>3</sup> muchel wo.

þe kyng woldē agen hem wende, ac he no moste for ys conseil.

For þe <sup>4</sup> feblor wel he was for þe oþer tranail.

þe Saxones hem hadde ymad in þis lond ywys

Kynges in þre <sup>5</sup> studes, þat al to on y comen ys.

Hengist <sup>6</sup> was first kyng of <sup>7</sup> Keng, & Elle in Souþsex,

And seþþe last was Certyk kyng of Westsex.

For he and Kenryk ys sone come vp at garnemouþe,

And seþþe a duk, þat hatte Port, com vp at Portesinowþe.

Yt was as <sup>8</sup> in gere of grace þat God was bore, ich wene,

þat Certik com first, four hundred ger & four score & tene.

Kyng he was of West sex, and ys ofspryng al so,

And atte laste þilke kynde al þe oþer wan þer to.

For Port, þike grete duk, com vp here by Souþe,

Me clepuþ <sup>9</sup> yt," þer he first com vp, aftur hym Portes-  
mowþe.

Primi re-  
ges Saxo-  
num.

<sup>1</sup> The Saxones tho were  
ouercome, that hii by left hit  
nought. Hure shrewed herte  
hem wrother hele to deth for-  
soth brought. Afterwar eft  
the Saxones ost wax euer mo  
and mo *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Devicti autem*  
*Saxones, non idcirco à mali-*  
*tia sua destiterunt, sed aqui-*

*lonares provincias ingressi,*  
*populos incessanter infesta-*  
*bant Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> *Gret Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Feblor he was tho for his  
erst travayll *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Stedes,*  
that come to on now is *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Furst was kyng in Kent,  
and Elle *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Sic.* <sup>8</sup> In  
the yer *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Deest Ar.*

þus were <sup>1</sup> heo" in werre and <sup>2</sup> wo ymenged þe Saxones,  
Som tyme aboue <sup>3</sup> &" some tyme by neþe, <sup>4</sup> here myd þe  
Britones.

Ac al aboue <sup>5</sup> neuere hii nere ar aftur þe kyng Arture.

<sup>6</sup> Ac supþe hii wonne al clene out, as ge solle here aftur hure.

Uter, þe gode kynge, (of <sup>7</sup> wan we speke by vore,)

<sup>8</sup> Was feble after þat he was in þe hors bere y bore,

þat he moste vor feblesse nede" holde hým stýlle,

<sup>9</sup> þer vore þe luper Saxons <sup>10</sup> so muche adde her wýlle.

<sup>11</sup> And gute þo hýy ne mygte hým se, <sup>12</sup> hýy þogte wyt trayson

In some manere hým brynge of lýue, oþer wyþ poyson.

Hii sende her feble messagers in pouere monne wede,

þat at doles in þe court her mete myd oþere bede.

Hii aspýed in þe court ouer al of þynges alle,

So þat hyi vnder gete <sup>13</sup> an welle, ney þe halle,

Of wat þe kýng ofte dronc. vor he ne dronc in such cas

Lutyl oþer þyng bote þere of, vor þe wadyr so cold was.

Wanne he dronc ekyn wyn, þeramong yt was ýdo.

And me made metes in þe court myd þulke water al so.

*Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup>In wo men-  
*ged Ar.* <sup>3</sup>*Deest Ar.* <sup>4</sup>A-  
mong the *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>Where hii  
neuere er after *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>But  
after hym hii wonne al clene,  
as ye shul after hure *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup>Wham *Ar.* <sup>8</sup>Gan faste for  
to feble an horse beere y bore,  
So that he moste for feblesse  
nedes *Ar.* <sup>9</sup>Ther fore *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup>To muche *Ar.* <sup>11</sup>yut  
(*omisso* and) tho they ne *Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup>Hii thoughte in treson For

to brynge hým to deth with  
som maner poyson. Hii sende  
fele messageres in poure men-  
nes wede, *Ar.* <sup>13</sup>A well,  
negh the kyng's halle, Of  
which the kyng ofte dronk.  
For in this ilke cas Litel  
othur thýng he dronk, but  
water that cold was. Whanne  
he dronk also any wyne, ther  
on hit was y do, And mete  
me made in the court of thulk  
welle also *Ar.*

þo þe traytors yt vnder gete; hii <sup>1</sup> en venymede wjþ ynne  
 þe welle aboute in eche syde <sup>2</sup> myd her luþer gynne.  
 þat þe water, þat þerof com, poýson was <sup>3</sup> wel strong.  
 þe kyng was sone apoýsond, <sup>4</sup> þo he þerof dronc,  
 An mo þan an hondred of hys men, ar me wýste were of yt com.  
 Muche ssame were hii wurþe, þat doþ such <sup>5</sup> suyke dom.  
 Soþ hym sede Merlyn er, þat he solde þoru puýson deye.  
 þe chere men of lond, þo hii ded hym yseye,  
 Deol & sorwe hii made ynou, ac þo þer nas oþer red,  
 Hii let hym beburye by ys broþer, as he hym sulf bede,  
<sup>6</sup> Atte mynýstre of Ambýsbure, at Stoneheng ýwys.  
 Wel agte <sup>7</sup> þat he be wurþe stude, þat such sepulture ys.

**A**RTURE, <sup>8</sup> Uter sone, (of wan we tolde bý uore,)  
 Ye abbyth ý hurd hou he was bygete & ýbore.  
 þo þýs kyng was þus ded, þe heye men alle come  
 Of þe lond to <sup>9</sup> Cýlýcestre, and conseyl þerof nome  
 Vor to make hem a kyng. <sup>10</sup> Vor nede hom drof þerto.  
 Vor the Saxons wuste, þat þe kyng was ded so,

<sup>1</sup> *Fontem namque aggressi sunt nephandi proditores, ipsumque affecerunt veneno, ita ut manans aqua tota corrumpetur* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> With hure enuynouse gynne *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Full *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Whan he *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Swikeldom. So hym seyde Merlyn er he sholde thurgh poýson deye. The hegh men of the lond, tho hii his deth yseye, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> By side the toun

of Ambresbury, at Stonhenge y wis *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> That be a worthi stede, ther such sepulture is *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Uthere's sone, (of wham) *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Cilchestre *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Urgebat enim eos necessitas quia, audito prædicti regis obitu, Saxones concives suos ex Germania invitaverunt, & duce Colgrino ipsos exterminare nitebantur* Galfr. Mon.

Hii sende uorthe to Alymayne after more poer blyue,  
 And þogte þys Brutons al clene of londe dryue.  
 So þat hii adde ywonne al clene þat Norþ londe,  
 Fram Homber to Cataney, & adde al in her honde.  
 Artur was þo zong mon of vyftene gere vneþe,  
 And gut al þat londe made <sup>1</sup> hym, after ys fader's deþe,  
 And <sup>2</sup> began suon eke er such man vorto be,  
 þat menessolde in none londe ys per nour yse.  
 So large he was & so hende, & <sup>3</sup> al<sup>ll</sup> so de bonere;  
 So hardy and so gentyll, and of so vayr manere.  
<sup>4</sup> þo so muche folc to hym come, <sup>5</sup> of kynztys zong & olde,  
 þat he <sup>6</sup> hadde nozt wel ware wyth such meyne up to holde.  
 Ac <sup>7</sup> ys herte was euere god, zong þey he were,  
<sup>8</sup> Vor he þogte of þe Saxons ys spence vp arere.  
 He bygan þo wel sone to arere ys baner.  
 Vor ys prowesse he adde sone gret folc and poer.  
 He wende toward Euerwyk <sup>9</sup> myd vayr <sup>10</sup> copanye y nou.  
 þo þe Saxons hyt vnder zetē, þat he þuderward drou,  
 Of Scottes, and of Pycars, and of hym sulue lii nome,  
 Gret poer y nou and strong, and azen hym come.

<sup>1</sup> *Subintellige,* kyng. <sup>2</sup>  
 Thenne bygan such a man  
 to be, That me myghte in  
 non londe no whar his per se  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And so  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Of yonge and of olde,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hadde vnnethe whar-  
 with such a meyne holde *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> *Arthurus ergo, quia in illo*

*probitas largitatem comitaba-  
 tur, statuit Saxones inquietare,  
 ut eorum opibus, quæ ei fa-  
 mulabatur, ditaret familiam*  
*Galfr. Mon.* <sup>8</sup> And euere he  
 thoghte of the Saxones his dis-  
 penses rere *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> With gret  
 power y nozh *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Sic.*

<sup>1</sup> per

1 þer was slagt in eyþer half, none mercy þer nas.  
 Ac kyng Arture atte laste (as God wolde) aboue was,  
 And sywede into Euerwýk 2 Colgrym her cheuenteýn,  
 And hym, þo he was wyþýnne, byseged 3 myd al ýs maný.  
 Baldulf, Colgryme's broþer, syx þousend men myd him noaf,  
 And, ýs broþer vorto help, toward Euerwýk com.  
 4 So he was fram Euerwyk aboute 5 an ten myle,  
 He 6 at stunte, & þogte, þat he wolde myd gyle  
 Up þe kyng Arture come anonýwar by nýgte,  
 And so him and al ýs folc ssende, 7yf he mytte.  
 þe kyng was 7 þerof ýwar, he þogte to do bote.  
 Myd syx hondred kyngtes, & 8 þre þousend men 9 auote,  
 Cadour, erl of Cornwayle, aȝen hym he sende,  
 10 þat aȝen hym come anonýware, by aweý þat he wende,  
 And slou and vere woundedede, and monye broȝte to deþe,  
 So þat þýs 11 Baldulf of scapede alýne vnneþe.  
 þe wýle 12 þat' þe kyng Arture biseged Euerwyk,  
 Me tolde hym of a gret duc, 13 þat het Theldryk,  
 þat out of Alemaýne com 14 in to Scotlonde so  
 15 Myd syx hondred syppuol kyngtys, & al þe atyl þer to.

1 Ther was slaughter gret  
 y nogh, and mercy lite ther  
 was *Ar.* 2 Colgrýn *Ar.*  
 3 With his myght and mayn.  
 Bathulf Colgryne's brother,  
*Ar.* 4 And tho he was *Ar.*  
 5 A *Ar.* 6 Astynte, *Ar.* 7 Her  
 of y war, and thoughte her of  
 do bote. With six *Ar.* 8 Foure  
*Ar.* *Sed ut Codex noster Har-*  
*leyanus in Galfr. Mon. A fote,*

*Ar.* 10 An vn ywar to falle  
 on hym, by weye as hii wende.  
 The Erl brak vp his bussh-  
 ment, & broghte manyon to  
 dethe *Ar.* 11 Ilke Bathuff  
 ascapede a lyue vnneþe *Ar.*  
 12 *Deest Ar.* 13 Me clupede  
 Cheldyrk, *Ar.* 14 To Scot-  
 londe tho *Ar.* 15 With VI.  
 hundred shupfull of men, and  
 hure atyr ther to. That was  
 power

þere was so gret poyr in to an londe y lad.

þo þe kyngy's conseyl wuste þys, hyt was som dele adrad.

þe kyng Arture hii radde anon, to London vorte wende,

To nyme þer ys conseyl, wuch were best zende,

Leste such poer come vp hym, and him ssende.

þe kyng dude aftur her rede, and to Londone wende.

þere he hulde ys Parlement, wat were best to done.

<sup>1</sup> þo <sup>2</sup> þat he and ys conseyl at one red were sone.

<sup>3</sup> þo þat to þe lasse Brutayne þe kyng sone sende

To Howwel, kyng of þe lond, þat he to hym wende

To helpe hym in such nede, and that hym vnderstode

þat kunde yt wolde þat he dude, vor hii were of one blode.

þe kyng Arture's syster's sone þys kyng Howwel was,

<sup>4</sup> And þe kyngys sone of lasse Brytayne, & none nerer kunde

þer nas.

þo þe messenger wyþ þe tydyng to kyng Howwel com,

Hys conseyl wel hastelyche in such nede he nome,

Vor to helpe ys <sup>5</sup> neueti, and ys kynedom.

<sup>6</sup> Myd vyftene þousend kyngtes into þys londe he com.

power wonder gret to on londe y ladde. Tho the kyng hurde this, he was somdel a dradde. The kynges counsaill radde hym a non, to London forto wende, To counsaill hogh he myght best his enemyes a shende *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> So that *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Communitandem assensu illato, mittuntur Armoricam nuncii ad regem*

*Hoëlum, qui ei calamitatem Britannia notificarent. Erat autem Hoëlus filius sororis Arthuri, ex Budicio, rege Armoriorum Britonum, generatus Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> To the lasse Brutayne forto sende sone *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The kynredene of hem no ferther nas *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Kynnesman, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> With XV. thousand of men to this *Ar.*



At Souþhamtone <sup>1</sup> he com vp, & þo hyi to gadere come  
 þys ttheye kyngys hii custe hem, & hii clupte hem ylome.  
 þo hii adde her folc y set, <sup>2</sup>as rygt was in such cas,  
 Vorþward toward Lyncolne hii wende <sup>3</sup>myd god pas.  
 þere hii come & mette hym, & strong batayle smyte þere,  
 So þat moð þan sýx þousend of þe Saxon aslawe were,  
 Wat aslawe wat adrent, so þat atte laste,  
 þo <sup>4</sup>hii ne seye oþer won, hii gonne to fle vaste  
 In to a wode þer by syde: and <sup>5</sup>þo hii þer in come,  
 Hem þogte hii were sykere ynou, & toke þe lasse gome.  
 þe kyng sýwede <sup>6</sup>after, and byseged hem aboute.  
<sup>7</sup>Ac" among þe <sup>8</sup>tren hii wuste hem, þat hii nadde nodoute."  
 þo þe kyng Arture ysey, þat hii nolde out come,  
 A boute þe wode he let fulle þe grete tren sone,  
 And leyde ech vpe oþer aboute in ech ende,  
 þat yt was, as yt were, awal þat hii ne solde oute wende.  
 þre <sup>9</sup>dawes & þre nygt mete les hii wuste hem so,  
 þat hii nuste hou on take, ne wat vor hunger do.  
 þe kyng" Arture hii bysogte mercy <sup>10</sup>atte ende,  
 þat he granted hem in pes out of ys londe wende,

<sup>1</sup> This kynges tweyne furst  
 to gedre come, Aither othur  
 clippe gan, and kuste to  
 gedre y lome *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> As hit  
 fel in such *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> A ful good  
 pas. The Brutones and the  
 Saxones smyte a gret ba-  
 taille there, So that sixty  
 thousand [*sed, sex milia in*  
*Galfr. Mon.*] Saxones ther y  
 slawe were, And fele ther of

were a dreynt, so *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hii  
 seygh non othur won, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>  
 Whenne *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> After faste, and  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Trees hii  
 kepte hem longe, for al Ar-  
 thure's route *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Dayes  
 & thre nyght hii were y kepte  
 so, That hii nuste for hungre  
 What hii myghte do. Of  
 kyng *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Atten ende, *Ar.*

An hii granted hym al her god, þat hii hyder ladde,  
 Gold and seluer and tresour, al clene þat hii adde.  
 Hii <sup>1</sup> byhete hym eke ech ger, to bere hym truage  
 Out of her londe, and þerto <sup>2</sup> take hym god ostage.  
 þe kyng þoru ys conseyl <sup>3</sup> encented wel her to,  
 An god ostage of nom, þe truage vor to do;  
 And atel al her god, and let him al þar wende.  
 And gut hym of þogte sone, þat he was hem so hende.  
 Myd her gold & seluer & myd her tresour he mygte  
 Susteyny gode wyle hys ost vorto fygte.  
 Ac gut þys lufere false men, in þe see þo hii come,  
 Turnede agen to suykedome, and anoþer red nome.  
 Atte hauene of Tottenas hii gonne <sup>4</sup> eft aryue,  
 And dude hym alond, & rewede in Deuenyssyre blyue.  
 And so uorþ in Somersete, <sup>5</sup> and" muche wo gonne do  
 Al anone to Seuerne, and to Baþe <sup>6</sup> so,  
 And bysegede þe <sup>7</sup> thoun, ac wyt þoute hii were.  
 Vor þe kyng byuore was hii bygonne her werre þere.  
 Vor þe kyng was toward Scotlond, & awreke hym þogte  
 Of Scottes and of Pigars, þat euer vnele hym wrogte.

<sup>1</sup> *Promiserunt quoque, se duros ei tributum ex Germania, obsidesque inde man- guros Galfr. Mon.* <sup>2</sup> Make hym good *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Assentede ther to, And ostage of hem nam truage to do. At helde hem & al hure good, & let hem bar wende *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Up aryue, And come a londe, & robbede in Deuenesshire as blyue *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Also, *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Toun, but out hii holde were.  
 The kyng fer by Northe was forto werry there. Of Scottes & of Picardz a wreke hym he thoghte, That euermore to his lond muche shame wroghte. The tydyng to hym com of thes Saxones tho, He wiste neuere hoder turne so wo was hym tho. Of Scottes *Ar.*

þo þe tydýng to hým come of þe Saxons <sup>1</sup> we,  
 He nuste in weþer ende turne, so vol he was of wo.  
 Of þe Scottes<sup>2</sup> he wolde awreke be, gýf tyme hym þerto geue,  
 Ac he <sup>3</sup> nolde vor non þyng þe Saxons byleue.  
<sup>4</sup> Howwel, ys scýster sone, kýng of þe oþer Brutayne,  
 Mest in ýs herte was, vor angýsse to playne,  
 (Vor he lay byuore sýk) þat he solde by leue hym þere,  
 Laste þe Scottes hym dude ssame, oþer þat he ded were.  
 He byleuýd hým poer ýnou, and toward Somersete  
 Wende toward þe Saxons, vor þat nolde he nogt lete."  
 þo he come to Somersete, and þe Saxons sey,  
 He houede, & spec to ys men þes wordes al an heý :  
 " Vor <sup>4</sup> þýs luþer Saxons <sup>5</sup> abbyt gret dedeýn  
 " Vorto holde me treuþe, gýf ých abbe ený mayn,  
 " Ich chýlle treuþe holde to Jhesu Crist treulý (gýf ých maý)  
 " And þat blod of ýs kunde floc awreke gut to day."  
 " Armeþ zou nou hastelýche, armeþ zou anon,  
 " Vor we ssolle to day <sup>6</sup> myd God help ouercome vr fon.

<sup>1</sup> We *idem est quod Anglo-Sax. þa sive pæ, i. e. wo vel sorrow. Sed þo (ut reor) est reponendum è Cod. Ar. ut prius þo, when, posterius then signet.* <sup>2</sup> Wolde for no thyng *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> But for Howel, his suster sone, kyng of lasse Brutayne, At Alclud sore sik lay, he was in gret payne, And that he moste nedely byleue hym tho there, Leste the Scottes dude hym shame, or elles that he dede were. He bileft a power

with hým, and toward Somersete He wende a yen the Saxones, he wolde hit noght for lete *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> These *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Haueth of vs dedeýne, And haueth thus y broke hure oth, yf y haue myght and mayne, I make a vogh to Jhesu Christ, (to holde, ýf y may,) The blood, that they haueth shad, to venge yut to day *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Thurgh Gode's help ouercome oure fon. The kýng at the gynnyng let an hange anon

Ac þe kynnng atte bygynnyg let hang echon  
 Her ostages vor þe treson, he ne byleuede nozt on.  
 þo þys <sup>1</sup> gode<sup>ll</sup> folc zare was <sup>2</sup> in to batayle ryde,  
 Seyn Dubryc, þe archebyssop of Carleon, gan abyde,  
 And wende <sup>3</sup> vp a lute hul amydde þys companye :  
 "ge Crystyne men," he seyde, "of <sup>4</sup> so" noble seynore,  
 "þat beþ Gode's owe lymys, þoru zoure Crystendom,  
 "<sup>5</sup> þenc he on God, þat vor vs deyde, & on <sup>6</sup> þys kynedom.  
 "Fygzteþ vor zure <sup>7</sup> kunde, and defendeþ zoure rygze,  
 "þencheþ þe nede of þe londe, & of <sup>8</sup> vr louerd" mygze.  
 "And gyf eny of zou ys aslawe here in þys fygzte  
 "To sauý <sup>9</sup> þe lond folc vor þe londe's rygze,  
 "He syweþ purlyche God, þat gef ys owe lyf here,  
 "To sauý vs synneuol men fram þe deuele's poer.  
 "And wo so here ys aslawe, ys deþ hym sal be  
 "In <sup>10</sup> lesnesse of al ys synnys, & ys soule ssalle fle  
 "And be ybrozt byuore God, ar <sup>11</sup> þat body be cold.  
 He <sup>12</sup> asouled al þys folc, þo he adde al þys ý told.  
<sup>13</sup> þat folc þoru ys prechyngge so god wylle nom þere,  
<sup>14</sup> þat hem þogzte echewyle fyue, in batayle ar hii were.

anon Alle hure ostages, he  
 leste a lyue non *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> In bataille  
 for to ryde, Therchebisshop  
 Dobryght bade hem alle a-  
 byde, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Upon a litel  
 hulle among this *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Deest*  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Thenketh on God,  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> His *Ar. sed rectius* þys.  
<sup>7</sup> Kynde blod, and also for  
 your ryght *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Our Lorde's  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> The Christene fey,

and his Lorde's ryght, he  
 syweth purly God, that yaf  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Foryieuenge *Ar.*  
<sup>11</sup> The body *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Asoil-  
 ede *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> The people *Ar.*  
<sup>14</sup> That euery while hem  
 thoghte ten, er hii were there.  
 The kyng thanne let arme  
 hym self in hauberk noble &  
 riche. An helm of gold vpon  
 his hed, nowher non hitt  
 liche *Ar.*

þe <sup>1</sup> kyngg was aboue yarmed wyþ haubert noble & rýche,  
Wyþ helm of gold on ys heued, (nas nour hým ýlyche)  
þe fourme of a dragon þeron <sup>2</sup> was ycast.

Hys sseld, þat het Prydwen, was þanne ý honge wast  
Aboute ys sseldren, and þeron ý peynt was and ýwort  
þe ýmage of our Lady, inwan was al ys þogt.

Mýd ýs suerd he was ýgurd, þat <sup>3</sup> so' strong was & kene,  
Calýbourne yt was ýcluped, <sup>4</sup> nas nour no such yc wene.

In ys rýgt hond ýs lance he nom, þat ycluped was Ron,  
Long & gret <sup>5</sup> & strong ynou, hym ne mýzte atsytte non.

He þogte al <sup>6</sup> on Jhesu Criste, and ýs men echon,

Upe þe doune aboue Baþe hii <sup>7</sup> mytte mýd her fon.

Hii smýte bataýle strong ý nou, þat al long day ýlaste.

þe Saxons in her syde stode euere agen vaste.

Mýche folk þer was ýnon aslawe in eyþer syde.

þo þe nyzt vp hem come, þat hii ne myzte no leng abyde,

<sup>8</sup> Up an toret of an <sup>9</sup> herre hulle þe Saxons wende þere,

þat þe heye hulle to hým was a castel, as ýt were.

Amorage, þo yt day was, adoun eft hii alyzte,

And in bataýle strong ynou býgonne ef sone to fýzte,

<sup>1</sup> *Ipse vero Arthurus, lorica, tanto rege digna, indutus, auream galeam, simulachro draconis insculptam, capiti adaptat* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Was his crest. His shild, that het Pridewen, aboute his nekke he kest. A cros ther on was peynt, and on a corner An ymage of oure Lady on that sheld he ber. With his sweord *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Deest*

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Perlees as y wene *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> And poynted wel, myght hit of sitte non *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> In *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> Mette with *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Up the

cop of an hull the Saxones

wende there, For to be re-

fuyt to hem, and castel, as hit

were. A morwe as sone as hit

was day, doun hii a light, *Ar.*

<sup>9</sup> *L. heye.*

And

And slowe vaste in eyþer half, þat reuþe yt was ynou.  
 þo þe kyng Arture y sey, þat me so vaste ys men slou,  
 Hys herte he gan vp arere, þat he nadde þe maystrye,  
 And dude ys wylle <sup>1</sup> al to God, & on ys moder Marie,  
 And Calybourne, ys gode suerd, <sup>2</sup> myd gode earnest adrou,  
 And smot aboute <sup>3</sup> in euþer syde to grounde & hard ynou,  
 And four hondred men, ar he reste, ys owe lionde he slou,  
 An syxtý and ten al so, þe asaut was somdel tou.  
 And þer to nadde he oþer help, bote God & Seynte Marie,  
 An Calybourne ys gode suerd, to do suche maystrye.  
 þo ys men yseye þys, after vaste hii drowe,  
 And to grounde aboute smyte, & þe Saxons vaste slowe.  
 Colgrým, þat her mayster was, and <sup>4</sup> Baldulf, ys broþer,  
 Aslawe were at þulke asaut, & also moný <sup>5</sup> a noþer.  
 Vor moný þousend þere were aslawe, & Teldryc atte laste,  
 Hys felawes þo he sey aslawe, bygan to fle vaste."  
 þo þys batayle was ydo, to þe kyng com message,  
 þat þe Scottes & <sup>6</sup> Pýgars dude hym gret out rage,  
<sup>7</sup> And syre Howwel ys neuue, kyng of þe oþer Brutannye,  
<sup>8</sup> þat syk <sup>9</sup> day, as ych seyde er, byseged myd al her mayne

<sup>1</sup> Al on God, and his moder *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> With ernyst vp he drogh, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> In aither half to grounde and faste slogh. Foure hundred vnder his hond with his sweord gon deye, Thurgh the help of our Lord and his moder Marie. The kyng's men seigh this, & after hym faste drogh, *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Bathulf *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Anothur. Than thes men thus were slawe, Cheldrik atte laste, Tho he segh non other won, gan to fle faste *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Picardes *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And that Howel *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> That sik was, as I seyde er, by seged with hure mayne *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Lege, lay.*

þo þe kyng hurde þys, hym longede þuder sore,  
<sup>1</sup> He ne mygte þer leng abyde, þe Saxons to sywe more.  
 Cadour, erl of Cornwayle, he <sup>2</sup> býleuede þere  
<sup>3</sup> Myd ten þousend men <sup>4</sup> vorto sywe hem, þat of scaped were.  
 The erl sywyde <sup>5</sup> myd ys men þe Saxons vaste ynou,  
 And strong batayle smot, and <sup>6</sup> Teldryc þe prince slou,  
 And ys compaynye þe mestedel, bote auewe atte nende.  
 Mercy hym cryde, þat hii moste in to her owe lond wende,  
 And suore <sup>7</sup> & toke hym ostage, þat hii ne ssolde neuere ýwys  
 Thys lond <sup>8</sup> eft asayly, ne ssame don amys.  
 þo þat þe folc of Saxons <sup>9</sup> namore hydýr <sup>10</sup> ne' come,  
 þe wyle þe kyng Arture <sup>11</sup> wuste þys kýnedome.  
 Cadour, erl of Cornwayle, þo he adde ýdo al þys,  
 To þe kyng ys louerd wende, to Scotlond ywys.  
 þe kyng adde <sup>12</sup> er' among þe Scottes ýsturyd hym vol wel,  
<sup>13</sup> And delyuered of hym, or he come, ys neuue syre Howwel,  
 And ýslawe of hem monyon, so þat <sup>14</sup> in an yle  
 Hii <sup>15</sup> of scapede atte laste <sup>16</sup> bý uore mony amyle,  
<sup>17</sup> þet water geþ al aboute, and þer ynne eke beþ  
<sup>18</sup> Sýxtý heye roches, as men þere ýseþ.

<sup>1</sup> Ne myghte he ther no  
 lengor byde, the Saxones to  
 werry more *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> By lefte  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> With *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> To fol-  
 we hem, that a scaped were  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> With *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Cheldrik  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And ostages yeue, hii  
 sholde neuere y wis. *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> A  
 sailly more, ne shame, ne do a  
 mys. So that *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> No more

*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>11</sup> War-  
 dede *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>13</sup> And remewed the sege, er he  
 come, fro his cosyn Howel, *Ar.*  
<sup>14</sup> In to an *Ar.* <sup>15</sup> A sca-  
 pede *Ar.* <sup>16</sup> Byfore hym ma-  
 ny *Ar.* <sup>17</sup> The water by  
 goth hit al *Ar.* <sup>18</sup> *lx.* roches  
 in that ile, ho that cometh  
 ther seth *Ar.*

þer

þer ynne noman ne wonyþ, ac in eche roche þer ys  
 In tyme of zere an <sup>1</sup>erne's nest, þat hii bredeþ in ywys.  
 Ech ys in a roche hym sulf, vor hii ne mowe nozt ne be,  
 Vor hem byhoueþ muche mete, & hii ne mowe nozt wel fle  
 Vor feblesse of her brode, ac wan her bryddys rype beþ,  
 þere hii fyndeþ more mete, in londes aboute hii fleþ.  
 þe kyng <sup>2</sup>bylay þys Scottes <sup>3</sup>þere myd al wo,  
 þat þer deyde of hem vor hunger a þousend and mo.  
 And gut nolde þe ssrewen to none pes go.  
 Gyllam, kyng of <sup>4</sup>her londe, to hem wende þo  
 Wyth gret per in þe water, to helpe hym in þys cas."  
 þo kyng Arture yt wuste, prest azen hem he was  
 And slou of hem to grounde, so þat hii gonne with drawe,  
 And hii, þat myzte come azen, alȳue were wel yawe.  
 þo þe kyng hem adde afayted so, þat hyi ne kepte nanmore  
 hym mete,  
 gut he þozte asaytȳ þe Scottes, ar he hem lete.  
 He bysette hem vaste ynou, so þat atte laste þere  
 þe byssopes and oþer prelats, þat of londe were,  
<sup>5</sup>Some with grete processyon in gret anguysse and fere  
 Wepȳnde byuore þe kyng, & her relykes myd hem bere,

<sup>1</sup>Egle's *Ar.* *At in marg.*  
<sup>2</sup>Iles of Ernes *ab ead. ma-*  
*nu, licet adjecerit manus admo-*  
*dum recens,* or Iles of Eagles.  
*Et quidem voci Eagles adsti-*  
*pulatur* Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup>Bisegede  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup>Ther and dude hem  
 muche wo, So that of hem  
 for hunger deide a thousand

& wel mo. And yit wolde  
 nocht the sherewes the  
 kyng's wille do. The kyng  
 of Irlond Gwillamour to  
 Scotlond com that while  
 With gret power by water,  
 to helpe hem in this Ile *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup>*L.* Irlonde. <sup>5</sup>*L.* come  
*cum Ar.*



And oþer holȳ chȳrche þȳnges <sup>1</sup> bare vorþe echon.  
 Hȳȳ <sup>2</sup> welle alle adoun eke býuore þe kyng anon,  
 And bed hȳm, vor ȳs suete loue, þat deȳde on þe rode,  
 þat he hadde reuþe of hem, & of <sup>3</sup> ȳs' soule vnderstode.  
<sup>4</sup> Wanne he adde þer býuore of hem ȳslawe ȳ nowe,  
<sup>5</sup> þat he soffrede þulke lybbe, þat he follyche alle ne slowe;  
 And þat he som hurne of þe londe grauntede hem þere,  
 War ynne hii leuede, & euermo seruage hȳm bere.  
 þe kyng, vor pȳte <sup>6</sup> herof, býgan to wepe sore,  
 And nom of hem sȳkernesse, þat hii ne solde mȳs do nanmore,  
 And graunted hem <sup>7</sup> annende lond, to wonȳe ynne in seruage,  
 To bere <sup>8</sup> þerof hȳm and ȳs eueremor truage.  
 Nou <sup>9</sup> were þer myd hȳm þre men, (þat of ryȳte kunde come  
 Of kȳnges of þulke lond, <sup>10</sup> vorte Saxons hem bynome)  
 Auncel, and Vryan, and Lot þe þrȳdde was,  
 þat spousede þe kȳnge's <sup>11</sup> suster, (ȳe abbyþ ȳhurd þat cas,)  
 And adde bȳ hȳre tueȳe sones, syre Wawen þe hende,  
 þe oþer het Modred, þat þe kyng bytraȳde <sup>12</sup> atte nende.

<sup>1</sup> *Lege, bare votte, sive, ut in Ar. barfot. Nam nudis pedibus in Galfr. Mon.* <sup>2</sup> *Felle Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And suth he *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> A fewe, that lefte, hii prayde hym saue, and holde hem al his owe. And that som heorne of the lond he wolde hem graunte there, Wher inne hii myghte lyue, and euere aftur truage hym bere *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Hadde reuthe, he segh hem wepe so sore *Ar.* *aliter atque Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> An

ende of lond, to lyue inne in seruage, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Ther fore hym *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Aderant ibi tres fratres, regali prosapia orti, Loth videlicet, atque Urianus, nec non Auguselus, qui antequam Saxones prævaluissent principatum illarum partium habuerant Galfr. Mon.* <sup>10</sup> Fort Saxones it hem by nome) Aguisel, & Urien, and Loth *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Anne *addit Ar.* <sup>12</sup> After atten ende *Ar.*

þe kyng Arture þys þre men kynges made þere

<sup>1</sup> Ech of ȝs rȳgte ertage, as her elderne were.

<sup>2</sup> Auncel kyng of pur Scotlond, and <sup>3</sup> Vrȳan ȝs broþer

<sup>4</sup> Kyng of lond of Murȳfycens, vor he was ner þen anoþer,

Of þe contreye of <sup>5</sup> Ledeneseye Lot he made kyng,

<sup>6</sup> And of al contreye þat þerto vel, & þat was mucche þyng.

þo he adde al þȳs lond ȳbrogt and Scotlond al so

Al clene in rȳgte to ȝs wȳlle, anoþer he moste do.

He spousede a noble wȳf <sup>7</sup> Guerwar her name was

Of þe heȳe kunne of Rome, no vaȳror womman nas.

**A**S sone as Somer come, to Yrlond he gan wende,

Vor to afaytȳ þat lond, <sup>8</sup> & to wȳnne ech ende.

Gyllam, kyng of lond, ar he þuder com,

Volc, as ȳt were wyþoute noumbre, aȳen hym he nom.

Hii com <sup>9</sup> & ȳmette hem sone, & gret batayle hii smȳte,

Ac þe kyng Arture was aboue, as me maȳ wel ȳwȳte.

And þe kyng Gȳllam was ȳnome, and so al þat lond

<sup>10</sup> By certȳ conuenant was in kyng Arture's hond.

<sup>11</sup> Fram <sup>12</sup> þan he wende sone to þe lond of Ys lond,

And wan hȳt al clene to hȳm, and al þat he wond."

<sup>1</sup> Euery in his heritage  
Ar. <sup>2</sup> Anguissel Ar. <sup>3</sup> V-  
rien Ar. <sup>4</sup> Kyng he made of  
Moreff, for he was ner than  
othur, Ar. <sup>5</sup> Lioness Loth he  
Ar. <sup>6</sup> With al the porte-  
naunce ther to, and that was  
gret a [*l.* a gret] thing Ar.  
<sup>7</sup> Gunnore Ar. <sup>8</sup> And wȳnne  
in euery ende. Gwillamour,

kyng of that lond, Ar. <sup>9</sup> And  
mette with hem sone, & gret  
bataille smȳte, Ar. <sup>10</sup> By a-  
cordement Ar. <sup>11</sup> *Hæc duo*  
*carmina omittit Ar.* <sup>12</sup> *Subju-*  
*gatis itaque totius Hybernæ*  
*partibus, classem suam direxit*  
*in Yslandiam, eamque debel-*  
*lato sibi populo subjugavit*  
Galfr. Mon.

<sup>1</sup> So

<sup>1</sup> So <sup>2</sup> such tythynge aboute com, as ech sende oþer sonde,  
þat so noble man he was, þat ne mygte no lond at stonde,  
Doldam wende anon to hȳm, þat was kyng of Godlonde,  
And <sup>3</sup> Gwynas, kyng of Orcadas, ȳs grace vorto fonde,  
And býcome ȳs men, & býhete hȳm, to bere hȳm truage  
Eche ȳer, and holde of hym and of hȳs in seruage.  
<sup>4</sup> Of þȳs Brytanye he was þo kyng, & adde also Scotlonde,  
And ȳs londe and Orcadas vnder hȳm, and ȳr londe.  
þo wynter was al ȳdo, in to þȳs londe he wende,  
To brynge þȳs londe in god pes, and þe lawes amende.  
Tuelf ȳer he býleuede þo here wyth nobleye y nou,  
And <sup>5</sup> hexte men of mony londes aboute hȳm vaste drou.  
<sup>6</sup> And býgan to astrengþȳ ȳs court, & to eche ȳs maynye;  
And myd so gret plente holde ȳs hous, & myd so gret cortesy,  
þat me ne mygte <sup>7</sup> of so noble los man neuere vnderstonde.  
And þat þer <sup>8</sup> nas þere aboute <sup>9</sup> kynȳt in none lond,  
þat <sup>1</sup> me tolde of enȳ þȳng, bote he of sȳwte were  
Of þe kyng Arture's hous, oþer som sȳgne <sup>11</sup> þer of" bere,  
Of robes oþer of armes, & þe god man was so hende,  
þat he <sup>12</sup> aueng vawe echon, þat to hym wolde wende.

<sup>1</sup> Kynges a boute ech to o-  
ther sende thanne hure sonde,  
Of the dedes that he dude,  
non myght hym a stonde.  
Doldyn *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Exinde divul-*  
*gato per ceteras insulas ru-*  
*more, quod ei nulla provincia*  
*resistere poterat, Doldanius,*  
*rex Gotlandie, & Gunvasius,*  
*rex Orcadum, ultro venere,*  
*promissoque vectigali subjec-*  
*tionem fecerunt Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>3</sup> Gwynas *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Thanne was he  
of Brutayne kyng, & hadde al  
Scotlonde, Godlonde and Or-  
chadas vnder hȳm, and Irlonde  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Beste *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> He gan to  
strengthi his lond, & encreste  
his mayny; *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Of such a  
los no man vnderstonde *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Was *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Knyght *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Men *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> *Desunt Ar.*  
<sup>12</sup> Faire vnderfenge alle, that  
to hym *Ar.*

Bote

Bote to segge sortlyche, þer <sup>1</sup> nas ver ne ner,  
 Of prowesse <sup>2</sup> ne of cortesyē, in þe worl ys per.  
 Hys los sprong so wyde sone of ys largesse,  
 Of strengþe and of corteysye, and of ys prowesse,  
 To þe verrost ende of þe world, þat sach man nas nout non.  
 So þat oþer grete kynges douted hym echon  
 Bygende see in eche stude, and dradde ver and ner,  
 þat he come and by nome her londes, oþer her poer.  
<sup>3</sup> Hii bygonne her heye tounes strengþy vaste aboute,  
 Her castles & storys, þat hii mygte be ynne in doute.  
 þo þys gode tydýng com to þys noble kyng Arture,  
 Myd god herte he wolde such tydýng yhure.  
 He þogte come by hem, & brynge hem somme to lure,  
 And to ywnne gut al Europe, ȝyf he mygte dure.  
 þe þrydde del of al þe world Europe yclýped ys,  
<sup>4</sup> þat tylþ fram ver bygonde Rome to þe West worle's ende  
 ywys.  
 Hym þogte he adde yrest ynou, <sup>5</sup> no leng he nolde abyde.  
 Hys poer he let sumny, þat ysprad was wel wyde,

<sup>1</sup> Was non fer ne nere, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> And of courtaisye, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hii  
 lete hure tounes strengthe  
 faste, for hii hadde gret doute,  
 By cause he myghte with  
 hym lede of knyghtes such a  
 route *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> That is bi hi-  
 dere the Grekissh see al Cri-  
 stendom y wis *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> He  
 wolde no lengor abide. He let  
 of sende his power, that spar-  
 puled was ful wide. And

whan that they al redy were,  
 thei went forth in hure weye,  
 And dude hem so in to the  
 see, and sutthe to Noreweye.  
 So fell, er thei thuder come,  
 the kyng of Noreweie dede  
 was, And Loth, Arthure's  
 othom, his heir was by cas,  
 And hadde ordeyned hym  
 ther to by fore his deth longe.  
 But the men *Ar.*

And

And greȳpede ȳs noble ost, and dude hȳm in þe weȳe,  
 And dude hȳm so in to see, and vorst to Norþweȳe.  
 Nou was þe kȳng of Norþweȳe ded þer bȳ uore bȳ cas,  
 And Lot,<sup>1</sup> þat was ȳs oþom, þe kȳnge's neuou was,  
 And þe kȳng hȳm adde mad ȳs eȳr þer bȳuore longe;  
 Ac þe men<sup>2</sup> of Norþweȳe nolde vor prute hȳm<sup>1</sup> vnder uonge,  
 Ac adde ȳmad anoþer man kȳng of þe londe,  
 þat aȳen þe kȳng Arture hopede wel at stonde.  
 Chȳld<sup>2</sup> Waweȳn, Lotȳs sone, þulke tȳme was  
 Bote of tuelf ȳer, & þe pope of Rome bȳtake was  
 To norȳs þoru þe kȳng Arture, & þulke tȳme ryȳt  
 þe pope hȳm tok armes, & ȳs owe honde made hȳm<sup>3</sup> kyngt.  
<sup>4</sup> As þe kyng Arture, as ȳch seyde, to Norweȳe com,  
 þe kyng of londe aȳen hȳm þen weȳ sone nom  
 Mȳd ȳs poer, and smȳte an batayle strong ynou,  
 And ssede blod in eȳþer half, and mucche folc me slou.  
 Ac her poer of Norweȳe ydo was anon,  
 þe kyng hȳm sulf was sone aslawe, & <sup>5</sup> ȳs men monȳon.  
 þe Brutons hȳm sturede þo, and slowe and barnde vaste,  
 So þat hii wonne al clene Norþweȳe atte laste.  
 þer after hii wonne Denemarch, vorto do seruage  
 To þe kȳng Arture euermo, and to bere hȳm truage.  
 He<sup>6</sup> made Lot ȳs oþom kyng of Norþweȳe,  
 þer<sup>7</sup> after toward France hii dude hȳm in þe weȳe.

<sup>1</sup> A vonge *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Erat tunc Walwanus, filius prædicti Loth, XII. annorum juvenis, obsequio Sulpicii papæ ab avunculo traditus, à quo arma recepit Galfr. Mon.* <sup>3</sup> Knȳght *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Whan the *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> His men negh

echon *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Quibus subactis, cum Loth in regem Norwegiæ promovisset, navigavit Arthurus ad Gallias, factisque turmis patriam undique vastare incepit Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> Afterward toward France he dude *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Nou adde France þulke tyme þe emperour Leon ;  
 And he býtoc yt in warde an duc, þat het Follon,  
 þat hardy body was and god, and poer adde y nou.  
 þo he wuste, þat þe þyng Arture þuder drou,  
<sup>2</sup> Alle þe kyngtes and þe folc, þat in ys poer were,  
 He nom, & mette þe Brutons, & smyte batayle þere.  
 Ac al þat hem was lute wurþ, vor agen þe kyng Arture  
 And ys poer hii mygte lute wule dure.  
 Vor <sup>3</sup> euere, wanne he <sup>4</sup> nom alond, al þe bachelerye,  
 þat agt was in þe lond, he <sup>5</sup> nom in ys companye  
<sup>6</sup> And of ys maynage vp ys coust, & vor he was so hende,  
 Ech noble man vawe was myd hym vorto wende.  
<sup>7</sup> And beste partye of Fraunce to hym al so drou.  
<sup>8</sup> Vor he was so large & hende, þat to hym com poer ynou.  
 Vor me ne tolde welney of no mon, noþer here ne þere,  
 Bote he myd þe kyng Arture in som manere were.

<sup>1</sup> Nogh hadde Fraunce thulke  
 tyme a lord, het Frollon,  
 (That vndertok the gouer-  
 naunce thurgh emperour Leon)  
 That hardy man was & strong,  
 and hadde power y nogh *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Alle maner of men, of his  
 power that were, He toke,  
 and with the Brutones mette,  
 & smyten a bataille there *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Nam Arthurum iuventus in-*  
*sularum omnium, quas sub-*  
*jugauerat, comitabatur. unde*  
*tantum perhibebatur habere*  
*exercitum, quantus erat diffi-*

*cile ab ullo posse superari*  
*Galfr. Mon. 4* Wan a lond  
*Ar. 5* Toke *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And of  
 mayne at his cost. and for he  
 was so hende, Euery noble  
 man was glad with hym forto  
 wende. And the best part of  
 Fraunce *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Famulabatur*  
*quoque ei melior pars Gal-*  
*licanæ provinciæ, quam sua*  
*largitate sibi obnoxiam fece-*  
*rat Galfr. Mon. 1* For his  
 largeste & hendeneste, that  
 hym com folk y nogh *Ar.*

1 þo þe duc Follon ysey, þat ys poer nobyng nas,  
 He fien in to Parys myd wel quyç pas,  
 And astorede 2 þen toun, and strengþe hym aboute.  
 Kyng Arture and ys poer aseged hym wyþoute.  
 So þat wyþynne 3 a monþe þe duc Follon ysey,  
 þat ys men, vor defaute and vor hunger, deyde ny,  
 And þat ys poer nas nobyng, azen kyng Arture  
 4 He þogte do ys owe body, wyle he mygte dure.  
 Vor he was strong man & hardy, þe strengoste of ys londe.  
 To þe kyng Arture he sende, þat he ssolde 5 hym vnder stonde  
 6 To do an batayle hem sulue tuo myd her owe honde,  
 And weþer so mygte aboute be were louerd of opere's londe.  
 þo kyng Arture hurde 7 þys, no gladdere man nas.  
 He sende word, þat al prest to such batayle he was.  
 Sykernesse 8 & trouþe 9 yþlygt, of þys vorewarde hii nome.  
 So þat, at oerteyn day yset, to þys batayle hii come  
 A lute wyþoute Parys, 10 atyled wel y nou.  
 Muche was 11 þat folc aboute, þat to þys batayle drou.

1 Whan that Frolle vnder-  
 stod, that he sconfited was,  
 He fleghe in to Parys with a  
 quyke paas, *Ar.* 2 The toun,  
 and strengthed hym a boutte  
*Ar.* 3 A monthe day duk  
 Flolle y seigh, That his men  
 in defaute for honger deide  
 negh, *Ar.* 4 He thoghte with  
 his owene body, while he  
 myght endure *Ar.* 5 *Doest*  
*Ar.* 6 And do the bataille,  
 yf he wolde, with his owen  
 honde, And whether myghte

a boue be were maister of  
 othere's londe *Ar.* 7 This,  
 gladder neuere he nas *Ar.*  
 8 *Dato igitur in amba parte*  
*fædere, conveniunt uterque in*  
*insulam, quæ erat extra civi-*  
*tatem, populo expectante quid*  
*de eis erat futurum Galfr.*  
 Mon. 9 Hii plight, and hure  
 forward nome. So that at a  
 day sett to bataille hii come  
*Ar.* 10 Arayed wel y nogh  
*Ar.* 11 The folk *Ar.*

1 Hii

<sup>1</sup> Hii fondede her steden vorst, & her lancen suppe hii nome,  
 And wyþ hard dunt & gret yre to gadere suppe hii come.  
<sup>2</sup> þe kyng Arture agen þe brest ys felawe uorst anhytte  
 Agen þe breste, þat he vel, & ne mygte noleng sytte.  
 As sone as he mygte turne ys hors, ys suerd he drou þer,  
 Vor to asayly hym þerwyþ, ac þe oþer was vppe er,  
 And <sup>3</sup> gef þe sted myd ys sper agen brest deþe's wounde,  
 So þat boþe stede and kyng leye sone at grounde.  
<sup>4</sup> þo þe <sup>5</sup> Brutons seye þys, hii vor bere vnneþe,  
 þat hii ne breke þe couenant, & brogte þen oþer to deþe.  
 Ac kyng Arture keuerede vp, & asaylede Follon vaste,  
 And smyte eyþer oþer her & þer, & harde dunt caste,  
 So þat Follon myd a stróc þe Brutons sore agaste,  
 Vor þe kyng Arture agen þe frount he smot atte laste,  
 þat, gyf he nadde wyþ þe selde somdel þe dunt yhent,  
 Syker he hym alde aslawe, oþer al out yssent.  
 þo kyng <sup>6</sup> Arture yt yuelde, and ysey al so ys blod  
 Vp ys haubert & ys sselde, he was ney vor wrappe wod.

<sup>1</sup> Hii a saide hure stedes furst, *cujus tamen particula vacua*  
 hure lances *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And kyng Ar- *marginē* The rounde table of Ar-  
 thur on the brest Frolle so hitte, *thur scriptum legitur.* <sup>5</sup> Brit-  
 That he fel down to grounde, he *tones ut regem prostratum vide-*  
 myghte no lengor sitte *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Smot *runt, timentes eum peremptum*  
 his stede in the breste, & yaf hym *esse, vix potuerunt retineri,*  
 deþe's wounde *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Desunt ali-* *quin rupto fœdere in Gallos*  
<sup>4</sup> *quam multa in Ar. utpote in* *unanimiter irruerent Galfr.*  
<sup>4</sup> *quo folium unum integrum* *Mon.* <sup>6</sup> *Manante igitur san-*  
<sup>4</sup> *(fol. sc. lxxix. quatuor duntaxat* *guine, cum Arthurus lori-*  
<sup>4</sup> *versibus exceptis) hic loci exci-* *cam & clipeum rubere vi-*  
<sup>4</sup> *sum esse, particulamque unius* *disset, ardentiori ira accensus*  
<sup>4</sup> *paginae (sive faciei secundæ folii* *est, atque erecto totis vi-*  
<sup>4</sup> *lxxviii.) plane vacuam, video, in* *ribus caliburno, impressit*  
*eum*



He drou syre Calýbourne ys suerd, þat was so gode,  
 And anowarde þe helm wyþ wel stourdý mod  
 þen oþer he smot, and to clef þat heued myd þe wounde.  
 He vel and ssoc þe helm, and deyde in astounde.  
 þo þýs dede was ýdo, and þere oþer was ded,  
 þut conseýl of France sone nom ys red,  
 And to þe kýng Arture hym zolde ech man þat was wýs,  
 And zolde hym vp al þat lond, & þe keyen of Parýs.  
 þýs was lo þe Cornwellýssebor, of wan Merlým spec ynou,  
 And clere leme of þe sterre, þat ouer France drou,  
 Som was ýcome, as he sede, of þe noble kyng Arture,  
 Wel me ssal her after of hym gut ýhure.  
 þo he adde ýwonne France þus, & al þýs was ýdo,  
 þýs noble kýng Arture delde ýs men atuo.  
<sup>1</sup> þe kýng Howwel he býtoc, and þe oþer princes al so,  
 þat odel of ýs ost to wende to Peýto  
 Vor to wýnne þat lond, and hym sulf he wolde wende  
 Vor to wýnne seýnorýe aboute in oþer ende.  
 Kyng Howwel wyþ ýs poer wan sone Peýto  
 Al to kýng Arture's wýlle, and Gascoýne al so.  
 þe kýng won Normandýe, and also god Aungeo,  
 And wýþýnne anye zer al þýs was ýdo.

---

*eum per galeam in caput Follo-* *commisit, præcepitque illi, ut,*  
*nis, quod in duas partes disse-* *ad expugnandum Guitardum,*  
*cuit. Quo vulnere cecidit Follo,* *Pictaviensium ducem, iret; ipse*  
*tellurem calcaneis pulsans, &* *vero cum reliqua parte ceteras*  
*spiritum in auras emisit Galfr.* *provincias sibi subjugare vaca-*  
 Mon. *vit Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>1</sup> *Et unam partem Hoelo duci*

þe kyng wende þo to Parys, þo he adde ýdo al þys,  
 And al heý men of lond þuder come ýwýs.  
 Her homages of hem, and her seruyse, he nom,  
 And þe lawes, as he wolde hym sulf, sette on þe kynedom.  
 He zef þat lond of Normandy Bedwer ýs boteler,  
 And þat lond of Aungeo<sup>1</sup> Kaxe ýs panter,  
 And oþer þýng oþer heýe men, & sykter yt made ýnou,  
 And suþþe aboute Leynte toward þys lond drou.

þO þe kyng Arture com here in þys londe,  
 And so muche lond adde ýwonne, & adde al so an honde,  
 In yoe & blysse he was ýnou, & alle þat wyþ hym were,  
 And agen Wýttesonetyd yt was in þe gere.  
 He þogte þe heýe feste of Wýtesontyd do  
 Wýþ honour among ýs men, and þat alle come þer to,  
 Boþe kynges and dukes, and erles echon,  
 Barons and kyngtes, squeers monýon,  
 Laydýes and maydens, and ech mon þat agt were  
 In ený lond, þat ýs was, þat hii were alle þere.  
 Of ýs rounde table ýs ban aboute he sende,  
 þat eche a Wýtesonetyd to Carleon wende,  
 A toun þat ýs in Glammorgan vp þe water of Osc ýdo,  
 A lute bysyde Seuerne, in murye stede al so.  
 Vor me may þere in þe Souþhalf al by the see lede  
 Fram oþer londes god ýnou, to endy such a dede.  
<sup>2</sup> In oþer alf beþ grete wodes, lese and mede al so,  
 So þat þer vas no defaute such noble þýng to do.

<sup>1</sup> *F. Kaye. Nam Gaiouque Dapifero in Galfr. Mon. denuo pergit Cod. Ar.*

þer come to þys rounde table, as he sende ys ban,  
<sup>1</sup> Aunsel k yng of Scotlond, and al so Vryan,  
 þat was k yng of Murȳfȳcens, & also of Norþ Walȳs  
 Cadwal, and also <sup>2</sup> Scater k yng of Souþ Walȳs,  
 Cador k yng of Cornwayle, and erchebȳssopes al so  
 Of Londone, and of Euerwȳk, and of <sup>3</sup> Carlen þer to.  
 Erles þer come ek monȳon, as þe erl of Gloucestrye  
<sup>4</sup> Morond, and Ingomer erl of Leycestre,  
<sup>5</sup> Maron erl of Warewȳk, and Cursal of Cȳcestre,  
 Galluc erl of Salesburȳ, Jonatal of Dorcestre,  
 Kȳmmar erl of <sup>6</sup> Canterburȳ, of Baþe syre <sup>7</sup> Vrgen,  
 Bose" erl of Oxenford, þat were alle noble men.  
 þe barons & the k yngtȳs, þat of hȳs londe aday  
 At hȳs rounde table were, noman telle ne maȳ.  
 K ynges þer were eke of ȳlȳs, <sup>8</sup> ar þe k yng of ȳrlonde  
<sup>9</sup> Gȳllam, and also Malueȳs k yng of ȳslonde,  
 Lot k yng of Norþeweȳe, and <sup>10</sup> Doldam of Godlond,  
 And þe k yng of Orcadas, & of Denemarch ȳch vnderstonde.  
 K ynges eke of bȳgende see, as Kay of Aungeo,  
 Bedwer of Normandȳe, Guȳder of Peȳto,  
 Lygger of Colonȳe, and al so the <sup>11</sup> dosse pers  
 Of France were þere echon, þat so noble were and fers.

<sup>1</sup> Anguissel *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Estanter *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Carlyon *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> Morwid *Ar. in quo & Dudywan pro Ingomer.*    <sup>5</sup> Mauran of Wircetre, [*Maren Gwignornensis, quæ nunc Warguic dicitur, Galfr. Mon.*] Cursal erl of Chestre, Aleth of Sa-

lesbury, Jonathas of Dorchester, Kynmar *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Kent, *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Vrbygen, Boso *Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> As *Ar.*    <sup>9</sup> Gwillamour, & Maunsel k yng of Islonde, *Ar.*    <sup>10</sup> Doldan *Ar.*    <sup>11</sup> Dusze *Ar.*

Hys neuwe kyng Howwel of þe lasse Brutenyē al so  
<sup>1</sup> Myd so vaȳr folc þuder com, & myd so gret charge þerto  
 Of mules, of cartes and of hors mydde alle gode,  
 þat þer nas non so wýttý man, þat yt al vnderstode.  
<sup>2</sup> þer nas <sup>3</sup> býtuene þys & Spanye no prince wipoute al þys,  
 þat nas at þys rounde table, & at þys feste ýwýs.  
 And no wonder. Vor þe kynges los so wyde sprong ýnou  
 Of godenesse & of cortesyē, <sup>4</sup> þat her herte to hym drou.

þo þys heye men were alycome, & þe heye tyme also  
 Of Wýtsontyd, þe feste vor to do,  
<sup>5</sup> þe herchebyssopys were ýbrogt, to sette þe kynges croune  
 On ýs heued. Ac <sup>6</sup> Seyn Dubryc of sulue tyme  
 Was erchebyssop. hym byuel þe croune on hym do,  
 And þe seruýse of holy chýrche ek, þat byuel þer to.  
 þo croune was on ýs heued, and ýdo was eeh oþer þýng,  
 Tueye erchýbyssopys ladde þys noble kyng

<sup>1</sup> With muche poeple thuder  
 com, and gret nobleie ther to  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ther was no prynce by  
 twixte Spayne & Alemayne  
 of pris, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Præter hos non*  
*remansit princeps alicujus*  
*pretii citra Hispaniam, quin ad*  
*istud edictum veniret. Nec mi-*  
*rum. Largitas namque Arthu-*  
*ri, per totum mundum divul-*  
*gata, cunctos in amorem il-*  
*lius illexerat* Galfr. Mon. <sup>4</sup>  
 That euery man to hym drogh

*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Thre Erchebisshopes  
 were come, to sette on the  
 kynges croune. But Seynt  
 Dubrice, that Erchebisshop was  
 of the selue tounē, (As hit was  
 his costume that offys te do)  
 Dude the seruise of holi churche,  
 that byfel ther to. Tho the  
 croune <sup>6</sup> *Dubricius ergo,*  
*quoniam in sua diocesi curia*  
*tenebatur, paratus ad cele-*  
*brandum obsequium, hujus rei*  
*curam suscepit* Galfr. Mon.

To þe chyrche of heye munstre. And þer zeode byuore hym  
 þere  
 Four kyngs, and four suerdes of golde byuore hym bere;  
 Vorst þe kyng of Scotlond, and þe kyng of Norþwalys,  
 And þe kyng of Cornwale, and þe kyng of Souþwalys.  
<sup>1</sup> Oþer byssopys and prelats by uore þys kyng Arture  
 And clerkes songe as rygt was, þat joye yt was to hure.  
 In <sup>2</sup> oþer alf þe quene was <sup>3</sup> of erchebyssopys al so  
 ylad, and ycrouned eke, as rygt was vor to <sup>4</sup> do,  
 And to noþer munstre ylad, & four quenes by uore hÿr wende,  
 þe four kynges wyues, þat we by uore nemde,  
<sup>5</sup> And foure wyte colfren byuore hÿr also bere.  
 þe companye of laydÿes wel grete also were.  
 þo <sup>6</sup> hii were to chyrche ybrogt eÿþer in ÿs syde,  
<sup>7</sup> So gret & murÿe was þat song, þat me song þer inne wyde,  
 þat þe folc stod, þat þer were, as hii were y nome,  
 Ne hii nuste to weþer chyrche murgorÿe yt was to come.  
 þe kyng was to ÿs paleÿs, þo þe seruyse was ÿ do,  
 Ylad wyþ <sup>8</sup> þÿs menÿe, and þe quene to hyre al so.

<sup>1</sup> And bysshopes, and other prelates, to fore the kyng Arture Songe with hure clergie, that joye it was to hure *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The othur *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Of therchbisshop also *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Do, To a nother munstre there, & iiij. quenes by fore wende *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> And euery of hem in hure hond a whit coluere bere. Ladies fele and faire ynogh also ther were *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Postremo peracta processione,*

*tot organa, tot cantus in utrisque fiunt templis, ut præ nimia dulcedine milites, qui aderant, nescirent quod templorum prius adirent Galfr. Mon.* <sup>7</sup> So noble and mery was the song and melody that tyde, That men thoghte also murÿe as thegh hii hadde be nome, Ne hii ne wiste to whather churche meryer it was to come *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> His meyne, *Ar.*

Vor <sup>1</sup> hii hulde þe olde vsages, þat men wyþ men were  
 By hem sulue, and wymmen by hem sulue al so þere.  
 þo hii were echone y set, as yt to her stat bycom,  
 Kay, kyng of Aungo, a þousend kynztes nome  
 Of noble men, y cloped in ermýne echone  
<sup>2</sup> Of on sywete, and seruede <sup>3</sup> as þys noble feste a non.  
 Bedwer þe botýler, kyng of Normandye,  
 Nom al so in ys half a uayr companye  
<sup>4</sup> Of on sywyte, vorto seruy of þe botelerye.  
 By uore <sup>5</sup> þe <sup>6</sup> quene yt was also of al suche corteysye,  
 Vorto telle al þe noblye þat þer was y do,  
 þey my tonge were of <sup>7</sup> stel, me ssolde nozt dure þerto.  
 Wymmen ne kepte of no kynzt as in druery,  
 Bote he were in armys wel yprowed, & atte leste þrye.  
 þat made, <sup>8</sup> lo! þe wymmen þe <sup>9</sup> chastore lyf lede,  
 And þe kynztes þe stalwordore, & þe betere in her dede.  
 Sone after þys noble <sup>10</sup> mete, as ryzt was of such tyde,  
 þe kynztes atyled hem aboute in eche syde,

<sup>1</sup> *Antiquam namque consuetudinem curiæ seruantes Brittones, consueverant mares cum maribus, mulieres cum mulieribus festivos dies celebrare separatim* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Alle in on sewte, to serue the feste a non *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Malim, at.* <sup>4</sup> Of a nother siwte, to serue the butelrie *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *In palatio quoque reginæ innumerabiles ministri, diversis ornamentis induti, obsequium suum præstabant, morem suum exercentes. Quem si omnino describere pergerem,*

*nimiam prolixitatem historiæ generarem* Galfr. Mon. <sup>6</sup> Quene eke also ther was such courtaisye, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Stel, hit nolde suffice ther to. Wommen tolde of no knyght tho as in loue and druerye, But he were in armes preued atte leste thrye *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Tho the *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Chaster lyf to lede, *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Mete, ech wende in his syde, Knyghtes and squyers eke, and buskede hem to ryde, In the feldes and in the medes *Ar.*

In feldes and in medys to preue her bachelerye.  
 Somme wyþ lance, some wyþ suerd, wyþ oute vyleny, e  
 Wyþ pleyynge at <sup>1</sup> tables, oþer atte chekere,  
 Wyþ castynge oþer wyþ ssetynge, <sup>2</sup> oþer in som ogyrt manere.  
 And <sup>3</sup> wuch so of eny game adde þe maystrye,  
<sup>4</sup> þ kyng hem of ys gyfteþ dude large corteysye.  
 Vpe þe alurs of þe castles þe laydes þanne stode,  
 And byhulde þys noble game, & wyche kynzts were god.  
 Alle þe þre hexte dawes ylaste þys nobleye  
 In halles and in veldes, of mete and eke of pleye.  
 þys men come þe verþe day byuore þe kynge þere,  
 And he gef hem large gyftys, euere as hii wurþe were.  
 Byssopryches and cherches <sup>5</sup> clerkes he gef somme,  
 And castles and tounes kynztes þat were ycome."  
 Seyn Daud was þe kynge's vnle, hym he <sup>6</sup> gef aday  
 þe herchebyssopryche of Carleon, as he wel bysay.  
 Vor he was suyþe holy mon, <sup>7</sup> and munstre let rere,  
 þat me clepuþ in Walys Seyn Daud, & gut he lyþ þere.

<sup>1</sup> The tables, & the esche-  
 kere, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Othur som othur  
 manere. What man of any  
 game hadde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Quicumque*  
*ergo ludi sui victoriam adeptus*  
*erat, ab Arturo largis muneri-*  
*bus ditabatur* Galfr. Mon. <sup>4</sup> *Sic*  
*Codex Harleyanus; at in Ar.*  
*plane,* The kyng hem yaf  
 yifte grete, & dude hem cour-  
 taisye. An hegh vpon alures  
 ladies gonne by holde, To  
 waite ho so dude best, & most

was of tolde. Alle fulle fower  
 daies last thus hure pleye  
 In valeis aboute, and faire  
 feldes, & mete eke of nobleye.  
 The v. day come thes men  
 bifore the kyng there, *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> To clerkes he yaf sone,  
 Castelles to knyghtes eke, as  
 best hym thought to done. *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Yaf that day *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And  
 let a munstre rere In the cite  
 of Meneve, and lith nogh bu-  
 ryed there *Ar.*

þe byssopryche of Wýnchestre a god mon he zef þo,  
Of Chychestre anoþer, and gut oþer mo.

þe wule þe kýng and ys men aboute þys nobleye were,  
þer come in tuelf olde men myd <sup>1</sup> euene pas þere,

Men of wel vayr semblant, and branchys hii bere

Of olyue, as in sygne þat hii of pes were.

A letter <sup>2</sup> he toc þe kyng, þat þo he yt let rede.

Fram þe cenatour of Rome hii come, and þys seyde :

“ Lucie, þe cenatour of Rome, to Arture þe kyng,

“ <sup>3</sup> Send, þat he <sup>4</sup> ofte serued aþ, wyþ oute gretýnge.

“ Muche <sup>5</sup> me wondreþ and ouer muche of þy reuerýe,

“ Of þyn cruel luþer hede, and of þyn robbery;

“ And namelyche of þyn vn rygt ychabbe gret dedeýn,

“ þat þou to þe noble stede of Rome dest myd al þy mayn.

“ And þat þou nelt <sup>6</sup> hym ýknowe, ne do þyn seruage,

“ Ne vnder stonde hou luþer yt ys, to <sup>7</sup> do ený outrage

“ <sup>8</sup> Oþer werný out þe noble stude, þat al þe world <sup>9</sup> abueþ to.

“ Vor þyn auncetres dude al, þat we þe hoteþ do.

“ And þou, as in gret despyt of so noble seýnorye,

“ <sup>10</sup> Ne at halst nozt one þy truage, ac myd þy reuerýe

<sup>1</sup> *Moderatis passibus* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Hii toke to the kyng, and he than let hit rede. Fro Lucýe the senatour hit come, and thus hit sede: “ Lucie senatour, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Sendeth, as he hath deseruyd, with oute gretýng. Muche wonder we haueth of thi reuerýe, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *F.* of deserued aþ. <sup>5</sup> *Admirans vehementer admiror su-* *per tuæ tirannidis protervia. Admiror, inquam, & injuriam, quam Romæ intulisti, recolligens indignor* Galfr. Mon. <sup>6</sup> Hure *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Do hure eny *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Or greuy oght that noble stede, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Boweth *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Noght only at halst hure truage, but dost also roberie, By reuynist Fraunce and othur londes, *Ar.*



“ Rauyset France & oper londes, þat by Weste beþ echon,

“ þat bere <sup>1</sup> truage to Rome, & þoru þe ne doþ nogt non.

“ Vor þanne of þe gret despyt þe noble court of Rome

“ Rygt wole habbe of þe ýwys, þat þou hym dest ýlome.

“ Amydde haruest we þe setteþ day of þys nexte gere,

“ At Rome vorto ansuerýe, and þat þou be þe sulf þere

“ We þe hoteþ, vorto auonge þat þe court þe wole deme.

“ And bote þou do <sup>2</sup> of one þyng nym wel gode geme,

“ þat ýchylle my sulf þe seche out, & þoru suerd restore

“ Al þat þý reuerýe vs aþ by nome, and more.

þys was a prout mandement, <sup>3</sup> and an heynol ðede.

þe kyng adde þerof gret despyt, þo he hurde ýt rede.

Vor þe vorste truage, þat he sende to Rome, of seluer oper  
of golde,

þat was Lucýe's bod aslawe, burýe gyf hii ýt wolde.

The kyng cluped ac nogt vor þan ys conseyl wel sone,

To ansuerýe to þys <sup>4</sup> mandement, wat were best to done.

Cadour, erle of Cornwayle, stod somdel and lou,

And verste seyde ys auýs mýde gode wylle ýnou.

<sup>1</sup> Som tyme truage to Rome, & nogh bereth hii non. And for this ilke grete despit the noble Court of Rome Ryght wole haue of, that thugh hast mysdo ofte y lome *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Of that y seighe take ryght nogh good yeme, Elles my self y wole the seche, and thurgh my sweord restore

Al that thugh vs hast bynome, and yut ther to wel more *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> And gret manassyng. The kyng hadde foul scorn of this ilke bostynge. For in stede of truage of siluer and of goolde He sende hem Lucie's body, burie hit ho so wolde *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Ilke lettre, what *Ar.*

“ Syre,

" Syre," he sede, " her <sup>1</sup> býuore ychabbe ýbe sore drad,  
 " Laste <sup>2</sup> þat ýdel lyf, þat þýne men <sup>3</sup> abbýþ ý lad,  
 " Nou moný day out of los and in sleuþe hem brogþe.  
 " Vor wanne men beþ al ydel, þat er bataýles sogþe,  
 " Her ýdelnesse hem ssal brýnge to synne lecherye,  
 " To tauerne, and <sup>4</sup> to sleuþe, and to hasarderye.  
 " Hyt ýs neý výf ȝer, þat we abbýþ ýlyued in such vyce,  
 " Vor we <sup>5</sup> nadde noht to done, and in suche delýce.  
 " And þer wýþ <sup>6</sup> nýs noht God ýpayd, þer vore he aþ ybrogt  
 " þe Romeýns <sup>7</sup> in suche wýlle, þat we nere to ýdel noht,  
 " Ac þat we come to vr stat aȝen of vre verste prowesse,  
 " Lest we felle in dedlych sunne vor vr ýdelnýsse.  
 þo he adde ysed ýs auýs, & oþere hým bere wýtnýsse,  
<sup>8</sup> þe kyng Arture sede ys al in gladnesse.  
 " ȝe louerdýnges," he sede, " þat ychabbe in conseýl & in batayle  
 " ý fonded as vor aȝte men, þat me nolde neuere fayle,  
 " Doþ nou <sup>9</sup> al ȝoure wyt þerto, me wel to consayle,  
 " <sup>10</sup> And ych hopýe we ssolle þe lasse recche of þe Romeýns  
 taýle.

<sup>1</sup> *Huc usque in timore fueram, ne Britones, longa pace quietos, otium, quod ducunt, ignavos faceret, famamque militiæ, qua ceteris gentibus clariores censeantur, in eis omnino deleteret Galfr. Mon.* <sup>2</sup> The ydel *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Longe haueth y lad, Nogh out of hure good loos in to slouth hem broghte *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> To drunkenesse, & oþur hasardrie *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hadde noht to done, and haue had oure delice *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Is noht God a payd, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> In to such a will, that we be ydel noht *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Than seide kyng Arthur in murthe & in gladnesse. " Ye lordynges, that y preued haue in consail and bataille, And as noble men founde, & wolde me neuere faille, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucii tolerare poterimus, si communi studio præmeditati fuerimus, quibus modis eam debilitare*

tare

- “ Vor me þencheþ myd vn rygt hii <sup>1</sup> esseþ vs truage.  
 “ Vor <sup>2</sup> July Cesar yt nom vorst myd strengþe & myd outrage,  
 þoru descord & contek, þat bytuene vr elderne vas þo.  
 “ He nom verst myd vnrygt, & brogte þat lond in wo.  
 “ And þyng þat ys myd strengþe ynom, hou mygte yt be myd rygt?  
 “ Vor he <sup>3</sup> naþ reson non, bote robberye and mygt.  
 “ <sup>4</sup> And <sup>5</sup> myd as reson we mowe of hem esse ywys.  
 “ Bere he þanne þe oþer truage, þat byneþe ys.  
 “ Vor July and oþer emperours, hii seggeþ, com þer to,  
 “ þat emperors were of Rome. ych may segge al so,

*tare institerimus. Quam non multum timendam nobis existimo, cum irrationabili causa exigat tributum, quod ex Britannia habere desiderat Galfr. Mon.* <sup>10</sup> And casteth, hogh to make a knotte in the Romaynes taille *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Axeth *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Julius Cesar alther furst tok hit with outrage, For a contek that bytwyne oure eldrene was tho. He nom hit furst with vnright, & brogth the lond in wo. That thyng, that with wrong is nome, hogh myght hit be with right? *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hath no reson to, but *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And with also good reson we mowe of hem y wis Abere thilke truage, that as thyng robbed is. For by Julie and other emperours hii thenk-

eth come ther to, And we in the same manere may seye also, That oure auncetres of this lond som tyme wonne Rome, As Belyn & Brenne, noble men that ye haue hurd of y lome *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Quoniam ergo id, quod injustum est, à nobis præsumpsit exigere, consimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ, & qui fortior supervenerit ferat quod habere exoptavit. Nam si, quia Julius Cæsar, ceterique Romani reges Britanniam olim subjugarunt, vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit, similiter nunc ego censeo, quod Roma mihi tributum reddere debet, quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt. Belinus etenim &c. Galfr. Mon.*

“ þat

" þat myn auncetres of þys lond wyle wonne Rome,  
 " As Bely þe noble kyng, þat ze abbeþ yhurð y lome,  
 " And Constantyn, Eleyne sone, <sup>1</sup> hii wuteþ wel Rome nom,  
 " And subþe Maxymyan, and of <sup>2</sup> beyre blod ych com,  
 " Myn auncetres <sup>3</sup> were alle þre, & kynges of þys londe,  
 " <sup>4</sup> And wonne þe emperye of Rome, & boþe adde an honde.  
 " Of <sup>5</sup> France & <sup>6</sup> oþer londes, þat we wonne myd vr mygte,  
 " We mowe segge, þat we <sup>7</sup> nabbeþ to ansuerye nozt myd rygte.  
 " Wanne hii for soke ys, & for slewþed, & to non defence ne  
     come,  
 " þo we þoru chyualerye out of her poer ys nome.  
 " Vor hii ne mowe nozt segge, þat with treson, oþer stalþe, yt  
     were do.  
 " Vor wyþinne nye zere non of hem ne com enes þer to.  
 Howwel, kyng of þe oþer Brytayne, þo he hurde þys he sede :  
 " þey ech of vs sete alday, þe beste red to rede,  
 " Betere ansuere ne ssolde we fynde, <sup>8</sup> þan ge abbeþ nou ysed.  
 " þere vore we agte honoury wel of so noble wyt þy red.

<sup>1</sup> Ye witeth *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *F* heyre.  
*Nam hure in Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hii were  
 alle *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hii wonne them-  
 perie of Rome, & tho hii hitte  
 hadde an honde *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Cen-*  
*setisne ergo vectigal ex Roma-*  
*nis petendum? De Gallia au-*  
*tem sive collateralibus insulis*  
*non est respondendum, cum*  
*illas diffugeretur defendere,*  
*quando easdem potestati eorum*  
*subtraheremus Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>6</sup> Of other londes, that we  
 wonne with vnryght *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Ne

mogh answeere ther to with  
 ryght. When they forsok  
 and for sleuthede, and to non  
 defence come, Tho we thurgh  
 chiuallrye out of hure hondes  
 hit nome. For hii ne mogh  
 seye with treson, ne with  
 stalthe, hit was do, For thes  
 ix. yer non of hem ones come  
 ther to *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Than that that  
 ye han sede. Wel oughte the  
 man honoured be, that is so  
 noble of rede *Ar.*

" Vor

“ Vor <sup>1</sup> gýfwe in þys manere wendeþ, we ne fayleþ <sup>2</sup> anone wyse,

“ þat we ne ssolde abbe þe maystre, wanne we defendeþ oure franchise.

“ And wo so anoþer monne's <sup>3</sup> god bynýme wole mýd vnrygt,

“ Mýd rygt he may ys <sup>4</sup> owe lese, gýf þe defendor aþ þe mygte.

“ And <sup>5</sup> wanne þe Romeyns aboute beþ, vs to bynýme vr rygte,

“ Wýþ reson we <sup>6</sup> wolle hem bynýme, gýf we mowe to gadere fygt.

“ Nou ýt worþ <sup>7</sup> zended, þat Sybyle þe sage sede bý uore,

“ þat þer ssold of Brutayne þre men be ýbore,

“ þat ssold wýnne þe emperye of Rome, <sup>8</sup> & þe tueye ýdo ýt ys,

“ As of Bely and Constantýn. & þou art þe þrydde ywýs.

“ Hye <sup>9</sup> nou vaste vorto auonge þys noble honour al,

“ To brynge hem vnder þe, <sup>10</sup> þat þe wolde make her þral.

“ Hye <sup>11</sup> nou to anhansý vs alle, & ýnelle nozt be byhynde,

“ Ten þousend hors <sup>12</sup> ywrye, ých þe wolle fynde.

<sup>1</sup> *Nam si, juxta prædictam rationem, Romam adire uolueris, non dubito quin triumpho potiamur, dum libertatem nostram tueamur; dum juste ab inimicis nostris exigamus, quod à nobis injuste ipsi repetere inceperunt. Quicumque enim sua alteri eripere conatur, merito, quæ sua sunt, per eum, quem impetit, amittit* Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> In non wise, To haue the maistre, in defence of oure owene franchise *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> Good taketh with vnright, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Owene lease, & the defendour haue myght *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Sutte the the Romeynes beth aboute to reue vs of oure right, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Wolleth hem hure bynyme, & to gederes fight *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Fulfuld, that *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Of the two do hit is, *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> The faste for to *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> That wolde the make thral *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Blyue to a vance vs alle, y wole nozt be by hynde, *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> Heled ther to y wole the fynde *Ar.*

Aunsel,

Aunsel, þat þe kȳng adde ýmad kȳng of Scotlonde,  
 Glad ý nou was <sup>1</sup> myd þys word, & vor joye held vp ýs lionde.  
 "Vor þat," he sede, "ýchabbe ýhurd, so gret joye ýchabbe  
 and blys,  
 "<sup>2</sup> þat ý nabbe non tonge, þat mowe al yt ssewe ýwys.  
 "Vor al, þat we abbýþ of londes and of kynges byuore  
 "ý wonne myd chýualerýe, yt þyncþ me al vor lore,  
 "Bote we of Romeýns be awreke & of Saxons al so,  
 "þat vre elderne er þýs so mucþe ssame abbeþ ýdo.  
 "And nou þe tyme ýs icome, þat we mowe ben awreke,  
 "So glad ýcham, <sup>3</sup> þat ý not, wat vor joye speke.  
 "Vor ý ne wýlnede neuere þýng so mucþe, as ych do her blod,  
 "<sup>4</sup> Ou! Jhesu! þat þulke day worþ me suete and god.  
 "Suete wolleþ þe wounded be to me, & noþýng stronge:  
 "Suete wole ek my deþ be, gýf ych ým auonge  
 "Vorto awreke <sup>5</sup> hor faderes, & to holde vp oure franchýse,  
 "And vorto <sup>6</sup> anansý our kȳng, as we ssolde in al wyse.  
 "Seche <sup>7</sup> we out þulke halue men, ne abyde we nogt to longe,  
 "þat <sup>8</sup> we after her wrecche deþ her londes auonge.  
 "And ycholle our ost eche, and our bachelerýe,  
 "Wýþoute archers & vot men, wýþ tuo þousend hors ý wrye.

<sup>1</sup> For that word *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> That I haue no tonge, to telle hogh joyful my herte is *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> That I ne wot, what *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Me thinketh, to haue to do o day with hem wold do me good. Softe wolde the woundes be to me, and no thyng stronge: Swete wolde also be my deth, yf y hym shal

a fonge *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Oure *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> A vaunce *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Aggrediamur igitur semiviros illos, & aggrediendo perstemus, ut, devictis ipsis, eorum honoribus cum læta potiamur victoria* Galfr. Mon. <sup>8</sup> We mogh, when they beth dede, hure faire londes fonge *Ar.*

Of

Of men here of þys lond þe kyng adde þer wyþoute  
 Syxtý þousend hors <sup>1</sup> y wrye, & þat was a uayr route.  
 þe kynges of sýx ýles ek, as Norþewey & Yrlonde,  
 Godlond and Orcadas, Denemarch and Yslonde.  
 Sene kynges ek aboute Fraunce, as Brutayne & Normandye,  
 Gascoýne and Aungeo, and al so Pýcardye,  
 Of Peyto, and of oþer tuo, and <sup>2</sup> dozze pers of France.  
 Among hem alle <sup>3</sup> hii were syker al, wyþoute balance,  
 Of an hondred þousend hors, & four score þousend þerto,  
 And þre <sup>4</sup> sousend wel ywrye, & tuo hondred also,  
 Wyþoute fot men, þat were so vale, þat þer nas of non ende,  
 þys was a uayr compaynye, þoru al þe world to wende.  
 þo þys was syker & byspeke, þe kyng hem het <sup>5</sup> echom,  
 þat hii wende ech in ýs syde to her contreye anon,  
 And þat hii alammasse day myd her poer come  
 Echone to Barbesflet, and þes veage nome.  
 þe kyng bed þe messagers, þat hii þe senatour sede,  
 þat he wolde to Rome come, ac no truage hym to lede,  
 Ac vorto conquesty of hym þulke sulue seruage,  
 þat hii askyþ of hym <sup>6</sup> vyllyche, and myd outrage,

<sup>1</sup> Y heled, and that *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Dusze *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Syker hii  
 were, with oute variaunce.  
 An hundred thusend hors he  
 led, of fotmen was non ende.  
 Ther was a faire companye  
 thurgh al the wordle to wen-  
 de. Tho that al this was  
 byspoke, and syker were  
 alle at on, Euery man to his  
 contre highede sone anon, I

charged a Lammasse day with  
 hure power hii come Euery  
 man to Barbefleet, and this  
 viage nome. Thanne to the  
 messagers answerd Arthur the  
 kyng, That to Rome he wolde  
 come and no truage bryng,  
 But forto wyne ther of hem  
 thulke self seruage, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Sic.*  
<sup>5</sup> *L.* echon. <sup>6</sup> Spitously, *Ar.*

And

And þat he wolde to Rome come þe day þat hii hym sette  
<sup>1</sup> þe rygte abbe weþer so mygte, wanne hii hem to gadere  
 mette.

þus <sup>2</sup> departede <sup>3</sup> þo" þe court, and <sup>4</sup> eche in ys syde  
 garked hem agen þe day, vor hii <sup>5</sup> mygte leng abyde."

**LUCYE** þe senatour, þo he wuste þys maundement,  
 Sone he adde wyde aboute ys messagers <sup>6</sup> ysend,  
 Vorto gadery to ys help al <sup>7</sup> þat poer of Rome,  
 So þat agen Lammasse alle þes kыnges to hym come,  
 Of Affryc and of Grece, of Spayne and of Sýrye,  
 Of Medes and of Perces, <sup>8</sup> of <sup>9</sup> Ytours, of Lybye,  
 Of Egypt and of Babylonye, and of Frugye,  
 And al so of <sup>10</sup> Mesopot, of Bytynie, of Boecye.  
 Alle þes kыnges, and al oþer þat were by Este Rome  
 And al þat to Rome ssolde seruýse, to hym comè,  
 So þat fourty þousand hors & syxty hondred also  
 þer were, <sup>11</sup> þo hii gare were, þys chyualerye to do.  
 Kыng <sup>12</sup> Arture bytok Modred, ys sýster sone, ych wene  
<sup>13</sup> þys lond to loke, þo he wende, & Gouvernewaur þe quene.

<sup>1</sup> And ryght haue ho so myght,  
 when hii to gederes mette *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> *Digrediuntur ergo legati,  
 digrediuntur reges, digredi-  
 untur proceres, &, quod eis  
 præceptum fuerat, perficere  
 non differunt* Galfr. Mon.

<sup>3</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Euery man wende  
 ou his syde, And euery man  
 to holde his day a rayde hym  
 thanne to ryde *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *F.* ne

mygte leng. <sup>6</sup> *Sent Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The  
 power *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Of Tharce and  
 of Libie *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> *Ituræorum*  
 Galfr. Mon. <sup>10</sup> Mesopotanie  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Tho hii were alle  
 redy, this *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> *Compo-  
 sito igitur adventu ipsorum,  
 Arturus, Modredo nepoti  
 suo conservandam Britanniam  
 atque Gannumaræ* [Sic Co-  
 dex MS. quem mihi perquam be-



Vor he truste to <sup>1</sup>hym mest, as me þyngþ he wel agte,  
<sup>2</sup>And, as ge ssolde her after yhure, hii brogte hym suppe to  
 nazte.

Myd al ys ost of þys londe to Souþhamptone he wende,  
 And dude hym <sup>3</sup>in see, myd wynd þat God hym sende.

þo he come ver in þe see, and he aslepe was,

<sup>4</sup>At tyme of mydnygt of þe nygt, hym mette a greuou cas.

Hym þogte he sey a grýslych beore <sup>5</sup>fle in þe eyr anhey,

<sup>6</sup>þat alle þe þauenes quakede of þe flygt hym þogte he sey.

And an dreduol dragon fram þe West come myd hym to fygte,

þat <sup>7</sup>þe leom of ys eyen al þe contreye <sup>8</sup>lygte.

An þe dragon <sup>9</sup>velde þulke bere, & to grounde hym caste.

<sup>10</sup>An noþer dragon com fram Est, & myd þulke dragon fagt  
 vaste."

þo þe kýnge awok, he told ys meýne of þys cas.

And some býþogte, and tolde wat þe <sup>11</sup>býtokne was,

nigne donavit amicissimus Gra-  
 vesius, licet alii *Guenoveram*  
 & *Guenheram*, vel *Gonnoram*  
 sive *Gouernwauram* appellent]  
*reginæ committens, cum exer-*  
*citu suo portum Haymonis a-*  
*divit, ubi tempestivo ventorum*  
*flatu mare ingressus est Galfr.*  
 Mon. <sup>13</sup>Hys lond to kepe,  
 tho he wende, & also Gonnore  
 the quene *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *F. hem.* <sup>2</sup> *Ac,* as ye schulle  
 her after hure, to most sorwe  
 he hym broght *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Forth  
 in the see, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Euene a*

boute mydnyght, hym mette a  
 wonder cas *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Fle out of*  
 the Est an hegh, That alle  
 men, that negh hym were,  
 quaked, whan they hym segh.  
 A grisly dragon fro by Weste  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Cujus murmure tota lit-*  
*tora intremebant Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>7</sup> Thurgh the lightnesse of  
 his eyen *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *A light Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> *Ouercome this bere, Ar.*

<sup>10</sup> *Loco hujus versus hæc habet*  
*Ar.* And ded left hym in the  
 feld, this Arthur sore a gaste  
*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> *Bitoknyng Ar.*

þat

þat þe dragon of by Weste bytokned þe kȳng Arture,  
 And þe beore som foul geant, þat me ssolde of yhure:  
<sup>1</sup> þat he ssolde ouercome þe geant; & þe dragon of byheste  
 Bytokned þe emperour of Rome, & þe batayle of the beste  
 Ouercome bytokned þat þe Romeyns ssolde al so.  
 Ac þe kȳng ne jugede noȝt, þat yt ssolde be so y do,  
 þer after hii come" to Barbesflet, & pȳgte þer by syde  
 Her tentes and pauylons, her compaynye to abyde.  
 Under þat þer com word to þe kȳng Arture,  
 þat þe meste geant, þat mon ssolde of yhure,  
 Out of þe lond of Spayne com, & adde <sup>2</sup> ynome" Elejnc,  
 þat was so vaȳr, þe kȳnge's nece Howwel of Brutayne,  
 And vpe þe mount of Seȳn Mȳchel yre lede atte laste,  
 And þe kȳngtes of þe lond sywed after vaste,  
 Ac hii ne mygte nout aȝen hȳm do. Vor <sup>3</sup> weþer so hii wende  
 By water, oþer by londe, anon rȳgt he hem ssende,  
<sup>4</sup> Mȳd gleyue oþer mȳd roches, and newe alȳue he let.  
 And some he mȳd strengþe nom, & al quyc hem fret.  
<sup>5</sup> Al stȳllyche wyþinne nȳgt þe kȳng nom ys boteler  
 Bedwer, þat nomon yt wste, and Gaȳ ys panyter,

<sup>1</sup> Some seide also, that the kȳng sholde with honour Fighte er longe were with the Cenatour, And seide, the Cenatour bi tokned the best of by Est, And Arthur to the dragon that com fro by West. Ther after hii come *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Rauesshed *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Nam sive mari, sive terra illum invadebant, aut naves eorum ingentibus saxis*

*obruerat, aut diversorum generum telis interimebat. Sed & plures capiebat, quos semivivos devorabat Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>4</sup> With speres & stones also, fewe a lyue he let *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Al stillely, whan hit was nyght, Arthur clepede a part Beduer his boteler, and Kay his stiward, And two squyers with hem also, that he muche

(Vor he truste to hem meste) and wende vorþ as alone,  
 Vor <sup>1</sup> he volde to such geant verdes lede vone  
 Vor o body, as we seyþ, and so muche ek he truste  
 To hym sulue & to hardýssý. Ys men wanne hii yt wuste,  
 þo he come toward þys hul, a gret fur þeruppe he sey,  
 And anoþer vppe a lasse hul, þat þer bysyde was neý.  
 Nou <sup>2</sup> nuste hii" to soþe, vppe weþer þe geant were;  
 Bedwer he sende vorto aspýe stylelyche verst þere.  
 Verst to þe lasse hul <sup>3</sup> myd <sup>4</sup> assýp, þat he vond,  
 He wende al by water, vor he he <sup>5</sup> mygt nogt alonde.  
 þo <sup>6</sup> he com <sup>7</sup> vp þe hul an heý, he hurde atte bygynnýg  
 Of a womman a deoluol cry, and a pytous wepynge."  
 Verst he was sore adrad, þat þe geant were þere neý,  
 And napeles he <sup>8</sup> hente herte, & drou more an heý.  
 • þo vond he <sup>10</sup> zere þet fur, and a lute þer bysyde.  
<sup>11</sup> An <sup>12</sup> buryels al nywe ýmad, & a womman, þat so cryde,

triste, And wende forth al pri-  
 uely, that his ost hit nyste.  
 Whan thei negh the hulles  
 come, a fure uppon they segh,  
 And vpon the lasse hulle a  
 nother that were somdel negh.  
 Than nuste hii *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Tanta namque virtute præ-  
 valendo negligebat contra talia  
 monstra exercitum ducere, cum  
 & suos hoc modo inanimaret,  
 & solus ad illa destruenda suffi-  
 ceret Galfr. Mon. <sup>2</sup> Dubitantes  
 illico super quem eorum habi-  
 tasset gigas, Beduerum diri-  
 gunt, ut certitudinem rei explo-  
 raret Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup> In a bot, that*

he fond, *Ar. <sup>4</sup> Navicula Galfr.  
 Mon. <sup>5</sup> Myght by lond Ar.  
<sup>6</sup> Cujus [montis] dum cacumen  
 incepisset ascendere, audito  
 desuper femineo ululato [Sic  
 Codex ille, quem mihi dono de-  
 dit amicissimus Gravesius, non  
 ululatu] primo inhorruit, quia  
 dubitavit monstrum adesse  
 Galfr. Mon. • Up to the hulle  
 an hegh, at the bygynnyng, Of a  
 womman he hurde a cry pitously  
 playnyng *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Tok good herte,  
*Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Tho he fond ther a fuyr,  
 and a lytel *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Sic qui-  
 dem Codex (quem sequimur)  
 Harleyanus, pro quo alii (ut**

Alner holded sytte þere, and anon, so heo y sey  
 þe kȳng Bedwer, heo sȳgte, and bygan to grede an heȳ,  
 " Alas ! alas ! þou wrecche mon, wuch mȳs aventure  
 " Haþ þe ybrogt in to þȳs stede, alas ! hou ssalt on dure ?  
 " Alas ! þe pȳnes, þat þou ssalt sone þolye, deþ !  
 " þe pȳte, þat ychabbe of þe, þoru out mȳn herte geþ.  
 " Vor þȳs verbroyde geant, abbe he of the an sȳgt,  
 " þȳ fayre body so gentȳl vor suolwe he wole to nȳgt.  
 " Vor he wole sone come þulke verbroyde pece,  
 " þat nom Helene, noble mayde, kȳng Howwel nece,"  
 " þat ychabbe nou rȳgt her ybured, was norȳse ych was,  
 " þat was al mȳ soule, & al mȳ lyf, ych wene non such nas.

*in Ar.) þer (sive þere) forsitan  
 malint. Sed zere (quod para-  
 tum notat) retineo.* <sup>11</sup> A bu-  
 rielew newe made, & the wom-  
 man, that cride, Al for olded  
 & for wope, and tho heo segh  
 Bedewer, " Lord haue mer-  
 cy," sheo sayde, " on the man,  
 " what dost though nouth her ?  
 " Alas!" sheo seide, " though  
 " wrecche man, what mȳs a  
 " venture Hath broght the to  
 " this stede, hogh shalt though  
 " longe endure? The pite,  
 " that y haue of the, thurgh  
 " my herte it geth. Sory I  
 " am, that though shalt suffre  
 " sone deth. For this foule  
 " Geant, haue he of the a-  
 " syght, Thi body, that so

" gentil is, wole sone be to  
 " twyght. For hider he wole  
 " come right sone—that ilke  
 " foule pece, That rauesshede  
 " faire Eleyne, kyng Howele's  
 " nece *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> *Inspexit quo-  
 que tumulum recenter factum,  
 & juxta eum quandam anum  
 flentem & ejulantem. Quæ  
 ut eum aspexit, conspectum  
 fletu impediante in hunc mo-  
 dum profata est: " O infelix  
 " homo, quod infortunium te  
 " in hunc locum subvectat ?  
 " O! inenarrabiles mortis  
 " pœnas passure! miseret me  
 " tui, miseret, quia tam detes-  
 " tabile monstrum florem ju-  
 " ventutis tuæ in hac nocte  
 " consumet Galfr. Mon.*

“<sup>1</sup> And <sup>2</sup> þe wule he wolde þys tendre þyng wemmȳ foule  
 y nou,  
 “ And heo ne myȝte yt soffry noȝt, myd lecherye he yr slou.  
 “ þo eode he to me olde <sup>3</sup> werche, to endy ys <sup>4</sup> floule cas,  
 (“ To wytnesse God ych take, þat agen my wylle yt was)  
 “ And dude by me ys lecherye, alas! þulke stounde!  
 “ þer uor fle þou hendy mon, vor syker be þou y founde,  
 “ Wanne he comþ by me to lȳgge, he wole þe lȳme mele  
 “ To drawe and vorsuolwe, perauntre at onę mele.  
 Bedwer” bygan to comforty þe womman in þe place,  
 And by het yre bote of hyre wo bytyme, þoru Gode’s grace,  
 And wende agen to þe kyng, and tolde al þys cas.  
 þe kyng was sory, þo he wuste, þat <sup>5</sup> þet mayde aslawe was,  
 “ Ac anauntre he þoȝte hym do, & dude hym <sup>7</sup> in weye,  
 þys clene mayde vorto <sup>8</sup> awreke, and ys felawes beye.

<sup>1</sup> And as this foule Geant  
 wold haue leye hure by, This  
 ilk faire mayde he sloȝht  
 thurgh his lechery. Tho yede  
 he to me, olde wrecche, his  
 lechorye to fulfille, I take  
 God to wytnesse hit was a ye  
 my wille, So that euere wole,  
 whan hym lust with me haue  
 a do. And thus I lyue in this  
 penance, and dury moch wo.  
 Wel sone he wole come her  
 to me, and if though her be  
 founde, Though shalt sey  
 waillaway, & curse the harde  
 stounde. Bedewer *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Nam-*  
*que, recepto infra tenerri-*

*mum pectus timore, dum eam*  
*nefandus ille amplecteretur,*  
*vitam, diuturniore luce dig-*  
*nam, finivit. Ut igitur illam,*  
*quæ erat mihi altera spes, al-*  
*tera vita, altera dulcedo jo-*  
*cunditatis, fædo coitu suo de-*  
*turpare nequirit, detestanda*  
*venere succensus, mihi invitæ*  
*(Deum & senectutem meam*  
*testor) violentiam ingessit.*  
*Fuge, dilecte mi, fuge, &c.*  
*Galfr. Mon. <sup>3</sup> L. wrecche. <sup>4</sup> L.*  
*foule. <sup>5</sup> The Ar. <sup>6</sup> In a*  
*venture Ar. <sup>7</sup> In his weye,*  
*Ar. <sup>8</sup> A wreke, with his*  
*felawes tweye Ar.*

Ar hii come vpe <sup>1</sup> þys hul, arst he was ycome  
 þys grýslyche geant, & hadde an vatte baru ýnome,  
 And ýspýted lým þoru out myd an ýrene spýte,  
 And rostede in þys grete fure, to abbe þe folle býte.  
 Artur bed ýs <sup>2</sup> felawes, talate hým ýworþe alone,  
 Ac gýf hii seye hým i nede, þat hii ne made targynge none.  
 Kýng Artur hým blessede, and baldelyche ýnou  
 Toward þys grýslyche <sup>3</sup> fourme myd gode herte hým drou.  
 þe <sup>4</sup> geant, þo he sey hým come, býgan ys mace adrawe,  
 þat tueye stalwarde men ne ssolde nozt <sup>5</sup> enes wawe.  
 Toward <sup>6</sup> þe heued þe kýng he smot, ac he hente myd ýs  
 sselde.  
 Ac gut he brýde aladoun, and wel harde ýt velde.  
 Vor yt <sup>7</sup> þorte al þe hul myd þe stroc was astoned.  
 Artur was lyzt ynou, as he was ýwoned.  
 He hupe vp, þo he wroþþe was, and ys suerd adrou,  
 And smot <sup>8</sup> þen ssrewe in the frount, myd gode ernest ýnouz.

<sup>1</sup> To the hul, the Geant was come, And hadde broght a gret swyn, that he hadde nome, *Ar.*  
 Felawes tho to lete hym al one, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup>Gest with good hert he drogh *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Mox illos ut, nihil tale præmeditatus, aspexit, festinavit clavam suam sumere, quam duo iuvenes vix à terræ erigerent, Evaginavit ergo rex gladium suum, & prætenso clipeo, quantum velocitas sinebat, properabat eum præcedere, antequam clavam cepisset. At ille, non ignarus meditationis, jam cepe-*

*rat eam, regemque interposito clipeo tanto conamine percussit, quod sonitus ictus & tota littora replevit, & aures ejusdem ultra modum hebetavit* Galfr. Mon. <sup>5</sup> Ones *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> The kyng's hed he smot, he hept hym with his shelde. But yut he bowede hit al doun, and wel harde hit felde. For hit ferde of the stroc al the hulle was stoned. Arthur was light a fote, as he was woned. And lept vp, tho he wraþed was, *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *F. þozte,*  
<sup>8</sup> The *Ar.*

Ac þe vel & fless was so <sup>1</sup> bard, & þe scolle hard & þycke,  
 þat, vor þey yt ne come nozt þoru, þe dunt nas nozt wycke.  
 And ys mace he dude ek bytuene, <sup>2</sup> ac þet blod adoun wende  
 So vaste in eye, and in face, þat hym ney ablende.  
 þe kyng <sup>3</sup> hupte her & þer, & leyde on euere vaste,  
 So strong vas þe ssrewe, þat no dunt ne myzte hym adoun  
 caste.

He vemde, & grunte, & stod azen, as yt were a strong bor,  
 þat euere wole azen þe stroc, vorte he ne may namor.  
 þe kyng smot euere her and þer, so þat atte laste  
 Ernest of herte he nome to hym, and adrou so vaste  
 Calyburne, ys god suerd, þat he scolle clef a tuo,  
 þat þe suerd was al þer inne yhud, <sup>4</sup> þat brayn ornout also.  
 þo <sup>5</sup> grýslých gal þe ssrewe þo, þat grislych was ys bere.  
 He vel dounz as a gret ok, þat byneþe ycorue were,  
 þat yt þogte þat al hul myd þe vallýnge ssok.  
 þo stod þe kyng and lou, þey ech lýme hym ok,  
 Vor he was wery yfagt. Bedwer he het þere,  
 þat he <sup>6</sup> croune of þe grislych heued, & to castel bere.  
 So þat hii come to her felawes <sup>7</sup> in dawýnge.  
 So noble <sup>8</sup> los nas neuere yhurd, as me bar þo þe kýnge.

<sup>1</sup> Togh, and the scolle so  
 thicke, That hit greuede hym  
 nozt ful muche, thegh he harde  
 hitte *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And yut the blod  
 out wende, And ran in his eyen  
 so, that hit hym muche a blen-  
 de *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Lepte *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The  
 brayn orn out also. So grisly  
 yul the sherrewe, and grisly

was his bere, And fel doun  
 as an oke, that for torne  
 were *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Exclamavit ve-*  
*ro invisus ille, & velut quer-*  
*cus, ventorum viribus era-*  
*dicata, cum maximo sonitu*  
*corruit* Galfr. Mon. <sup>6</sup> Smyte  
 of *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> In the dawenyng  
*Ar.* <sup>8</sup> A los was neuere *Ar.*

Hys men truste þe bet to hym, and mony blessynge  
 He adde, vor he delyuerede men of an so voule þynge.  
 þo kyng Arture's men y come were echon,  
 Sone hii drowe hem toward France, vorto seche her son.  
 Hem com tytynge, þat <sup>1</sup> emperour to France ycome was  
 Myd so gret folc hym to seche, þat such neuere yseye was.  
 þer of nas noȝt þe kyng adrad, <sup>2</sup> ac vorþore he wende bysyde,  
 And bygan to <sup>3</sup> puthe ys pauylons, hym vorto abyde.  
 þe erl of Oxenford he nom, and anoþer erl al so,  
 And syre Waweyn, ys systersone, þo al þys was ydo,  
 And to Lucye þe senatour in þys manere hem sende,  
 To hote hym, þat hastelyche out of France he wende,  
 Oþer þat he come <sup>4</sup> amorwe, batayle vorto do,  
 Vorto cuþe, weþer adde beterre ryȝt þer to.  
<sup>5</sup> þys noble kyngtes wende vorþ, and hete Lucye so  
 Vorto wende out of France, <sup>6</sup> oþer batayle do.  
 Quynntylyan, ys neuue, ansuerede atten ende,  
 þat he nas noȝt þuder ycome, out þanne vorto wende,  
 Ac to gouerny France, <sup>7</sup> þat of ryȝte of Rome ys,  
 And þat bote zulpynge and bost noþyng myd Brutons nys.  
<sup>8</sup> Syre <sup>9</sup> Waweyn, þe gode kyngt, was þo wroþ ynou,  
 And among al þat folc hupte ner, and ys suerd adrou,

<sup>1</sup> Themperour *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Ac wende ther by side *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Picche his pavelones, themperour to a bide *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> On the morwe, *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Thes *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Or elles the bataille do. The senatour's cosyn Quincian answered gayne atten-  
 ende, *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> That holden of Rome is, *Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> Sire Wawayn the good knyght was tho wroth y nogh, God wot, And sodeynly drough his sweord, & of his hed he smot, And with that hed to hors he lepte, ther folwede hym y



And smot of þat heued, & anon þat heued myd hym nom,  
 And wyþ ys felawes to ys hors vor hem all gut he com.  
 Ac wat an horse, wat a vote, þe Romeyns hym sywyde ynouȝ,  
 Vorto awreke her gret maýster, þat syre Waweýn slou.  
 Gerýn, erl of Carcoýs, þat myd kyng Arture was,  
 He byturnede hym þo he sey þe Romeyns luþer pas,  
 And on þoru out þat body he smot myd ys lance.  
 þe erl of Oxenford ek þogte of ys cheance,  
 And byturnde hym, & myd ys lance þoru þe þrote smot on.  
 And þus þýs þre gode kynȝtýs stured hem among her fon.  
 þo was þer on, þat het Marcel, þat fondede myd al ys maýn,  
 Forto <sup>1</sup> awreke Quintýlyan, to sle syre Waweýn.  
 Syre Waweýn hym byturnde, & an stroc hym zef,  
 þat al <sup>2</sup> þat heued & þe brest <sup>3</sup> clanlýche hym to clef.  
 "Go," he seyde, "to <sup>4</sup> Quintýlyan in helle þer he ys,  
 "And seye hym, þat syre Waweýn hym sende word þýs,  
 "þat suche strokes þe Brutons conne zýue ýwys,  
 "<sup>5</sup> þat he seyde, þat myd hym bote zulpýnge & bost nýs.  
 "Vor <sup>6</sup> ýchot wel þuder þou ssalt, þýn del þou myȝt hym ssewe.  
 Hýs felawes he bed turne agen, <sup>7</sup> al þey hii were vewe.

nowe Of Romeyns, to haue  
 wreke hure maistre, & made  
 gret a vowe. Geryn Erl of  
 Chartres, that messenger alsowas,  
 Byturnde hym, whan he sey the  
 Romaynes folwe such a paas,  
 And thurgh the body on he smot  
 with his good launce *Ar.* <sup>9</sup>*Ira-*  
*tus illico Gwalguanús, ense,*  
*quo accinctus erat, irruit in*  
*eum, & ejusdem capite ampu-*  
*tato, ad equos cum sociis re-*

*greditur. Insequuntur ita-*  
*que Romani, partim pede,*  
*partim equis, ut concivem*  
*suum in legatos omni nisu dif-*  
*fugientes vindicent Galfr. Mon.*

<sup>1</sup> A venge Quincian, and  
 quelle sire *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Al clene he to claf *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Quincian *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> For he  
 seide, but ýlpyng and bost  
 with Brutons is *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Ywot  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Al thogh they *Ar.*

Hii turnde azen, & ech of hem atte leste one slou.  
 Ac euere þe Romeyns after sýwede vaste ynouȝ.  
 So þat þer com out of an wode, as yt was býspeke,  
 An sýx þousend of Brutons, her felawes vorto awreke.  
 Hii come out myd god eyr, and asaylede vaste  
 The Romeyns, & monye slowe, & somme adoun caste.  
 þo to Petreye, a gret Romeyn, þys týdýnge come,  
 Ten þousend of hors y wrýe myd hým sone he nome,  
 Vorto helpe ys felawes, and þo oþer ne myȝte be,  
 Toward þe wode, fram <sup>1</sup> wanne he come, þe Brutons gonne  
 to fle..

Ac þo hii come among narwe heggýs, hii stode azen anon,  
 And turnde <sup>2</sup> þe breste azen, & vaste slowe her fon.  
 And þe Romeyns stod azen þo, þat þer was gret slaght.  
<sup>3</sup> þe erl of Oxenford ysey, þat þys fare nas noȝt,  
 þulke, þat he mest truste to, as a gret companye,  
 He bed hým sýwý, trwelyche to do chyualerýe.  
 þo þys vorewarde was ymad, þoru out <sup>4</sup> ost he drou,  
 And percede þe ost þoru out, and vaste aboute slou.  
 So þat to her mayster Petreye he come,  
 And vaste, as he adde ýþoȝt, bý þe necke hým nome,  
 And <sup>5</sup> þraste hým adoun of ys hors, & hým sulue al so  
<sup>6</sup> Anowarde hým vel adoun, as he adde ýþoȝt to do."

<sup>1</sup> Whennes that hii come,  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Toward hure enemyes,  
 & faste leyde hem on *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> So  
 that the Erl of Oxenford seygh  
 hure fare was noȝt, *Ar. Adeo*  
*ut in Codice etiam Harleyano*  
 was *pro nas forsitan sit repo.*

*nendum.* <sup>4</sup> This ost *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Wrast *Ar. quo modo etiam*  
*in Codice Harleyano potest*  
*legi, si litteram primam*  
*non pro þ sed pro p (nam*  
*in hoc codice eodem modo*  
*hæ litteræ effinguntur) ha-*  
*beas.*

þe Romeyns sturte <sup>1</sup> to' anon, her prince vp to rere,  
 þe Brutons to helpe <sup>2</sup> her alf, vaste aboute were.  
 þer was pultýng and ssouýng, and stroc mony one.  
 So þat þe Brutons atte laste, among alle her fon,  
 Mýd strengþe ladde vorþ Petreye <sup>3</sup> her prince þere.  
 þo þe Romeyns were wyþ out chef, dýscomfortd hii were  
<sup>4</sup> And to spradde hem her & þer, & þe oþere after vaste,  
 And slowe & despoýlede, and to grounde hem caste,  
 And astored hem mýd her armes, & þe hexte alýue nome,  
 So þat mýd gret prowesse to <sup>5</sup> þe' kyng Arture hii come.  
<sup>6</sup> Welle þat þe kyng was þo glad, vor he nuste her of nogt,  
 Vayre gýftýs he hym gef, and wel mo he adde yþogt.  
 þe prysons amorwe to Parýs he sende,  
 To holde in prison, & wyþ <sup>7</sup> hým god condut þer wende.  
 þe Romeyns <sup>8</sup> þogte þýs wel, and, as þe maystres hete,  
 Vyftene þousend þer wende, þýs prisons vorto mete.  
 þo þe Brýtons come mýd þe prisons þar,  
 þe Romeyns come azen hem al anonywar,  
 And wende hem to ssende anon, ac þe Brutons azen stode,  
 And defended hem wyle hii mýzte mýd wel stourdy mode.  
 So þat, vor defaute of help, hii were al ney ýssend.  
 Ac þo com þe duc of Peyto, as God adde þe grace ýssend,

*beas.* Fel down euene vp  
 hým, and ley ther bothe two  
*Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Hure lord,  
 faste *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The Romeynes  
 prince there *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And dis-  
 parpled her & ther, the Bru-

tones after hem faste, *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The kyng  
 was tho glad y nogh, for he  
 wiste ther of noght, *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Hem *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Thoght her  
 on wel *Ar.*

Mýd

Mýd þre þousend hors ywrýe, & þer of was <sup>1</sup> y war.  
 þo were þe Brutons glad ýnou, & þen feld made bar,  
 And þe kyng of <sup>2</sup> Sýrge, and mony oþer hii slowe,  
 And louerdýnges, þat hii nome, to prison vaste hii drowe.  
 þo hii to þe kýng come, and ssewed her stalwardhede,  
 þe kýng was þo glad ýnou, vor hym þogte he nadde no drede.

**L**UCÝE þe senatour in þogt was he sone,  
 In such ard cas as hým vel, wat were best to done.  
 So þat he þogte <sup>3</sup> stýllyche, to a strong cyte wende,  
 Vorte þe emperour hým mýzte more poer sende.  
 Kýng Arture was her of ýwar, and þogte, ar he slepe,  
 Mýd al ýs poer bý þe wey somwar hým <sup>4</sup> kepe.  
 Vorþ he wende mýd ýs ost, and þo he was ý come  
 To þe stede, þer he wolde beþ, cheueteýns he made somme;  
 As þe kyng of Cornwayle, and of Scotlond al so,  
 Of Norþweye, of Denemarch, of Bruteýne, of Peýto,  
 Of Gascoýne, of Normandýe, and erles gut þerto  
 Of Cartoys, of Oxenford, of Leycestre al so,  
 And sýre Wawein ýs neuue, flour of corteýsýe.  
 Hýs ost he delde a senene, and in ech companýe  
 Vyf þousend and vyf hondred he dude of bachelerye  
 And vyfty and vyue, and þat was vayr seyngnerýe.  
 þe eygteþe ost to hým sulue he adde þer wyþoute,  
 Sýx þousend and sýx hondred þere were in þulke route

<sup>1</sup> *Id est*, he was aware of  
 the trap of the Romans.  
*Nam*, "*Guithardus etenim*,  
*dux Pictavensium, comperto*

*"dolo cum tribus milibus  
 advenerat," in Galfr. Mon.*  
<sup>2</sup> Sirie, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Priuely, *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> To kepe *Ar.*

And syxtý and syxe, and ýs dragon yrerd of golde,  
 As in stede of ýs baner, and þanne, ȝýf ený wolde  
 Come as to defense, þat ner wounded were,  
 Oþer wery, as in a castel recetted were þere.  
 þo he adde þys ost ýset, he býgan hem rede,  
 And in þys bataýle to conseýly, and þes wordes seyde :  
 “ Myn <sup>1</sup> l̄ue <sup>2</sup> priue kýngtes, þat gode abbýþ euere y be,  
 (“ Vor non, as wýde as ýs þe worl, me ne ssal ȝoure per ýsey)  
 “ <sup>3</sup> ȝe abbeþ ý mad leuedý, Brutayne ȝoure owe lond,  
 “ Of þrettene kýnedoms, þat we abbeþ in vr hond.  
 “ Vor þey ȝe abbýþ nou výf ȝer <sup>4</sup> of bataýle vn vsed be,  
 “ ȝut in ȝoure noble prowesse wel <sup>5</sup> durýnde ých ȝou se,  
 “ þat so gret folc of Romeýns ȝe vewe mad fle  
 “ In to þys toun her býuore, þat sone wolleþ out te.  
 “ And ȝe ssolle hem mete & quelle, as so monye ssepe, vor noȝt.  
 “ Hii <sup>6</sup> wende wel her owe sleuþe on ȝou abbe y caȝt,  
 “ Wanne hii wolde of ȝoure lond so vyllyche abbe truage  
 “ And noble men, as ȝe beþ, brýnge in so vyle seruage.  
 “ Nuteþ hii noȝt þe chýualerye, þat ȝe abbeþ in France ýdo,  
 “ In Norþweye, & in Denemarch, & in oþer londes al so,  
 “ Of her stýnkýnge seruyse þat ȝe abbýþ out ýbroȝt?  
 “ þys alue men ȝe ssolle wýnne wel lyȝtloker & vor noȝt.

<sup>1</sup> *Domestici mei, qui Brit-*  
*tanniam terdenorum regnorum*  
*fecistis dominam, vestra con-*  
*gratulor probitati, quam nul-*  
*latenus deficere, immo magis*  
*vigere, considero &c. Galfr.*  
*Mon. <sup>2</sup> Preuede Ar. <sup>3</sup> Ye*  
 haueth wonne to Brutayne, that  
 is our kynde lond, Thritty

grete kýngdomes, and beth  
 nogh in oure hond *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Out  
 of bataille be, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Duryng  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Sane orientalium gen-*  
*tium segnitiam in vobis esse*  
*existimabant, dum patriam*  
*vestram facere tributariam,*  
 & *vosmetipsos subjugare af-*  
*fectarent Galfr. Mon.*

“ <sup>1</sup> Wuch

“<sup>1</sup> Wuch onouers wolde zou come, ȝyf ȝe hem ouercome?

“ Vor we wolde anon þer after vorþ and wynne Rome.

“ Of þe tresour, þat zou þanne<sup>2</sup> worþ,” ne of tounes, ne of  
tours,

“ Ne of londes, non ende ne worþ, ne of oþere honours.

þet folc bi hete hym þo echon, prest vor to be

To deye raþer in<sup>3</sup> feld, þan þe batayle fle.

Lucye þe cenatour al so in ys dede

Ordeyned and radde ys ost, and þes wordes seȝde :

“ Myne noble kȳngtȳs, to was poer and heste

“ Alle londȳs ssolle abouȝe<sup>4</sup> to” by Weste and bi Este,

“ þencheþ on zoure elderne, þat were of so noble mȳgte,

“<sup>5</sup> Ne dradde noȝt to ssede heȝ blod, vorto wynne her rȳgt,

“ Ac euere fogte,<sup>6</sup> as hem nere deþ ȳssape none,

“ An so hii wonne her seȝnerye, & ouercome her fon,

“ And adde seruage of al þe world, were yt nou wel bygonne,

“ þat we lore þe nobleȝe, þat hii so noblyche wonne?

An ern, in stede of ys baner, he sette vp of golde,

And wende toward þȳs batayle, abyde woso wolde.

Hii made her cry in eyþer half, & to gader esmȳte,

Wo nuste neuere of slaght, þere he mȳgte ȳwȳte.

<sup>7</sup> þat folc vel down to grounde aslawe, as leues doþ of tre,

þe Brutons adde þe worse<sup>8</sup> vorste, vor hem was loþ to fle.

<sup>1</sup> Gret honour yogh wole byfalle, the Romeynes and ye ouercome, For we wole a non ther after wende to wynne Rome *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Shul haue, *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> The feld, *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> *Deest Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> That dradde *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> As thogh hem nere deth shape non, *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> The folk *Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> Fight *pro* vorste in *Ar.*

þe kyng Bedwer was þere aslawe, vor þe kyng of Medes  
him slou

Wyd an lance þoru þe þrote, as he toward him drou.

Kaj ys felawe hym wolde awreke, kyng of Aungeo,

And to deþe was in þulke <sup>1</sup> verde ywounded al so.

And gut, as a noble kynzt, hys felawe's body he nome,

And þer wyþ, ded as yt was, to þe kyng's dragon come.

Ou! louerd! þe deol þat þer was of hem of Normandye,

þo hii seye her kyng aslawe, flour of chyualerye!

þe deol ek of hem of Aungeo, þo hii her kyng yseye

<sup>2</sup> Wyþ wunden to rauced so, þat he moste nede deye!

Hýrel, Bedwer's neuen, þo ys vncler aslawe he sey,

<sup>3</sup> He verde as a wytles mon, yt was deol to be hym ney.

Mýd þre hondred hors ywrye in ys wod rage he wende

Vorto awreke ys <sup>4</sup> vncler deþ, as ver ys herte tende.

He perced ost and oþer, vorto he ysey ynou

þe kyng's baner of Medes, þat ys vncler slou.

So gret was ys herte, þat of deþ he ne rogte noþyng.

<sup>5</sup> To grounde he smot he & ys, & aslowe þen kyng,

And þer, as ys vncler ded laý, ys foule caroigne he brogte,

And rýzt þer bý pece mele hakked yt al to nogte.

þo gradde he to ys felawes, mýd gode herte þere,

To legge on vaste þe luþer men, þe wule hii <sup>6</sup> versse were.

<sup>1</sup> Route wounded *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> With his woundes alto  
raced, that *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> He ferd, as  
he were wod, myght noman  
come hym negh *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Un-  
cler's deth, so his herte tende  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> But atte laste the  
kyng Mede to his eynde he  
broghte, And thuder, that  
his vncler laý, hys caroigne  
broghte *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Fresh *Ar.*

Vor þe prowess þat he adde ydo, hii stured hem alle vaste,

<sup>1</sup> And fogte in eyþer alf, and þet folc adoun caste.

In þe Romeyns alf to deþe þer were ydo

þe kyng of Babyloýne, & þe kyng of Spayne al so,

And þe kyng of Medes, & tueye gret scenatours, & folc wyþ-  
oute ende.

<sup>2</sup> In þys half þere were aslawe þe noble men and hende,

Syre Lyger duc of Babyloýne, & anoþer duc al so,

And þe erl of Salesbury, and of <sup>3</sup> Cýcestre þerto;

And also þe erl of Baþe, so þat þoru þys cas

þe compaynye <sup>4</sup> aþes half muche aneþered was.

þo com þe kyng of Brutayne, & syre Waweýn þæt hende,

Mýd her nywe ost al <sup>5</sup> verss, & stured hem in ech ende;

So þat þer were among hem þere to deþe y do

A gret duc, and tuo þousend, and oþer mýd al so.

<sup>6</sup> þe" kyng Howwel, & syre Waweýn, <sup>7</sup> þat" so gode bodýes  
were,

<sup>8</sup> Euere hii were ylych verss, & slowe here & þere.

Bote hii som mon brogte adoun, newe dantes hii smýte.

Weþer of hem betere were, <sup>9</sup> strong yt was to wýte.

Syre Waweýn wýlnede euere mýd al ys mygte

Mýd Lucýe þe scenatour in bataýle to fygte.

<sup>10</sup> Lucýe ne wýlnede naþemo, noþyng so muche alonde,

As to fygte mýd a such kynzt, hym sulue vorto fonde.

<sup>1</sup> So that ther was in ai-  
ther side much folc doun caste  
*Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> In Brutones side *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> Chestre *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Of Bru-

tones half much a peired was  
*Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Fressh *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> *Deest Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> *Omittit Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> That place

hii made whar hii come, and  
stured her and there *Ar.*

<sup>9</sup> Wonder it *Ar.*

<sup>10</sup> Lucie

welnde also no thyng more in

londe, Than forto fight with

sire Wawayn hym self forto

fonde *Ar.*



So þat hii mette hem þer, boþe hii were wel vawe.  
<sup>1</sup> þer were dundes arygt, and suerdes wel ydrawe.  
 þe Romeyns come to her maýster sone, to helpe hem in such  
 cas,  
 So þýcke, þat syre Waweyn ney ýbrogt to grounde was.  
 þe kýng Arture ýt vnder zet, and come sone in astounde.  
 “Wat do <sup>2</sup> ze,” he seyde, “syre kýngtýs? Quelleþ on to  
 grounde.  
 “Wý lete ze <sup>3</sup> þýs alue men þus longe alýue go?  
 “þencheþ on þe bataýles, þat ze abbyþ ar þys y do,  
 “On vr eklerne, þat þýs wrecches <sup>4</sup> worrede myd vnrygte,  
 “On vre franchýse, þat hii wolde býnyme vs, zyf hii mygte.  
 “Ne lateþ none alýue go, to grounde smýteþ zoure fon.  
 Sýre Calýbourne ýs suerd he býgan to ssake anon,  
 And slou to grounde her & þer, ac he ne smot nozt one,  
 þat he ne slou hym oþer ýs hors, &, among hem echon,  
 þe kýng of Lýbye & of Bytýnþe hym sulf he gan quelle  
 Myd Calýbourne, & sende her heþene soulýs to helle.  
 þe Brutons, as hii versse were, to grounde þo slowe,  
 And þe Romeyns in her alf vaste ek azen drowe.  
 Lucye, to hardý ýs men, prykede her and þer,  
 And býgonne as anýwe bataýle rygt as hii versse were.  
 Morónd, erl of Gloucestre, myd ys ost bý syde  
 In an valeýe honede, þe endýnge vorto abyde.  
 Atte laste myd ys versse volc to hem he come þar,  
 And býclosede <sup>5</sup> þýs Romeyns bý býnde anonýwar.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dundes þer were grete y | knyghtes alle? quelleth *Ar.*  
 smyte of sweordes that were | <sup>2</sup> Thes halue men *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Wer-  
 drawe *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Ye nogh my | red *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The *Ar.*

þo were þe Brutons al aboue, hii slowe þo to grounde  
 ze mony þousend of þe Romeyns in a lutel stounde.  
 þe <sup>1</sup> scenatour was wýþ a sper Lucye þoru ýsmýte.  
 þo adde þe Brutons þe maystrye al bygýte,  
 þe Romeyns, þat mýgte of scapýe, flowe vaste sone,  
 And þe Brutons after, vorte hii were alle ouercome.  
<sup>2</sup> Armes hii adde þere & hors, & alle rýchesse ý nou.  
 þe kýng, þo hal þýs was ýdo, toward reste drou,  
 And let þe bodyes of ys men, þat aslawe were,  
 Gaderý out and burýe noblýche ýnou þere.  
 Kýngýs in to her owe londe he let lede al so,  
 As Bedwer in to Normandie, and Kay to Aungeo,  
 And anoþer in to Flandres, and oþere of þe route  
 Kýngtýs he let burýe in abbeyes þer aboute.  
 Men býsyde of þe lond he het to burýe ýs fon.  
 Vor he ne kepte vor reuþe, þat þer wer vnbured non.  
 Ac Lucye's body he sende <sup>3</sup> hym to Rome,  
 And bed hem, þat her maystre's body vor ýs truage nome,  
 And þat he nolde neuere more oþer truage hem sende,  
 Ac he wolde hym sulf gút þuder come, & seche hem in ech  
 ende.  
 Grettore bataýle þan þýs was, ych wene, nas neuere non,  
 Bote ýt were þulke of Troýe, vor þer nas vnneþe non  
 Prince in al þe world, þat ne moste be þer, oþer sende  
 Fram þe West side of þe world to þe Estmost ende.

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<sup>1</sup> Cheuenteyn *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Ar- | hors and rýchesse y nogh *Ar.*  
 mure the Brutones hadde & | <sup>3</sup> Hit *Ar.*

þo adde þe kyng Arture y wonne fram þe Westmost see  
<sup>1</sup> Anon to þe mouns al þat lond, ar he come age,  
 He þogte <sup>2</sup> wynne al clene Rome, & al þe lond þer aboute.  
 And vorto <sup>3</sup> passy vorþ þe mouns, he garked vaste is route.  
 And as he was prest to do þulke noble dede,  
 A messenger com fram þys lond, & nywe tydynge hym seyde,  
 þat Modred, ys neuue, <sup>4</sup> wan he bytoc þys lond,  
 Adde ynome ys kynedom clanlyche in ys hond,  
 And ycrowned hym sulue kyng, þoru þe quene rede,  
 And huld hyre in <sup>5</sup> spousbruche in vyl flesse's dede.  
 Alas! þe luþer tricherye! hou mygte <sup>6</sup> be more?  
 þo was þe kyng Arture vol of sorwe and sore,  
<sup>7</sup> In wuch alf turne he nuste þo, weþer Est þe West,  
 Ac to wreke hym <sup>8</sup> of ys luþer neuue, ys herte ber euere best.  
 þe veage toward Rome he <sup>9</sup> byleuede vor þys cheance,  
 And þe kyng Howel of Brutaine myd þe poer of France  
 He <sup>10</sup> byleuede þer, towardy ys londes bygonde see,  
 And hopede to wynne Rome, wanne he come eft age.  
 Myd þe poer of þys londe hyderward he drou,  
 And myd <sup>11</sup> þe kynges here bysyde hym þogte <sup>12</sup> er longe ynou.

<sup>1</sup> A non to the mountes to ward Rome non was hym a yee, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To wynne *Ar.*

<sup>3</sup> Passe ouer the mountes, he grethed faste his route *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Wham he bytoke *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Spousbreche in vil lechores ded *Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Hit be *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> In whather half tourne he myghte he nuste Est or West, *Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> Of Mordred, his herte *Ar.*

<sup>9</sup> Lefte *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Bilefte, to kepe his londes ther by yonde the see *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> — *dimisso*

*Hoëlo, duce Armororum, cum exercitu Galliarum, ut partes illas pacificaret; confestim cum insulanis tantummodo regibus, eorumque exercitibus, Britanniam remeavit.* Galfr. Mon. <sup>12</sup> Erst *Ar.*

Ac Modred, þe luþer suýke, þer býuore býsozte  
 Chelryk kýng of Saxons, þat <sup>1</sup> he hem help brozte,  
 And he byhet hym and ys al Kent ver and ner,  
 Al þat Hengýst adde wule <sup>2</sup> wyþe kýnge's daye Vortýger:  
 He býhet hym and ys also al Norþomberlond,  
<sup>3</sup> Al þat lond fram Humber anon into Scotlond.  
<sup>4</sup> þo þat eýzte hondred ssýpes into þys lond he brozte  
<sup>5</sup> Vol of Saracens ýarmed, as he hym býsozte.  
 Gret poer of Yrlond Modred hym <sup>6</sup> wan al so  
 Of Pýcars, and of ech maner men þer to,  
 þat he wuste þat no loue to þe kyng Arture bere.  
 So þat eýzte score þousend of hors ýwrye þer were  
 In <sup>7</sup> ýs ost, þo hii were gadered in þýs cas,  
 Wat of Cristýne, wat of payns, & al to mucþe þat was.  
 þo Arture mýd ys poer ariuede in þýs londe,  
 Modred býgan mýd ýs ost azen vaste stonde.  
 Atte hauene an batayle hii smýte mýd gret maýn,  
 þer was aslawe <sup>8</sup> þen hende kýngt þe noble syre Waweýn,  
 And Aunsel þe kyng of Scotlond, and moný þousend also.  
 Ac luþer Modred atte laste, þo al þýs was ý do,  
 Flen mýd al ýs poer to Wýnchestre vaste,  
 So þat þe kyng Arture þe veld adde atte laste.  
 þo <sup>9</sup> Guánwaur, þe luþer quene, hurde of þýs cas,  
 Fram Euerwyk to Carleon heo flen mýd quyc pas,

<sup>1</sup> He som help hym broght,  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> By kyng's *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And  
 the lond toward Humber *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> So that vi. hundred shipes  
*Ar. at Galfridus Mon. plane*  
*ut Codex Harlejanus.* <sup>5</sup> Ful

of mysbileued men, as he *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Gat also *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> This ost,  
 whan hii *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> The curteys  
 knyght Walwayn *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Go-  
 noure, *Ar.*

And by com nonne þer, to lýbbe in chaste lýue.  
<sup>1</sup> Som wat heo was er adrad, ar heo hýede so blýue.  
 Heo ne hýede noȝt aȝen ýre louerd, to wolcome hym to londe.  
<sup>2</sup> ȝut ýre was betere nonne be, þan come vnder ýs honde.  
 þo kýng Arture adde ýbured ýs folc þat ded was,  
 He sywed after þe traytor myð wel quyc pas.  
 þe ssrewe <sup>3</sup> ȝarked ýs ost, and aȝen hym com,  
 And wýþout Wýnchestre anoþer bataýle he nom.  
 þer hii dude sorwe ýnou, and slowe to grounde vaste,  
 Ac þe traytor was <sup>4</sup> býneþe, and flen atte laste  
 To Cornwayle myð god eýr, he ne dorste no ner abyde.  
 þer he gadered hym nýwe ost, aboute in eche syde,  
 So þat he adde <sup>5</sup> vnder al, myð þat hym býleued er,  
 Sýxtý þousend hors <sup>6</sup> ý wrýe, al to mucche was þer.  
 Hys ost he <sup>7</sup> dýȝte suyþe wel, al hou ýt ssolde be,  
 And suor he wolde raþer deýe, þan euer eft to fle.  
 Kýng Arture was anguýsous <sup>8</sup> in ýs companýe,  
 þat þe luþer traytor adde of scaped hym so tuýe.  
 He sywed hym myð ýs folc to Cornwayle vaste,  
 Býsyde þe water of Camble hii mete <sup>9</sup> hem" atte laste.  
 þer hii smýte an bataýle deol uol ý nou,  
 þat deol ýt was so mucche folc in eyþer syde me slou.  
 Vor þer ne býleued in noþer syde none heý mon vnneþe,  
 Kýng, ne duc, ne oþer, þat nas ýbroȝt to deþe.

<sup>1</sup> A gast heo was to religion, er heo highed so blyue. Heo ne yede a yenst hure lord, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Beter hure thoghte nonne to be, than to come, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Yut ordeýned his ost, *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Ouercome, and flegh, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Under hym, with that hym leuede er, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Heled, alto *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Gan a raye faste, hugh hit sholde be, *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And his *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Deest *Ar.*

Ac Modred þe traytor adde more folc <sup>1</sup> of" y nou.  
þo þe kyng Arture ysey, þat me ys folc so slou,  
And þe kyng of Denemarch was aslawe, & þe kyng also  
Of Norþweye, & of ys oþer men mony þousend þerto,  
And he sey, þat ys fon stode euere agen vaste,  
To þe lutel folc þat he adde he spec atte laste.  
<sup>2</sup> Sulle, he seyde, "vr lyf dere ar we be ded,  
<sup>3</sup> And ychelle sulle myn dere ynou, wanne þer nys oþer red,  
<sup>4</sup> Abbe ych slawe þe false suyke, þe luþer traytor,  
<sup>5</sup> Hyt worþ me þanne vorto deye gret joye & honour.  
He drou Calyborne ys suerd, and in eyther syde slou,  
And vorte he to þe traytor com, made hym wey gode ynou.  
He hente of verst ys helm, and subbe myd wylle god  
Anne stroc he zef hym, myd wel stourdý mod,  
And þoru haubert and ys coler, þat nere nobýng souple,  
He smot of ys heued as lygtlyche as yt were a lute stouple.  
þat was ys laste chyualerye, þa vayre ended ynou.  
Vor þe folc so þycke com, þe wule he her louerd slou,  
Aboute hym in ech alf, þat among so mony fon  
He aueng deþe's wounde, and wonder nas yt none.  
Ac ouercome vas he nozt, þey ys wunden dedlych were.  
þo <sup>4</sup> he adde ys laste chyualerye þus noblyche ydo þere,  
He <sup>5</sup> zef þe croune of þys loud þe noble Constantyn,  
(þe erl Cadore's sone of <sup>6</sup> of" Cornwayle,) þat was ys cosyn

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>2</sup> "Selle we,"  
he seyde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Myn shal be  
dere bought, ther is non othur  
red *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Sed & inclitus ille*  
*Arturus rex lethaliter vulne-*  
*ratus est, qui illinc ad sanan-*  
*da vulnera sua in insula Aval-*

*lonis aduectus, cognato suo*  
*Constantino, & filio Cadoris*  
*ducis Cornubiæ, diadema Bri-*  
*tanniæ concessit anno ab incar-*  
*natione Domini D. XLII, Galfr.*  
*Mon.* <sup>5</sup> *Desunt híc bina folia*  
*in Ar. in quibus, præter alia,*

And let hym lede in to an yle, vorto hele ys wounde,  
 And deyde as þe beste kыngt, þat me wuste euere yfounde.  
 Ac napeles þe Brutons and þe Cornewalysse of ys kunde  
 Wenþ he be alyue gut, & abbeþ hym gut in mynde,  
 þat he be to comene gut, to wynne agen þys lond.  
 And nozt, vor þan at Glastynbury ys bones subþe me wond,  
 And þer touore þe heye wened, amýdde þe quer ýwýs,  
 As ys bones lyggeþ, ys tumber wel vayr ys.  
 In vyf hondred zer of grace, and fourty and tuo,  
 In þys manere in Cornwale to deþe he was ý do.

**C**ONSTANTYN was þo kыng, after þe kыng Arture.  
 ' As þe Saxons sette agen hym, þe wule hii mygte dure;  
 And Modrede's tueye sones, þe wule hii dorste abyde,  
 Ac Constantyn <sup>2</sup> hem to drof, eyþer in ys syde,  
 þen anne in to Wynchestre, and þer wyþ sorwe y nou,  
 In chyrche to vore þe heye wened Constantyn hym slou.  
 þe oþer fien to Londone, and þoru Constantyn al so  
 þer bý uore þe heye wened to deþe he was ý do.  
 Conan <sup>3</sup> slou subþe Constantyn in þe þýrdde zere.  
 At Stonhenghe he was ýburyd, as ys elderne were.

*oratione solutá quædam con-  
 cepta fuisse è fragmento quo-  
 dam plane colligo. <sup>6</sup> Dele.*

<sup>1</sup> The Saxones werred faste  
 on hym, *Ar. omisso as, pro quo  
 ac malim.* <sup>2</sup> Aboute hem drof  
 ech on his side, And wente to  
 Wynchestre, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Exindetertio*

*anno interfectus est [Constan-  
 tinus] à Conano, & juxta  
 Utherpendragon infra lapi-  
 dum structuram sepultus fuit,  
 quæ haud longe à Salesbiria  
 mira arte composita Anglo-  
 rum lingua Stanheng nuncu-  
 patur Galfr. Mon.*

Seyn Dauyd dēyde þer byuore, byssop of Walys,  
 And þer he was vayre yburyd, in ys owe chyrche ywys.  
 Constantyne's neuue Aurely was kyng þo,  
 And leuede in ys kenedom tuo zer and nanmo.

**VORTYPOR** was þo kyng vour zere vnneþe.  
 þe Saxons he brogte al byneþe, & mony on to deþe.

**MALGO** com þo after hym, þat þe vayroste kyng was,  
 þat me wuste enere in þys londe, & al so þer nas  
 Strengore mon non by ys day. vor he wan ek to þys londe  
 þe sýx yles þat beþ aboute, and heldys adde an honde,  
 As Godlonde, and Orcadas, and al so Yrlonde,  
 Norþweye, and Denemarch, and al so Yslonde.

**CARYC** was kyng after hym, þat stalworde mon was,  
 Ac to prout he was & to fals, þat ssende þys londe alas!  
 Vor þe Saxons & þe Englysse men were euere in þys londe,  
 And adde agen þe Brutons euere worre an lionde.  
 þo hii seye þe falshedē of þe kyng Carryc,  
 Hii wende after <sup>1</sup> Godmond, þat was kyng of Affryc,  
 To helpe hem wyne þys londe, & by hete hym vayre ynou.  
 þe kyng Godmond myd vayr ost hederward sone drou,  
 And myd hondred þousend men, & sýxty þousend þer to,  
 He come here myd þe Saxons þe worre vor to do.

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<sup>1</sup> *Katerik Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Qui tunc in Hibernia erat, ut ē Galfrido  
 Monumetensi liquet.*



þe Saxons, and <sup>1</sup> þet grete folc, þat come so of Affryc,  
 Asayled vaste þe Brutons, and her kyng Carryc.  
 Mony batayle hii smyte, & sywyde vpe hym vaste,  
 And fram toun to toun hym dryue, so þat atte laste  
 Hii dryue hym to <sup>2</sup> Cyrencestre, & bysyged hym þer inne.  
 þen toun hii barnde vpen hym, ar hii mygte <sup>3</sup> hym wyne.  
 þer hii smyte an batayle. supþe hii dryue ywys  
 Caryc ouer Seuerne Weste in to Walys.  
 Vor þe <sup>4</sup> kunde men of þys londe recetted were þer  
 Euere, wanne of strangemen yworred hii were.  
 þet luper heþene folc <sup>5</sup> varnde þo vaste,  
 And <sup>6</sup> desturde al þys londe, and tounes adoun caste.  
 Wat myd fure, wat myd suerd, hii destrude al þat hii founde.  
 Hii ne sparede prest, ne chyrche, that hii ne brogte to grounde.  
 Hii, þat mygte of scapye, vaste flowe þere  
 To Walys, and to Cornwayle, and hudde hem vor fere.  
 þe erche byssop of Londone, and of Euerwyk al so,  
 þo hyi seye, þat Cristendom to grounde was al ydo,  
 And chyrchen alle ycast ydoun, þe relykes hii nome ywys,  
 þat hii adde of holy men, and flowe in to Walys,  
 þe relykes nolde hii nozt byleue, ac bere wyþ hem vor fere.  
 Vor raþer hii wolde ymartred be, þan hii <sup>7</sup> yperysed were.  
 And into þe lasse Brutayne men flowe al so þycke,  
 So þat here nas nozt byleued, bote heþene folc and wycke.

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<sup>1</sup> This much folc, *Ar.* | <sup>5</sup> *Pro* barnde. *Nam* brende in  
<sup>2</sup> *Circetre Ar. cum i. civitas* | *Ar. sed u pro b sæpissime in*  
*passerum supra lin. ab ead. ma-* | *vett. libris.* <sup>6</sup> *Destruyde Ar.*  
*nu.* <sup>3</sup> *Hit Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Kynde Ar.* | <sup>7</sup> *A peyred Ar.*

So þat fram Norþ into þe Souþ no Cristendom nas,  
 Ne fram Seuerne to þe Souþ see, ac pure heþenesse was.  
 Alas! alas! þe god Arture, to <sup>1</sup> ver he was þo.  
 Hys deþ brogte to þys lond mucche sorwe and wo.

<sup>2</sup> **SAXONS** & þe Englysse, & her compaynye,  
 Adde þo of þys londe al clene þe maystrye,  
 And made hem kynges of þys lond, as hii adde byuore,  
 Ac þe Brutons nadde so clene er neuere her poer uerlore.  
 þe Saxons and þe Englysse in pes hulde þo  
 Ech kyng ys kyndedom, þat hii dude er in wo.  
 Sýx kynges hii were some tyme, as of Kent, of Westsex,  
 Of Estangle, of Norþhomber, of þe Marche, of Estsex.  
 In bygynnyng of þys boc me may rede, and nogt lye,  
 Hou mucche lond ech of hem adde to ys partye.  
 þe verste kyng þat of Saxons was, was verst kyng of Kent  
 Hengyst, þoru wan þys lond verst was yssend.  
 Hyt was <sup>3</sup> eygte & fyfty zer after Hengyste's kyndedom,  
 Ar eny kyng of Saxons in Westsex com.  
 Vor Hengyst was kyng fourty zer, & in þe eygte zere  
 After ys deþ at zernemouþe aryued þer were  
 Vyf ssypuol of Saxons, y armed wel y nou,  
 Certyk het her cheunteyn, þat to þys lond hem drou.  
 Wel sene zer þer after, a duc, (þat wyde was couþ,)  
 Y cluped Port, myd ys ost <sup>4</sup> atté hauene of Portesmouþ,

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<sup>1</sup> Fer *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> The Saxones *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> xlviii. yer after *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Aryued at the hauene *Ar.*

And after Port, þat was ys name, þe hauene me clupeþ so.  
 So þat her poer euere wax, þe Brutons ssame to do,  
 And mony a batayle hii smyte. So þat atten ende  
 þe Saxons wonne of þys lond al þe Souþ ende  
 Euere by Souþe Temese fram Est into West.  
 Certyk hii made þer k yng, vor he was þerto best.  
 Westsex hii clupede ys k ynedom, as ge abbyþ yhurð ylome.  
 þys was a lute byuore ar kyng Artur come.  
 þe verste k yng of Norþomber in þe zer of grace bygan  
 Vyf hondred & seuene and fourty, <sup>1</sup> as me telle can.  
 After k yng Arture yt was, and þo was Kynryc  
 Noble k yng of Westsex, after ys fadyr Certyc.  
 Vor þo þe Englysse men adde in þys londe poer,  
 Hii worrede Norþward, and wonne ver and ner.  
 So þat hii wonne Homberlond, & a noble bachyler,  
 þat het Yde, hii made k yng, þer nas naur þo ys per.  
 He come of Woden þe olde louerd, as <sup>2</sup> in teþe kne,  
 þat þe <sup>3</sup> Saracens weneþ, þat he a gret God be.  
 Vor þulke Woden, þe grete louerd, sones adde þre,  
 Weldeg, and W yztleg, and Beldeg þat was so fre.  
 Of Weldeg come þe k yng of Kent, & þe k yng of þe March of  
 þe oþer.  
 þe k yng of Westsex & of Homber of þe þrydde, þat was her  
 broþer.  
 þulke Woden adde a wyf, þat ycluped was dame Frye,  
<sup>4</sup> A Latyn dame Venus, as ychabbe yseyd nou tueye.

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<sup>1</sup> As y wel telle can *Ar.* | he hadde be. This Woden  
<sup>2</sup> In the tethe gre, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Mys- | *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> In Latyn *Ar.*  
 bileued poeple wende, a God

<sup>1</sup> þer uore þe Englysse clupede, after Woden, Wodnesday,  
þat ys day in þe wouke, and, after Frye, Fryday.

Vor þe heþene Englysse men, þat mys byleued were þo,

Byleuede, þat in heuene Godes hii were bo,

And þat to tueye sterren, þat me such ylome

Venus and Mercurýus, hii weneþ þat hii bycome.

þe Saxons and þe Englysse come in to þys londe,

As we seyþ, at otýme, as ých ynder stonde.

<sup>2</sup> Her londes supþe, þo hii mygte, hii delde as hii couþe,

þe Englysse þe Norþalf, þe Saxons by Souþe,

As Estsex and Myddelsex, and Souþ ward al Souþsex,

And al West by <sup>3</sup> Norþe Temese, al clene Westsex.

þe Englysse Norþuolc & Souþuolc adde al in her hond,

And al West by Norþe Temese, & al Norþ Homberlond.

And þe kýnges of Westsex lengost gonne dure,

And alle þe oþere wonne to hem, as ge ssolle her after ýhure.

þe Brutons, as ýchabbe ýtold, in West Walys were,

And worrede euere, as hii dorste, fram gere to gere.

Vor by þe kynge's daye Chenlyng, þat was Kenryke's sone,

Hii dude hem verrore in þys londe, <sup>4</sup> þat hii were in wone,

And wonne þe myddel of þys lond to Bedeford anon,

And strengþede casteles and astoryde monyon.

<sup>1</sup> The olde Saxones, after Woden, cleped Wodnesday, And, after dame Frye, his wiff, me clepede the Friday *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Hure lond sutthe by twixt hem hii delde as hii couthe, The Englissh in the Northhalf, & the Saxones by

Southe. And nempned the contreys after hem, & lefte the names olde. As of Estsaxones Estsex, of Estenglissh Estangle, that is yit holde. The Brutons, as y haue told, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *F. Souþe.* <sup>4</sup> Than hit was hure wone, *Ar.*

So þat at Bedeforde come þe Saxons,  
 And smýte an bataýle, and to dryue þe Brutons,  
 And nome þre of her gode castles, þat stronge were al so,  
 Eýnesham, and Bunsyntone, and Aylesbur þerto.  
 So þat Cristýndom was al clene ver lore,  
 And heþenesse <sup>1</sup> in to al þys lond, as ých seyde byuore,"  
 And yt laste aboute an fourty zer, forte Seynt Austyn com,  
 And þoru Seyn Gregory þe pope brogte Cristendom.

**S**EYNT Austyn myd ys felawes to Engeland com  
 þoru þe pope Seýn Gregory to prechy Cristendom.  
 Maurýce was þo emperour, & þer adde ýbe býuore  
 Výfty emperours at Rome, <sup>2</sup> supþe God was ybore.  
 In þe výt hondred zer of Grace Seynt Austýn hýder com  
 And four score zer and tuo, to prechy Cristendom.  
 And aboute an hondred zer yt was, and fýfty al so,  
 After þat Saxons & Englysse verst come þys lond to.  
 And after kyng Arture's deþe aboute an fourty zer  
 þat so noble kyng was of þys lond, as we abbeþ ýtold er.  
 þo Seynt Austýn & ys felawes þus come to þys lond,  
<sup>3</sup> Wýppe was kyng of þe Marche, & <sup>4</sup> Adelfred" of Homber-  
 lond;  
 Celryc was kyng of Westsex, & of Kent kyng <sup>5</sup> Aylbrygt.  
 And of Estsex ys sýster sone, þat me clupede kyng <sup>6</sup> Sebrygt.  
 Wel an fourty holy men, and monekes <sup>7</sup> echone,  
 Seynt Austýn adde wyþ hym, & þo nas he nozt <sup>8</sup> one.

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<sup>1</sup> In to al this lond by- | [*l. Ethelbert*] *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Se-  
 gan to catche more, *Ar.*    bert *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Negh echone, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Ar* God *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> With *Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> Al one *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> *Deest in Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Etherbert

þo hii come in to þys lond, to kyng <sup>1</sup> Aylbrýzt of Kent,  
 In was lond hii aryuede, hii sende her maundement,  
 þat hii were fram Rome ycome, in heý message ywýs,  
 þat so gret joye ssolde turne, to hym and alle hýs,  
 And to joye wyþouten ende, ȝyf he hem vnder stode.  
 " Suche býhestes," quaf þe kyng, " me þencheþ beþ gode,  
 " Lateþ hem vynde mete ýnou, & þat hii abbeþ nede to,  
 " Forte ychabbe wyþ hem yspoke, <sup>2</sup> & wyte wat hii wolleþ do.  
 For þe kyng wel vnderstod of þe Cristýndom,  
 þat by uore hem was in þys lond, & þoru hem to grounde com.  
 So þat atte laste, (wat halt yt to telle longe?)  
 þe kyng býgan and ys folc Cristendom auonge.  
 And of Seynte Peter & Seyn Poul an chýrche he lete rere  
<sup>3</sup> In Est ende of Kanterbury, þat þe <sup>4</sup> chef chýrche were.  
 Erchebýssop of Kanterbury Seynt Austýn was þer  
 þe verst þat euer was, vor at London þe se was er.  
 þo com Merlyne's word to soþe atte ende,  
<sup>5</sup> þat þe dýgne se to Kanterbury of London ssolde wende.  
 At Roucestre, þat ys <sup>6</sup> toun in Kent of grete fame,  
 Seynt Austyn made a býssop, Seyn Juste was ys name,  
 þat was a monek ys felawe. So þat atte fyn  
<sup>7</sup> Sýn Juste was þe vorste býssop, after Seynt Austýn.

<sup>1</sup> Ethelbert *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> To wite  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> In the Est *Ar.* <sup>4</sup>  
 Hed churches were *Ar. sed*  
*alibi in eod. Codice (in quo*  
*sane multæ, minus necessariæ,*  
*repetitiones)* hed churche were.  
<sup>5</sup> That the se of London to

Canterbury sholde wende *Ar.*  
*sed alibi* the dignyte *pro* the  
 se. <sup>6</sup> A toun *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Seynt  
 Just was Erchebisshop made  
 after Seynt Austyne. Seynt  
 Mellyt *Ar.*

SEYN Mellyt þe holy mon in to Estsex wende  
 To prechȳ þer Cristȳndom, as Seynt Austyn hym sende.  
 Nou departeþ <sup>1</sup> euere<sup>m</sup> Temese Estsex fram Kent.  
<sup>2</sup> Sebrȳgt he vond þer kyng, þo he was þuder ywent.  
 He turnde hym to Cristȳndom, and þe contreye al so.  
 Sebrȳgt and þe kyng of Kent, þo al þȳs was ȳ do,  
 At Londone of Seyn Poul an heued chȳrche gonne rere,  
 þat gut ys, and Seyn Mellyt <sup>3</sup> byssop made þere.  
 þus come, lo! Cristendom agen in to þȳs londe  
 Among þe heþene Saxons, as ych vnder stonde.  
 Ac among þe Brutons in Walȳs was euere Cristendom  
 Supþe yt verst þoru þe kyng Lucie hȳder come.  
 And þat was byuore þulke tȳme four hundred ȳer,  
 An aboute an four & tuentȳ, as we abbeþ ȳwryte er.  
 þe pope Eleuþerȳ, þat sende verst hȳder Cristendom,  
 Was þe <sup>4</sup> þretteþe pope, þat after Seynte Peter com.  
 þe decȳples, þat he hȳder sende, Cristendom to brȳnge,  
<sup>5</sup> Byleuede in a wȳldernesse, after her prechȳnge,  
 þat me clepuþ nou Glastȳnbury, þat desert was þo.  
 And þer hii býcome monekes, and nome to hem mo,  
 And þer mȳd her owe honde hii rerde hem verst <sup>6</sup> anchȳrche  
 Of herdles, and of <sup>7</sup> ȳerden, as hii couþe wurche.

<sup>1</sup> Deest *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Sebert *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Hii made bishop there *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> xiii. *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> By lefte *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Cujus figuram cum alibi,*  
*tum etiam in libro præclaro*  
*(ab Antiquario pererudito*

*contexto, &) non ita pridem*  
*à nobis edito, cui tit. The*  
*History and Antiquities of*  
*Glastonbury, videsis.    7 Yerd-*  
*des, Ar.*

And

And þat was þe verste church, þat in Engelond come,  
 And þe aldest hous al so, as in lawe of Cristendom.  
 þeruore me yt aþ euere ycluped, þe olde chyrche, ýwýs.  
 Moný ys þe <sup>1</sup> holy halwe, þat her ý bured ýs,  
<sup>2</sup> Nour so moný in Engelonde, to soþe ýeh segge þys.  
<sup>3</sup> And, as me aþ wule ýsed, grettore oþ non nýs,  
 þan by þe olde chyrche of Glastynbury, wo so dep oþ nome.  
 For þer was chyrche four hondred zer, ar Seynt Austyn hý-  
 der come,  
 And Seyn Patryc was þer monek, & abbeþ supþe þer,  
 ze ar Seynt Austyn come mo þan an hondred zer.  
 And in rygt alf of þe wened ýbured he was þer al so.  
 Sýx score zer and on he was old, ar dep hym come to.  
<sup>4</sup> þus was at Glastýnburý verst ýholde vp Cristendom,  
 And supþe nou, after þat þet folc of Englyss hýder come,  
 And þe Brutons were ýdryue al in to West Walýs,  
 Hii helde vorþ þer Cristendom, and býssopes ýwys.  
 So þat, þo Seynt<sup>4</sup> Austyn com among hem, he vond  
 Byssopes and monekes moný on in þe lond.  
 In þe cýtý of Bangor a gret hous þer was,  
 þat were vnder <sup>5</sup> sene cellen, and þer of non nas

<sup>1</sup> Good seynt, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> No-  
 whar *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And, as me by  
 olde daye seide, gretter oth  
 was [*f. nas*] holde, Than by  
 the olde church of Glastyn-  
 bury ho so swery wolde *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Thus alther furst at Gla-  
 stynbury sprong vp Cristen-  
 dom, That sutthe that En-  
 glissh men to this londe com,  
 That hethene were, the Bru-

tons dryue in to West Walis,  
 And ther hii hulde hure Chri-  
 stendom, that furst they toke  
 ywis. So that whan Seynt  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> vii. celles, & ther of  
 non ther nas, That ecc.  
 monekes nere inne othur mo-  
 And alle lyuede by hure  
 swynch, loke whare they do  
 now so. *Dinoc het Ar.*

þat



þat þre hundred monekes <sup>1</sup> were inne, oþer mo.  
 And alle leuede by her suenche, loke ȝyf hem nas wo.  
 Dynok het her abbod, þat gret clerik was and god.  
 Seynt Austyn was wel y payd, þat her býlyue was so god.  
 And napeles he hem en yoynede <sup>2</sup> bocsomnesse do  
 To þe herchebýssop of Kanterbury, & to Englysse men also,  
<sup>3</sup> And among Englysse men vorþ myd hým Cristendom to  
 amende,

And wende aboute and prechý, as þe pope hem sende.  
 þe býssop hým ansuerede, and þe abbod Dýnok,  
 Al myd grete resons and wyt of her boc,  
 þat wan hii adde hem sulue erchebýssop and kýng,  
 Hii ne ssolde to Englysse men abue rýgt noþýng.  
 For þe folc of Englyss & Saxons <sup>4</sup> her lond hem býnome,  
 And her kunde erytage, myd trayson & suyke dome.  
 War vor hii nolde for non man nanmore to hem wende,  
 þan to so mony houndes, bote yt were hem to ssende.

“ ȝyf ȝe nolle,” quap Seyn Austyn, “ wyt ȝoure breþeren in  
 peys be,

“ þat beþ, as ȝe wýteþ wel, Crýstýne as wel as ȝe;

“ And ȝyf ȝe nolle Englysse men Gode's lawe teche,

“ And vorþ myd me among hem Cristendom preche,

“ ȝoure fon ssolle her poer <sup>5</sup> amorýg ȝou wýde reche,

“ And brýng ȝou to deþe monýon, & þat ssal be ȝoure wreche.

<sup>1</sup> *Malim, nere, ut in Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Obedience to do *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And  
 go with hym to Englyssh  
 men, Cristendom to mende,  
 And helpe hym preche a-  
 monges hem, as the pope hem  
 sende. The bisshopes hym

answerede, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hure lond  
 hem hadde bynome With  
 gile, and hure heritage with  
 falsnesse and tresone. Wher-  
 for hii wolde *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Among  
*Ar.*

After Seynt Austyne's daye to soþe com al þys,  
Ac þe wude he was alyue nogt, as ze nowe yhure ywys.

**K**YNG <sup>1</sup> Aylbrygt gret despyt adde in ys þogt,  
þat þe Brutons nolde Seynt Austyn abue nogt.  
<sup>2</sup> Edelfred, þat was kyng of Norþhumberlond,  
He entyced and oþer kynges here of þys lond,  
þat hii wende to Walys, and þe Brutons ssende.  
þe kynges, þo hii preste were, myd poer þuder wende.  
At þe cytý of Cayrleon þe Brutons ost þer was.  
þe Englysse anon þuderward drowe myd god pas.  
A gret batayle hii smyte þer in a lute stounde.  
Ac Brocmayl, duc of Brutons, was þer ybrogt to grounde.  
Vor he fien and býleuede ys folc, þo he nuste oþer won,  
Somme aslawe and somme ywounded, and bý neþe echon.  
Nou were þer y come fram Bangor monekes monyon,  
In vastyng and in orýsons, to <sup>3</sup> bydde agen her fon.  
And ermytes and monekes of oþer <sup>4</sup> studes býsyde  
Bede God, þat þe Brutons þe maystrye moste býtyde.  
þo such folc of þys holymen kyng Elfred ysey,  
Sytte and <sup>5</sup> bydde vor her folc, and crye <sup>6</sup> on God an heý,  
And me sede hym, þat hii <sup>7</sup> dede vor þe Brutons echon :  
“ gyf yt so ys,” quap þe kyng “ þat hii <sup>8</sup> byddyþ vor vr fon,  
“ þanne vyzteþ hii agen vs, as muche as ys her myzte,  
“ Myd her armes to God, þey hii myd <sup>9</sup> arme ne fýgte.

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<sup>1</sup> Ethelbert *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Elfrid, for hure Brutones *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Pray-  
*Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> Praye *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> Houses eth for oure fon *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Armes  
bisyde. And prayed to God *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Ar. *sed alibi wepne in eod.*  
the Brutones *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Praye *Codice.*  
*Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> To *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Prayed

" Sleþ hem <sup>1</sup> hastelyche anon, as oure pure fon.  
 þat folc was <sup>2</sup> prest þer to, & to grounde slowe anon.  
 So þat tuelf hondred holymen hii martrede þere,  
 And aboute an vÿfty of scapede alÿue vor fere.  
 þo was yt to hem ÿcome, þat Seynt Austyn hem seyde,  
 And noȝt vor þan God dude wreche <sup>3</sup> of þe luper dede.  
 Vor þe kyng Edelfred wende toward Bangor þo,  
 Vorto destrue þe Brutons <sup>4</sup> wat he founde mo.  
 þe <sup>5</sup> louerdÿnges, þat þer were, ȝarked hem anon,  
 And ordeynede her ost, to fygte agen her fon.  
 Ac Bledder duc of Cornwayle, and Cadwan of Walÿs,  
 And Margad anoþer duc, and her poer al ÿ wÿs,  
 And oþer Brutons þat þer were, smÿte hem out anon,  
 And a batayle strong ÿnou smÿte myd her fon.  
 So þat mo þan ten þousend were of Englyss ybroȝt to deþe,  
 And þe kyng <sup>6</sup> Adelfred was wounded, þat of scapede alÿue  
 vnneþe.  
 Ac Bledder, duc of Cornwayle, aslawe was þo,  
 And monÿ of þe Brutons, <sup>7</sup> & of þe Englysse wel mo.  
 And þe Englysse flowe ouer Homber vaste.  
 A parlement þe Brutons made <sup>8</sup> þo atte laste,  
 To chese hem anywe kyng, & chose þe duc Cadwan,  
 þat was among hem alle þe stalwordoste man.

<sup>1</sup> Boldely a non, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Redy *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Of thulke luper dede. Forth went kyng Elfrid of Northumberlande tho To Bangor, to destruye *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> That *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Lordes

of the Brutones raide hem anon, *Ar.* *Sed alibi* ȝarkedede *pro raide in eod. Cod.* <sup>6</sup> Elfrid *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Ac of *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Att Chestre atte laste, *Ar.*

þo þys kyng ycrowned was, hii <sup>1</sup> garked hem anon,  
 And into Homberlond sywede <sup>2</sup> vp her fon.  
 þe kyng <sup>3</sup> Edelfred & ys alf myd þe poer of ys londe  
 And of oþer londes <sup>4</sup> zare was agen hem vorto stonde.  
 þo hii were to þys batayle prest in eyþer syde,  
 Some <sup>5</sup> frend hym byþogte bet, & bytuene hem gonne ryde,  
 And made acord bytuene hem, þat þe kyng <sup>6</sup> adde al þat lond.  
<sup>7</sup> Eldelfred bygonde Homber, alclene in ys hond,  
 And kyng Cadwan by Souþe Homber, & ys owe lond Walys.  
 þoru hard oþ & god ostage yconfermed was al þys.  
 Bytuene þys tueye kynges anon so gret loue þer was,  
 þat her noþer nadde no þyng, þat to oþere's wylle nas.  
 Bytuene þe kyng <sup>8</sup> Edelfred, and þe quene ys wyf,  
 þer after, þoru <sup>9</sup> luþer wylle, wax a gret stryf,  
 þat þe kyng hyre drof awey, myd chylde as heo was,  
 And nom hym anoþer wyf, and þat was a deluol cas.  
 To þe kyng Cadwan þe quene wende þo,  
 And cryde on hym, þat he <sup>10</sup> ssolde helpe hyre in yr wo.  
 þe kyng Cadwan was þo aboute, bytuene hyre & <sup>11</sup> kyng  
 To make acord by ys poer, and ne mygte vor noþyng.  
 So þat he hulde vorþ þe quene in ys owe house,  
 Myd chylde helples as heo was, myd þe quene ys owe spouse,  
 þat myd chylde was as wel as heo, and of one tyme ney.  
 And þo þe chylde were ybore, þat of <sup>12</sup> kunne were so hey,

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<sup>1</sup> Raide hem *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Up-  
 pon *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Elfrid in his side  
 with power of *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> Redy  
*Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Men. *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> Shold  
 haue *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Elfrid *Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> El-  
 frid, *Ar.*    <sup>9</sup> Yuel will, *Ar.*  
<sup>10</sup> Wolde *Ar.*    <sup>11</sup> The kyng  
*Ar.*    <sup>12</sup> Kynne *Ar.*

Hii clupede Edwyne þe þynge's sone of Norþomberlond,  
 And Cadwal þe kыnges sone herē of þys Souþlond.  
 þys chyldren were wel zonge ysend to Salomon, þe kyng  
 Of þe lasse Brutayne, to gode norysynge.  
 þe kyng hem norysede wel, & wyþ hym priue ynou,  
 And þo hii to elde come, to armes hem drou.  
 So þat stalward <sup>1</sup> kыntes boþe hii bycome,  
<sup>2</sup> And wel yfounded in armes, & in batayles y lome.

**EYLBRYT** kyng of Kent, þat þoru Seynt Austyn nom,  
 As we abbyþ ytol byuore, verst Cristendom,  
 Deyde as in þe ger of grace six hundred & sixtyn,  
 And he was syxe and vyftý ger kyng, as ych wene.  
 ys sone was kyng after hym, Edbald was ys name,  
 þat spousede <sup>3</sup> supþe ys fader wyf, hym to grete ssame,  
 And ne tolde nogt of ys Cristendom. And þe kyng Sebrygt  
 also,

Crystýne kyng of Estsex, þo he was of lyue ydo,  
 Hys þre sones he býleuede eýrs of ys kыnedom,  
 þat were panys alle þre, and azen Cristýndom.  
 So þat hii come at one tyme, in her luper rede,  
 To seynt Mellýt, byssop of þe lond, & at ys masse hym seyde,  
 " Syre byssop, <sup>4</sup> wy ne gyfst us of þýne wyte brede,  
 " þat þou est þe sulf at þý masse, in þýne vayte wede,

<sup>1</sup> Knightes *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And a  
 saied in armes ofte were and  
 lome, Ethelbert kyng of Kent,  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> His owene fader wif,

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Whi nelt þou yite vs  
 of thulke white brede, That  
 thou etyst ech day in thyne  
 white wede, *Ar.*

" þat þou geue our <sup>1</sup> fader wyle, & gut gyfst þat folc al so þ  
 " gyf ge <sup>2</sup> wolde," quap þe byssop, "as <sup>3</sup> goure fader dude, do,  
 " And be yuolled in holy water, & myd Cristendom monge,  
 " ge mowe sauflýche þet holý þýng, as he dude, auonge.  
 " We nollep nogt," quap þys oþer, " þey þou vs bede,  
 " Wyþýnne þulke water come, for we nabbeþ non nede,  
 " Ac in alle manere we wollep ete of þulke brede.  
 þe byssop yt nolde grante, ac <sup>4</sup> outlych yt wyþ seyde  
 To gyue hym þulke holý þýng, bote hii y uolled.  
 Hii suore anon in wrapþe, gyf he ensentan nere,  
 To gyue hym so lute þýng, & bote he yt hem geue,  
 þat he ne ssolde in her lond in non manere býleue,  
 Hii dryue hym out of her lond, & ys men echon.  
 þys holy man, seyn Mellýt, to Kent wende anon,  
 To speke wyþ þe erchiebyssop Laurence, and al so  
 Wyþ yuste, byssop of Rouchestre, wat were best to do.  
<sup>5</sup> Seynt Austyn nou al bý ys daye to erchybyssop nom  
 Laurence, & made after hym to susteyne Cristendom."  
 þys þre byssopes bytueyne hem nom hem þus to rede,  
 þat hii mygte in her owe lond holyor lyf lede,  
 And wyþoute <sup>6</sup> peryl sykerore, þan to býleue þere  
 Among mys býlyuede men, bote þer eny bote were.  
 So þat seynt Juste & seynt Mellýt to France þe wende,  
 And lete þe luther men <sup>7</sup> yworþþe vorte God yt wolde amende,

<sup>1</sup> Faderes, & yit yiuest þe  
 And peple also? *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wol-  
 leth, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Other haueth, do,  
 Be fulfilled with colde water,  
 and the fey a vonge, Then  
 mowe ye party of that bred  
 take oþer amonge, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ot.

terly *Ar.* *Vide supra, pag. 66.*

<sup>5</sup> *Bina hæc metra omittit Ar.*

<sup>6</sup> Perile sikeror to be there  
 Than a mong heþene men,  
 fort hit a mended were *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> Worthe *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Ac nas noȝt long þer after, aþ God wreche of hem nome,  
 þat, after her fader deþe, worrede Cristendom.  
 For aȝen þat folc of Westsex hii nome an batayle,  
 And þere hii were ybroȝt to grounde, & <sup>2</sup> yssend wýpoute fayle.  
 Vor her folc was mucche aslawe, and ybroȝt to deþe,  
 And hii, vor <sup>3</sup> her lufherhede, of scapede alýue vnneþe.  
 Laurence, þe erchebýssop, al prest hým made also,  
 Vorto wende out of þys lond, as ys felawes adde ydo.  
 þe nýȝt, þet he <sup>4</sup> adde in mud vort abbe ýwend amorwe,  
 He laȝ muchedel of þe nýȝt in wo and in sorwe,  
 To <sup>5</sup> býdde God vor holy chýrche and vor Cristendom.  
 So þat aslep atte laste vor werýnýsse hým nome.  
 Seynt Peter to hým come, as þe slep hým toke,  
 And tormented hým sore ýnou, þat <sup>6</sup> hech lyme hým oke.  
 And <sup>7</sup> eþste of hým, wý he adde so vyllyche ys ssep vorsake,  
 Wýpoute warde, among þe wolues, þat in warde hým were  
 býtake?  
 And wý of God, ne of hým, ensample he ne nom,  
 þat deýde boþe <sup>8</sup> in rode, to susteýný Cristendom?  
 þys erchebýssop was adrad welsore, þo he awok:  
<sup>9</sup> He hyede to þe kýng, vor ech lyme hým ok,  
 And ssewed hým al þat cas, and ys wounden some,  
 And bed hým ys lýf amende, oþer vp hým sulf ýt ssolde come.

<sup>1</sup> But sone fel hit after-  
 ward, that God wreche nom.  
 For they after hure faderes  
 dethes werrede Christendom  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Shent *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hure  
 luthernesse, skapede *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> Hadde mette to wende his  
 wey a morwe, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Praye  
*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Every lyme *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Axede *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> On rode, to  
 saue *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> And blyue he  
 hyed *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> þe kyng anon for drede ys false wyf vor soke,  
 þat he huld in such hordom, and Cristendom toke.  
 And after Seyn Just & Seynt <sup>2</sup> Mellýt þe tueye býssopes  
 sende,  
 So þat agen to þys lond þys gode men boþe wende,  
 And hii of Rouchestre Seyn Just to her býssop <sup>3</sup> vayre toke,  
 Ac þe Londres Seyn Mellýt <sup>4</sup> ac clanlyche versoke,  
<sup>5</sup> Ac huld hem to her hepenesse, & in þys manere com  
 Kyng Edbald, after ys fader, vorst to Cristendom.  
 After Laurence's deþe, as God gef þat cas,  
 Erchebýssop Seyn Mellýt of Kanterbury was.  
 Erchebýssop he was vȳf ger, and after hym me nom  
 Seyn Just to erchebýssop, to sauȳ Crýstendom.

**CADWAL**, <sup>6</sup> þe kyng's sone, þat was of þys lond,  
 As ȳch seyde er, & Edwýne of Northumberlond,  
 þat in Brutayne were, <sup>7</sup> hem hii gonne wende,  
 After her <sup>8</sup> fader deþe, <sup>9</sup> eyþer in ys ende,  
 And auonge her erytage, and <sup>10</sup> louede hem wel boþe  
 Atte býgýnnýnge wel ȳnou, & supþe somdel wroþe."  
 For þo hii adde antuo ger ȳbe lourdes in her <sup>11</sup> londes,  
 Edwýne sende to Cadwal, þat hȳm ssolde vnderstonde,

<sup>1</sup> The kyng of Kent Ed-  
 bald his false wif tho for-  
 soke, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Mellýt in to  
 Fraunce he sende, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> A  
 yen toke, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Al *Ar.* *Vide*  
*Bedæ Hist. Eccl. lib. II. cap. VI.*  
<sup>5</sup> And *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The kyng's  
 sone Cadewan of this londe,  
 And Edwýne kyng's sone

of Northumberlonde, *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Homward gonne *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Fa-  
 dres *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Aither to his  
 ende *Ar.* & *è regione, ab ead.*  
*manu, i. contre.* <sup>10</sup> Louede  
 to gedere y nogh, And after-  
 ward, as ye shul hure, hure  
 loue clene a drogh *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Londe  
*Ar.*



And soffry hym in ys owe lond, þat he ycrouned were  
 As ueruorþ as he in ys, & as ryȝt was croune bere.  
<sup>1</sup> Kyng Cadwal nom ys conseyl, & sende hym word so,  
 þat ys conseyl ne gef hym noȝt, ne ensentede þerto,  
 þat in one kyngdom, þat of one croune were,  
 þat yt were departed, & þat me tueye crounen bere.  
 Edwyne was wroþ vor þys, and suor ys more oþ,  
 To be ycrouned wyþoute hym, <sup>2</sup> nere hym no so loþ.  
 Cadwal suor ys oþ agen, ȝyf he croune bere,  
 Vorto smyte of ys heued vnder ys croune þere.  
 þus wax stryf bytuene hem, hii greyþed her host vaste,  
 And by Norþe Homber <sup>3</sup> mette hem atte laste.  
 Mony þousend þer were ybroȝt of Cadwale's men to deþe,  
 And he hym sulf wyþ vewe men of scapede alȝue vnneþe,  
 And flen hym vorþ in to þe see, al þoru Scotlond,  
 And so vorþ euere in to þe see, vorte he com to yrlond.  
 Edwyne wende þo anon out of ys owe lond,  
 And destrude wyde aboute þat Cadwal adde an honde,  
 Alle ys stedes, ver and ner, and to grounde caste.  
 Cadwal in yrlonde ys ost garkedede vaste,  
 And vorþ toward þys lond þe veage nome.  
 Ac euere wanne he myd ys ost to eny hatene com,

<sup>1</sup> And when þat Cadewall  
 hurde þis, he send word þo  
 To Edwyne, þat he nolde as-  
 sente þer to, And þat in on  
 londe, o kyngdom þat were,  
 Any partyng so were mad,  
 þat me two crounes bere.  
 And seide, hit was a yenst the

wone of his faderes olde. For  
 thi assente ther to, he seide  
 that he nolde. Edwyne was  
 tho wroth y nogh, and swor  
 his more oth, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Were  
 hym neuere so loth *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> They mette atte laste *Ar.*

Edwýne was agen hým, and drof hym age.  
 So þat he ne mýgte aryue, ac huld hým in þe see. <sup>1</sup>  
 Ac anchanteor Edwýne adde of Spayne wýþ hým þo,  
 þat couþe hým segge of ys dedes al hou yt ssolde go  
 þoru ys chantement, so þat Cadwal  
 Ne dude nobýng, þat Edwýne þoru hým yt nuste al.  
 Cadwal nuste þo oþer rede, bote mýd al ys mayne  
 Wende to porchacy hým help to þe lasse Brutayne.  
<sup>1</sup> Tempest hým drof in þe see here and þer vaste,  
 So þat in þe yle of Gerneseye hii aryued atte laste.  
 þo Cadwal com to reste, þer so gret deol he nome,  
 þat he adde so ys folc vorlore, and ys kýnedom,  
 þat he laý syke in ys bed vor deol and vor sore,  
 þat he ne ete non mete <sup>2</sup> þre dawes þer vore.  
 þe <sup>3</sup> verþe day to veneson hým þogte ys herte drou,  
 Bryan, <sup>4</sup> ys owe priue man, was þerof glad ynou.  
 Hys bowe he nom, & sogte a best aboute mony a myle,  
<sup>5</sup> And he ne mýgte, ssolde he deye, výnde non in al þe yle.  
 Sory was þys Bryan þo, <sup>6</sup> þat he non grace hadde,  
 For he hopede yt were ys louerde's hele, vor þe wýlle þat he  
 adde.  
 He ne vnderstod of non oþer fless, þat þe kýng ýknowe ne couþ  
 þat yt nere non veneson, wanne yt were in ys mouþe.

<sup>1</sup> A tempest *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> iiii. *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> v. *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> That priue  
 with hym was, therof was  
 glad ynogh *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> But *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> For he no grace hadde.  
 For he hopede his lorde's

hele, yf he eny hadde, He vn-  
 derstod of non other fless, h,  
 that he knowe couthe, That  
 hit nere veneson, whan hit  
 were in his mouthe *Ar.*

He býhogte hým of harde ýnou, to abbe ys louerde's lýf.  
 A gret pece of ýs owe þý he <sup>1</sup> kerf out wýþ a knýf,  
 And helde þe <sup>2</sup> wounde, he mýgte loke gýf he nas trewe.  
 þe kýng he brogte yt wel ýrosted vor veneson newe.  
 Newe and verss ýt was ýnou, þe kýng ete þerof anon.  
 Hým þogte, þat so suete mete he ne ete neuere non,  
 Ne so sauerý in ýs mouþ, so þat he turnde to hele,  
 And hol was þe þrydde day, vor þulke suete mele.  
 Hým longede after veneson þer after longe sore,  
 Ac ner gode of þulke beste ne com in ýs mouþ nanmore.  
 To þe lasse Brutayne wýþ ýs folc þo he drou,  
 And of þe kýng Salomon was <sup>3</sup> vnderuonge vajre ýnou,  
 And byleuede wýþ hým alle wýnter, vorte after þe gere's  
 ende,  
<sup>4</sup> And greýþede her poer hýder vorto wende.

**K**YNG Edwýne adde ýwonne er alout the Brutons lond,  
 More þan ený Englýss kýng euere er adde an hond,  
 Al bygonde Seýn Daud, & al Walys al out.  
 Bý uore hým nas non Englýss kýng so rýche ne so prout.  
 Heþen man he was ýwýs, and to Cristendom  
 þoru erchebýssop of Euerwýk Seyn <sup>5</sup> Paulym he com.

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<sup>1</sup> Kutt of *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wounde, | *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Undernom *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And  
 whan he myghte loke wher | than homward a yen he cast  
 he nere trewe. To the kyng | hym to wende *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Sic.*

**CADWAL** kȳng þat agte be of Brutons londe,  
 Mȳd poer, þat kȳng Salomon hȳm adde ȳtake an honde,  
 (þat was ten þousend kȳngtes,) & mȳd ȳs owe poer,  
 Aryuede bysyde Toteneȳs, and come somdel ner.  
 In þe toun of Exestre mony Brutons were,  
 And a luper kȳng of þe Marche hȳseged hem þer,  
 Penda, þat heþene was, vnder Edwȳne þe kȳng.  
 Cadwal, þo he wuste þȳs, ne made no targȳng,  
 Ac smot to hȳm mȳd ȳs ost, & þer wȳþoute fayle  
 At Eccestre strong ȳnou hii smyte an bataȳle.  
 Penda þȳs heþene kȳng was sone ouercome,  
 And ȳs folc mucche aslawe, & he hȳm sulf ȳnome.  
 þo he in prison was ȳdo, <sup>1</sup> and oþer couþe ne ȳse,  
 He bȳhet Cadwal mȳd hȳm mȳd al ȳs poer be,  
 And þat he ssolde vor hȳm þe bet kȳng Edwȳne ouercome.  
 Of þȳs was sȳkernesse <sup>2</sup> ȳdo, and ostages ȳ nome.  
 Penta garked ȳs poer, and Cadwal ek ȳs route  
 Of Brutons, þat vor defaute of help to sprad were wȳde  
 aboute.  
 þo þȳs ost al gare was, vorþward vaste hii drowe,  
 And in Norþhumberlond þat folc vaste hii slowe.  
 Kȳng Edwȳne adde al so in ȳs half gret poer  
 Igadered of Englysse kȳnges, & of ȳs owe ver & ner.

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<sup>1</sup> And other ne couthe by | Edwyne kyng sholde be ouer-  
 se, He by het Cadewalle with | come *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Made, *Ar.*  
 hym for to be, And helpe that |

In to þe veld of <sup>1</sup> Haduele ech of hem drow  
 Myd her ost, & smýte þer an bataýle strong ý nou.  
 Kýng Edwýne was þer aslawe, and <sup>2</sup> Osfrýd ýs sone also,  
 And Godbold kýng of Orcadas, & her folc neý þerto.  
 And Cadwal was al aboue, þe wule yt wolde ýlaste.  
 þe Englýsse and þe Saxons he slou þo wel vaste.  
 He ne sparede olde ne zong, ne <sup>3</sup> womman, ne chyld,  
 þat he ne slou, <sup>4</sup> wanne he vond. he nas noþýng myld.  
 Anoper bataýle supþe he smot <sup>5</sup> azen Osryc strong ynou,  
 þat kýng was after Edwýne, & þer <sup>6</sup> he hým slou,  
 And ýs tueye neuueus, þat after hým kýnges ssolde be,  
 And Cadan kýng of Scotlond, ýslawe hii were alle þre.  
<sup>7</sup> Eufryd, Edwýne's broþer, þo he sey <sup>8</sup> þys wo aboute,  
 To Cadwal he wende, & mercy cryde vor doute.  
 Cadwal hým, & tuelf þousend þat myd hým com, slou.  
 þys zer was among hem of feble grace ý nou.  
 And þat was of hem lute harm. vor after her Cristendom  
 And to heþenese hii turnde azen. & þus such wreche hem  
 nome.  
 Kýng Cadwal and þe Brutons her wýlle adde also,  
 And stured hem among her fon, þat hem adde er ssame ýdo.

<sup>1</sup> Hedefeld *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ostryd  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Wommen with childe,  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Whan he hem fonde,  
 & was no thyng mylde *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> With *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> He tho hym  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Confrid *Ar.* & *in ora*  
*Codice, è regione hujus car-*  
*minis, Confrid kyng of Bere-*  
*wýciens, idque equidem ab ea-*  
*dem manu. Infra autem in*

*hoc Codice Emfryde scribi-*  
*tur.* <sup>8</sup> This wogh, Forto haue  
 mercy to Cadwal he drogh.  
 And he of hym no mercy haue  
 wolde tho, But hym xii. þou-  
 send men he let to dethe so.  
 Lýtel force hit was of hem.  
 for after hure Cristendom To  
 hethenese hii tournde a ye.  
 for thy God wrech nom *Ar.*

Seyn

**SEYN** Oswald, Eufrydys broþer, kýng was ýmad þo  
Of al Norþhumberlond, among al þys wo,  
þat holyman was & god, þe betere ýs grace was.  
And kýng Cadwal to hym to sturne vorst was.  
þys was in þe ger of grace sýx hondred ger ýwýs,  
And aboute an foure & þrytty, þat ýdo was al þys.

**SEYN** Býryn þe byssop an holy man was,  
þat in to þys lond þoru þe pope Honorý ýsend was.  
To turne kýng of Westsex Kýngýls to Cristendom,  
And þat lond of Westsex, in to þys lond he com.  
Seýn Býryn hym to Cristendom turnde þoru Gode's grace,  
And, as God wolde, Seýn Oswald was in þulke place,  
And of holý vantston þys grete kýng nome,  
And ýs godfader was in ýs Cristendom.  
Seýn Oswald and þys oþer kýng, þoru vr Louerde's grace,  
Porueýde Seýn Býryn to ýs wýlle an place,  
¹ þat Dorchester ýs ýcluped, þat býsyde Oxenford ýs,  
As in þe Est Souþ, an sene mýle ý wýs.  
þer Seýn Býryn býssop was, þe vorste þat was ýwýs.  
Vor þe sce was þer of býssop þo, þat at Lyncolne nou ýs.  
þer he deýde, & þer he lay vorte supþe þerafter long  
þat he was to Wynchester ýlad, as ² ys gut vayre auong.

¹ That Dorchestre me clepeth by side Oxenford, That is Southward by the water of Themese vi. myle thenne ywis. Seýnt Beryn bisshop ther was the furste that there come, And after othur bis-

shopes hure se at Lyncoln nome. Berin deide at Dorchestre, & lay ther ful longe. To Wynchestre were his bones lad sutthe, & faire a vonge *Ar.* ² *Id est*, being honourably received in that place.

place where he is yet. *At de Birino, pariter atque de Dorcestria, lectu dignissima sunt hæc quæ sequuntur, è Ranulphi Higdeni Polychronico (à Joanne Trevisa Anglice verso) Londini edito A. D. M.D.XXVII. à nobis exscripta. Sic nimirum illic, l. v. c. XIII. Saynte Biry- nus the confessour was sent of Honorius the pope for too preche too Englysshemen. And whyle Biry- nus sayled in the see of Brytaine | he bethoughte on his restellis [pallulam intelligit (si- bi à papa Honorio donatam) super quam corpus Christi con- secrabat, corpusque Domini- cum in eadem involutum, quod collo suspensum semper secum portabat, inter sacrandum su- per sanctum altare ponere con- sueverat, ut ait Joannes Brom- ton, chron. col. 755.] that he had foryete in the hauen | and yede vpon the see & fette h s restellis. ¶ Beda libro tertio : capitulo sexto. This Byrinus conuerted Kyngilsus kyng of Westsaxons | and crystned hym af cyte Dortyk | that is Dor- chesster. There was kyng Os- walde present and was Kyngil- sus godfader | and wedded his doughter afterwarde. And bothe the kynges gaue that cyte for too ordeyne there a bysshops see. And there Byrinus deyed*

after the. xiiii. yere of his bys- shoprych and was beried there. But at last by Hedda bysshop of Whynchester Byrinus was tran- slated too Wynchester in to the chyrche of saynt Peter and Poul. ¶ R. But the chanons of Dor- cheter saye naye | and saye that it was another body than saynt Byrinus body that was so tran- slated. Therefore a byer of a wonder werke is yet seen [*scri- psit A. D. M.CCC.XLII. Ed- vardi tertii xvi.*] at Dorches- ter aboute the place of his fyrste graue. That Cyte Dortyk or Dortinga that nowe is called Dorchester is vii. myle bisouth Oxenforde sette bytwene two ryuers of Tame and of Temse. Also it is founde in cronycles that kyng Kyngilsus assygned all the lond seuen myle for too make a bysshops see in Winches- ter | and for the sustenance of the mynysters. And for the kyng was lette by his dethe euyll that he myghte not fulfyll it. He swore that his sone Ken- walcus sholde fulfyll it after- warde. ¶ Willelmus de pon. li- bro secundo. The Cytee Dor- chesster longed to the bisshops of Mercia fro that tyme vnto the comynge of the Normans. But in Willyam conquerours tyme the bysshops see was chaunged vnto Lyncolne.

Cadwal

Anno gra-  
ciæ 636.  
Heraclii  
imp. 26.

Cadwal kyng of Brutons worrede euere vaste  
 And Penda vp Seyn Oswald, vorte suppe atte laste  
 þat at þe toun of Mersueld by Norþe baþe hii come  
 Seyn Oswald and þe duc Penda, and batayle nome.  
 Penda þer þe luþer duc in batayle slou  
 And martrede Seyn Oswald, & al ys body to drou;  
 And mony þousend of ys men aslawe ek þer were.  
 þys was of þe ȝer of grace in sýx hondred ȝere  
 And four hondred. vor Seyn Oswald <sup>1</sup> in the ȝer kyng was,  
 And of eygte & þrytty ȝer old, þo hym vel þys cas.

**OSWÝ**, Seynt <sup>2</sup> Oswald broþer, kyng y mad was þo.  
 He býþogte hym of pes, to lýbbe wýþout wo.  
 He acordede wýþ kyng Cadwal, & tresour hym ȝef ýnou,  
 Vorto be ys pryue frend, wýþout worre and wou.  
 þe fourme of pes was vaste ýmad bý tuene hem there,  
 þat ne mygte noȝt wel ýbroke be, bote treuþe ýlore were.  
 Ac Penda <sup>3</sup> heþen duc adde euere god wýlle  
 To worre hym, & do hym ssame, <sup>4</sup> & þogte in ys herte stýlle.  
 Ac he ne dorste vor Cadwal, <sup>5</sup> ac napeles atten ende  
 To þe kyng at ys parlement to London he gan wende,  
 And alle dukes of Bruteýne, & þe Englyss kynges echone,  
<sup>6</sup> Icome were to þys parlement, bote kyng Oswý one.

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<sup>1</sup> *Lege ex Ar.* ix. ȝer *pro* | wal to his Parlement to Lon-  
 in þe ȝer. <sup>2</sup> *Osewalde's Ar.* | don gan wende, And all the  
<sup>3</sup> *The heþene Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Yf he* | dukes *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Saue the kyng*  
 hit myghte fulfille *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *But* | Osewy of Northhumberlond  
 so fel atten ende, That Cade. | al one *Ar.*



Penda askede þe kȳng anon, wȳ kyng Oswȳ nere þer?  
 þe kȳng seyde, he vnderstod, þat he syk were.  
 " Syre," quap þe oþer, " to soþe, yt nȳs noþȳng so,  
 " Ac he gadereþ vaste ys poer, vs ssame tō do,  
 " And he aþ ȳsend bȳzonde see after Saxons mo,  
 " And wole awreke ȳs broþer deþ, he suerþ, on vs tuo.  
 " <sup>1</sup> þeruore gȳf me mȳd poer leue þuder wende,  
 " And brȳng hȳm to ssame & bȳneþe, er þan he vs ssende.  
 To breke ȳs trewe couenant, þe kȳng was loþ þerto,  
 And napeles ȳs conseȳl hȳm gef, þat he moste yt nede do.  
 þo Penda þȳs leue adde, he nome poer ȳ nou,  
 And toward þis kȳng Oswȳ ouer Homber drou,  
 Ann barnde vaste and robbede, and to grounde slou.  
 þe kȳng Oswȳ hȳm let esse, wȳ he dude hȳm so wou,  
 And bed hȳm, vor Gode's loue, hadde of hȳm reuþe,  
 And of ȳs lond, & þenche bet on vorewarde & on treuþe.  
 þo Penda nolde oþer, þe oþer aȳen hȳm sette,  
 And dude hȳm al in Gode's grace, & mȳd ȳs ost hym mette,  
 And an bataȳle smȳte strong ȳnou, & þoru Gode's grace  
<sup>2</sup> Kȳng Oswȳ <sup>3</sup> þe Cristȳn men bȳleuede þe place.  
 Vor Penda, þe heþene duc, aslawe was þere  
 And þrȳtȳ oþer dukus, þat mȳd hȳm also were.

<sup>1</sup> For thy let me haue leue  
 thuder forto wende, And lette  
 him of his purpos er he vs  
 alle a shende *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Kȳng  
 Osewy and his Cristene men  
 that day hadde the place *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *F.* þe hethen men, *ut sensus*  
*sit*, the heathen men left the

place to king Oswy, *nisi for-*  
*sitan* and the Cristyn men  
*malis ex Ar. ut byleuede pas-*  
*sive sumatur, sc. to king Oswy*  
 and the Christian men the  
 place was left. *Possem & alia*  
*notare, sed non est tanti.*

Syx hundred yer of grace yt was, & in þe <sup>1</sup>výftýþe zere,  
 þer <sup>2</sup>byzet Penda lute Cristynmen vorto aferen.  
 þo Cadwal, kyng of Brutons, noblyche adde ynou  
 ybe kyng eygte and fourty zere, and to elde drou,  
 He deyde after Martynmasse <sup>3</sup>rýgt þen sýxte day.  
 þe Brutons made deol y nou, þo he ded lay,  
<sup>4</sup>And made kynges fourme of bras al hola wýþinne,  
 Vpe an hors rýde of bras, & þat body dude þerýnne,  
 And vpe <sup>5</sup>þe West gate of Londone sette hýt <sup>6</sup>wel heye  
 In sygne of ys nobleye, þat men wel wýde yseye.  
 An þe sygte þer of þe Saxons aferde.  
 An ehýrche of Seyn Martyn þer bý neþe hii rerde,  
 War ynne me ssolde Gode's serufse do,  
 And synge vor ys soule, and vor alle Cristýne al so.

<sup>7</sup>CADWALLAD ys sone was <sup>7</sup>þerafter ymad kyng,  
 zong <sup>8</sup>bachelor and stalward atte <sup>9</sup>bý gynnýg,  
 And þoru out wel wuste ys lond, & sauede þe Brutons  
 Stýfliche <sup>10</sup>al an tuelf zere agen <sup>11</sup>Saxons.  
 Ac þo vel he in sykness and sorwe vpen oþer,  
 þe Brutons fogte her and þer ech agen oþer,

<sup>1</sup>xv. yere, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup>By gate  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup>Euene the sixte day  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup>Hii made a kynges  
 fourme, and hym al hol with  
 ynne Upon a hors rydyng of  
 bras putte al with gynne,  
 And vpon *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>Ful hegh  
 In tokne of his noblesse, that  
 me hitt fer segh. And that the  
 sight ther of the Saxones

sholde a fere, (A church of  
 Seynt Martyn by nethe hii  
 lete nere, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup>Cadwalla-  
 dre *Ar. & sic infra.* <sup>7</sup>After  
 hym mad *Ar.* <sup>8</sup>Staleworth  
 bachelor & noble in alle thyng,  
 And *&c. Ar.* <sup>9</sup>L. bygynnýng.  
<sup>10</sup>Fully xii. *Ar.* <sup>11</sup>The  
 Saxones *Ar.*

## Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

And lore, as wo seyþ, grace of God, & þat he gan hem ssewe.  
 Vor he sende hem so muche hunger & luper geres are we,  
<sup>1</sup> þat þys folc was ney meteles, bote wo so coupe myd gynne,  
 Oþer myd bow and arwen, eny wylde best wynne.  
 So gret qualm com ek among men, þat hii, þat were alyue,  
 Ne mygte nogt al burye þat folc, þat deýde so ryue.  
 Vol of syknesse, and of qualm, and sorwe þys lond was þo,  
 Of hunger, and of vnele geres, hou mygte be more wo?  
<sup>2</sup> þet folc gret compayne & oþer myd wop & sorwe y nou,  
 Wanne hii mygte ssyppes abbe, in to oþer loudes drou.  
 þe kýng <sup>3</sup> hym let ek in sorwe and in sykenesse lede  
 Toward þe lasse Brutayne, & þys deoluol playnte seyde:  
 “<sup>4</sup> Awey! awey! we synuol men, alas! oure wrecchede,  
 “ þat we abbyþ þus God agult myd mony synuol dede  
 “ We and oure elderne ek, þe wreche ych vnderstonde  
 “ þat þus wrecchedlyche nou vus dryff out of oure kunde  
 londe,  
 “ þat Romeyns ne mygte myd batayle neuere do,  
 “ Ne Scottes, ne <sup>5</sup> Pycars, ne þe Saxons þerto.  
 “ Nou we beþ, þoru wreche of God, vor oure synuol dede,  
 “ Idryue out al clene, wyþ out hope, wyþ sorwe & <sup>6</sup> wreche.

<sup>1</sup> That the peple hadde no mete, but they with any gynne Wilde bestes, or fowell, or fish myght wynne. Such pestilence cam also, that hii, that were alyue, The dede myghte vnnethe burye, they deide so blyue *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The folc with grete compayne in care and sorwe y nogh, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hym self *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A las! he seyde, and

welawey! whi couthe we noght blynne. While that we tyme hadde, oure lyff to lede in synne, Thurgh which we shal nogh al clene be dryue out of londe, And al hit is þorgh wreche of Gode's owene honde? That the Romeynes *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Pictes, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *L.* wrecchede.

<sup>1</sup> Vor

" <sup>1</sup> Vor vagt we abbeþ so ofte vp hem ýwonne þat lond,  
 " Wanne God nel nozt, þat ýt be lengore in oure hond.  
 " Vor þe soþuast God, þo he ýse, þat we nolde, vor noþyng,  
 " Fram oure synne vs wýþ drawe, ne þat non prince, <sup>2</sup> ne,  
 " Ne mygte brýnge vs out of þe lond, he, þat mygtuol ýs,  
 " <sup>3</sup> Deþe after oure deserte, and <sup>4</sup> pulte vus out ýwýs.  
 " Comeþ nou agen ze Romeýns, and ze Scottes al so,  
 " <sup>5</sup> Pýcars, and Saxons, and Englýsse þer to,"  
 " þat so muche abbeþ desyred <sup>6</sup> þat lond, ze mowe yt fynde  
     nouþe  
 " Al bar wýþ out defense, býnorþe and eke býsouþe,  
 " <sup>7</sup> And al þat þoru wreche of God, & nozt goure poer nozt ý do,  
 " (Vor al þe poer, þat ze alle adde, ne mygte yt bringe þerto,)  
 " Ac þoru þe mygte of Jhesu Crist we beþ ýbrogt to grounde,  
 " þat we wraþþed euere mo, and nou we abbeþ ýfounde.  
 " Alas! þat by myne daye such wreche ssolde come,  
 " þat ý nadde ýbe ded bore, bote God adde þe soule ý nome.  
 þe deol ne may non tonge telle, þat þe kýng to hym nome,  
 So þat to þe lasse Brutayne myd þýs sorwe he com,  
 To, þe kyng's neuue Salomon, Aleyn, þat kyng was þo,  
 And vayre of hym was vnderfonge in ýs muchele wo."

<sup>1</sup> An ydel we haue so ofte  
 recouered of hem oure lond,  
 When God nele, that we len-  
 gor haue hit in our hond *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Adde kyng cum Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Doth  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Putteth Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Pictes,  
 and Englissh, and Danes al-  
 so, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> And  
 when ye haueth hit, seye ye  
 ne may, ye haueth vs out pylt

Thurgh your strengthe, but  
 hit is thurgh oure owene gylt.  
 Deol he made gret y nogh,  
 so that his wey he nom To-  
 ward the lasse Brutayne, and  
 thuder sone he com To kyng  
 Salomone's sone Aleyn, that  
 tho was, And faire of hym  
 was vnderfonge, as fel in  
 this cas *Ar.*

þo þe Brutons þerafter were al as out of munde,  
 After folc þe Saxons sende of her kunde,  
 To come & wone in þys lond, þat roman agen hem nas,  
 And þat þet lond to her wylle al bar agen hem was.  
 þo þys strangemen hurde þys, ynou of folc hii home,  
 Of men and of wymmén ek, and to þys lond come.  
 Anon from Cornwayle to Norphomberlond,  
<sup>1</sup> Hote yt were of poueral, al bar hii founde þat lond.  
 þe poteral ouer Seuerne flen þat þer was þo,  
 And byleuede vorþ in Walys in sorwe and in wo,  
<sup>2</sup> We longe her afterward þo yt com to amendement,  
 And bote of hongre & of qualm vr Louerfl adde ysend,  
 Som help of þe kyng Aleyn kyng Cadwallad bysogte,  
 And þat he in to ys kunde londe þoru ys help hym brogte.  
 þe kyng hym grantede anon, and as hii were aboute,  
 Eyþer in ys half, to gadery gret ost and gret route,  
 To kyng Cadwallad an angel <sup>3</sup> auysyon brogte  
 Fram heuene, and bad hym wyþdrawe of þat he þogte.  
 Vor yt nas Gode's wylle, þat of þe Brutons <sup>4</sup> kunde  
 Regrede more in Engeland, and al uor her sunne.  
 And namelyche ar þulke tyme þat ys in prophecye  
 Merlyn seyde to Arture, þat nolde nobyng lye.

<sup>1</sup> L. bote. Nam bote in Ar.  
<sup>2</sup> Afterwardes whan hit fel,  
 as God gaf the grace, That  
 alle these meschenes gonne  
 ouerpace, And the peple in  
 Walys strengthed sumwhat  
 were, Cadewaldre hym by  
 thoght in this ilke manere,  
 That the synne of his peple

wassh was clene. To Aleyn  
 kyng of Brutayne he gan his  
 mone mene, And in alle ma-  
 nere wise his help hym by  
 soght, That thurgh hym in  
 to his Reaume he myght be  
 broght Ar. <sup>3</sup> Tydyng Ar.  
<sup>4</sup> Kynne Ar.

Vor he seyde, þat þe Brutons me ssolde gut ysey  
 Wýnne her rygte kynedom, ac yt ssolde arst long be.  
 Wanne ye relykes of halewen yfounde were & ykud,  
 þat vor drede of Saxons wyde were yhud.  
 To Sergy þe pope, þat þo was, to Rome he bed hym wende,  
 And do þer ys penance, þat God hym wolde sende,  
 And byleue al erþlych þogt, þen deuēl vorto ssende,  
 And he ssolde among holymen<sup>1</sup> to heuene<sup>2</sup> atten ende.  
 þe kyng þys auýson, þat þe angel hym seyde,  
 þe oper tolde priuelýche, hym þerof to rede.  
 þe kyng Aleyn let þo anon in ys bokes aspýe,  
 Boþe of Sýbyle þe sage, and of Merlyne's prophecýe;  
 Were hii to ys auýson acorded in ech þýnge?  
 And þo he vond, þat bytuene hem nas non dýscordýng,  
 He radde þe kyng Cadwallad, to þenche nanmore  
 Of <sup>2</sup> Engeland, ac do al out þe angele's lore,  
 And wende to Rome, <sup>3</sup> holy lýf to lede.  
 þe kyng Cadwallad dude al out, þat þe angel he hym bede,  
 And at Rome was of þe pope vayre <sup>4</sup> vnder yonge,  
 And in penance and holy lýf lyuede þere longe,  
<sup>5</sup> And in etteþe day of Aueryl out of þys worl he wende  
 To þe joye of Heuene, as God after hym sende.  
<sup>6</sup> Hyt was sene hondred zer bote on zer lasse vnneþe,  
 After þat God anerþe com, þat þys kyng com þus to deþe.

<sup>1</sup> Be nombred *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Bru-  
 tayne, but do after the *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Ther holy *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A songe,  
*Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The xix. day of A-  
 pril *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Six hundred yer

and foure skor, and ther to  
 eyghtetene, Hit was þat our  
 Lord bore was y wene. The  
 Englissh *Ar.*

þe Englysse" and þe Saxons, þat alone þo were,  
 Grete tounes and castles bygonne bulde and rere,  
 þat hii adde er ýcast adoun, & louerdes were al þo,  
 And þe Brutons clene al out myd sorwe & myd wo,  
 And lore þo boþe al clene, name and eke lond.  
 Vor þat was Brutayne ýcluped er, me cluped nou Engeland.  
 þo vewe were of hem býleued, as in Cornwayle & Walýs.  
 Brutons nere nanmore ýcluped, ac Waleys ýwýs.  
 After <sup>1</sup> Walon, þat was her <sup>2</sup> duc, hii adde vorst þe name,  
 And ne mygte neuer efter þýs lond keuere, at lýbeþ myd alle  
 ssame,

<sup>3</sup> Bote hii þus myd scolkýnge vp þe Englysse wende,  
 And doþ ený skec feble ynou, and abbeþ þe worse ende.  
 Ac, (as þe angel seyde er, and Merlýn ek bý uore,)  
 Hii ssolleþ keuery muche lond, þat hii abbeþ ýlore;  
 Al Walýs and al þe March, and al myddel lond ýwýs,  
 þat ýs, al þat býtuene Temese and Homber ýs,  
 Al Est toward Londoné, & þat me ssal gut ýsey.  
 At vpe Gode's wýlle ýt ýs, wanne ýt ssal be.  
 Here we Englysse men mowe ýse sone,  
 Myd wuche rygte we beþ to þýs londe ýcome.  
 Ac þe wrecche Englysse men beþ of þe olde <sup>4</sup> more;  
 In wuche manere, ge abbeþ ý hurd, hou hii ýt abbeþ ý lore.  
 Ac þe feble ýs euere býneþe. vor hii, þat abbeþ mygte,  
 Myd strengþe bryngeþ ofte þat wowe to þe rygte.

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<sup>1</sup> Gwalo, *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Prince, *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> And ofte tyme in skolkyng on Engeland gon they wende, And made con-  
 tek and strif, and hadde the worse ende *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> *Subintelige, Britain.*

þO Brutayne was þus ylore, and þe londe's name  
 To þe name of Engeland yturnd, to gret ssame,  
 Sene kynges hii adde longe, as þe kyng of Estsex,  
 Of Kent, of Humberland, of Est Angle, of Souþsex,  
 Of þe March, of Westsex, <sup>1</sup> of alle þes echon  
 Wule þes were kynges, þat nouþ ys bote one.  
 Vor ech bygan to worry vp oþer, and oþeres londes bynome,  
 And hii of Denemarch among hem, vorte alle to one come.  
 þe kynges of Westsex adde þe ouer hond,  
 So þat attelaste hii wonne alle þe oþeres lond.  
 Ac Souþsex ne last nozt longe, ne Estsex <sup>2</sup> naþe mo.  
 þe kyng of Westsex sone hem wan, bote vyue þer nere þo.  
 þe kyndom of þe March ylaste long and wel ynou,  
 Vorte þe kunde kyng seyn Kenelm in marterdom me sloz.  
 Kyng Kenulf ys fader godman was, þat þe hous of Wyche-  
 cumbe  
 Rerde vorst, and þer lýþ hym sulf in a tombe.  
 þo Seyn Kenelm ymartred was, ys vnclé <sup>3</sup> Seowulf  
 Kyng was after hym ymaked, þe kynges broþer Kenulf.  
 He nas kyng bote on zer, ar on Bernulf com,  
 And þoru strengþ hym caste out of ys kenedom.

**E**GBRYGT <sup>4</sup> was kyng y mad, as oþer byuore hym were,  
 Of Westsex in þe zer of grace eygte hondred zer.

<sup>1</sup> Alle thes echon While were  
 of kynges, Ar. <sup>2</sup> Ne the mo  
 Ar. <sup>3</sup> Sive, Ceolulph. <sup>4</sup>  
 Perplura hinc occurrunt in Cod.  
 Ar. oratione soluta concepta,

*In quo tamen Codice desunt  
 cuncta metra usque ad Ed-  
 wardi, Ælfredi Magni filii,  
 regnum.*



By ys daye Seyn Kenelm to deþe ybrogt was,  
 þe kynedom was þerafter lute, vor wreche of þat cas.  
 Vor Bernulf, of wan we tolde, nozt þre ger kyng nas  
 Ar Egbrýgt, kyng of Westsex, made hým seke pas.  
 Vor an bataýle at Elendone hii smýte mýd her ost,  
 þe kyng Bernulf was þere býneþe, & býnome al ys bost,  
 And ys folc muche aslawe, & he flen wýþ muche wo.  
 In kyng Egbrýgte's poer ys kynedom was þo.  
 Eyzte hondred ger & tuenty, & sýxte þer to,  
 As in þe ger of grace þýs bataýle was ýdo.  
 þe kyng of Westsex her after adde al þe kynedom  
 Of þe March, oþer eche ger truage of hem nom.  
 In Egbrýgte's kynedom four and tuenty þe ger  
 Hýt was, ar þýs bataýle at Elendone were.  
 Bernulf supþe in Est Angle þoru men of lond,  
 And þoru Egbrýgte's poer, was aslawe, ých vnderstoude.  
 And þat folc of Est Angle vnderuonge þere  
 Kyng Egbrýgt to her soueryn, & seruage hým bere.  
 Kyng Egbrýgt was þo prout vor ys segnorýe.  
 Adelwolf, ys sone, he sende mýd vayre bachelerýe  
 To wýnne Kent, & Estsex, & Soþereýe, mýd maystrýe.  
 To þe lond of Kent hii wende vorst mýd her chyualerýe.  
 Kent hii wonde týmelyche, and Balred þe kyng  
 Flen ouer Temese, and býleuede ys owe þýng.  
 Estsex and Souþsex, and Soþereýe al so  
 Hii wonne, ar hii come agen; & þo al þýs was ýdo,  
 Egbrýgt, kyng of Westsex, al þýs to hým nom,  
 Al to þe vnder hým, and vnder ys kynedom.

Al þat lond bȳsouþe clene he adde al so  
 Under hȳm, oþer in ȳs hond. wȳnne he þogte mo.  
 Aȳen hem of Norþhumberlond mȳd ost he com at <sup>1</sup> Doyre,  
 Hii dude hȳm a non her manhede, & ne conteked namore.  
 Þe kȳng Egbrygt adde ȳbe kȳng þre and þrytty ȳer,  
 Þet folc of Denemarch hȳder com, as yt adde ȳ do er.  
 Ssepeȳe hii robbede vorst, and supþe oþer mo.  
 Ac þe kȳng Egbrygt hem drof aȳen, ar hii dude to muche wo.  
 Þo kȳng Egbrygt adde kȳdg ȳbe seuene & þrytty ȳer,  
 He deȳde as a noble man, ac ȳs londes he delde er.  
 Adelwolf, ȳs eldeste sone, he ȳef þo al Westsex,  
 þat was as ȳs erytage. and supþe al Souþsex  
 Hȳs ȳongore sone Aþelston he ȳef, and þe kȳnedom  
 Of Kent and of Estsex, þat of ȳs porchas com.  
 Hȳt was eyȳte hondred ȳer, and nyne þrytty þerto,  
 As in þe ȳer of grace, þat he deȳde so.

<sup>1</sup> *Meminerunt etiam Annales Saxonici, sub anno DCCCXXVII. And ȳe Ecgbryht lædde fȳrþe to Dore þið Norðanhȳmþre. ȳ hȳ hȳm þær eaþmedo budon. ȳ ȳeþpærneȳe. Eiusdem quoque mentionem habemus apud Florentium Wigorniensem. Id quod item monuit doctissimus Gibsonus, qui porro innuit, locum hunc in agro fuisse Eboracensi, licet plane incertum sit quonam hodierno vocetur nomine. Quidni autem quis censeat, ipsum fuisse Durham? Quo minus ita putemus, nihil quidem obstat in Annali-*

*bus Saxonici, è quibus discimus, Ecgbryhtum primum subjugasse Merciorum regnum, & totum quod fuit ab Australi parte Humbri, deinde movisse ultra Humbri flumen, in ipsum, ut videtur, Deirorum agrum. Et tamen fateor, hanc sententiam minime convenire cum Florentio, locum longe minoris notæ quam Dunelmum fuisse aperte indicante, suoque itidem tempore Dore nomine venisse significante. Quomocunque sit, in partibus ultra Humbrum fuisse sane existimari.*

**O**F þe batayles of Denemarch, þat hii dude in þys londe  
 þat worst were of alle oþere, we mote abbe an honde.  
 Worst hii were. vor oþere adde somwanne ydo,  
 As Romeyns & Saxons, & wel wuste þat lond þerto.  
 Ac hii ne kepte yt holde noȝt, bote robbý, and ssende,  
 And destrue, & berne, & sle, & ne couþe abbe non ende.  
 And bote lute yt nas worþ, þey hii were ouercome ylome.  
 Vor myd ssýpës and gret poer as prest efsone hii come.  
 Kýng Adelwolf of þys lond kýng was tuenty ger.  
 þe Deneys come bý hym rýuor þan hii dude er.  
 Vor in þe al our vorst ger of ys kýnedom  
 Myd þre & þryttý ssýpuol men her prince býder come,  
 And at Souþhamtone arýuede, an hauene bý Souþe.  
 Anoþer gret ost þulke týme arýuede at Portesmouþe.  
 þe kýng nuste weþer kepe, at delde ys ost atuo.  
 þe Denes adde þe maýstre. þo al was ydo,  
 And bý Estangle & Lýndeseýe hii wende vorþ atte laste,  
 And so hamward al bý Kent, & slowe & barude vaste.  
 Aȝen wýnter hii wende hem. anoþer ger eft hii come,  
 And destrude Kent al out, and Londone nome.  
 þus al an ten ger þat lond hii broȝte þer doune,  
 So þat in þe teþe ger of þe kýnge's croune,  
 Al býsouþe hii come alond, and þet folc of Somersete  
 þoru þe býssop Alcston and þet folc of Dorsete  
 Hii come & smýte an batayle, & þere, þoru Gode's grace,  
 þe Deneys were al býneþe, & þe lond folc adde þe place,  
 And more prowessc dude þo, þan þe kýng myȝte býuore,  
 þeruore gode lond men ne beþ noȝt al verlore.

þe kȳng was þe holdore þo, & aȳen hem þe more drou,  
 And ȳs foure godes sones woxe vaste ȳ nou,  
 Edelbold and Adelbryȳt, Edelred and Alfred.  
 þȳs was a stalwarde tem, & of gret wȳsdom & red,  
 And kȳnges were al foure, & defendede wel þȳs lond,  
 An Deneȳs dude ssame ȳnou, þat me volwel vond.  
 In syxteþe ȳere of þe kȳnge's kȳnedom  
 Is eldeste sone Adelbold gret ost to hȳm nome,  
 And ȳs fader also god, and oþere heȳe men al so,  
 And wende aȳen þȳs Deneȳs, þat mucþe wo adde ȳ do.  
 Vor myd tuo hondred ssȳpes & an alf at Temse mouþ hii  
     come,  
 And Londone, and Kanterbury, and oþer tounes nome,  
 And so vorþ in to Soþereȳe, & slowe & barnde vaste,  
 þere þe kȳng and ȳs sone hem mette atte laste.  
 þere was bataȳle strong ȳnou ȳsmȳte in an þrowe.  
 þe godes kȳngtes leȳe adoun as gras, wan medep mowe.  
 Heueden, (þat were of ȳsmȳte,) & oþer lȳmes also,  
 Flete in blode al fram þe grounde, ar þe bataȳle were ȳdo.  
 Wanne þat blod stod al abrod, vas þer gret wo ȳ nou.  
 Nys yt reuþe vorto hure, þat me so volc slou?  
 Ac our suete Louerd atte laste ssewde ȳs suete grace,  
 And sende þe Cristȳne Englysse men þe maystrye in þe place,  
 And þe heþene men of Denemarch byneþe were echon.  
 Nou nas þer ȳut in Denemarch Cristendom non;  
 þe kȳng her after to holȳ chȳrche ȳs herte þe more drou,  
 And teþezede wel & al ȳs lond, as hii aȳte, wel ȳ non.  
 Seȳn Swȳthȳn at Wȳnchestre byssop þo was,  
 And Alcston at Sȳrebourne, þat amendede mucþe þȳs cas.

þe kȳng was wel þe betere man þoru her beȳre red,  
 Tuenty wynter he was kȳng, ar he were ded.  
 At Wȳnchestre he was ȳbured, as he gut lȳþ þere.  
 Hȳs tueye sones he gef ȳs lond, as he bȳget ham etc.  
 Adelbold, þe eldore, þe kȳnedom of Estsex,  
 And supþe Adelbrȳgt, Kent and Westsex.  
 Eȳgte hondred ȳer ȳt was and seuene and fȳfty at so,  
 After þat God anerþe com, þat þȳs dede was ȳdo.  
 Boþe hii wuste bȳ her tȳme wel her kȳnedom,  
 At þe vyfte ȳer Adelbold out of þȳs lyue nome.  
 At Ssȳrebourne he was ȳbured, & ȳs broþer Adelbrȳgt  
 His kȳnedom adde after hym, as lawe was and rȳgt.  
 Bȳ ȳs daye þe verde com of þe heþene men wel prout,  
 \* And Hamtessyre and destrude Wȳnchestre al out.  
 And þat lond folc of Hamtessyre her red þe nome  
 And of Barcssyre, and fogte and þe ssrewen ouercome.  
 Adelbrȳgt was kȳng of Kent ȳeres folle tene,  
 And of Westsex bote vȳue, þo he deȳde ȳoh wepe.

**A**DELRED was after hȳm kȳng ȳ mad in þe place,  
 Eȳgte hondred & seuene & sȳxtȳ as in þe ȳer of graec.  
 þe vorste ȳer of ȳs kȳnedom þe Deneȳs þȳcke com,  
 And robbede and destrude, and cȳtes vaste nome.  
 Maȳstres hii adde of her ost, as ȳt wero dukes, tueȳe,  
 Hȳnguar and Hubba, þat ssrewen were beȳe.  
 In Est Angle hii bȳleuede, to reste hom as ȳt were,  
 Mȳd her ost al þe wynter, of þe vorst ȳere.

\* *F. an sive on; nisi mox malis, and Wynchestre destrude &c.*

þe oþer ȝer hii dude hem vorþ, & ouer Homber come,  
 And slowe to grounde & barnde, & Euerwýk nome.  
 þer was batayle strong y nou, vor yslawe was þere  
 Osryc kýng of Homberlond, & monye þat with hym were.  
 þo Homberlond was þus yssend, hii wende & tounes nome.  
 So þat atte laste to Estangle agen hym come.  
 þer hii barnde & robbede, & þat folc to grounde slowe,  
 And, as woltes among ssep, reulých hem to drowe.  
 Seynt Edmónd was þo her kýng, & þo he sey þat deluol cas  
 þat me morprede so þat folc, & non amendement nas,  
 He ches leure to deye hymself, þat such sorwe to ysey.  
 He dude hym vorþ among ys fon, nolde he<sup>1</sup> noþýg fle.  
 Hii nome hym & scourged hym, & supþe naked hym bounde  
 To a tre, & to hym ssote, & made hym mony a wounde,  
 þat þe arewe were on hym þo þycce, þat no stede nas býleude.  
 Atte laste hii martred hym, & smýte of ys heued.  
 þe sýxte ȝer of þe crownement of Aldered þe kýng  
 A nywe ost com into þys lond, gret þoru alle þýng,  
 And anon to Redýnge robbede and slowe.  
 þe kýng and Alfred ys broþer nome men ynowe,  
 Mette hem, and a batayle smýte vp Assesdoune.  
 þer was mony moder chýld, þat sone lay þer doune.  
 þe batayle ylaste vorto nýgt, and þer were aslawe  
 Vyf dukes of Denemarch, ar hii wolde wyþ drawe,  
 And mony þousend of oþer men, & þo gonne hii to fle;  
 Ac hii adde alle ybe assend, <sup>2</sup> ȝys þe nýgt nadde y be.  
 Tueye batayles her after in þe sulf ȝere  
 Hii smyte, and at boþe þe heþene maystres were.

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<sup>1</sup> L. noþýng. <sup>2</sup> Sic.

þe kýng Aldered sone þo þen wey of deþ nome,  
 As yt vel, þe výtý ger of ys kýnedom.  
 At Wýmbourne he was ýbured, as God gef þat cas,  
 þe gode Alfred, ys broþer, after hým kýng was.

**ALFRED**, þys noble man, as in þe ger of grace he nom  
 Eýgte hundred & sýxtý & tuelue þe kýnedom.  
 Arst he adde at Rome ýbe, &, vor ys grete wýsdom,  
 þe pope Leon hým blessedede, þo he þuder com,  
 And þe kýnge's croune of þys lond, þat in þys lond gut ys:  
 And <sup>1</sup> he led hým to be kýng, ar he kýng were ýwýs.  
 An he was kýng of Engeland, of alle þat þer come,  
 þat vorst þus <sup>2</sup> ýlad was of þe pope of Rome,  
 And supþe oþer after hým of þe erchebýssopes echon.  
 So þat býuor hým pore kýng nas þer non.  
 In þe Souþ sýde of Temese nýne bataýles he nome  
 Azen þe Deneýs þe vorst ger of ys kýnedom.  
 Nýe ger he was þus in þys lond in bataýle & in wo,  
 An ofte sýþe aboue was, and býneþe oftor mo;  
 So longe, þat hým nere bý leuede bote þre ssýren in ys houd,  
 Hamtessyre, and Wýltessyre, and Somerseté, of al ys lond.  
 A day as he wery was, and asuoddrýnge hým nome  
 And ys men were ýwend auýsseþ, Seyn Cutbert to hým com.  
 "Ich <sup>3</sup> am," he seyde, "Cutbert, to þe ýcham ýwend  
 "To brýnge þe gode týtýnges. Fram God ýcham ýsend.

<sup>1</sup> *Id est, heled sive conse-*  
*crated, vel anointed. Vide no-*  
*tas nostras ad Vitam Ælfredi*  
*Magni Spelmannianam, p. 17.*

<sup>2</sup> *Pro oyled, sive anointed. Nisi*

*forsitan tam híc, quam & jam*  
*supra, idem quod Anglo-Saxo-*  
*nicum gehalgod esse existimes.*

<sup>3</sup> *Vide Willielmi Malmesbur. de*  
*gestis regum Angl. lib. II. c. IV.*

" Vor þat folc of þys lond to synne her wylle al zeue,  
 " And gut nolle herto her synnes býleue  
 " þoru me & other halewen, þat in þys lond were ýbore;  
 " þan vor zou býddeþ God, wanne we beþ hým býuore,  
 " Hour Louerd myd ýs eyen of milce on þe lokeþ þeruore,  
 " And þý poer þe wole zýue azen, þat þou ast neý verlore.  
 " And þat þou þer of soþ ýse, þou ssalt abbe tokýnynge.  
 " Vor <sup>1</sup> þým men, þat beþ ago to day auýssyngre,  
 " In lepes & in coufles so muche vyss hii ssolde hým bryngre,  
 " þat ech man wondry ssal of so gret cacchýngre.  
 " And þe mor vor þe harde vorsta, þat þe water ýfrore hys,  
 " þat þe more azen þe kunde of vyssýngre ýt ýs.  
 " Of serue ýt wel azen God, and ýlef me ys messenger,  
 " And þou ssal þý wylle abyde, as ýcham ýtold her.  
 As þys kýng hereof awoc, and of þys sýgte þogte,  
 Hys výssares come to hým, & so gret won of fyss hým brogte,  
 þat wonder ýt was, & namelýche vor þe weder was so colde.  
 þo lýuede þe god man wel, þat Seyn Cutbert adde ýtold.  
 In Deuenýssyre þer after þer aryuede of Deneýs  
 þre and tuenty ssýpuol men, al azen þe peýs,  
 þe kýnge's broþer of Denemarch duc of ost was.  
 Oure kýnge's men of Engeland mette hem bý cas,  
 And smýte þer an bataýle, and her gret duc slowe,  
 And eygte hondred & fourty men, & her caronyes to drowe.  
 þo kyng Alfred hurde þys, ýs herte gladede þo,  
 þat lond folc to hým come so þýcke so ýt myzge go,  
 Of Somersete, of Wýltessýre, of Hamtessýre þerto,  
 Euere as he wende, and of ýs owe folc al so.

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<sup>1</sup> *Pro*, þýn.



So þat he adde poer ynou, and atte laste hii come,  
 And a batayle at Edendone agen þe Deneys nome,  
 And slowe to grounde, & wonne þe maystre of þe velde.  
 Þe kyng & ys grete duke bygonne hem to zelde  
 To þe kyng Alfred to ys wylle, and ostages toke,  
 Vorto wende out of ys lond, gýf he yt wolde loke;  
 And gut þerto, vor ys loue, to auonge Cristendom.  
 Kyng Gurmund, þe hexte kyng, vorst þer to come.  
 Kyng Alfred ys godfader was. & ybaptýsed ek þer were  
 þretty of her hexte dukes. and mucche of þat folc þere  
 Kyng Alfred hem huld wýþ hým tuelf dawes as he hende,  
 And suppe he gef hem large gýftes, and let hým wende.  
 Hii, þat nolde Cristyn be, of lond flowe þo,  
 And bygonde see in France dude wel mucche wo.  
 gut þe ssrewen come agen, and mucche wo here wrogte.  
 Ac þe kyng Alfred atte laste to ssame hem euere brogte.  
 Kyng Alfred was þe wysost kyng, þat long was byuore.  
 Vor þey me segge þe lawes bey in worre tyme vorlore,  
 Nas yt nogt so hiis daye. vor þey he in worre were,  
 Lawes he made rygthuollore, and strengore þan er were.  
 Clerc he was god ynou, and gut, as me telleþ me,  
 He was more þan ten ger old, ar he coupe ys abece.  
 Ac ys gode moder ofte smale gýftes hým tok,  
 Vor to byleue oþer ple, and loký on ys boke.  
 So þat by þor clergye ys rygth lawes he wonde,  
 þat neuere er nere y mad, to gouerný ys lond.  
 And vor þe worre was so mucche of þe luper Deneys,  
 þe men of þys sulue lond were of þe worse peys.

And

And robbed and slowe opere, þeruor he býuonde,  
 þat þer were hondredes in eche contreye of ys lond,  
 And in ech toun of þe hondred a teþynge were also,  
 And þat ech man wyþoute gret lond in teþynge were ydo,  
 And þat ech man knewe oper þat in teþynge were,  
 And wuste somdel of her stat, ȝyf me <sup>1</sup> þu vp hem bere.  
 So streyt he was, þat þey me ledde amýdde weyes heye  
 Seluer, þat non man ne dorste yt nýme, þey he yt seye.  
 Abbeys he rerde moný on, and moný studes ywýs.  
 Ac Wynchestrye he rerde on, þat nýwe munstre ýcluped ys.  
 Hys lýf eyȝte and tuenty ȝer in ys kýnedom ýlaste.  
 After ys deþ he was ýbured at Wýnchestre atte laste.

**EDWARD**, ys gode sone, kýng was ýmad þo  
 In þe ȝer of grace nýue hondred ȝer & on & nanmo.  
<sup>3</sup> Foure & tuenty ȝer he was kýng, & to more poer come  
 þan euere ys fader dude, ac boȝt to so gret wýsdom.  
 He wan" þe kýnedom of þe March mýd ys dedes bolde,  
 So þat of hým yt was afterward ýholde.  
 And þat lond of Estangle, and Norþhumberlond,  
 And Walýs he wan þoru bataýle, al vnder ys hond.  
 And he nas neuere in bataýle býneþe in þýs lond.  
 He býuond vorst an queintýse aȝen þe Deneys to anstond.

<sup>1</sup>*Sic, cum spatio, in Codice nostro Harleyano. At þefþe (i. e. ðeofðe sive theft) in Codice Cottoniano, sicut me docuit amicus. Adeo ut þufþe in Codice nostro Harleyano sit legen-*

*dum.* <sup>2</sup> Edward the veil, his sone, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Logher was he þenne his fader of clergie and wisdom, But more glorious thenne he in power that hým come. He wanne *Ar.*

Vor þe heye tounes in þe lond and þe castles þerto  
 Myð gode kýngtes he let astory, & myð sustýnance þerto.  
 So þat ware þe kýng were, and þer come her fon,  
 In eche contreye prest hii were myð þe lond volc anon,  
 And smýte moný bataýle, þat þe kýng ýt nuste,  
 So þat myð strengþe of heye tounes ech contreye hym sulf  
 wuste.

Hýs soster he let spousý, þat ýhote was Elfred,  
 To þe kýng, þat huld þe March of hym, þat ýhote was E-  
 þelred.

<sup>1</sup> So þat heo myð chýlde was, and þogte hýre so sor,  
 Ar þat chýld were ýbore, þat heo ne wýlde ýt nanmor.  
 Com more to þulke stoupe vor me ne mygte ýre bringe,  
 þat heo wolde euer eft in manne's bedde come vor nou þýng,  
 Ac euere seyde, wanne heo was of suche þýnge býsozt,  
 " þat kýnge's dozter, as he was, ýt býcom nozt,  
 " Such fol delýt vorto do, ne such dede naþemo,  
 " þat were encheson afterward of such pýne and wo.  
 " Ac gýf þe <sup>2</sup> býgýnnýge were gut as strong, as ýs þe ende,  
 " Ich wene gut moný womman þulke wey wolde wende.  
 þe luþer Edwolf was þe kýnge's broþer Edward,  
 And, vor pur hate agen ýs broþer, held as assreward.

<sup>1</sup> Tho that heo with childe  
 was, and hadde hit i bore,  
 And hadde i felte the woo ther  
 of, she saide therefore, That  
 come woulde sheo neuere in  
 manne's bedde more, For sheo  
 hadde had so myche sorow. &  
 sore; And seide, sheo nulde  
 neuer efte suche dede do,

That shuld be encheson of  
 suche sorow and wo. On A-  
 thelwolde, Eme's son of this  
 kyng Edward, For hate  
 ganne to werry hym as a shere-  
 warde. The Danes *Ar. E-*  
*thelwoldum etiam filium pa-*  
*trui regis appellat Will. Mal-*  
*mesb. f. 25. b.* <sup>2</sup> *Sic.*

þe Deneys" were in Humberlond, to hem he gan drawe.  
 Hii auonge hým vayre ýnou, & were wýþ him wel vawe,  
 And made hým her kýng anon, ýs broþer vorto ssende.  
 Sone hii greýþed her ost þo, Souþward vorto wende,  
 And asaýle Estsex, and nome þat lond anon.  
 Vor þe maystres of þe lond ȝolde to hem echon.  
 þo wende hii in to þe March, & mucche sorwe made,  
 And robbede and destrude vaste anon to <sup>1</sup> Creskelade:  
 So hii passede Temese, and dude wo ý nou.  
 Kýng Edward sone mýd ýs ost after hem drou,  
 And drof hem in to Humberlond mýd wel quýc pas.  
 Ac kýng Edwolf þer after sone aslawe was.  
 Vor þo kýng Edward & ýs men hamward ywend were,  
<sup>2</sup> þat folc of Kent, aȝen ýs wýlle, <sup>3</sup> býleuede bý hýnde þere.  
 þo Edwolf and þe Deneys wuste hem so býleue,  
<sup>4</sup> To hem hii smýte anon, and bataýle hem ȝeue.  
 þe Kent ers stode vaste aȝen, & þe kýng Edwolf slowe.  
 Heýe & lowe þer were aslawe, in eyþer alf ýnowe.  
 Kýng Edward þe nýþe ȝer of ýs kýnedom  
 þe castel made of Hereforde, and to gode ende com.  
 þe ȝer þerafter þe Deneys <sup>5</sup> wende fram Leycestre to Norþ-  
 hamtone

Toward Oxenford faste, and at <sup>6</sup> Hogenorte

<p><sup>1</sup> <i>Vulgo</i>, Crekelade. <i>Male autem Brekkelade in Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> The folke <i>Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> Be hynde slafte there <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> Towarde hem they turned a ȝe, and bataille them ȝeue. The men</p>	<p>of Kente stode a ye, and this Edwolf slowe <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> Wente fro Northampton Toward <i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> <i>Lege</i>, Hogenortone, (<i>sive, ut in Ar.</i>) Hoggenortonne.</p>
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Slowe muche folc <sup>1</sup> y nou, and" in þe contreye aboute.  
 Atte laste þe contreye folc com myd gret route,  
 And to dryue hem al to nogte, & her preye hem bynom.  
<sup>2</sup> Supþe, in þe endleste zer of þe kynge's kynedom,  
 þe Deneys come and robbede Norþ Walys vaste.  
 So þat to yrchenefeld hii come atte laste.  
<sup>3</sup> Out of castel of Hereforde þat folc vaste þo com,  
 And of þe contreye al aboute, & batayle wyþ hem nom,  
 And slou of hem her hexte duc, & oþere men mony on.  
 Hii, þat mygte of scapye alýue, of londe flowe echon.  
<sup>4</sup> Alfed, quene of þe March, strong <sup>5</sup> womwan was and  
<sup>6</sup> quenýte  
<sup>7</sup> In batayle, and yholde as quene in eche ponyte.

<sup>1</sup> *Desunt Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Sithen in the. xi. yere *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Oute of Herford the folke a yens t heme sone com, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Elfede, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> *Pro*, womman sive woman. <sup>6</sup> *L.* queynte, *cum Ar. uti etiam mox infra poýnte.* <sup>7</sup> Ind in bataile as a kyng i holde in eche poýnte. Al Wales sheo ouercome, and Yorke was hure also. Atte Camelworthe sheo deýde sethe, and buried atte Gloucestre thoo *Ar. Deinde desiderantur reliqua metra, ad Eadwardum hunc spectantia, multaque eorundem loco oratione soluta inseruntur, in quibus & indicatur, eum Wigornia, non Ferenduni (nunc Faringdon; in agro Berchieriensi) obiisse. Nam sic auctor :* This Edwarde veil

deýde atte Worcetre, and buried was at Wýnchestre, by side his fader. (*minus recte. Nam & alii Ferenduni hoc contigisse asserunt.*) *qui & hæc retulit de morte atque sepultura Ælfledæ, Elfledæ, sive Ethelfledæ :* Ethelflede, lady of Mercheneriche, a boue saide deide to fore hure brother Edwarde veil. v. yere, and was buryed in Seynt Petre's churche atte Gloucestre, whiche heo, with hure husbonde [Ethelred] with grete diligence had i maked, be cause they hadde translated Seynt Oswalde's bonus fram Bardenay thunder, but þat by Danes destroyed, a nother abbey now in . . . . . by Eldre erchbischop of York.

Al Walys heo ouercom, and þe March þerto.  
 Stafford heo wan, and Leycestre, and Warewýk þerto,  
 And Bruges & Euerwýk, & þe contreye ' &' al so  
 Of Euerwýk to hýre com, hýre wýlle vorto do.  
 At Tamewur þe heo deýde suþþe, & ýbured he was ý wýs  
 In Seýnt Petre's porche at Gloucestre, as þe abbey gut ýs.  
 þe kýnedom þo of þe March kýng Edward to hým nome,  
 As in þe sýxe and tuentye ger of ýs kýnedom.  
 Kýng Edward adde þre sones: þe eldoste Aþelston,  
 And Edmond and Eldred, þat kýnges were echon.  
 And suþþe he deýde at Farndone, as God gef þat cas,  
 And in mustre at Wýnchestre bý ýs fader ýbured was.

**A**þELSTON was þo kýng, þat was Edward's sone,  
 And þoru þe heye men of þe lond ýcrouned at Kýngestone.  
 Nýne hondred ger of grace & foure & tuenty ý crouned he was,  
<sup>2</sup> And aboute an fourtýne ger kýng þer after he was.  
 Holý chýrche he louede wel, and rerde moný on.  
 þe vorste ger of ýs kýnedom ýbore was Seýn Dunstone.  
 Nýwe abbeyes he made <sup>3</sup> vaste þýs gode Aþelston,  
 And þer nas of olde house in þe lond non,  
 þat he ne amendede mýd som lond, oþer mýd býldýnge,  
 Oþer mýd boc, oþer rýche cloþ, oþer oþer rýche þýnge.

<sup>1</sup> *Abesse malim.* <sup>2</sup> And but  
 an xvi. yere after kyng he  
 nas *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Many ich vnder-  
 stande, Ne olde Abbey was  
 ther none thourgh oute al his

londe, That he ne amended  
 with summe lond, other with  
 summe buildýng, Other with  
 bokes other clothe, or summe  
 riche thýng *Ar.*

Norphomberlond he wan, and Walys and Scotlond,  
 And þe kыnges & her lond held al in ys hond.  
 Hým þogte yt was more nobleye, þo he adde an hond al þys,  
 Vorto make kыnges, þan to be kыng y wys.  
 Azen hō made kыnges, þat kыnges er were,  
 Bote þat hii were vnder hým, and truage hým bere.  
 þo hii adde her lond azen, þe kыng of Scotlond  
 Constantyn, and Analaf kын of Homberlond,  
 Up þys kыng Aþelston gaderede men y nōwe,  
 And here bysouþe Homber myd her ost drowe.  
 Analaf was gode<sup>1</sup> kыngt, & stalward & queynte.  
 Menestral he was gode ynou, & harpare in eche poynte.  
 To Aþelston pauylon myd ys harpe he wende,  
 And so wel wyþoute harpede, þat me after hým sende.  
 þer he harpede so wel, þat he payde al þe route,  
 Ac euere were ys eyen in eche hurne aboute.  
 After mete, þo hii nolde nanmore of ys pleý,  
<sup>2</sup> Hii zeue hým seluer vor ys gle, & let hým go ys weý.  
<sup>3</sup> Of þe seluer he adde hoker, vor he ne com þuder vor non,  
 Ac ys wýlle he adde þo he sey þe stat of ys fon.  
 On, þat adde y be wyþ hým, þe kыng tolde þere.  
 þe kыng hým blamede þo, þat he nadde ytold hým er.  
 “Sýre, he seyde, “ych was ysuore to hým ar to þe,  
 “And zyf ych adde hým<sup>4</sup> bysuýke, þe wors þou wost<sup>5</sup> leue me.

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<sup>1</sup> Knýght *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Me ýaf hým ýftes for *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Of his ýftes he tolde scorne, *Ar.*    me. Ac remewe to a nother stede thýne tentes Ich the rede, *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Be trayed, *Ar.*    <sup>5</sup> Truste to

" Ac remewe in to anoþer stude þy pauylon by myn rede,  
 " Oþer þou myzt gyt to nyzt of som treson drede.  
<sup>1</sup> þe pauylon was remeued þo, and þe kyng and alle ys,  
 Ac a byssop and ys men þer uorþ com ýwys,  
 And pygte þer her pauylon, & býleuede al nyzt þere.  
 And þys luþer men com anyzt, & wende þe kyng yt were,  
 And slou þe byssop and alle ys men, þat gult nadde non.  
 And supþe hii wende vorþore mo, and sógte Aþelston.  
 Of hem nas he nozt <sup>2</sup> ýwar <sup>3</sup> ar þo atte laste.  
 Ac sone he and ys men armede hem wel vaste,  
 And Edmond ys broþer myd hym, <sup>4</sup> & þo hii preste were echon,  
 And wende to þys batayle, and mette myd her fon,  
 þe kyng to ys suerde drou, and þo ne vond he non.  
 Hyt was myd treson hym bynome, hard cas was þat on.  
 On God" almygtý & Seyn Aldelm þe kyng cride vaste þo,  
 And hii sende hym by vayr myracle bote in ys wo.  
 To hys scaubert he pulte ys hond, al preste asuerd he vond  
 þer inne, þoru God ý sond, no betere in lond.

<sup>1</sup> Thenne to a nother stede the kyng renew gan. To that place the same nyght [a bischop] cam than, And wende to haue founde the kyng ther, so that he logged ther, But the Enmys cam a nyght, and wende the kyng hit were, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Tum ultra progrediens [Analaus] regem ipsum imparatum offendit, quippe qui nihil tale hostem ausurum timens, largæ quieti in-*

*dulserat* Will. Malmesb. fol. 26. b. <sup>3</sup> Fort atte *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And dighte hem echechon Faste to the bataille, to mete with hure fone. The kyng trawe wolde his swerde, when he tyme I seye, And thenne founde he there non. for hit was a way Per aunter by fallýng a way, or by summe other cas. The kyng was ther of sore abasshed, as no wonder was. On God *Ar.*



In þe kyng tresorýe þat suerd <sup>1</sup> ýwust ýs,  
 As vor <sup>2</sup> noble relyke, gut to þýs daję ýwýs.  
<sup>3</sup> I egged ýt ýs in on alf, and in þe oþer nozt.  
 þere ne mýzte neuere gold ne seluer þeron be ýbrozt.  
 þýs noble kýng Aþelston, þo þýs gode suerd hým com,  
 Nobýlyche & wel he fagt, & so god ernest to hým nom,  
 þat fram þat þe sonne aros, vorte hýt derc nyzt was,  
 þe bataýle ýlaste, and neuere werý he nas.  
 Wat þoru ýs stalwarhede, wat þoru Gode's grace,  
 Mouny was <sup>4</sup> gode body, þat he slou in þe place.  
 þe bataýle was at <sup>5</sup> Brymesbury, & þere were of Deneýs  
 An of Scottes aslawe, and also of ýreýs,  
 Vyf zonge <sup>6</sup> kýnges, prout þoru al þýng,  
 And prout Constantýn, þat of Scotlond was kýng.  
 And of oþere, þat were aslawe, me ne mýzte non ende ýse.  
 Hii, þat of scapede alýue, býgonne vaste to fle.  
 þus <sup>7</sup> þe kýng Aþelston agaste þo ýs fon.  
<sup>8</sup> Vor hii ne ssolde in þýs lond abbe <sup>9</sup> recet non,  
<sup>10</sup> þe castel of Euerwyk to grounde he let caste.  
 (Vor ýs fon were ofte þer inne, þe wule <sup>11</sup> he ýlaste)

<sup>1</sup> ýut i kepte is, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> A noble *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Egged in the on half, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The strong body, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Brunnesbury *Ar.* *Vide cl. Gibsoni nominum locorum Explicationem in Chronico Sux. uti etiam Additiones ad ejusd. Gibsoni Camdeni Britannia Versionem Anglicam, p.873. in comitatu Northumbr.* <sup>6</sup> Knýghtes *Ar. non adeo recte.*

<sup>7</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> And for *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Resceýte *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> A castell *Ar.* *Inde certe & in additionibus oratione soluta in eodem codice scriptum legitur,* In the mene while Athelston lette throw downe, *York* an olde Castell at Ebraywik, that the Danes bý olde tyme hadde i maked, and that hit shulde

þat hii nadde non recet, vorto greuy ys lond.  
 1 Al so of ech maner porchas, þat com in ys hond,  
 Oþer þat gýf eny of ys as in porchas nome,  
 He verbed, þat neuere non among ys spence ne come,  
 Ac to hous of relygyon þat me yt al clene bere,  
 And to poueremen aboute, 2 þat meseyse were.  
 Alle þe kynges of Walys he brogte wel to lawe  
 To Hereford al vnder hym, to ys 3 wille vawe,  
 þat tuenty pound of golde ech of hem hym bere,  
 An 4 þretty pound of seluer fram gere to gere,  
 And 5 tuenty þousand 6 oxen ek to þys golde,  
 An hauekes and hondes, as mony as he wolde.  
 To certeyn wonyng he hem brogte boþe lowe & heye,  
 So þat 7 her wonyng were al by weste Weye,  
 And noþyng in þe Est alf. So þat Weye y wys  
 gt to þys 8 daye to delþ Engeland and Walys,  
 And þoru kyng Apelston þat was vorst ydo.  
 Men 9 of Cornwayle he brogte to certeyn stude also.

shulde be no more refute to  
 Enmys, and myche good,  
 ther inne I founde, he parted  
 a monge his men *Ar. Sed vi-*  
*desis Will. Malmesb. fol. 27. b.*  
 11. Hit dude i laste) *Ar.*

1 Also of eche purchas, that  
 he gat to his honde, Othur that  
 any of his men that any pur-  
 chas nome, He for bede that  
 neuere mo a mong his purchas  
 come, *Ar.* 2 That seke and  
 mysaised were *Ar.* 3 Wille wel  
 fawe, *Ar.* 4 *Trecentas Will.*

*Malmesbur. 5 25. millia Will.*  
*M.* 6 Oxen a yere to this  
 golde, *Ar.* 7 The Walesshmen  
 he putte beyonde Weigh, *Ar.*  
 8 Day deleth *Ar.* 9 *Inde di-*  
*gressus in Occidentales Brit-*  
*tones se convertit, qui Corne-*  
*wallenses vocantur, quod in*  
*Occidente Brittanniæ siti, cor-*  
*nu Galliæ ex obliquo respi-*  
*ciunt. Illos quoque impigrè*  
*adorsus, ab Excestra, quam*  
*ad id temporis æquo cum An-*  
*glis jure inhabitabant, cederè*

*com-*

Vor bygonde þe water of Tamer he adde hem alle ybrogt.  
 To wonye þer, as in her owe, and a þys alf nozt.  
 Vor hii wonede þer by uore anon to Excestre ryzt,  
 And Welsse were in Engelond vorte <sup>1</sup> he yt adde dýzt.  
 Kýng Apelston louede muche Malmesbury y wys.  
 He zef hem of þe holy croys som, þat þere zut ys.  
 And he was at ys ende <sup>2</sup> day v: yre ybured þere.  
 Kýng he adde arst ybe aboute an výtene zer.

**EDMOND**, Apelstone's broþer, after hym was kýng,  
 Gode man & doutede God þoru alle þýng.  
 In þe zer of grace nyne hondred yt was & <sup>3</sup> forutý zer,  
 þat he was kýng y mad, and old he was er  
 Eýztene zer, and he was kýng sýx zer <sup>4</sup> and day.  
 Foure & tuenty zer he was old, þo he aslawe lay.  
 Saracens þer were, þe zut býleuede in Engelond,  
 In Lýncolne & in Leycestre, & in Derby ých vnderstonde,  
 In Stafford & in Nothyngam. he drof hem al to nozt,  
 And Cristýnemen aboute in her stude brogt.  
 þet hous of Glastýnburý he louede wel ýnou,  
 And made Seyn Dunston abbed þere, & to ys conseyl hym drou,  
 And þoru ys conseyl chyrchýn wyde he let rere,  
 And abbeys and priorýes aboute here and þere.  
 In to hous of Glastýnburý gret þýng he zef þo,  
 And grete franchýses hem grantede, þat lasteþ euermo.

*compulit, terminum provincie  
 sue citra Tambram fluvium  
 statuens, sicut Aquilonaribus  
 Brittannis amnem Waiam li-  
 mitem posuerat Will. Mal-*

mesb. f. 27. b.

<sup>1</sup> Athelstone hit right *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> At Gloucestre he deyde *Ar.*

*in marg.* <sup>3</sup> *Sic.* <sup>4</sup> And vii.

monethes in *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> þat

<sup>1</sup> þat hȳ adde her franchȳses as veruop̄ as þe kȳng,  
 And mȳd gode chartre, þat ȳut ȳs þer, made confermȳng.  
 Edwȳne ȳs sone was þat luþer was ȳnou,  
 And Edgar þe ȳongore þat to alle godnesse drou.  
 Kȳng Edmond atte laste mȳd luþer deþe's wonde  
 Pȳtoslyche was aslawe, alas! þulke stounde!  
 Vor a traȳtor of <sup>2</sup> ȳs lond, Lof was ȳs name,  
<sup>3</sup> ȳflou was out of Engelond mȳd wretchede & ssame."  
 Supþe aday as þe kȳng sat at ȳs mete  
 At Pokelchyrche bȳsyde Brȳstowe, & somdel adde ȳgete,  
 Lof, þȳs luþer traȳtor, mȳd ȳs cloþes ȳchanged þere,  
 Com in, & bȳuore hȳm et, anoþer man as ȳt were.  
 A Seȳn Austȳne's day ȳt was, as ȳt valþ in Maȳ,  
 þe kȳng bȳhuld aboute, and þȳs traȳtor ȳ saȳ,  
 And auȳsed hȳm suȳþe wel, wat man ȳt were.  
 And þo he sey þat þȳs Lof, þȳs traȳtor sat þere,  
 He hupte hȳm vp fram þe bord, in gret wraþþe ȳnou,  
 And hente þȳs Lof bȳ þe top, <sup>4</sup> fram þe borde hȳm drou,  
 An defouled hȳm vnder hȳm mȳd honde & myd fote.  
 þe þef, þat laȳ bȳneþe hȳm, þoȳte on luþer bote,  
 And smot þe kȳng wȳþ a knȳf in þe breste depe ȳnou,  
 And, to gret harm to al þȳs lond, þe gode kȳng he slou.

<sup>1</sup> So that hii habbeth  
 Fraunchise as hit were a  
 kyng, As afterward me may  
 I see, thourgh his conferm-  
 ȳng. Edwȳne his furste sone  
 lithere was i nowē, But Ed-  
 gar the ȳonger to all gode-

nesse drowe *Ar.* <sup>2</sup>This londe,  
 Leof *Ar. in quo & Leof etiam*  
*infra.* <sup>3</sup>I flemed was oute  
 of Engelond, where of cam  
 ther grame *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> And a  
 doune hym drowe, *Ar.*

þet folc to drou þen traytor ech lyme pecemele.  
 þe kyng bygan <sup>1</sup> by al ys lyf ys gode wel wyde dele,  
 And þe toun of Pokelchyrche, and oþer þat ys were  
 He gef in to Glastynburý, & let hym burye þere.  
 And þere he lýþ ȝut to þus day, ac y not þoru <sup>2</sup> wuch dom  
 þe toun subþe of Pokelchyrche fram Glastynbury com.  
 Seyn Dunston was at Glastynburý þo þe kyng ýwounded was,  
 And <sup>3</sup> ȝut þoru joye of Deuel he wuste of þat cas.  
 Vor þe Deuel com by uore hym, <sup>4</sup> & hoppede & lou,  
 And saylede and pleýde, & made joye y nou.  
 þys holý man wuste anon, wu ys joye was,  
 And þat vor som mescheance of þe kyng he made<sup>5</sup> so glad pas.  
 Toward Pokelchyrche he wende hastelyche and blýue,  
 An me tolde hym by þe weý, þat he was out of lýue.

**EDRED** was þo kyng anon after Edmond ys broþer,  
 Vor ys tueye sones so ȝonge were, þat me ne myȝte abbe  
 non oþer.

God man Edred was y nou, & to godnesse drou anon,  
 And muche louede holý chyrche, & þe godman Seyn Dunston.  
 Men of Norþhombrelond were agen hym vaste,  
 And of Scotlond also, ac her poer lute ýlaste.

<sup>1</sup> All by his lyf his gode a  
 boute dele. At Pukelechurche  
 was do this dede. for thý to  
 Glastenburý He hit ýaf, and  
 bade me shulde at Glastenbu-  
 rý him bury Ar. <sup>2</sup> What Ar.  
<sup>3</sup> ýut in the same stounde  
 he wiste of this cas Ar.

<sup>4</sup> Dauncyng and lowgh, And  
 as hit were pleyng made  
 game i nogh Ar. <sup>5</sup> Suche  
 solas. Dunston toward Pu-  
 kelchurche dight him self  
 bliue, So that me tolde him  
 by the way, the kyng was  
 out of lýue Ar.

Vor wat wyþ loue, wat wyþ eye, he brogite hem al to ys wylle,  
And her olde seruage made hem holde al stýlle.

<sup>1</sup> Vourtene ger he was kýng, and at ys ende day,

Me tolde Seyn Dunston <sup>2</sup> vore," þat he syk lay.

To hym he wende hastelyche, and by þe wey ýwýs

He hurde angles sýnge an heý by the <sup>3</sup> lýste þýs :

" þe kýng Edred nou aslepe in oure Louerd ys.

þo wuste Seyn Dunston, þat he was ýwend to Heuene blýs.

<sup>4</sup> Suche gode kýnges me ssolde <sup>5</sup> nou výnde among,

þat angeles of her endýnge mygite made song.

**EDWÝNE**, Edmonde's sone, after Edred kýng was  
Fals & luþer, vor non worse in ys kunde nas.

As a nywe Herodes in such poer he com,

<sup>6</sup> And vp ys poer destrude and apeýrede Cristendom.

A fol womman in spousbreche he huld vnder ys wýf.

Seyn Dunston hym seyde wel, þat ýt was a luþer lýf.

And, as Seyn Jon Baptýst, kalangede her mys dede.

Wroþ was þe kýng and ys hore, þat he her folýe <sup>7</sup> wyþ,

<sup>1</sup> The Latyn seiþ ix. yere and a half *Ar. in margine.*

<sup>2</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Idem quod Angl. Sax. luyt sive desiderium vel fervor. Sed hęc loci hilaritatem signabit. perinde ac si dicas,* he heard angels sing on high with mirth this *sive* thus.

*Inde in Cod. Ar.* And as he wende to him warde, he hurde by the way A mery song of

angeles thus seggýng heye &c. <sup>4</sup> Suche dede kynges

now fewe bene vs amonge, That angelus atte hure endýng maketh of eny songe *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> *Potius, nou, i. e. few, ut ex Ar. constat, nisi cum eod. Cod. few adjicias, retento nou.*

<sup>6</sup> And with his vnell lýuýng apeýred Cristendom *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *F.* wyþ sede.

And

And þe womman fondede, hým to deþe brýnge.  
 So þat Seýn Dunston was, þoru hýre and þe kýng,  
 I flou out of Engeland, and to Flaundes wende.  
<sup>1</sup> þe gode man ne toc neuere gome, þat me hým so foule ssende.  
 Abbeýs þýs luþer man brogte ek in alle wo.  
 And þat hous of Malmesburý, þat an old hous was þo,  
<sup>2</sup> Of" tuo hondred ȝer and seuentý ýrerð þer byuore,  
 He made ýt stable to ýs hors, as ýt were alle vorlore.  
 So luþer man was þe kýng, þat þe heýmen of þe londe  
 Bygonne, as hii nede moste, agen hým vaste at stonde,  
 And býnome hým mucche of ýs lond, <sup>3</sup> & býtoke Edgar ýs  
 broþer.  
 Vor he drou to alle godenese, and <sup>4</sup> betere was þan oþer.  
 þýs Edwýne was þus kýng þre ȝer, and somdel more,  
 And þat lond vor ýs deþe ne wep noȝt ouersore.  
 And ȝut vor al ýs ssrewede, as ýt ýwryte ýs,  
 þoru býddýnge of Seýn Dunston, ýs soule com to blýs.

**EDGAR** Edwýne's broþer, & Edmonde's sone þe kýng,  
 Kýng was after Edwýne, gode man þoru alle þýng.  
 Non lýckore ýs broþer hým nas, þan an wolf ýs a lombe,  
 Of manere ne of dede, þey hii were in one wombe.  
 Vor þulke týme þat Edgar of ýs moder was ýbore,  
 Seýn Dunston was at Glastýnburý, & þerafter & býuore,  
 þo hurde he þulke týme angles sýnge ýwýs  
 Up in þe luste a murýe song, & þat song was þýs :

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<sup>1</sup> The gode man was wel | toke hit Edgar his brother  
 a paide of þat God hým sende | *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Heigher *Ar.*  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Dcest Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And

“ To holy chyrche & to þe lond peys ys ybore and blýs

“ By þulke chylde's tyme, þat nou ybore ys.

<sup>1</sup> Supþe þo Seyn Dunston wuste, þat þe chyld was ybore  
rygt þo

He wuste, þat al Engelond he ssolde brýnge of wo.

And so he dude. vor þo he was, after ys broþer, kýng

He brogte al þat lond in pes, þat er was in strýuýng.

He vndude alle luþer lawes, þat me huld býuore,

And gode lawes brogte vorþ, þat er were as uorlore.

Scotlond and Norþhumberlond and Walýs al so

Wýþ out heste to hým come, ys wýlle vorto do.

þe erþe zeld bet, & þe weder was <sup>2</sup> mergore bý ys daye,

And lasse tempest in þe see þan me er ysaye.

Me tolde hým of Seyn Dunston, þat ys broþer drof of londe.

After hým he sende anon, & he com þoru ys sonde,

And ys abbeýe auong in pes, fram wan he was so longe,

And was þe kýnge's conseýler, & vayre was vnder vonge.

Erchebýssop of Kanterbury þoru þýs gode kýnge

Sýen Dunston was supþe ýmad, þe more godnesse to bringe.

<sup>3</sup> þýs kýng al so at Glastynbury, as he þeruorþ com,

Seynt Aþelwold, þat was þer monek, out of ys house he nome,

And zef hým <sup>4</sup> an place in Barcessýre, þat muche ys in mone,

Výf míle bý Souþe Oxenford, þat me clupeþ Abendone.

þýs holy man Seyn Aþelwold bulde þere vaste,

And a uayre abbeý þer býgan, <sup>5</sup> þat euereft aþ ýlaste.

<sup>1</sup> There bý knewe Seynt  
Dunston, that he, that bore  
was tho, Shulde kepe Enge-  
lond in his tyme fro wo *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Merýer *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> This kyng  
also fro Glastenburý as he

therforth come Seynt Ethel-  
wolde, that was ther monek,  
oute of the house nome, *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> A *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> That hider to  
doth last *Ar.*



Vorst abbod he was þere hýmsulf, & monekes to hým nome.

In þys manere Abendone vorst to abbeýe com.

<sup>1</sup> It byuelle, þat þe býssop of Wynchester was ded,  
þe kýng hým made býssop þere, þoru Seýn Dunstone's red,  
Atte heýe chýrche of Wynchester, þer ýs se was ýdo,  
þat me clupede chýrche cathedral, & ȝut me deþ also.

Canons þer were Seculers, þo he vorst þuder come,

Ferce men and prout, þat muche were in herdom.

þe kýng and Seýn Aþelwold agen hem sette vaste,

<sup>2</sup> And out of þe hous & of her rentes ech after oþer caste,

And made an hous of monekes, to holde her ordre bet.

þe monkes out of Abendone vorst were þuder ýuet.

Of Seýn Swýþýn þat hous was, as ýt ýs ȝut also,

So þat out of Abendone ý was vorst ýdo,

In secunde ȝer þat he vorst býssop was

þys gode kýng and he dude þys gode cas,

And ek in þe výfte ȝer of þe kýnge's kýnedom

Seýn Aþelwold vorst býssop was, & þe byssopryche nome.

þys gode kýng Edgar <sup>3</sup> & he" Seýn Swýþýn atte fyne,

þat longe adde vnder erþe ýleýe, vorst broȝte into ssýne,

Issýned he was nýne hondred ȝer, & on & seuentýþe ȝer,

After þat our Louerd alýȝ'e in ýs moder an rþe here.

Kýng <sup>4</sup> Edgar & Seýnt Aþelwold in Wynchester arerde also

Anoþer hous of monekes, þat ȝut stondeþ boþe tuo.

<sup>1</sup> The kyng made him byshop after thorgh Seýnt Dunstoun's rede In the churche of Wynchestre, & ther suth he was dede. Ther were Chanons Seculers tho he thuder

come, That lýued in pruýte and lýther lýf, and mýche in hordom *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And of hure houses and hure rentes eche after caste *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Desunt Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Reliqua pene omnia carminu,*

And ȝut þe þrydde hii rerde al so þere of Seynte Marye  
 Of wynmen of relygyon, and made a nonnerye.  
 þe priorye of Hely, þere a byssopryche ys,  
 And þe abbey of Petresboru, hii arerde also ywys,  
 And þorhey and Rameseye, and opere mony on.  
 Vor eyȝte & fourty abbeyes hii rerde in þys lond echon.  
 As þys kyng Edgar an hontep ywend was  
 Alone he com fram ys men, as God ȝef þat cas,  
 So þat he alyȝte adoun, and aslepe lay.  
 þo þogte hym in ys slepe, þat an hey tre he say  
 Stonde þere bysydes hym, as he byhuld an hey,  
 Upe þe hexte bowe tueye applen he sey,  
 And þe bowes of þe on appel smyte oper vaste  
 So harde, þat he vel adoun in þe water atte laste.  
 A uoys seyde, as hym þogte, þes wordes þoru soun,  
 " Wel ys þe, wel ys þe," as he vel adoun.  
 þo he awok, hym þogte wonder of þys cas,  
 Hys gode moder Alfye he tolde al hou yt was.  
 " ȝe leue sone," quap moder, " þe toknyng herof ys,  
 " þe heye tre, þat þou yseye, bytokneþ þe ywys.  
 " þe tueye applen bytokneþ, ȝyf þou yt wolt ywyte,  
 " Tueye heye sones of þe, þat þou ssalt byȝyte,  
 " þat þe one's bowe smyte þen oper to grounde,  
 " þat ys, þat þe opere's frende ssolle þe oper sle myd wounde.  
 " þe voys, þat seyde, " wel ys þe," to tokny þat ys,  
 " þat hym worþ wel ynou, vor to heuene he wende ywys.

*ad Edgarum spectantia, desi-  
 derantur in Ar. in quo tamen  
 plura, ad eundem pertinentia,*

Vol. I.

*oratione prosaica concepta,  
 habentur.*

AA

Al

Al þys byuel afterward. vor sones he adde tueye,  
 Seyn Edward and Aeldred, þat kыnges were beye,  
 And one's kunrede þen oþer supþe slou,  
 And he wende to heuene, and was wel y nou.  
 He adde Edward by ys vorste wyf, as ych abbe y sed,  
 And by Alfrede, ys oþer wyf, he adde Aeldred.  
 And Alfyse, ys god moder, let rere ywys  
 Vorst þat hous of Ssaftebury, as Seyn Edward's body ys.  
 Kыng Edgar adde vnder hym alle þe kыnges hereaboute.  
 Vor þer nas non ywys, þat nadde of hym <sup>1</sup> dounte,  
 þeruor þe kыng of Walys, as in gret seygnorye,  
 He het, þat he hym sende eche zer by maystrye  
 þre <sup>2</sup> þousand of wolues, in name of truage.  
 þe Welysse kыng, vp ys power, dude hym þe seruage,  
 And sende hym þys wolues fram gere to gere.  
 þre þousand at certeyn terme vor þat lond delyuered were.  
 þre zer he huld ys rente, ac þe verþe was by hynde.  
 Vor he sende þe kыng word, þat he ne mygte nanmo yfynde.  
 And þat was lute wonder, vor to vale þer were by vyue.  
 Vor al þat lond were þe wors, adde hii byleued alýue.  
 Boþe Walys and Engeland þe betere ys þeruore gut,  
 And þeruore þe gode man yt dude more þan vor prute.  
 þys gode kыng Edgar, þat so stalworde kыng was,  
 And wys & hardy þoru out al, bote lute of body nas.  
 þeruore þe kыng of Scotland enuýe adde þerto,  
 And <sup>3</sup> as he sat at mete, & mony oþer kыngt al so,

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<sup>1</sup> *L.* doute.    <sup>2</sup> Hundred | by fel atte a fest, where ma-  
*alii. Et sic etiam scriptor* | ny wordes communliche ben  
*prosaicus in Cod. Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> And so | spoke, Kynad, kyng of Scot-  
tes,

He seyde a wel heȝ word among ȝs kȳngtȳs echon,  
 þat he adde gret hoker, (& wonder nas ȳt non)  
 Of a so lute halue man, as kȳng Edgar was,  
 þat þer nas lond ne prince non, þat of hȳm adrad nas.  
 þȳs word com to þe kȳng Edgar, þeruor he þogte hȳm teche,  
 Wuch were þe halue man, gȳf he mȳgte hȳm of reche.  
 He com and mette hȳm in a wode, and bed hȳm abyde,  
 And he adde vor þe nones tueȳe suerdes bȳ ȳs syde.  
 He drou out boþe tuo, and bed hȳm nȳme an honde,  
 And chese weþer he wolde, and þen halue man vonde,  
 And loke wer þe halue man hȳm mȳgte out at stonde.  
 Vor dereȳnȳ hii wolde hem sulue tuo, & take Gode's sonde.  
 þe oþer vel adoun akne anon rȳgt vor drede,  
 And cryde hȳm mercȳ vor Gode's loue of þat he mȳs seyde.  
 Kȳng Edgar adde reuþe of hȳm, so reulȳch he gan crie.  
 "Syre kȳng," he seyde, "ech god man ȳt ȳs vȳleȳnȳe  
 "To be of bold word atte mete, & coward in þe velde.  
 "Understonde þe bet efsone, and hold me þȳn helde.  
 þe godenese al of kȳng Edgar none tonge telle ne maȳ.  
 Monȳ was þe god abbeȳ þat he rerde bȳ ȳs day.  
 Seynt Edward þe marter, as ȳch seyde er, was ȳs sone  
 Bȳ ȳs raþere wȳf, and Seynt <sup>1</sup> Edȳþe of Wȳlton.

tes, in his borde seide thus: "Me  
 "wondreth," quath he, "that  
 "suche an halfe man as Ed-  
 "gar shulde wȳnne so manȳ  
 "prouinces *Auctor prosaicus*  
*in Cod. Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> *Atqui cave sis, ne pro-*  
*filia legitima habeas. Spuria*  
*etenim erat, è Wlfritha sive*

*Wlfrida ab Edgario suscepta,*  
*Inde Will. Malmesb. (f. 33. b.)*

"Nam de Egelsteda, cogno-  
 "mento candida filia Ordmeri  
 "ducis potentissimi Edwardum  
 "genuit, & sanctam Editham

"de Wlfritha, [al. Wlfrida]

"quam certum est non tunc

*“sanctimoniam fuisse, sed ti-*  
*“more Regis puellam laicam se-*  
*“velavisse, moxque eandem ar-*  
*“repto velo lecto imperiali sub-*  
*“actam: Unde offensum bea-*  
*“tum Dunstanum, quod illam*  
*“concupisset, quæ vel umbra-*  
*“ticè sanctimonialis fuisset,*  
*“vigorem Pontificalem in eum*  
*“egisse.” Quæ verba & ipsum*  
*etiam auctorem prosaicum in*  
*Codice Ar. ob oculos habuisse*  
*compertum habeo, quamvis*  
*Sanctam Editham non nomi-*  
*net. Sic nempe ille: To this*  
 Ensample of cruwelte (*jam an-*  
*tea locutus fuerat de Ethel-*  
*woldo, ab Edgardo occiso, eo*  
*quod minus honeste sese gessis-*  
*set in negotio ad filiam ducis*  
*Devonia, Venere quasi ipsa*  
*formosior, pertinente) er*  
 dude, his foos putteth a nother,  
 that is to saye, that Wulfride  
 monechyn i sacred he toke out  
 of hure abbey, & delt with her  
 holdyng his lemman. Which  
 Poynnt whenne Seynt Dunstone  
 hurde, he blamed and vnder-  
 name the kyng hugeliche, so that  
 he sette vii. yeres penaunce vpon  
 him, the which he toke on hym,  
 that is to say of, and that vii.  
 yere he bare no crowne. But  
 summe saith, that this Wulfride  
 was nat vereliche a nonne, bote  
 that for drede of the kyng a  
 Seculer woman i veyled, and a  
 none the veile so i doo a way, &

take to the kyng's bedde. but  
 nat for than Dunstone dude the  
 lawe a yerst the kyng as for a  
 nonne, suth that the kyng wolde  
 coueyte any, whether she were  
 verreliche veiled or noo. But  
 how so euer thes this [*sic*]  
 thynges were, certeyne hit is,  
 that fro the xvi. yere of his age,  
 whiche yer he was ordeyned  
 kyng, a non to the xxx. yere  
 him lakked his coronyng. And  
 thenne was he crowned atte  
 Bathe, and lyued after but iii.  
 yere. *Neque hac in re magni*  
*æstimandam esse censeo aucto-*  
*ritatem rotulæ cujusdam mem-*  
*branæ, sermone Gallico, penes*  
*Richardum Gravesium, ami-*  
*cum illum eruditissimum, de*  
*Mickleton in agro Gloucestri-*  
*ensi, in qua rotula tanquam filia*  
*legitima commemoratur Editha,*  
*contra fidem scriptorum opti-*  
*morum. Hæc enim verba ro-*  
*tulæ: Iceti Edgar auoit. ii.*  
*femmes, le vne apres lautre. De*  
*la primer il engendra Edward,*  
*ke puis fu martyr, e Seint*  
*Edith. de la secunde Eamun e*  
*Ethelred. Quam tamen rotu-*  
*lam idcirco plurimi faciendam*  
*esse duco, quod plerisque, quas*  
*vidi, sit antiquior, picturasque*  
*regum ac principum exhibeat,*  
*minus equidem elegantes, sed*  
*quæ antiquariis multis in*  
*rebus usui esse possint. Sed*  
*(quod dolendum) imperfecta*  
 est

He deyde & wende to heuene nyn hondred zer ych wene  
As in <sup>1</sup> þe of grace, and sýxtý and fyftene.

**SEYNT** Edward þe marter, ys eldore sone,  
After hym was kyng ymad, as lawe was & wone.

þe godnesse of þys zonge kyng ne may no tonge telle.

Vor he was mek & mylde ynou, & vayr of fless & felle,

Debonere to speke wyþ, & wyþ pouere men mest.

Chast and wys of conseyl, and prute he louede lest.

Wylde men ne louede he nozt, þat rechyles were of þozte,

Ac wyse men he drou to hym, & after hem he wrozte.

Ech gret dede þat he dude, þe messtedel ssolde go

After þe erchebýssop Seyn Dunston, þat was þo.

Gode pes þer was in Engeland, & loue & joye ynou,

And rýchesse by ys daye, vor elles yt were wyþ wou.

To þe godnesse of þys holýmon þe deuel adde enuýe,

And þe luper quene ys stepmoder, þat vol was of tricherýe.

Vor heo þozte nýzt & day, zýf heo myzte þoru ený þýng

þat Seynt Edward were aslawe, & yre sone ymad kyng.

þe zer þat he ymartred was þe hexte men of þe lond

In þe toun of Calne were, as ych vnderstonde.

*est rotula, quippe quæ incipit ab Athelstano rege, desinitque cum Edwardo post conquestum primo, priori parte, pariter atque posteriori, abscissa, & forsitan funditus deperdita. in cujus sane Athelstani regis pictura illud planc observatu dignissimum esse video, quod sceptrum sive insig-*

*ne regium in manu teneat sinistra, veterum ad amussim referens βακτηρίας. minime absurde, quum princeps esset bellicosissimus, clavaque Herculei usum fuisse censerent hostes. cujusmodi tamen βακτηρίας ne utiquam, quod sciam, videas in nummis Athelstanianis.*

<sup>1</sup> Adde, zer.

As hii sete in an chambre an heȝ in conseȝl of speche  
 þe flor to brac vnder hem, as yt were vor wreche,  
 And hii velle and debrusede somme anon to deþe,  
 And somme ymaymed, & somme yhurt, so þat enȝ vnneþe,  
 Wȝþoute gret harm, of scapede, bote Seȝn Dunston by cas,  
 þat hente hȝm bȝ a bein, and ysaued was.  
 Wat bȝ toknede þȝs, þat þe heȝme men velle so,  
 Bote þat hii and al þat lond bȝneþe ssolde be ydo,  
 þoru folc of strange lond, and þat me ssolde yse,  
 Vor hii soffrede her kȝng so vyllyche y morþred be?  
 Vor a day as Seȝn Edward an hontey wende bȝ cas  
 In an wode in Dorsete, þat bȝsyde<sup>1</sup> Warham was,  
 þat vaȝr wode was þulke tȝme, a gret wȝlle hȝm com to,  
 Vor to yse ys gonge broþer, (vor anon he þogte yt do.)  
 Vor he was a lute þer bȝsyde, as ys stepmoder was,  
 In an tonn, þat me cluped Corf, þat bote þre mȝle þanne nas.  
 A strong castel þer ys nou, ac þo nas non þere.  
 Longe þogte Seynt Edward at ys broþer ar he were.  
 An vewe men mȝd hȝm he nom, & þuder ward gan ryde.  
 Hȝs men pleȝde bȝ þe weȝ, & spradde aboute wȝde.  
 So þat þȝs holy kȝng alone was sone,  
 And alone wende vorþ, as he þogte to done.  
 þo hys lufur stepmoder alone yseȝ hȝm come,  
 Heo þogte do yre wȝlle of hȝm, as heo adde yr red y nome.  
 þo þȝs holy man was neȝ ycome, þe quene agen hȝm eode  
 Wȝþ noble mayne ynou, & gret loue hȝm gan bede.  
 þe feste þat heo wȝþ hȝm made non tonge telle ne maȝ.  
 Heo suor, þat he ssolde alȝgte, & bȝlcue mȝd yre al day.

<sup>1</sup>Wharham Ar.

“ Certes,

" Certes, madame," quap þys oþer, " so ne may yt nozt be.  
 " Ac lat me speke mýd mý broþer, vor me longeþ hym to se.  
 " Vor ar ých hým abbe ýseýe, ý ne worþe nozt býþe ýwýs,  
 " Mýn herte ýs so muche on hým, & non wonder hýt nýs.  
 " A, syre," quap þys luþer quene, " wanne yt ne may oþer be,  
 " Vorst ých wolle to þe drýnke, & supþe þou ssalt hým ýse.  
 " As me hým drýnke toc, on was prest ýnou,  
 " And þoru ýs wombe smot a knýf, and ýs gottes to droz.  
 A long knýf yt was & smal ý nou, as me may zut ýse  
 Atte chýrchē of Kauersham, as he aþ zare ýbe.  
 þýs holýman sat vp rýzt, & ýseý ýs deþe's wounde.  
 He ne rod bote lute weý, ar he vel to grounde,  
 An let þer ýs suete lýf, and to heuene wende.  
 Away! lute wel þogte he, þo me ýs wombe rende.  
 þo þýs holýman ýmartred was, hii, þat hým þer brogte to,  
 Býþogte hou hii mýzte best mýd þe holý body do.  
 Hii porueýde an derne stude, & þer inne yt caste  
 Vyllyche & stýllyche, & bured yt þer vaste.  
 þo þýs dede was ýdo, þe quene adde al hyre wýlle,  
 (Vor me <sup>1</sup> hal euere mýd þe quyke,) þe dede was sone stýlle.  
 Seynt Edward þe <sup>2</sup> výfte zer of ýs kýnedom  
 Agen cue aday aslawe was in such marterdom.

<sup>3</sup> **A**ELDRED, þe quene sone, þat kyng was ýmad þo,  
 Nas bote of ten zer old, þo ýs moder dude þýs wo.  
 Ne of þýs dede nuste he nozt, bote as God zef þat cas.  
 In þe <sup>4</sup> luft he hurde anhey, as he alone was,

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<sup>1</sup> Holt Ar. <sup>2</sup> Ferst Ar. mi- | híc, quam & in seqq. <sup>4</sup> Welkne  
 nus recte. <sup>3</sup> Ethelred Ar. tam | he hurde Ar.



Hys broþer, þat was aslawe, þyrtoslyche grede.  
 þet chyld cryde & sore wep, & ys moder þat cas sede  
 Welle, þat þys luþer quene anguyssous was þo.  
<sup>1</sup> þat chyld heo hente vaste anon, þat he ne moste on vot go.  
 zerd ne vond heo prest non, þat chyld vorto bete,  
 An hondfol heo hente of <sup>2</sup> candlen longe and grete.  
<sup>3</sup> þat chyld heo bete <sup>4</sup> so stronge myd þe condlen long & towe,  
 Heo ne byleuede nogt ar he lay at hyre vet yswowe.  
<sup>5</sup> Warþoru þys chyld afterward, such heȝ man as he was,  
 Was þe worse wan he sey condlen vor þys cas.  
 Wat halt yt to telle longe? þys chyld me made kyng,  
 Ac Seyn Dunston <sup>6</sup> wel' vneþe wolde do þe sacring.  
<sup>7</sup> Vor god man spek ek þerof wel longe by uore,  
 þo he baptysed þys Aeldred, sone so he was y bore.  
 Vor þe chyld fuled in hys hond þe water & þe vanston,  
 Byuore byssopes þat þer were, and heȝe men mony on,  
 And dude þys kunde fulþ hede. Seyn Dunston seyde anon,  
 þat he ssolde of sunne encheson be, & of wrechhede mony on.  
 And þo he ssolde <sup>8</sup> kyng be, þys god man Seyn Dunston  
 Hatede mucche to crouny hym, gyf he yt mygte ver gon.  
<sup>9</sup> Ac þo he moste nede yt do, þoru pur londe's lawe,  
 "Syre kyng," he seyde, "vor þou art myd vnrygt herto  
 ydrawe,

<sup>1</sup> The childe *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Wax-  
 chandellen *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> The *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> So sore bette with *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> Wherfor euer afterward,  
 for this ilke cas, Whenne he  
 suche candelen seigh, the  
 worse him thought he was *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Deest Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> Of him pro-

phedied Dunston long by fore,  
 Tho that he christened him  
 whenne he was ibore *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> I crowned be, the godeman  
 Dunston Wel loth he was to  
 croune *Ar.*    <sup>9</sup> But whenne  
 he most nedes hit doo, by the  
 londe's lawe, *Ar.*

" Up þy nowe heued yt ssal come þy moder luþer plawe  
 " þoru ssedyngre of þy broþer blod, þat þus ys brogt of dawe.  
 " And vor Englysse men were wel yþayd  
 " In ssedyngre of þy broþer blod, þat so was bytraýd,  
 " þer vor her poer ssal al clene hem be bynome,  
 " <sup>1</sup> And þou al so. Vor strange folc of strange londe ssal come,  
 " And þy lond vor þyn seruage & to grounde ybrogt.  
 " And al þat ssal come by þyne day, & by myne nogt.  
 " Atte laste our Louerd wolle of hem vnderstonde.  
 And al þys word to soþe com supþe to Engelond.  
 gut Eldfred, þe leþer quene, þat Seynt Edward slou,  
 Of yr trepas byuore yre deþ repentant was ynou,  
 And rerde tuo nonneryes, Worwel þat one was,  
 And Ambresbury þet oþer, to bete yre trespas,  
 An adde grace, gyf God wolle, yre synne vor to bete,  
 And come to gode amendement, ar heo þat lyf lete.  
 þe þrydde ger, as yt wolde be, of Aýldrede's kynedom,  
 þe bygynnynge of þys sorwe to Engelond vorst come.  
 Vor of þe volc of Denemarch þer ariuede þo,  
 Atte hauene of Souþ hamtone, sene ssyp vol & <sup>2</sup> nanmon,  
 An robbede þe toun vaste, at her poer noþyng nas.  
 þys was as a tokne þat to comyng was,  
 As by Seynt Dunstone's day nanmore þer ne com.  
 Vor he deyde þe teþe ger of þe kynge's kynedom,

<sup>1</sup> On the also strange folke  
 of other londe shall come.  
 This londe worth in seruage,  
 and be to grounde i brought  
*Ar. Igitur pro vor þyn repo-*  
*nerem worþ yn, i. e. shall be to.*

<sup>2</sup> Nomo, And gonne to robbe  
 faste a boute, but lite here  
 power nas. This was the  
 furst tokene of woo to come  
 that was, But by Dunstone's  
*Ar.*

And nyne hondred yer & eygte & eygtety after þat God was  
ybore.

And þe byssop Seynt Athelwold was ded þer byuore,

And Seynt Oswald þe byssop after þre yer,

As in þe <sup>1</sup> þretteþe yer þat þe kyng croune ber.

<sup>2</sup> þer betere peys yt was vor hem þe wule. hii were alȝue.

<sup>3</sup> Ac after her daȝe sone, þe sorwes spronge blyue.

<sup>1</sup> xiii. yere *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The better  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> But after her dayes sone  
sorwes sprong ryue. This kyng,  
er he hadde a wylf, he gat ane  
sone Bi a symple woman, that  
worth euer in mone, That, for  
his strength, called was Ed-  
munde Irenside. For so orped  
knyght me ne knewe wide *Ar.*  
*minus quidem recte, & contra*  
*fidem eximii probique nostri*  
*historici Roberti, qui plane*  
*docuit, Edmundi matrem ux-*  
*orem re vera fuisse Ethelredi.*  
*id quod etiam fecerunt alii op-*  
*tima notæ scriptores, (inter*  
*quos jure optimo censendus*  
*eruditissimus Bradius) secus*  
*atque illi, qui, partibus addicti,*  
*nothum Edmundum (è concu-*  
*bina nimirum genitum) fuisse*  
*produnt, in quibus & ipse erat*  
*Jacobus Tyrrellus, qui tamen,*  
*paullo antequam fatis conces-*  
*sisset, me monente in Lelando*  
*nostro, (Coll. Vol. VI. p. 75.)*  
*sententiam mutavit, ut è nota*  
*quadam liquet in Bibliotheca*  
*Bodleiana ab ipso Jacobo pro-*

*pria manu in Historia sua An-*  
*glia generali scripta, quam si-*  
*mul atque commodum fuerit*  
*consulas velim. Ceterum & il-*  
*lud notandum est, per symple*  
*woman in Cod. Ar. non aliud*  
*quam ignobilem feminam esse*  
*intelligendum, de qua re nos*  
*etiam breviter egimus in Le-*  
*lando. id quod etiam viderat*  
*auctor prosaicus in Cod. Ar.*  
*ubi de Edmundo sic scribit:*  
This kynge's [Ethelred] sone  
was not of Emme quene, but of  
a nother woman unknow to the  
commune peple. Natheles he  
was a faire, jolyf yong man, a  
strong man and hardy, and for  
thi of Englysshmen was he  
cleped Edmunde Irenside. He  
muche a leide þe cowardyse of  
his fader, and þe loughnesse  
of his moder in him self thorgh  
his vertue noblelich. *At-*  
*que hæc chartis mandave-*  
*ram priusquam rotulam (cujus*  
*supra, p. 286. mentionem feci)*  
*Gravesiunam vidissem, quæ*  
*tamen nec ipsa illis favet, qui*  
Ed-

þe kyng adde by hys vorste wyf one stalwarde sone,

þat, vor hys stalwardhed, longe worþ in mone.

Vor me ne vond non so gode kyngt ware so he wende wyde.

Me cleped hym, vor hys strengþe, Edmond yrensýde."

þe sorwes, as ych chabbe ytold, spronge aboute ylome.

Vor þat folc of Denemarch sone to londe come,

*Edmundum nothum fuisse velint. Contra, picturæ tanquam primogenitum heredemque Ethelredi exhibent, verbaque ipsa filium ex uxore non è concubina fuisse innuunt. hæc nempe, pro interpunctione rotulæ. Icesti Ethelred engendra Eamun yreneside de vne femme aliene ke fu la soer au duc de Normandie. si engendra alured ke fu trai par Goudwyn count de kent. E Edward le confessour ke gist a Westmoster. E quibus verbis non est quod colligas, Edmundi matrem fuisse ducis Normanniæ sororem, quæ tamen (utpote Ethelredi uxor secunda) Aluredi atque Edwardi mater vera erat. Id quod satis erit manifestum, si hoc modo verba rotulæ distinguantur. Icesti Ethelred engendra Eamun Yreneside. De une femme aliene, ke fu la soer au duc de Normandie, si engendra Alured, ke fu trai par Goudwyn count de Kent, e Edward le Confes-*

sour, ke gist a Westmoster. *Hæc distinctio si probetur, id utique liquebit, rotulæ auctorem Edmundi matrem ignobilem itidem fuisse censuisse, nihilque proinde de eadem à seipso fuisse dicendum. Ceterum non diffiteor, alibi etiam de Irenside matre locutum fuisse scriptorem prosaicum in codice Ar. eamque pro concubina habuisse. After the deth (inquit ille) of Knut, Harolde & Hardeknut, kynges of Engelande, regned Seynt Edwarde Confessour, Edmundede Irenside's brother in his fader's half, that is to seye of Ethelred kyng, but nat in the moder. for this Edmundede Irenside was gete of vnlawfulle bedde, though he were noble and stronge in bataÿle. Atque hæc sub Henrico II<sup>o</sup>. tradit, ubi de Henrici II<sup>ii</sup>. stemmate agit, verba dicta interim innuens è Chronicis Gallicis se produxisse.*

And

And anour alf þys lond þe hauenes hii adde ýsozt.  
 So þat Norphomberlond was al to grounde ýbrozt.  
 Kent hii destrude also god, & þe Est contreye wýde.  
 Exetre hii barnde al adoun, & in þe West syde.  
 Vr kýng worrede ofte azen, as he myzte do.  
 Ac wreche of ýs broþer deþ wel harde hým com to.  
 Vor hýs poer was lute worþ. vor he zef hem atten ende  
 Four þousend pound of sterlýnges, hem azen to wende.  
 So þat hýs quene deyde, and of sorwe and sore  
 Hým com in eche half, euere þe leng þe more.  
 Vor þe Deneýs come azen, and in euerýche ende  
 Hým worrede her & þer, þat he nuste wuder wende.  
 He býþozte hým wel narwe, zýf þer myzte be ený red  
 þoru wýuýnge, oþer þoru ený þýng, \* vor hýs wýf was ded,"  
 He vnder stod, þat Rýchard, duc of Normandye,  
 Was man of gret poer, and of gret seýgnorye,  
 Vor Emme, hýs <sup>3</sup> gode dogter," he sende ofte ýs sonde,  
 To spouse hýre and to make hýr quene of Engeland,

<sup>1</sup> The West contre also they wonne Deuenshire, And the Toune of Excestre sette thay a fuyr. Our kyng werred *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Tam híc quam & alibi mire omnia permutantur in Ar. ita scilicet, ut hæc verba plane o-mittat, ne Edmundi Irenside matrem Ethelredi uxorem fu-isse agnosceret.* <sup>3</sup> Good suster, *Ar. Sed distrepantia inde orta, quia Richardus & Em-*

*ma filii erant Richardi primi, ducis Normanniæ. Hinc certe scriptor prosaicus in eod. Codice Ar. Thes [Emme] was Richarde's daughter, duc of Normandie, which. L. wýnter after William his fader gouerned thulke Duchie, which the xviii. yere this kyng deyde. And after him came Richarde the II. whas suster was thees Emme.*

þat he myȝte, þoru alyance, eny help vndergo,  
To wyte hym fram hem of Denemarch, þat dude þys lond so  
wo.

So þat þo hii were aton, þe spousynge was ydo,  
As in þe ȝer of grace a þousend and tuo,  
And of þe kyng's crounyng in four & tuentý þe ȝere.  
<sup>1</sup> þo þogte þe kyng, þat he adde of ys fon þe lasse fere.  
<sup>2</sup> And here sprong, lo! þe vorste more as of hem of Normandie,  
Ware þoru hii come in to þys lond, & <sup>3</sup> abbeþ þe maystre.  
Vor þe kyng adde by <sup>4</sup> þys. M. tueye sones ywys,  
Alfred, & Seynt Edward þat at Westymustre yssryned ys.  
And of þulke blode supþe Wyllam bastard com,  
As ȝe ssolle her after yhure, and wan þys kyndom.  
þat poer muche of Denemarch in pes wytoute strýf  
Was hem ywend to Denemarch, ar þe kyng weddede wyf.  
þe kyng, vor ys grete poer, as of ys <sup>5</sup> wynnýge,  
Alle þe Deneys, þat were byleued, he let to deþe bringe  
In a Seynt Bryce day, and in one day echon,  
þat non nere of oþere ywar, ne þat þer ne of scapede non.  
Suan, þe duc of Denemarch, þo he hurde of þys cas,  
Made hym wroþ & wod ynou, & eche þat wyþ hym was.  
Hii greýþed hem myd gret poer, and to Engeland come  
As in þe uyue & tuentýþe ȝer of þe kyng's kyndome,  
<sup>6</sup> Hud in þe ȝer of grace a þousend and þre.  
Hii slowe & sorwe dude ynou, nomore ne myzte be.

<sup>1</sup> Thenne *pro þo in Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> Ther sprong vppe tho the  
ferst more of hem of Nor-  
mandye, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hadde the  
seignourie *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> This que.

ii. sones I wys *Ar. rectius.*  
*nisi forsitan M. pro* Mistress  
*vel* Maistress *sive* domina *ac-*  
*cipias.* <sup>5</sup> *L.* wynnýge. <sup>6</sup> *L.*  
and *cum Ar.*

So þycke hii come, þat þe lond ouer al hii gonne fulle,  
 As þycke as ameten crepeþ in an amete hulle.  
 By Norþe and by Souþe, in þe Est and in þe West,  
 So þycke hii come, þat me nuste in wuch half kepe best.  
 Hii ne sparede prest ne clerc, þat hii ne slowe to grounde,  
 Ne men of relygyon, ware so hii eny founde.  
 Ne wommane, ne soukyng chylde, ne dogter, ne sone.  
 Hii verbarnde Norwych, and þe toun of Wyltone.  
 þat a reulych lond was Engelond, & fol of sorwe ynou.  
 Hii mygte acorsy þe <sup>1</sup> folde quene, þat Seynt Edward slou.  
<sup>2</sup> Vor Swan, þe luþer duc, adde euere ys yuere  
 þre felawes, þat next hym were, in echt manere  
 Byreynynge and robberye, and quellyng atte laste.  
 þys were hys þre felawes, þat he huld euere vaste.  
 Wanne at an god manne's house ys men were at inne,  
 Vorst hii wolde ete & drynke þat hii found þer inne,  
 And supþe þe louerd of þe hous quelle and alle hys,  
 And supþe brenne al ys hous, as vor her scot ywys.  
 Suche were þo þe gyftes þat hyder come þo.  
 Muche aþ Engelond ydryue sorwe and wo.  
 Mest wo hii dude in Baressyre, and vp Assesdoune,  
 And so aboute Quychelmesley, and so in mony toun.  
 Atte laste kyng Aylfred, þo he was to grounde ybrogt,  
 And muche of þe lond aslawe and destruyd al to noht,

<sup>1</sup> *Deest Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> With this myche folke of him sore a gast-  
 Swan, the luþer duke, iii. Most sorow they dude in  
 felwes were, Euere folwýng Berke shire aboute Asshe-  
 hym, of luther manere, Rob- doune, And a boutte Quichol-  
 byng and brennyng, & quel- mes they stroyed many a  
 lýng the last. These made toun *Ar.*

Suan, þe duc of Denemarch, he gef atte nende  
 Folle þryttý þousend pound, to Denemarch to wende,  
 And býleue þys lond in pes, so þat þys was ýdo.  
 Ac lute ýt was ar þer com wel more wo þerto.  
 Vor þe kýng Aýldred, ýsey ýs lond al bare  
 Of þe folc of Denemarch, he nolde nozt gut be ýwar,  
 Ac let gaderý anewe host, þoru al Engelond wel wýde,  
 Of heýe men and of lowe eke, ýgadered bý þe hýde,  
 þat euere eyzte hýde lond an man hym ssolde fynde  
 Wýþ helm & haubert, & þe atýl, þat non nere býhýnde;  
 And greyþed hem ssyppes in þe see, ac al nas worþ afylle.  
<sup>1</sup> Vor þo ýs coust was al ýdo, he mýzte let abbe ýbe stýlle.  
 To Suan, duc of Denemarch, þe týtynge sone com.  
 Hýs ost and hýs poer wýþ hým sone he nome.  
 And in þe þousend zer of grace, & þe teþe zer al so,  
 And of vr kýnge's crounement þrytý zer and tuo,  
 In an holy þores day, to þys lond he come,  
 And þen toun of Gýpeswých mýd strengþe sone nome,  
 And robbede aboute in þe lond, and tounes adoun caste.  
 Ac þe contreye of Grantebrugge azen hem stod vaste,  
 And fogte al þe stalwarde men, þe wule her poer ýlaste,  
 Ac hii were, as hii nede moste, býneþe atte laste.  
 And þere was þe kýnge's suster sone ýslawe Aþelston,  
 And barons and knýztes, and heýe men monýon.  
 Aboute heruest <sup>2</sup> þys Dencýs as roters arnde  
 Bý Chýlterne to Oxenford, and <sup>3</sup> þen toun barnde.

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<sup>1</sup> Tho all the cost was i | ther more wende *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Thane  
 made, hii myght as well a be | toune brende *Ar.*  
 stille *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> The Danes fur-



þo wende hii vorþ of Denemarch, & robbed al Estsex,  
 And <sup>1</sup> gute bruggessyre & Estangle, & also Myddel sex.  
 Bokynghamssyre & Oxenfordssyre, & Hertfordssyre al so,  
 Bedenordssyre and haluendel Hontyndonessyre þerto.  
 Norþhamtessyre, and by Souþe Temese Barcssyre,  
 And Soperre and Souþsex, and Souþhamtessyre.  
 An muchheldel of Wyltessyre, and þo al þys was ydo,  
 Hii drowe hem toward Canterburý, to robbý þere al so.  
 In þe þousend ȝer of grace, and endleuene þerto,  
 þys folc com to Kanterburý, robberye to do.  
 By tuene hour leuede day þe latere, & Myelmasse day,  
 þys folc bysette Kanterburý, and vaste býlay,  
 And gret raymson of hem wyþinne esste to be out of wo.  
 Ac þe erchebýssop of þe toun, Seynt <sup>2</sup> Alfe þat was þo,  
 Was vaste þer aȝen to ȝyue ený raymson.  
 þe Deneys vor wrappe þo asaylede vast þe toun,  
 And wonne hym, & vaste slowe, & þo hii wyþ inne com,  
 Hey men, þat þer inne were, and Seynt Alfe hii nome,  
 And monokes, & þe toun barnde & adoun caste.  
 þe erchebýssop Seynt Alfe hii heolde & bounde vaste,  
 And ladde hym bysyde London to þe toun of Greneswých,  
 And helde hym þer in prison, þat he nas nan man ylyche,  
 Half ȝer and somdel more, and suppe in þe ȝer of grace  
 A þousend and tuelf ȝer, hii ladde hym <sup>3</sup> in an place  
 Wyþoute þe toun Greneswýke, & stenede hym wyþ stones  
 As me stenede Seynt Steuene, <sup>4</sup> & debrusede ys bones.

<sup>1</sup> L. Grantbruggesyre. <sup>2</sup> I. e. Elphege. <sup>3</sup> To a place *Ar.*

<sup>4</sup> And all to bruysed his bones *Ar.*

Atte laste myd a drenchax me smot hym to grounde  
 In þe heuede, þat he lay, and deȝde in astounde.  
<sup>1</sup> þe Saterdag, in þe Ester wouke, þys holy man hii slowe.  
 Ac vewe þat were atte dede þe beue rege býlowe.  
 Vor somme bý come cancrefrete, & somme býnde oþer wode,  
 And somme deȝde verlych as hii vp ryȝt stode.  
 So þat vor drede of þys wreche þe Deneys were agaste,  
 And wýðrou hem of her luþer hede þe wule yt wolde y laste,  
<sup>2</sup> And þer was þe betere pes aȝer, and vnneþe.  
 Vor in þe ȝer of grace a þousend and þretteþe  
 Suan, þe duc of Denemarch, bý gan to turne ys hond.  
 And after þat he adde destrud þe Souþ alf of þys lond,  
 He wende and robbede at þys lond at þe Norþ syde,  
 Norþomber and Lyndeseȝe, and destrude wýde  
 Euere fram Watelyngestret, and so by Oxenford.  
 Hii come and nome Wýnchestre, and so Walýnford.  
 Fram Walýngford hii wende, & þe toun of Baþe nome.  
 So þat Suan was kyng yholde, ware so he euer come.  
 Ac þe kyng of Engeland, in such sor & mournýnge,  
 Carede of ys gonge sones mest of alle þýnge,  
 Laste hii were defoulde oȝt. vor hii ne couþe of fyȝtenge.  
 þer vor into Normandy he let hem sone brýnge,

<sup>1</sup> This was doo the Ester  
 [i. Ester] wouke in the Sa-  
 terday, As more plenner in  
 his lýf se ther of me maȝ.  
 Manȝ, that was atte his  
 deth, bý com býnde & wode,  
 And summe deide sodeýnlich  
 vp ryȝt as they stode *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> *Desunt omnia metra sequen-  
 tia in Cod. Ar. usque ad  
 hoc signum marginale (E)*  
*in historia Edmundi Yrene-  
 syde, quorum tamen loco per-  
 quam multa occurrunt, ora-  
 tione soluta scripta.*

Boþe Alfred & Seynt Edward, & þe quene her moder also,  
 Wýþ þe duc Rýchard, þe quene broþer, vorte such wo were ydo.  
 Ac hys eldoste sone Edmond ýrenesyde,  
 Vor he was hardý, & gode knýgt, atome he let abyde.  
 þat luþer folc of Denemarch robbede and slowe vaste,  
 And chýrchýn and abbeýs barnde and adoun caste.  
 Men ley vn bured to drawe, þat reuþe ýt was ýnou.  
 þat feble folc to wýldernesse and to wodes vaste drou.  
 Aýldred kýng of Engeland, þo he sey al þýs wo,  
 Hou me destruýde ýs lond, and ýs folc slou,  
 To mydewýnter he wende anon, þo he ne sey oþer red,  
 To Normandye, & huld hym þere vorte þe duc Suan was ded.  
 Suan deyde in þe ȝer of grace a þousend and fourteþe.  
 Hys folc made enere vaste worre ȝut after ýs deþe,  
 And made hys sone kýng after hym, Knout was hys name,  
 þat dude, aswel as hys fader, Engeland gret ssame.  
 An false knýgtes of Engeland hulde myd hym vaste,  
 Ac hii, þat trewe & gode were, aȝen hym her herte caste,  
 And sende after kýng Aýldred into Normandye stýlle,  
 And he come sone to Engeland, and wende abbe ýs wýlle.  
 Ac þe kýng Knout ýt vnder ȝet, he was fol of rage.  
 He wende anon to Sandwých, & men þere in ostage,

!—but sodeyneliche he  
 turned his sayles to ward  
 Sandewýche, and wente a  
 londe. And puttýng a way  
 bothe Godde's drede and  
 mane's, the hostages, whiche  
 he hadde faire children of  
 gret noblete, he let take and

kutte of hure noses and eres,  
 and somme a blende. And  
 whenne he had so I doo, he  
 tolde hit as for a grete joye,  
 and glorie, that he hadde so  
 defouled the Englyssh hosta-  
 ges *inquit auctor prosaicus in*  
*Cod. Ar.*

þat

þat were býtake hys fader, vor heye men of þe londe,  
 He nom and let hým smýte of boþe vet and honde.  
 Nou adde heye men of þe lond ýtake þere býuore  
 Hys fader ostage god ýnou, and dep of ýsuore,  
 Wýþ hým to holde trewelyche, and breke þo her of.  
 þeruore þe kýng Knout wýþ hem was þo so wod wroþ,  
 And vor wrappe let býlým her ostages þat were.  
 Suppe he wende into Westsex, and robbede þere,  
 And in Dorsete dude & Wýltessýre & Somerssete gret wo.  
 Kýng Aýldred lay syk in þe toun of Cosham þo,  
 In Westende of Wýltessýre, vor he was feble and old,  
 And wýþ care and sorwe ouercome, as me aþ ýtold,  
 An fram Cosham to Londone he of scapede vnneþe,  
 Vorto wýte hým fram ýs fon, þat hii ne brogte hým to deþe,  
 þere he huld hým in þe toun mýd mýche sorwe and sore,  
 þat of al hys lond of Engeland he nadde an fot more.  
 þe gates he made vaste, and wuste hým wýþ inne.  
 His fon asaylede þen toun wýþoute mýd al her gýnne,  
 Atte laste þys kýng Aýldred, as in al þys strýue,  
 In an Seýn Gregorýe's day, wende out of þys lýue,  
 As in þe zer of grace a þousend & sýxteþe.  
 Feblyche he lýuede al hys lýue, & deyde in feble deþe,  
 In suche sorwe he was kýng seuene & þrýtty zer.  
 He adde moný an sorý day, & muchel angýsse er,  
 An, vor wreche of hys broþer deþ, al such sorwe to hým come,  
 þat lute joye he adde al ýs lýf of ýs kenedom.

**E**DMOND yrenesyde, kýng Aýldrede's sone,  
 So gode knýgt of body was, þat longe worþ in mone.  
 Me nuste so gode in none londe, an atte býgýnnyng,  
 After hys fader deþe, me ches hým to kýnge,  
 þe heye men of þe lond, þat fals ne lúþer nere.  
 Ac monye hulde myd kýng Knout, þat false an trýsthors were.  
 Edmond, vor ys strenge, was ýcluped Yrenesyde.  
 Dreduol he was to ys fon, þat hym durste vewe abyde.  
 Debonere and mylde he was to alle þat gode were.  
 Queynte & suýþe hardý mon, as man wyþoute fere.  
 Vorst he wende to Westsex, and þere ech contreye  
 Aboute al to ys wille boþe vor loue and eye.  
 As leon hardý ýnou he wende aboute wyde,  
 An wan contreye and oþer aboute in eche syde.  
 þat Knout nadde poer non agen hým vor to stonde,  
 gýf false traytors nadde ýbe here of Engelande,  
 þat hulde myd þe kýng Knout, traytors as hii were.  
 So þat noþer of þys kýnges abouýnde to oþer nere,  
 Ac eyþer gaderede gret ost, and of oþere's men slowe.  
 Atte laste myd her ost to gadere ward hii drowe,  
 And mette hem after mydsomer, þe feste of Seýn Jon,  
 And a gret bataýle smýte bysýde þe toun of Sserston,  
 And slowe to grounde mucche folc, & þo al was ýdo  
 þe kýnges & mucche of her folc alýue partede atuo.  
 þo wende kýng Edmond to Londone myd ys route,  
 And al þat folc of Denemarch destrude þer aboute,  
 And drof hem out of þys lond, & gut nolde he nogt blynnne,  
 Ac wende in to Westsex þulke contreye to wýnne.

þo he was fram by Este ýwend, þe Deneys myd al here gýnne  
 Býsegede Londone, ac hii ne mýgte nozt come wýþýane.  
 So wel he was wýþynne ýwust, þoru men þat þer were,  
 þe Deneys hem wýþdrowe, þo hem ne spedde nozt þere,  
 And wende Estward in to Kent, & robbede þere vaste,  
 And her preye at Medeweýe in to ssýppes caste.  
 Kýng Edmond hem sýwede, þo he hurde þýs,  
 And passede Temese and Breýnford ýwýs,  
 And slou aboute vaste ýnou monye þat he vond,  
 And monye flowe her and þere aboute in þe lond.  
 Bataýles hii smýte moný one, as we býgonne to telle er.  
 Vor eýgte bataýles hii dude neý wat wýþinne half ger.  
 As at Sserston and ellesware, and þe sýxte bataýle was  
 Uppe þe hulle of Assesdonne, ýchýlle telle þat cas.  
 þýs tueye noble kýnges myd her poer hem mette,  
 And smýte þere a bataýle, and vaste to gadere sette.  
 ýordeýned hii adde her ost wel in eýþer sýde,  
 And Edmond ýdýgt hýs standard, were he ssolde hým sulf  
 abyde,  
 And hýs dragon vp ýset, and þýs bataýle ysmýte.  
 Hii slowe to grounde in eýþer alf, þat deol it was to wýte.  
 In ys standard Edmond was, as rýgt was vor to abyde.  
 He sey, þat me slou ýs folc aboute in eche sýde.  
 Hys herte hým nolde soffrý nozt abyde vorte týme were,  
 Ac to þe bataýle smot anon, as man wýþoute fere,  
 And býleuede dragon & standard, & stured vaste ys honde,  
 And slou to grounde, as nobýng hym ne ssolde at stonde.  
 Sone adde ýs gode body ýperced þe ost þoru out.  
 He made ýs weý roume ýnou, vorte he come to kýng Kuout.

þere were dantes arygt ysmýte býtuene hem tueye  
 Of þe helmes, þat fur sprong out, vor hii were strong beýe.  
 A duc, þat was myd kýng Edmond, Edryc was ys name,  
 þat was tráytor and louerd suyke, our Louerd gýue hym  
 ssame.

Vor he foudede hym býtraýe, vor kýng Knoute's loue,  
 þo he dradde þat Edmond was, as he seý, al aboue,  
 And kýng Knout neý ouercome, vp an hul an heý  
 He wende wyþ ys suerde adrawe, þat þet folc hym al ysey.  
 He adrou ys blodý suerd, and loude býgan to grede:  
 "Englysse men, Englysse men, fleþ anon, ých rede.  
 "Vor Edmond, vre kýng, to deþe he ys ýdo.  
 Hym sulf he gan vorst to fle. vor oþere ssolde al so.  
 Englysse men hym leutede wel, & flowe after býue,  
 And al ýt was to býtraýe ys louerd, þat was alýue.  
 þo kýng Edmond þýs ysey, þat ys folc vnder stod,  
 þat he was to deþe ýbrogt, and þeruor flowe vor wod,  
 He arnde vp a lute hul, and gradde in þe place  
 Hys folc, and dude of ys helm, and ssewede hys face,  
 And seyde, "turneþ vaste azen, ýcham alýue ywys.  
 Hys folc turnede anon azen, þo hii hurde þýs,  
 And smýte vorþ þýs bataýle, gretter ne mygte non be,  
 And fogte vorte yt was nýgt, þat hii mygte noleng ýse.  
 Ac ye Englissc adde ýbe aboue, gýf ýt nadde ýbe vor nýgt.  
 Ac hii departede, as hii nede moste, vor defaute of sýgte.  
 Hii greýþed hem þerafter, anoþer bataýle to do,  
 And ef sone come to gadere vp Assesdounc al so,  
 And bataýle smýte strong ynou, ac Knoute's poer vaste  
 Wexýnge was, þat he wan þe maystrie atte laste.

Sory was Edmond þo, to Gloucestrye he wende,  
To porueye hym more help, ȝyf God hym grace sende.

<sup>1</sup> Kyng Knout sywed after myd an long tayle.

So þat aboute Gloucestrye þe eyzteþe batayle

<sup>2</sup> Up Seuerne hii smyte, & astede, & so vaste me slou  
þe gode bodjes in eyþer alf, þat yt was deol ynou.

Myd blod þe erþe was yheled, þat pyte yt was to wýte.

Ac noþer partye ne mygte þe maýstrye.

Ne hii ne mygte yse vor þe nýzte þe batayle to do non ende.

Hii departede myd sorw ynou amorwe azen to wende.

And kyng Edmond ouer Seuerne was in West syde,

And kyng Knout býgan myd ys ost in Estalf abyde.

And Scuerne was bytuene hem, & Knoute's poer

Of volc of býgonde see wax euere ver & ner.

As Edmond sat myd ys ost anyzt in <sup>3</sup> such solas,

As folc mygte, þat ver wounded & sor & wery was,

And speke of þys batayle, hou yt mygte be god :

An old kýngt þer ros vp, & byuore þys folc stode.

“ Icham,” he seyde, “ mest fol. þeruore, as foles wolle,

“ Mý fole red, ȝyf ȝe wolle ýhure, vorst ssewe ichýlle.

<sup>1</sup> Knut suýd euer after hym euer atte taille *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Up-on Seuerne in a place they smyte stronge i now. Maný was the goode body in eyther half me slow. But yutte neyther partie the mastrye haue myght, By cause that they were lette bý comýng of the nýght. Kyng Edmunde

was of Seuerne in the West syde, And Knut in the Est half a ýenst him ganne bide, So that the water was bý twene her bothes power, And the folke of Denemarch wax euer fer and ner *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> This cas, Wher maný a wound-edman and wery i fouzt was, *Ar.*



- " Muche þyng we abbeþ yseye, & vre elderne vs ek seyde.  
 " Angusse & sorwe we abbeþ ynou, of wel more we mowedrede.  
 " We fygtes & beþ ouercome, & non maystrie we ne yseþ.  
 " Hou mygte we bote be ouercome, þat þus defouled beþ?  
 " <sup>1</sup> Despoyled & verwounded, & vre strengþe le seþ vaste,  
 " Vre felawes & vre owe lyf we dredeþ ek atte laste.  
 " Waune ssal vre reste come, & endynge of vre wo,  
 " And among vus sykerness & pays? ych drede neuere mo.  
 " Edmond ne may be ouercome vor hys strengþe ywys,  
 " Ne þe kyng Knout oure fo, vor he so queynte ys.  
 " Wat may þanne oure ende be, bote, wanne þys knyghtes  
     echon  
 " In cyþer syde beþ aslawe, & oure maystres byleued one,  
 " Oþer hii mote þanne acordy, oþer fygte hem sulue tuo?  
 " <sup>2</sup> Wat reson ys, þat hii ne mowe as wel nouþe so,  
 " þe wule hii abbeþ eny alyue, þat hem mowe serue & drede?  
 " Nere hem nozt boþe vayror so? wu wat ys gydy hede?  
 " þere were wule in Engelond at otyme kynges fyue,  
 " And alle hii were ryche ynou, & of noble lyue.  
 " And nou to lute to hem tueye al Engelond ys.  
 " And ofte wo so coueyteþ al, al leseþ ywys.  
 " Gyf eyþer kyng so muche wylneþ to be louerd her,  
 " þat her noþer nele abbe felawe, <sup>3</sup> ne pere,

<sup>1</sup> Dispoiled & foiled both  
 oure frendes, oure strenthes  
 leseth we faste, And also of  
 our awne lyf we dredeth atte  
 laste *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> What reson is  
 hit, that hii ne mowe as-

well do now soo, While any  
 knyghtes both lefte a lyue,  
 that hem mowe serue & drede?  
 Nere hem nought fairer so,  
 where is hure Gidehede? *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Ne non pere, *Ar.*

" Fygte

“ Fygte hem sulue tueye, þat <sup>1</sup> louerd wolde be one.

“ Wu nere hem nogt betere nou so, þat wanne her knyghtes  
echone,

“ And her folc were al aslawe, & hii býleued al bare,

“ And ne founde who hem se ruede in anguysse ne in care,

“ Ne who myd hem in neode þat lond defend ymygte?

“ <sup>2</sup> Her of þat soþe seggege, as bý goure in sygte.

Nadde þys knygt fülleche hys reson ysed,

þat ys felawes nadde sone ynome her red,

And seyde alle myd one mouþe, “ we <sup>3</sup> ensenteh þerto,

“ þat þys tueye kynges acordý, oþer batayle hem sulue do.

Kyng Edmond, þo he hurde þys, vol was of joye & blýs,

þe batayle, he seyde, he wolde <sup>4</sup> nýme myd god herte ywýs.

þat worde he sende amorwe to Knout among ys fon,

And grantede ys owe body, þe batayle to do anon.

<sup>5</sup> Hii lete hem army beye, in to an yle myd gode pas

Al mydde Seuerne hii wende, þat Olenege y cluped was.

þer inne hii were hem sulue tuo, & þe water al aboute.

Her ost was eyþer in ys syde alonde býleued bý þoute.

<sup>6</sup> Myd god ernest & god ynou her suerdes adrowe boþe,

þys kynges to gadere come, & made hem boþe wroþe.

<sup>1</sup> Woll be lordes all on.  
And so were hem fairer now,  
that whan hure knyghtes  
echon, And al hure folke both  
a slawe, and hii bý lafte all  
bare, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Her of seggeth  
youre avise, as bý youre in-  
syght *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Assenteth *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Take *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> They armed  
hem self beithe, and dight

hem with goude pas Into  
an Ile in Seuerne, that Ol-  
neye cluped was *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> The  
kynges thenne in ernest grete  
her swerdus drough bothe,  
And smyte to gedre fast y  
now a men that were wrothe.  
Kyng Edmunde assailed kyng  
Knout so fast, that he was  
Negh ouer come, and sore he

was

To grounde hii smýte & harde mýd stalwarde honde,  
 þat wonder was, hou oþer mýgte oþere's dunt at stonde.  
 þo kyng Edmond ýwrapped was, & wýþinne hot,  
 He ssoc ys suerde & grunte, & mýd such earnest smot,  
 þat þe sprong out mýd ech dunt of helme so þere,  
 þat yt þogte mýd ech dunt, as þat heued' afure were.  
 As þondre þat soun was, þe lygt as lýgtynge,  
 So þat ech dunt þogte leygt as yt were & þondrynge.  
 Me specþ of moný stalward knýgt, ac me vond on þere.  
 ýblessed be þe moder wombe þat hym to monne bere.  
 þe kyng Knout was so debrused, þat he stod vnnþe.  
 He dradde wanne he lore þat lyf, & were ýbrogt to deþe.  
 He adde leuer þan ený þyng, þat hii acorded were.  
 Ac he ne dorste ýs feblesse telle Edmond, vor fere  
 Laste, gýf he vnder gete, þat he were so ouercome,  
 þat he nolde fýne ar he adde ýs lýf hým bý nome.  
 þo he adde a wule ýrest, ýs armes he gan to caste,  
 And wýþ gret earnest step ver, & asayled Edmond vaste,  
 Mýd al þe strengþe þat he mýgte, & ssewe more þerto  
 Al vor he ne ssolde wene, þat he were ouercome so.  
 þys Knout býgan to reste, þo ýs assaut was ýdo,  
 And bet Edmond, as in pes, aword hure oþer tuo.  
 Kýng Edmond hým grantede, & somdel hým wýþ drou,  
 And lende vp hýs sseld, & herkned hým ýnou.

was a gast. He hadde lýuer  
 thanne ený thýng accorded  
 haue be there. But he wude  
 his feblenessse ýut telle in no  
 maner, Lest Edmunde hit

vndergete that he were ouer-  
 come, And that he nolde fýny  
 til his lýf were bý nome  
*Ar.*

" Ich abbe, quap Knout, " ýwýlned þý kynedom ar þýs,  
 " And nou, wel more þan þý lond, þý sulf ých wýlný ýwýs.  
 " Vor þou nart nozt worþ one be of Engelond kýng her,  
 " Ac <sup>1</sup> to prince of al þe world. vor in þe world nýs þý per.  
 " Ich abbe al <sup>2</sup> þat lond of Norþweye & of Denemareh an  
 honde.  
 " I ne wende nozt þat ený man mý dunt ssolde atstonde.  
 " Ac þou ne at stonst ýt nozt one, ac art al clene aboue.  
 " War vore ých desýrý mest þyn grace & þyn loue,  
 " <sup>3</sup> þat þou of alle myn londes me be felawe & per,  
 " An ých mot ek of Engelond be þý partýner.  
 " Vor gýf we to gadere beþ, & al clene of one rede,  
 " France & ech oþer lond, & ech prince vs wole drede.  
 " þer vor ých byseche þe, haue half mý lond myd me,  
 " An <sup>4</sup> ých, as þý partýner, half Engelond myd þe.  
 Edmond, þo he hurde þýs, ýs grete herte wýþ drou,  
 And <sup>5</sup> ensentede to ýs rede, & býcom <sup>6</sup> mylde ynou,  
 An <sup>7</sup> býude to ys mylde word, þat myd suerd was aboue.  
 Hii caste away sseld & suerd, & turnde al to loue,  
 An býclupte hem & custe, & her folc in eýþer sýde,  
 þo hii seye hem acorded, vor joye loude hii cryde,  
 An songe, *te Deum laudamus*, eýþer in ýs route,  
 An to gadere wende, & custe hem ech oþer aboute.  
 Bytuene þys tueye kynges was a certeyn fourme ýdo,  
 An forewarde <sup>8</sup> among al her folc, ar hii <sup>9</sup> departed atuo,

<p> <sup>1</sup> To be kýng of Ar.  <sup>2</sup> The Ar. <sup>3</sup> And that thow  of all mý londes mý felawe  be and peer, And that ich of  Engelond be thý partiner </p>	<p> Ar. <sup>4</sup> Ich wole, as Ar.  <sup>5</sup> Assented Ar. <sup>6</sup> Meok Ar.  <sup>7</sup> A bowede Ar. <sup>8</sup> Bý twene  Ar. <sup>9</sup> Parted a two, That  eýþer hadde his dele of lond  and </p>
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Wat eyþer adde to ys del of lond & oþer þynges,  
 And departede wýþ loue atuo, & býleuede boþe kýnges.  
 An zýf hii adde in gode loue longe ýlýued beye,  
 Me adde þoru al Cristendom ýspoke of hem tueye,  
 An eche prince & eche londe douted hem tuo.  
 Ac Edmond was al to raþe, alas! to deþe ý do.  
 Vor þe luþer duc Edryc þogte euere to býtraie  
 Kýng Edmond, ýs owe louerd, Knout vor to paie.  
 A luþer gadelyng was ýs sone, boþe at one rede.  
 Hii fondede mýd alle gýle to do þýs luþer dede.  
 þo hii ne mýzte in oþer wýse þýs dede bringe to ende,  
 In to a chambre forene þe gadelyng gan wende,  
 þat kyng Edmond com ofte to, & in þe dunge þar  
 Hudde hym þere longe, þat none man was ý war.  
 An þo þe kýng þerto com, ýs nede vor to do,  
 þe luþer þef zare was mýd ys arme þerto,  
 And smot<sup>1</sup> im þoru þe foundement, & þoru þe gottes rýgt,  
 Edmond þe noble kýng, þat was so noble knygt.  
 Wýþ a long ýponyted knyf, yegged in eyþer syde,  
 þus<sup>2</sup> ssenduolýche he hym slou, aboute Seynt Andreu tyde.  
<sup>3</sup> An Oxenford he was aslawe, þoru þýs luþer lore,  
 Mýd treson & gýle ýnou, ýnot hou mýzte be more.  
 þe beste body & noblest, þat in eny lond þo was,  
 ýslawe was þoru a gadelyng, so vyllyche, alas!

and other thýnges, And part-  
 ed with loue a two, and bý-  
 laste bothe kynges *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Him into the founde-  
 ment into the guttes rýgt,

There thourgh he deyde that  
 hastelich, þat was so noble  
 a knyght *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Shenful-  
 lýche *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Atte Oxenford  
*Ar.*

Ar men myȝte aboute come, þen þef to seche þare,  
 Of scaped he was & yflowe, non man nuste ware.  
 Me greyþede þys gode kyng, <sup>1</sup> wanne non oþer nas,  
 An broȝte hym vayre anerþe, as he wel <sup>2</sup> wurþe was,  
 In þe abbeye of Glastynbury, byuore <sup>3</sup> þe heȝ wened ankeȝ.  
 Vor he wylnede vor to lȝgge ys gransyre neȝ  
 þe kyng Edgar þe gode kyng, þat þere ybured ys.  
 þere hii lyggeþ vayre ynou boþe ȝut ýwȝs.  
 Ac þys luper gadelyng, þat þys gode kyng so slou,  
 To kyng Knout wende anon glad ynou.  
 He grette hym anon," & seyde, " hayl <sup>4</sup> þou be kyng one.  
 " So nȝs ýt noȝt," quap þe kyng, " vor my kyndom ys  
     ymone.  
 " Vor an felawe ých abbe þerto, þat ých loue ynou.  
 " <sup>5</sup> Ver, gode syre kyng," quap þys þef, " vor þy loue ých  
     hym skou.  
 " Here ys þat knyf al blodȝ, þat ých broȝte hym wyþ of dawe,  
 " An smot hym þoru þe foundement, & so vp to þe mawe.  
 " þy loue ých abbe wel dere aboȝt, & my lyue anaunter ý do.  
 " þer nȝs non alyue nou, þat þe abbe yserued so.  
 " þeruore vnderstond þe wel, & ȝeld my mede blyue.  
 " Vor ých abbe ýdo þe more gode, þan alle þe men alyue.  
 " þou seyst soþ," quap þe kyng, " þou ast muche ýdo vor me,  
 " An ýchylle wel þy mede ȝelde by þe treuþe ých on to þe.

<sup>1</sup> Tho other bote nas, *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> Worthy *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The heigh  
 auter. For he wilned to lȝgge  
 neigh his graunt síre there

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Be thou kyng al on.

So is hit not, quod he a ȝe,  
 hit is myne but in mone *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> For, *Ar.*

" ýchylle

" ȳchylle make þe heymon, <sup>1</sup> by tyme ȳchabbe ȳþogte,  
 " þat þou ne ssalt vor þy lýflode neuere carȳe noȳt.  
 Edryc, þe luþer suyke, ȳs fader, com al so :  
 " Syre," he seyde, " ȳch abbe muche loue þe ȳdo,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Versake Edmond <sup>3</sup> mȳ nowe louerd, & býtraȳd vor þe,  
 " An let hȳm sle vor þy loue, hou wolton ȳt zelde me ?  
 " þo seyde kyng Knout age, traytor þou art ȳwȳs,  
 " An muche age God & agen me þou ast ȳdo amȳs,  
 " Wanne þou ast <sup>4</sup> þy nowe louerd, as þou <sup>5</sup> tellest vore,  
 " To so vȳle deþe ȳbrot, þat was mȳ broþer ȳ suore.  
 " Hȳs blod, þat þou madest ssede, ssal arde com on þe.  
 " Vor <sup>6</sup> þy nowe mouþ þe aþ ȳdemed by þat þou seyest <sup>7</sup> me.  
 He let caste þys traytor in þe euenȳnge late  
 At fenestre in Temese, nouse vor to abate.  
 An let hȳm stȳllyche adrenche, vor manne speche þere.  
 An þat was, lo ! ȳs noble mede, to lute þeȳ ȳt were.  
 þe luþer traytor hȳs sone auanced was gut bet,  
<sup>8</sup> Vor hȳs robe & hȳs dȳgnȳte was al wel býset.  
 He gef hȳm such auancement, as he wolde, he suor ȳs oþ,  
 þat he ne dorste neueref carȳe <sup>9</sup> of mete ne <sup>10</sup> of cloþ.

<sup>1</sup> Right sone ich haue I  
 thought *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> For sake ich  
 haue mȳne awne lorde, and  
 him by trayed for the. For  
 thi, sir kyng, a benefeat ich  
 aske in help to me *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> *Pro,*  
 myn owe. <sup>4</sup> *L.* þyn owe.  
*Nam thȳne awne in Ar.* <sup>5</sup>  
 Me tellest fore *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *L.* þyn  
 owe. *Sed thȳ nawne in Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> To me. So that thesne tray-

tour he let take an hast, And  
 prȳuȳliche with outh noȳse in  
 to Themese him cast, And let  
 him stilliche a drenche, that no  
 noȳse were. And this was,  
 loo ! his good rewarde, thogh  
 hit i nogh nere *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> In  
 robe of roiall dignite, that  
 was well by sette *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> For  
*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> *Deest Ar.*

An robe he let hym ssape verst of blod rede scarlet þere.  
 þe ssarpe stones <sup>1</sup> bý þe strete hys taylors were.  
 Vor he let hym myd hors <sup>2</sup> to drawe fram strete to strete,  
 þat þe peces ffelle of ys fless aboute monye & grete.  
<sup>3</sup> þe taylors corue so monge peces, vor ys robe ne ssolde powe.  
 He ne dorste þo carye nogt of þe wynter couwe.  
 Subþe he let smyte of ys hede by þe ssoldren, as me seyþ,  
 And let yt sette vpon tour of Londone an heý.  
 And so he was heý man ýmad, as he býhet hym to ys mede.  
 Alle traytors & <sup>4</sup> louerd suyken God late hem so spede.

**KNOUT** was þo alone kyng, as wo seyþ, of <sup>5</sup> Engelon,  
 Of Norþweýe, <sup>6</sup> of Denemarch, & gret poer adde anhon-  
 de,

Ac Edmond þe gode kyng, þat so vyllyche me slou þo,  
 Adde tueýe zonge sones, ar he were to deþe ýdo,  
 Edward & <sup>7</sup> Edmond, & breþeren al so tueýe  
 Seynt Edward & Alfred, þat in Normandye were beýe.  
 Vor þes were kyng Edmond next, & ys eýrs also.  
 Kyng Knout þogte hou he mygte best herof do,  
<sup>8</sup> To bynyme hem her erytage, & myd wuch wrong he mygte,  
 And myd wuch treson, bote he adde som colour of rygte.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> His taillours corue him suche  
 a robe, that none coueyte  
 wolde, Ne that he ne durst  
 after neuer carie for the colde  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Lord swykes *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>  
 Engelon, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And of *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Edmunde, half bretherne

tweý *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> To byneme hem  
 her heritage how that he myght,  
 As hit were bý coloure of  
 summe manerryght. For thogh  
 many may do atte his lust  
 some thyng, Of wrong he  
 wolle make a ryght as by co-  
 louryng *Ar.*



Vor wanne man may do wat he wole & vnrygt ynou,  
 Ofte he bryngþ vor coueytyse to rygte pur wou.  
 He made a gret parlement, & brogte heye men þerto.  
 As wo seyþ, ynele noþyng wyþoute lokyng do.  
 þo bed he þe court segge soþ, & rygzt vnderfonde,  
 Wat forewarde þer were ymad <sup>1</sup> in fourme of Engelonde,  
 Bytuene hym & kyng Edmond, þe wule he was alȳue,  
 And wam Edmond made <sup>2</sup> hys eyr of ys Ionde wyþoute  
 striue,  
 And wam of ys gonges sones wardeyn ek ydo,  
 And wat þyng he adde assygned ys tueye breþeren al so.  
 Herof he bed hem segge soþ, as yt were glosyng.  
 Vor he ne kepte, he seyde, myd vnrygt of no moune's þyng.  
 þo stode þer somme vp, þat adde ynome her red,  
 Vorto paye kyng Knout, & nozt Edmond þat was ded,  
 And seyde byuore al court, þat kyng Edmond byqueþ  
 Hys kynedom & al ys lond kyng Knout byuore ys deþ,  
 And þe warde of ys tuo sones, vorte hii of elde were.  
 Alas! alas! þe trecherȳe, þat me myzte yse þere!  
 Vor þe dede was vergyte anon, & þe quike vorto paye,  
<sup>3</sup> Hii bytoke þe qued her soule, þe kunde cyrs to bytraye.  
 þys word was yholde stable, & yloked vor dome.  
 Kyng Knout of Edmonde's londes anon seysyne nome,  
<sup>4</sup> And huld hym þo al clene kyng of al Engelond,  
 Of Norþweye, of Denemarch, gret poer he adde an honde.

<sup>1</sup> And fourme *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> His  
 heire with oute any stryue,  
 And to whom his yong sones  
 in warde shulde be do, *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Hure soules by toke they  
 to the fende, the rygth heire

to be tray *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> And helde  
 him self a lone kyng of all  
 Engelond, And Norway and  
 Denemarch, and grete power  
 hadde in hond *Ar.*

Ech þogte he was Gode next, þat mygte abbe ys grace,  
 Of so gret poer þer byuore me ne knet non in non place.  
 þo he was of al Engelond kyng, wyþoute mone,  
 He bygan to cuþe anon, þat he was kyng, <sup>1</sup> one  
 Alle þat were ogt <sup>2</sup> ysib Edmond þe kyng,  
<sup>4</sup> Oþer in aliance of eny loue, to deþe he let bringe,  
 Oþer flemd hem out of Engelond, non byleued nere,  
 Bote ys tueye zonge sones, þat so feble & tendre were.  
 He ne mygte, vor þe worlde's ssame, hem to deþe bringe.  
<sup>5</sup> He sende hem out of Engelond, to <sup>6</sup> & heye kyng  
<sup>7</sup> By syde Denemarch, þat he hem to deþe brogte,  
 So ver <sup>8</sup> in onekelond, þer non man of hem ne rogte.  
 Away! sely zonge þynges, frendeles were hii þere,  
 þat so ver, as mylde lomb, to deþe ylad were.  
 þo hii to þe kyng come, <sup>9</sup> þat he hem to deþe brogte,  
 Vor þe heye blod, <sup>10</sup> of wam hii come, þe kyng hym byþogte,  
 An adde reuþe of hem gret, & ys wille gan wyþ drawe,  
 An ne mygte, vor reuþe, vor non þyng bring hym of lyf dawe.  
<sup>11</sup> To þe kyng of Hongari þys sely chyldren tueye  
 He sende hem vor to norysy, þat he warded hem wel beye.

<sup>1</sup> Any mone, *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> A lone  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Sibbe sir Edmunde  
*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Or of Aliaunce in any  
 wey, to dethe *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> But  
 sente *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> An *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> A  
 lyte by side *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> In couthe  
 lande, wher no man of hem  
 rought. Alas! the sely *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> To dethe that hem shulde  
 haue brought, *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> They  
 of come, he him sone by

thought *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> To the kyng  
 of Hungary the sely children  
 tweye. The kyng hem faire  
 vnderfenge for hure heigh no-  
 bley, So long fort Edmunde,  
 that was the quene brothe  
 [sic], Spoused his daughter,  
 and seth made the other,  
 That higt Edward, spousy  
 the emperoure's newew *Ar.*

þe kyng hem vayne vnderuog, & honoured in ech wyse,  
 An gret deuýte tolde of hem, vor her gentryse,  
 So longe, þat he let Edmond, þat was þat on broþer,  
 Spousy ys owe dogter, & supþe he let þe oþer,  
 þat het Edward, spousy þe emperoure's <sup>1</sup> mowe.  
 þo adde hii boþe ýwýted wel, & noht tolowe.  
<sup>2</sup> Ac Edmond leuede lute wule, & no chyld <sup>3</sup> hadde alýue.  
 Ac Edward þe oþer adde þre chyldren by ys wýue,  
 A sone, þat <sup>4</sup> het Edward, & dogtren also tweye,  
 Margarete & Cristýne, þat gode wommen were beye.  
 þys gode chyldren agte be euermá in <sup>5</sup> munde.  
 Vor Engelond, gýf hii nere, were gut out of kunde,  
 As ge mowe <sup>6</sup> hure her afterward, in kýng Henrye's lýf,  
 Hou Engelond com to kunde agen þoru þe god Mold ys wýf,  
<sup>7</sup> þat þes Margarete dogter was, Mold þe gode quene.  
 Vor þys lond were gut out of kunde, gýf hii hadde ýbe, ých  
 wene.

<sup>1</sup> *Non tantum cognata, sed filia re vera erat Henrici II. Imperatoris, nomenque ejus erat Agatha.* <sup>2</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Hadde Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Height Edgar, and also doughtren twey, Ar. Et quidem recte Edgar.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Mýnde. For Engelond, ýf they nad i be, hadde be oute of kynde Ar.* <sup>6</sup> *Here afterwarde, in Harry the furste's lýf, I here, how Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *That doughter was of Mergarete, as ich vnderstande, By twene hure and Macolýn kyng of*

Scotland. Kaut of all Engeland was thoø kyng thorough oute. Hit is no nede to essehe, ýf he were kene and proute. Tho he was of Edmunde's sones, and all that with him were, Delyuered, he was proute i nough, and yet he was infere O kyng Ethelrede's ii. sones, that were in Normandye, Aluered and Seynt Edward, lest hii wolde a stýge, Thorough Richard, duc of Normandye, *Ar.*

Kýng

Kyng Knout of al Engeland was þo kyng alout.  
 Me ne dar neȝt esse, wer he were kene þo & prout.  
 þo he was of Edmonde's sones, & of al, þat myd hym were,  
 Delyuered, he was fers ynou, ac somdel he was in fere  
 Of Edmonde's tueye breþeren, þat wonede in Normandye,  
 Alfred & Seynt Edward, laste hii gonne astye  
 þoru þe duc of Normandye, þat her vncle was.  
 Hym þogte were he syker of hem, hym ne doutede of no cas,  
 Seynt Edward's moder þeruore he of sende,  
 Emme þe quene of Engeland, þat <sup>1</sup> he hyder wende,  
<sup>2</sup> þoru conseyl of her broþer, þat was þe duc Rychard,  
 An þoru assent of hyr tueye sones, Alfred & Seyn Edward,  
 An were yspoused hym to wyf, & oure quene were al so.  
 Wat halt yt to telle longe? þys dede was ydo.  
 Vor kyng Edmond was aslawe a Seynt Androwe's tyd, ych  
 wene,  
 As in þe yer of grace a þousend and syxtene.  
 And to þe <sup>3</sup> lammasse afterward he spousede þe quene,  
 As in þe yer of grace a þousend and seuentene.

<sup>1</sup> She *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> And the on  
 of hure bretherne, that was  
 duc Richarde, And thourgh  
 assent of hure sones, Aluered  
 and Edewarde, And spoused  
 hym to wyue *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And þa  
 to-þopan KΓ. Aug. het þe  
 cýng ꝛeccan him Æðelpeder  
 laȝe þer oðþer cýnges him  
 to cþene. Ricardes dohtor.  
 Chron. Sax. sub an. Mxvii.  
*Male proinde in Cod. Ar.*  
*significatur, hasce nuptias*

*celebratas fuisse A. D. Mvii.*  
 (As in the yer of grace Ml.  
 and seuene) *Edmundumque*  
*occisum A. D. Mvi.* (For as in  
 the yer of oure lorde Ml. and  
 sixe yere Edmunde Irencide,  
 her sone in lawe, slayne was  
 ere.) *Et tamen in hoc ipso Co-*  
*dice Parliamentum (sive potius*  
*magnum vel commune conci-*  
*lium) Oxoniense A. D. M. xviii.*  
*tentum fuisse rectissime etiam*  
*asseritur.*

gut to be þe sykeroore, after þys spousyngc,  
 He let ys barons of Engelond to Oxenford bringe  
 A þousend as in þe ȝer of grace and eyȝteþe ȝer,  
 An a parlement vor hys stat of hem made þere.  
 So þat ȝyf þer eny was, þat agen hym herte bere,  
 Hym þ ȝte hys poer non þyng nas, ac <sup>1</sup> as vor nogt yt were.  
<sup>2</sup> As was to hym al clene ysuore, þer nas non byhynde.  
 þo was he al clene louered, to bynde and vnbynde.  
 A wyf, þat her <sup>3</sup> Aylýne, he adde er of gret fame.  
 By hyre he adde an sone, Harald was hys name,  
 þat of þe kunde was of Denemarch, in eyþer alf al out.  
 By Emme he adde anoþer sone, þat het Hardeknout,  
 þat beye were kynges after hym, as me ssal sone rede,  
 þys kyng was þo þoruout al man of noble dede.  
 þo he was alone kyng of grete londes þre,  
 Hym þogte al þe world ne myȝte agen ys poer be.  
 And napeles he bygan ys herte in boçsumnesse amende,  
 An þogte on þe vayre grace, þat houre Louerd hym sende,

<sup>1</sup> All *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> All were clene  
 to hym i swore, ther was none  
 be hynde *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Helene *Ar.*  
*quam Ælfgifam, sive Æl-*  
*givam, appellant alii. Quin-*  
*etiam & hoc notandum, pleros-*  
*que scriptores eandem concubi-*  
*nam, non uxorem, Canuti fuis-*  
*se asserere. Unde sane doctis-*  
*simus Bradius in textu histo-*  
*riæ suæ (p. 129.) Cnute not*  
 long before he died, appointed  
 his eldest son *Swane*, by his

first Wife \* *Elgiva*, to be king  
 of *Norway*, and his second Son  
*Harold*, by the same Woman  
 to be king of *England*, and  
*Hurde-Cnute* his Son by *Em-*  
*me*, king of *Danemarke*; *ex*  
*Hovedeno nimirum 251. a. at*  
*in notis*, \* By most Writers  
 reported to have been a Con-  
 cubine, she was Daughter to  
 a *Mercian* Noble-man, who is  
 said to have been Earl of  
*Northampton*.

An louede Englysse men, and Engelond þerto,  
 An mucche louede holy chyrche & susteynde also,  
 An restorede abbeys, þat destrud were byuore,  
 An chyrchen let vp arere, þat were arst as verlore,  
 An let arere monye nywe, & in stedes mest þere  
<sup>1</sup> As he adde men aslawe, & batayles ydo er,  
<sup>2</sup> An vp Assedone & þer aboute mest chyrchen he let rere,  
 As vor her soulen, þat yslawe were þere.  
 Vor he & þe kyng Edmond mest armes þere bere,  
 An mest man slagt þoru hem & batayles þer were.  
 Seynt Alfen's body, þat y martred was  
 At Greneswuch þoru hys fader, as we tolde þat cas,  
 At Seyn Poule's of Londone, as yt was anerþe ydo,  
 Hys owe honde nome yt vp, & as yt byuel þerto,  
 He let yt fayre honoury, & sende yt atte fyne  
 To þe munstre of Canterbury, <sup>3</sup> as he lýþ gut in ssryne.  
 þe þrydde ger ych vnderstonde, þat he was alone kyng,  
 Fram hys lond of Denemarch me brogte hym tythyng,  
 þat he was þere yworred vaste of hys fon.  
 He nome wýþ hym of Engelond god knygt monyon,  
 An myd gret poer & mucche folc þuderward vende anon.  
 So þat he sone come bysyde hys fon echon,  
 An byleuede hym þer al nygt, & al hys ost al so,  
 An þogte anon amorwe strong batayle do.  
 A gret erl of þys lond, Godwýne was hys name,  
 Myd hys poer myd hym was, þat monyon dude ssame.

<sup>1</sup> Where he *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> As  
 vpon Asshedoune and a boute  
 there, As for the sowles of  
 hem that slayne there were.

Seynt Alphe Erchebýsshop-  
 pe's body *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> And ther  
 hit was in shrýne *Ar.*

Vor þys lond, as me ssal hure, ofte he dude býtraye.  
 He þogte þo hou he mygte þe kyng Knout best paye.  
 Bý nýgte <sup>1</sup> hym & hys poer he let army þere,  
 And wende so anonywar, <sup>2</sup> as þe kyng's fon were,  
<sup>3</sup> An fond hem, as wo seyþ, aslepe. he leyde on hem to grounde,  
 An slou and to drof hem alle in a lutel stunde.  
 Amorwe" þo þe kyng wolde wende vp hys fon,  
 An myste Godwýne & hys men, of gyle he dradde anon,  
 þat þe Englysse hym býtraye wolde, he þogte of luper won.  
 Vor to sle þys Godwýne, and þe Englysse echon.  
 An naþeles he wende toward hys fon myd al hys poer vaste,  
 Vor to smýte an batayle, & þo ne wond he atte laste.  
 Nozt of hem bote caroyne, & þe bodyes dede al so,  
 þo he vond, þat Godwýne such andede adde ý do,  
 An delyuered hym of hys fon, & ybrogt hym so aboute,  
 Euereft he louede hym þe more, & al Englysse vor hys loue.  
 þo he sey, þat Englysse men so gode in nede were,  
 An hys fon were ouercome, nobýng he nas in fere.  
<sup>4</sup> þo he adde one þe kýnedom of grete landes þre,  
 Hym þogte <sup>5</sup> al þe world ne mygte agen hys poer be.

<sup>1</sup> Hým self and <i>Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> Wher the <i>Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> And founde hem muche del a slepe, so that in a stonde This En- mys of Swethe londe hij brought all to grounde. Ulf and eke Ergall of Swethe lond kyngus Fust [ <i>sic</i> ] to kyng Knutus host, at his comýngus. Muche harme had i deo, but in this case	wýse Godewýn with his men gate of hem the pryse. A morwe <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> Tho hadde he al ou the kýngdomes of <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> That in all the worlde ne myght his pere be. Of all his proude dedis ne can iche telle nought, Bute of on tale ich wole, as hit cometh in thought <i>Ar.</i>
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Of al hys proute dedes I ne may verbere nozt,  
 þat I ne mot zou telle of on, nou yt comþ in my þogt.  
 A þousend as in þe zer of grace, & on & tventy þerto,  
 An in þe vÿfte zer þat kyng Knout in such poer was ydo,  
 He <sup>1</sup> wende, as noble syre, fram loude to londe,  
 þat <sup>2</sup> hym þogte al world ne ssolede azen hym stonde.  
 As he wende aboute by þe see, & such poer adde an honde,  
 Up achaere he sat adoun, al vp þe see sonde,  
 An <sup>3</sup> enresonede hys men, as hii býuore hym stode,  
 So þat þe tyme com of þe see flode,  
 þat yt býgan to wexe vaste, as yt deþ atte tÿde.  
 þe kyng býheld þe wexyng an hoker al asyde,  
 So þat þe water vaste waxe <sup>4</sup> vppard hej & wyde.  
<sup>5</sup> þogte þys grete louerd, gut ychelle abyde.  
 þo yt was ney to hym ycome, baldelyche <sup>6</sup> spae  
 An sturnelyche to þys water, þo yt alles out brac.  
 "Water," he seyde, "<sup>7</sup> wat þenest on? ych rede he com  
 no ver.

"Under stond, þat þou art al clené in my poer.  
 "Vor þat lond, vp wan þou vnrst, & vp wan ych sÿtte her,  
 "Is clené myn al aboute. vor þou wost ynabbe no per.  
 "þeruore ych <sup>8</sup> ote þe þÿne wexyng anon lete,  
 "þat þou ne be so hardy nozt, þÿn louerde's cloþes to wete,

<sup>1</sup> Wende a. boute as Ar.  
<sup>2</sup> He thought in all the  
 worlde none schulde him with-  
 stonde Ar. <sup>3</sup> Spak to his  
 Ar. <sup>4</sup> Potius, uppard (*idem*  
*quod Anglo-Sax. uppearð.*)

<sup>5</sup> yut thought this grete lorde  
 he wolde a býde ther Ar.  
<sup>6</sup> He spak Ar. <sup>7</sup> What  
 thenkest thou? I rede come  
 no ner Ar. <sup>8</sup> Hoté Ar.



" Ne hys lymes, ac vp <sup>1</sup> mynowe let me in pes sytte,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Oþer, by þe fey þat ych ou to þe, ychelle rekeny mytte.  
 þe water dnde vorþ hys kunde, & wax euere vaste,  
 So þat to þys grete louerd hýt com atte laste,  
<sup>3</sup> An watte hys ssonne & hys vet. so longe yt wax an heý,  
 þat yt watte hys brych al aboute, & euere vpard yt steý,  
 So þat þys hupes smourte, & of cold were neý.  
 þys grete louerd sturte hým vp, þo he oþer ne sey,  
 An wed hým vp to londe, hým þogte er late ynou.  
 He býheld toward þe water, & hys grete herte wyþ drow."  
 " Wyte," he seyde, " al men, þat anerþe wonyþ her,  
 " <sup>4</sup> þat yt nys bote þe pure masse ený kynge's poer.  
 " Ne þat no man ys wurþe to be ýcluped kýng,  
 " Bote þe heye kýng of heuene, þat wrogte al þýng,  
 " þat haþ heste of water, and of erþe al so.  
 " Heuene & helle & ech þýng mot nede hys heste do,  
 " An habbe hým as louerd, vor ýnam non ý wýs,  
 " þeruor me to clupye kýng, myd vnrygt yt ýs.  
 " þeruor ych býhote God, þat yne ssal kýnge's croune.  
 " Neuere bere anerþe, vor my poer ýs þer doune.  
 He wende hým vorþ to chýrche, & byuore þe rode com,  
 An wyþ meke herte pyteslyche hys kýnge's croune nom,

<p> <sup>1</sup> My nawne <i>Ar.</i>    <sup>2</sup> Or          elles, by the fey that is me,          ich wolle fyght mytte <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>3</sup> Hit wette his hosen and his          shone; and ýut for pruýt he          nolde. Ryse fort he nedes          moste, or elles drenche he       </p>	<p>         shulde. And thenne he sturte          vppe of the water he thought          late i now; And be hilde to-          warde the water, &amp; his grete          hert with drow <i>Ar.</i>    <sup>4</sup> That          hit is bute the mase any          kynge's power <i>Ar.</i> </p>
---	---

An

An sette vpon the rode heued, & seyde þat he alone  
 Was wurþe to crowne bere, & oþer kynges none.  
 He býleuede þe crowne þere, sýkýnde wel sore,  
 An þerafter vp hys heued ne com he namore.  
 An me seyþ, þat he ne bar neuere þe crowne of Engeland,  
 Ac ne bar þulke ne non oþer þerafter, ých vnder stonde.  
 Sýnþe god man he becom & aforced hym ýnou,  
 An býhet God euereft afterward to býleue wou,  
 An God & holy chyrche to louye mýd al hys mýgte,  
 An make godes lawes, & susteyne ech rýgte.  
 Þes byheste he held vol wel, & gode lawes ý nou  
 He made þe beste þat mýgte be, & to ech godenesse drou.  
 Vor þe manslagt þat he adde ýdo, & þe vnrygt ý lome,  
 An vor þe monye gode cas þat hym ofte come,  
 He byhet God to wende þe holy wey to Rome,  
 So þat he & hys knýgtes wýþ god herte þen wey nome.  
 An as he toward Rome wende bý moný alond,  
 Wanne he ený luþer lawes in ený stude vond,  
 Þe prince, oþer louerd of stude, sone he out sogte,  
 And bote he granted hym amendement, mýd tresour he ýt bogte,  
 An vor he was man of such poer, vewe agen hym wrogte,  
 So þat euere ware he come gode lawes he brogte.  
<sup>1</sup> Gengyl men þat he vond in prison ek ydo,  
 Oþer in warde mýd vnrygt, he bogte hem out also.  
 At Rome he was auonge uayre, and asoyled also.  
 Agen he wende to Engeland, þo al þys was ý do.  
 Þo he com agen, at Glastýnburý hym longede ar he were,  
 Vor loue of kýng Edmond, þat ýbured was þere,

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<sup>1</sup> Goude men. *Ar.*

þat he cluped hys broþer, vor þe treuþe þat bytuene hem was  
her.

þat bodi he honourede y nou þo he com þere,  
And al þe stude vor hys loue, & dude vayr offrynge,  
An amendede þat hous myd mony a rýche þyng,  
An gef hem londe and rentes, and confermede al so  
þe geftes, þat oþer kýnges hadde er ygyue þerto,  
Of rentes and of londes, as þe kýng Cupred,  
An kýng Centwyne & Ine, & supþe kýng Alfred,  
Edward and Aþelston, Edmond and Edgar.

Her geftes he confermede, & to make ech man ywar,  
To holde þys geftes stable, amansy he let al so  
Alle þat aboute were her geftes euere vn do.  
He confermede her londes, as frelyche to holde y wýs,  
By gode chartre & her rentes, as þe kýng huld hys.  
þys kýng Knout was tuenty ger kýng of Engeland,  
An in a þousend ger of grace & þrytty, ych vnderstonde,  
An syxe he deyde at Ssaftbury, & at Wýnchestre myd gret  
prute

At Seyn Swythynes he was ybured, þere as he lýþ gut.

**H**ARALD, <sup>1</sup> þe kýnge's sone Knout, after hym was kýng.  
ycrowned he was at Oxenford, a ssrewe þoru alle þyng.  
Of þe kunde he was of Denemarch, of þe eror <sup>2</sup> wyf y bore.  
þe lasse he louede Englysse men, & Engeland þer uor.

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<sup>1</sup> *Desunt omnia metra, ad multa scripsit auctor prosaicus.*  
*Haraldum hunc spectantia, in* <sup>2</sup> *Hinc ait scriptor prosaicus*  
*Cod. Ar. in quo tamen de eodem* *in Ar.* In the yere of oure  
lorde

þe vorste ȝer þat he was kȳng, Emme, þe gode quene,  
 He drof out of Engelond, (& hys ssrewede made ysene)  
 His stepmoder, hys fader wȳf, þat quene adde ybe tuȳe  
 Of Engelond, & þat hys fader let vette in Normandye.  
 þo þys quene was of londe ydryue, þo tu hyre wyþerwȳne,  
 Heo wende to þe erl of Flaundres, þat het Baldewȳne.  
 þys erl hyre vayre vnderuonȝ, þat was hende & fre,  
 And tok hyre þe castel of Bruges, inne vorto be.  
 þere was þys gode quene, wyþoute eny striuȳnge,  
 Vorte hyre stepsone was dede, Harald þe luþer kȳng.  
 Vor he nas kȳng bote four ȝer, & sȳx monþes vauþe,  
 Ar he laȳ at Oxenforde, & drou toward þe deþe,  
 And deyde þer in pȳne ynou, & supþe hys body me ber  
 To þe abbey of Westminster, & bured yt vayre þere.  
 In þe ȝer of grace a þousend, & on & fourtyþe ȝere,  
 þys kȳng deyde in Aueryl, monȳ glad man was þere.

**H**ARDEKNOUT hys broþer þo þen weȳ sone nome  
 Fram Denemarch in to Engelond, & to Sandwȳch com.  
 þoru þe baronye of Engelond & of Denemarch al so  
 Ichose he was to be kȳng, vor hii ensentede þerto.  
 Vor he adde somdel to Engelond more kunde þan þe oþer,  
 Vor he was, in hys moder alf, Seynt Edward's broþer.  
<sup>1</sup> Sone so he was kȳng y mad, after hys moder he sende  
 þe quene Emme to Flaundres, & bygan hyre stat amende,

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lorde m. xxxvi. Knutus sone | daughter toke the regne.  
 Harolde of Erle Elfelmus | <sup>1</sup> As non as he was *Ar.*

An huld hÿr vayre, as rÿgt was, hÿs moder & quene al so.  
 Ac þÿs Hardeknout nas kÿng nozt follÿche ȝeres tuo.  
 Vor þer faylede <sup>1</sup> of" ten dawes, þat he ne deÿde <sup>2</sup> of" ywÿs.  
 At <sup>3</sup> Lamhupe he was ded, & ÿbured he was & ÿs  
 At Seyn Swythÿne's at Wÿnchestre <sup>4</sup> bÿ hÿs fader þat lÿþ þere.  
 Kÿnges of Denemarch in þÿs manere were  
 Kynges here of þÿs lond, ech after oþer.  
 þe sone vorst after þe fader, þe broþer after þe broþer.  
 And Engelond was out of kunde sÿxe & tuenty ȝer,  
 In worre & pÿne & sorwe ÿnou, as Seyn Dunston <sup>5</sup> bÿ het her.  
 Ac þo þÿs þre kÿnges were ded of Denemarch, þere nere  
<sup>6</sup> Byleuede namon in Engelond, þat of þe kunde were.  
 þo moste ÿt nede come aȝen to þe rÿgt eÿr of kunde,  
 þe holÿ man Seyn Edward, þat euere worþ in munde.  
 Vor <sup>7</sup> Aldred, hÿs eldore broþer, was arst aslawe here  
 Wÿþ treson in Engelond, ÿchÿlle telle in wuch manere.  
 Atyme, to speke mÿd hÿs moder, to Engelond he com,  
<sup>8</sup> An gret folc of Normandÿe mÿd hÿm hÿder he nome.  
<sup>9</sup> An" þe false erl of Engelond, Godwÿne was ÿs name,  
 (þat <sup>10</sup> euere" adde wÿþ treson þÿs lond y do ssame,)  
<sup>11</sup> And dorte he adde god, he þoȝte he wolde fonde  
 Make hÿre ȝut, ȝyf he mÿȝte, quene of Engelond.  
 þat <sup>12</sup> Aldred nolde spousy nozt hÿs dorte he was in fere,  
 Vor prute & hÿs heÿnÿsse, ȝyf þat he kÿng were.

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<sup>1</sup> Deest Ar.	<sup>2</sup> Deest Ar.	mo Ar.	<sup>7</sup> Aluered Ar.
<sup>3</sup> L. Lamhupe. Nam Lam-	<sup>4</sup> Be for his	<sup>8</sup> And muche peple Ar.	
hethe in Ar.	fadre three [l. there] Ar.	<sup>9</sup> Deest Ar.	<sup>10</sup> Ofte tÿme Ar.
<sup>5</sup> Seide er Ar.	<sup>6</sup> Bÿlafte no	<sup>11</sup> A doughter Ar.	<sup>12</sup> Alue-
		red Ar.	

To þe zongore broþer Seynt Edward hys hope was more  
 ynome,  
 Vor he was symple & myldore, & <sup>1</sup> ep to ouercome.  
 þeruore þo he sey Alfred so gret heynesse drawe,  
 He þogte hou he mygte do, þat he were of lȳf dawe.  
 To þe heȳe men of Engelond vaste he wende aboute,  
 And seyde, Engelond mygte be of Alfred in gret doute.  
<sup>2</sup> Vor he þogte, zȳf he were kyng, þat folc of Normandye  
 Al maystres make in Engelond, þoru" strengþe & tricherye,  
 An deseryth hem also þoru Normannes he þogte,  
 þeruore myd hym of Normandye so muche folc he brogte:  
 So þat <sup>3</sup> hey men of þe lond he brogte al to hys wylle,  
<sup>4</sup> þat hii nome Alfred, & al hys folc, myd trycherye stille,  
 An ladde hem vaste ybounde to Guldeforde al so.  
 Awey ! sely gultelese men, lute adde hii mys do.  
 þo hii come to Guldeforde, þys erl Godwȳne þe ssrewe  
 Lete þys gultelese men sette al arewe,  
 An telle out euere þe teþe man, & þe nȳne þoru out he nome,  
 And let smȳte of her alre heuedȳs, & made a reufol dom.  
 þo þe teþe was alyue, he þogte of more wou.  
 Hym þogte þer were to monye alyue of ynou.  
 Alle þat were alyue býleued, a rewe ef sone he drou,  
 An tolde of hem þe teþe out, & þe nyþe slou.  
 So þat <sup>5</sup> þer byleuede alyue vewe þo,  
 And þulke out of Engelond he drof myd muche wo.

<sup>1</sup> Lithlyche to *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> He saide, yf he were kyng, folke of Normandye All mastres in this londe shulde be an hȳe, And dissherite Englyssh men  
 thourgh *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Certeyne men  
*Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> So that they toke A-  
 luered in a tyme all stȳlle *Ar.*  
<sup>5</sup> He ne laft bȳt fewe a lȳue  
 thoo, *Ar.*

Alfred hii ladda to Ely, & <sup>1</sup> pulte out boþe hys eye,  
 An hulde hym þere in prison, <sup>2</sup> vorte selý mon gan deye.  
 Vas þys of þys Godwýne a ssrewe & luper dom,  
 gut owre Lorde, ar he deyde, gret wreche þere of nom.  
 Vor, as ge ssolle her after hure, he deyde in pyne ynou,  
 An ssrewede þat he dude lute he bylou.

**SEYNT** Edward in Normandye was þo byleuede alone  
 As þar, as wa seþ, of þe kunde, tasi he sprong of þe  
 stone,

He dradde vor he was alone of þe tem byleuede þere,  
 An vor þe traytors of Engeland so false & luper were,  
 Leste he were of hys fon þoru treson ybogt,  
 An, vor loue of hys erytage, so to deþe ybrogt.  
 To God he made hys pleýnte, ofte wepynd wel blyue,  
 An namelyche þe wule hys fon of Denemarch were alyue.  
 "Help me," he seyde, "in þys wa, Lord, bydde ych þe.  
 " <sup>2</sup> Vor my frend & my nexte neý stondeþ agen me.  
 " My fader, þat leuede here in worre & in stryf,  
 " In worre & sorwe & sor ynou he endede hys lýf.  
 " My breþeren beþ boþe aslawe þoru treson al so,  
 " <sup>4</sup> My neucus beþ yfloynd, & out of Engeland ydo,"

<sup>1</sup> Putte *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Fort that  
 he ganne deye. Me seith, that  
 his nauell gutte oute I take  
 was, A knyht to a post, and af-  
 terward a pas. He was i made  
 by the poste ever goo a boutte,  
 Fort he hadde i drawe hym

selfe his guttes al oute. Nas  
 this of this Godewýne a full  
 luther dome? *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> For  
 thulke that shulde my frendes  
 be stondesth a ýest me *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> And my Cosýns i flemed  
 of londe both twoo, *Ar.*

An

" An my moder <sup>1</sup> ywedded to my meste fo,  
 " An ych alone byleued, woder ssal ych, Louerd, go?  
 " Hii þat of my erytage al louerdles beþ  
 " Wylneþ alle þyng most my deþ, as men yseþ.  
 " <sup>2</sup> And al pouere, Louerd, ycham to þe byleued ywys,  
 " An þou wolt, Louerd, help be to hym þat faderles ys.  
 " Al to soþe yt ys ycome, þat Seynt Dunston gan telle.  
 " þe wreche of my <sup>3</sup> vncler deþ, þat hys stepmoder let quelle,  
 " My fader abogte yt dere ynou, & my breþeren bo.  
 " So þat þer nys non byleued, bote ych, Louerd, & nanmo.  
 " Nys yt vyue & sýxtý ger, Louerd, non mon ago,  
 " þat to Engelond, vor þulke deþ, vorst com such wo.  
 " Hou longe ssal yt ylaste? Louerd, wyþ drau þyn honde.  
 " Of þy wreche sende som ende, & reu on Engelond.  
 þo þys kynges of Denemarch alle þre were dede,  
 An Alfred al so aslawe, þe barons nome to rede,  
 An oþer heye men al so, as God gef þat cas,  
 An chose Seynt Edward to þer kyng, þat kunde eyr þo was,  
 As he was þerto ychose, er þan he were y bore.  
 þo was yt to soþe y come, þat yseyd was byuore,  
 þat Seynt Peter at Glastynbury to byssop, Brygtwold seyde.  
 þo com vorst pes to Engelond, after <sup>4</sup> þe' wrecchede.  
 Me sende after hym to Normandye, to Engelond <sup>5</sup> þat' he com,  
<sup>6</sup> An lute folc of Normandye myd hym hyder nome,

<sup>1</sup> I wedded was to *Ar.* stepmoder *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> *Deest Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> Alon pouer þilafte icham <sup>5</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>6</sup> A fewe folke of  
 to the, Lorde, I wys. Lorde, Normandye heder with him  
 as the luste, helpe the childe he nome. So that with litell  
 that faderles is *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Un- vnconthe *Ar.*  
 cle's deth, that my [*l. hys*]



So þat myd lute onekeþ folc to Engelond he drou.  
 þe þeymen come agen hym myd joye & prute ynou,  
 An vnderuonge hym as her louerd vayre þoru all þynge,  
 An anester day at Wynchestre crowned hym to kyng.  
 I sacred he was þo to kyng of erchebýssopes tuo,  
 Of Canterbury & Euerwyk, & other býssopes al so.  
 It was in a þousend zer, & fourty & tuo,  
 After þat God anerþe com, þat he was crowned so.  
 þo was joye in Engelond al oute in eche syde.  
 Hys godenese & hys gode los aboute sprong wel wyde,  
 þat þer nas non god prince, ne kyng in none londe,  
 þat ne wylnede enqueyntance of hym, ych vnderstonde.  
 þe emperour of Rome to hym in gode loue ýwýs  
 Oblaged bý hys messagers al þyng þat was hys.  
 Vor Edmonde's sone ýreneside, þat hys on broþer was,  
 Hadde ýwedded hys cosyne, he was glad of þat cas.  
 An Seyn Edward neý kun was þe kyng of France al so,  
 þat eche þyng clene þat hys was he obleged hym to.  
 So þat þer nas prince nour, þat at hys wýlle nas,  
 Bote he one of Denemarch, þat euere hys fo was.  
 Seynt Edward, vor al hys god, debonere was ý nou,  
 An namelyche to pouere men, to non prute he ne drou.  
 Reufol he was to neody men, of hys almese large & fre.  
 Of more deuocyon non man in chýrche ne mygt be.  
 He was selde yseye wroþ, ne in glotonye, ne in prute.  
 þey hys tresour were ýlore, þer of he tolde lute.  
 So holy lýf he ladde & god, so chast and so clene,  
 þat heý men of þe lond wolde hem alday mene,

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\* That the hegh men of the londe wolde hit al day be  
 mene,

þat hii hadde non eyr bytuene hem, & þat gret peryl yt was,  
 Vor þer mygte come to al þe lond muche wo vor such cas.  
 Vor gýf he adde an kund eyr bygýte by hys wyf,  
 þe sykeror were þat lond, wuþ oute worre & strýf.  
<sup>1</sup> þe erl Godwýne, þe false man, þat þe kýnge's broþer slou  
 Aldred, as ých tolde er, an doxter god ýnou  
 Of holy lýf & clene adde, Edýþe was hýre name,  
 þat, as yt ýs of hýre ýwryte, & of hýre holy fame,  
 þat as þe rose sprýng of þe brer, þat ssarp & kene ýs,  
 Al so com þe clene mayde of þe luþer man y wys.  
 þys luþer man was vaste aboute to heý men ýlome,  
 To brynge yt þerto, gef he mygte, þat þe kyng hys doxter  
 nome.

Me seyde þe kýng, þat he moste nede weddý wyf,  
 An þat þet mayde was hym best, vor hýr clene lýf.  
 þe kýng hym býþogte pryuelýche & stýlle,  
 þat in such cas god yt was, to do þe wýlle.  
 An vor heo was so clene mayde, & of so holy lýue,  
 þe betere hym were in holýnesse to nýme hýr to wýue,"  
 þan an heýe kýnge's doxter, of <sup>2</sup> verre londe ý brogt,  
 þat to hys holy lýue nolde acordý nozt.

mene, And that he ne hadde  
 non heire gret perille hit  
 was, *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> Godewyne erle a dough-  
 ter he hadde, that was of  
 grete fame, And of clene lyf  
 also, Edithe was hure name.  
 And as the Roos of a brere  
 spryngeth that kene is, Also

spronge this holy mayde of  
 luther kynd i wys. And suth  
 that the kyng nede muste  
 wedde a wyf, Me saide the  
 mayde was to him good for  
 hure clene lyf, That hit was  
 better to him to haue hure to  
 wyf *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ferne *Ar.*

' An weddede þys mayde," þat so holy & clene was,  
 More vorto paye <sup>2</sup> þat lond, þan vor eny oþer cas.  
 Longe hii were to gadere, þys gode kyng & quene,  
 Ac of ozt bote of holynesse lute yt was ysene.  
 Vor God, as hii seyde ofte, hii toke to wýtnesse,  
 þat bytuene hem neuere nas bote clannesse.  
 Boþe hii were at one <sup>3</sup> worde, to lýbbe in clene lýue.  
 \* So þat hii were wyþoute eyr, me þyncþ, vor al hys wyue.  
 þe kyng of Denemarch & hys men þretned hym wel vaste.  
 So þat hii <sup>5</sup> greýþed hym hyderward atte laste.  
 A Wytesonedaý, as Seynt Edward at hys masse stod,  
 ' An bed vor þe pes of þe lond, þat God yt sende god,  
 Rygt atte sacryng he stod as he lowe,  
 In þe chýrche of Westmýnster, as men <sup>7</sup> býhelde ynowe,  
 Hii þat hym were mest priue, asked wu yt were  
 þe kyng þo he hem come, & wy he made such chere ?  
 " Certes, syres," quap þe kyng, " ýhered be Gode's sonde,  
 " þe luþer men of Denemarch, myd her kyng of þe londe,  
 " To her olde luþerhede yturnd adde her þogt,  
 " To <sup>8</sup> worry owr suete pays, þat owr Louerd vs ap ybrogt.  
 " An to day, in þys god tyme, her poer clenc hii nome,  
 " \* An þe wynd hem payde wel, & to þe see hii come,  
 " Vorto destrue Engelond, as hii abbeþ ofte ýdo.  
 " An þulke tyme, þat ze ýseye þat ých somdel lou so,

<p> <sup>1</sup> So that he this maide            wedded, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> The  <sup>3</sup> Accorde, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> So that            heirles was the kyng, for            all the quene his wyf <i>Ar.</i>  <sup>5</sup> Dight <i>Ar.</i> <sup>6</sup> And bade to         </p>	<p>           him and to his londe God            shulde sende pees gode, Atte            sacryng he stod, right as            thogh he lowgh, <i>Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> Hit            seigh i nowgh <i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> De-            stourbe <i>Ar.</i> <sup>9</sup> For the <i>Ar.</i> </p>
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“ þe

" þe kȳng bȳ an laddre <sup>1</sup> to þe ssȳp clam an lieȳ,  
 " An þreu vp to down in þe see, & adreñctþe, as ȳch ȳsey,  
 " An hȳs men, as in wanhope, wende hem agen blyue,  
 " So þat ȳch hopȳe to God paȳs, þe wule ȳcham alȳue.  
 Messagers to Denemarch sone ȳsend were,  
 And, as þe kȳng adde ȳsed, <sup>2</sup> to soþe hii founde þere.  
 Neuer eft hii of Denemarch hȳder nolde come.  
 Vor god prince al alond varþ þe bet ȳlome.  
 Vor þe lond was fȳue & syxtȳ ȳer in worre & in sore,  
 As <sup>4</sup> he habbeþ ȳhurd bȳuore, & afterward ȳut more,  
 As ȳe ssolle hure her afterward. ac þe wule he was kȳng,  
 þat lond was in god loue & pes, wȳþoute eche strȳuȳnge.

**SEYNT** Edward broȳte to Engeland out of Normandȳe  
 Men, <sup>3</sup> þat adde hȳm fleme ȳdo god & corteȳsȳe.  
 And Roberd a clerc he louede mest, vor he ȳef hym þe bys-  
 sopȳche  
 Of London, & supþe of Canterbury þe erchebȳssopȳche.  
 þo he was erchebȳssop, lȳþer he was and prout.  
 þe kȳng hȳm <sup>6</sup> louede, & alle hȳs dedes þoru hȳm dude al out.  
 þer was vp þe quene Emme, þe kȳnge's moder, ȳ do  
 A lȳþer sclandre, & vp þe bȳssop of Wȳnchestre al so,  
 þat <sup>7</sup> hii in contenance to folȳche hem bere.  
 þe erchebȳssop tolde þe kȳng more <sup>8</sup> þan þer were,

<sup>1</sup> To shipward clam an  
 hiegh, And fell doune in the  
 see, and a dreȳnte neigh, *Ar.*  
<sup>2</sup> So that as for the Danes  
 may ich be withoute strȳue.  
 Messagers *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The sothe  
 they *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> ȳe *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> That,

while he flemed was, hadde  
 do him courteseye *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Lou-  
 ed euer most, and dude bȳ  
 him al oute *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hii to  
 gedere in contenance *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Than sothe were, *Ar.*

þat þer was foul lecherýe býtuene hem ý do,  
 1 And þat þoru þe quene hýr sone was Alfred to deþe ýdo,  
 And þat he ne mygþte nogt býleue, bote he amendement toke  
 Of so vyl dede, wanne he adde her soules to loke.  
 þe kýng leuede hym wel ýnou, & suer he nolde abyde,  
 þat he nolde verst nýme vengeance in hýs sýde.  
 þe býssop he býnome verst al hýs laý fe,  
 2 And supþe hým in prison, & býnome hým hýs se.  
 Hýs moder he dude in warde, & scars lýf lede her fonde  
 In þe abbeýe of Worwell, & býnome hyre hýr londe.  
 þýs quene made deol ý nou. & hýr lettres wyde sende,  
 3 To býssopes, þat heo truste to, ýre stat vorto amende,  
 4 And þat heo wolde þoru fury ýre, gyf me wolde þat heo bere,  
 Oþer trede, ssewý, þet heo gulteles were.  
 þe kýng was meok & mylde ýnou, an, as þe byssopes bade,  
 Wolde hýs moder do alout, bote as þe oþer yt made.  
 And naþeles hii were aton," as hii wolde desyre,  
 þat hýs modet 5 hýr skere ssolde myd fury ýre.

1 And that Aluered her  
 sone thorgh her was dede al-  
 so, Be cause that Knut and  
 Hardeknut sheo loued thorgh  
 al thing More that Ethelred,  
 and other of his Ospring.  
 As the commune fame was  
 thorgh oute all the lond, That  
 sheo loued Knut in hert, me  
 wrong dude vnderstande.  
 The Erchebisshop seide, he  
 ne myght let hit be so nought,  
 And that to amendement hit  
 moste nedes be brought. The  
 kyng him leued of this thing;

and seide he nolde a bide, *Ar.*  
 2 And brought him in pri-  
 son, and him by name his see  
*Ar.* 3 To heghe men, that  
 heo truste to, *Ar.* 4 And  
 seide, that sheo wolde thorgh  
 fuyr ire, if that me hure  
 bede, Preue, that heo was  
 gultless of that ilke dede. The  
 kyng was meoke and mylde i  
 nowe after summe's rede,  
 Wolde haue lette his moder  
 goo, but summe hit with sede.  
 Atte laste hii were atte on *Ar.*  
 5 Skere her self shulde *Ar.*

þe erchebýssop Roberd hurde of þys dome,  
 An, þey he nere <sup>1</sup> nozt ýbe, to þys conseyl he com.  
 þe byssopes <sup>2</sup> he ladde a conseyl, "Lærdýnges," he seyde,  
 " <sup>3</sup> Ich wene vor hys moder mý louerd þe kýng gebede,  
 " þat nys as no woman, ac as þe deuel ých doute,  
 " þat, vorto ssende hyre owe sone þe kýng, heo ys aboute,  
 " þat seyþ he ys <sup>4</sup> amansed, vor hyre copýnere  
 " þe býssop <sup>5</sup> he deþ in warde, of wan heo wole hýr skere.  
 " gýf heo skery hyre of hým, hou wole heo vorþore mo  
 " <sup>6</sup> Skere of þat heo aþ ýdo, hyre sone's gret wo,  
 " Of þat <sup>7</sup> heo Alfred hyre sone radde to deþe brynge,  
 " And þat heo porueýde poýson to hyre sone þe kýnge?  
 " Ac gýf heo hyre <sup>8</sup> skere wole of eche of þys þýnge,  
 " And heo hyre skerynge do after mý lokýnge,  
 " And heo of scapýe harmýles þe gultes echon,  
 " <sup>9</sup> Icholle, vor me & vor þe kýng, þat gult nabbeþ non,  
 " And grante, þat mý dýgnýte me be al býnome,  
 " And þat heo & þe býssop ek to hyre <sup>10</sup> sta azen come.  
 " Let nýme four ýrene ssares vor hýr sulue al afure,  
 " An fyue vor þe býssop, & gýf heo ýt maý <sup>11</sup> dure,

<sup>1</sup> Nat i bede, to *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> He spake to thus, Lordynges, *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> The kýng for the quene his moder heder vs hath i bede. She fareth nat as a woman, but as a deuell, ich doute, And for to shende *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> A cursed, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> That he dude in warde, of wham she theuketh hure skere. ýf

sheo clenseth hure self of him, *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Skere hure of *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> She Aluered hure sone let to deþ *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Purge *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Ich graunte, for me and for the kyng, that gultles mote she goon, And graunte, that all mý dignyte me be all bý nome, *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Stat *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Endure *Ar.*

" Wanne hii lÿggeþ in þe flor to steppe vp echon  
 " After oþer bareuot, and heo býleue non,  
 " þat heo ne steppe wÿþ folle fot wyþoute quakÿnge,  
 " And <sup>1</sup> ȝyf vet bet þanne sauf, woute enÿ wemmÿnge,  
 " Graunteþ hem al quýt. ac ȝyf heo quakeþ <sup>2</sup> out,  
 " Oþer stepþ býsyde, oþer hyre vet in enÿ wemne be ýbrogt,  
 " Holdeþ hem gultÿ of þe dede, & lateþ hem also  
 " Al her lÿf, as wÿckemen, in strong prison be ýdo.  
 þys fourme was ygranted þo, & certeyn day al so  
 At Seyn Swythÿne's at Wÿnchestre, wanne yt ssolde be ýdo.  
 þo me tolde þe <sup>3</sup> quene vore, heo was glad ýnou.  
 So þat þoru al Engelond <sup>4</sup> þys word sone drou,  
 þat, þo þe day was ýcome, so muche folc þer com,  
 þat me nuste ware hem innÿ, vorto se þys dom.  
 þe heye men neÿ of Engelond were þere echone,  
<sup>5</sup> To se Gode's grace of þe quene, bote erchebÿssop one.  
 Ac he feynede hÿm somdel sÿk, &, neÿ þe see to be,  
 He býleuede at Douere, ȝyf neod were, to fle.  
 þe quene, þoru þe kyng's heste, <sup>6</sup> ýbrogt was also  
 Fram Worwelle to Wÿnchestre, <sup>7</sup> þys jugement to do.  
 To Seyn Swythÿne's ssrÿne þen weÿ heo nom <sup>8</sup> wel rÿgt,  
 Gladlÿche þo heo þuder com, & býleued al nÿgt  
 In wop & in orÿsons, þat reuþe yt was to se,  
 And euere bed þe holyman hyre help vorto be.

<sup>1</sup> ȝf her feet be thanne saf  
 with oute *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ought, *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> Quene her of, heo *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The  
 tythyng here of drou. And  
 thoo the day *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> To see

this purgyng of the quene, saf  
 the Erchebisshop a lone *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> I brought forth was tho *Ar.*  
<sup>7</sup> Hure purgacion to doo *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Full *Ar.*

As heo vel in a lute slep, Seyn Swyðthyn to hýre com.  
 "Dogter," he seyde, "be studeuast to vnderuonge þý dom.  
 "Icham Swyðthyn, wam þou <sup>1</sup> býst, & verzyf þý sone þys dede,  
 "An tæ passý þe furý ýre, <sup>2</sup> nane þou non drede.  
 þe quene heo was glad, þo heo awok, of þat þýs godemon seyde.  
<sup>3</sup> þet folc com þýcke a morwe, to se þýs wonder dede,  
 An þe heyden come echon, þen dom to hure sone.  
 An þe kyng, þen dom vorto zyue, an heý sat on hýs trone.  
 Byuore hým, vorto auonge hýr dom, þe quene me brogte al so.  
 þe kýng hýr esste sturnelyche, wer heo wolde þe dom do?  
<sup>4</sup> þe quene wepude wel sore, þe kýng ansuerede þýs:  
 "Sýre kýng, þou art mý louerd & mý sone ýwýs.  
 "Ich emme þat þe bere, & vor þe gronede ylome,  
 "þe wule þou in mý wombe were, & ar þou fram me come.  
 "A sclandre ýs vp me ybrogt of mý chýldren tueye,  
 "Of þe and Alfred þý broþer, þat mý sones were beýe,  
 "þat ých ssolde atte rede be, þý broþer to deþe brynge,  
 "And þe vorto apoysoný. & gut of þrydde þýnge,  
 "þat ých sunne of lecherýe mýd Aylwýne al so,  
 "þat ýs býssop of Wýnchestre, ssolde abbe ýdo.  
 "Ich <sup>5</sup> clupyge God to wýtnesse, þat <sup>6</sup> me to day ýhure,  
 "þat, zyf ých <sup>7</sup> of ený" gulty am, <sup>8</sup> þat" ých mote þoru þýs  
 fure  
 "Brenne býneþe & perýsy, þat me mowe ýse þe wreche.  
 "An gýf ých gulteles am þer of, þat God þet soþe teche.

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<sup>1</sup> Biddest, *Ar.*    <sup>2</sup> Haue kýng seide thus: *Ar.*    <sup>3</sup> Take  
 thow no drede *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> The | *Ar.*    <sup>6</sup> He this day hit hure,  
 peple *Ar.*    <sup>4</sup> The quene | *Ar.*    <sup>7</sup> *Desunt Ar.*    <sup>8</sup> *Deest*  
 thenne wepyng sore, to the | *Ar.*



þe quene was þo vorþ ylad <sup>1</sup> myd mony a wepynde eye  
 Of byssopes and of heymen, & of oþere þat yt yseye.  
 Hýre rýche cloþes were of ýdo, bote þat <sup>2</sup> heo was bý wued  
<sup>3</sup> Hýre body wýþ a mantel, a wympel aboute her heued.  
 þe legges bare býneþe þe kne, þat me mygþe eche stape ýse.  
 Awey! vnele býcome yt quene so þar vorto be.  
 Me brogþe vorþ <sup>4</sup> þýs fury ssares, & leyde <sup>5</sup> ýs al arewe,  
<sup>6</sup> In þe bare erþe ýsuoþe, Gode's grace to ssewe.  
 þe byssopes <sup>7</sup> blessede þe ssares, & þe quene al so,  
 And ladde hýre vorþ in eyþer half, <sup>8</sup> þýs jugement to do.  
 þe quene þogte al on God, & to heuene caste hyre eýe,  
 And ne lokede no þýng downward, &, as hii alle ýseye,  
<sup>9</sup> Heo stap vp þýs fury ýre, euerych stap al clene.  
 Nuste heo hýr sulf wanne yt was, ne blenyte nozt ene.  
 þer was joye & blýsse y nou, & <sup>10</sup> mony a wepynde eye,  
 Vorst vor fere, & suþþe vor joye, þo hii þýs ýseye.  
 þe byssopes, þat hyre ladde, vor joye <sup>11</sup> wepe al so,  
 And <sup>12</sup> herede God & Seyn Swythýn, þo þýs <sup>13</sup> myracle was  
 ido,

<sup>1</sup> With many a wepyng  
 tere Of lordes and barons,  
 and other that were there *Ar.*

<sup>2</sup> She *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> With a light  
 mantell, and a veile a bout  
 hur hefed. Hure legges bare  
 bý nethe kne, me myght see  
 her shappe. Selcouth thing  
 hit was to see a quene so bar-  
 fote stappe *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> The *Ar.*

<sup>5</sup> Hem *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Upon the

playne erthe ther, Godde's

*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Blessed tho the quene,  
 an prayde for hure also, *Ar.*

<sup>8</sup> Her *pro þýs in Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Heo  
 stapped vpon the fuyry  
 shares, harmeles all clene.

Herself he nust whanne hit  
 was, ne blenched heo na ene

*Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Many a wepyng eye,

*Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Wepte *Ar.* <sup>12</sup> He-

ried *Ar.* <sup>13</sup> Deest *Ar.*

An

An ladde hÿre outward of þe chÿrche, þe quene býgan to crie :

“ Vor þe loue of Jhesu Crist, ne doþ nozt <sup>1</sup> þe vÿlenÿe,

“ To do mÿ penance wÿþoute, ac in alle manere,

“ <sup>2</sup> As ýt me ýloked war, in holy chÿrche here.

“ Madame,” <sup>3</sup> quaf þe byssopes, “ þou <sup>4</sup> aste ydo ýwÿs.

“ So helpe me God,” quaf þe quene, <sup>5</sup> “ ýnuste nozt er þÿs.

“ No fur ýne velde, nene sey in þÿsse place.

“ Bote nou ých ýt verst ýse, <sup>6</sup> ýrede be Gode's grace.

“ Ledef me þanne to mÿ sone, ýat he mowe ýse

“ Mÿ vet aboue, & eke býneþe, were hii ýwemmed be.

þo hii brogte hÿre to þe kÿng, þe kÿng lýggÿnge hii wonde,

Wepÿnde & open heued, to sprad al to þe grounde.

Hÿt was longe ar he mÿgte speke, vor deol þat he made.

Atte laste he ros vp, as þe bissopes hÿm bade,

And vel to ýs moder vet, adoun anon akne.

“ Moder,” he seyde, “ ých abbe mÿs ýdo azen God & azen þe,

“ <sup>7</sup> þat Inam nozt wurþe to be þÿ sone, ac per Seynt charÿte,

“ Vor þe pÿte þat of þe Magdaleÿn God adde, vorzÿf ýt me.

“ Sone,” quaf hÿs moder þo, “ as al <sup>8</sup> þÿs men ýseþ,

“ God aþ vayre ýssewed, þat we gultelese beþ.

“ Atte býgunnynge þeruore azen þe býssop ých rede

“ <sup>9</sup> Amendement do, þat ys gultelesse of þe dede.

<sup>1</sup> This *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> As hit or-  
deýned to me was, in holy  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Seide *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hast it  
do er this *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> I nust hit  
nat I wÿs. No fuÿre Ich felte,  
ne say in this ilke place *Ar.*  
<sup>6</sup> Heried *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> I ne am not  
worthy be thi sone, For  
muche the gilte Ich haue.

For thy of God and of the  
mercÿ now ich craue *Ar.*  
<sup>8</sup> Thes folk I seeth *Ar.*  
<sup>9</sup> Amendement let be do, that  
gilteles is of that dede.  
Sithen thow maiste a yenste  
me, for ich mote be mÿlde, As  
kendeliche the moder ought  
to the childe *Ar.*

“ And

"And suppe agen me þou mygt, vor ich mot nede be mylde,  
 "As kunde of moder wole & blod agen my chylde.  
 þo þe byssop was ycome <sup>1</sup> wepynde wel sore,  
 þe kyng vel doun to hys vet, & cryde hym mylce and ore.  
 þe byssop <sup>2</sup> wepynde al so ver gaf yt hym anon.  
 So þat þoru þe kynges bone, þe byssopes echon,  
<sup>3</sup> Ech after oþer, asoylede þen kyng of þys trespas  
 Myd gerden in hys naked rug, & þat gret pyte was.  
 þre strokes þe moder ek, <sup>4</sup> wepynde wel sore,  
 gef hym <sup>5</sup> to asoily, & ne mygte vor reuþe more.  
 þo custe þe kyng <sup>6</sup> hys moder, & þe byssop suppe also,  
 And herede gerne Seyn Swythyn, þat such myracle adde ydo.  
 þe kyng þo <sup>7</sup> myd gode herte delyuery het anon,  
 Boþe quene and byssop, her maners echon.  
 Nyne tounes þe quene anon of þat hyr owene was  
 gef þe house of Seyn Swythyn, vor þys holy cas.  
 And þe byssop oþer nyne of hys erytage ywys.  
 Vor he nyne fury ssaes ygeue was al þys.  
 þe kyng <sup>8</sup> confermed her maners, & hym sulf gaf al so  
 Tueye God gode maners Seyn Swythyn þerto,

<sup>1</sup> Wepýng full *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> We-  
 pýng also for gaf him a non  
*Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Assoilled him right  
 there of his trespas With  
 yerdes on his naked rigge,  
 þat grete pite was *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> We-  
 pýng full *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> For ab-  
 solution, for rewthe sheo ne  
 myght no more *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> And  
 his moder, and the bisshoppes  
 also, And hered God and

Seynt Swethýne of this mi-  
 racle i do *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> With goude  
 hert let deliuere a non, Bothe  
 the quene and bisshop, her  
 londes every chon *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Con-  
 fermed al this, and him self  
 yaf there to II. good Tounes,  
 for that he hadde mysdoo, That  
 wolde be xx. in all, hit was  
 nat lite there. Hit wolde  
 fynde the Couent wortes i

nowe

þat wolde be tuenty vnder al, & þat nas nozt lute þere.  
 Vor yt wolde fynde hem lek worten y nowe by þe zere.  
 Vor gode þe nexte kyng Edward, þat after hym come,  
 Ne gef hem nozt follýche so mucche wyþne hys kynedom.  
 þe abbey of Seyn Denys Seynt Edward gef also  
 þe priorýe of Derheste, & londes þat her beþ þerto.  
 þe erchebyssop of Canterbury sorý ynou was þo,  
 þo he hurde of þe quene al hou yt was ýgo.  
 Hým þogte wel longe, ar he were ouer see,  
<sup>1</sup> And byleuede al hys byssoprýche, & necome neuere eft age.  
 þe quene & eke þe býssop, þe wule hii alýue were,  
 Mucche honourede Seyn Swýthyn fram zere to zere.  
 Hys moder wende out of þys lýf, Emme þe god quene,  
 In þe a þousend zer of grace & tuo & fyfty ých wene.  
 Seynt Edward huld at <sup>2</sup> Wýndelsore a uayr feste wyþalle,  
 And as a zong man býuore <sup>3</sup> hým seruede in þe halle  
 He spurnde mýd hys on vot, þat he vel almost abrod,  
<sup>4</sup> Ac he hente mýd hys oþer, so þat he abode.  
 þe erl Godwýne, þe false man, seyde þo, “ <sup>5</sup> þat he on broþer,  
 “ As ze seþ, in nede helpþ þere þat oþer.  
 þo ansuerede þe <sup>6</sup> kyng & seyde, “ so mýgte me  
 “ Mý broþer helpe, Godwýne, zýf he moste vor þe.

nowe euery yere. To the ab-  
 bey of Seynt Denys Seynt  
 Edwarde yaf also The Pri-  
 oury of Derhurst, *Ar.*

<sup>1</sup> He bilafte his býsshop-  
 riche, and neuer cam a yee  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Wýnchestre a fest  
 grete with alle *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Hem

*Ar.* <sup>4</sup> But þe other fote  
 him halpe, so that *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>  
 Ther the on brother, Ase ye  
 seith, in nede ofte helpeth the  
 other *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Kyng, so myght  
 my brother me Ofte haue  
 holpe, and he most for the  
*Ar.*

þo

þo was þys lufur Godwyne <sup>1</sup> of ssamed suyþe sore,  
 " Syre," he seyde, " gut me þynch, <sup>2</sup> þat yuorirou þou art more  
 " To me of þy broþer deþ, & leuest þem ých ýse,  
 " þat in falsnesse þe tolde, þat ých ssolde þy traytor be.  
 " <sup>3</sup> As wys deme God þat soþe, þat of ech þyng wet ende,  
 " And also late þys mossel bred þoru my þrote wende,  
 " Wýþ out harm of me, as I nadde neuere in non cas  
 " Gult of þy broþer deþ, ne þy traytor neuere I nas.  
 Mossel he dude in to hys mouþ, ac þe kýng ýt blessed er.  
 Hyt byleuede amydde hys þrote, astrangled he was rygt þere,  
 And deyde atte borde al stýf, wýþ ssendnesse inou.  
 Out al byneþe þe borde <sup>4</sup> Haral hys sone hym drou.  
<sup>5</sup> A þousend ger in þe ger of grace & þre & fyfty þys was.  
 Lute harm, þey ech traytor ended in such cas.  
 Of al hys kun in Engeland Seynt Edward nadde noht on.  
 Vor hys broþeren were aslawe, oþer <sup>6</sup> ýfleynd echon.  
 þeruore þo þys holý man <sup>7</sup> as" in to elde wende,  
 To þe emperour of Rome after hys <sup>8</sup> neuen he sende  
 Edward, <sup>9</sup> Edmonde's sone þat was Yrene syde,  
 þat hys eyr were after hym, gýf he mygte alyue abyde.

<sup>1</sup> Ashamed *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Thow  
 mystrowest me more, And put-  
 test vpon me thi brother, and  
 nelt I leue me, For all that  
 ich a quyt was by men of  
 Noblete: And also wys ne-  
 uer this morsell thourgh my  
 throte passe, As ich of thi bro-  
 ther deth never gulty nas.  
 The morsell to his mothe he  
 putte, but blessed was hit  
 er Of a bisshop, so that ther

with a strangeled he was  
 ther. He deyde stýff atte borde  
 in shamefull deth i now *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> *F.* ac. <sup>4</sup> Harold *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> A  
 Ml. as in the yere of grase  
 and. liii. this was *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> I  
 flemed *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> *Deest Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Co-  
 sýns [*l. cosyn*] *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> That  
 was the sone of Edmonde  
 Irenside, That he his heyre  
 were *Ar.*

þys emperour hym sende, myd gode loue & fre,  
 Edward & Agace hys wýf, & her chýldren þre  
 þe zonge <sup>1</sup> Edward Adelyng, & also Margarete,  
 And <sup>2</sup> Cristýne her soster, þat god were & suete.  
 þo hii come to Engelond, glad was þe kýng þo,  
 Vor he hadde in hys fader alf kunnesmen nanmo.  
 þys was in a þousend zer & seuene & fýftý þerto  
 As in zer of grace, þat þys dede was ýdo.  
 Ac Edward dýde sone, & ýbured was wýþ gret prute  
 At Seyn Poule's at Londone, as hys bones beþ gute:  
 And hys sone <sup>3</sup> Edward bote zong & tendre nas,  
 þeruore þe kýng vor hys deþ þe sorrore was.  
<sup>4</sup> Vor þat chýld was wel zong, eyr & kýng to be,  
 And he wuste wel, þat in þe lond <sup>5</sup> muche wo me ssolde y se.  
 And vor hys vncler in Normandye hym adde <sup>6</sup> ýusteyned er,  
 þo he was <sup>7</sup> fleyne & frendeles, <sup>8</sup> mo þan þrutty" zer,  
 He wolde, þat hys sone sone after hym kyng were  
 Wýllam duc of Normandie, rýgt lawe þey ýt nere.  
<sup>9</sup> Vor he was in hys moder alf next of hys blod,  
 And þer nas non in hys fader alf þat þer to was so god.  
 þer uore þys Wýllam bastard Engelond he býhet,  
 And byqueþ in hys deþ vnel, ar he þat lýf let.

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<sup>1</sup> <i>Lege</i> , Edgar Athelyng, <i>cum Ar.</i> <sup>2</sup> <i>Christiene Ar.</i> <sup>3</sup> <i>Repone</i> , Edgar, <i>cum Ar.</i> <sup>4</sup> For his sone Edgar to yonge was kýng to be <i>Ar.</i> <sup>5</sup> Mucche stryf shulde be <i>Ar.</i>	<sup>6</sup> <i>Susteyned Ar.</i> <sup>7</sup> <i>Fleme</i> <i>Ar.</i> <sup>8</sup> <i>Negh xxx. Ar.</i> <sup>9</sup> For in his moder half quene Em- me he was the nexte bloode, And as for the londe's prough him thought none so goode <i>Ar.</i>
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And þat mucche vor þe londe's prou, vor hys neuen so gong  
was.

Hou ' Wyllam bastard was bygyte, Icholle telle þat cas.  
Rychard duc of Normandy, Emme broþer þe quene,  
Adde a sone, þat het Roberd, þat duc was supþe, Ich wene.  
Roberd, þys noble duc, as he wende ouer lond,  
A wel vayr mayde, as hym þogte, matresche he vond.  
þys mayde hym payde suyþe wel, myd god wille he hyr nom,  
And huld hyre as hys lefmon, as wo seyþ in hordom,  
And byzet on hyre þys Wyllam, &, vor he was so ybore  
Out of spoushod, me cluped hym Wyllam bastard þeruore.

*' Metra hac de re desunt in Ar. in quo tamen sequentia, eo pertinentia, narravit scriptor prosaicus, quibus similia itidem videas tam in Polychronico, quam & in Lelandi nostri Collect. Vol. VI. p. 296.*  
After him [Richarde the IIIde.] Robert his sone [was duc of Normandy,] a man of grete worthinesse. After him William Bastard, of wham this geste folweth. Robert duc of Normandy in a tyme as he dwelled in a toune of Normandy, i cleped Faleys, he caste his chere to a mayde in the toune, that me cleped Herlote. And, when sheo was brought to the duke's bedde, and shulde go therto, she toke her smok a boue atte coler hem, and rent hit doune to the foot, and leide it a wey

fram hure. And whenne sheo was esshet, why she dude soo? she answered and seide, hit was nat curtasye ne reson that thinges, that touched her feet & hure lowe thynges, shuld touche her lorde's mouthe ne visage, & so thulke same nyght the duc gat on her William Bastard. And after hure slepe sheo a woke, and made a grete gronyng and syghyng. So that the duc huryng that, esshet of hure, why sheo sighed so? And sheo answered, " Lord ich haue "wonderliche [f. wonderliche] "i mette. Me thought," quod sheo, " that a grete tree growe "oute atte my wombe, and "by shadowed alle Norman- "dye." And after, whenne hit came to the tyme, when the childe was i bore, a non,  
þourgh

Ar þat chýld were ýbore, a wel wonder cas  
 þe moder mette bý hýre chýld, þat in hýr wombe was,  
 þat hýs gottes were to drawe aboute al Normandye,  
 And eke aboute al Engeland, þat was to sýgnýfye,  
 þat he ssolde be duc of Normandye, & kýng of Engeland,  
 And bothe, as ýt supþe vel, holde in hýs honde.  
 þe chýld ek þo ýt was ýbore, & to grounde com,  
 Out of hýs moder wombe verst, boþe hýs honden he nom  
 Vol of þe poudre & of þe erþe sturnelyche ýnou,  
 And closedes to gader & hýs fustes boþe adrou.  
 þo was yt jugged, þat he ssolde be, wýþ oute fayle,  
 Hardy kýng & stalwarde, & mucho do of bataýle.  
 Al yt bycom to soþe supþe. he bygan zong ynou,  
 To cuþe wat he wolde be, þat so zong hýs fustes adrou.

þourgh negligence of women  
 attendýng a boutte his moder  
 forýetýng hým, he was wal-  
 wed into the strawe that was  
 bý, and had caught his. ii.  
 hondes so fulle ther of, that  
 vnnethe, with oute grete  
 harme, me myght delyuere  
 hit oute of his hondes. Wher-  
 for, mucho folke demed, he  
 shulde wexe to summe grete  
 auoíre of worlde's ricchesse.  
 And as this childe was after  
 in norýsshýng in Valeýs, a  
 grete man [*sic hæc concipiun-  
 tur*] of the contre, I hote  
 William Tallmage. So that  
 a burgeýs, where as this  
 childe was in norýsshýng,

prayde this William to come  
 to his house, and visite his  
 lorde's sone. This William  
 Tallenage & alle his kynne  
 hadde euer i hated this  
 childe's fader and his kynne,  
 and ýut not withstondýng  
 that he cam to the hous,  
 wher this childe was inne.  
 And as non as this childe,  
 that vnnethe coude speke,  
 saugh him, sodeýneliche hit  
 gan chide towardes this  
 man, and so ferde towardes  
 him, that me toke grete hede  
 there of, supposyng hit myght  
 nat be withoute grete ordi-  
 nauce of God.



þat chyld wax so wel & yþen, as seýde fremde & sýbbe,

þat he wolde be a noble mon, gýf he moste lybbe.

Hys fader adde of hym eke gret joye & prýs,

þat so gode sýgne adde so gong, to be stalwarde & wýs.

Ar he were of sene ger old. þoru out moný a lond

þe pope sende creýserý toward þe holylond.

Roberd duc of Normandye þe croýs nom atten ende,

And garked hým wýþ oþere to þe holylonde to wende.

At Festamp, ar he wende vorþ, he made al Normandye

Suerýe, holde hys gong sone, as to seýgnorýe.

gong duc he was on of sene ger vnneþe.

Vor þe fader ne com neuere agen, ar he were brogt to deþe.

And þys gong chyld byleued duc, & gret þyng adde an honde.

þys was ar Seýnt Edward were kýng of Engelond.

And Seýnt Edward byleuede vorþ mýd hým, as he adde er

ydo

Mýd hys fader in hys nede, & mýd hys grantsyre al so.

þeruore þo he was kýng, gret loue he gan bede

þys Wyllam, vor hii susteýned hým so in hys nede.

So þat supþe in hys elde, þo hys lýf was neý ydo,

As in þe ger of hys kýnedom tuenty & tuo,

Of þe croune of Engelond he nuste wat best do,

Vor Edgar, hys neuen sone, wel gong was þerto

To be kýng of Engelond, & hys owe lyf ssogt was,

And he dradde of gret contek alonde vor þat cas.

Hým þogte to gýue Wyllam þys lond, hyt was best to do.

Vor he was wurþe, & of hys blod, & best yt couþe wyte also.

þeruor he gaf yt hým, as he byhet hým byuore,

And sende to hým mýd þe gýfte to Normandye þeruor

þe

þe erl Harald þe quene broþer, as me wende, & oþer mo.  
 Ac soþ yt ys, þat þe erl Harald passede þe see þo,  
 Wyþ gret poer & folc ynou, so þat, as God yt wolde,  
 Wyþ wynd he was in strange londe ydryue, þer he nolde.  
 þere hii were, as strange men, <sup>1</sup> grýmýlyche undervonge,  
 And ynome to albe of here, & ybrogt in bendes stronge.  
 Syr Gwy of Pountyn was hys name, þat hym adde in bende,  
 And asked hem gret ramson, in prison vorto wende.  
 Harald was of heye herte, & suor raper he wolde  
 gýue þe duc of Normandye of hys tresor & of hys golde,  
 þat so noble duc was & god, <sup>2</sup> þan a such alue man as he was.  
 To þe duc he sende sone, to helpe hym in þat cas.  
 þe duc sende to Syr Gwy, so <sup>3</sup> þat Syr Gwy anon  
 And adde Harald to þe duc, & hys felawes echon.  
 þe duc vayre hym vnderuong, & honoured hym y nou,  
 So þat, as rygt was, gret loue bytuene <sup>4</sup> hym drou.  
 Harald, vor to paye hym wel, sende hym sone hys sonde,  
 Hou þe kyng hym <sup>5</sup> made after hym hys eyr of hys londe.

<sup>1</sup> Greuýliche vnderfonge  
 In Sir Guy de Pounsoun's  
 lond, and i prisoned wonder  
 strong. And whenne they  
 hadde ther a while thus i  
 dwelte in bende, Sir Guy as-  
 ked hem Raunson grete, of  
 prison for to wende *Ar.* <sup>2</sup>  
 Than suche half man *Ar.* <sup>3</sup>  
 That he a non Ladde Harolde  
 tho to him, and his felawes  
 echon *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Hem drowgh.  
 Harold than, to queme the duc,  
 seide sone his sonde, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup>

Maked after his day heire of  
 Engeland. And Harold swor  
 to the duc, and to him fast  
 bonde, That to his bý houe al  
 on he wolde kepe the londe,  
 And that the duke's daughter,  
 whenne that tyme come, That  
 yong was thoo, in foreward to  
 wýf Harolde nome. And thus  
 Harolde was i swor to do thes  
 thinges twoo With also gret  
 othe & bonde, as men myght  
 doo *Ar.*

And þat he wolde take hým to wyte hys lond he vnderstode  
 To hys byefþe, & þat he wolde wardeyn be hým god.  
 As strong vorewarde as hii mygte hii made & as hard,  
 And vp holý relykes Harald suor to Wýllam bastard,  
 Treulyche to wyte Engelond to hým, vorte he come,  
 And þat he hys one doxter to wyue also nome,  
 þat gond was at þulke tyme, so þat hys þynges tuo  
 Wyþ as gret oþ he suor hým, as man mygte do.  
 þo þys vorewarde was ymad hard & strong y nou,  
 Harald toward Engelond wyþ gode loue drou,  
 þe kyng he tolde al þat cas, þat bytuene hem was ydo,  
 Hou he wolde to Wýllam trywe be, an hys doxter spousy also.  
 þo was þe kyng glad ynou, þat he wel to hým truste,  
<sup>1</sup> And bytot hým þat lond, þat he wel to þys Wýllam yt wuste.  
 Seynt Edward wuste of hys deþ, ar he henne wende.  
 Vor Seynt Jon euuangelyst byuore longe word sende,  
 And sende hým tokne by a rýng, þat at Westmynstre gut ys,  
 þat Seynt Edward þer byuore Seyn Jon gef ywys,  
 þe kyng þo þet word hým com, & þen rýng ysey,  
 He þonkede God þat he wuste, þat hys deþ was so neý.  
 Hys gode he delde pouere men, & made hys bernes bare,  
 And hys tresorýe al so god, & to God hým made al gare.  
 Glad he was of Westmynstre þat he <sup>2</sup> let hým sulf rere,  
 þat byuore hým was ybrogt to grounde, þoru luþer kynges  
 þat were.

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<sup>1</sup> And by toke him all the | wýst *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Lette vppe a tere  
 londe, to the duc that he | *Ar.*

Ac <sup>1</sup> vorþ chyrche vnhalwed was, þeruor hým was wo.  
 He þogte <sup>2</sup> lete hys halwý to mýdewýnter anon þo.  
 þey Seyn Peter hymself <sup>3</sup> ýhalwed adde er,  
 gut he moste efsone vor þe nýwe worke þere.  
 He sende after hys <sup>4</sup> baronye, at mýdewýnter <sup>5</sup> mýd hým to be.  
 þo þe feste ýgadered was, deol me mýgte ýse.  
 Vor þo ýt ssolde murgost be, þe kyng vnelede anon.  
 And napeles glad he was hým sulf, <sup>6</sup> vor he wuste gon.  
 And vor joye of hys deþe, & vor þe heye feste also,  
 þe trauayl he nome to hým al, þat hem wolde vane to do.  
 He ber þe croune, & huld þe deys mýd oþer atýl al so,  
 And mýd gret semblant þe feste huld vorte þre dawes were  
 ýdo.

A Seyn Jone's day he sey þat al com to god endyng,  
 He made ac conferment to Westmynstre of eche þýnge,  
 þat þoru hým hem ýgýue was, oþer þoru eny oþer kýnge,  
 So þat no kýng after hým ne dude no destour bryng.  
 þe chyrche<sup>7</sup> he let halwý as a Chýldery masse day.  
 Wel feble he was þere hým sulf, as al <sup>7</sup> þat folc ý say.  
 In a þousend yer of grace, & sýxe & sýxtý þerto,  
 Hýt was þat þys holýman þys dede let do.

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<sup>1</sup> For the churche *Ar.* feste so. A Seynt Johen's day,  
<sup>2</sup> To habbe halwed hur atte of all to make good endýng,  
 midwýnter thoo *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Her He confermed bý his chartre  
 hadde halwed er *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Ba- in all maner thýng To West-  
 rons, *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Negh *pro* mýd mýnstre the fredomes i vsed  
 in *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> For he wiste hoder ýut huder to, And ho that a  
 gon. ýut bare he the crowae, ýenst hem ought dude, let  
 & helde the deys with other sentence ther on doo. The  
 a týre also, And with gret churche he lette halwe a Chil-  
 chere. iii. dayes helde his dermasse day *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> The *Ar.*

þo hýt was al wel ýdo, & ýbrogt to god ende,  
 þe kýng feble & sýk ynou to hys bed gan wende.  
 þo was þer deol & sörwe ynou of men þat wuste þat cas,  
 Vor hii wuste, þat to Engeland mucche wo to come was.  
 Worre & slagt, aud oþer wo, & hongre & gret wou.  
 þe quene vel bý hym adoun, & byclupte hym vaste ýnog  
 Vorto hete hys colde lymes, þat non hete ne come to,  
 þoru hete of hýre owe body, & of hýre cloþes al so.  
 þe kyng lay as he were ysuowe almest dawcs tuo.  
 He gan, as he awoke of slepe, hys eyen þo vn do.  
 He sat <sup>1</sup> vpard vp hys bed, hys honden held vp anheý.  
 “Louerd,” he seyde, “þat ech þýng madest queynte & sleý,  
 “And changest <sup>2</sup> poer & kýnedoms alat þý nowe rede,  
 “And monne’s sones wreche senst of her fader mýs dede,  
 “gýf þýng, þat ých nou ýsey, <sup>3</sup> come of þý soþnesse,  
 “get me poer yt to telle in al my feblesse,  
 “Vorto sseye þý poer, þat hii þat yt ýsep  
 “Douty þe, & of þe sýnne, þat hii in beþ,  
 “Repentý mowe, & þer of hem amendý so,  
 “<sup>4</sup> þat hii ssulde hem fram þe harm, þat þou þencst hem do.  
 Anon as þýs holymon <sup>5</sup> adde hys oryson ý do þere,  
 Stalward man of speche he was, holy man as he were,  
 þo gan he to <sup>6</sup> tellen þus: “þulke týme þat ych was  
 “<sup>7</sup> As man fleýne in Normandye, me com moný god cas.

<sup>1</sup> Upwårdes or his bedde,  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Power and kyngdom  
 atte thýne awne wille, And  
 mannes sonns sendest wreche  
 of his fader’s ille *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Come  
 shall of thý Rightwesnesse, *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> And pray the shilde hem

fro the harme, that thow hem  
 thenkest doo *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Hadde doo  
 his prayere, Strong i now  
 his speche was *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Segge  
*Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Flemed man in Nor-  
 mandye, me cam *Ar.*

" Men of relygyon ych louede wel y nou,  
 " An to me hem, þat best were, <sup>1</sup> at vore alle oþer ych drou.  
 " <sup>2</sup> An tuene holy men at vore alle oþer mest yc louede þere.  
 " Nou wot ych wel, þat <sup>3</sup> mony day in heuene boþe hii were.  
 " Hii tolde me, þat to Engelond after me ssolde come.  
 " Hii seyde me of þe wrecchede, <sup>4</sup> þat alonde aþ ȝare ybe.  
 " þe wreche hȝeþ & sone comeþ. & þat ssal me yse.  
 " Vor prestes, myd vnclene honde & myd lechor's mode  
 " Al soyled, sacryeþ Gode's fless & hys blod.  
 " Ssepurdes hii <sup>5</sup> bet luþer, vor hii ne <sup>6</sup> wȝteþ noȝt  
 " Her ssep fram þe <sup>7</sup> wolues. vor be hem ybroȝt  
 " þe melke & þe wolle clene. of oþer <sup>8</sup> þyng hii nolle telle.  
 " þe ssepurdes and þe ssep <sup>9</sup> al so ssulle to pȝne of helle.  
 " As god heymen of þe lond robbeors felawes beþ.  
 " Pouere men, þat hii mowe ouer, hii huldeþ as ȝe yseþ.  
 " Nou wole vr Louerd ssake hys suerd, hys bowe ys ybend,  
 " And <sup>10</sup> prest aþ ymade, vorto smȝte men þat bet myswend.  
 " þo seyde ych myd drery mode, ȝyf hii wolleþ turne her þoȝt,  
 " An sorȝ be, & <sup>11</sup> bete her synne, wolle vr Louerd vorȝyue  
 hem oȝt?

<sup>1</sup> By fore *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Ac ii. holy men be fore *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> Manȝ a day bothe in heuen they were. And now ryght bothe hii come to me, and the angwysse some Hii tolde me, that *Ar. adeo ut in Cod. nostro Harleyano metrum integrum omittatur.* <sup>4</sup> That longe in londe hath be, Of whiche the wreche hiegh faste, as me shall i see. For Prestes with vnclene hondes, and with

lecherous mode, All i foyled, vseth to sacre Godde's flesh & blode *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Beth *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Kepeth *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Wolues, to hem that buthe by taught *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> Thynges nele I tell *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> Also bothe shulleth to Hell. And also Robbers of the londe high mennes felewes beth. Power men, that hii mowe, hii buyldeth as ye seeth *Ar.* <sup>10</sup> Redy *Ar.* <sup>11</sup> Let *Ar.*

" þat ys vor nozt," þe oþer seyde, " vor þe folke's herte ys  
 " So yharded, þat hii beþ blynde & deue ywys,  
 " þat hii nolleþ non god þyng yhuete ne yse.  
 " þo seyde ych, ' wer vr Louerd wole euere wroþ þe,  
 " <sup>2</sup> Wer he nolle grace do, & be of mylce more?  
 " Wanne þat lond, after so gret joye, so vol worþ of sore,  
 " Wat ende ssal þerof be, & wanne eny blys,  
 " Oþer comfort, after such sor?" þo seyde þe oþer þys:  
 " A grene wexyng tre, þat ys fram hys more  
 " Ismyte adoun, & þe brede of þe þre londes þerfram ybore,  
 " Wanne yt ys eft by hym sulue, wyþout ech monne's rede,  
 " Iturnd agen to hys rygte more, þat er was as dede,  
 " And bygynþ to blowe, & subþe to bere frut,  
 " þanne me may, wo yt <sup>3</sup> ysuchþ, to bote hopye gut.  
 þo þe quene, & hyre broþer Harald, hurde þys,  
 And Roberd, þat wardeyn was of þe palays ywys,  
 Hii wepe, & made deol y nou, vor hii seye þe soþnesse,  
 \* In wuche lecherye & oþer synne þe prestes songe her masse;  
 And hou þe heye men of þe lond þe pouere to grounde brogte,  
 þe wreche, þat God wolde do, nas nozt vor nozt hii þogte.  
 þe sygte bytokneþ þus, as yt was vnderstonde:  
 þys tre þe noble kynedom bytokneþ of Engelonde.  
 þe more bytokneþ þe rygte kunde, þat ech of oþer come,  
 Fram kyng Alfred <sup>5</sup> þe kunde more, þat furst was yheled at  
 Rome,

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<sup>1</sup> Whether oure *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Whe- | in lecherie *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> The mo-  
 ther he woll yet grace *Ar.* | narke, tha anoyned was atte  
<sup>3</sup> Seeth, for bote *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> How | Rome, *Ar.*

To Seynt Edward's fader, & to hym sulue al so.  
 Ac þo he deyde wýþoute rygt eýr, þe wexýnge was ýdo,  
 And þat tre ýsmýte fram þe more ouer þre londes brede.  
 Vor þe kýnges were of Engeland of vn kunde sede.  
 Verst Harald þe quene broþer, & Wýllam bastard also,  
 And súþþe hys sone Wýllam, þe rede kýng, þerto.  
 Ac after þat Wýllam, þe rede kýng, ýssote was bý cas,  
 And þe gode Henry hys broþer after hym kýng was,  
 Seynt Edward's nece, þat of hys fader kunde come,  
 And of þe rygte kunde of Engeland, kýng Henry to wyuè nome,  
 þat was Mold þe gode quene, þat in gode týme was ýbore;  
 þo smot verst þys tre agen to hys kunde more,  
 And Normandy þoru þe kyng, & þoru þe quene Engeland  
 Joýned were þo kundelyche in one monne's honde.  
<sup>1</sup> In a þosend zer of grace & sýxe & sýxty ryggt,  
 After vr suete Louerd in hys moder was alygt.  
 Kýng he was þre & tuenty zer, & sýx monþes þerto,  
 And þre woke & sýxte dawes, ar hys lýf were ýdo.  
 þo Seynt Edward adde þys ýtold; he closede boþe hys eýe,  
 And þe verþe day of Janyuere in þys manere gan deye.  
 Al þe franchýse of Engeland, & al joye & blýsse,  
 Mýd hym was vaste ýbured, þo me bured hym ýwýs.  
 And þat me vond sone afterward mýd moný deluol cas.  
 At Westmýnstre a tuelfþe day þys gode man ýbured was.

<sup>1</sup> Whenne Seynt Edward  
 thus tolde, he ganne to close  
 his eyghe, The iiii. day of  
 Januare thenne ganne he  
 deye, In the yere of oure  
 Lorde. Ml. lxvi. right After

that oure swete Lorde in his  
 moder a light. Kyng he was,  
 xxiii. yere and vi. moneths  
 ther too, And iii. wokes and  
 vi. dayes er his lýf was i doo,  
 Al the fraunchise Ar.



**H**ARALD þys false erl, þo Seynt Edward dede lay,  
 Hým sulue he let crouny kýng þulke sulue day  
 Falslyche. vor Seynt Edward so wel to hým truste,  
<sup>1</sup> þat he bytot hým Engeland, þat he yt wel wuste  
 To <sup>2</sup> Wyllamme's byofþe bastard, duc of Normandye.  
 Ac hým sulf he made kýng <sup>3</sup> myd such trecherye.  
 Ac þe gode tryw men of þe lond wolde <sup>4</sup> abbe ýnade kýng  
 þe kunde eyr, þe zonge chýld, Edgar Apelyng.  
<sup>5</sup> Wo so were next kýng býkunde, me clupeþ hým Apelyng.  
 þeruor me clupede hým so, vor býkunde he was next kýng.  
 Ac Harald made hys wey býuore, <sup>6</sup> as myd suykedom,  
 Myd zýftys & myd vayre byheste, & auong þe kýnedom.  
 So þat somme hým chose alout, & somme hem hulde stýlle,  
<sup>7</sup> And soffrede as hii nozt ne myzte al opere's wýlle.  
 So þat Harald was kýng, to wom þe hele þe kýnedom.  
 And Seynt Edward's sýgte bý hým to soþe come.  
 Vor þo býgan þe wow vorst, as me myzte ýse,  
 þat ssolde, as Seynt Edward seyde, bý þre kýnges day be.  
 Vor <sup>8</sup> Coste, Harald broþer, þat he drof er in to Flaundre  
 Bý kýnge's day Edward hym sulue to gret sclaundre,

<sup>1</sup> Thenne he by toke him  
*Ar.* <sup>2</sup> Williame's bý houe *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> With fals trechourie *Ar.*  
<sup>4</sup> Haue maked *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> He that  
 were nexte kyng by kynde,  
 Ethelýng he was, And there  
 fore me cleped hym so, for  
 nexte heire he was *Ar.* <sup>6</sup> All  
 with swikeldom, With yeftes  
 and with faire bý hestes, to  
 vonge the kyngdom *Ar.*

<sup>7</sup> And suffred thulke tyme as  
 men that myght not haue her  
 wille. So that Harolde to  
 wrothur hele helde the kyng-  
 dome, And sone, as Seynt Ed-  
 warde seide, after ward hit  
 come. And thoo by ganne the  
 wrake ferste, as all men  
 myght i see *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> *Pro Toste.*  
*At in Ar.* Tostyn, Harolde's.  
 He

He com anon þo vppen hym myd gret poer & eye,  
 Myd Harald <sup>1</sup> Darfager kyng of Norþwey,  
 And myd gret poer of Norþomber to Euerwyk hii com,  
 And muche <sup>2</sup> folc in þe Souþ syde boþe slowe & nome.  
 Kyng Harald com azen hym myd poer strong ynou.  
<sup>3</sup> Bysyde Euerwyk hys ost azen hym he drou,  
 In a stude, þat me clupede <sup>4</sup> Stamford brugge þo,  
 And nou me clupeþ yt Batayle brugge, vor þe batayle þat  
     was þo.  
 þer hii smyte to gadere, & made a sorý pleý.  
 Vor þere was Tost aslawe, & þe kyng of Norþwey,  
 And her syde <sup>5</sup> al byneþe; to ende yt com so  
 þat Seynt Edward byuore seýde of þelke breþeren tuo,  
 þat hii ssolde to gadere fýgte, & Harald aboue be.  
<sup>6</sup> þer me mygte of þulke word þat soþnesse ýse.  
 Fram anon amorwe vorte myd ouer none,  
 þo' batayle laste strong, ar <sup>7</sup> he were ydon,  
 þe Englysse ouer þe brugg droue þe oþer at laste.  
 Ac þo þat water was bytuene, hii stode azen vaste.  
<sup>8</sup> On body þer was of Norþwey, betere nas þer non.  
 Vor he at stode vp þe brugg myd anax al on,  
 And drof the Englysse men azen, <sup>9</sup> hym ne mygte non atstonde.  
 And slou mo þan fourty of hem myd hys owe honde,

<sup>1</sup> *Lege*, Harfager. <sup>2</sup> Folke,  
 that hem with stode, bothe  
 slawe *Ar.* <sup>3</sup> A lite by side  
 Euerwik the hostes ge-  
 der drough, *Ar.* <sup>4</sup> Stayne-  
 forde *Ar.* <sup>5</sup> Was all by ne-  
 the; to ende cam hit thoo

*Ar.* <sup>6</sup> Ther of me myght  
 atte thulke tyme all the sothe  
 i see. Fram ernemorwe fort  
 hit was myddeouer none,  
 The *Ar.* <sup>7</sup> Hit *Ar.* <sup>8</sup> A  
 man ther was *Ar.* <sup>9</sup> That  
 non myght him withstande.

And

And wuste hem so vorte after none vorte on myd gyle nome  
 A ssyp, & ar he were ywar vnder þe brugg com,  
 And smot hym ar he were ywar vnder fundament lowe  
 Myd a sper, & so an heý, þat he deyde in a þrowe.  
 A stalwarde pece þat was, nou God cuþe hys soule loue.  
 þo þogte þe Englysse vor hys deþ þat hii were al aboue,  
 And passede þe brugge anon, & slowe to grounde,  
 So þat þe oþer partye býneþe was in astounde.  
 þo Harald ýsey hys broþer aslawe, <sup>1</sup> & þe kyng Arfager  
 Of Norþwey & her folc, he ne huld nour hys pere.  
 He ne geld nogt wel her mede, þat wýþ hym hys fon slowe,  
 þeruore hys men þe lasse her herte to hym drowe.  
 And þat hii kudde hym afterwarde, agen Willam bastard,  
<sup>2</sup> As ge ssole sone ýhure, vor he was euere assreward.

**MUCHE** aþ he sorwe ýbe ofte in Engeland,

<sup>2</sup> As ge mowe here & er ýhure & vnderstonde,  
 Of moný batayle þat aþ ýbe, & þat men þat lond nome,  
 Verst, as ge abbeþ ýhurd, þe emperours of Rome.

And slough him self forty  
 with a sparthe in hande. So  
 atte laste vnder him pruy-  
 liche on came lowe, And in  
 the fundament him smote,  
 that he deide in a throwe.  
 Then were the Englysshmen  
 a boue in lýtell stounde, And  
 passed the brugge, and slowe  
 downe to grounde. Tho *Ar.*  
 - <sup>1</sup> And Harolde Herfager,  
 He toke gret pruyte ther of,  
 and helde non his pere, And  
 ýelde not well *Ar.* <sup>2</sup> As ýe

mowe ther of hure he after  
 [*f.* here after] warde *Ar.*  
<sup>3</sup> As ýe mowe i hure bý wrýt,  
 as Ich vnderstande, Of ma-  
 ny batailles that hath i be of  
 meñ this londe that nome,  
 Of Giauntes ferste & Bru-  
 tonus, and suth of men of  
 Rome. Of Saxons suth and  
 Danes thenne, and Norman-  
 nus atte laste. And yut there  
 wolle be more wrake, Icham  
 fulle sore a gaste *Ar.*

Subbe Saxons & Englysse myd batayles stronge.  
 Atte laste heȳ of Normandye, þat maystrus bet ȳut here,  
 Wonne yt & holdeþ ȳut, y cholle telle in wuche manere.  
 1 þo Willam bastard hurde telle of Haralde's suykedhede,  
 Hou he hadde ymad hym kyng, & myd wuch fals hede.  
 Vor þat lond hym was bytake, as byt welle wuste,  
 To wyte yt to hym wel, & he wel to hym truste.  
 As þe hende he dude verste, & messagers hym sende,  
 " þat he vnderstode hym bet hys dede vorto amende,  
 " And þogte on þe grete oþ, þat he hym adde er ydo,  
 " To wyte hym wel Engelond, & to spouse hys doȳter also,  
 " And hulde hym þerof vorewarde, as he by het ek þe kyng,  
 " And bote he dude bytyme, he wolde sende hym oþer tyþyng,  
 " And seche hym out ar tuelf monþe, & hys ryȳtys wynne,  
 " þat he ne ssolde abbe in to al Engelond, & erne to wyte hym.  
 Harald hym sende word, " þat folye yt was to truste  
 " To such oþ, þat was ydo myd strengþe, as he wel wuste.  
 " Vor ȳyf a mayde treuþe plyȳte, to do a fole dede  
 " Al one priuylýche, wyþ out hyre frendes rede,  
 " þulke vorewarde ys vor noȳt. & wat loker yt agte her,  
 " þat ych suor anoþ, þat was þo al in þy poer,  
 " Wyþoute consel of al þe londe, of þyng þat myn noȳt nas?  
 " þeruor ned oþ ysuore, nede ybroke was.  
 " And ȳyf þou me wolt seche in Engelond, ne be þou no so  
 sturne  
 " Syker þou ne ssalt me fynde in none hurne.

*1 Hic per plura prosaice ha-* | *nimirum metris in eodem*  
*bentur in Ar. haud paucis* | *prætermisissis.*

þo Willam hurde, þat he wolde susteny hys trecherye,  
 He let of sende hys knyghtes of al Normandy,  
 To conseyly hym in þys cas, & to helpe hym in suche nede,  
 And he gan of her purchas largelyche hem bede,  
 As hii founde suppe in Engeland, þo yt ywonne was,  
 þe betere was toward hym her herte vor þys cas.  
 þe duc Wýllam hys wýlle among hem alle seyde,  
 þat four þynges hym made mest bygynne þulke dede.  
 Vor Godewyne, Haralde's fader, to deþe let do  
 So vyllyche Alfred, hys cosyn, & hys felawes also.  
 And vor Harald adde hys of ybroke, þat he suor myd hys  
     rygt honde,  
 þat he wolde to hys byofþe wytje Engeland.  
 And vor Seynt Edward hym gef Engeland al so.  
 And vor he was next of hys blod, & best wurþe þerto,  
 And vor Harald nadde non rygt bote in falshede.  
 þes þynges hym made mest bygynne þys dede.  
 And vor he wolde, þat all men yseye hys trywede,  
 To þe pope Alysander he sende in such cas hym to rede.  
 Haralde's falshede þo he pope ysey þere,  
 And perauentere me hym tolde more þat soþ were,  
 þe pope asoyled & blessed Wýllam & al hys,  
 þat into þys batayle myd hym ssolde ywys,  
 And halewede hys baner, þat men at vore hym bere.  
 þo was he & al hys gladdore þan hii er were.  
 So þat þys duc adde azen heruest al zare  
 Hys barons & hys knyghtes, myd hym vorto fare.  
 To þe hauene of Seyn Walry þe duc wende þo  
 Myd þe men þat he adde, & abyde mo.

After

After heruest þo her ssýppes & al hii preste were,  
 And wýnd hem com after wýlle, her seýles hii gon rere,  
 And hyderwarde in þe se wel glad þen weý nome.  
 So þat býsýde Hastýnges to Engelond hii come,  
 Hem þogte, þo hii come alond, þat al was in her honde.  
 At see sone as þe duc Wýllam hýs fot sette alonde,  
 On of hýs knýgtes gradde, “ holde vaste Wýllam nou  
 “ Engelond, vor þer nýs non kýng bote þou.  
 “ Vor syker þou be, Engelond ys nou þyn ýwýs.  
 þe duc Wýllam anon verbed al hýs,  
 þat none nere so wod, to robbý, ne no manere harm do þere  
 Vpe þe lond, þat hýs was, bote hem þat agen hým were.  
 And an fourtý nýgt hý býleuede þere aboute,  
 And conseýlede of bataýle, & ordeýnd her route.  
 Kýng Harald sat glad ýnou at Euerwyke atte mete,  
 So þat þer come a messenger, ar he adde ý gete,  
 And seyde, þat duc Wýllam to Hastýnges was ýcome,  
 And hýs baner adde ýrerd, & þe contreye al ýnome.  
 Harald, a man wýþ grete herte corageus ý nou,  
 As he of non man ne tolde, þuderwarde vaste drou.  
 He ne let nogt clupýe al hýs folc, so wyllefol he was,  
 And al vor in þe oþer bataýle hým vel so vayr cas.  
 þo þe duc Wýllam wuste, þat he was ýcome neý,  
 A monek he sende hým in message, & dude as þe sleý,  
 þat lond, þat hým was ýgýue, þat he ssolde ýt vp gelde,  
 Oþer come, & dere em þe rýgt myd suerd in þe velde.  
 gýf he seyde, þat he nadde non rýgt þerto,  
 þat vp þe pope lokýnge of Rome he ssolde ýt do,

And

And he wolde þerto stonde, al clene wyþoute fyȝte,  
 Wer Seynt Edward yt hym gef, & wer he adde þerto rȝt.  
 Harald sende hym word agen, þat he nolde hym take non lond,  
 Ne non lokynge of Rome, bote suord & rȝt honde.  
 þo yt oþer ne myȝte be, eyþer in hys syde  
 Conseylede and garked hem, batayle vorto abyde.  
 þe Englysse al þe nȝt byuore vaste byȝon to synge,  
 And spende al þe nȝt in glotonye & in dryngynge.  
 þe Normans ne dude noȝt so, ac hii cryde on God vaste,  
 And ssryue hem ech after oþer, þe wule þe nȝt ylaste,  
 And amorwe hem lete asely wyþ mylde herte ynou.  
 And supþe þe duc wyþ hys ost toward þe batayle drou,  
 An stounde he gan abyde, & hys knyȝtes rede.  
 “ge knyȝtes,” he seyde, “þat bet of so noble dede  
 “þat nere neuere ouercome, ne goure elderne naþemo,  
 “Understondeþ of þe kyng of France þat goure elderne dude  
     wo,  
 “Hou my fader in Parus amydde hys kynedom,  
 “Myd prowessse of goure faderes myd strengþe hym ouercome.  
 “Understondeþ hou goure elderne þe kyng nome al so,  
 “And helde hym vorte headde amended þat he adde mys do,  
 “And Rychard, þat was þo a chyld, hii zelde Normandye,  
 “þat was duc her byuore, & to such maystrie,  
 “þat at eche parlement, þat he in France were,  
 “þat he were yȝurd wyþ a suerd, þe wule þat he leuede þere,  
 “þat þe kyng of France ne hys so hardy were,  
 “þat atte parlement knyf ne suerd bere.  
 “Understoundeþ eke þe dedes, þat þulke Rychard dude al so,  
 “þat he ne ouercome noȝt kynges alone, ac ȝut more þerto.  
     “Ac

" Ac he ouercom þe deuel, & adoun hým caste  
 " To gadere as hii wrastled, & bond hys honden vaste  
 " Bý hynde at hys rugge. of such prowesse ze þenche,  
 " Nessame ze nozt þat Harald, þat euere was of luþer wrenche,  
 " An býuore zou was versuore, þat he wole myd hys tayle  
 " Turne hys wombe toward vs, & hys face in batayle.  
 " Vnderstondeþ þe suýkedom, þat hys fader & he wrohte,  
 " And hii þat myd hým beþ, þo hii to deþe brozte  
 " So vyllyche Alfred my cosyn, & zoure kunes men also.  
 " Hou myzte in ený wyse more ssame be do?  
 " Monye, þat dude þulke dede, ze mowe here to day ýseý.  
 " Hou longe ssolle her luþer hened aboue her ssoldren be?  
 " Adraweþ zoure suerdes, & lokeþ wo may do best,  
 " þat me se zoure prowesse fram þe Est to þe West.  
 " Wote awrete þat gentyl blod, þat so vyllyche was ýnome!  
 " Of houre kunes men. vor we mowe wel. vr týme ýs nou  
 ýcome.

þe duc nadde nozt al ýsed, þat myd earnest gret  
 Al ys folc wel atyled to þe batayle-sscet.  
 A sueýn, þat het Taylefer, smot vorþ býuore þere,  
 And slou anon a Englysse man, þat a baner bere,  
 And efsone anoþer baner, & þe þrydde almest al so,  
 Ac hým sulf he was aslawe, ar þe dede were ydo.  
 þe furst ende of hys ost býuore Harald myd such gýunc  
 So þýcke sette, þat non man ne myzte come wýþynne,  
 Wýþ stronge targes hem býuore, þat archers ne dude hem nozt,  
 So þat Normans were ney to grounde ýbrozt.  
 Wýllam byþozte an queintyse, & bygan to fle vaste,  
 And hys folc vorþ wýþ hým, as hii were agaste,

And



And flowe ouer a longe dale, & so vp an heý.  
 þe Englysse ost was prout ynou, þo hii þýs ýsey,  
 An bygonne hem to sprede, & after þen weý nome.  
 þe Normans were aboue þe doune, þe oþere vþard come,  
 And býturnde hem aboue al heselyche, as yt wold be adon-  
 ward.

And oþer byuore ne mygte nozt so quiclyche vþard.  
 And hii were byuore al to sprad, þat ne mygte bytuene hem  
 wende.

þe Normans weré so wel porueýd aboute in ech ende,  
 And stonés adonward slonge vp hem ý nowe,  
 And myd speres & myd flon vaste of hem slowe,  
 And myd suerd & myd ax. vor hii, þat vþard nome,  
 Ne mygte non wýlle abbe of dunt, as hii þat donward come,  
 And her vantwarde was to broke, þat ne mygte wyþynne  
 hem wende,

So þat þe Normans vaste slowe in eche ende.  
 Of Englysse al vor nozt þat valeýe was neý  
 As heýe ýfuld myd dedemen, as þe doune an heý.  
 þe ssetares donward al uor nozt vaste slowe to grounde,  
 So þat Harald þoru þe neye ýssotte was deþe's wounde.  
 And a knygt þat ysey, þat he was to grounde ybrozte,  
 And smot, as he laý býneþe, & slou as vor nozt.  
 Fram þat ýt was amorwe þe bataýle ýlaste strong  
 Vorte ýt was neý myd ouernon, & þat was samdel long.  
 Moný was þe gode dunt, þat duc Wýllam gef aday.  
 Vor þre stedes he slou vnder hým, as mucche folc ýsay  
 Ver pryked, & ver arnd about, & ver wounded also,  
 And debrýsed agen dedemen, ar þe bataýle were ýdo.

And

And gut was Wyllam's grace þulke day so gode,  
 þat he nadde no wounde, war þoru he ssedde an drop blod.  
 þus, lo! þe Englysse volc vor naȝt to grounde come  
 Vor a fals kȳng, þat nadde non rȳgt to þe kȳnedom,  
 And come to a nywe louerd, þat more in rȳgte was.  
 Ac her noþer, as me may yseȳ, in pur rȳgt nas.  
 And þus was in Normannes hond þat lond ȳbroȝt ȳwȳs,  
 þat anaunter ȝȳf euermo keuerynge þereof ȳs.  
 Of þe Normannes beþ þȳs heȳ men, þat beþ of þȳs lond,  
 And þe lowe men of Saxons, as ȳch vnderstonde.  
 So þat ȝe seþ in eyþer syde wat rȳgte ȝe abbeþ þerto,  
 As ȳch vnderstonde, þat yt was þoru Gode's wȳlle ȳdo.  
 Vor þe wule þe men of þȳs lond pur heþene were,  
 Non lond, ne no folc aȝen hem in armȳs nere.  
 Ac nou supþe þat þet folc anong Cristendom,  
 And wel lute wule hii hulde þe bȳheste, þat hii nome,  
 And turnede to sleuþe, & to prute, & to lecherȳe,  
 To glotonȳe, & heȳe men muche to robberȳe,  
 As þe ȝostes in a uȳsȳon to Seynt Edward seȳde,  
 Wu þer ssolde in Engelond come such wrecchede,  
 Vor robberye of heȳ men, vor clerken hordom,  
 Hou God wolde sorwe sende in þȳs kȳnedom.  
 Bytuene Mȳhelmasse & Seynt Luc, a Seyn Calyxte's day,  
 As vel in þulke ȝere in a Sater day,  
 In þe ȝere of Grace, as yt vel al so,  
 A þousend & syxe & syxtȳ, þȳs batayle was y do.  
 And duc Wyllam was þo old nȳne & þrytty ȝer.  
 And on & þrytty ȝer he was of Normandȳe duc er.

þo þys batayle was ydo, duc Wýllam let brynge  
 Vayre hys folc, þat was aslawe, anerþe þoru alle þynge.  
 Alle þat wolde leue he gaf, þat hys fon anerþe brogte.  
 Haralde's moder vor hýr sone wel ʒerne hym býsozte  
 By messagers, & largelyche hym bed of hyr þynge,  
 To grante hyre sone body anerþe vorto brynge.  
 Wýllam yt sende hýr vayre ynou, wyþoute eny þynge waruore:  
 So þat yt was þoru hýre wyþ gret honour ýbore  
 To þe hous of Waltam, & ybrogt anerþe þere,  
 In þe holy rode chýrche, þat he let hym sulf rere,  
 An hous of relygyon, of canons ywys.  
 It was vayre anerþe ýbrogt, as yt ʒut ýs.  
 Wýllam, þys noble duc, þo he adde ydo al þys,  
 þen wey he nome to Londone he & al hys,  
 As kýng & prince of lond, wyþ nobleýe ýnou.  
 Agen hym wyþ vayre processyon þat folc of toun drou  
 And vnderuonge hym vayre y nou, as kýng of þys lond.  
 þus come, lo! Engelond into Normannes honde.  
 And þe Normans ne couþe speke þo bote her owe speche,  
 And speke French as dude atom, & here chýldren dude al so  
 teche.  
 So þat heýmen of þys lond, þat of her blod come,  
 Holdeþ alle þulke speche, þat hii of hem nome.  
 Vor bote a man couþe French, me tolþ of hym wel lute.  
 Ac lowe men holdeþ to Englyss, & to her kunde speche ʒute.  
 Ich wene þer ne be man in world contreyes none,  
 þat ne holdeþ to her kunde speche, bote Engelond one.  
 Ac wel me wot vorto conne bothe wel yt ýs,  
 Vor þe more þat a man con, þe more worþ he ýs.

RO.

